

# THE OWL.

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*J. J. CURRAN, SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.*



Our Christmas number we presented to our readers a photo-engraving of Sir John Thompson, and in the accompanying notice we took occasion to mention the fact that the Owl had no politics. In this issue we have the pleasure of presenting an engraving of another life-long Conservative, Mr. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General of Canada. And again we wish it to be understood that the OWL is non-political. We publish this notice of Mr. Curran, not because he is a Conservative, but because he is a graduate of Ottawa University, who has risen to prominence in the affairs of his country.

Mr. Curran was born at Montreal on the 22nd of February, 1842, and in the schools of that city received the early education which fitted him to commence a college course at Ottawa, an advantage then enjoyed by few Irish Canadians, and one of which Mr. Curran seems to have made the best use. Old St. Joseph's, afterwards Ottawa College, now Ottawa University, had, even in these days—the early "fifties"—made a reputation for itself throughout Canada and the States, and already it had attracted to its classrooms—then somewhat few, it is true—some of the brightest young men in the two Canadas, not to speak of many others from across the line. Among the former were two who on account of their after career, deserve special mention. They were J. T. Duhamel now Archbishop of Ottawa, and the subject of this sketch, J. J. Curran, now Solicitor-General of Canada. As is easily understood, Catholic colleges at this early date, and indeed any kind of colleges were far inferior to what

they are at present. Consequently, when Mr. Curran entered old St. Joseph's it was not to study the natural sciences in well equipped chemical and physical laboratories, to pass through the hands of twenty-five specialists, or to spend his recreations and holidays in a well furnished reading-room or spacious campus. All these were advantages reserved for students of later times. Modern languages, classics, philosophy, and a little mathematics constituted the main part of the programme of studies. However, he who has energy and talent can succeed under the most unfavorable circumstances, and young Curran possessed both to an admirable degree. It is not surprising, therefore that when he left the College in 1859 he had laid a solid foundation on which to commence the study of his chosen profession, law. Having graduated at McGill Law School, he was called to the Bar after which he soon settled down to a lucrative practice, devoting himself to all the branches of the profession, but making his mark more especially as a jury lawyer in criminal cases. In fact he has figured in nearly all the criminal trials that have taken place in the Province of Quebec for the last twenty-five years. This fact alone is sufficient to show that he is an orator of no mean ability. Nor is he a man of mere words as is frequently the case with pleasing speakers who are not possessed of a solid education. His speeches are noted for their pointedness and clearness while they easily show their author to be a methodical thinker of broad experience. Perhaps Mr. Curran showed this more clearly than on any other occasion, when the statute known as the "Controverted Election Act" was passed. At this time, he, as well as many others was re-

tained in the celebrated Montreal Centre case. In the first trial, which lasted thirteen days, he was selected to address the Court on behalf of the petitioners, and occupied the whole day with his speech. And so clearly and forcibly did he sum up the evidence, that at the conclusion of his speech Hon. Mr. (now Sir John) Abbott, counsel in the case, publicly said that "it was the ablest review of evidence that he had ever listened to in a Court of Justice."

In 1874 Mr. Curran commenced his active political career by standing for Conservative M.P. in the County of Shefford, but was defeated by the late Hon. L. S. Huntington, then Postmaster General. However, an unsuccessful beginning is sometimes the forerunner of a successful after career, as, indeed, it appears to have been in this case. At the general election in 1882 he again sought election, this time in the constituency of Montreal Centre, and his friends had the satisfaction of seeing him returned by the overwhelming majority of 1,200. Since that time he has thrice been returned for the same seat, rolling up such majorities as to cause his opponents to forsake the field in disgust, and thus allow him to be returned by acclamation on the occasion of his taking office as Solicitor-General. From this it will be seen that it would be a difficult task to supplant Mr. Curran in the hearts of the Irish people of Montreal. Nor does he enjoy merely a local fame. Those of us who have attended public meetings in different parts of Ontario, even as far west as Toronto and London could not have failed to see the popularity with which his name is always received among his countrymen. In fact, long before Mr. Curran took his present position he was looked upon by Irish Canadians as one from whom much might be expected in the future. Nor has he disappointed his friends. Time and again from his seat in the House, he, in company with that veteran statesman, John Costigan, has stood forth in defence of Irish and Catholic rights. Both these gentlemen enjoy the confidence of Irish Catholics, and what is more, the confidence of non-Catholics. Perhaps Mr. Curran's best oratorical effort in the House was that made on the occasion of the introduction of the Orange Bill,

when at the end of two hours he concluded a speech which for close reasoning and well balanced periods was admitted by all to be only equalled by that of Mr. Blake made on the same subject.

Notwithstanding the amount of attention which Mr. Curran has given to law and politics, he yet finds time to do much in the way of literature and public speaking outside of these. As a polished linguist he wields a forcible and facile pen in the French as well as in the English language, and has been a frequent contributor to a number of magazines and periodicals. Besides, he has ever been an active worker in the cause of Catholic education, and especially in the cause of higher Catholic education. Recognizing his services in this direction, Cardinal McCloskey in 1881 conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. at Manhattan College, New York. At a later date his Alma Mater conferred similar honors upon him, and when the new Law School was organized a year ago he was immediately appointed a member of the faculty. His friendship for Ottawa University has always been of the staunchest kind. He believes that it has a brilliant future and has more than once shown himself willing to aid it by deed as well as by word. At the unveiling of the Tabaret Statue, in the autumn of '89, speaking of the University, he said, "The work has been blessed by the Father of the faithful, and consecrated to Catholic Education in this part of the Dominion. Testimony has been borne to its efficiency not only by the representative of her Majesty, but just as efficaciously by the throng of students who flock to its courses, not merely from all parts of Canada, but from many States in the neighboring union. The future of this seat of learning is henceforth assured." Such is Mr. Curran's appreciation of the University after thirty years experience in the world, during which time he must certainly have seen and heard much of other institutions of learning. May he long live to shed lustre on his Alma Mater, and to fill his present office with credit to himself, to the Conservative Government, and to the Church of which he is a worthy member.

H. J. C. '93.

## ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE IRISH HOME RULE MOVEMENT.

Power at thee has launched  
His bolts and with his lightnings smitten thee :  
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.

—Byron.



At the present moment we behold the eyes of the world turned towards the Emerald Isle. The nations are watching to see the fast approaching end of one of the greatest political struggles in the history of mankind. The Grand Old Man, England's Prime Minister, holds the wand of power in his hand, and is now pronouncing the fiat of Ireland a nation. Before his august figure the enemies of human liberty have withered and fallen. England's millions, with the world, have awakened and now recognize the justice of Irish demands. The British Liberals have at last, one and all, fallen into line, and Ireland's resurrection is at hand. What has caused this change? What is the secret of Ireland's success? Can it be that after the failure of numberless efforts of the most valiant of heroes on the bloodiest of battle-fields to grasp the prize of freedom for their native land.—after all this—can it be that a new and more successful means has been found to cope with tyranny; and still more, is it possible that a people, impulsive as the Irish are, have adopted it, and have at last found that glorious victory is perched upon their banners? Yes, and this universal adoption of the constitutional plan of warfare by the Irish masses is the secret of Ireland's success. This is the plan that has, against all odds, won over English hearts to the Irish cause. The Home Rule movement has united and strengthened Ireland's millions, and has at last enabled them to wield a power under which the might of their tyrants must quake and fall.

Let us for a moment glance back across the dark and dreary past and endeavour to trace out a few of the principal causes that brought about such a happy change. First of all, however, let us say that it is to

the good Providence that rules the world that we attribute this happy consummation of the Irish struggle. The Irish have had their day of probation, and we believe, they have stood it well. Their faith is to-day as strong as it was in the days of St. Patrick. Truly have we reason to feel proud of this. Their standard of morality is the highest of any among the nations of the world, and their love for national freedom is such that ages of oppression has failed to diminish it in the least. Then surely we must deem a people who have thus through long centuries of persecution so well preserved their faith, their love of virtue and their national aspirations, worthy of being raised by the God of nations to their place, among the powers of the earth. Nor did the sons of St. Patrick ever despair of the goodness of their God. Though at times in the past the world seemed to regard their aspirations as the dreams of men more patriotic than practical, the Irish themselves could never be persuaded to doubt of a future era of national freedom, and ever worked, watched and prayed for it. And the great God, whom they adore so well, is mindful of justice to nations as well as He is of justice to men.

Let us now look back to history and see how it came about that the policy of the sword was abandoned, and the new and more successful plan of parliamentary agitation was adopted. It is needless to say that it was not the terrors of warfare, among such a people, struggling for liberty, that caused such a change. If any one would imagine this, let him but for a moment glance back over the pages of history wherein are recorded the stories of Brian the Brave, of the immortal O'Neils and numberless others even in '98, '48 and '67; let him, if he can, find a single foreign battle-field in modern times either in Europe or America, aye, or even in Asia or Africa, or under the burning sun of Hindostan where Irish blood was not

freely shed. But the world has made a step or two in advance in our times, and men now see in the pen a weapon more formidable than the sword.

Among the foremost to proclaim this doctrine to the world, and to make a practical application of it, and by means of it to achieve a great victory, was the Irish hero of Catholic Emancipation, the great O'Connell. O'Connell fought long and well and did a great work for the Irish people. Before his time the minority only were allowed to say they had wrongs to complain of. By Catholic Emancipation, the Catholic majority were, to some extent, placed on an equal footing with their Protestant brothers as fellow-sufferers under the nefarious Act of Union. Nor did O'Connell forsake the field on wresting this bright trophy from the enemy's hand. He made powerful appeals in the Commons of England, to have Ireland's parliament restored to her. But he was only one man and old age with all its enfeebling effect was upon him, and the chivalrous British leaders deemed it not unworthy of them to abuse of their power, and to strike a cowardly blow at the aged patriot. They struck him down and he died of a broken heart, and his people were coerced and driven into a resort to arms. Defeat, famine and renewed persecution followed. If Burke's picture of Indian sufferings in the East caused English women to weep and faint, are we to be surprised if an equally, if not more, cruel and bloody policy of England towards Ireland drove Irishmen to desperate means to seek redress? No, these dreadful scenes of '48 and the years that followed, these cruel coercive measures—the suppression of every form of constitutional agitation,—were followed by the organizing of secret and more dangerous associations throughout the land.

Side by side with these extreme views, however, were others of greater range and destined in the end to be more successful. The famine and desolation that closed the fifth decade of the present century in Ireland gave rise to another organization known as the Tenant's League. The main object of this association was to resist the exorbitant exactions of greedy landlords. Among other good effects produced by the new move, was the unit-

ing of Catholics and Protestants in a common cause. But unfortunately for the Tenant League a new issue arose that was destined to tear asunder this lately formed union. Lord Russell in 1852 passed his infamous Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. This rendered illegal and liable to severe punishment the assuming of territorial titles by Catholic bishops. A number of young and wealthy men, parliamentary representatives, formed themselves into a body known as the "Brigaders" and solemnly pledged themselves to fight against this and other acts of tyranny. It was afterwards discovered that the main object of these men was self-aggrandizement, and ere their career was run every pledge was broken, and finally their leader, John Sadlier, finding his crimes about to recoil upon himself, ended his life with his own hand. Their example had a baneful effect upon the constitutional plan of warfare. People now looked with distrust upon parliamentary representatives, and the Fenian societies were strengthened a hundred fold. The Fenian movement was, however, the outcome of the worst sort of misgovernment. It was the only desperate alternative that many people in those troubled times could see open to them as a hope of redress. The law was no longer law, it was the mere arbitrary decrees of heartless tyrants. But this stern policy brought with it a reaction. Smouldering revolution was fast exhausting the very life of the nation. It burst forth at last, but neither suddenly nor successfully. The leaders in this Fenian movement were captured, tried and sentenced to death. Their sentences were afterwards changed to life-transportation beyond the seas.

An account of these happenings might at first seem apart from the question of Home Rule. This is a mistake; the present movement owes its origin to all the struggles of the Irish people since the days of Henry Grattan. O'Connell awakened the people, and left to those who came after him an example which showed them the most effective means of fighting their country's enemies. The Fenian movement had two good effects: one upon the Irish people themselves, and the other upon the English stranger. The futile attempts at armed risings in '67

taught the people, by a most stern lesson, how foolish it was to engage in such an unequal struggle. A few noted Englishmen about this time began to take some interest in the affairs of Ireland. They began to think that there must be something radically wrong in the management of Irish matters. They could not otherwise account for the large number of truly patriotic men who engaged in the Fenian struggle.

From the moment that Irishmen managed to awaken the minds of unprejudiced and disinterested Englishmen to the justice of their cause, a change was noticed. John Bright, an eminent British Liberal, visited Ireland, and was banqueted at Dublin by the leaders of the Repeal movement in that city. Mr. Bright had always been friendly towards Irishmen in Parliament, but now he became more prominent than ever as a champion of their cause. Many of his party, however, had been life-long enemies of the Irish people, and particularly of the Irish Catholics. But they were now in opposition, their ranks were broken, and all their hopes were foiled by intestine dissensions, and they were being made repent their former follies, particularly Russell's Titles Act. Mr. Bright saw in the demands of the Catholics of Ireland an opportunity, not only of doing justice to a much wronged people, but also a hope of becoming most serviceable to his own party by offering them a new plank for their platform—a plank upon which their divided and weakened factions might unite their ranks, and make a hopeful bid for power, by an appeal to the masses. How strictly correct his views were may be easily seen from what followed. His plan was favourably received by a large section of the Liberal party. Bills were then introduced into Parliament for the purpose of abolishing certain objectionable forms of oaths required of Catholics in Ireland in every petty position in the land. To these the Tory Government offered a stern opposition. Other bills and resolutions were brought forward, and finally the Church Establishment itself was attacked. The Lords rejected these bills and resolutions, but this amounted to nought. The Tory Government was defeated at the polls, and Mr. Gladstone was triumphantly re-

turned to power. This great Liberal leader introduced, and carried by a large majority, a bill to disestablish the Irish Church. This was Mr. Gladstone's first great move on behalf of the Irish people. The House of Lords at first murmured, but at last consented to this measure, and finally on July 26th, 1869 the Royal sanction was given. A howl went up from the "Orange North," but it was only a howl, and ere long all was quiet again.

This was the last act required to prepare the way for the great movement. The constitutional experiment had been successfully attempted by O'Connell; this was to form the basis of the movement about to be inaugurated. Next the Fenian struggle by its failure brought the masses into the ranks of the Parliamentary party; and finally the Protestant portion of the population, who, on account of the privileges enjoyed by their church, had kept themselves apart from the majority, now, seeing themselves placed on an equal footing with their fellow-countrymen, and having no longer any motive for thwarting their country's aims, joined hands with their Catholic brothers, and thus helped to swell the ranks of those who struggled for national freedom.

The leaders of the different parties of the Irish people, recognizing the cause of their weakness, decided to make a move towards reconciling all their differences, and forming one compact whole. For this purpose a great meeting was called in Dublin, May 19th, 1870. For a while the various factions, through their representatives here, endeavoured to set forth conflicting plans. At last a voice was heard that electrified all; it was the voice of Isaac Butt. His words were cheered to the echo; his plan was the secret of success. And here was laid down for the first time the Home Ruler's platform. Butt was henceforth the recognized leader, and justly merited this honour, for it was he who first gave permanent unity to the divided factions. The new leader was the son of a Protestant clergyman of the Established Church. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted to the bar in '38, and became a Q.C. in '44. His family, for generations before him, had been Tory in their political views. His heart, we are told, was

thoroughly Irish, so for him a change was soon to come. He was even chosen as an opponent to O'Connell in a great debate on Repeal in the Dublin Corporation, 1844. His opposition to O'Connell, however, was remarkable as being free from all that bitterness and bigotry so common to the great Liberator's opponents in those times. Mr. Butt was one of the most successful lawyers in Ireland in his day. The Fenian prisoners sought his powerful aid. His noble heart could not refuse them. For four years he was engaged in their defence, and came out at last a thorough friend of the people's cause. With the fall of the Irish Church he decided to use his splendid talents in endeavouring to bring about a union of all classes and creeds of Irish people, and a final settlement of their difficulties with England. Home Rule was his plan.

Butt's Home Rule movement differed from "Repeal" in some important respects. In the old parliament of Ireland, it will be remembered, there was no responsible ministry. A cabinet could not be removed by a vote of "want of confidence." The new Home Rule plan provided for the establishment at Dublin, not only of a national parliament, but also of a responsible administration, which was to have control over all that related to purely Irish affairs.

This first great meeting could not, however, be said to be a real national affair. The sanction of the Irish people, as a nation, was yet wanting. In the fall of '73, a great national conference was held to consider the new organization's platform, and after some debating and explaining, the whole policy of Home Rule was unanimously accepted. The Irish representatives were now to take an independent stand in parliament, and were to fight unceasingly for Irish reforms, but above all for Home Rule. Home Rule, like every other new political scheme, had its enemies. The two great political parties of England dreaded it, and determined to fight it to the end. Even in Ireland a large number of Catholics, owing to the fact of its having received the ready approbation of so many Protestants, were inclined to regard it with mistrust. They seemed to think that it was simply a scheme of Orangemen to

revenge on the Liberals the loss sustained by the Episcopal Church. Orangemen, on the other hand, saw in the new movement, a subtle attempt of Jesuits to take hold of Ireland for the Pope. Notwithstanding all opposition, however, the new platform found greater favour every day among the masses of the Irish people. The majority of the Fenian-men declared it an organization unworthy of true Irishmen. Some of the more prudent, among them, however, joined heart and hand in the struggle for Home Rule. The bye-elections, too, told wonderfully in its favour.

In parliament the greatest discouragement was met with. Whig and Tory alike set to work with full determination to destroy the "new evil" in its inception. Overwhelming majorities voted down every motion made by members of the new party. Finally with a view to completely crushing all the efforts of Home Rulers, the government, without a whisper of such an intention, even the day previous, dissolved parliament, January 24th, 1874. This move, it was thought, would break all hope of the unprepared and yet poorly organized Home Rulers. The news was flashed across to Ireland and was received with a feeling akin to despair. But "there was not to reason why; there was but to do or die," and manfully they closed up their ranks and plunged into the fight. Never before in Ireland were such efforts made on all sides. The new party had come to stay, and the advocates of Home Rule were on all sides triumphant. Beyond the most sanguine anticipations were they successful. They had hoped to win thirty, or forty seats at the utmost. The full returns credited them with having captured forty-eight. The Gladstone ministry suffered everywhere, and in the new parliament Mr. Disraeli was called into office.

Now came the tug-of-war. Mr. Butt would have none other than a policy of conciliation, and the British parties would meet him with nothing but hostility. The Irish millions were all the while watching midst alternate hopes and fears. It was the critical moment. If the people once lost confidence in the new party all was lost. Many regarded Mr. Butt's conciliatory policy as a hopeless one. He,

however, was leader and would have his way. Slowly but surely the fight went on.

In '75, John Mitchel, member for Meath, was called away from earthly cares. The loss was a heavy one, for Mr. Mitchel was among the foremost of the Home Rulers. The vacancy was filled by a young man, a Protestant of Wicklow County—Charles Stewart Parnell of Avondale. His family was not unknown to Irish history. His grand-uncle, Henry Parnell, was a life-long friend and supporter of Henry Grattan and a devoted champion of Catholic claims. Charles Stewart Parnell was born at Avondale, June 15th, 1846, and was educated at Cambridge University, England. In politics in his early youth his leanings were rather Conservative and aristocratic, but his true Irish spirit manifested itself ever after the Manchester executions. This event, it is said, shaped his future career. He first came before the Irish public as the Home Rule candidate for Dublin but here suffered defeat. He was more successful in Meath. In the Commons he first appeared very quiet and reserved. Soon he began to take an interest in the struggles of Irish members and at last plunged into the fray himself. In spite of his leader, Mr. Butt, he would be aggressive. This was not all. He pushed on with his old friend Joe Biggar till he became the terror of British parties by his obstruction policy. This policy it was that saved the Home Rule party.

The young member from Meath gained anything but peace by his fierce fights. His enemies harassed him in every manner possible; he suffered a regular martyrdom. He was suspended from the house time and again, and worse than this, he was called to order by his own leader. Mr. Butt's policy of moderation and conciliation lost supporters, and at last Mr. Parnell found himself the virtual leader of the majority of the Home Rule members. Mr. Butt died in '78, and then the young obstructionist became the formal leader of the party. Nor were the amendments offered by Mr. Parnell, to the various measures brought up intended simply for obstruction. It has since been recognized, and even by Englishmen, that many of his

amendments that were adopted, number among the best and the wisest reforms of those days. Experience told wonderfully on Mr. Parnell. Notwithstanding this, however, the English members found new reasons to hate him more every day. On the other hand, every cry raised against him in Westminster, increased for him the love of his people in the Emerald Isle. And since those days how often has it happened that on public platforms, the example of this great Irishman has been pointed to as the model for men struggling against powerful enemies.

Erin's sorrows were not yet at an end. The harvests of '87 and '88 were failures. The dreaded famine spectre loomed up again. The greedy landlords, in spite of the attempts made by the Land Act of 1870 to improve the condition of the Irish tenant, once more commenced their merciless eviction crusade. The world's sympathy was aroused by the cries of a starving people, but the cruel landlords were deaf to all, and the British parliament refused to give ear to the complaints of the Irish representatives. Some stand was necessary against these merciless extortioners. Mr. Davitt, whose father had been an evicted tenant, came now to the people's rescue. He organized the tenantry, and enabled them to stand against their oppressors. He founded the famous Land League. This organization did good service for the suffering people. Mr. Parnell and his party made its platform a part of their own, and thus strengthened the hopes of the tenantry. Davitt had, been in his time an ardent Fenian, and on this account, the League was, at first, suspiciously looked upon from many quarters. It was soon seen that in the League alone however, lay the hope of the Irish tenant. Mr. Parnell sailed for America and here in this happy Continent of ours found generous aid for his distressed people. Ere his mission was at an end the news was flashed across the Atlantic that parliament was dissolved. The Tories were now appealing to the people as the avowed enemies of all Irish claims. Mr. Parnell hurried home. There and then he set to work, organized his people as best he could, plunged into the fight, and came out victorious, strengthened by a net gain of ten seats. The Tories, on the other

hand, were driven out of the Treasury Benches, and a new Liberal ministry was called into office. Until this period of the movement Mr. Parnell seems to have hoped to gain nothing in a friendly way from an English ministry. In fact he was angry with his followers for having assisted in overthrowing the Tories while he was absent in America. The Tories, he said, if left alone, would surely plunge the British nation into a European war, and then, as in 1782, would the Irish demands be readily granted.

The new Liberal administration seemed determined to grapple with the Irish question. Their first bill to this effect was rejected by the Lords. Then again a change for the worse seemed to come. The stand taken by the Land Leaguers scared the British ministry. The latter brought in more coercive measures for Ireland. These same measures were destined to do much mischief. The following year however, Mr. Gladstone passed his famous Land Act of '81. This was an important concession to the people.

The fruits of the Coercion Act were now about to be gathered. The suffering and long-persecuted people lost patience and began to adopt violent means of retaliation towards their oppressors. In the spring of '82 Lord Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke were murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin. It was the dawn of a gloomy period. Dynamite explosions took place in different quarters. The prisons were filled. Those were trying times for the Irish leaders. They used all their powers to restrain violence on the part of their people. The Land League died away and at last was declared extinct, but from its grave rose a new and mighty organization,—The Irish National League. This was one of the most formidable political societies ever known to history. Its strength in America was wonderful. In it lay the hopes of a nation. The fight went steadily on and at last in '85 the greatest conquest of all was made. The great Liberal leader calmly looked

back over the past. He called up the ages gone by, and asked them to bring before him a vision of the future. He saw it all and then set to work to guide the "ship of state" safely on to the golden haven. Mutiny broke out among his men; the country was not yet awake to the situation. He drove off his traitorous friends and quietly retired into opposition with the determination to open the way to the end ere his great career would close. This was Parnell's greatest victory. The Irish ranks at home were more victorious than ever, and they now had won over a powerful ally to their cause. What desperate efforts since that time have been made by the Tory enemy, to bring ruin to the Irish cause I need not mention here. Who that lives to-day could have forgotten the "Times Forgeries," the "Piggot Perjuries" and numberless other dark and demon like plots. Their plots were all in vain. In fact they rather served to awaken the English people to a sense of justice. Seven long years have passed and now the great Gladstone is in power again, and his pledges have been faithfully kept. History records not anything grander than the present spectacle of England's aged chieftain in one supreme effort endeavouring to restore to Erin her national rights, and to Britain her national honour.

Mr. Parnell, the great leader has gone. The Moses of the Irish cause died within sight of the "Promised Land." In times to come his great worth will be more fully seen. As a statesman, the world has had few if any to equal him. He built up a nation. His memory is greatly enshrined in that nation's heart where it will live through ages. The fruits of his labours are soon to be realized in Erin's happy rise to her place among the powers of the earth. And then

"The news shall blaze from every hill  
And ring from every steeple,  
And all the land with gladness fill;  
We're one united people."

WALTER E. CAVANAGH, '93.





## AFTER THE VICTORY.

By the Very Rev. Ewas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., etc



THE British East Africa Trading and Proselytizing Company appears to enjoy, or, at least, to possess the fruits of its recent victory which was attended by so much cruelty and destruction of life and property. Its baleful influence extends over the whole African kingdom of Uganda. The native king is as an exile in the land of which he is the hereditary ruler. His palace is so disfigured as to resemble more a dilapidated and deserted mansion than a royal residence. All power is removed from it. All trade and political authority is made to converge towards a place called Kampalla, where the British East African Company have a fort. Mahomedans greatly prevail there, and the crescent flag floats triumphant, proclaiming the power of the "Prophet." The town around the fort is much frequented by Mahomedan "Bagandas," so that in every street one meets with those people handling their bead strings and muttering words of the Koran. Morality among them is of the lowest order; but, notwithstanding, they are appointed to the posts of greatest influence.

Under such circumstances, it is not difficult to understand that the Catholics are far from being in a prosperous condition. Their depression, which is great, arises from the unjust treatment which has been meted out to them. While six provinces have been assigned to the Protestants, and three to the Mahometans, only one has been given to the Catholics, who are as numerous as both the other parties taken together. The Catholics, therefore, having only one province, and one provincial representative to attend to their interests, the Protestants have the advantage of them in all transactions, and even meddle in purely Catholic matters. Capt. Williams refused to appoint a British Officer over the Province of Buda, (the Cath-

olic Province,) and requires that all business matters and suits should be settled at the Capital.

The Catholics, notwithstanding the great discouragements to which they are subjected, have determined to remain, as by their presence and protests, they may so far check all further abuse of power. It is not only in this way that the Catholic missionaries may do good. As the Catholic Chief of Buddu, called Pokino, is living amongst them, with some attendants, there is occasion for the exercise of their ministry. Such exercise is more extensively required as regards a great number of Catholics who are removing from a non-Catholic Province to Buddu. As their way lies through Rubago, the chief city of the mission, some hundreds of Neophytes and Catechumens pass almost daily; and it affords them great consolation to find two priests at the mission.

The ruling *coterie* at Kampala studies how it best can mortify and humble the native King. Meanwhile the women of his Court have acted with becoming spirit, declaring their determination to remain Catholics, and refusing Protestant books that were offered them by one of the fanatical proselytizers. They applied at the mission for Catechisms and books of Catholic instruction.

The Missionaries, in the hope of better times to come, are re-building their house. A sort of shed or magazine, which afforded shelter to a certain number in the hour of danger, will serve as their church for some time. It has already been roofed and fitted for the celebration of mass. Their other buildings must remain for some time in their ruined condition.

It will astonish our readers, as it astonished us, to learn that Captain Williams, who in obedience to the B. E. A. Company's agent consigned to a watery grave so many fugitives, subjects of the native king, by means of his *maxim* guns, tries to make the missionaries forget the harm he has done them. He shows himself

obliging, and even sends his wangwanas into the forest to fell timber for them. In this course he is not favoured by Kalikiro and the other leaders of the Proselytizing Company. It pains them to see the restoration of the mission buildings they burned down. But, they dare not openly oppose the will of the British officer. This officer, one would say, is acting on instructions from the British Ministry, or from his knowledge of the fact that a British Commissioner, Sir Gerald Portal, is on his way to Uganda, with full power to investigate and cause justice to be done. This officer's visit will necessarily be, at least, a temporary protectorate, for he must have a sufficient military force for his personal protection as well as for maintaining peace and order among the discordant elements of the African Kingdom. In the protected

States of India the native princes are supported in their sovereignty and all its rights by the Imperial power, and the people have the benefit of the laws to which they have been accustomed. Such was also the policy of ancient Rome. "You have your law," said the Roman President to the Jews. At the same time this liberality required at times to be modified. It abhorred tyranny and gross injustice. Rome sent 2,000 troops to enable Pilate to control the ruling faction of the Jews and prevent its tyranny. They arrived a day too late.

We do not pretend to give the opinion that a permanent protectorate should be established in African Uganda. But if Great Britain purposes to protect British subjects and other honest, inoffensive people in that remote region, let her do it with power. No half measures. *Fiat Justitia!*

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded thin pale hands so meekly ;  
 Spake on earth with us no more.

LONGFELLOW.

## FRIENDSHIP.

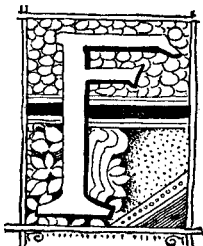


FRIENDSHIP is not a joy that burns the soul,  
 And thrills the inner nature to the core ;  
 Friendship is not a meteoric coal  
 That dazzles for the nonce,—then shines no more :  
 'Tis not like Love's wild yearning in the breast,  
 That gnaws the heartstrings in its ecstasy,  
 And drives the weary spirit, in unrest,  
 To chase the figure of a phantasy.

No ; Friendship is a happiness subdued,  
 Perennial fire of non-consuming flame,  
 Fed from a hoard of memories accrued  
 By Time's slow savings round some cherished name.  
 Friendship's mild sweetness jealousy ne'er sours,  
 Its placid stream flows calmly to the end ;  
 There's not a flower so fair 'mong Pleasure's bowers :  
 Earth holds no treasure like a trusty friend.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

## THE GREATEST OF GRECIAN GENERALS.



FROM Plutarch we learn that Dame Fortune smiled most kindly upon Phillip II. of Macedonia, on the day upon which he captured Potidea; for upon that day he received intelli-

gence of three other fortunate events in his life; the prize gained by his chariot at the Olympic games, a victory of his general Parmenio over the Illyrians and the birth of his son Alexander.

Though these other events must have been most gratifying to Philip, yet the pleasure they gave him was insignificant, when compared to the thrill of joy that the tidings of the birth of his first-born son must have awakened in his heart, for Philip saw in his son his successor to the throne of Macedonia and all Greece, the reflection and intensifying of his own glory. Even the wildest hopes entertained by a loving father for his only son, were to be far surpassed, the fame of the father was to be totally eclipsed by that of the son; Philip had conquered Greece, Alexander was destined to become the ruler of the world. That Philip was "the worthy father of a worthy son" needs no further proof than that adduced by the letter he wrote to Aristotle in which we find these noble words: "I inform you that Heaven has blessed me with the birth of a son; I return thanks to the gods, not so much for having given him to me, as for having given him during the life of Aristotle. I can justly promise myself that you will render him a successor worthy of me and a king worthy of Macedonia."

Very little is known about the early history of Alexander, for our sources of information run dark and murky, and the little stream is often lost in the boundless sands of the desert of ignorance. One statement at least that we can make with certainty is, that Alexander spent his boyhood days drinking in with feverish haste, the words of wisdom that fell from the

learned lips of Aristotle. Under this distinguished philosopher he made rapid progress in every branch of knowledge, yet, in the midst of his studies, he was fired with an insatiable thirst for glory. On many an occasion when news was conveyed to him of a victory won by Philip, he would impatiently exclaim, "Alas! my father will make every conquest and leave us nothing to do." This spirit of noble ambition—the star that was to guide him forward to glorious deeds and brilliant victories—was ever manifest in his youthful days. When only sixteen he marched against some rebellious barbarians, expelled them from their city, placed new colonists in the town and named it Alexandropolis.

At length the great Philip was no more and his throne was taken possession of by the youthful Alexander. Now were the daring and intrepidity of Alexander fully manifested, for Greece was divided into innumerable factions, and the Grecians were slowly but surely destroying their own national strength by their intestine quarrels. Alexander was master of the situation, in spite of the rounded periods of Demosthenes, in spite of the burning eloquence of Phocion, in spite of the ablest Grecian generals, he overran the whole of Greece, and under him did this classic country present an undivided front to the enemy. Ere his rivals had awakened from their lethargy he was appointed the commander of the Greeks against the Persians.

All are familiar with his visit to the eccentric Diogenes and the answer given by this philosopher to Alexander, who inquired how he could serve him. "By standing out of my sunshine," replied the man of the tub. The retort, "Were I not Alexander I should like to be Diogenes," made by Alexander to some of his attendants, who ridiculed the philosopher, proves that he was a great man who had confidence in his own abilities. Now, do we behold Alexander rushing like an irresistible torrent over the whole of Asia Minor, victory after victory perched upon his banners, cities were as

pebbles that create a slight ripple near the side and are soon lost in the full-flowing waters of the stream. In this campaign he proved himself a man of action, who knew now to take advantage of a victory gained over his opponents. This series of brilliant successes in Asia Minor was interrupted only by his visit to Gordium, once the far-famed Capital of the Phrygian Kings, wherein was preserved the chariot of the celebrated Midas. An ancient prophecy had promised the sovereignty of Asia to him who would untie the bark knot which bound the yoke to the pole. Alexander visited the citadel in which the chariot was guarded, in order to endeavour to accomplish a task that had hitherto baffled the efforts of the wisest heads. Some historians say that Alexander drew out a peg and thus untied the knot; others maintain that he cut it with his sword. Which of these versions is the true one is a matter of little import, all historians unite in stating that the gods by a terrific storm of thunder and lightning proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Alexander had solved the difficulty. This incident, which appears so trivial to the grave historian of our day, aroused enthusiasm in the breasts of the Greeks for their great commander, because they considered him to be the favourite son of the gods. Alexander took advantage of these outbursts of fidelity and devotedness to push rapidly forward; city after city opened its gates to the conquering hero, and soon Alexander had arrived at the very borders of Persia. The countless hosts of Darius were being rapidly concentrated at Issus. Alexander, with his heroic little band of devoted Greeks, fearlessly advanced to join issue with them, and in one mighty onslaught overcame the insipid mercenaries of the East. At the close of the fight Darius fled and left his treasures, his wife, his family, and his retinue in the hands of his conqueror. Alexander, by this victory, also obtained possession of Phœnicia and Egypt, almost without striking a single blow.

Then followed his famous interview with the high priest Jaddus of Jerusalem. He intended to chastise the inhabitants of the city for their loyalty to the cause of the Persian king, but the grace of the Almighty changed his design as he recog-

nized in the venerable patriarch a person who had appeared to him in a dream and promised him the empire of the East. Alexander was filled with such an admiration for this saintly man that he not only confirmed the privileges enjoyed by the Jews, but also bestowed upon them many tokens of his special favour, and ever afterwards continued to be their true protector. After this short intermission from military operations, Alexander advanced to Arbela, and once more administered to Darius a crushing defeat. The victory of Arbela was decisive; the three Capitals, Babylon, Susa and Persepolis, surrendered to him, Darius became a fugitive and a prisoner in the hands of one of (his own) generals. Alexander gave the Persians no time to recruit and shortly after overcame Darius in another battle, in which the Persian troops were completely vanquished and Darius himself was murdered by Bessus, his trusted though treacherous general. Alexander, having now subjugated the whole of Persia, advanced to India and became the ruler of that far-famed land. After this brilliant campaign the youthful conqueror of the world returned to Susa to settle the affairs and government of his immense dominions.

Having thus briefly outlined the military exploits of Alexander, it is incumbent upon us to give a short appreciation of his character. We shall consider him as a general, as a statesman and as a man. He was beyond doubt the greatest general of antiquity. He was noted for his bravery, intrepidity, and the lightning rapidity of his actions. When in a battle the fates seemed to be against him, and it appeared that fickle fortune had at last ceased to smile upon her favourite son; by one strategetic movement he regained the prestige he had lost, threw his opponents into confusion, and left them dumbfounded and utterly routed. Some historians censure Alexander for his rashness; these, however, do not take into consideration the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. They first establish an ideal conception of what in their opinion a general should be and then proceed to pass sentence upon Alexander, according to this artificial standard. Alexander's seeming rashness was in almost every instance in conformity with

the object he had in view and was founded upon good judgment and clear foresight—a logical consequence of his position. He was not overcoming a highly educated, intelligent foe by consummate art and superior intelligence, but a numerous and blind foe, by the well-nigh irresistible onslaught of his devoted band of Greeks. The fame of his almost incredible exploits struck terror into the hearts of his opponents and achieved even more than the actual feats themselves, because it is no difficult task for a man to overcome an adversary who trembles at the very mention of his deeds of valour. The historian, then, who reads history aright and realizes the dread which the Persians had for Alexander will hesitate before censuring him for his rash and daring spirit. That self-same rashness it was that placed the laurel wreath of victory upon his brow and won for him the proud title of conqueror of the world, at an age at which Cæsar, the greatest of Roman generals, had accomplished not one glorious deed.

Every successful general must be a great strategist; he must be able at a given moment to change his whole line of attack and possess sufficient boldness and daring to put his plans into execution, regardless of all criticism, opposition and seeming difficulties; he must have the confidence of his soldiers to such a degree that they will never hesitate for a moment to follow his leadership, no matter how wild and reckless the undertaking may appear to be; he must be able to so mingle firmness and clemency, that he may not drive those whom he has conquered to despair by his cruelty, nor yet encourage rebellion among his subjects and followers by the ease with which they may be reinstated in his good graces and favour. We find all these qualities united in Alexander in one harmonious whole. His strategetic ability was unsurpassed; his boldness, daring and activity were unparalleled. There is not a single general in the entire history of antiquity who could excite such unbounded enthusiasm in the breasts of his soldiers. He won their entire confidence by his extraordinary abilities, their good-will and undying affection by his kindness and consideration for their personal comfort. He

relieved their distress, he encouraged them in their moments of despondency, and had words of praise for their deeds of valour. Very many historians blame Alexander for his harshness towards the Thebans and some Macedonians who had incriminated themselves, but we should ever bear in mind that these actions must be judged according to martial law, which, unlike the civil code, ever is and must necessarily be quick and decisive in delivering its judgments and putting its sentences into execution.

Scarcely any two historians agree in their estimation of a great man's character, and Alexander forms no exception to this time-honoured custom, for some regard him as a heroic madman urged on by mere personal vanity and glory; others, on the contrary, proclaim him to be a great statesman, possessed of enlightened views embracing the consolidation and establishment of a grand and glorious empire in which arts, commerce, learning and activity of every description would go hand in hand. Each class of historians, in support of its contention, present a long category of interminable arguments, which only serve to confuse the student and leave him ignorant of Alexander's true worth. He who wishes to form a correct estimate of Alexander's character should make himself acquainted with the general character of the Greeks. Some nations extend their conquests for mere renown, others for filthy lucre; but the Greeks endeavoured to enlarge their dominions that they might diffuse the Hellenic spirit into all peoples. Alexander was the highest exponent of this Grecian spirit and had the grand design of modelling all nations after the Greek fashion and of raising the enervated and falsely civilized Asiatics to a higher and better state of culture. If the Grecian mind was never able to fully pervade Asia and enoble the degenerated Persians, it had, nevertheless, a powerful effect upon the benighted Persians and brought the two races more into touch with each other. They were no longer neighbours yet strangers, on the contrary, European culture exerted a kindly influence upon Asiatic culture, which in turn disclosed hidden treasures to European scholars.

In accordance with these broad views of statesmanship, Alexander protected his new subjects both from the oppression of their own native satraps, and the overbearing exactions of his own generals. His line of march was so adorned with all the beauty of Greek art and life, games and musical entertainments, that it partook more of the nature of the triumphal procession of a beloved sovereign than that of a general, who came as the conquerer of a great and powerful country. He knew how to unite in himself the free ruler of the free Grecian States, and the despotic monarch of the Persian Empire. He endeavoured to blend together all that was best in the European and the Asiatic character, and with this object in view, he encouraged, nay almost commanded, intermarriages between his soldiers and Persian women. But death came upon him "like a thief in the night," and snatched him away in the halcyon days of his manhood, before he had time and opportunity to put all his plans into execution, and prove that he was a statesman of the first order.

Alexander was truly a great and broad-minded man, who was a stranger to any sentiment of petty jealousy towards other clever men, for he rewarded merit wherever he found it, and was always surrounded by the most talented minds of the age. Even in the days of his youth, under the

tutorship of Aristotle, he exhibited extraordinary quickness of apprehension, and an insatiable desire for knowledge, and he was fired with a noble ambition never to be content with the second place in any undertaking. He was possessed of a praiseworthy weakness, which we seldom find in great men, who are for the most part ever cautious and suspicious. Alexander, on the contrary, was capable of the highest order of friendship. He entrusted his life without a single misgiving to Philip, his calumniated though devoted and innocent medical attendant. He loved Hephaestion so sincerely that even in the height of his glory he remained inconsolable for his death.

True, he put to death Philotas, Parmenio, and Clitus, but in his sober moments he bitterly repented of these cruel deeds. In no other conqueror do we find so many beautiful traits of character but unfortunately wine which he at first used as an incentive to joviality soon became his master and was the cause of all his rash actions. In Alexander the dying embers of Grecian greatness burst forth into a brilliant flame of dazzling splendour only to be once more extinguished, and give way to the universal Roman Empire which was, according to the designs of the Almighty, to prepare men for the reception of the true faith and of true liberty.

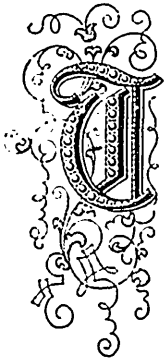
ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

Soft-buzzing slander ; silly moths that eat

An honest name.

—THOMSON.

## RELATION OF TRUTH TO ART.



THE underlying principle of all art is the expression of the ideal. The artist does not merely photograph, but with his magic brush enhances the object he paints. His aim is to please and to elevate. He would be false to his craft, however, were he to attempt to afford pleasure by ministering to the vile and low instincts of the profligate. By pleasure is here meant expansion and exaltation of the soul in the contemplation of what is grand and noble. It would seem then, that art is a reproduction of those lofty aspirations with which every true man's heart teems. It is something ideal, yet closely allied to the real. To express it concisely, art is the real idealized. Hence, productions purely ideal are not the most difficult, the highest efforts of the human mind. It has been wisely said by some one that the perfection of art depends on some antagonism, and the artist's triumph over it. This antagonism, to be overcome, is the reconciliation and judicious co-mingling of the real with the ideal. The artist, then, should refrain from embodying forth human characters possessed of ideal, supernatural perfections; he must keep in touch with the natural. "He is true to nature," is the eulogistic epithet applied to Homer, Shakespeare, and every other master artist. In what does this truth consist?

In relation to art, truth is two-fold, *i.e.*, historical and philosophical. Historical truth is the agreement of the object presented with the historical fact on which it is based. Anachronisms and discrepancies can hardly fail to be productive of unpleasant effects. Order and consistency are essential to aesthetical pleasure. Accordingly, in religious art, the object of which is the glorification of the Most High, deviations of any importance from historical truth are not allowed. The artist should present the facts of revelation as he finds them in the Book of Holy Writ,

without attempting to modernize them or to materially change in any respect their original nature. This, of course, does not mean that the production must be true in every trivial detail to the fact on which it is based. Were such the case the ideal element would be almost, if not entirely excluded, and herein an imperfection would be engendered. A poet, for instance, who would take a fact from Scripture and merely reproduce it with all its circumstances in verse, could hardly expect to strongly impress the minds of his readers. The idea of poetry necessarily supposes enthusiasm, since it is for the poet to enhance the object he beholds. He paints, but only in large outline; he deals not with petty details. This outline, or framework of the temple he erects, should, however, be in perfect accordance with the original subject of his inspiration. Some apparent, if not real deviations from this rule have been indulged in by artists of the foremost rank. In certain representations of the Blessed Family, the Virgin Mary appears holding in her hands a pair of beads. Or again, sometimes, in paintings representing the crypt in which the new born Saviour lies, a crucifix is placed above His head. The veriest tyro knows that there is here an anachronism. The artist considers the beads and crucifix in these productions as merely symbolical. These symbols, as such, undoubtedly serve the purpose of religious art, which is the elevation of our thoughts to the contemplation of things spiritual. The proper introduction and use of such anachronisms call for a nice sense of taste and circumspection on the part of the artist.

In civil art, likewise, the aim of which is the production and maintenance of those feelings of patriotism on which the very existence of the social fabric depends, the artist should, in the main, adhere to historical truth. The necessity of so doing is quite apparent. Were a poet to represent to us the City of Carthage as a great seat of learning and a centre of social refinement, he would do violence to the notion we have from history of that ancient



city, and his want of consistency would undoubtedly weaken the impression which he might otherwise make. In the example cited—supposing for the moment that it has an actual existence—the poet is true to his mission, in as much as he enhances the object with which he deals; but this enhancement suffers in the eyes of a cultured reader, because he is aware that to Carthage are attributed excellencies which were not enjoyed by her, even in the positive degree. But were the poet—the tragic poet, let us say—to malign, instead of enhancing the character of some great hero of past ages, would not the cultured beholder with far greater reason be unpleasantly affected by the fault here committed against historical truth. Hence we may conclude that it is to the advantage of art, as art, to be true to history. To be convinced of this, we have but to bear in mind that the highest productions of art can be fully appreciated only by the truly learned. And it is an undeniable fact, that members of this class require of the artist consistency, that is, agreement of what he produces with the fact, the reality, on which the production is based. It is not to be expected of cultured men that they will, in the presence of a work of art, lay aside all the knowledge they possess of history, of what is real, and give themselves up unreservedly to the contemplation of the ideal before them.

There is another important reason why a production of art should be true to the historical basis on which it is erected. Few, if any of us, are willing to accept Demaistre's definition of history. He calls it "a vast conspiracy against truth." Dryden's definition is more in accordance with common opinion. In his words "history is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity." Historical characters are not for us mere myths, but are actual realities. We know Cæsar, Demosthenes, Cicero, etc. There can be no doubt raised as to the existence and deeds of those men; and it is a duty, a strict duty on posterity, to refrain from robbing them of that most precious of man's possessions—character. The artist,

who distorts the character of an historical personage to suit the purpose of the production on hand, does, in a certain way, injury to that character. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" is an apt illustration of what is here meant. The primary object of this production is to hold up patriotism to man's admiration and love. Brutus is the embodiment of this object. The poet does his utmost to make of him a fitting possessor of the rare pearl, patriotism, in its superlative purity and beauty. The success with which the effort is crowned is altogether worthy of the transcendent mind whence it originated. In the words of Hudson, "Brutus, in all the relations of life, is upright, gentle and pure; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle, that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public or private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart." To make of Brutus such a noble character, it was absolutely necessary to belittle mighty Cæsar, whom the former assassinated. Shakespeare saw this at a glance. No man understood better than he Cæsar's titanic greatness; no one admired it more, as may be seen from the utterances of the young Prince in King Richard the Third: "That Julius Cæsar was a famous man: With what his valour did enrich his wit; His wit set down to make his valour live; Death makes no conquest of this conquerer."

Despite all this, the poet, in that production of his we are now discussing, makes of the great Roman a strutting braggart, a proud, insolent tyrant. Shakespeare thus deals with Cæsar's character for a purpose; he means no harm to the master general. But in the opinion of eminent critics he does him harm. He creates in the mind of the average uncultured theatre-goer an altogether erroneous impression anent Cæsar's character, and it is a mooted question as to whether in Julius Cæsar the praise and glory awarded to patriotism compensate for the injustice done to Cæsar himself.

The great German critic, Lessing, holds that no essential change in historical characters is admissible, but strange to say, further adds that facts of history are at the

mercy of the artist. May we accept the latter portion of his statement? There can be no historical facts without agents, and in misrepresenting these facts the poet indirectly, at least, misrepresents historical personages; consequently the principle enunciated by Lessing is susceptible of an amendment.

Schiller, who on this subject may be said to voice the opinions of a whole class of critics and artists, declares that the tragic poet is bound only under the law of poetic truth, and that it shows narrow-mindedness to bring tragic art, nay any art, before the tribunal of history. In his productions, Schiller acted on this principle. In his drama *Don Carlos*, he makes Philip II play the part of an augur, of an exponent of the Inquisition, and attributes to him the characteristics not only of a religious fanatic, but also of an immoral monster. In the production, *Joan d'Arc*, he gives to that world-renowned heroine a highly poetic character, but makes her heart sensible to love, thereby asserting of her what impartial historians emphatically deny. Again, in his attempt to give a romantic tinge to Mary Stuart's character, he has her confess to crimes of which history assures us she was innocent; crimes of which she, at the very hour of her death, emphatically declared herself innocent. As regards these historical characters, Schiller had doubtless imbibed erroneous notions from the histories which he read. But he even augmented in his art productions the misrepresentation of character, which he drew from these sources. He did so with no evil intent, for though he was a rationalist he was a moral man—a man true to his fellow-creatures. In misrepresenting the characters of historical personages, he merely carried out the principle enunciated by himself, which maintains that the artist is not bound by historical truth. To the opponents of his principle he attributes narrow-mindedness, contending that this narrow-mindedness consists in the fact that instruction is required of one, who by his very name, poet, only promises to touch and amuse. He pleads that as soon as historical characters are taken hold of by the poet they become fictitious. Experience teaches that this contention is faulty. The average play-goer will not

perceive this distinction between the fictitious and the real character. As a matter of fact many a man gleans almost all of his historical knowledge from the performances he sees enacted on the stage. It is true, that the artist's object is not to teach us history but to give us aesthetical pleasure; however it is equally true that the larger number of theatre-goers and readers believe in the truth of the characters presented in plays and even in historical novels. Hence the necessity that historical characters should be treated by the artist as sacred and inviolable. A representation of a character which would convey an insult to a living person would undoubtedly be considered highly blameable and likewise a breach of honour when levelled at the dead is branded by natural law as well as by natural justice as an immoral action, and that too whether it be done in the domain of history, in the domain of art, or amid the circle of a private household. Lessing holds that no character, as it stands in history, will answer the poet's purposes. He does not pretend by this to justify the belittling of his torical characters. And in fact, as has been already stated it would be absurd to impose on the artist the obligation of setting forth the character exactly as he finds them in history. He is, however, in duty bound to refrain from misrepresenting to any considerable extent historical personages. Lessing further maintains and justly too, that the artist should hold to this principle of historical truth, not only in his delineation of character but also in his delineation of races, nations, classes, etc. That is to say he is to represent races, nations, classes, the clergy, the laity, the nobility, etc., not according to his own personal bias but according to the knowledge he gleans from impartial historians. It is just worthy of mention here that those pictures of moral degradation in which some poets habitually indulge are nothing more or less than the portrayals of their own characters.

We said that historical facts are not at the mercy of the poet; this does not imply that all anachronisms are censurable. On the contrary, anachronisms when properly chosen and introduced are not only allowable but even commendable. Thus in "Julius Cæsar" the striking of the clock,

whilst the conspirators are mapping out their plans is highly beautiful. But anachronisms which are productive of glaring inconsistencies are not allowable. Aristotle questions the following anachronism which appears in *Electra*, a tragedy by Sophocles. The chief character is Orestes. The aim of the poem is to set forth the revenge which he deals out to his mother and her paramour Agamemnon for the murder of his father. Agamemnon being done away with, Orestes arrives in the city and sends his tutor to the palace to tell his mother that her lover has been killed at the Pythian games. Sophocles supposes this tragedy to have been enacted about 1100 years B.C. But the Pythian games were not even thought of at that time. They originated about the year 700 B. C. The inconsistency is here too apparent in Aristotle's opinion. Some even take Homer to task for exaggerating the civilisation enjoyed by the Greeks at the time of the Trojan war. He made them use iron and attributed to them other marks of progress which according to the most reliable historical accounts were not known to man until a later time. This, however, is pardonable; in acting thus, Homer is consistent; he attains his object, which was to enhance the ancient Grecian nation, and does so without violence to our historical knowledge.

As to the observance of historical truth in hedonic art little need be said. As a matter of fact the greater part of what the poet produces in this realm is purely fictitious. However if he introduces historical characters he is bound even here to refrain from misrepresenting them.

As regards philosophical truth which is likewise termed poetic, æsthetical, or artistic truth no distinctions need be made since it is an absolute requirement in all art. It may be defined as truth compatible with nature. Aristotle expresses this definition when he says that art must represent its objects in accordance with the laws of probability and necessity. These laws are the laws of causality and reason. The effects represented by art must be deducible from their causes. What in art is affected or not in accordance with what is natural is a breach of poetic truth. Inferior paintings to be met with every day will illustrate what is

here meant. In one such a representation of the execution of St. John the Baptist, Herodias the daughter of Herod is portrayed as a frail, delicate girl of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. She brings the head of St. John the Baptist on a plate and with one hand gives it over to her mother with apparently as much ease as she would display in presenting a bouquet. This is not natural. It would take the strength of the brawny arm of a fully developed man to handle thus the plate and its contents. The artist is allowed to exaggerate, to enhance, but he is to guard against going altogether beyond what is natural.

Poetic truth exacts of the poet the observance of certain well established laws. Chief among these are: 1st. Every intelligent being must act with a purpose; 2nd. No man acts contrary to natural law without some serious reason for so doing; 3rd. No man turns suddenly away from virtue and plunges into vice, or vice versa, without being influenced in such a course of action by some weighty cause. And it is for the poet to make clear to his readers the causes, effects and relations of the actions represented.

The necessity of æsthetical truth results from the fact that the absence of it harasses and even destroys the so-called illusion which is indispensable to the enjoyment of art. This necessity results, says Aristotle, from the principle of causality, that is from the principle that, in all actions, the causes are adequate to the effects. It is well here to observe that the illusion spoken of above is distinguished from deception. In presence of a work of art of whatever kind we are ever conscious that what we behold is not an actual reality but a representation. Thus, in the last act of *Hamlet* in which several murders are committed, were the spectators not actually deceived, far from being pleased they would hurry away horror stricken by the ghastly performance. We nevertheless exact of a representation consistency with itself and with what is real. The action represented is in a certain way real, it possesses for us the semblance of reality. However, as was stated in the discussion of historical truth, it is simply foolish to exact in the representation an absolute correspondence with the reality.

Dramatic poetry exacts a higher degree of correspondence between the representation and the reality than is required in epic productions. Aristotle illustrates this fact by a passage taken from the twenty-second book of the Iliad. Achilles chases Hector around the walls of Troy three times, and by a mere nod of his head prevents the Grecian soldiers from attacking the Trojan general. This, according to Aristotle, is quite in place in an epic but were it in a tragedy Achilles would be expected to make known his wish in a manner more perceptible to the spectators. Though the epic poet is allowed greater freedom of action he is still bound by the general principle. He should not allow his imagination to carry him beyond what is natural and probable. Note how faithfully Homer clings to this principle in his delineation of Achilles. This hero is colossal, in stature and intellect. No such a man ever has lived or ever will live. Yet the poet does not attribute to him vast size, nor does he make Achilles perform marvellous deeds. An idea of the hero's great strength is conveyed to our minds without doing violence to our notion of the probable. None can use Achilles' word, none can bend his bow. There is nothing contrary to nature in this. But when Tasso represented his hero Rinaldo as carrying a weighty beam several hundreds of feet in length and doing with it the work of a battering ram, we smile and think of the fairy tales we heard during our sojourn in the nursery. Such undue exaggeration is contrary to æsthetic truth, is repulsive, and instead

of warming our imagination, freezes it.

Philosophical truth in literary productions includes that simplicity of style which Mr. Blair defines "the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts." This simplicity, continues the same author, stands opposed not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament or appearance of labour about our style. Quintillian, speaking of philosophical truth in oratory, says: "Omnium in eloquentia vitiorum pessimum est mala affectatio." The following sentence is a brief summary of the sins against æsthetic truth: "Philosophic untruth concerning the phenomena of the subjective world, such as unnaturalness, fictitious enthusiasm, false or exaggerated sentiment, over-sweetened sentimentality, bombastic pathos, stilted feeling, in a word, affectation, is unbearable to every healthy mind, and like everything else hypocritical, is disgusting to human nature."

A word, now, on fictitious characters, and we have done. Horace rightly maintains that if fictitious characters are introduced into a poem, they must be as true to nature as if they were actual historical personages. He further adds that it is a most difficult task for the poet to properly express invented characters. Hence the poet must either follow history and be true to it, or invent characters consistent with themselves. "If the invented characters," says Horace, "are not true to nature, are not consistent with themselves, the nobles, as well as the commoners, will burst into laughter."

JAMES MURPHY '94.



## GROWTH OF POLITICAL LIBERTY IN CANADA.

O notre histoire ! éerin de perles ignorées  
Je baise avec amour tes pages vénérées. --L. FRÉCHETTE.



HE present, say some, is a momentous period for our country. Probably it is, but notwithstanding the deep interest which every intelligent Canadian must take in the affairs of his own land, no one will deny that Home Rule, for Ireland, is the question which is followed with the greatest attention by every one just now. The reason for this fact is patent. Home Rule means, for Ireland, not only the right of governing herself, but also signifies the result of long years, of ages even, of agitation and sufferings.

A writer of note has said that there exists a similarity between the histories of different nations. This assertion is true, and we may add that there are particular countries, whose records of events bear to one another a very striking resemblance indeed. Canada and Ireland are of the number. The only difference between the two, in fact, is that, in the former, the problem of free-government has already been solved, whereas in the latter it is being worked out.

The similarity between Canadian and Irish history is found in the fact that like the sons of Erin, the Canadians, to obtain their freedom, had to grapple with thousands of difficulties, to bear innumerable sacrifices, nay more, to hoist the flag of rebellion.

In this number of the OWL appears an article, which traces the rise and progress of the legitimate struggle for political liberty in Ireland, the Home Rule movement. The perusal of that article and of a brief sketch of the growth of political liberty in Canada, will furnish data for verifying the resemblance stated above to exist between the struggles of the Irish people and of Canadians for self-government.

The few facts we shall relate in this essay are not unknown to our readers, but,

as the question of political liberty, at the present hour, is so much spoken of and agitated, we think it will not be out of place to bring together here a few paragraphs of our history, which show how Canada struggled for Home Rule

Champlain effected the first permanent settlement in Canada. He was the first representative of the Company of One Hundred Associates. After a period of several years it was judged necessary by the French authorities to abolish this form of government and replace it by the Royal government. This was the last form of government put in force by the French.

A close study of our history proves that the first French settlers were early fired with the commendable ambition of managing by themselves the affairs of the colony. By the middle of the eighteenth century they had realized this resolve to a certain extent, and their desire was to continue to perfect popular government under the French régime. But

“Hélas ! des nations l'arbitre avait parlé  
Le Canada français au firmament voilé  
Voyait palir son astre.”

Providence had decided that the French colonists would have to endure the pangs of a cruel separation from their mother-country, and be subjected, for a long while, to the whims of a victorious nation, before they could enjoy a constitutional form of government.

The battle of the Plains of Abraham was fatal to the French and

“Le vieux drapeau français dut refermer ses plis  
Et, fier témoin de tant de hauts faits accomplis,  
Faire place partout aux couleurs d'Angleterre.”

What deep grief must have stirred the souls of those 70,000 colonists as they beheld their White Flag, hiding in its folds the sorrow of a defeat, depart forever from the banks of the St. Lawrence. These mental sufferings were already too bitter. But it seems as if the victorious nation had not understood them, for the echo of the last cannon-shot was still ringing in the air, when she began to

make Canadians feel the weight of arbitrary measures. Contrary to all laws of capitulation, French customs and the French laws were disregarded; nay more, the right of holding public offices was denied to the colonists. A despotic English military government was established and reigned supreme. Such was the fate of the French Canadians after the conquest. They were under the yoke of men who were their enemies both by circumstances and nature, and of whom they had heard most as the oppressors of Ireland. The situation for the colonists, was a very difficult one. Still they did not despair. They flocked around their priests, because they knew that these men were the fittest to understand their grievances and help them by their advice. This step was the right one, for, we can, to-day safely say that it was due to the clergy of the French nationality that our rights were recognized. Through the intermission of their pastors, the colonists brought their claims to the notice of the English authorities, but, at first, they were not listened to.

The inhabitants of British origin, who had just emigrated to the country, were, on their part, also dissatisfied with the situation, for they expected and claimed that the affairs of the country should be conducted on the same footing as if Canada had become a district situated in the midst of England. Discord, then, and heart-burnings arose in the colony owing to opposite views held by the majority and minority. Petitions were sent to England by the Protestants in order to have a House of Assembly in which none but Protestants would be admitted; the French on their side, demanded that their former rights be restored. England, at first, replied by a refusal. But, soon after, she began to fear lest the Canadians might join the Americans whom she had made her enemies by high-handed legislation. The French Canadians were, moreover, aided by Murray and Carleton, two broad-minded governors who understood that the rights of a conquered nation are to be respected. England then was forced to solve the dilemma. She chose to give Canada a new form of government. In 1774 the Imperial authorities granted the Quebec

Act by which a Legislative Council, with the Governor, would have power to enact laws for the colony. This new council was composed of twenty-three members of whom seven were of French origin.

That this form of government was not destined to enjoy a long existence every intelligent man could foresee from the beginning. The French Canadians, though they were by far the majority in the country, were represented by only one-fourth of the number of members in the Legislative Council. In addition to this partiality, the policy of Haldimand and of some of his successors, was altogether opposed to Catholic interests. In short, the French colonists thought that they were but a little better off than under a purely military government. As regards the English party, they considered themselves injured because the trial by jury in civil cases had been done away with, and the absence of a representative form of government and of the privileges of the Habeas Corpus Act had made them feel that they were denied the rights of British subjects.

Petition then after petition, from both parties, were again transmitted to England asking for a representative form of government. There were at that time in the Imperial government, men of broad views, Pitt, Burke and Fox, whose names are synonymous with justice and fair play. These men understood the rights of the Canadians. Pitt enlightened by the former fault of England in the administration of American affairs, and by the noble example of his father, Lord Chatham, presented to the House of Commons a bill which granted to Canada a constitution in which the principle of representation found place, and dividing the colony into two distinct provinces, Lower and Upper Canada. "This division," he says: "will bring to an end the rivalry which exists between the ancient inhabitants, who are French, and the emigrants who sail to Canada from Great Britain, a rivalry which causes dissensions, incertitude in the laws and other difficulties, which, for a long period, have been a source of trouble." This bill, supported in many respects by Burke and Fox, was passed in 1791, and divided Canada into two distinct provinces, giving to each a representative Legislative

Council, and a House of Assembly, over both of which the governor was to preside.

As we easily perceive, the United States were the main cause, though unwillingly so, of the success of our forefathers. The grant of this new constitution opened to Canada an era which was quite promising; it introduced into the Houses a certain animation which had not existed before. Our fathers accepted this constitution with joy for they believed that brighter days were about to come, for now they could freely and publicly express and demand their rights.

Though granting many liberties, this form of government had still its defects. For, the executive council besides being composed, as was the legislative, of men unfriendly to French institutions, was not, as it is to-day, responsible to the people; and, as it is the nature of man to ever perfect what he enjoys, we should not be surprised to hear the colonists asking for another form of government. This time, they did not, to the end, follow the constitutional path, and a consequence of this was that not only did they not obtain that which they claimed, but they lost a part of what they already had. We must, however, say that the English authorities are to be blamed for not having listened to the demands of the French colonists; but the conduct of the authorities does not justify the rebels who, in 1837, resolved no longer to observe their duties as loyal subjects and to take up arms against the government. The insurgents are not to be approved of, because, as Bishop Lartigue had told them, the majority was not in favor of a rebellion. On the other hand, had they continued their constitutional agitation the immediate results would have been far more satisfactory, for, as we are aware, the English parliament took advantage of this rebellion to unite both provinces under one government. We must not forget to say that if the large majority of the members of the English parliament voted in favor of that union, a few opposed it, and among them was the great O'Connell. He voted against the bill, for he was a man who could well feel and understand what oppression meant for a people or a nation. In 1841, then, a new constitution

gave to Canada one Legislature in place of two. The majority of the inhabitants accepted, with reluctance, this fourth system of government. Their discontent was obvious, they knew that the majority in Lower Canada would not form a majority in the common legislature, and therefore they feared lest their institutions and rights might again be attacked and done away with by the joint votes of the minority of Lower Canada and the majority of the Upper Province. Another reason, and not a slight one, was that a large debt owed by Upper Canada would be thrown upon the United Provinces. "Dura tuit lex, sed lex." Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the French inhabitants with that new government, they had to accept it, and derive from it whatever good they could.

There was at that time among the French members of parliament a man whose memory should be forever embalmed in every French Canadian's heart. I mean to speak of the great Lafontaine. He clearly understood the difficulty and delicacy of the question, and solved it to the satisfaction of all. He foresaw that to form a party entirely made up of Catholics, was to condemn it to an everlasting opposition, and as he understood the passions of the human heart, he could perceive that ambition was to show itself in parliament as it does in every human society. Keeping this in mind and taking advantage of the refusal of Governor Sydenham to give full responsibility to the Executive Council, the shrewd and diplomatic Lafontaine formed two parties, the "Tory" and "Reform," and by means of this scheme succeeded in having his own laws, language and other rights respected.

The system of government imposed in 1841 by the British authorities could not long exist without undergoing changes. Each province was naturally increasing very rapidly in population and wealth, and consequently one government alone could not be sufficient to supervise, in a satisfactory manner, all the transactions of the country.

Leading minds then began to feel that if each province had its own government which would enact its own laws for its own particular affairs, and if another higher authority were established, which

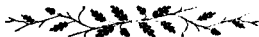
would administer the general business of Canada and protect the minority of each province, a more satisfactory system would be ensured. Such was the constitution of the Confederation established in 1867, and such is the government that prevails to-day in the Dominion of Canada.

As we have said, the inhabitants of Canada, two centuries ago, were few, and their government very imperfect, still, by "ploughing their weary way," they have reached the end they sought. To-day every Canadian, whatever may be the creed he believes in or the nationality he belongs to, is proud of our constitutional government because it gives us the right of managing our own affairs. Our government may perhaps have been imprudent in passing certain laws, or in solving

certain questions, but it must be forgiven, for who can point out a government of some years of existence, which has never taken a false step. We should ever bear in mind that there is nothing perfect in this world and consequently that a body of men are very apt to err, however wise may be the rules that guide them.

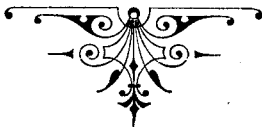
Contemporary history proves that the right of self-government has made Canadians a loyal, contented and prosperous people. Does this not show that the experiment is worth trying with the Irish people, who are placed much in the same position as Canadians and are animated by the same Celtic blood as most Canadians?

L. C. RAYMOND, '93.



I hear the wind among the trees  
 Playing celestial symphonies ;  
 I see the branches downward bent,  
 Like keys of some great instrument.

LONGFELLOW.







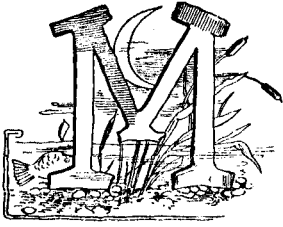
*CHRYSANTHEMUMS.*

All the whiteness of purity,  
 White as a maiden's soul should be,  
 Heavy and dull with passions' red,  
 Tinged with the hue of blushes fled.

All the shame of a scarlet blight,  
 Yellow caught from the heaven's light,  
 Ragged beauties to whose simple dress,  
 God gives a special loveliness.

THEODORE McMANUS.

## THE LEGEND OF A BELL.



ANY readers of the OWL have enjoyed the charming trip down the St. Lawrence, and the exciting "run" through

the Lachine Rapids. As they glided swiftly along, just above the rapids, they must have turned their eyes towards the quaint, picturesque Indian village of Caughnawaga, which is situated opposite Lachine, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence. Perhaps too, they have heard the peal of the church bells, whose sonorous notes, softened and sweetened by the distance, rang out to the humble Indian settlement the call to prayer. Yet few, perhaps, know the beautiful, touching legend concerning one of the bells of that "Roman Mission." This legend, which touchingly illustrates the simple faith and childlike devotion of the Indian character, must be familiar to many readers of French-Canadian literature; as far as the OWL staff and the writer are aware, however, it has never been given to the world in an English dress. Our translation of the legend, as it appeared in an old French paper, may then not be uninteresting.

"Father Nicolas, having succeeded in converting a number of Indians, established them in a village called Sault St. Louis, on the banks of the River St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most magnificent presented anywhere on the banks of the noble river, and the village is at present one of the most picturesque in the country. The church is built on a piece of land that projects into the stream, and its belfry, struck by the rays of the sun, gives a reflection that beautifully contrasts with the dark shades of the neighbouring forest.

When the sacred edifice was built, and the belfry completed, Father Nicolas explained to his humble hearers, that a bell was as necessary to a belfry as a priest was to a church, and he exhorted them to collect furs in a sufficiently large quantity

to enable them have a bell come from France.

The Indians were inflamed with an inconceivable ardour to fulfil this exhortation. Bales of furs were promptly collected and sent off to Havre de-Grace, whither the worthy ecclesiastic soon learned that the bell had been brought and placed on board the *Grand Monarch*, which was bound for Quebec. It happened, however, that the ship set sail during one of those wars which the English and the French waged against each other so frequently, and in consequence the *Grand Monarch* never reached its destination.

She was taken by a New England cruiser, and brought to Salem, where the ship with her cargo was condemned, and sold to the profit of those who had possessed themselves of the booty. The bell was bought by the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built.

When Father Nicolas received the news of the loss of the bell, he assembled the people and explained to them the unfortunate situation. The Indians deplored the loss of their bell. They had scarcely a clear idea of the bell itself, but they knew that Father Nicolas preached and said mass in the church, and they thought it was for some analogous usage in the belfry. They sat down in groups on the banks of the river to talk over the misfortunes which the bell had to suffer, and a few promenaded alone, thinking out a means for the bell's liberation. The women, who had learned that the sound of the bell would be heard farther away than the sound of the rapids, and that it would be more melodious than the charm of a song, walked about during the night in silence and grief. Several fasted and submitted themselves to severe penances to obtain the deliverance of their bell. Finally the day of liberation arrived. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, then Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The command was given to Major Hertel de

Rouville. One of the priests of the Jesuits' College at Quebec informed Father Nicolas by means of a pious *voyageur* of the projected expedition.

The Indians were immediately assembled in the church, and the messenger was presented to the congregation as a herald of happy tidings. He informed the assembly of the preparations for war made at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the end of the discourse, the Indians decided to accompany the French soldiers. They gave the war-cry, and returned to their houses to paint themselves in their most terrible war-colors.

It was in the heart of winter when the braves departed to join the army of M de Rouville at Fort Chambly. Father Nicolas marched at their head; their wives and children, like the wives and children of the Crusaders commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon, chanted a sacred hymn which Father Nicolas had taught them for the occasion. They arrived at Chambly after a day of incredible fatigue, and just at the moment when the French soldiers were getting into the sleighs that were to bring them to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed the track of the sleds with the ardour natural to their character. Father Nicolas got into a sleigh with the M. de Rouville. In this manner, the Indians, left far behind, followed in silence until the army reached a rendezvous on the shore of Lake Champlain. The lake was frozen, and as there was very little snow on the ice, this route was chosen for the army. Having their imagination heated by the idea of the unfortunate captivity of their bell, the Indians had but one thought during their march. Not a symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of fear, altered their constancy. They saw with equal indifference on one side the endless line of forests that bordered the route, and on the other side the cold desert of snow and ice which the lake presented to view. The French soldiers suffered terribly from fatigue and cold; they saw with admiration and envy the ease with which the Indians on their snowshoes seemed to glide over the snow. The patience of the proselytes of Father Nicolas, and the irritability of the French offered a most striking contrast.

When they arrived at the place where now rises the beautiful City of Burlington, the order was given for a general halt, so that all could make necessary preparations to penetrate the forests which separated the army from the inhabited parts of Massachusetts.

On quitting Burlington, M. de Rouville placed himself at the head of his companies and, compass in hand, directed the march towards Deerfield. The previous sufferings of the troops were nothing compared to the fatigues and hardships of this march. Day by day the French advanced courageously, but they complained much; the difficulties of their journey and the continual hardships which they underwent in the woods provoked their discontent. The Indians conducted themselves altogether differently. Animated by a holy zeal, their continual taciturnity had something grand even sublime, in its severity. Not a murmur escaped their lips.

On the evening of the twentieth of February 1701, the army arrived at a point, two miles from Deerfield, without having been noticed. M. de Rouville ordered the men to halt and rest themselves until midnight. At that hour all advanced to attack the town. De Rouville gave orders that in going to the assault, his troops should make frequent halts. This ingenious stratagem deceived the sentinels of the town, for they believed that the noises which they heard were caused by the irregular blowing of the wind which agitated the branches of the trees laden with ice. The alarm was finally given and a terrible combat took place in the streets.

The French fought with their usual bravery and the Indians with that valour which characterizes them. The garrison was dispersed and the town taken. At the break of day, all the Indians, though exhausted by the fatigues of the night, assembled around Father Nicolas and entreated him to conduct them to the bell, in order that they might offer it their homage and show proof of their veneration for its power. Father Nicolas was greatly disconcerted at their demand. M de Rouville, with several French soldiers who were present, laughed in a most hearty manner. As the Indians had never heard a bell the good Father had one of the soldiers go and

ring it. The sound of the bell in the silence of a cold morning, was for the simple Indians' as the voice of an oracle. They trembled and were filled with astonishment and fear. The bell was removed from the belfry and attached to two small beams so that eight men could carry it. In this manner the Indians started with it for their village. But they soon perceived that it was too heavy a burden for the winter roads; in consequence, when they reached the point of departure on Lake Champlain, they buried the bell, and returned home, to come again for it when they could carry it with less difficulty.

As soon as the snow disappeared, Father Nicolas assembled the Indians once more, and having procured a yoke of oxen, they started off to bring the bell. During the interval, all the women and children had been informed of the powers and marvelous quality of the bell, and awaited its arrival as one of the greatest events that had ever marked the course of ages.

One night when those who had remained in the village, were talking together on the subject, a great noise was heard in the distance. Everybody listens, is astonished, and finally cries out, "It is the bell! It is really the bell!" As they neared home the oxen were unyoked, by the Indians, and the bell, suspended from a frame of squared timber, was carried in

triumph, and awakened the echoes afar off. On the frame was placed a rude seat in which was seated Father Nicolas. Having his head ornamented with a garland of yellow leaves, he appeared as the most happy of men. The oxen walked along covered with garlands and flowers. In the stillness of a tranquil and beautiful evening whilst the murmurs of the Lachine Rapids formed a counter-bass to the merry ring of the rescued bell the triumphant procession entered Caughnawaga." Here the legend ends.

It must be admitted that some of the historical details given in the legend do not exactly agree with Garneau's History of Canada. Local traditions however, bear out the fact that the bell really fell into the hands of the English, and was re-captured by the Indians at Deerfield.

The visitor to Caughnawaga, as he wends his way to the pretty village church may yet hear the solemn peal of this bell and of its twin companion, a present to the Indians from the king of England in 1830;

"And when the Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That the day shall be no more,"

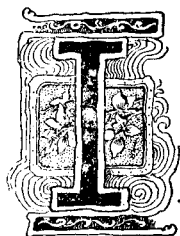
he may see several hundreds of the descendants of the of the once dreaded Iroquois gathered around their devoted "Black Robe."

P. CLANCY.

THIRD FORM.



## ENGLISH IN CANADA.



It is easy to understand that throughout the many lands where English holds sway it undergoes different changes, and is subjected to different standards of perfection. It could hardly be that in every place where it is spoken the rules which govern it would be conformed to with the same stringency. An interesting question then is that of examining to what country we may look for the best standard of correct English.

It would seem but proper that England itself should be the source whence we should be guided. Concerning written language this is probably true; but in regard to pronunciation, taking the country as a whole, the same condition does not stand. Of course, among the educated classes, correct English is constantly met with. But among the great mass of the people there can be distinguished at least six different forms of speech, or dialects. The differences in instances are so striking that a man from the North hardly makes himself intelligible to persons from other parts. In London itself the several dialects find typical representatives. Cockenyism, that reprehensible manner of speech, is to be met with in all its offensiveness. In Scotland, though the written language may be correct, spoken English suffers strange vagaries and is betimes distorted almost beyond recognition. The broad Scotch of Ayr is said to be intelligible only with difficulty to an English scholar who is unacquainted with Burns and Scott. Another type is to be found in the East, while in the North there is a struggle for supremacy between Gaelic and English. Across the Channel in Ireland, the language fares little better. It is said by some, that in Dublin the best English in the world is to be heard. This may be true, but certainly no such praise can be bestowed on the English spoken by the masses in Ireland. Great variations of speech are here to be met with. Gaelic is not generally spoken though it may exert its influence on the English. In the North the language resembles in great measure a

dialect of the Scotch, while in the South it is altogether different. Then there are the several intermediate grades.

In every country where the English language is spoken it adds unto itself; but the advantage is that it usually appropriates these additions without serious deterioration to its own stock. In India additions have been made to the language from the speech of native tribes. In Africa and Australia also a similar condition of things has prevailed. From every country in fact where the English language has been introduced it has derived the advantages of enrichment. It possesses the power of assimilation to a remarkable extent. It must be said that the United States have contributed largely towards improving the language which they inherited from England. There can be no doubt that many of the innovations, if such they might be called, which have been added to it in that country possess both beauty and force. But unfortunately there is much room too for fault-finding, in regard to the liberties which have been taken. Several dialects have sprung up, and words have been given significations which it would seem had never been intended for them. In New England, the primeval home of the language on this continent, there has been born a dialect which does not correspond to the spelling and is unsatisfying of sound. Though this is the most marked type to be met with, in other parts of the union striking peculiarities may be found. The large number of emigrants coming to the American shores from all countries, and speaking their own language contribute to mar the purity of English; though never able to do serious injury. In New York, the Metropolis, is probably to be found the safest home of pure English, and the scene of its greatest triumph. The twang of the Yankee is reprehended as it deserves, as are also the censurable idioms peculiar to the several parts of the nation.

What is to be said in regard to the manner in which English is spoken in Canada? Are we safe in maintaining that, considering the Dominion as a whole, the English spoken is purer, better and

more conformed to the rules of the language than that of other English-speaking countries? A noted writer some years ago seems to have assumed that there was reason for this belief, and facts do not seem to controvert the opinion. Consequently the claim is not of too pretentious a nature. In Canada words are pronounced in accordance with what seems to be the genius of the language and there is little to be found of what are termed peculiarities of speech. This does not mean that there are not trivial differences of local origin in the speech of Canadians but as a general thing they may be said to be free from mannerisms.

The speech of a British Columbian may differ in method from that of a Prince Edward Islander; but the difference is comparatively slight and either can hardly be said to represent a distinctive type of language, or dialect. In the Province of Quebec, French is the language of the majority, yet even in that province English is spoken with commendable purity. The innovations introduced into the language in the United States have to some extent had their influence in parts of Canada, but not sufficiently to affect the whole body. As to the new fashioned methods of spelling affected across the line though adopted by some here, they have not been officially accepted and in governmental printing and usage the English forms, which have stood the test of years, have been preserved. This is probably fortunate, for it were difficult to say to what extravagances we might be led by this consuming desire to abbreviate the spelling of words. Brevity in the spelling of words is very desirable but the purity of language must not be sacrificed to that end. The twang affected by many New Englanders is remarkable by its absence, and to the advantage of Canada, it may be said. Cockneyism too finds little to favour its growth in this land of ours. It may be that the climate is not favourable to its development.

For the Canadian each letter has its use and value, and the letters to be found constituting a word are there for a purpose, not to be glided over or utterly disregarded. As yet Canada has not received as large a number of European immigrants as the

United States and so the dangers that might arise from this source do not seriously exist. Though French is an official language, educated French Canadians recognize that it is to the interest of every son of Canada to acquaint himself with the English tongue. Education in Canada is founded on a firm basis and is accessible to all. By the system of schools in vogue, splendid opportunities are offered of learning the English language. Usually the task of teaching is placed in capable hands so that the young may be properly instructed in the use of correct speech. Standard text-books are used, in which are presented models of English worthy of imitation.

In the matter of newspapers—that great force in modern education—Canada is pretty well supplied. On the whole the standard of English to be found in the columns of our leading journals is of a fairly high grade. In the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa the English used is of a sufficiently high order to elicit favourable criticism from strangers.

Have we not some right then to claim that throughout the English speaking world there is probably no country in which better English is spoken and in which the purity of that language is more safely guarded than in Canada? The dialects of those coming from the British Isles seem to develop into one homogeneous whole for the most part and soon to become free from peculiarities.

The danger which threatens, is this newly arisen desire for anglicizing foreign phrases and expressions, the tendency towards additions to the vocabulary of slang and the turning aside of words from their proper significations. Innovations may be permitted, but they must be of a proper sort, for, “unless purity and vigour keep pace with innovation, extension enfeebles and variety corrupts”

All of us then should bestir ourselves in the interest of our mother tongue and leave nothing undone to uproot any tendency which is calculated to affect its purity or mar its beauty; and strive to have the English language in Canada continue to sustain that high standard of perfection which has been assigned to it.

LOUIS J. KEOE, '94.

## THE MARTYR OF MOUNT ATHOS.

*By the Very Rev. Aeneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., etc.*

## I



ON Sainted Athos' rugged brow,  
 As pious legends truly show,  
 An abbot dwelt ; in virtue's ways  
 He trod, and prayerful passed his days.  
 Once, as on meditation bent,  
 And chiefly thus the time he spent,  
 A Brother knocked, "What brings you here ?  
 Prompt let your errand now appear."  
 "A stranger from his distant home  
 For solace to your gate is come."  
 "Welcome to our lone cell the guest ;  
 More welcome still if he's opprest."  
 Sad of look and sorely wayworn  
 A man appears ; lo ! prone he's borne  
 To earth in agony of grief ;  
 No word he speaks to seek relief,  
 But groans in dire excess of pain ;  
 No word that solace can obtain.  
 "Arise, my son ; whate'er your case,  
 Your pain, perchance, I may efface."  
 The wearied stranger now, at length,  
 As slowly he renewed his strength,  
 "I'm lost," he cried, "e'er lost am I  
 Since holy Christ I did deny."  
 The grieved abbot then kindly said :  
 "Take comfort ; justice may be stayed  
 By penitence ; hence Peter's tears  
 Dispelled his foul sin's crushing fears."  
 "'Twas even so ; grace to regain  
 I shrink not from the greatest pain.  
 Whate'er, good Father, you propose  
 My stubborn soul will ne'er oppose."  
 "With brethren I must counsel hold,  
 And three days hence our mind unfold.  
 Meanwhile, be welcome to our board,  
 Enjoy the best we can afford."

## II

Obedient to the abbot's call  
 The pious brethren in their hall  
 Assembled are to hear the case  
 The Father will before them place.  
 The abbot now, in mournful strain,  
 Why called the meeting to explain.  
 "Aximenes, as clear its shown  
 That merchant prince so widely known,

## THE OWL.

A formal contract duly made  
 According to the rules of trade.  
 But ere the gainful contract given  
 He must forsake the ways of Heaven,  
 Boldly abjure the Christian name,  
 By savage Moslems held in shame.  
 Ah ! then, and sad it is to say,  
 By love of lucre led astray,  
 In foul temptation's luring hour,  
 Led on by crafty Satan's power,  
 From grace he fell, our Lord denied,  
 And men to please great Heaven defied.  
 Now, conscience struck, he longs for grace  
 His foul sin yearning to efface.  
 As souls to save you love so well,  
 I pray you, brethren, promptly tell  
 What, through your wisdom may be done,  
 To gain to grace our erring son."  
 "Nought we are competent to do  
 Avails ; only contrition true,  
 The sinner's act, can grace obtain  
 And wipe away the deadly stain."  
 "Well said ; but, may you not in aid  
 Some practice give with penance laid,  
 Such as would surely help to stay  
 Stern justice in its vengeful day ?

## III

"Within our walls for four long years,  
 Mingling contrition with his tears  
 We'd have him dwell ; the word of Heaven  
 He'd often hear, and comfort given  
 Would fit him for the offering meet  
 The glorious sacrifice complete,  
 His act of faith atoning all—  
 All sin that could his soul enthrall."  
 "Such then, dearest brethren, you say,  
 To victory's the only way."  
 This decision, though stern, was true  
 And peace inspiring as all knew.  
 Rejoiced Aximenes in the word  
 That gave him to the Moslem sword.  
 That every Moslem in the land  
 Who ever owned the Christian state,  
 Must surely meet a felon's fate.  
 Christians from their earliest days  
 They bore with, though despised their ways.  
 Aximenes they certain claimed,  
 He by his own act Moslem named.  
 His faith declared, the stroke is given ;  
 Another martyr reigns in Heaven.



## GENUINE GEMS.

**A**BSENCE of occupation is not rest;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind  
distressed.

—*Cowper*.

Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

—*Shakespeare*.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace

—*Pope*.

The chain of destiny leads him who  
obeys, but drags him who resists it.

—*Madame Swetchine*.

Nothing is impossible. There are ways  
which lead to everything ; and if we had  
sufficient will we should always have  
sufficient means.

—*Roche foucauld*.

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of  
heaven.

—*Milton*.

Then gently scan thy brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman ;  
Though both may go a kenni wrang  
To step aside is human.

—*Burns*.

The love that survives the tomb is one  
of the noblest tributes of the soul.

—*W. Irving*.

Virtue is bold and goodness never fear-  
ful.

—*Shakespeare*.

Through the ages one increasing pur-  
pose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
with the process of the suns.

—*Tennyson*.

"I love God" said the saint. God  
spake above ;

"Who loveth me must love those whom  
I love."

"I scourge myself" the hermit cried.  
God spake :

"Kindness is prayer : but not a self-  
made ache."

—*J. B. O'Reilly*.

Lost ! Yesterday, somewhere between  
sunrise and sunset two golden hours with  
sixty diamond minutes. No reward is  
offered for they are gone forever.

—*Horace Mann*.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel ; but  
being in,

Bear it that the opposer may beware of  
thee.

—*Shakespeare*.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

—*J. Dryden*.

# The Owl,

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## SANCTUM NOTES.

Folding the OWL, especially when it contains a cut like that in the present number, spoils its appearance; our proud bird, however, positively protests only against the humiliating and injurious treatment it receives at the hands of a number of students, who, in sending it to friends, roll it as tightly as they can, and secure it, thus disfigured, with a strip two or three inches wide, torn from a sheet of foolscap. Send your Owl, as we do from the sanctum, without rolling or folding, in a wrapper that will entirely cover it, and it

will be more highly appreciated by your friends.

\* \* \*

The present balmy spring breezes remind most of us that the time for buying spring and summer clothing has arrived. At this time too, many individuals and classes get their photographs taken; athletes procure themselves costumes, balls, bats and lacrosses. At no season perhaps, are more purchases made. Students, in spending their money, should patronize our advertisers. It is our advertisers who think it worth while to solicit our trade and it is they who will be most ready to accommodate us in article and price. Experience has proved it.

\* \* \*

We have, at last, received Vol. V. from the binder. We regret that subscribers, who left their numbers in the sanctum to be bound, have had to wait so long; the delay was no fault of ours, and we shall endeavour to prevent its recurrence with Vol. VI. The binding of Vol. V. is substantial and elegant; its 534 pages of reading matter speak well for last year's literary work: the society, athletic and other departments furnish a valuable record indeed of the doings in the University from September, '91, to September, '92. Those desirous of securing a bound volume may do so from our business manager.

\* \* \*

This year's graduating class counts among its members six of the editors of our College journal, besides three or four prized contributors. Who are to take their places? The members of some of our classes have not responded to the Owl's call for contributions as heartily as we would wish. A few seem to have been discouraged by a first failure, many others have never tried. There is still time—in fact the present is the golden time—for

earnest endeavour on the part of those who wish to see their names figure on next year's list of editors. Let us hear especially from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms. It is to be hoped that every class in the University course, will continue to be represented on the editorial staff; it is not likely, however, that next year's editor-in-chief—whichever he may be—will consent to place on his board the name of anyone who has not given some proof of his fitness for the position.

#### *SCIENCE IN THE LABORATORY.*

The last decade has seen some rapid strides in the teaching of sciences in Canadian universities and colleges. Formerly the text-book was the limit of both professor and student. Now the field has been widened and both professor and student are given more latitude in their observations of the phenomena of nature and in their investigations of the laws governing the same. Instead of merely saying and explaining what takes place, the professors now show and prove. The natural sciences are such, as to not only permit of this method of teaching, but even to invite it, and man is so constituted that, in such matters at least, he is more apt to adhere to the testimony of his external senses than to the conclusions drawn from the most plausible and most logically connected theories. The trend of teaching in natural sciences, during the last few years, has been towards the practical, or the proving by experiment of the truth or fallacy of those theories which hitherto constituted the sole work of the ordinary student in sciences.

Quite abreast of the times has been the system all along pursued in this institution. A practical feature introduced, and one which has attained good results, is that of having frequent scientific entertainments. Not contenting themselves with

the experiments they themselves perform in presence of their classes, our professors allot certain portions of the work to several students who prepare a paper on the same, perform the necessary experiments themselves, and then repeat and explain them in public. The result is that the matter is learnt as well as it can possibly be learnt in any course, other than a special science course. Those who take part in the experiments learn thoroughly, those parts at least, that are allotted to them and those who are spectators have the benefit of witnessing the regular work for a second time.

Everyone that attends, acquires some idea, slight possibly, but still an idea, of how these sciences are to be studied and learnt.

It may be noticed, moreover, that, in the regular class experiments, very often the results are not as evident and satisfactory as would be desirable, and there is not always sufficient time to repeat the experiment till the best results have been attained. When working alone, in preparing for an entertainment, students can repeat their experiments as often as is necessary or desired and thereby learn that the occasional partial failure of an experiment is not a belying of the theory but a result of the neglect of some details of apparatus based on some other law, which also they learn, as well as the importance of paying attention to all details. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the attention due this work. Everyone, but especially those in the higher classes, ought to know the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of the sciences, and there is no better way of acquiring that knowledge than by supplementing the text-book with laboratory work. Our system is an admirable one, comparable indeed with that in vogue in any similar institution, and if anyone in the Science classes pays anything like respectable attention to class matter,

both theoretical and experimental, he can not fail acquiring sufficient knowledge of the matter to be able to appreciate, slightly at least, anything that, in after years, he may read or hear relating to the natural sciences.

### LISTEN.

It has been truly said that he who speaks sows, but he who listens reaps, and as constant sowing without reaping tends to impoverish, so constant speaking without listening has a draining effect. That man's mind must needs be well stored, whose tongue is incessantly going, and who never for a single moment seems to suspect that perhaps others would like to "edge in a word" occasionally. His learning must be deep and varied, his travels extensive, his powers of observation acute, and his manner of speaking pleasing, and even fascinating. But how many of our loquacious fellow-mortals possess these requisites? The young college don, who has skimmed lightly over a few pages of history and philosophy, whose travels are almost entirely confined to one or two trips annually to and from his Alma Mater, whose knowledge of the world without rarely extends beyond the dancing-hall, the billiard-room, or the diamond, and whose conversation is principally made up of all the technicalities and cant of various trades and professions, would fain astonish the world with his vast stores of erudition, and consider it an insult should anyone dare to interrupt his childish babble. He is prepared for everything, to preach, teach, dance, sing, or referee a foot-ball match. He knows it all, and the world must profit by his learning. He is all motion, hic et ubique like Hamlet's ghost, always displaying his wonderful fund of acquired knowledge. How different the real student. He knows his place, both how and when to speak. He knows that erudition and garrulity are rarely

found together, that he who has travelled most and is best conversant with men and manners is generally the most reticent and that the best *raconteurs*, the most agreeable companions, are often the most attentive listeners. He has not only learned when to listen, but what is more difficult, how to listen. With him listening is an art, no less easy to acquire than the art of speaking or of writing. He knows by experience that to arrest the current of his own thoughts, and concentrate his mind upon the words and thoughts of another require an active, and often a determined effort, always difficult at first, but rendered comparatively easy by constant and diligent practice. The passive listener is a sure failure. He has eyes and he sees not, ears and he hears not. That dull, vacant, dreamy stare is an infallible mark of the false listener. The mind has organs, which when free to act, command the organs of the body, so that in the same proportion as the former are active the latter are idle. They carry us to distant shores, place us in the midst of dear friends, gaze upon fond faces, listen to kind words, and as suddenly hurry us back to the scene of our labors, where perhaps a teacher has been endeavouring to render the working of some abstruse problem intelligible, or a friend has been relating one of his most interesting stories. What a dull, irritating student, what an unsocial, disagreeable companion the poor listener is! And yet he would fain have all hear him. It is just this power of listening, of concentration of mind, of reasoning and forming judgments as we listen, that distinguishes the scholar and real student from the loquacious world-enlightener of superficial fame. Who has not been compelled, at least once in his life, to sit "like his grandsires cut in alabaster," and listen with sad civility to some such bore as he scattered his chaff to the winds of heaven? Truly a little learning

is a dangerous thing. Is it not strange that such egotism, such downright neglect of the ordinary rules of politeness should thus pervade society? It is, and yet when we consider that scarcely one, out of every ten of the future members of society, who devote hours together to the cultivation of the art of speaking, ever bestows a thought on how to listen well, our surprise is greatly diminished. To be able to clothe our ideas in beautiful language is an accomplishment worthy of much praise, but it must be remembered that words lose much of their beauty and force when starving for ideas. First get the ideas, arrange them well, ponder on them, and language beautiful and forcible enough to give them expression will be found without much trouble. Ideas may be had in two ways, either from the dull, cold page, or hot from the living voice. The former requires study, the latter an attentive ear. One is slow and unimpressive, the other quick and lasting. One is irksome and fatiguing, the other pleasing and comparatively easy. One is absolutely necessary to form the mind, the other cannot be despised without grave loss. He who combines both, who is as ready to be taught by others as to teach, is surest to succeed in life, and is safest from the wanton twaddle of the empty pedant

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#### *LATIN AND GREEK.*

Are Latin and Greek as difficult as they are commonly said to be? Does the discredit in which they are often held among students owe its existence to real difficulty or to the powers of imagination of the college boy?

Every language comprises four different parts: words, forms, construction and pronunciation.

The pronunciation, which, in modern languages, is for foreigners the most diffi-

cult study of all, and which is but seldom perfectly mastered by them, in spite of long and tedious exercises, does not present any difficulty as far as Greek and Latin are concerned. In a very short time, one knows as much as the best scholar.

Latin words are not very much harder to learn and retain than French or German words, and when one knows Latin and English he has a good stock of Greek roots. We are inclined to think that the difficulty of learning Latin and Greek words does not come so much from the language itself as from the poor method the average student uses, if he uses any method at all. Instead of carefully treasuring every word he meets, he flings it negligently into his mind, which soon resembles a shop in disorder—everything is there but nothing can be found. Every word should be reduced to its root, then connected with similar words of the same language or of our mother tongue, and firmly fixed in the mind. This may seem a long way to the perfect acquisition of a vocabulary; there is no other, and followed without halt or deviation it leads quickly and pleasantly to an accurate knowledge of the force of the words of all the languages which we are studying. This method will obviate the necessity of thumbing one's dictionary again and again to find the same word. Bear in mind that unless you have mastered the vocabulary of a language, you cannot pretend to know that language.

The study of Latin and Greek forms, though more complex than those of French or German, does not exceed a few weeks' work for the regular forms of declension and conjugation. The irregular forms are few in Latin; they are more numerous in Greek, but not much more so than in any modern language. If we avail ourselves of the excellent methods of our teachers, these most important parts of Latin and

Greek etymology will soon have no more secrets for us.

As to construction, Greek is much more like English than Latin is, and the Latin constructions, unless one pretends to a Ciceronian style, are accessible to any one, as the rules are few and simple.

In Latin and Greek the study of pronunciation is the work of a very short time, whilst it is a life-long study, for foreigners, in modern languages: the constructions in the ordinary cases do not cause any serious obscurity in the text; forms, regular as well as irregular, require only few weeks' work with the methods in use in our *Alma Mater*. The vocabulary is hard, but not much more so than the French or the German, and the surplus of work spent on the Greek or Latin vocabulary does not equal one-tenth of the extra work required to acquire the pronunciation of a modern language.

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#### OBITUARY.

We have to record the death of one more ex-student of our college, Mr. Arthur Cecil Sylvain, who died on March 28th at the age of eighteen years and six months. Mr. Sylvain was a student in the Engineering course during the year '90-91 and again for part of the year '91-92, when he left college to take a position on a government survey in the Northwest. While on the survey he met with an accident, receiving a cut on the leg. For some months he was under medical attendance at Calgary, and recovered sufficiently to enable him to return to Ottawa in December last, when he entered the General Hospital. Later on blood poisoning set in and his long confinement brought about consumption, and death soon ensued. Deceased was a hard-working student, and was of a good-natured, manly disposition. To his parents, grief-stricken at the loss of their eldest son, the Owl extends the heart-felt sympathy of the faculty and students of the University.

May he rest in peace.

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#### OUR MISSIONARIES.

The superiors of the Oblate order some time ago made the University the headquarters of two Missionary Fathers. That this was a happy appointment, and one highly appreciated by the Pastors of this and neighbouring dioceses, is attested by the large number of missions and retreats given by Rev. Fathers O'Riordan and Lagier, during the past few months.

Rev. Father O'Riordan, who completed his theological studies in the University in '74, is a veteran missionary, having been for years actively engaged in missionary work in the States. He left some time ago for the West, to respond to numerous calls for missions and retreats in the dioceses of St. Boniface, St. Albert and New Westminster. We have been pleased to see press mentions of his success at Winnipeg, Brandon and Calgary. Rev. Father Lagier returned a few days ago after several weeks' preaching in the parishes of Buckingham, St. Isidore de Prescott, Curran, diocese of Ottawa: St. Jacques le Mineur, diocese of Montreal, and St. Nazaire, diocese of Sherbrook.

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#### ENCOURAGING.

The following lines are taken from *The New Jersey Trade Review*, a semi-monthly publication widely known in the Eastern States as an authority on commercial matters, and as possessing a first-class literary department. Mr. Paul V. Flynn is editor. We would have to go back several generations of students to find any of his classmates; St. Joseph's College has become the University of Ottawa since his time. *Alma Mater* knows enough of Mr. Flynn, however, to be proud of him. Read: "Some time since we received an exceedingly interesting number of that very creditable magazine, the Owl, edited by the students of St. Joseph's University at Ottawa. We know of no University periodical in America containing better literary matter than this, and it speaks well for the future of Canadian literature that such good work can emanate from one of its colleges - an institution in which it was our privilege to read the classics more than a quarter of a century ago. We have space to mention but one or two of the articles in the Owl, though all are

respectable. Among the prose contributions John R. O'Connor's review of Tennyson is appreciative and discriminating, and there is interesting material in the unsigned article on "Father Lacombe and Crowfoot." By far the best piece of verse is by Rev. Aeneas Macdonell Dawson, D.D., LL.D., who is well known to literature as a skilful and pleasing poet as well as a most forcible writer in "the common language of men." The Reverend Dr. Dawson's poem is called: "To the Children of St. Clair," and has an application and meaning beyond the general uses of poetry. It is a homily on practical Christian life, told with almost the brevity and quaintness of George Herbert. It breathes a holy calm and comes evidently from deep religious feeling. We have seen few religious poems of the day, and none certainly from Canada, as grand as this, and we congratulate both the author and his adopted country that they are in possession of verse power equal to voicing the religious aspirations of its Catholic people."

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A meeting of the professors, graduates and undergraduates of Toronto University assembled a few days ago for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the production of the "Antigone" next fall.

The Victoria College "Jackson Society" in a letter to the *Empire*, among other things, wishes it to be distinctly understood that its last meeting was not closed by the singing of a hymn. Of course not; this would be unmanly, you know.

It is rumored that President Cleveland is about to appoint Maurice F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, as Minister to Greece. Professor Egan belongs to the best class of American Irishmen and is well deserving of the above position. If he receive the appointment we may expect more good poetry and at least one more good novel from the pen of this pleasing writer.

The minor poets of Great Britain are making efforts to form a brotherhood for

"protection and defence." They seek, it is said, to bring about a better appreciation of minor poets and to secure for them a status in the community. We are of the opinion that it is the reading public which should form a brotherhood for "protection" against the rehashed nothings which these "minor poets" serve up. Let the "minor poets" get an idea sometime, and when they have it, let them write it down without putting it into bad poetry; the public will recognize it and no "protection" will be necessary.

Father Elliott has resigned the editorship of the *Catholic World* to devote himself to the giving of missions to non-Catholics in different parts of the States. Father Elliott is eminently fitted for the task he has undertaken; at one time a soldier in the Civil War, again a successful lawyer, and now an exponent of manly Catholic piety, he is just such a man as every true American admires, and one among the few to whom many of the indifferent will listen.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, author of a valuable work entitled "Sladen's Youngest Poets of America," and also of a book or travel in Japan, the "Japs at Home," if now preparing a book similar to the latter, on Canada. It is said that to read the "Japs at Home" is as good as a visit to Japan, and if this be so, we may expect to find something equally good in the new Canadian book. Some of the principal points described will be Nova Scotia (the Home of Evangeline); Quebec, the Ancient Capital; St. Anne's, P.Q., the Canadian Home of Tom Moore; Montreal, the principal city of Canada; the Thousand Islands; and New Westminster and Victoria in the far west.

Some half-dozen Catholic landlords in Ireland are opposing the Home Rule Bill on the ground that it is dangerous to Catholicism. The Church in Ireland must indeed be in a sad state when with all its priests and prelates it has not wisdom enough to see the impending danger, until the landlords have to point it out. How solicitous those gentlemen are all at once for the welfare of the Church. But as Shakespeare says, "There is a why, and

wherefore in all things," and in this case the why and wherefore are so evident that no explanation is required.

The authorities of Notre Dame University, Indiana, have this year made an excellent choice in presenting the Lactare medal to Mr. Patrick Donahoe. This medal is one of honor to be conferred annually on a layman for signal services in the cause of Church and country. We know of no layman in the States more worthy to receive such an honor than Mr. Donahoe, who, since the year 1836, when he founded the *Boston Pilot*, has been most untiring in his defence of everything Catholic and Irish. Mr. Donahoe's reply to the address accompanying the presentation was characteristic of himself. Among other things, he said: "If I have done some good in my long day, to God, who helped me, be the honor. I who was of the little Irish Catholic flock when it was poor and despised—I who have lived under the spiritual guidance of every one of Boston's bishops, thank God that He has spared me to the day of American Cardinals and Catholic universities, and ten millions of American Catholics, and an Irish Catholic Consul-General at London. I am proud to look back over seventy years of history, and borrowing another's words, say: 'All of this I saw, and a little of it I was.'"

The Catholic Summer School now permanently located near Plattsburgh, has obtained a charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York, so that its property will be exempt from taxation and it will have the authority to grant diplomas. We also learn from the *Catholic World* that negotiations are being carried on to secure Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier College, New York City, for the course on ethical problems; Brother Azarias for the course on educational epochs; Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic University, Washington, for the course on literature; Rev. J. A. Zahm, of Notre Dame University, for the course on science and religion; Rev. J. A. Doonan, S. J., for the course on mental philosophy; and Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., of London, editor of the *Month*, for the course on the philosophy of history.

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—Benziger Bros., New York.—This is a safe Primer to place in the hands of beginners of History. The language, while accurate, is so simple that it can be understood by any child, and besides there is something in the manner of describing the different incidents, that is bound to captivate. In addition to this, numerous illustrations of more than ordinary excellence, embellish the little volume and constitute a further interest for the pupil. With all this, it is still not precisely what is required. A history entitled "Outlines of American History"—properly so called—and which would supply a knowledge of the history, not alone of the United States, but of an important portion of our continent beyond the borders of the union, would be more fitting and better calculated to meet the wants of the average pupil. By studying our own history we learn to admire ourselves, but it is only by studying our neighbors' history that we can appreciate ourselves at our proper value.

CANADA for March contains original poems, stories, and other contributions of great merit. The *Monthly Record* presents at a glance everything of importance that has transpired in the Dominion during the month. This excellent monthly journal, now in its third year, has many features that render it almost indispensable in Canadian homes. This year the publisher makes a special offer to new subscribers, who may receive *Canada* for a whole year by remitting 30 cents in stamps to Matthew R. Knight, Hampton, New Brunswick. The regular subscription price is 50 cents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN—Though somewhat late in reaching it, we cannot, on account of the exceptional worth of the January issue, refrain from a passing notice of this popular magazine. The best of the number in question is "Japan Revisited," by Sir Edwin Arnold, with profuse illustrations, by the author; then comes "Four Famous Artists," and a sample of their work by way of an illustration by Gerald Campbell. "The Mak-



ing of an Illustrated Magazine" is written so admirably and the details so cleverly arranged that every trace of the dreaded advertisement is banished and a thoroughly interesting article is the result. "The Beauties of the American Stage" by Jos. P. Read and "The Confessions of an Autograph-hunter," by Charles Robinson, have special merit, the latter in particular, on account of the many leaves which the author has shown us from his apparently well-filled album. R. H. Stoddard writes on "The English Laureates"—a field that is entirely his own, though in the present case Mr. Stoddard occasionally exceeds on the side of severity. The number closes with an intensely interesting tale, "The Lost Island," by Louise V. Seldon.

HERMIGILD OR THE TWO CROWNS—A tragedy in five acts by Rev. John Oechtering, for a copy of which we are indebted to the *Aze Maria*, of Notre Dame, Ind. Hermigild is founded on certain difficulties between the Visigoths and their Spanish subjects, arising apparently from the abandonment by Prince Hermigild, of the Arian Creed and the adoption of Catholicity, but which in reality come from unbridled jealousy and ambition in the royal court. The brave and generous Hermigild is forced to forfeit his provinces and his right of succession to his father's crown, but for a moment escapes the capital penalty, only, however, to fall a victim to this even later on, when he inherits, we must suppose, the more valuable crown of eternal glory. That is a moving passage where King Leovig, the unconscious dupe of scheming admirers, is made to sign the death-warrant of his own son. The play does not lack action, the first act perhaps excepted, and if Hermigild is the embodiment of all that is good and noble founded upon higher than earthly motives, the bitter fruits of long-cherished hate, are splendidly portrayed in the characters of Goswin and Argimund. For presentation an elaborate scenic equipment is indispensable. With this secured, Hermigild should be a decided success.

"A GENTLEMAN" is the latest work from the able pen of the erudite Maurice

F. Egan, LL.D., Notre Dame, Indiana. As its title indicates, it is a guide to students in the difficult art of never inflicting pain;" and a truly reliable guide it will prove to our young men. No book is so distasteful to young people as one on good manners, and the rules of etiquette are as unpalatable as those of logic; a student blushes to be seen perusing on the subject, and nevertheless this study is an all-important one. The author of "A Gentleman" has really succeeded in sugar-coating a most beneficial medicine, and a strict observance of his carefully selected precepts is sure to make of our Catholic students perfect gentlemen. The chapters "what to read," and the "Home Book Shelf" deserve especial attention. They are pregnant with valuable information. In them the author upholds his claim to his high literary reputation. Now-a-days the old Roman maxim of "*Non multa sed multum*" is too easily forgotten, and many young men measure their education by the number of books they have read. Let our collegemen be reading men, but let it not be the cursory perusal of the romance. However, let them understand that the "reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift." The little book is beautifully written and is a handsome addition to the Home Book Shelf. We hope to see it introduced into our Catholic colleges, assured that it will be a boon to students.

The number of gentlemen cannot but increase with the widespread reading of the last effort of Indiana's learned professor. The printing and binding of the book is very creditable to the publishers, Penzger Bros.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The March number of the *Highlander*, from Denver, Colorado, is replete with interesting literary articles and college news. We find real pleasure in perusing "The Value of Formal Logic." And we heartily endorse its writer's statement when he says: "The greatest amount of intellectual fraud, of mental wreckage, is imposed upon our minds because we want to go too fast without the necessary precautions. So long as the appearance is good we are too often satisfied." In our hum-

ble opinion there is too much of what is termed "show" or "bluff," connected with not a few educational systems and educational institutions. Even in the average college prospectus the figure of hyperbole is used too frequently, and its limits are often extended beyond all due proportions.

The *Villanova Monthly*, a comparatively young aspirant for honors in college journalism, sends forth an excellent Easter number. "Law and Liberty," in prose, and "A Vision of Easter Eve," in poetry, more than repay perusal.

In the *Washington Jeffersonian* appears a thoughtful article entitled "Thoughts from Gerkie on Success." The writer says: "Health is one great necessity to success, but health is a gift of industry." This is a fact that too many students lose sight of. They are ever afraid of doing themselves injury by overwork, and often this fear is the sum total of their precautions for the preservation of health. Proper care of health is all-necessary, but such care does not imply the total or even partial exclusion of hard work. As a matter of fact, the hardest intellectual workers are generally healthy, long-lived men. Continuing, the writer says: "Men without individuality, without opinions of their own, are merely the lay figures of the world, ciphers of humanity, who need some true man to stand before them to give them value. They never know their own minds, but, like Coleridge, debate with themselves the whole journey, which side of the road they will take, and meanwhile keep winding from one side to the other in their dilemma. Self-respect lies at the bottom of manly decision. Self-reliance means other men looking to you, the want of self-reliance means you looking to other men. A strong will draws men and things after it as a boat does the drift in its wake." It is a lamentable fact that individuality of character is not sufficiently cultivated by the vast majority of students. Too many are ever waiting to hear and see what others say and do before acting or speaking themselves. Such conduct bespeaks a pitiable absence of manliness. For this reason it is that we always have, and still oppose, college secret societies. And for this reason also

we oppose the notion of college spirit too often given utterance to by a number of our exchanges. College spirit in its place is a commendable thing, but when it steps out of its place and attempts to rob the student of his independence and individuality of character, we say away with it.

### SOCIETIES.

The Senior Debating Society brought its meetings for this season to a close by a "Mock Parliament," on March 26th. In choosing this manner of closing the regular debates, the committee ventured on a previously unbeaten path in the history of the Society; they feared for its success at first, but thanks to the gentlemen who were entrusted with the minute details, the parliament was an unqualified success. Canada was supposed to be independent, and a cabinet consisting of Messrs. F. McDougal (leader), Cullen, L. J. Kehoe, and Smith, formed a line of policy, which, in their opinion would serve the true interests of their country. Against this government, an opposition composed of Messrs. Newman (leader), Murphy, Jos. McDougal and Cavanagh introduced a "want of confidence motion," and supported it by vigorous and eloquent speeches. Mr. C. Mea filled the office of Speaker to the satisfaction of all, and Mr. W. S. Froderick in the united capacity of Clerk of the Commons and Sergeant-at-Arms was entirely in his element. To criticise the speakers individually would be beyond our scope, suffice it to say that they all spoke well, and entered into the spirit of the debate with all possible vim. Special mention, however, must be made of the splendid speeches of Messrs. F. McDougal and Cullen for the government, and Messrs. Murphy, Jos. McDougal and Cavanagh for the opposition. These gentlemen seemed to carry all before them, and several times the uproar in the House baffled all the efforts of the speaker. Only members of the Senior Debating Society were allowed to vote, and when the yeas and nays were called for, the government was overthrown by a majority of seven votes. Judging by the enthusiasm displayed at this "Mock parliament," we feel certain that the future history of the Society will often record other efforts of

this kind for instruction and much amusement to the listeners is obtained.

The Juniors concluded the successful work done in their Society this year, by an excellent entertainment on St. Patrick's eve. The programme was lengthy and showed careful work on the part of those taking a share in it. It embraced two well-rendered selections by a chorus composed of Messrs. Kenny, Donegan, McAtee, Fleming, Looney, McKenna, Clancy, and Christopher; Recitation by J. Bonner; Violin Solo, E. Burns; Speech, J. McGary; Song, J. Kenny; Recitation, M. McKenna; Song, J. Donegan; Speech, J. Tierney; Song, J. Clark; Speech, J. Quilty; Song, R. Christopher; Recitation, J. O'Meara; Flute Solo, L. Leighton; Speech, F. Joyce. Mr. J. Foley was chairman for the evening.

The French debaters though not so strong numerically as the members of the other societies, were not at all behind in their closing entertainment, which consisted of the following excellent programme:— Address by the President, Mr. Raymond; Reading, Mr. Bédard; Declamation, Mr. Bisailon; Song, Mr. G. Caron; Recitation, Mr. S. Choquette; Clarionet Solo, Mr. J. Tassé; Declamation, Mr. A. Barrette; Song, Mr. Jacques; Recitation Mr. Lacaillade; Song, Mr. Choquette; Recitation, Mr. Vincent; Recitation, Mr. Bisailon; Song, Mr. Lacaillade; Declamation, Mr. Letourneau; Dialogue, Messrs. Raymond and Choquette.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

Pizarro, or the Spaniards in Peru, was the title of a play rendered by the College Dramatic Association on the occasion of its annual entertainment on the evening of Tuesday, April 11th. The piece has to deal with incidents in connection with the conquest of Peru by the Spanish forces under Pizarro. The plot hinges on the desertion from the Spanish ranks of Alonzo, who, shocked by the injustice of his commander towards the Peruvians, resolves on casting in his lot with the latter, as an ally of Rolla, their brave leader. This arouses the anger of Pizarro

who is filled with the desire of ruining the hopes of his erstwhile follower. Though gaining apparent temporary success in his scheme of cruel revenge, his plans are frustrated by the united daring action of Alonzo and Rolla, who sacrifices his life for the safety of his friend. The curtain falls in the last act on the triumph of the noble-hearted Alonzo over the relentless Pizarro. Following is the caste of characters:—

Ataliba, King of the Peruvians.....	J. F. Coyne
Rolla, Peruvian General .....	J. A. McDougall
Orano, " " .....	J. A. Bonner
Alonzo, Spaniard commanding Per. Forces	M. J. McKenna
Orozembo, Peruvian Cacique....	E. M. O'Malley
Mircasso, his Attendant .....	J. E. McDowell
Pizarro, Spanish Commander.....	H. C. Coyne
Elviro, his Secretary.....	J. C. Johnston
Almagro, Spanish General.....	W. W. Walsh
Gonzalo, " " .....	W. J. Collins
Davillo, " " .....	F. G. Peters
Gomez, Spanish Soldier .....	E. A. Donegan
Valverde, Spanish Attendant .....	J. H. Peters
Navarez, " " .....	T. C. Clancy
Las Casas, riar (Spanish).....	J. F. Griffin
Old Man, Peruvian.....	J. C. Sullivan
Peruvian Boy.....	J. P. McDougall
Spanish Sentinel.....	P. Furlong
Alonzo's Child.....	Adelard Duquette
Spanish and Peruvian Soldiers.	

The character of Pizarro was splendidly portrayed by Mr. H. C. Coyne, who showed himself an adept in the histrionic line. Mr. Jos. McDougall as Rolla sustained his reputation and gave a very acceptable rendition of the part. Mr. M. J. McKenna, a new figure on the College boards, assumed the role of Alonzo in a pleasing and finished manner. The remaining members of the caste, especially Messrs. Griffin, Johnston, O'Malley and Sullivan ably contributed their quota towards the evening's success. The College Band, as usual, under the skilful leadership of Rev. Father Gervais, assisted in no small degree towards rendering the programme attractive. Prof. Glasmacher under whose direction the rehearsals were held, must have felt gratified at the success of his efforts. It is needless to say that the costuming and stage fittings were worthy of the occasion when it is remembered that Father Constantineau was in

charge. Mr. Tetreau, during the third act, rendered a pleasing solo voice, and the chorus under him testified to his abilities as an instructor in music.

The students were treated to a very pleasing Easter entertainment this year. It was opened by a well-rendered selection from the chorus of the Junior Debating Society, which, together with a song by Mr. T. Rigney were deservedly encored. Mr. Cavanagh followed with an interesting lecture on Irish Patriots, which was rendered most interesting by stereopticon views. Then came Messrs. W. S. Proderick and G. Gaul in an amusing burlesque on magic. The evening was brought to a close by views of prominent Canadian statesmen whose lives were presented in an excellent lecture by Mr. J. P. Smith.

The French students of the University repeated, "Les Piastres Rouges" of which we gave an extended notice in the February OWL at the Opera House on Easter Monday evening. The play passed off most successfully; the large audience which greeted the students expressed its satisfaction by repeated applause, and a good sum was realized for the benefit of St. Anne's Church.

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### ATHLETICS.

On the advent of spring the college athlete has no means of retaining his hardness of muscle, save by a vigorous indulgence in the pick and shovel drill, that is annually inaugurated for the purpose of making Nature hustle, as it were, in the drying of our campus. The hocky season is o'er, and the rust that accumulated on the athletes' skates, after that last practice when there were about three inches of water on the ice, will likely remain there, (and have all summer to corrode the "very best steel,") until the athlete will hunt up those skates and draw them forth from the depths of his wardrobe next December, and, by a process of vigorous friction, remove the aforesaid rust. But, the only thing that bothers him just at present, is the outlook for the baseball season.

And as the strength of our baseball team is about as unknown as anything that the algebraic  $x$  was ever called upon to repre-

sent, the poor athlete's brain must be considerably befuddled when he allows his thoughts to wander o'er the baseball diamond. And if, after last year's defeat at the hands of the O.A.A.C. men, he persuades himself that Varsity will have an easy time in defeating the city teams, he is merely allowing his imagination to steal a base on his common sense.

To come down to plain matter-of-fact talk, if our ball tossers set to work as soon as they will, and continue to practice as diligently as they will, there is no danger of them becoming too proficient in the game, for such players as they will meet in the city teams. The latter teams, especially the O. A. A. C. nine, comprise players that have a handicap of experience on our players and if Varsity wishes to score victory over such opponents, it must be one, due to serious and steady practice in "sacrifice hits," "stealing bases," and the other strategic points that make baseball a scientific game.

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### JUNIOR NOTES.

The unfavorable weather of the latter part of the month of March and the beginning of the month of April, always renders the doings of the Juniors comparatively quiet. The gymnasium, where a number of in-door sports is indulged in, is the chief scene of action during this part of the year. Pigeon-hole seems to be the most popular pastime at present, and the table is pretty freely patronized at each recreation. Among these who are attaining great proficiency in the handling of the cue are: Tourangeau, Constantineau, and Dempsey.

Among our mail a few days ago was a brief communication signed B. K. which called for the immediate "removal" of the College cat. We placed the letter in the hands of our Junior reporter. There are two reasons, he says, which justify our refusal to publish the communication referred to. In the first place it is contrary to the rules of all well conducted journals to publish anything to which the name and address of the writer is not appended; and secondly, there is a "felonious" vein running through the article which is entirely opposed to the spirit of this department.

The visit of Mr. Corbett to the city a

few days ago caused a slight flutter of excitement among some of our sporting friends. Dan and Hugh were greatly impressed with the bearing of the Californian and report that the champion was highly pleased with his visit to the Capital.

The ex-manager of the disbanded Harmony Club has, we understand, gone into the training profession. He is at present engaged in fitting an aspirant for the wrestling championship which will be contested for in a few weeks.

We have been informed by our reporter that a person whom we honored with a mention in our columns last month has threatened to call down upon us the paternal ire. So long as the repository of the impending wrath is stationed at a distance not less than one hundred miles from our person we feel secure; but we would request our informant to notify us during the next few weeks of any hotel arrivals from Syracuse.

Cascamillo's six months' run in "Old Madrid" terminated on April 3rd. After a week's rest he will be found at his old post. His office hours are from 5.45 to 6.45 and 10.30 to 12. a.m.; and from 4.30 to 6.30, and 7.30 to 8.45 p.m.

The manager of the second base-ball team has received, from the captain of the "Peerless" nine, a challenge for a match to be played on Wednesday, April 26th. The following well known players compose the latter team: T. Finnegan, short stop (capt.); J. Dempsey pitcher; J. McGuire catcher; P. O'Neil first base; T. Hedekin second base; H. Tourangeau third base; W. Richardson right field; H. Pinard centre; T. Powers left field.

The Junior editor offers a free trip to Hull, to the person sending him the exact location and population of Do, Ont. None but members of the First and Second grades are permitted to take part in this competition.

Don't fail to see Greenwood and Tim in the "Five cent shave" on Saturday afternoon, April 29th.

Physics has succeeded, J. McGuire as captain of the Knights of the Pick. The latter has, as is announced in a preceding paragraph, signed articles for the season with the manager of the "peerless" nine.

The Minister of Agriculture who was "hors de combat," for a few days during the early part of the month, announces him-

self as being again in the ring.

Among those who visited our Sanctum during the past month were "Aimie" and Brunette both ex'03 men. They requested us to assure the members of the J. A. A., that, although their business duties prevent their making their visits as frequently as they would wish, their interest in the welfare of the association has not in the least degree abated.

The following is the rank in class for the month of March.

First Grade	}	1. G. McAuliffe.
		2. J. Tobin.
		3. D. McAuliffe.
Second Grade	}	1. W. Harty.
		2. W. Ryan.
		3. F. Stringer.
Third Grade B	}	1. E. Donegan.
		2. P. Champagne.
		3. A. Rocque.
Third Grade A	}	1. D. Kearns.
		2. J. Martel.
		3. A. Mackie.
Fourth Grade	}	1. A. Belanger.
		2. J. Burgess.
		3. B. Petrie.

#### FLORES.

HE WAS A BRIGHT CHILD.

Lord Macauley was a very bright child. When he was still very young, he showed that he had as fine a collection of words in his vocabulary as many a grown man, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. "One day when little Tom Macauley had been specially prompt in his lessons, his father took him to an afternoon reception. Tom was only five years old; but he was delighted to go and looked forward with joy to the good things which he would have to eat. No sooner had he entered the door, however, than a waiter stumbled over him and upset a plate full of hot soup on the poor little fellow's legs. Smarting with pain, though he was, the little hero would not mar the pleasure of the occasion by crying. His kindhearted hostess gave him some candies and sweet cakes and held him on her lap.

"Are you better, Tom?" she asked a few minutes later.

"I thank you, Adam, the agony is abated," replied the little five-year-old with a bow.

And that was the way the great Macauley talked when he was still in Knicker-bockers.

## ULULATUS.

Some more besides already!

Towser and Schnider are a *handy* pair to tackle.

"Pompadour Jim" may be thankful that he did not run up against our "Michigan Cyclone" while in the city. Too bad you did not get that permission, Dan.

## SPRING!

O Spring, fair Spring; thou prolific thing!  
What marvels of music thy footsteps bring!  
Let thy praise resound, let the welkin ring,  
Whilst the muse still lives and the poets still sing;

She comes, she comes, we have called her long;  
She comes o'er the mountain with light and song;

In the little bud wrapped in its verdant coat;  
In the song that swells in the Robin's throat;  
In the flowing locks of the vernal poet;  
In the glad, green earth, that was out of sight—  
Thro' a long Canadian winter's night,  
But that now emerges as smiling bright  
As the student roused from his cozy bed  
Ere the frisky, frolicsome morning light  
Has painted the levant City red.

She comes in the nick of this gladsome time  
When the gay plumed singers revisit our clime—  
And the plumeless singers as rich in rhyme—  
When the rain-drops rattle their restless chime,  
And the brooklets murmur their strains sublime,  
When the clumsy Bruin, that had run to hair,  
Paw-nourished for months in his frozen lair,  
Comes forth with a wild and vacant stare  
For a whiff of our pure, dry, bracing air,  
Like the fuming fiend that would fain regale  
His dejected wits with a short inhale.

She comes, she comes, as was said of old.  
With Lagrippe or other infernal cold,  
She comes, oh yes! with the emerald bud  
And trowsers spotted with slush and mud,  
With sweet combinations that raise the soul,  
And the prices of wheat, and corn and coal,  
To tennis-voterics she brings content;  
To tenants, the landlord for last year's rent.  
There's no one to whom she does not bring  
Some source of joy or some bitter sting,  
For her fragrant but fever freighted breath  
Bears the seeds of life and the germs of death.

"Rich and Rare"—a generous millionaire.

"Out of sight"—the blind beggar.

A Bank Draft—Newfoundland cod.

Gumdrops—when the prof. sends John to the box.

Tim: In what does der seat of yer Canadian Government resemble der head of Little Lord Fontleroy?

Tommy: In the flowing locks behind.

Drowsy Pupil, (who suddenly awakes on hearing the prof. expatiating on the hazards bound up in the Wheel of Fortune) mildly interrogates: "Say, do you think the Wheel of Fortune is square?"

Class Light (with *ready* wit): "No; it's round!"

Everything went smoothly and from the beginning of the year he successfully worked his bluff and sat in the host's place at the head of the Infirmary table. But something unusual must have occurred. Perhaps the favorable mention he received last month upset his gravity, for we notice that he has been sent back to eat with the rest of the boys. He will soon have his *car* on the track again—though with a new scheme.

The member for Hogs-Back, though of *French* origin, advocated the abolition of the Dual language.

The majority of the Seniors, with the advent of spring, have removed from their upper lip, that known to philosophers as a langivle entity or mental concept.

On the government side were a noble crowd,  
Of men both tried and true,  
But their eloquence was for nothing  
Against the mob, and *Brian Boru*.

They talked lacrosse all winter, but now when its season is at hand and all the ice has gone in keeping with their principle of contrariety. "Dan" "from up the creek" and "the tapeworm" are all the time disputing about hockey.