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FROST-WORK.



FAIRY—not of Erin's sunny vale,
Fond of mild airs, bright flowers and music soft—
Stole from the invisible world when moonlight pale
Showed the snow-shrouded Earth, while stars aloft
Like death-lights burned above her lifeless corse—
The frost-elf looked upon her with remorse.

And whispering, "Restitution!" lightly crept
To dwellings of Earth's dearest children, men,
And on their windows with a hand adept
Restored in monochrome the ferny glen,
Gardens in flower, and groves in fullest leaf,
With many a quaint conceit of fruit and sheaf.

Incessantly he wrought the long night thro',
Fash'ning frail, feathery sprays in every nook,
And when at length morn flushed with rose the blue,
A bride with blossoms crown'd fair Earth forsook
Her gloom and smiled in beauty. All the woods
Were thronged with silv'ry leaves in jewelled hoods.

E. C. M.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.



HERE must be few amongst us who have not heard of the great religious revolution which, in the first half of the present century, was brought about by the most illustrious scholars at Oxford University, the centre of education in England. The leaders in this great Tractarian movement were Newman, Faber, Pusey, and Keble. The result of this religious uprising was that the English Church lost some of her brightest geniuses and the Catholic Church had the honor of satisfying the consciences of some of these great men. Neither Pusey nor Keble went so far as to enter the Catholic Church, but this is not surprising even though Keble was the originator of the work. We all know how difficult it is to throw aside the principles and prejudices which have been inculcated into us from our youth, and, therefore, the wonder is not that all of these men did not desert the English Church, but that so many did.

John Keble who started the famous Tractarian movement was a clergyman of the Anglican Church. He was moreover a poet of considerable merit, and the work on which his fame rests is his 'Christian Year.' This series of poems entitled the 'Christian year' includes a poem for each of the Sundays and feast-days throughout the year. In looking over this book we find that the order of the feasts corresponds to that used by the Catholic Church. We find also many of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church beautifully portrayed in some of the poems of this son of the English Establishment.

A comparison has frequently been drawn between the Christian Year and Faber's Hymns. Faber writes with greater

freedom, and often displays much warmth and energy in his hymns; but Keble's poems possess a certain smoothness which is very pleasing to the ear, and they are much more polished than those of Faber. Faber's nature was such that nothing could restrain him; whereas Keble is said to have possessed a "shy and delicate reserve, which loved quiet paths and shunned publicity." Both Keble and Faber are the observing children of nature, and it is thence they derive the inspiration for many of their most beautiful hymns. There is a great distinction however to be drawn between these poets and most of the other poets who have taken nature as their standard. The latter forget the Creator and adore creation; the former adore the Creator in the things created. Here is the view which Keble takes of nature, as he has expressed it in one of his poems.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The Christian year is eminently Catholic, which is a most remarkable characteristic, since the author was himself a Protestant. We shall now examine some particular parts of his poems that we may observe with what piety and devotion he treats of spiritual subjects, and to begin we shall quote from his poem on Christmas, to see with what grandeur he describes the birth of the Redeemer, and the effect that it had on the universe.

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry
quire;

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on for ever :
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 "And love towards men of love—salvation and
 release."

But in strange contrast is the cold reception Christ received from fallen man as is shown in the following :

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,
 And in His manger laid,
 The Hope and Glory of all lands
 Is come to the world's aid :
 No peaceful home upon His cradle smit'd,
 Guests rudely went and came, where slept the
 royal Child.

To still further show the ingratitude of the human race, the poet compares the manner in which men begin the New year with how our Saviour began his life in this world. Man begins the year with sin, but Christ began his life with suffering. This fact led the author to begin his poem on the circumcision with the verse :

The year begins with Thee
 And Thou beginn'st with woe,
 To let the world of sinners see
 That blood for sin must flow.

Why do we say Good-Friday ? It seems very inappropriate, at first glance, to apply the word 'good' to the day upon which our Lord suffered death ; but this can be easily explained. Such events in the life of Christ as the birth, resurrection, and ascension, seem but necessary appendixes to the great work which was accomplished on the Cross. The eye of the Christian turns to the crucified Christ on Mount Calvary as the real source of his redemption. Keble easily understood all this, and hence we have the following beautiful lines from his poem on Good-Friday.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
 That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
 Should touch the heart with softer power
 For comfort, than an angel's mirth ?
 That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
 Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn ?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
 Shines glorious on your open grave,
 And to and fro the tidings run,
 "Who died to heal, is ris'n to save ?"
 Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
 The very Comforter in light and love descends ?

We have said that Keble's poems possess a certain smoothness very pleasing to the

ear, and to illustrate this it is only necessary to quote from his Easter hymn—

Oh ! day of days ! shall hearts set free
 No "minstrel rapture" find for thee ?
 Thou art the Sun of other days,
 They shine by giving back thy rays.

What a glorious sight it would have been had our mortal eyes been allowed to gaze upon the splendor attendant upon the ascension of Christ into heaven. It would be impossible for the human mind to imagine anything one half so grand, and it would be the height of folly for anyone to describe it in words. However, taking advantage of the fact that the ascension occurred in May, the most beautiful month of the year, our author was led to pen the following lines :

Soft cloud, that while the breeze of May
 Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,
 Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly way—
 Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march.

In three words Keble has expressed all that is meant by the great mystery of the Trinity, and his explanation is found to agree perfectly with that taught by the Catholic Church. His words are :

Creator, Saviour, Strengthening Guide.

In speaking of the saints, Keble's teaching is in perfect sympathy with all that Catholics believe, except that he makes no mention, either for or against, our belief that the saints can intercede for us at the mercy-seat of God. He recommends them as examples to be followed by Christians. Their life, he says, is a life of suffering, but their death is the entrance to eternal happiness. Our author addresses the saints in the following words :

Oh Champions blest, in Jesus' name,
 Short be your strife, your triumph full,
 Till every heart have caught your flame,
 And, lighten'd of the world's misrule,
 Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
 Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,
 No world of passions to destroy,
 Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task
 all praise and joy.

Keble's poems are generally founded on some striking event which has been narrated in Holy Scripture. It might seem at first that, since he chooses his subjects from such a source, his poems must be very uninteresting, but a single perusal of the work will be sufficient to dispel such

an idea. Instead of simply narrating the event in verse, he views it under some particular aspect which to the average reader is generally new, and working on this plan, his poems, instead of being uninteresting, often become exceedingly interesting. Thus in treating of the ten lepers who were cured by our Saviour and of whom only one returned to give thanks, he speaks of the woeful ingratitude of men, and to exemplify this more strongly, he says that it seemed as if Christ Himself, who rules men's hearts, was startled by this striking example of ingratitude on the part of these men.

Ten cleans'd, and only one remain !
 Who would have thought our nature's stain
 Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain ?
 E'en He who reads the heart,—
 Knows what He gave and what we lost,
 Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost,—
 By a short pang of wonder cross'd
 Seems at the sight to start.

If there is one particular in which the poet must be distinguished from the religious it is the way in which Keble speaks of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was on this noble theme which has inspired the pens of so many of our greatest poets, that Keble excelled. He possessed a remarkably true conception of the nature of the Immaculate Queen, as it is understood by Catholics, and he never failed to bestow on her the praise which she deserves as Mother of the Redeemer. It seems remarkable that a Protestant minister should speak so enthusiastically of the Virgin Mary, applying to her such names as 'Mother undefiled,' and 'blessed maid,' but so it was, and as we are unable to explain this, we shall simply endeavor to prove our statements by a few quotations taken from the hymns. It would be much better were we able to quote in full the hymns on the Purification and the Annunciation, but as they are rather long we will have to content ourselves with a few selections taken from them. Our quotations may not be the most judicious selection, but we think they are among the most expressive. First in the hymn on the Purification we find :

His throne, thy bosom blest,
 O Mother undefiled—

The following quotations are from the hymn on the Annunciation :

Ave Maria ! blessed Maid
 Lily of Eden's fragrant shade :

and again :

Blessed is the womb that bare Him—blessed
 The bosom where His lips were press'd.

But the poet seems to reach the climax of his praise when he pens the following lines :

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
 All but adoring love may claim,
 Yet may we reach thy shrine :
 For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
 To crown all lowly lofty brows
 With love and joys like thine.

We regret that Keble, who was the originator of that religious movement which is felt in England even at the present day, should have died in the Via Media, while so many of the most illustrious of his countrymen have pursued the journey to its close and at last found a sure guide and an end to all their doubts in the bosom of the Catholic Church. We are assured that Newman was a Catholic long before he made his formal entrance into the Church, and we think that there can be no exaggeration in hoping that the same may have been true of the gentle, loving, spiritual author of the *Christian Year*. It is true that he never made a formal profession of the Catholic faith, but we may hope that he was at heart a Catholic. Catholic doctrine "out of the church there is no salvation" is not so narrow as to include only those who bear the name of Catholic. The soul of the church is comprehensive enough to admit every noble christian who, in all honesty fights the good fight, and sincerely endeavors, according to his lights, to enlist himself under the true flag. Such a man, we have reason to believe, was gentle John Keble.

R. D. McDONALD. '98

POMPEII.

And thou, sad city, raise thy drooping head,
 And share the honors of the glorious dead,
 Had fate reprieved thee till the frozen north
 Poured in wild swarms its hoarded millions forth,
 Till blazing cities marked where Albion trod,
 Or Europe quaked beneath the scourge of God,
 No lasting wreath had graced thy funeral pall,
 No fame redeemed the horrors of thy fall.
 Now shall thy deathless memory live entwined
 With all that conquers, rules, or charms the mind.

—MACAULAY.



ABOUT a mile inland on the shores of the Bay of Naples are to be found the ruins of a once flourishing city known by the name of Pompeii. Farther north, at a distance of a few miles, there towers above the surrounding country one of the largest volcanoes in the world which has, for upwards of eighteen hundred years, been in constant activity. It is to this mount that is due the world-wide celebrity which Pompeii at the present day enjoys. Few there are to whom the name Pompeii is not as familiar as those of many of our modern places of note; not that this town stands conspicuously out in the history of its country as having been the scene of some success or defeat of the Roman arms, nor that it has been remarkable in the days of old for its wealth and great commercial facilities, but because it is to this day, owing to an eruption of the neighboring volcano, a lasting memorial of Roman art and Roman architecture, and one might almost say a living picture of the home life of that people. Buried beneath more than twenty feet of volcanic matter, for nearly two decades of centuries, there yet remains in a good state of preservation many things which would arouse the curiosity of the dullest amongst us, and which should even be entitled to our

highest admiration. Thus the ruined city, although in its palmy days it played no important part in the history of Rome, is, as regards that nation, truly of great historical value, since it furnishes us with an insight into the domestic life of the Pompeians, who, from their comparative proximity to the Eternal City must be considered as typical Romans.

Before coming to the city in its ruined state, let us glance briefly at its previous state, its destruction, and then notice the peculiar circumstances under which it met its most appalling fate.

The history of Pompeii, other than what is to be derived from its remains, is not very extensive. There was nothing extraordinary in its career to single it out from the many prosperous towns which then lined the western coast of Italy. It was situated in the rich province of Campania, a district far-famed, even yet, for its beauty of landscape and fertility of soil, and whose fields are clothed almost perennially with a cloak of living verdure. So fortunate in being thus placed in the midst of prosperity, it was also favored by its location with respect to the sea. In its early days it seems to have figured somewhat as a commercial centre, and, therefore, to have been one of the coast towns. This appears hardly reconcilable with its present position, removed as it is by about a mile from the shore. The apparent shifting of site is

due undoubtedly to the earthquakes, which are of frequent occurrence in the neighborhood of Vesuvius, and more particularly to the one which preceded the eruption of that mount in A. D. 79.

The original inhabitants of Pompeii were Greeks. Several other colonies of the same origin were founded both in the south and west of Italy, and, though at first they were merely settlements of Greek traders, they often rose to an importance sufficient to tempt the covetous eye of Rome. The first attempt made by that ambitious city to get possession of Pompeii was in the year B. C. 340. It was then conquered, but remained virtually independent for a considerable length of time after. Very little is known of it after this, until we find it mentioned in the Marsian war, B. C. 90, when it joined the confederacy with the other towns in their rebellion against Rome.

Some sixteen years previous to the outburst of Vesuvius which wrought such complete destruction, the city was visited by an earthquake which ruined a large portion of it. Its inhabitants undertook to build it up again, and the process of reconstruction was going on, when another earthquake, accompanied by a most violent eruption of the volcano, entirely overthrew the town.

At this distance of time it may seem the greatest folly for anyone to have settled in the vicinity of so formidable a volcano. But when we consider the many attractions of the spot, and the charms offered to all lovers of the beautiful in nature, we do not wonder that many approached in close proximity to it, and even built their dwellings on its very slopes. Besides, in those days, there was nothing to be apprehended from it, as it had been, for years before, practically quiescent. No thought for a moment took possession of the minds of the inhabitants that they were constantly in imminent danger of being overwhelmed by that seemingly gentle neighbor, and, hence, we find them after the earthquake of A. D. 63, confidently setting to work to repair the damage done to their city by the shock it received. But before they had time to finish, came the first great outburst of Vesuvius, and Pompeii lay buried beneath a coating of lava that left no trace of it to

be found except here and there, where a few of the highest edifices for centuries after peered above the level.

The city contained probably about 20,000 inhabitants, and of these comparatively few lost there lives at the time of the destruction of the city, since the number of skeletons discovered up to the present does not exceed 2000. It is said that when the eruption broke out nearly the whole of Pompeii was assembled in the amphitheatre to witness some gladiatorial or other show, which fact would account for the escape of so many.

Nearer to Vesuvius than Pompeii by a short distance, and in a north-westerly direction from that city is the smaller one of Herculaneum, which suffered a similar fate. Almost directly south from Pompeii was another town called Stabiae, on whose site Castellamare now stands. The destructive substances ejected by the volcano were carried even there, and buried that with the others. Little is known of their history and few excavations have been made in them, so that they are far from enjoying such universal fame as that which Pompeii possesses. Excavations were commenced at Herculaneum, even before Pompeii was discovered, but the efforts made to disclose the treasures hidden therein have not been so successful as in the latter city. Several circumstances combine to bring about this result. On the exact spot under which lie the ruins of Herculaneum, we find to-day two towns called Resina and Portici, and, therefore, it requires the greatest care in excavating to preserve the foundations of the buildings above. Herculaneum seems to be buried under the volcanic matter of several eruptions, whereas Pompeii owes its destruction to the single one of A. D. 79. And besides, whether it is that the volcanic substances have become petrified or that they have become compact by their immense weight, the excavators experience the utmost difficulty in cutting away the hardened matter; and, when cut away, it is so prodigiously heavy that it is practically impossible to remove it to the surface.

Pompeii, like most of the Roman towns, was surrounded by a wall, a considerable portion of which still remains. But this is of no great archaeological importance.

There is nothing peculiar to it that might distinguish it from the remnants of ancient walls yet extant. However, its composition differs somewhat from others. It was built principally of lava and hardened volcanic substances, of which, of course, there was an abundance in that region.

It was the custom with the Romans never to bury the dead within the city, one of the principal ways leading to it being generally chosen for that purpose. To the established usage we find the Pompeians conformable. On the road leading to Herculaneum, just outside the gate in the wall, to which that name has been applied, are the remains of the tombs of the Pompeians. Many of them have gone to decay, but those that yet exist, inscribed as they are, attest the great value the Romans placed on having their names, together with their praiseworthy actions transmitted to a reverent posterity.

The gate at the end of the "street of sepulchres" opens into a portion of the town, which has, for the most part, been excavated. West of the street running between the gates known by the names of Stabiae and Vesuvius, the principal excavations have been made. To the east of this, little work has been carried on, the most important discovery being that of the amphitheatre at the extreme eastern corner immediately inside the wall.

The streets of Pompeii present a wide contrast to those of our modern towns. They are generally regular, but are of a width which would in our days be considered suitable only for alleys. They seldom exceed twenty feet in breadth. Narrow as they were, perhaps they sufficed for the business portion of the town, which class would be likely to monopolize them. They certainly offered no attraction to the pleasure-seeker, presenting as they did to his view only the bald stone walls of the backs of the dwellings. All the buildings opened in, with the backs to the street. However, the monotony was in some wise relieved by small shops, which decorated the bare walls, and through which access could be sometimes had to the dwellings within. These streets were mostly paved with lava, which substance was of great endur-

ance, and was much used by the people of that district, both for building and other purposes.

The chief excavations have been made in the western part of the city, where lie the ruins of the principal public buildings. There is to be found the Forum, so indispensable in every Roman town, and within whose precincts were situated the most important business places. The remains of many edifices of a religious character have also been discovered in its vicinity. Here we find the temple dedicated to the goddess Venus, the Temple of Jupiter, the Basilica, probably the largest building in the city, the Temple of Quirinus, or the deified Romulus, the Pantheon, the Senate House, and several other edifices of minor importance. The names by which these are designated are not always on good foundation, but in most cases are the mere conjecture of some antiquarian, who, from some inscription found on the walls, or from some classical association of objects discovered with the names of the supposed owner, has thought fit to adopt this particular nomenclature. In a south-easterly direction from the Forum, we find the Pompeian theatres, the Great and Small. Also we notice in this portion of the town one of their public baths, which the Romans in those days, considered so utterly indispensable to the preservation of their health. "The grandeur of the ancient Romans is nowhere more impressive than in their baths. The name suggests to us moderns only a common house, divided into little closets, each containing a tin tub; but the Roman Baths covered sometimes sixty acres of ground, with their marble structures. Vestibules, like great temples, led into halls containing cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; an immense square in the centre was arched for exercise in bad weather; in another court was a large swimming basin; in corners were libraries and music-saloons; and in other halls philosophers lectured and poets recited." This gives a fairly just idea of the importance there was attached to this preservative of health, which was employed by the more wealthy citizens and even by the ordinary plebeians, several times during the day.

The private dwellings of Pompeii

should be of the greatest interest to us, and in fact they command in all respects our highest admiration. Many of them have been excavated, and as far as was possible have been preserved from further decay. The walls have been propped and the most valuable frescoes, and mosaics, and other works of art have been either removed to the museum at Naples, or else suffered to remain with some covering or coating to prevent decomposition on exposure to the atmosphere. The principal so far discovered are: the House of the Tragic Poet, the House of the Ceres, of the Fountains, of Holconius, of Pansa, of Quæstor, and of Sallust. Others there are of an inferior stamp, but none the less important. The shops of different tradesmen with their accustomed accompaniments, silently describe to us the purposes which they were made to serve.

The discoveries made in the City of the Dead have, where possible, been transferred to the museum at Naples. Work is still carried on, and every year adds a fresh collection of antiquities to the most invaluable one of which we are now in possession.

And now, having gone over, in a necessarily brief manner, the buried cities of Campania, further remark is not needed, but simply to finish out the quotation commencing this essay, in order to complete the reflection proposed therein:

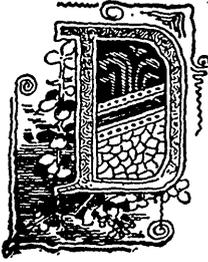
Each lofty thought of Poet or of Sage,
 Each grace of Virgil's lyre or Tully's page.
 Like theirs whose genius consecrates thy tomb,
 Thy fame shall snatch from time a greener bloom,
 Shall spread where'er the Muse has reared her
 throne,
 And live renowned in accents yet unknown.
 Earth's utmost bounds shall join the glad acclaim,
 And distant Cannus bless Pompeii's name.

P. J. GALVIN,
 Third Form.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
 How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

—KEBLE.

ELEGIAC POETRY.



DEFINITIONS of the word "poetry" are indeed very numerous, but few of them are in all particulars correct. Perhaps the most comprehensive one we can select is "that it is the language of passion or of enlivened imagination formed into regular numbers." Whether or not it be written in rhyme it is always arranged in regular numbers; though in some cases the meter is so loose and uncertain that it is difficult to distinguish poetry from prose.

Be that as it may, poetry is certainly the most effective, and at the same time the most agreeable form under which man may express his thoughts. For while the philosopher, the historian and the orator appeal to the understanding the poet appeals to the passions, to the imagination, and to the heart; and we are undoubtedly more deeply impressed when the heart is touched than when only our reason is concerned. And for even the most matter-of-fact amongst us, the poet, tracing the hand writing of nature, has far more charms than has the writer of simple prose.

Among the poets of modern nations many enviable places are held by beautifiers of the English tongue. In every kind of poetry we find them in the foremost rank. In Epics Milton divides highest honors with the Italian Danté; Shakespeare is universally admitted to be the best dramatist the world has ever produced, while Dryden, Otway and Congreve compare favorably with Corneille, Voltaire and Racine. In lyrics we boast of such singers as Dryden, Collins and Moore; didactic poetry is well represented by Pope and Young; while Thomson, Byron, Spencer and Wordsworth excel in the writing of

descriptive verse. Our language is also comparatively rich in Elegiac poems, and of these I shall endeavor to treat to some extent in this essay.

The name "elegy" is applied to any serious piece of poetry when a tone of melancholy pervades the sentiments. Strictly speaking, the object should be to perpetuate the memory of a departed companion, or to console afflicted mourners for the loss of a beloved friend. On account of its very nature, the elegy is, of all kinds of poetry, the most difficult of success. For no person can hope to live forever in this world; and, however much a man may be regretted at the time of his death, his departure will eventually come to be looked upon as a matter of course, and the records of the event will, in the mere fact at least, have but little if any interest for their readers or hearers. It is on account of these drawbacks that so few elegiac poems have enjoyed lasting renown, and in fact those which are most famous do not adhere strictly to the themes which should form the subjects of elegies. They are not simply wailings for the death of a friend, but enclose a wider range; and are remarkable, not so much for the tender feelings they express regarding any particular person, as for the beauty of the expression and of the general principles they contain.

The most popular elegies in our language were written by Milton, Shelley, Gray and Tennyson. Milton's greatest efforts in this line of poetry is his *Lycidas*, written to honor the memory of a college companion Edward King. The work is highly polished, and displays vast erudition and classical lore, but does not touch the heart; and if the author's fame rested solely upon this work, we fear his name would long since have sunk into oblivion.

Shelley's *Aëonais*, a poem made up of

fifty five Spenserian stanzas, was suggested by the untimely death of Keats. The author of this work was more happy than was Milton in attaining the end for which he wrote. If the reader be not exceedingly hard-hearted he cannot fail to be touched by the tender feelings here expressed, and to grieve with Shelly that so promising a life should have been so abruptly cut off. We can no better describe the beauties of this work than by saying in the words of a certain critic that it is "a shimmer of beautiful regret, full of arbitrary though harmonious and delicate fancies.

Inseparably associated with the name of Thomas Gray is the universal popularity of his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." This exquisite poem is read and re-read with the greatest of pleasure wherever the English language is spoken, and there is scarcely an English school in any country where the criticism of the "Elegy" does not enter into the work of some class. As the name itself signifies, the matter of the poem is made up of such reflections as would naturally suggest themselves to a person of lively imagination musing within the sacred precincts of a country churchyard; and these reflections are clothed in such irreproachable verse that we see at a glance the reason why, for several generations, this poem has been handed down from father to son as a sample of well-finished composition. From the fact that not a word in the whole poem can be changed without marring the effect of the line in which it is found, we must readily conclude that the twenty-seven years of assiduous labor which Gray devoted to the completion of the Elegy have been amply repaid. So complete is the poem in its different parts that every stanza of it contains some praiseworthy sentiment adorned with all the grace and simplicity that poetry in its highest form can impart; and so excellent is it as a whole that it has secured for its author undying fame. Samuel Johnson, one of our most reliable critics, asserts that this work is the corner stone of Gray's reputation as a poet, and says, "Had Gray written often thus it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him." Perhaps one of the principle causes for the popularity of this poem is

that it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes what every person at some time during his life must have felt or imagined. To use another quotation from Johnson, "it abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." We would quote some of the most striking passages of this incomparable poem, were we not aware that such a proceeding is needless, for the original is in the possession or within the easy reach of all, and many of our readers can recite the whole poem from memory.

We will now turn our attention to one of the best poems written within the last fifty years; it is also an elegy and of greater length and probably of greater worth than any other of our masterpieces in this line of poetry. I refer to Tennyson's "In Memoriam." This work, written to commemorate the early death of the poet's friend, Arthur Hallam, is composed of one hundred and thirty-one lyrics, beautifully described by the author as,

Short swallows flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away.

Tennyson is at first lavish in his praise of young Hallam, who, had he been granted longer life, would have become

A lever to uplift the earth,
And roll it in another course.

But as the poem proceeds, in the same mournful verse, the poet enlarges upon the subject; he "assimilates all nature with his dead friend;" and, though sometimes in a covert manner, he expresses his views on all the religious questions which then agitated the world. He begins the poem in the most hopeless grief; soon he finds in nature a reflection of the desolation of his heart; and finally he rejoices in the hope of again meeting his friend in the great here-after. In regular order he traces the different stages of his doubts, his fears, and his combats with atheism and infidelity, until he concludes that the only solution of the mysteries of life rests in divine faith.

It is evident to every intelligent reader of "In Memoriam" that Tennyson, though professedly a Protestant, was strictly Catholic in many of his religious

principles. The whole Catholic doctrine on free will, and on the end for which man was placed upon the earth, he expresses in two short lines, saying :

Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

These few words, as clear as they are concise, convey to us a vast amount of meaning, and show more plainly than would pages of criticism, how great were the powers of comprehension and condensation possessed by their author. Equally clear are his notions regarding immortality. In this case, however, he does not base his belief on "blind faith ;" he seeks reasons for his trust, and finds them on every side. Even human life, he says, affords ample proof of the existence of a life beyond the grave,

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

He is so sure of the immortality of the soul that no influence whatever can persuade him to change his creed. If others do not share his opinion, let them live

according to their principles, --he will not interfere with them. In his own words,

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action, like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

Our limited space will not allow us to quote from Tennyson's highly commendable notions on doubt, evolution, progress, and other such themes ; one and all of which are of such a nature as to display the religious tendency of the poet's mind, and to verify the words of the critic who so appropriately said that "In Memoriam is philosophy in tears."

From what has already been said, it should be quite evident to our readers that Tennyson went somewhat beyond his subject in thus giving vent to his ideas on religion ; nevertheless, "In Memoriam" is really an elegaic poem, inasmuch as it faithfully describes every variation of sorrow ; and as one of Tennyson's admirers has aptly said : "Every mourner has his favorite section or particular chapel of this temple-poem, where he prefers to kneel for worship of the Invisible."

JOHN T. HANLEY, '98.



THE GOOD GERARD OF COLOGNE.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL SIMROCK.



THE Emperor Otto mounted his good horse, and with three of his knights rode over to Cologne. Among the citizens who came to greet him in the vast hall, Otto saw one, a tall man with a long white beard and the step of a youth; and when he asked the bishop who sat by his side who that man was, he received in answer: "That is the good Gerard, the richest merchant in Cologne." Then the Emperor spoke to all the assembled people: "I came here to ask your advice, as I am in great need of it. But I was counselled, and even commanded, not to speak but to one of you, and for that one I choose thee, O Gerard! Thou seemest to be rich in wisdom and experience." And Gerard answered, bowing before the Emperor: "Shall I go alone to give my advice, while there are so many worthier ones here?" But all the people said: "O King! thy choice is good; there is no one in this hall his equal in wisdom." So the Emperor took Gerard by the hand, and led him to a chamber near by, and locked the door after him, and they sat down on one couch, Gerard by Otto's side. Then Otto said: "Gerard, it was to see thee that I came here; pray tell me how did it happen that the name "Good" was given to thee? I would fain know." "O great King!" answered Gerard, "I do not know myself what that means; there are so many Gerards here; people only gave me that name to distinguish me from them." "Gerard, thou art deceiving me!" the Emperor called out, but Gerard answered: "Oh! no, great king,

I should deceive thee if I spoke otherwise. Never did I merit that name, and it was often a burden to me, because while the world called me "the Good," it reminded me how seldom I did what pleased God. Often do I send the poor man away with a mean gift, while God gives me riches: I give him sour beer and black bread, I give him an old gown, whilst many a new one I had, and would not have missed them. I always have liked to go to church where the service was shortest, and when I had once prayed with my whole soul, I thought that would do for half a year. Therefore, O king! do not ask me what I have done to deserve that high name." The emperor said, "Gerard, thou must give me a better answer, for I have sure knowledge that thou hast done a great deed for God's sake, and I came to hear the account of it from thy own mouth; therefore speak!" "Oh! spare me," called out the good man, "spare me, most gracious king!" But Otto replied: "No, no! thou only awakenest my impatience, and I tell thee, thou must yield to me at the end, if even much against thy will!" Then he prayed the good man in his heart: "O God! look at thy servant! my king is angry with me, and I cannot resist him any longer. So, if I reckon with thee, O Lord! and praise myself for the little good I ever did, do not thou turn away thy grace from me, for what I say, I do it much against my will." And presently he threw himself at the emperor's feet, saying: "Ten thousand pounds of silver I have in my cellar, take it and spare me the answer!" "Gerard," said the rich emperor, "I thought thou wert wiser.

Such a speech only excites my curiosity. And I will tell thee, thou canst reveal anything, and it will be no sin to thee—so I swear before God." Then the good Gerard said, arising from his knees, and sitting down: God knows my heart; he knows that when I do now as my king commands me to do, my heart is full of grief, and vanity is far from it."

"When my father died, he left no small fortune to me, his only heir. But as I was a merchant, I thought to double, and double again my possessions, and cause my son to be called 'the rich Gerard,' as his fathers had been called before him. So I left him such fortune as would be full enough for him, and took all the rest, fifty thousand pounds of silver, and carried it to my ship, together with food for a three year's voyage. Experienced sailors were in my pay, and my clerk was with me, to write my accounts and read my papers. So I went to Russia, where I found sables in profusion, and to Prussia's rich amber strand, and from there, by the Sea of the Middle, to the East, and there I took in exchange silk and woven goods from Damax and Ninive; and we! I thought a threefold gain should be mine. Then my heart began to long for wife and child, and with great joy I told the mariners to turn the ship homeward. But a storm arose, and water and wind were fighting for twelve days, and twelve nights and threw my ship to an unknown land, where a beach gave us shelter. When the sun shone again, and the sky looked clear, I saw villages, and hamlets, and fertile fields, as far as my eyes could reach, and near the sea a city with pinnacles and high walls. We went to the port and I found it full of merchandise, a rich and stately place, not unlike the old Cologne. I went on land, for I saw the governor of the city coming to view the goods in the port, and many a knight and vassal rode by his side; and I thought to go up to him and ask his protection. But when I came near him, he approached me with quick steps, and, greeting me with his hand, he thus spoke: "Welcome the first one who comes to my market! Thou art my guest, stranger! I see thou comest from far off, perhaps from the land of the Christians who seldom come here, in false fear that

I would harm them. But be of good cheer! I do not harm the merchant, nor need I covet his goods, for my land is rich, and all the gold and precious stones that it has in its mountains, are mine, and the pearls of the sea, and many a rich vessel that the storm throws on our coast." Well was I astonished at such a greeting; but I accepted gladly; and the governor, Stranamur by name, gave me the best house, and took care of me that nothing might harm me. Again and again did he show me his love, and soon friendship and confidence reigned between us. Presently he wanted me to show him the treasures of my ship, and I let it be done readily. I saw him wonder at their splendor, and with good cheer he said: "Gerard, I tell thee, thou hast brought riches to this land so great that no body can buy them. But I will show thee my treasures now, and then if it so pleases thee, we will exchange, for in this land my treasure is of no value while in the land of the Christians it might bring thee a tenfold gain." And I answered: "To seek gain is the merchant's duty. I did show thee my treasure; now let me see thine." Then my host led me by the hand to a hall, and as I entered with a cheerful mind, hoping to behold the riches of India, gold and spices, I found the place all empty of joy and filled with but misery. Twelve young knights were lying here in chains so heavy that their weight pulled them down to the low couches, and, though grief and want had disfigured their beauty, I saw they were of noble blood and sons of high lords, born to govern the world. Then my host beckoned me to the next hall, where I saw again twelve knights in chains, but old and pale with venerable figure, and hair and beard silver white. Then my host led me away by the hand to the third hall and said: "Behold my most precious goods!" Well, I found there goods great in riches and beauty, for fifteen lovely maidens were what he called the precious merchandise. And my heart pained me as I beheld them, for their loveliness and gentle mind shone amid the prison walls like stars in the night; and saw one like their queen, a moon among the stars. But Stranamur led me away and said: "Thou didst behold

my goods; shall we exchange? Thou mayest easily get a rich ransom for each of them, more than one hundred pounds of silver. In England they were born; William, their King, sent them over to Norway to bring him home his bride, King Reinemund's daughter, Irene, whom thou hast seen. Coming home a storm threw them on my coast, and so they were mine by right, for after the custom of this land the strand is mine. And I offer these knights to thee, together with the fifteen maidens, that thou mayst give me the treasures I saw on thy ship." I had good reason to be astonished at such an offer, for I saw clearly it would be giving my goods for mere blanks and so I asked the governor to let me please consider till the next morning. And when I came to my house I sat down thinking, and though my heart told me to help the prisoners in their misery, there was a voice in my mind saying: "Do not give away the earnings of thy life for a mere idea," and well would I have passed that night without coming to an end if God in his goodness and grace had not given his advice in my heart. For I fell asleep, and in my sleep I heard a voice of God's angel, who spoke to me these words: "Awake, Gerard, God's anger is calling thee! Did he not say in his mercy, "What thou givest to the poorest of my brethren, thou givest unto me?" What thou givest to the needy ones, thou lendest to the Lord; and doubt in him is great sin to thee. Then I awoke and fell on my knees and thanked God that he had given me shame and repentance in my heart, and humbled me so as to save me from sin. The next morning my host met me at the gate, and with anxiety he asked what it was my wish to do. And I answered:—"I am willing to make exchange with thee, O Stranamur! if thou allowest me one thing; give back to the prisoners their ship and all they brought on it, and give them food and mariners, and whatever they need to go home." And the governor answered: "Dost thou think me a thief, O Gerard? I thought friend, thou knewest me better. Not one penny's worth shall I keep from the prisoners, and theirs shall be whatever is needed for a safe and speedy voyage."

After that he gave me his hand and we exchanged thus mine and thine. Then the prisoners were told of what had happened and they were clothed as became them, and refreshed, and when they beheld me their thanks and tears were such that my eyes overflowed, even against my will. And I saw the women's great beauty, and Irene their queen, and though the earthly crown was taken from her, there was the crown of beauty and loveliness on her brow. Then my clerk read papers, and we went to sea; the right wind blew in our sails, and bore us quickly outward. When we came near the coast of England, I spoke to the knights: "Tell me, who of you were born in England, that they may go on their way home now." And they answered: "From Norway only came Queen Irene with two of her maidens; all the rest of us were born in England." I said to the knights: "Go home then, with my blessings, noble lords! and if I did what pleased you, think of me with a friendly heart. Let King William know, and also Reinemund, of Norway, that Queen Irene is in my house and under my protection and that I am ready to give her up whenever they claim her. When I send my messengers to you, pay them back, O Knights! what I left for your sake in the land of the heathen, if it so is convenient to you." Then they thanked me so that I had to hide from their embraces; and we parted with many tears, and they went their way, I mine.

"Soon I was home again, my wife and son welcomed me gladly and with thanksgivings, and after I had told them all, they led Irene to my house. And Queen Irene lived in my house like one of us for many a month, and my wife loved her, and all the women of my household and friendship, and she taught them many a fine art, such as to embroider with gold and thread of silver and pearl. And God gave his blessing to my trade, and I prospered. But every day, Irene's loveliness grew more lovely, and when I saw her so gentle and smiling, I forgot my losses, and my joy was greater than seventy fold gain would have made it. So passed a year, and no message came from Reinemund nor from William, the King of

England, and I beheld with sorrow that my queen's mind was grieved, though she hid her tears from our eyes. That I took to my heart, and said to myself, I bought our sweet queen free from great pain, and now I must see her in greater grief. There is no one here kindred to her, and, when I am gone who is there to be her friend and protector? King William is dead and so is Reinemund, the King of Norway, and Irene, their queen, will die of grief for them! Therefore I spoke to her one day, and I asked her to listen graciously, and then I said thus: 'Thou must know, O queen! that there is nothing that gives me so much trouble as the thought what one day shall become of thee when I am no more. It is clear now, sorry as I am for it, that thy friends are dead, therefore I think it our duty to counsel wisely what is best for thy future, O queen! As he is considered a wise man who tries to forget what fortune took from him, so I advise thee, O my daughter! to choose for a husband one from among my family, that is, my son, as whose wife honor and ample fortune will not be wanting to thee. At that, Irene answered and spoke to me: 'O dear father.' I know me no better adviser than thee in this world, so I will do what ever pleases thee, only let me wait one year longer; if till then no tidings have come from any friends and kindred, thy wish shall be mine.' But the year was soon passed, and no tidings had reached us, neither from England nor from Norway; and so Irene the queen was to be the merchant's wife. I ordered the wedding to be prepared with the greatest splendor, and my mind's only thought was to boast with my riches; and I asked to the feast many a rich merchant, and nobles and dukes, and our prince or the bishop. So when Pentecost came, that was to be the day of the wedding, the bishop stood up before the altar, and eleven noble squires knelt down before him, and the twelfth one, who was Gerard my son, and the Bishop blessed their swords, and they arose as noble Lords and Knights. My eye rested on him, and I saw he was happy; he broke his lance in honor of his bride; he watched for the bell that should call him again to the altar of God, there to receive Irene

as his wife; what could there be to make his happiness greater and to hinder him from drinking the cup of bliss? But lo, I beheld one standing far aside, a stranger with a pale face, and his eyes full of tears; he gazed at Irene, my daughter, and he shuddered, and his arm was around a column that he might not fall. He was a young man of great beauty, and his skin was fine and white, but his beard gray, and his dress that of a beggar. As I saw him so full of woe, and tears, I went up to him, and I asked him the cause of his grief, that perhaps I might give help and make joy and happiness come back to his mind. But he would not speak. At last, as I pressed him very much, he said to me these words: "Such as thou dost see me here with my hair gray before the time, I am William, King of England. I went to sea to meet my bride, coming from Norway, where I had sent twelve maidens and twenty-four knights to escort her over to me. But a storm arose and threw my ship against the rocks while I was already in sight of them, the tempest carried me to the shore and I was thus saved, but not a word I ever heard of the knights, or the maidens, or of Irene my bride, the King of Norway's daughter. For years and years I have wandered about in search of her, with my heart full of despair and my hair and beard gray, till at length I found her to-day, the bride of another man. What shall I tell thee more? My soul and body are hers whom I love, and for her sake I will now give them up into death!' When I heard these words from my guest, him who destroyed all my joys, I said unto him: "The Lord has done great things; honor and fortune he might still give the back; wait here awhile, and be of good cheer!' And I sent my valet to him, to attend to all his needs and wants, but I went to my prince the bishop and told him the wonder God had shown to us and asked him to help me with my son Gerard, and teach him a Christian's duty. So I called my son away from the side of his bride, and after he had heard the tale, so full of marvel, the bishop asked him: 'Wilt thou then separate, Gerard, what before God is united?' Then he answered us, and he said: What do you think of

me? Shall I give up my love and happiness and rest and peace?' But the bishop spoke: 'Yes, my son, thou shalt!' And my child began to cry at these words, and I cried with him and he put his arms around my neck and said, 'My father, then let it be so!' and my heart felt joy at these words. Shall I tell thee what my heart felt when I saw King William greet his bride? I am old as thou art, O emperor, but I know not without jealousy thou wouldst have beheld it. And in my heart I thank the God of goodness who had given so wise counsel in my mind that my blessings now were greater than what gold or silver could ever have bought for me. After that I filled my ship and took them over to England, and great was the joy of the four-and-twenty knights on beholding their king and queen,

and of the whole people, and great were their thanks to me, and only with great pain could I hinder them from bestowing all their riches on me and making me a prince, and a great man among them. But I will not repeat to thee, all they meant to do to me, and the praises they gave me; for God knows, in all my life I cannot deserve them. And when I came home, the people made much of me, and called me the good; though thou knowest now, as well as I do, that I am not good. It was only by the angel's voice that my doubts were taken from me; I was full of fear to lose my goods, and weak. Besides, I am a sinner and am proud and vain, so that I have been praising myself before thee, O emperor, while, couldst thou see my heart, many a fault thou wouldst observe within.

Ten cleans'd, and only one remain !
 Who would have thought our nature's stain
 Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?
 E'en He who reads the heart,—
 Knows what He gave and what we lost,
 Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost,—
 By a short pang of wonder cross'd
 Seems at the sight to start.

—KEBLE.

ETERNITY, FREE-WILL, AND SIN.



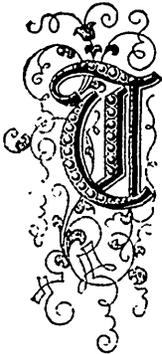
WHAT is Eternity? my spirit said.
 And God made answer :—*I*, outmeasured
 To sense of a *duration* : not as men
 Hold future, present, past, within their ken,
 But as I *AM* forever. All, to Me,
Is always—God-conceived eternally.

For Me, the past shall in the future dwell :
 And through the past and present lives, as well,
 To Me, that future which alike proceeds
 Alone from Me, and where My fullness breeds
 My Self, Who, from the first, before the Dawn,
 Do to the great Sun-Setting circle on,
 And, ever central-hearted to the Whole,
 Abide through all, and Am of all the Goal.

And then my spirit prayed—If this be so,
 Say, whence is Sin, with all her brood of woe ?
 And God made answer :—If, to joy in Me,
 I make a rational creature thereto *free*—
 As needs I must, or shape a mere machine,
 Which is not even rational in the mien,
 Since love must love with reason—freedom, then,
 Doth presuppose an Evil in the ken :
 For free to love are *therefore* free to hate,
 And, hating Love, enforce a loveless fate.
 A love *compelled* were but the slavish dress
 Of one who would in freedom hate no less.
 Shall I be born a slave, that none may sin ?
 Or cease to love, lest hate to life should win ?

FRANK WATERS.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



OO often has the battle of Waterloo been described, that I should attempt to add another account to an already great number. But it is the very number of those descriptions that suggested the present article.

An event of such importance in history,—the turning-point of Napoleon's fortune, and the foreshadowing of the present political condition of Europe—is naturally a fitting theme for the pens of ambitious writers. It might therefore be an interesting occupation, to examine how certain great authors, whose names and works are familiar to us, have expressed themselves upon Waterloo.

Among all who have written on the battle of Waterloo, Victor Hugo is perhaps the most impressive. Of course he writes with French prejudices. He relates the admirable strategy of Napoleon, the brilliant actions of the French army in the struggle, the heroic efforts of the Guard, the superhuman courage and coolness of the Emperor, and the intervention of chance and fate to decide the overthrow of the latter's intrepid army. Wellington, in Hugo's eyes, was nothing more than "a hero like any other man." It is true, he praises English valor, but only after he had told us in his description of the battle proper, that the British got the worst of it in all the separate encounters which constituted the battle. After praising in the highest terms the deeds of the French army, he was ultimately obliged to account in some manner for her final defeat. So he says; "Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at

Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the 19th century Streaming blood, over-crowded grave-yards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe."

There probably is much truth in what Victor Hugo here says; but there would have been all the more, had he said that God had risen up greater men to crush the pride of one of his creatures.

But in spite of its obvious partiality, Victor Hugo's description is well worth the reading. He seems to be relating a more than human encounter,—one in which men are not the only factors, but the gods intervene, as in the classic battles. Hence he often rises to the terrible and sublime in the course of his narrative. Witness his description of the squadrons climbing the steep ascent of Mount St. Jean:—"It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but one soul; each squadron undulated, and swelled like the rings of a polype. This could be seen through a vast smoke which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses among cannon, and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon. Such narratives seemed to belong to another age; something like this was doubtless traceable in the old Orphean epics describing the men-horses, the ancient hippanthropists, those Titans with human faces and equestrian chest whose gallop escalated Olympus,—horrible, sublime, invulnerable beings, gods and brutes."

Briefly stated, Hugo's story of the battle is this. On account of the delay

necessitated by the muddy ground, fighting did not begin till twenty-five minutes to twelve. Hougomont, the English right, was attacked first, on purpose to draw Wellington there, and then attack his left; which routed, the road to Brussels would be in the hands of the French, who could then easily intercept Blucher. The attack on Hougomont failed of its purpose; but La Haye Sainte and Papellotte, defended by the English left, were taken. This was done by mid-day, and from that time till four in the afternoon, the battle is a 'mélée' or a 'quid obscurum.' The armies are mingled together, and the historian cannot describe.

At four o'clock the course of things is more discernible. The English centre has withstood all attacks, but the right is in danger and the left, overcome. At this point Wellington suddenly draws back his army from the crest of the plateau of Mt. St. Jean. Napoleon believes the battle is won, and sends a messenger to Paris in haste, to announce the news. Instantly he orders Ney to carry the plateau with the squadrons. They advance up the hill appearing as described in the foregoing quotation, top the crest, but in their haste many are precipitated headlong into an unsuspected crevice that lay between the hill-top and the English army; still the remainder dash on to meet the British infantry, silently awaiting the charge. In a moment a whirl surrounds the latter: they are attacked on all sides by the furious French horsemen. Wellington brings his cavalry to the rescue and all his artillery pour a deadly fire on the enemy, who now in their turn are surrounded. Still the conflict wavers. Had Napoleon brought his infantry to counterbalance Wellington's cavalry, says Hugo, the victory was his. But even as it is, the English fare badly. At 5 o'clock Wellington looks at his watch and mutters, "Blucher or night."

It was not long till Blucher did come. About noon Napoleon had spied with his telescope what he thought were troops standing on an eminence, and sent some horsemen to reconnoitre. Later he learned that Bulow was approaching with the vanguard of Blucher's army. A squadron of 7500 was sent to stop the progress, but Bulow evaded resistance and Blucher

followed. The first of the allies came to the battle-ground just at the critical moment.

The French are taken by surprise. Cannons roar upon their rear and they are gradually surrounded. They make a desperate resistance and still hold their ground. But numbers tell; and Blucher has not long arrived, when the French give way at all points. In vain do Ney and Napoleon try to rally the terrified soldiers. As a last resort the Emperor leads his own guard to the front. They fight bravely, but cannot resist the torrent, and Napoleon is carried with the flight. One square alone stands its ground. It gradually diminishes in numbers, still will not surrender, till a simultaneous belch of all the English artillery, levels it to the ground.

Meanwhile Blucher, with his fresh troops, pursues the vanquished. "A multitude wild with terror fill the roads, the paths, the bridges, the plains, the hills, the valleys, and the woods, which are thronged by this flight of forty thousand men the desperate rout passed through Genappes, passed through Quatre Bras, passed through Sombreffe, passed through Frasnès, passed through Thuin, passed through Charleroi, and only stopped at the frontier. Alas! and who was it flying in this way? The grand army."

Such is a brief synopsis of Victor Hugo's account of the battle of Waterloo. It is perhaps as interesting an account of a battle as was ever written, and for this reason I offer no apology for devoting so much space to it in this essay.

Thiers has not added to his reputation as a historian, by his account of the battle of Waterloo. Victor Hugo was not a professed historian, and hence may be excused for partiality; for he was at perfect liberty to air his own views and express his personal sentiments. But the historian is not allowed such liberty. Truthfulness should make him lean neither to one side nor the other, and he must view every event with an impartial eye. Thiers, therefore, can offer no excuse for the unstinted applause he bestows on all Napoleon's plans and the French manœuvres, while minimising to the uttermost corresponding military skill

on the part of Wellington and the English. His is a verbatim account of the battle as given by Napoleon himself, and consequently, like Hugo, but even in a greater degree, he evolves numerous reasons for the defeat of the French. According to him Napoleon was a perfect general on whom rests no blame for the loss of the battle. Wellington and his army were no formidable opponents. He blames the French officers and generals, the rainy weather, and chance, for the English victory. Hugo was partial enough, but he acknowledges the equal strength of both armies, placing each at about 72,000 men. Thiers will not grant even this. He gives the English 75,000 men against 68,000 for the French. The latter, according to him, have the advantage in all the encounters during the day. But he should have seen that in thus increasing French valour to the detriment of that of the English, he was defeating his purpose—which was to excuse Napoleon, whom he considered “an infallible captain.” For it is all the less to the credit of the Emperor and his army, if, after having had superiority in every way, they were forced to fly before that determined onset of the English. We do not wish to throw discredit on the French panegyrists of that battle; nor do we deny that the English on their side have often greatly exaggerated their victory; but we must confess that those French writers who have adopted a partial course, have gone farther in this direction than those English writers who have pursued a similar course. No doubt indulgence can be granted to both descriptions; for that memorable battle has not happened so long ago that its remembrance should have ceased to fill the breasts of the vanquished with anguish, and those of the victors with tumultuous joy. To the redemption of French impartiality it must however be said, that Fredet has given a fair account of this battle. But he has not entered into details; so that it can safely be said it remains for the future historian, to give a complete and totally impartial account of this most formidable battle of modern times.

Waterloo has engaged the attention not merely of historians. So deeply is the memory of that action implanted in the

minds of all, that even novelists and poets, indulge in digressions from their subjects, should the name of Waterloo gain an incidental entrance to their theme. Feelings are aroused which must obtain expression. It is thus that Lever in Charles O'Malley stops momentarily in his story, to describe that battle. Likewise do, Thackeray in his *Vanity Fair*, and Byron in his *Childe Harold*. These writers present the English side of the question, not lengthily and in detail, as the French, but briefly; for an emotion of joy is of shorter duration than one of sorrow.

Thackeray in his description, says, “All day from morning until past sunset the cannon never ceased to roar.” This sentence is misleading; for we would infer therefrom that the battle began in early morning, which was not the case. Victor Hugo is probably right when he says, “When the first cannon-shot was fired, the English general, Colville, drew out his watch, and saw that it was twenty-five minutes to twelve.” In his next sentence Thackeray says, “It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.” This was probably the moment when the English artillery fired their last volley on the resolute square, as has been mentioned in connection with Hugo's account. Our novelist after dilating on the impressions left on the countrymen of both parties in the battle, proceeds to describe the conflict itself thus: “All day long, while the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed

almost to crest the eminence, when it began to waver and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled." This description, though brief, agrees pretty well with the general outline of those given by both Hugo and Thiers. Most writers, in fact, agree in the general sketch of this battle; it is only when they enter into details and remarks, that discord or partiality appears. But in Thackeray's description we notice the absence of an important feature: the Prussians or Blücher receive no mention. Of course it would throw more glory on the British to have routed the French unassisted, but the fact, nevertheless, remains that they received aid from the Prussians. The flight, which Victor Hugo paints so graphically, Thackeray characterizes in a few brief but expressive words: "No more firing was heard at Brussels.—the pursuit rolled miles away."

Byron makes his travelling knight, Harold, stop for a moment as he passes over the field of Waterloo, to muse on the dead heroes whose blood have fertilized that plain, and the moral told by the dreadful encounter. Fame and ambition have here received a sudden blow and liberty survives. The poet then, for the sake of poetic effect makes the British army attending a ball in Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo, though in fact it was two nights previous to that memorable 18th. that the English were present at the "revelry," Byron merely wishes to contrast the scene of gayety and pleasure of that night with the one of carnage and bloodshed of the next day. For in the midst of the festival,

"Hush! Hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

"'Twas but the wind or the car rattling o'er the stony street," they said,

"But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more

As if the clouds its echoes would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar."

Then follows a scene of bustle and hurry and quick farewell. The army musters, forms, and starts on the march. The forest is "dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass." Next we find the army on the battle-field when the poet describes the whole transition, from gayety, to battle and the grave, in a beautiful climax.

"Last noon beheld them full of justy life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent

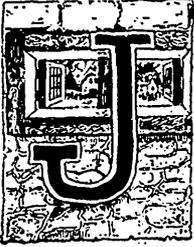
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and
pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red
burial blent."

The line, "battle's magnificently stern array," reminds us of what Victor Hugo tells us Napoleon said when he saw the aspect of his army before the battle. He twice uttered the words, "Magnificent! Magnificent!" The same writer says that Wellington muttered as he saw the two armies engage on the plateau, "Splendid!" When the Emperor saw the Scotch greys of the English army arrayed in battle line, it is also said that he exclaimed, "It is a pity." This was his "own word of human pity" during the day.

Such was the battle of Waterloo, and such its effects on the minds of men. It was a grand but terrible encounter. The aspect of the armed strength of one great nation pitted against its equal in bravery and ardor from another, is awe-inspiring indeed, and sublime. A dreadful suspense awaits the issue of the conflict: it is doubtful. Yet the stubbornness of the contest will make victory only the more sweet to the victors, and the more galling to the vanquished. It is so: the British have won, the French have lost. For years to come will the latter lament that awful day; and for just so long will the former exult in their glory.

JOHN J. QUILTY, '97.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.



JOHN Dryden to whose poetic genius is due the *Hind and the Panther*, was the eldest son of Sir Erasmus Dryden. Like that of Homer, the poet's birth place is disputed. Oldwincle, All Saint's, claims him as one of her talented sons, while Oldwincle, St. Peters asserts the same right; however this latter assertion receives the more credence; but it concerns us not to discuss the rightful claim of either. Circumstances permitted him the benefits of a liberal education. His early training was received in the public schools of secluded Oldwincle, and afterwards he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Bushby an able tutor, and confidential friend of the new pupil, foresaw the genius of the student, and greatly encouraged him in his first attempts at poetry. Dryden diligently applied himself to his studies; but devoted considerable time to reading, and also wrote a few short, ephemeral poems. Considering careful application to studies a requisite for future success in literary authorship, he kept within bounds his lively imagination. His first poem of any merit, occasioned by the death of Oliver Cromwell, received numerous encomiums. His succeeding works required no great time to become ingrafted upon the public minds, and displayed everything which constitutes true poetry. The subjects were handled with such ease and capability, and such heights of sublimity were attained that the author's success was at once assured. Among his noteworthy *Satires*, *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, stands out most prominently. Afterwards came from his pen *Religio Laici* and *Alexander's Feast* which exhibit in its fullness the loftiness of the poet's imagination. The latter is one of the most sublime odes in

the language, while the former wrought a great influence upon the life of the writer. *Religio Laici* defended the church of England against the dissenting sects, and caused the inquirer to make deep study, which ultimately resulted in his conversion to Catholicity; such a great man could not but perceive the oddities and inconsistencies of the doctrine he strove to defend. Dryden embraced the true faith and when received within the pale of the church exultingly exclaimed; 'Good life be now my task, my doubts are done.' Hopefully he worked on good begetting better and finally in 1682 appeared his masterpiece, *The Hind and the Panther*.

This is an allegorical controversial poem wherein personifications are beautifully introduced. The division is nicely arranged in three parts; the first serves merely as an introduction, and describes the nature of the various religious sects. When the poem made its appearance many and almost insurmountable were the difficulties to be overcome. The favorable disposition of King James to Catholics still kept the nation in a state bordering on frenzy, and declaring that Catholics should be denied liberty of conscience, which is every being's natural right. Through the medium of this poem the existing condition of the suffering church in England was exposed. The opening couplets forewarn us of the treat that awaits us and one of the chief allegorical figures is introduced to our notice.

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and
hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds,
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to
die."

Here we see the character of Christ's church outlined; her unchangeable doctrines; so pure and without stain, she is fearless in danger and the ineffectuality of prosecution, all prove her immortality. Harmony of construction and choice of epithets could not be more judicious.

The following lines contain a touching allusion to the poet's conversion. They depict the sad condition of him who follows false doctrines, and the folly of him who throws himself upon the unsafe guidance of his own reason.

"Oh teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou has promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wronged with vain
desires,
My manhood long misled by wandering fires;
Follow'd false lights: and when their glimpse was
gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am,
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame,
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith, than Three in
One.

Dryden seemed to have a clear idea of the distinction, somewhat vaguely, indicated in the first chapter of Genesis and frequently referred to by men of Christian science, between the creation of man and that of all other beings. In the case of the irrational creatures, the action of God seemed to be merely directive of secondary causes; it was always: "let there be light," "let there be a firmament made," etc. But when He comes to man, the action is personal and directly effective; "let us make man." Of this difference Dryden speaks as follows:

"One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of heaven:
The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arrived at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space.
And to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast:
And mercy mixed with reason did impart
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative."

He deeply deplores the evil that befell his country when liberty of conscience was denied his fellow-citizens, and eulogizes those countries which have never become a prey to the scourge of heresy.

"Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance,
No native claim of just inheritance,
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the invading foe,
Where birth has placed them let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air."

An assembly of the animals representing the different sects forms the closing scene of the first part of this poem. The Hind shrank from drinking at the same fountain as the other animals; but finally the sovereign Lion James II "bade her fear no more."

"Encouraged thus she brought her younglings
nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye.
And drank a sober draught; the rest amazed
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gazed;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten horn'd monster in the harmless hind,
Such as the Wolf and the Panther had design'd."

They soon disperse each going its own way; however the Panther, "proffering the Hind to wait her half the way" remains behind and part one of the poem comes to an end with the Hind and Panther chatting as they move leisurely along.

The second division opens while the Hind and Panther are engaged in the same quiet controversial conversation. When the doctrine of transubstantiation is advanced the Panther professes inability to comprehend the mystery and his unwillingness to believe, asserting this belief to be only a figure of the real presence. To which the witty Hind replies.

"Methinks an Æsops fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat.
Your church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still."

The peaceful Hind continues her homeward journey, accompanied by the Panther. When most of the objections are answered satisfactorily, there is a seeming lull in the conversation. Then the Hind quietly proceeds to impress upon her companion the beauty and unity of the Catholic Church.

"One in herself not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid, shining diamond;
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true.
One central principle of unity
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity."

Suddenly it dawns upon the mind of the Hind, that her friend should be reminded of the little zeal shown by the dissenters to propagate their faith. Therefore she then voices her sentiments of deep love and interest in the Panther's welfare.

"Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes, on my British race
Our sailing-ships, like common sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of
stews."

The Hind is next confronted with the charge that the doctrines of the church have suffered great changes. This draws forth an appropriate and pointed reply which contains not an offensive word

"Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith Apostolic ;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source,
Succession lawful, in a lineal course,
Prove any church opposed to this our head.
So one, so pure, so unconfinedly spread
Under one chief of the spiritual state
The members all combined and all subordinate."

It is evening when the Hind reaches her solitary resting place and courteously invites her new-made friend to share the enjoyments which her humble surroundings offer. With assumed modesty her guest accepts and "the Hind did first her country cates provide ; then couched herself securely by her side."

The third and concluding portion of the work differs but slightly from the preceding parts. It much resembles a conversation between friends, estranged by slight differences. Reference to the many persecutions and sufferings undergone by the church constitute the greater part of this third division. At the enumeration by the Hind of the trials of the church, the Panther seems to wince ; the Hind takes advantage of the evident weakening to drive the argument home on general principles.

"This said she paused a little and suppress'd,
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pallute her satire with ignoble blood ;
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he raises for the fight
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And pleased with bloodless honors of the day,
Walks over, and disdains the inglorious prey,

Sc James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air !
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
To implore, the remnants of long-suffering grace."

As the occasion demanded Dryden showed himself a descriptive poet of no mean merit, and rarely has any writer displayed greater power of observation. His soul-stirring couplets exhibit true poetic genius. What beauty he perceived in nature, and how he loved to sing it can be seen from the extract :

"New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise :
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reformed the year :
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appeared with liquid gold
to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaimed the holiday of spring."

Many of the intrigues against the church fail to have any interest for us ; because they were so closely connected with local circumstances. Doubtless the poem would be perused with more interest had we a thorough knowledge of those happenings. Ere parting with her companion, the Panther deemed it wise to censure the Hind for wrong doings. These reproaches drew from the Hind a detailed and lengthy explanation, strongly substantiated by undeniable facts. The following lines may convey an idea of how that long and friendly dispute finally came to an end :

"Nor would the Panther blame it nor commend,
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose :
For now the streaky light began to peep :
An! setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew and wishing to her guest
The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state."

Vividness and happy turns of thought render this a charming tale. The epithets are most appropriate and well chosen, while the metre is particularly suitable to this strain of poetry. The name of Pope stands prominent in the literary galaxy of English poets, and that of Dryden also occupies a position not less protuberant. A comparison instituted by Dr. Johnson between Pope and Dryden, well expresses the merits of each ; "The style of Dryden is capricious and varied : that of Pope is

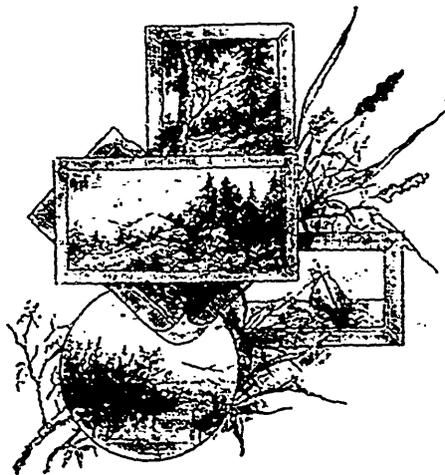
cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the emotions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation. Pope is a velvet lawn shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller." The author's trend of thought is logical and uniform. First our attention is centered on the on the universality of the church and the purity and uniformity of her teachings, as heresies arise they are successively exposed and condemned. Dryden exhibits to advantage his profound intellectual abilities and his thorough acquaintance with historical facts. In the two later parts of the poem especially is the reasoning close and strong, while here and there it is enlivened by much sparkling wit. Throughout we are continually reminded of the absolute necessity of an infallible guide. The poem plainly demonstrates man's natural tendency to evil, and sug-

gests how his moral condition might be bettered.

The dire scourges of enemies proved insufficient to crush the church of Christ. Through those trying vicissitudes she passed triumphantly, and unaided save by the impenetrable armour of her heaven-revealed doctrines she gloriously overcame all opposition.

An eminent critic has said of this great poem, "Its first one hundred lines are the foremost hundred lines of poetry in the language." Whatever may be the truth of this estimate, it is certain that the perusal of not only the first one hundred lines; but of the whole poem will force the candid reader to the conclusion that the Hind and the Panther is one of the master-pieces of our literature. To say that it is not a perfect work is merely indicating its human origin; but its ready wit, its lofty flights of imagination, the imposing music of its lines, and the rare exactness of its doctrine prove it to be not unworthy of the highest poetic talent.

E. A. BOLGER, '98.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.



IN the sunshine of a May morning stood an old gray house with a porch draped in woodbine and sweetbrier. The old house was the homestead of Holly Farm.

"Sybil looks charming in white," thought Aunt Mildred Vaughan, as she sat at the window and looked out at the young girl upon the lawn.

A great change had recently come over Holly Farm. The meadow west of the house now served as camping ground for the —th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in which young Henry Vaughan held a second lieutenantancy. Drumming and fifeing and regimental music now held sway on the green slopes where hitherto lowing herds of cattle passed the day in peaceful contentment.

Indeed, Aunt Mildred's standard of events had so naturally changed in the course of seventy years, that when the little white gate swung open and a young man in uniform walked across the lawn, she said to herself, "That must be Captain Adair come to see Harry. I do hope Sybil will have sense enough to come and speak to him instead of letting him knock."

Sybil had the amount of sense requisite for the emergency. She led the way into the green parlor, and went to announce the arrival to her brother. In a few moments she returned leaning on Lieutenant Harry's arm. Adair's frankness had won its way through Aunt Mildred's reserve; this is how he described his meeting with Sybil Vaughan to his friend, Henry Alleyne:

CAMP EVERETT, May, 1861.

I had an adventure yesterday that should have fallen to your lot, my dear Alleyne, and not to mine. Hearing that my second lieutenant, Harry

Vaughan, lived near the camp, and that he could not enter upon his duties for a day or two, I took it into my head to go and see what stuff he was made of.

I went through a shady lane leading from the camp to Vaughan's house. As I drew near the gate, I heard a woman's voice singing. A little further on came a gap in the trees, and I took a reconnaissance. Beneath a tree, honor bright, Alleyne, if ever angels do appear to men, it was an angel that stood there, answering a wren with a voice as fresh, an expression as natural as his own. I stood there looking and listening—until I suddenly remembered my errand. Then I pushed open the gate, and walking across to the porch, lifted the bright brass knocker. But the rival of the wren, without letting me await the arrival of some creature of baser clay, came from among the trees and asked if I wished to see Mr. Vaughan. And then she showed your too susceptible friend into a summer parlor, where an elderly lady in a lavender dress, with white lawn apron and kerchief, sat sewing. The old lady received me very courteously, and the maiden went to find her brother. When the brother came, he looked like his sister, and surely never before was lieutenant greeted by his superior officer with such ineffable tenderness. And we dined, so far as I could judge, off dishes of topaz and crystal, heaped high with ambrosia, and soon after dinner I returned to Camp Everett, and met the Colonel going his rounds.

"You come from young Vaughan's, I see," he said. "What impression did he make upon you?"

"Charming, highly delightful, very promising," I replied.

The Colonel gave me a look out of his shrewd old eyes. "So attractive a person will be an acquisition to the regiment," he remarked, and let me pass on to my tent.

I am half-asleep. Good-night.

ROBERT ADAIR.

It was June. The labyrinth path was all aglow with blossoms, and the grape walk just beyond made a shadowy retreat towards evening. Sybil was sitting there with her work lying on her lap. She had not sewed three stitches. Why had not Harry come as usual that afternoon to the east window to get his cup of black coffee? Why was there an indefinite air of bustle

in the camp as she looked down on it from her bower? Why was there an undefined sense of stir in everything? Then there came the click of an iron heel upon the gravelled path; Sybil half rose from the bench and then sank back again. Adair stood before her. "We are ordered off," he said, "We go in an hour. I've but one moment to stay, for I promised Harry to leave him time to come and say good-by."

In the white, scared look on Sybil's face he read the right to speak.

But it had all been so hurried, she thought, when he was gone, she could remember nothing clearly or in order, and yet she would have given all the other memories of her happy life to recall each word as it was spoken. It could not be a dream for he had asked her for some souvenir and she had taken from her neck a medallion and laid in it a little curl of her hair, and given it to him. And on her left hand was the ring he had placed there.

Then Harry had come, too overjoyed at the news of her engagement to feel the pain of parting. At length she heard her aunt's voice and roused herself to go and make known her story.

And thus went Captain Adair and Lieutenant Vaughan to fight for the preservation of the Union.

One August day when a sultry fog held the earth in bondage, Aunt Mildred pushed open the little white gate, and with hastened steps hurried across the lawn. She gave a quick glance into the parlors, and then went up-stairs, grasping nervously the low hand-rail. In the upper hall she stopped to take breath—and courage too. Then, opening the door of Sybil's room, she stopped on the threshold to see her lying on the floor with a newspaper crushed in her hand. A bulletin in the village post-office had told her all; "Found dead on the field, Captain Robert Adair—1st Regt. Mass. Vols. They lifted Sybil up and laid her on her bed. She did not "strive nor cry," but in that first grief it pleased God to measure her power of endurance.

Weeks passed away. But Sybil lay, white and listless, on her bed, taking little notice of anything except in the expression of gratitude. Finally there came a

fine afternoon in September, when for the first time Sybil's easy chair was placed in the open air, under a striped awning on the west side of Holly Farmhouse. Amid the glow of nature, Sybil looked very wan and frail. She had begun to think a little now, and her thoughts ran thus: "I am resigned to God's will. I have not the shadow of doubt that this is all right—but I am dying of pain Here comes Aunt Mildred. Now I *will* give her a free happy smile, and lighten her burden if I cannot lighten my own."

Aunt Mildred arranged the cushions in Sybil's chair and then took her hand very gently.

"There is a man in the hall, dear, who brings you a little packet from Virginia. Can you see him?"

"Yes; at once if you like. Please let him come out here. I can talk to him better in the open air."

He came—a shy, elderly man, whom Sybil remembered seeing once at the camp.

"My name is Abel, lady," he said. May be you've heard the Cap'n say as how I couldn't play the bugle at the camp below there. The folks all said I couldn't learn, I was so old and dull; but he allus believed everybody was good for something, he did."

"I remember you," she answered eagerly. "Oh! do go on. Tell me everything; every little thing about it all."

"Wall, you see, lady, my two boys was all I had, and they jined the regiment, and I couldn't live without 'em; and I was hale and strong and I made bold for to jine too, and the Cap'n, he took me in. And so I went to the war with my boys, and I nursed John Henry through a fever and I kept Abner from falling into bad company; and, lady, if I could have saved the Cap'n's life by givin' my skin inch by inch, I'd have done it; but I couldn't, so I just held his head against this old heart, and let him breathe his life away. And I laid him down on the sod as tender as if I'd been his mother."

"May God reward you! Did he suffer much?" Tears such as she had longed for were pouring from her eyes.

"No, lady; he was gone before the surgeons came on to the field. He lay quite still without a moan or sigh; and

now and then, he'd say a word to me. I was wounded, too, just below the knee. I dropped down about six feet off from him ; and when the retreat came and I saw as how I was left behind with the Cap'n. didn't I praise the Lord !”

“What did he say to you?”

Abel took a little packet from his breast and laid it in Sybil's hand. “He says to me, ‘Abel,’ says he, ‘when you can get a furlough *honorable*’ says he, ‘for you mustn’ go when your country needs you bad, you take this locket (unhookin’ it from his neck) to Miss Sybil Vaughan—her that lives in the stone farm-house above our old camp at Holly Farm—and you tell her as how the poor thing tried to save my life ; and she’ll see it by the great dent made in the gold by a bullet. And you tell her as how she’s to open it herself and see what I put there. And you tell her—I’m a Methodist, lady, but I’ll tell you word for word what he said.”

“Yes, word for word.”

“You tell her,” says he, “how I pray that Christ and His Blessed Mother may be her comfort as they are mine ; and tell her as how I’ve never let a thought enter my mind since we parted, that she wouldn’t have approved. And tell her I love her fond and true, and that we shall meet in heaven when she will have done the work on earth she is so fit to do. And tell her to comfort my mother. Poor Mother !” And then he put his arm around my neck and he says low, and soft, a few words, and all I heard was “receive my soul,” and then I kissed him and laid him down on the turf, and his face was like as I think it will be in heaven at the great day. And now I’m goin’ to leave you, lady, ’cos I know as you want to be alone. And with your leave I’ll come again, and tell you how we loved him and

how we cried like babies round the ambulance that brought him to the camp.”

Then Abel took Sybil's delicate hand reverently on his broad, brown palm, and kissed it. “Lady,” he said “you’re the only one ever I see as was fit to mate with him.”

“You will come again,” she said. “As you have no daughter and there must be things needed to make you comfortable during your convalescence, you will let me see to all that. And you will let me replace the many things you must have lost or worn out during these hard three months.”

She spoke beseechingly, looking up into his face like a child pleading for a toy.

“You shall just wind me round your finger like he did,” said Abel. “I allus thought I’d got grit in me till I seen him, and then it seemed as though I hadn’t no will but his’n.”

Sybil was alone with the little packet. With trembling fingers she untied the string and removed the wrappings. There lay the medallion and its twisted chain. She passionately kissed the battered enamel that had stood between him and death. Then she opened the locket. With the silky golden curl lay a little lock of dark-brown hair. She was touching it tenderly, wondering when he had placed it there, when a turn of the locket showed two words scratched on the inner side with some rude instrument ; she looked closer and read, “Noblesse oblige.”

When Aunt Mildred came to lead her into the house, there was a change in her face that filled the gentle lady's heart with gratitude. It was the look of courage that comes to those who recognize their claim of high birth as the children of God.

M. R. '97.

COWPER AND HIS TASK.



NOVEMBER of the year 1731 was the time and Hertfordshire, England, the place of the birth of William Cowper, known to every tyro in English literature as the author of one of the foremost descriptive poems of the English language, and who has taken his place in the affections of students as the poet "of ordinary life and domestic emotions." An eminent critic says of him: "He was one of the first among English writers to venture to describe those familiar thoughts and feelings that are imagined by the word *home*, a word for which so many cultivated languages have no equivalent."

As a child Cowper was sickly, timid and sensitive, and when but six years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his mother, he was deprived of her whose tender care and solicitous kindness were the single solace of his dreary childhood. Of this dear parent his memories were so vivid that he could never think of her without tears. "On Receipt of my Mother's Picture" is a beautiful elegy written in memory of his mother long after he had attained the age of manhood.

Upon the death of his mother, Cowper was placed in an English boarding school and here his miseries began. He was so ill-treated by one of the older boys that life became a burden to him. The very sight of this bully was sufficient to throw the little lad into a state of abject terror and Cowper himself declared latter on that at one time he did not dare to look his persecutor in the face. Slight though this circumstance may appear it undoubtedly worked upon the sensitive nature of the child-

poet and may have been a partial cause of that exaggerated timidity which was one of the awful trials of Cowper's later life.

We next find him at Westminster school where he seems to have devoted himself entirely to literature and to have given but a very secondary attention to all other studies. His vocation was thus easily making itself clear, and hence it is no surprise to learn that when he left Westminster and settled down to the profession and study of law in London, he found no charm amidst the dryness of briefs and suits and soon gave up his profession for the more sympathetic pursuit of literature.

He adopted this course perhaps also to obtain relief from the dark thoughts which had filled his mind and which later on terminated in temporary insanity. He was of a deeply religious disposition, and his melancholy meditations turned almost continuously on the mystery of predestination. The subject was full of peril for one of his mental constitution and the natural consequence followed—he began to doubt of God's mercy and goodness and to despair of his own salvation. This terrible thought threw him into the deepest depths of sadness.

To one in Cowper's frame of mind the healthful sympathy of friends was not only invaluable but absolutely essential. And it was the poet's good fortune to find several such indispensable aids to prompt the development of his poetic genius. Chief among them were a Protestant minister, Mr. Unwin and his wife, and a certain Lady Austen whom Cowper met at their house. They were his devoted friends; they loved him for his endearing qualities, for his religious fervor, for his generosity and his talent. It was Lady

Austen who suggested the subject for his short poem, John Gilpin, and with her also originated the idea of the Task.

During the composition of all his literary productions, Cowper's sufferings both mental and physical were such as to call forth our deepest sympathy. Yet they could not stifle the poetic soul that lived within him. He was the originator of a new style of poetry and with Burns heralded in the dawn of a new era in the history of song. His poems are remarkable for their originality, their deep religious feeling and their genuine love and faithful portrayal of nature. A certain critic comparing him with two others of his class, Thomson and Wordsworth, justly remarks: "Thomson admired nature, Cowper loved her, and Wordsworth adored her." No other English poet, save, perhaps, Pope and Shakespeare, is so frequently quoted in passages of great beauty and striking thought.

The Task is the crown-work of Cowper's genius. Not that it was by any means the last of his works, nor was it the first: neither does it compare with others of his poems in sublimity of thought. The "Sofa" could scarcely suggest such lofty considerations as "Truth," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," which were the subjects of previous poetic efforts. The poet himself evidently felt the incongruity, for he tells us in the opening lines of the Task.

"I sing the Sofa: I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity and touch'd with awe,
The solemn chords and with a trembling hand
Escaped with pain from that advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme.

But the "humbler theme" did not prevent Southey from saying: "The best didactic poems, when compared with the Task, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery." Certainly nothing could be better suited to Cowper's gentle disposition than to sing of nature and her soothing charms.

The Task is a purely descriptive poem. The poet, looking out from his rustic bower upon the world around him, sees in every plant and flower and tree, beauties unperceived by common eyes. Starting from some trivial object he glides off imperceptibly into detailed, but charming

descriptions of the beauty of nature and there are passages in the Task not unworthy of comparison with anything in the language. The first book—with which alone I shall deal in this essay—opens with the amusing story of the genesis of the sofa, which is thus comprehensively summarized in its grand outlines:

"Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
While Luxury th' accomplished sofa last."

We may say that the Task mirrors forth its author's mind, but his mind in its natural and happiest frame, before the "dark belief" cast a gloom over his life. With what a delicate touch he describes the days of his youth, so happy when compared with the sorrowful moments he had since passed! How sweet the remembrance of the rural walks "o'er hills and valleys and by river's brink" and of hours "that sorrow since had much endeared."! Listen to him as he sings the quiet beauty of the river Ouse:

"Here, Ouse, slow winding through a level
plain
"Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
"Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted."

Cowper's love of nature is not something trumped up for the occasion. He tells us himself.

"Thou knowest my praise of nature most
sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pump.
But genuine and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene."

So genuine and deep is our poet's devotion to nature, that he is unable to understand how anyone could be insensible to her beauties or prefer before her the tinsel triumphs of artist's brush or sculptor's chisel. In his astonishment he cries out:

"Strange! there should be found
"Who, self imprisoned in their proud saloons,
"Renounce the odors of the open field,

"For the unscented fictions of the loom ;
 "Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,
 "Prefer to the performance of a God
 "Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand."

Nothing pleases the poet so much as to have his reader follow or rather accompany him in his idle wanderings amidst rustic scenes. The willing he will lead from

"The common overgrown with fern and rough
 "With prickly gorse, that shapeless and deform'd
 "And dangerous to the touch, has yet it's bloom,
 "And decks it-self with ornaments of gold,
 "Yields no unpleasing ramble,"

to where "the lofty wood that skirts the wild" will give him peace and shelter.

Cowper was a close observer of men as well as of things and he had a keen sense of humour. What, for instance, could be truer than the following description of the gypsy bands that prowl the untamed woods? And what a vein of humour withal pervades the whole extract!

"A vagabond and restless tribe there eat
 "Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
 "Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 "Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 "Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
 "From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race!
 "They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
 "Which kindled, with dry leaves, just saves
 unquench'd
 "The spark of life. The sportive wind blows
 wide
 "Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin
 "The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

What could be happier or more truthful than the poet's description of the rapid change, "when safe occasion offers," from the begging gypsy "feigning sickness" and with "limping limb," to the lively dancer who forgets his supposed ills when music sounds her "mirthful note."

"Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
 "They swathe the forehead, drag the limping
 limb,
 "And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 "Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
 "When safe occasion offers: and with dance,
 "And music of the bladder and the bag,
 "Beguile their woes, and make the woods re-
 sound."

A cursory glance at the above lines

gives us some idea of Cowper's power of compressed expression. Thus "loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal," and again, "can change their whine into a mirthful note when safe occasion offers," afford us a real character study and show the cunning and waywardness of these "houseless rovers of the sylvan world."

From the consideration of these half-civilized scenes, the poet brings us into the very midst of civilization and dilates upon its advantages. He pities from his heart the "shiv'ring native of the North" and the "rangers of the Western world." All the treasures of science and of art are beyond their ken.

"These therefore, I can pity placed remote
 From all that science traces, art invents.
 Or inspiration teaches."

But especially is their condition to be deplored because of their lack of virtue.

"Even the favor'd isles
 So lately found, although the constant sun
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
 Can boast but little virtue :

Yet Cowper is far from desiring us to believe that civilization and virtue are synonymous terms. Very little virtue, indeed, he declares, is to be found in the large cities—least of all in London. He praises this world's metropolis where praise is due, but he is unsparing in his censure of the vice and corruption that flourish within her precincts. London, the queen of cities, is rotten to the core. She is the

"Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now,"

The poet concludes the first book, of the Task with some reflections on the shameful dissipation and regrettable effeminacy so common in our public life.

"What wonder then that health, and virtue,
 gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?"

Every noble cause, whether individual or national, had Cowper's sympathy and assistance. He upheld the weak against the strong, the lowly and humble against the high-placed proud. He had no patience with the idle rich to whose indolence and worthlessness he attributes the evils under which society labored and the dangers to which the state is exposed. He says to them :

“ Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have
done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.”

Such are a few of Cowper's most

prominent characteristics. An ardent admirer of everything that was beautiful in the world about him, he was necessarily a hater of shams, an upholder of what was high and noble, and a ceaseless preacher, both by voice and example, of the highest ideals of virtue. It is a matter of deepest pity that so gentle and refined a spirit should not have been able to realize in himself all the practical consequences of the principles he upheld. But the fault lay not with him. In his life and works everything that is personal to himself makes for the betterment of man and of society.

L. NEVINS, '96.



THE BROOK.

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree;
Pomp of the meadows! mirror of the morn!
The Soul of April, unto whom are born
The Rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure chrystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

— LONGFELLOW.



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THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE PRESS.

A certain exchange makes the remark that the OWL is too dogmatic and religious to come into the realm of pure literature, and, from the evident idea of "pure literature" the author of the remark entertains, it seems to us that not only the OWL but all Catholic College journals share more or less his disapprobation as

well. There is indeed, we are proud to say, quite a perceptible difference in their tone and that of the generality of college-publications issuing from Protestant and so-called non-sectarian institutions. The former are certainly justly charged with being more dogmatic and religious, not indeed that there is a prevalence of purely religious topics, or that all their productions are homilies, but that their general tone is more serious. Moreover, their aims are higher and their productions are of more real literary value. One never sees in them those silly summer-girl romances, languishing love poems, and empty twaddle that speak the worse than vacant mind and tempt a father to call his son home and put him at the plough. They are free from that air of self-sufficiency and presumption with which some of our Protestant friends scarce in their twenties criticise their superiors, dictate their duties and even make them the butt of coarse jokes. They aim at literary perfection first of all, not at local gossip, spring poetry and silly vaporings about the glory of college pow-wows.

Our worthy critic gives us an intimation of his likes and dislikes in the matter of "pure literature" in these words; "Religious dogma is not literature, nor is literature religion." Religion for him is evidently only ontological, not moral or practical. It is a thing to be used on Sunday and conveniently set aside for the remainder of the week for more practical things. Religion is one thing, literature another; art for art's sake, (probably a nude-in-art man). He does not see that literature as art is the embodiment of beauty; that beauty consists in the true and the good; that God is the source of all truth and goodness, and that a high, noble, religious spirit is the soul of pure literature. Nineteenth century liberalism

has done much to degrade ideals in literature as in many other things, and modern "liberal" university training is fearful to think of in its results when students come to manifest such a distaste for religion. If the Catholic College Press is religious and reverent in its tone, it should not thereby be excluded from the "realm of pure literature"; on the other hand, if we wished to be strict about the word pure, we might find it had the best title to that realm.

AN IMPERTINENT SUPPOSITION.

Education is the all-absorbing question of the hour, and no one can deny that in its grand outlines, as well as in its minutest details, it is receiving most thorough, if not always truthful, treatment. The controversy that for some time past has raged around the Manitoba Schools, and unfortunately has divided the country into two hostile camps, has been prolific in literature on both sides of the question. Pronouncements have poured forth from pulpit, press and platform, with a regularity and in an abundance unprecedented in the annals of Canadian history. We have no intention of attempting to discuss the principles involved. The matter, in as far as it concerns the Catholics of Manitoba, is now before the High Court of Parliament, where we may reasonably expect to see fair play prevail. We are of those who think that no question is finally settled unless its solution harmonizes with the eternal principles of honor, good faith, and justice. And hence we have the fullest confidence in the ultimate restoration to the Catholic people of the Prairie Province of their educational rights.

But there is one aspect of this discussion which is outrageously insulting, and which we cannot characterize as other than an impertinent, unjustifiable, and baseless supposition. We refer to the charge, both implied and expressed, that Catholic education in Manitoba and elsewhere has been and is inferior. Speeches are made, sermons delivered, articles written, and statistics quoted, to prove our educational system a sham and our people worse than illiterate. We shall not stop to criticize or to refute these statements, nor shall we say more of them than to state that their gross unfairness and ludicrous impossibility would preclude their being used by any others than those utterly destitute of sound reason and solid argument.

Discouraging and offensive as these statements are, we could pass them by did they proceed exclusively from the camp of the enemy. But it adds anguish unspeakable to the blow, when one is stabbed by those of the household. It is unfortunately true that here and there throughout the country, there are to be found little blatant groups of Catholic Iscariots, who seem to take a malicious pleasure in exposing and magnifying the defects, real or fancied, of Catholic education. We have no epithet to fittingly qualify the cuckoo-like tactics of these vain, ill-informed, dishonest and malicious disturbers. We hazard the prophecy, however, that sooner or later, the fate of Judas, in a metaphorical sense, will be theirs.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

"Month of St. Joseph for People in the World" is the title of a little volume that has just been issued from the press of John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. Its

author is the Rev. J. T. Roche, of David City, Nebraska, a former student of this institution. In the exercises for the 14th day of March, Rev. Father Roche pays the following touching tribute to the founder and first president of Ottawa University. Rev. Father Tabaret is held up as a model of devotion to the great St. Joseph. We give Rev. Father Roche's words entire :

"Very Reverend Joseph Tabaret, the saintly founder of St. Joseph's University, Ottawa, Canada, was a devout client of St. Joseph. He placed the infant college under his care and saw it, under that care, rise to be a great and flourishing institution. For over thirty years Father Tabaret was its president. During all that time he never wearied of endeavoring to excite in the hearts of the youths who came under his care a tender devotion to our Saint.

Every year, in the month of March, special exercises were held in his honor, and his feast day was one long to be remembered in the college. Father Tabaret's own devotion was extremely touching. Those who knew him best, and who esteemed him as a saint, have left us the record of his childlike confidence and his tender love for his Heavenly Patron. His death was a striking and singular favor of St. Joseph's intercession. On the first day of March, as had been his wont, he had called together the students, now numbering hundreds, said Mass for them, and after Mass spoke to them at length from the text "Go to Joseph." At the close of his address, which deeply moved all those who heard him, he expressed the wish that as he was now old, he might soon go to Joseph. God heard his prayer. Before noon of that day—the day on which of all days he would wish to have died—he had gone to join his heavenly patron, fortified by the graces and succors of Holy Church. The witnesses of the facts herein stated can never forget the deep and lasting impression it made upon them, and their confidence in the belief that the death of their pious Father was a special favor of St. Joseph's love for a devout client."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Cardinal Satolli has asked for leave of absence from Rome for six months after the appointment of his successor. Should this request be granted it is the intention of His Eminence to make an extended tour of the United States. He has already made arrangements to visit Texas and New Mexico after the opening of the New Orleans' Winter School.

A recent despatch from Rome says that the letter *Motu proprio* published by the Pope on December 30th. has given a stable and atomomous character to the Commission of Cardinals for the Eastern Churches. The following have been appointed members of the Commission by His Holiness: Cardinals Ledochowski, Grannielle, Vaughan, Langenieux, Rampolla, Galimberti and Mazzella. The Pope will also appoint additional consultative assessors whom he will select principally from among the procurators representing the Catholic Patriarchs in East.

The Catholic faith is professed by 41 peers of England, Scotland and Ireland, by 53 baronets, by 15 privy councillors, by 3 English and 67 Irish Members of Parliament. The estimated Catholic population of the United Kingdom is nearly five millions and a half—namely England and Wales, 1,50,000; Scotland, 365,000; Ireland (according to the census of 1891), 3,550,000.

Two pamphlets have been issued to which we must call attention. One contains the reply to Mr. Wade by John S. Ewart, Esq. Q. C. Counsel for the Catholic minority of Manitoba; the other contains a series of four letters written to the *Free Press* by James Fisher Esq. M. P. P. We would recommend a perusal of these pamphlets to those who would wish to study the Manitoba School question in all its bearings. The question of parental rights in the matter of education is clearly and broadly defined in these letters. The *Catholic Register* says of these documents: "All fair minded people who wish to learn the truth, should

obtain these pamphlets. They show the wretched part the Government party in Manitoba have acted in the past ; and the gross injustice that has been inflicted upon the Catholics."

Venerable Jean Baptist Vianney, Curé of Ars, whose saintly life was made the subject of an interesting piece of literature by Kathleen O'Meara, will be one of the subjects of discussion, at the next sitting of the Congregation of Rites. His virtues having been first debated, a vote will then be taken ; it is expected a majority will favor his beatification. This sitting which is called preparatory, will be held on the 28th. instant, and will be followed by a general sitting in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Our missionaries in the far north will have an easier manner of gaining access to their scattered missions in the future. In a letter to the *Missions Catholiques* Mgr. Grouard, O. M. I. Vicar-Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie, announces that he has succeeded in securing two little steamboats—the St. Joseph and the St. Alphonsus—for the use of his priests. The first voyage of the latter boat extended within the Arctic Circle.

Here is a paragraph from the *Italia*, which has always been a most ardent advocate and upholder of United Italy : "It is not merely the material life of Rome that is unfortunately reduced to the worst conditions, but also the moral and intellectual life. It is the gradual and most lamentable decadence of Rome, capital of Italy. Nominally, it is still the capital ; in reality, it (the Vatican excepted) is sinking little by little to the level of a second-rate city. It is painful to say and write this ; but one cannot always remain silent, at the risk of seeing the disease grow dangerous and become incurable."

To which let us add that were it not for the great interests centered at the Vatican the city would soon drop even lower than a second class rank and Rome itself would soon sink into oblivion.

The directories of this year give the following report of the state of Catholicity

in the ecclesiastical province of Boston : one archbishop, eight bishops, 787 churches, 1,233 clergymen and a Catholic laity of 1,461,000.

A monthly magazine edited by Rev. Arthur Ritchie, a "high" churchman, devoted much of its space in a late issue, to describing the missionary work of Catholic priests in Africa, decisions of the Sacred Penitentiary regarding Lenten fast, and of the Congregation of Rites regarding Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, together with an account, among other really Catholic happenings, of the Liquefaction of St. Januarius' Blood. These reports would indeed grace the columns of any Catholic journal and we have nothing but the highest commendation to offer the Rev. Mr. Ritchie for his truly liberal spirit in devoting so much space to the progress and actions of our Holy Mother Church.

Here is an instance that should go far in refuting that common and too often heard remark "The ignorant, bigoted Irish." It also shows the respect that Catholics entertain for Christian worth, to whatever denomination it may belong. On receipt of the news of the death of Rev. Dr. Gregg, Protestant Primate of Armagh, the bell of the Catholic Cathedral of that city was tolled both forenoon and afternoon. What better example have we of the good feeling existing between Catholics and Protestants of Ireland.

The following figures show the remarkable progress of Catholicity in Denmark. In 1860 the whole kingdom contained only 800 Catholics, attending two churches and served by five priests. Now the faithful number nearly 6,000, with 20 churches, 36 priests, and 170 nuns devoted to educational and hospital work. On an average 200 Danish Protestants enter the Catholic fold every year ; as a general rule the converts come from among the humbler classes, yet quite a number of the Danish aristocracy have also been received within the pale of the Church. More than half the priests in Denmark are Jesuit missionaries,—a circumstance

that promises well for the still further evangelization of the Danes.

The Catholic church still continues to advance in the Great Republic to the south of us, the latest statistics report 17 archbishops, 72 bishops, 10,348 priests, with a Catholic population of nearly nine and a half millions. There are 5,853 churches, with resident pastors, 3,648 missions, with churches, making 9,501 churches in all; 5,194 stations and chapels, 9 universities, 26 seminaries for secular students, with 2,129 students; 77 seminaries for religious orders, with 1,474 students; 187 high schools for boys, 633 high schools for girls, 3,731 parochial schools, with 796,348 pupils; 239 orphan asylums, sheltering 30,867 orphans and 821 charitable institutions. The total number of children in Catholic institutions is 933,944. These figures compared with the figures of previous years show the following increases: Priests 236; churches 580; universities, 1; secular seminaries, 3; regular seminaries, 16; children attending parochial schools, 10,000; charitable institutions, 68; children cared for in charitable institutions, 5,685.

The Episcopalians of Philadelphia celebrated the silver jubilee of the dedication of their "Church of the Annunciation" with a pomp and grandeur strongly resembling Catholic ceremonies. Burning lights and gorgeous flowers decorated the altars, a deacon and sub-deacon assisted the rector in the celebration of Solemn High Communion Service, while the officiating choir rendered Mozart's Seventh Mass. But the sermon by Rev. Canon Knowles, leaves no room for doubting that our Episcopalian brethren will soon be rendering their services in the good old Latin of a united Christian church. The Reverend preacher's text is significant: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Genuine love for the Blessed Mother of God is evinced by the preacher throughout his whole discourse, which concluded with these words. "I know of no more touching salutation than the one of Gabriel to the Mother of God; none which so unites earth and Heaven, none which so links together the

seen and the unseen now and at the hour of our death. How beautiful the three-fold Angelus—morning, noon and night—with recital of the mystery of the Incarnation, with its invocation of her whom all generations shall hail as blessed! Such art thou, Holy Mother, the Queen of Heaven, in the creed and in the worship of the church,—the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still as thou hast led us in the past, through the dark night across the bleak wilderness, on to the home of thy dear Son! Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

In the Transvaal, South Africa, the white population is said to number nearly 90,000, and of these Catholics claim 4,000, mostly of Irish extraction. The Catholic missions are well organized, and are under the direction of Father Schoch, O.M.I. Perfect Apostolic of the Transvaal. The missions are served by sixteen Fathers of the order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, among whom are, Father De Lacy (Superior) of Tipperary, Ireland; and Father Van Laar, who so ably filled a professor's chair, in our halls, during the early eighties. In Johannesburg, the residence of the Prefect Apostolic, there are two Catholic churches, one in the town and the other at Fordsburg, a suburban district. The Marist Brothers have charge of a college here, the attendance averaging 500 pupils, Catholic, Protestant and Jew having their children educated by these renowned teachers; besides this there are seven other schools managed by the Marists and nuns from different orders. These Catholic schools receive no aid whatever from the State. As regards their efficiency, the *Volksstem* newspaper says that in 1880 President Kruger during one of his official tours was addressed by a Lutheran Minister, Mr. Malherbe who begged protection against 'the invasion and encroachment of the Roman Catholic Church' the President replied that he himself was a zealous Calvinist

but that as the head of the State he could not interfere between churches, adding: "If the Calvinist Church wishes to maintain its supremacy in the Transvaal it has only to imitate the Catholics in their work of charity. It has only to make the same sacrifices for education and other works. If the ministers had done their duty better the Catholic Church would not have won the position she now occupies in the Republic." Liberal and broad as seems this reply, it is certainly remarkable that his government will not extend the franchise to Catholic citizens, and even in 1868 went so far as to expel the first Catholic priest, Father Hondewanger, for daring to say mass. Fifty-one nuns of the orders of Loretto, Holy Family and Dominican, look after female education and attend to orphanages, homes and hospitals. Nearly all the high positions with the exception of government offices, are filled by Catholics. Father Le Bihan O. M. I. was the first priest who was allowed to settle permanently in the Transvaal, in 1869. He is now stationed at Mount Olivet in Basutoland.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Not the least attractive of the many departments placed at the disposal of the students of Ottawa University is the Reading Room. Here are to be found on file a large number of the principal daily and weekly newspapers of Canada and the United States, as well as several magazines; and that the students avail themselves of the advantages thus afforded them is seen from the fact that the present list of members is much larger than it has been for years. The good order that reigns in the reading room is due to the efficient management of the president and his different assistants. Besides the following list of newspapers and magazines to be found in the reading room, and which speaks for itself, there are many others.

Among the daily papers are the New York Sun, Boston Herald, Toronto Mail and Empire, Montreal Star, Ottawa

Citizen, Ottawa Free Press, La Presse, Le Canada, L'Electeur.

Weeklies—Winnipeg Saturday Night, Boston Republic, Catholic Standard and Times, Catholic Register, Catholic Record, The Casket, True Witness, Catholic Review, Sacred Heart Review, Northwest Review, Canadian Freeman, Le Courier De St. Hyacinthe, La Samedi.

Magazines—North American Review, Review of Reviews, Donahoe's Magazine, Angelus Magazine, Ave Maria, Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Rosary Magazine, Popular Science Monthly, Nineteenth Century.

* *

The class of elocution continues to be held every Wednesday and Saturday morning from eleven to twelve in the Academic Hall. It must be a source of gratification to Professor M'Meekin and to Rev. Father Murphy the prefect of studies to see their efforts seconded by such a large number of the students of the University course as well as those of the Third Form that assemble twice a week in the Dramatic Hall. Hitherto the elocution classes have consisted for the most part in lectures by the Professor. Recently, however, they took a more practical form when the pleasing feature of recitations by individual members was introduced thus establishing a precedent which will be followed henceforth. Under the able tutorship of Mr. Meekin whose reputation as professor of elocution is not confined to the Capital, such a course cannot have any other result than one most beneficial to the large number of students attending the class. For the future the Owl will publish the names of those who recite with the title of the piece they render.

On Saturday, Feb. 15th, Mr. M. J. O'Reilly, Third Form, whom we have come to regard as a declaimer of no mean ability recited Kellogg's Spartacus to the Gladiators. Messrs. W. Walsh '96 and D. M'Gee '97 rendered, The Glove and The Lior, and Regulus to the Carthaginians, respectively, in a very creditable manner.

Saturday February 22nd. Mr. M. J. McKenna '96, was heard to advantage in

the Deserter while Messrs. H. Bissailon and F. McCullough represented the Third Form.

* *

Many of our readers have learned before this of the departure for his native France of Rev. Father Antoine. To the numerous friends of the reverend gentleman even his temporary absence causes sorrow. But to us, among whom he lived and labored for so many years, it is a special cause for regret, for Rev. Father Antoine proved himself a learned and able teacher and a trustworthy guide and faithful friend. Coming here many years ago a young priest, his winning ways and affable disposition soon gained for him a place in the hearts of those with whom he came in contact; and whether as prefect of studies or of discipline he discharged the duties of these positions efficiently and conscientiously; always having at heart whatever tended to advance the interests of the student body.

On the night of January 28th the students met Father Antoine in the recreation hall where after a choice selection from the band they presented him with an address and an appropriate souvenir. On the following afternoon the students accompanied their former prefect of discipline to the railway station where good bye was said and many wishes expressed for a pleasant voyage and a safe return.

Rev. Father Heinault assisted by Rev. Father Lambert, replaces Father Antoine as prefect of discipline. Father Heinault is no stranger to the students, having been their assistant prefect for over a year, and comes to his position with the best wishes of all for many years of success and happiness in the new field of labor.

* *

For years past the choir has enjoyed a reputation never before acquired in the history of the College. But recently it surpassed all former efforts and delighted those who had the good fortune to be present in the University Chapel on Sunday Feb. 16th, when, during Benediction, Mozart's Magnificat and Goeb's

Tantum Ergo were rendered in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on the director; Rev. Father Lambert, as well as on each individual member of the choir. Mr. Jas. Gookin at the organ once more proved himself a trained musician.

* *

The Ottawa *Times* of February 8th says: "The students of Ottawa University are to be commended for the interest they have shown towards the dramatic art. They pride themselves on having the best theatrical appointments in the city in connection with the college theatre." The *Times* is right when it says we possess the best theatrical appointments in the city. For several weeks past Mr. Carroll the well known artist has been engaged in painting scenes in the Dramatic Hall of the University. Wednesday, February 26th, the drama William Tell, will be reproduced with an entirely new set of scenes, on the occasion of Archbishop Duhamel's return from Rome. Rev. Father Gervais expects to put on two more plays before next June. The Iron Mask, a tragedy, and Tête Folle, a comedy which the French speaking students will present.

SOCIETIES.

The English debating society has lost no time in settling down to work. It has an efficient executive and in the person of the Rev. Father Patton, a zealous director. Mr. T. P. Holland, '96, is president of the society and Mr. T. Ryan, '99, secretary. On the evening of the 26th ult, an interesting debate took place, on the question "Resolved that absolute liberty of the press is preferable to absolute censureship." Messrs. J. P. Fallon and G. T. Delaney supported the resolution and Messrs. W. W. Walsh and Frank Whelan led the forces in opposition. After a very lively debate, participated in by many members of the audience, a vote was taken and the result was found to favor the negative side of the question.

"Resolved that manual labor is the chief factor in the production of wealth" is the subject that occupied the attention of the society on the evening of the 2nd inst. Messrs. M. J. McKenna and F. Joyce argued for the affirmative while Messrs. D'arcy McGee and M. A. Foley, championed the negative. The arguments of those who favored the affirmative seemed to have the greater weight for a majority of the votes were marked in favor of the question as announced.

The evening of the 9th inst., saw the merits of two great orators discussed, for the question was "Resolved that Chatham was a greater orator than Burke." Messrs. J. Quilty and A. Mackie supported Chatham, while Messrs. W. Lee and F. Millane upheld the honor of Burke. Both the eminent orators found several warm supporters, amongst the society's extemporaneous debaters, but the result showed that Chatham commanded the majority of votes.

The Société Française des Débats, like its sister association, is giving signs of very active life under the directorship of Rev. Father Duhaut. Besides the regular debate on a fixed subject, another means has been taken to promote correct, intelligent, and fluent public speaking. It consists in the proposal to a member of a subject chosen by the committee, and the request made to him to express his views on it. The result has proved eminently satisfactory. The first debate was held on the 2nd inst. "Resolved, that Pasteur has gained more glory for France than Napoleon," was supported in the affirmative by Messrs. L. Garneau and R. Angers, and in the negative by Messrs. R. Dumontier and L. Binet. Several members spoke from the house, and the military instincts of our French friends turned the scales of victory in favor of Napoleon. Mr. L. Garneau favored the audience with an excellent declamation. A spirited debate took place on the evening of 9th inst. between Messrs. H. Bissaillon and L. Garneau, on the one side, and Messrs. L. Payment and E. Farinault on the other. The subject under discussion was the relative value of the modern

languages and the classics as a means of mental development. The decision was in favor of the moderns.

FLORES.

Mr. D. Murphy, '92, is at present a member of the law firm of Schultz & Murphy, Victoria, B.C. It is with pleasure that the Owl learns of the success of Mr. Murphy in his profession, and hopes that it may go on increasing. During Mr. Murphy's years in college, the Owl had no warmer friend or more persevering worker on its staff of editors.

Rev. F. L. French, '91, was recently a welcome visitor to his Alma Mater. The reverend gentleman is still engaged in parish work in the northern part of the vicariate of Pontiac.

Rev. Father Crane, who as a student here was medalist of his class in the matriculating year, and who took part in the famous production of William Tell in '82, is now pastor of St. Michael's Church, Elberon, N.Y.

Mr. Joseph McDonald, a member of the corridor in its halcyon days, is no longer plain Joe, but rejoices in the possession of half the title McPhee & McDonald, Barristers, Solicitors, etc., North Sidney, Cape Breton.

Rev. Fathers Gascon and Motard, old students, recently paid us a short visit. The former is exercising the duties of the ministry in Grenville, while the latter still works in the parish of Cantley.

J. K. Foran, Lit. D., '93, has been nominated the Conservative candidate for Montreal Centre. We trust he may make as great a success of his canvass as he has of the Montreal *True Witness*.

Mr. William F. Tighe, C.E., '83, paid a short visit to the University, and expressed himself much surprised at the change for

the better which had taken place here since he was a student. Mr. Tighe is a mining engineer in the Kootenay District, B.C.

Mr. John O'Brien, '96, at present a medical student of McGill, was with us at the beginning of the month.

At the concert in Grant's Hall, Sparks Street, on the night of February 13th. held under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Sanctuary Society, Mr. M. J. McKenna, '97, recited "The Convict's Soliloquy," before a large and appreciative audience.

Mr. J. Landry '91. recently in Montreal led to the altar Miss Lacoste, daughter of Sir Alexander Lacoste. Many many years of true and unalloyed happiness is what the OWL wishes Mr. Landry and his young bride.

ATHLETICS.

The hockey season moves on apace and it is now only too evident that no championship will be ours. The fault lies partly with ourselves and partly with our stars, that we are unsuccessful. Continuous snow-storms have made the rink unfit for regular practice, and without practice, victory is impossible. But there has also been a total lack of enthusiasm and energy on the part of several of the players. After the close game of the 3rd inst. with the strong Aberdeen team, we certainly had a right to expect that the return match of the 17th inst., would not result in the miserable fizzle of 9 goals to 3. The monotonous regularity with which Macdonald, Tobin and Baskerville allowed a weak set of forwards to score, was only equalled by the persistent refusal of Walsh, Copping and Belanger to give effective support to McGee, who alone played well and scored the three goals for the college. Notwithstanding the ill-luck of the team, the hockey season has so far been a source of much pleasure and recreation to the students. Below is the record of recent matches:

Jan. 29th—O. U. vs. Creightons, Creighton Rink. Won by O. U. score 3-1.

O. U. Team: Macdonald, goal; Tobin, point; Baskerville, c. point. Forwards, McGee, Walsh, Copping, Belanger.

Jan. 30th—O. U. second team vs. Lyceum, College Rink, draw 1-1.

O. U. Team: A. Belanger goal, Quilty point, E. Doyle c. point. Forwards, P. Baskerville, E. Macdonald, Delaney, Berthelot.

Feb. 3rd—O. U. vs. Aberdeen, Rideau Rink. Won by Aberdeen 4-2.

O. U. Team: Macdonald goal, Tobin point, Baskerville c. point. Forwards, McGee, Walsh, Copping, Belanger.

Feb. 4th—O. U. Second team vs. St. Georges 2nd, College Rink. Won by O. U. 3-0.

O. U. Team: Graham goal, Quilty point, P. Baskerville c. point. Forwards, E. Macdonald, Paquette, Berthelot, A. Belanger.

Feb. 5th—O. U. vs. Hawkesbury. Hawkesbury Rink. Won by O. U. score 6-5.

O. U. Team: Macdonald goal, Tobin point, P. Baskerville c. point. Forwards, McGee, Walsh, Copping, Belanger.

Feb. 17th—O. U. vs Aberdeen. Rideau Rink. Won by Aberdeen score 9-3.

O. U. Team: Macdonald goal, Tobin point, Baskerville c. point. Forwards, McGee, Walsh, Copping, Belanger.

* *

All hail to the "Doolittle" Hockey Players! By their two draws with the second team, they have succeeded in so admirably mixing up things that it is no longer possible to determine to which of these organizations belongs the official title of "Doolless Champions." We regret exceedingly that the "Doolittles" went out of training immediately after the last match by indulging in hot lemonade, but we are sure that their indefatigable captain, Joe Doyle, will soon, have them again under complete control.

The "Doolittles," are Messrs. Gosselin, Fleming, Dontigny, Cleary, M. Foley, A. McDonald, Capt. J. Doyle and 84 substitutes.

THE TRIP TO HAWKESBURY.

One of the most pleasing events of this College term was the trip of the University hockey team to Hawkesbury. On Wednesday the 5th of February a party of eleven students left to play an exhibition match with the team of that town. The game proved most exciting both on account of the close score and of the large number of spectators who witnessed it. At the end of time each team had placed five goals to its credit and by mutual agreement an extra ten minutes was played. During the whole of this extra time the College players were on the aggressive and finally McGee managed to land the rubber between the flags, thus making the match six to five. Although Hawkesbury failed to win the game they surpassed themselves in the kindness they lavished upon the visitors. Immediately after the game the Varsity boys were banqueted at the hotel. Appropriate speeches, and at intervals songs and recitations were given by members of both clubs. Mrs. Paquet mother of our fellow-student Alex. Paquet, also very graciously entertained the players to an informal dance, at which an excellent supper was served. Too much praise cannot be given the Hawkesbury people for the cordial reception extended the students and it is indeed inadequately expressing our appreciation of their kindness to say that we will long remember the pleasant visit of the University hockey team to their hospitable town.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

It is a real pleasure for us to offer our most sincere congratulations to the members of the J. A. A. for the noble manner in which they have responded to the call to clear the rink of its daily load of snow. Truly its officers are hustlers. Our neighbors might borrow a few grains of their sand.

Owing to the recent war scare there has been no meeting of the P. P. A. during the past month, for the members had grave reasons to fear that they would be

empresed into the volunteer corps. The patriotic speeches of H. M. W. M. Favreau make exceeding dull reading in view of this turn of affairs.

Pitre's cousin made quite a hit as an expounder of the pugilistic art, unfortunately for himself however it was the iron pillar that he hit.

Barter is now warbling the popular refrain: "Oh! those sweet black eyes."

When our first team was defeated by a senior seven, it entered into the fertile brain of several of our players that they were not in their proper class (which the sequel proves to be true.) Armed with all the majesty of their exalted state they boldly hoisted the flag of independence and called themselves "The Independents" and the arch-conspirators cried aloud "when shall we three meet again?" Neville arose in all his might, addressed the budding heroes and predicted that their fame would spread beyond the Rideau even unto the place where "the preacher's modest mansion" rises on the Montreal Road. Well might he boast thus. Had they not the laurel-crowned O'Leary swift of foot and dexterous as to his hands? Was not their's the cool-headed Kehoe, fleet as to lifting the puck and master of the laws of rolling bodies? Was not their pride, the stalwart Costello, graceful in action, torrent-like in his rushes, whose fall resembled the crash of ye oak that had raised its proud head in defiance to the storms of 4000 yrs? Had they not the tutelary guardian of Archville, Slattery, slippery as an eel, his wary eye ever on the puck, and his opponent ever over the rink's enclosure? Had they not Neville the brave, the lynx-eyed, who could drive a puck through a board three feet thick at a distance of one mile? Were not their foes weakened by their defection? But, a-lack a-day! Human hopes are deceptive when we reckon without our host. January 23rd our team strengthened by new recruits administered a mighty dose of defeat to the bolters. "The Independents" scored one goal, the umpire left when the college score stood 17. Consequently the referee's

official score is "Independents" 1 College 17 and an unknown quantity (or x.) Sad indeed was the sight of Cap't. O'Leary after the battle was fought and lost. His raven locks floated in the evening breeze as though in sympathy with their owner's mournful feelings. The tears rolled down his pale cheeks and it was evident that his hair was becoming white from grief and sorrow. "Oh, hallowed shades of immortal Julius," he cried take pity on thy namesake's sad plight. My ambition was like unto thine. I crossed into countries strange, *I came, I saw* but alas, *I was conquered*. These final words were drowned in a sob that would have broken the heart of the most flawless diamond. Arthur has privately informed us that in the future "The Independents" will play hockey on a wooden rink with small, spherical, glass pucks, for which they require no sticks but use only the thumb and forefinger.

Prof.—What is meant by emphasis in reading?

J. Gls-on—Emphasis in reading is the distress laid on a word. The professor remarked that Mr. Gls-on had better hoist the flag of distress.

The senior world declared that Bis Hector would be the champion quarter back for '96. We doubt it, as he is now playing cover-point on the 5th team of the Senior Dep't. Poor Bis, Cap't. Paul Valentine informs us that he was ignominiously ejected on Feb. 8th.

We have decided to award the highest gift at our disposal, the Junior Reporter's chair with all its emoluments to the candidate who gives the most satisfactory answers to the following:—

1. Upon what finger does Saturn wear his ring?
2. What is the birthday of the man in the moon?
3. How many feathers are there in a comet's tail?
4. What is the color of the spots on the sun?

5. What is the length of the longest canal in Mars?

6. How many lbs. of butter are there in the Milky Way?

7. What is the capacity of the Dipper?

8. Where are the winter lodgings of the Bear?

9. Who laid the wires for the Northern Lights?

10. What is the no. of the collar worn by the Dog-Star?

N. B.—Pass candidates will write on any eight questions. Honor men take all ten. The examination will be held in the snow-fort June 15th, 1896.

The Gold Cure has been revised and regenerated into the long lost Elixir of Life. Dose: Two per cent. of the gold coin that leaks out of an air-tight-barrel. Discovered Feb. 11th, 1896. Pat. appl'd for—Dr. Rh—me Com. '96.

The following held first places in their classes for the month of January:—

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|------------------|
| First Grade | { | 1. M. Major. |
| | | 2. E. Laverdure. |
| | | 3. W. McGee. |
| Second Grade A. | { | 1. A. Martin. |
| | | 2. J. B. Patry. |
| | | 3. T. Ausant. |
| Second Grade B. | { | 1. R. Lapointe. |
| | | 2. J. Timbers. |
| | | 3. C. Kavanagh. |
| Third Grade A. | { | 1. W. Burke. |
| | | 2. A. McDonald. |
| | | 3. J. Slattery. |
| Third Grade B. | { | 1. J. Sullivan. |
| | | 2. S. Pitre. |
| | | 3. E. Bisson. |
| Fourth Grade. | { | 1. J. Coté. |
| | | 2. G. Kelly. |
| | | 3. A. McDonald. |

ULULATUS.

"Passed a miserable night, eh?"

And now W. W. W. wagers no more cigars.

"The capture of the Bastile."

Hortus Siccus was classically translated by H. Bis. as "the horse is sick."

Pesky and C—sh were unfortunately unable to attend the recent State Ball. Some person or persons unknown meanly removed their *evening* (night) *dress* from its customary resting-place.

"Spirits of evil, begin your work" said our local Mephisto as he placed his feet on his desk. And instantly his neighbor fainted.

"The Man with the Iron Mask" has considerable dramatic fire in it. It ends with a tableau vivant.

The B. I. F's (Best Irish Families) are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of the corridor "At Home." They announce a social for the 17th. prox. under the direction of the following committee of management.

President—Micky McKenna O'Flaherty Flynn.
Vice. President—Hon. Punjab Gideon O'Hou-rigan Millane. Secretary—Sir. Michael O'Reilly-O'Leary MacGeoghan Lynch.

Treasurer—Plain Ned Bolger.

Prof.—Who is David Copperfield supposed to be in this novel?

Student—Oh—Oh—

Prof.—Charles Dickens, Charles Dickens is it not?

Student—Well if Copperfield was Dickens who the dickens was Copperfield?

The manager of Wm. Tell has secured the services of Frank Percy Joyce as assistant vigil at the Gate of Altorf.

Prof.—(to a boy who should have answered more intelligently) What class are you in?

Boy—This class sir.

Prof.—Clear out.

O Sang! Joe do oil those whiskers please, the shrill voice of the wind will not let us sleep.

The students of the fourth Grade are lovers of fresh air. Tim says,— "Instead of a fermometer we keep a *snow ball* in our class-room, and never allow it to melt.

Fin Nigan watched the *Lowly Sun*,
As eagerly gazed Sir *Frang Kun Lun*,
But the Sun the latter seeks not at all,
But *old Thor Post* with face so small.

What, said he, my bed's departed
With amazement back he started
Wondering where it went.
Angered then he ran next door,
Zaid out a man upon the floor,
Said he'd do the same thing o'er,
Zad he but the strength.

Applications for our base-ball team are already flocking in—M. J. Mc's qualifications are, that he can captain a team, and bat the sphere wherever he wishes. The manager knowing this individual said that it was the atmosphere he best batted. Pesky the Vermont twirler claims to have four curves. The manager declares him too crooked for this league.

If Maher did not meet Fitzsimmons, *Shark* recently asserted his pugilistic powers in a contest with a clever (?) antagonist. We are trying to arrange a contest between the victor and Lachance.

George is no longer a criterion on history hockey or base-ball.

The backers of Bis and Baptiste have declared the set-to between these disciples of the manly art postponed until they meet at Athens in the Olympic games where they will contest for the olive wreath.

You're wanted at the telephone, George.

Jimmy says that pigeon hole is a faster game than parchesi but that there is more science in the latter.

Mac to J. O' B. "You Irishmen want the earth."

J. O' B. "Faith an' it's a mighty poor piece of it we get when we come to Canada."