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REVIEW

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 3.

AUBREY DE VERE AS A SONNETEER.

(Conclusion.)

AUBREY DE VERE has, at intervals, during a long life, written a very great number of sonnets on a correspondingly great number of subjects. As I have before intimated, the form he favors is the severely classical, or Petrarchan, but he generally allows himself much freedom in the sestet, or minor system. The sonnets may be found scattered among the volumes entitled *Irish Odes, and other Poems*; *The Search after Proserpine, and Alexander the Great, and other Poems*.

To read his poems, more especially the sonnets, is to become conscious of a cooler atmosphere than we of this age of electricity and steam habitually live in, a condition to which our quick mental respiration does not readily adjust itself, and it requires effort really to appreciate the work. I make this statement deliberately fronting the fact that many of the sonnets are alight with passion, and marked with color and originality in degrees that far outstrip many of his poems in other forms. Notwithstanding these qualities that appeal to almost everyone, the proper appreciation of the De Vere sonnets calls for a distinct effort on the part of the reader. This effort once made, we are repaid fourfold for our attention. We must stretch ourselves to

look any true poet in the eyes, and the process never fails to add something to our mentality. Capacity for passing from the finite to the infinite, for interpreting the high instincts of our nature, have been adduced as cardinal marks of all lofty imaginations. But lofty imaginations are not too plentiful. In general, it is as easy for a barn-yard fowl to keep pace with the flight of an eagle, as it is for an average intelligence to vie with the soaring mind of a poet. Yet, the barn-yard fowl, if it possess the smallest atom of hen-sense, a single gleam of instinct above the worm it devours, must find a thrilling and ennobling sensation in following the eagle afar off, and the analogy, as it touches that multitudinous identity, the average intelligence, is surely too obvious to require statement in words.

The poet, in a sonnet on, "Poetic Reserve," assures us :

"Not unwillingly the muses sing of love."

That he would experience no trouble in amassing an enormous mass of evidence to prove his proposition, readers of poetry will, I have no doubt, agree. His own contributions to the shrine of Cupid are, however, like angels visits, few and far between. But the few examples he has given deserve attention. Be the subject a sweetheart or a cloistered nun, and she might be either, the following lovely sonnet, entitled "Her Beauty," was written in close sympathy with that love of beauty, pure and simple, of which Keats was the first prophet to the British barbarians :

HER BEAUTY.

A tranced beauty dwells upon her face,
 A lustrous summer-calm of peace and prayer ;
 In those still eyes the keenest gaze can trace
 No sad disturbance, and no trace of care.
 Peace rests upon her lips, and forehead fair,
 And temples unadorned, a cloistral grace
 Says to the gazer over-bold, "Beware,"
 Yet love hath made her breast his dwelling-place.
 An awful night abideth with the pure,
 And theirs the only wisdom from above.
 She seems to listen to some strain obscure
 Of music in sidereal regions wove,
 Or to await some more transcendent dower
 From heaven descending on her like a dove.

It is interesting to get a look at the operations of a great artist's mind, to see how the rough material is worked up into the finished article. As a sample of the ceaseless care with which the poet clasps and clamps, alters and polishes, it may be useful to give the several alterations the foregoing sonnet underwent from its original appearance, for which record I am indebted to the researches of the editor of "The Sonnets of this Century." Here are the alterations: line first, "tranquil beauty"; line second, "lovely, etc."; lines third and fourth, "And the most penetrating eye can trace No sad distraction in her harmless air"; line sixth, "an unknown grace"; line seventh, "surrounds her like a crystal atmosphere"; line eighth, "and love"; line twelfth, "in the upper ether wove"; line thirteenth, "transcendent power." It is scarcely too much to claim that each alteration brought about a great improvement.

As many of my readers are probably aware, the author of the most finished, voluminous comprehensive and valuable of present day poetry written by an Irishman, stands aloof from Irish partisan politics. If he had his way, Ireland would, I think, be ruled by the Church. Unless I mistake the sense, his view of the mission of Ireland can be learned with accuracy from his lines on "The Desolation of the West," one of his Irish odes, wherein he states the conviction that to Ireland

"for earthly scath
In world-wide victories of her faith
Atonement must be made."

But a man may be a patriot without being a partyman. Few Irishmen will quarrel with the tone of the following sonnet, the first of five on Irish Colonization. It was written in 1848, the famine year:

"England, thy sinful past hath found thee out!
Washed was the blood-stain from the perfumed hand:
O'er lips self-righteous smiles demure and bland
Flickered, though still thine eye betrayed a doubt,
When round thy palace rose a people's shout—
'Famine makes lean the Helots' hapless land.'
What made them Helots? gibbet, scourge, and brand,
Plaguings with futile rage a faith devout.
England! six hundred tyrannous years and more,
Trampling a prostrate realm, that strength out-trod,

Which twenty years availed not to restore.
 Thou wert thy brother's keeper—from the sod
 His life-blood crieth, Expiate thou thy crime
 Or bear a branded brow throughout all time."

Although the poet is somewhat out of touch with three-fourths of his countrymen on current political questions, he is, yet, the poet of the moral sentiment, and of the religious faith, if not the heart and aspirations of the Irish people. It is what I may call the outspeaking of faith at every turn that gives his work the real and deep-seated unity which art demands, that of constant purpose and a pervading harmony of tone. If we do not find ourselves thrilled by listening to dogma and denominational religious creeds, when they come in the imposing vehicle of his own ardent faith and believing utterance, it is because dogma and creeds are unfitted for any verse that transcends Dr. Watt's hymns. His glowing religious faith is at once his strength and his weakness. As I have already said in another paper, the poet's efforts to embody metaphysical and theological discussion in beautiful and rhythmic words are in all departments of his poetry, far too persistent and far too unsatisfying. This passion for preaching in verse has deprived more than one of his sonnets of the wide appeal which they might otherwise exercise. I doubt if many admire solemn dogma tricked out in rhyme. For myself, I will own that amidst the grey haze of insoluble and debateable problems I do not care to linger.

Behind this passion for the Irishman's faith, the poet holds the love of the Irishman's land and the Irishman's heroes. The following sonnets, entitled respectively "Sarsfield and Clare," and "The Graves of Tyrconnel and Tyrone" are truly admirable, they have the true stamp; the thought is masculine and the expression masterly; the phrases engrave themselves in the memory, and we catch glimpses of a genuine patriotic thinker, healthful for a time like the present, when, in Ireland, owing to factionism, patriotism and thought seem to be, I hope only for the moment, separated.

SARSFIELD AND CLARE.

Silent they slumber in the unwholesome abode;
 And why lament them? Virtue, too, can die:
 Old wisdom labors in extremity;
 And greatness stands aghast, and cries for aid

Full often ; aye, and honor grows dismayed ;
 And all those eagle hopes, so pure and high,
 Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky
 Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betrayed.
 Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor
 Of this exulting earth, nor place to lie
 Where the thronged marbles awe the passer by :
 True rest is this ; the task, the mission o'er,
 To bide God's time, and man's neglect to bear—
 Hail, loyal Sarsfield ! Hail, high-hearted Clare !

THE GRAVES OF TYRCONNEL AND TYRONE ON SAN PIETRO IN
 MONTORIO.

Within Saint Peter's fane, that kindly hearth
 Where exiles crowned their earthly loads down cast,
 The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past,
 In death more royal thrice than in their birth.
 Near them, within a church of narrow girth
 But with dilated memories yet more vast,
 Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last,
 Their home the holiest spot, save one, on earth.
 This is that Mount that saw Saint Peter die !
 Where stands yon dome stood once that Cross revered :
 From this dread Hill, a Western Calvary,
 The Empire and that Synagogue accurst
 Clashed two ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one
 Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tyrconnel and Tyrone !

These sonnets, I venture to think, are in tone and execution in strict accordance with Aubrey de Vere's own definition of a sonnet, as given in the introduction to the collection he made of the sonnets of his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere. "A true sonnet," says Aubrey de Vere, "is characterized by greatness, not prettiness ; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a combination of many thoughts, but the development of a single thought so large as to be latently, a poem."

In the two following fine sonnets we meet with no little of the observant imagination of the artist :

HORN HEAD, COUNTY OF DONEGAL.

Sister of earth, her sister eldest-born,
 Huge world of waters, how unlike are ye !
 Thy thoughts are not as her thoughts : unto thee
 Her pastoral fancies are as things to scorn :

Thy heart is still with that old hoary morn
 When on the formless deep, the procreant sea,
 God moved alone : of that Infinity,
 Thy portion then, thou art not wholly shorn.
 Scant love hast thou for dells where every leaf
 Boasts its own life, and every brook its song ;
 Thy massive floods down stream from reef to reef
 With one wide pressure ; thy worn cliffs along
 The one insatiate Hunger moans and raves,
 Hollowing its sunless crypts and sanguine caves.

Ireland is a land of ruins. Like the desolate plains of Greece, the hills and valleys of Ireland present numerous masses of ruins that awaken in the sympathetic heart, trains of affecting remembrances. The message which "The Ruins of Emania, near Armagh," whispered to the poet from their lips of mouldering stone, he thus records :

Why seek ye thus the living 'mid the dead ?
 Beneath that mound, within yon circle wide,
 Emania's palace, festive as a bride
 For centuries six, had found its wormy bed
 When here Saint Patrick raised his royal head
 And round him gazed, Perhaps the Apostle sighed
 Even then, to note the fall of mortal pride :
 Full fourteen hundred years since then have fled !
 Then, too, old Ulster's hundred knights were clay ;
 Then, too, the Red Branch warriors slept forlorn ;
 Autumn, perhaps as now a pilgrim grey,
 Counted her red beads on the berried thorn,
 Making her rounds ; while from the daisied sod
 The undiscouraged lark up soared, and praised her God.

Although of patrician birth and blood, the poet, as a fervent Catholic should, always sympathises with the Tribunes more easily than with Coriolanus, so he can say of "Common Life" :

Onward between two mountain warders lies
 The field that man must till. Upon the right,
 Church-thronged, with summit hid by its own height,
 Swells the vast range of the Theologies :
 Upon the left, the hills of Science rise
 Lustrous but cold : nor flower is there, nor blight :
 Between these ranges twain through shade and light
 Winds the low vale wherein the meek and wise
 Repose. The knowledge that excludes not doubt
 Is here ; the arts that beautify man's life :

There rings the choral psalm, the civic shout,
 The genial revel, and the manly strife :
 There by the bridal rose the cypress waves :
 And there the all-best sunshine softest falls on graves.

The departure from rule of the closing Alexandrine may be glossed over as a poetic licence in an otherwise splendid sonnet.

The width of sympathy displayed in the following conception of "Industry" is altogether Shakesperian :

Virtue defamed for sordid, rough and coarse,
 Unworthy of the glimpses of the moon,
 Praise of the clown alone whose heavy shoon
 Kneads the moist clay, nor spares the pure stream's source,
 In thee, how strange is grace ! how fair is force !
 Not thine the boastful plain with carnage strewn,
 Nor chambers wassail-shamed, where late Remorse
 Sits, the last guest ! From ocean on to ocean,
 From citted shore to hills far-forested,
 The increase of earth is thine, in rest or motion ;
 The crown is thine, on every sage's head ;
 The ship, the scythe, the rainbow among flowers :
 Thine too the song of girls exulting 'mid their bowers.

Here again, it will be observed, our poet closes with an Alexandrine, and a good one it is.

If we must visit the gloomier regions of the imagination, it is as well to visit them in good company. That our poet is no unworthy guide, his thoughts on "Sorrow," will, I venture to hold, prove conclusively :

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

The foregoing is, it seems to me, a sustained minor key, a complete working out of one pathetic idea in a simple melody.

To the purely pictorial or musical effects of the following charming poem, entitled "Galatea and Urania," no one claiming the slightest culture can be either blind or deaf :

Dread venerable Goddess, whom I fear,
Gaze not upon me from thy starry height !
I fear thy levelled shafts of ruthless light,
Thine unfamiliar radiance and severe :
Thy sceptre bends not ! stern, defined, and clear
Thy Laws : thy face intolerantly bright :
Thine is the empire of the Ruled and Right ;
Never hadst thou a part in smile or tear !
I love the curving of the wind-arched billow ;
The dying flute-tone, sweeter for its dying :
To me less dear the Pine tree than the Willow,
The mountain than the shadow o'er it flying,
Thus Galatea sang, whilst o'er the waters
Urania leant ; and covered 'mid Ocean's foam-white daughters.

Once more that over-syllabled last line. I am beginning to lose temper with these heavy-brigade endings. I hold them to be far too frequent in the sonnets. Aubrey de Vere was not compelled to use a complex form, but when chosen, its laws should be obeyed to the letter, if success is to be obtained.

Archbishop Trench, in the course of a valuable lecture on "The History of the English Sonnet," to which I am somewhat indebted, well remarks that this form of poem, like the Grecian temple, may be limited in its scope, but, like the temple, if successful, the sonnet is altogether perfect. This charming comparison will be recalled by every one who peruses the following magnificent sonnet on "The Sun God," a veritable marvel of clearness and energy :

" I saw the master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
An Archer of immeasurable might ;
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load ;
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountains glowed ;
Forward his eagle eye, and brow of light
He bent ; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.
No wings profaned that god-like form : around
His neck high-held an ever moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening : while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome

Thrilled as a dew-drop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam."

Although de Vere entertained none of his friend Wordsworth's pantheistic conceptions of nature, he could, to use a phrase of Thomas Campbell, "muse on nature with a poet's eye." The intellectual vivacity implied in the marvellously neat workmanship of his "A Winter Night in the Woods" will repay attention :

"When first the Spring her glimmering chaplets wove
This way and that way 'mid the boughs high hung,
We watched the hourly work, while thrushes sung
A song that shook with joy their bowered alcove :
Summer came next : she roofed with greer the grove,
And deepening shades to flower-sweet alleys clung :
Then last—one dirge from many a golden tongue—
The chiding leaves with chiding Autumn strove.
These were but Nature's preludes. Last is first !
Winter, uplifting high both flail and fan,
With the great forest dealt as Death with man ;
And therefore through their desolate roofs hath burst
This splendor veiled no more by earthly bars ;
Infinite heaven, and the fire-breathing stars !"

In all his nature studies, the poet follows the method of the idealist as contradistinguished from that of the realist, and the sentiment is given without the minute statement of fact. In these productions, as almost everywhere within the spacious bounds of his works, we are amazed by sudden forked-flashes of wisdom, a characteristic of genius to be met with only in the productions of the very princes and kings of literature.

We have seen that the thoughts of Aubrey de Vere on Ireland and her ancient heroes are possessed alike of those melancholy graces which, by blending sympathy with admiration, give to worth and truth additional power. We can easily imagine how a heart as Catholic as his would be thrilled by the associations awakened by a visit to the City of Rome. His sonnets on Roman subjects, under the general title of "Urbs Roma" are very numerous and fine. He feels about Rome and her great men, as the artist does about the picture over which his soul has brooded with love, and which has for him a tender meaning and a chastened grace it can speak to no other one. The sonnets challenge multiplied quota-

tions, but I have allowed myself room for only one; so let it be "St. Peter's by Moonlight":

"Low hung the moon when first I stood in Rome:
Midway she seemed attracted from her sphere,
On those twin Fountains shining broad and clear
Whose floods, not mindless of their mountain home,
Rise there in clouds of rainbow mist and foam.
That hour fulfilled the dream of many a year:
Through that thin mist, with joy akin to fear,
The steps I saw, the pillars, last the dome.
A spiritual Empire there embedded stood:
The Roman Church there met me face to face:
Ages, sealed up, of evil and of good
Slept in that circling colonnade's embrace.
Alone I stood, a stranger and alone,
Changed by that stony miracle to stone."

As is well known, in the war of the American Rebellion nearly all England sided with the cause of the South and slavery. Not so the Irish poet. He expressed a clear sympathy with the cause of justice, which is only another name for liberty, in two powerful sonnets, for which I cannot, however, make space here. Again, in the great centennial year of American liberty, the poet put himself on record as follows:

"A century of sunrises hath bowed
Its fulgent forehead 'neath the ocean-floor
Since first upon the West's astonished shore,
Like some huge Alp, forth struggling through the cloud,
A new-born nation stood, to Freedom vowed:
Within that time how many an Empire hoar
And young Republic, flushed with wealth and war,
Alike have changed the ermine for the shroud!
O, sprung from earth's first blood, O tempest-nursed,
For thee what Fates? I know not. This I know,
The soul's great freedom, gift of gifts the first,
Thou first on man in fulness did'st bestow;
Hunted elsewhere, God's Church with thee found rest:
Thy future's Hope is she—that queenly guest."

But enough of criticism, even the most appreciative, and only the appreciative can be entirely just. All said, we have looked over the contributions of Aubrey de Vere to an important and artistic department of English literature, which is separated from the other departments by form as well as spirit. Is it too

much to claim richness of thought and fineness of finish for the sonnet work of our poet? Was not William Sharpe perfectly correct when he said, that Aubrey de Vere ranks amongst the foremost sonneteers of our time? That he is superior to all living poets who use the English tongue, as thinker, teacher, inspirer of thought and purifier of soul, is a proposition the affirmative of which will be denied by very few whose approval is worth having. Inexhaustible gentleness, imperturbable good sense, instinctive aversion to folly, affectation, meanness and untruth, ever mark Aubrey de Vere. Nothing like justice has yet been done to his power as philosopher, moralist and teacher. But, year by year, his work is growing more and more in favor, especially among the better-schooled classes of the reading public in England and America. Let us join in the hope that the moment is all but present when his thoughtful and polished writings will be recognized wherever genius and scholarship are cherished, as belonging to the foremost intellectual forces of our own time.

MAURICE CASEY.

ERRATA.

Owing to various causes, all entirely beyond the control of the writer, a vast number of errors crept into the first part of the article on "Aubrey de Vere as a Sonneteer." To correct all the mistakes would require more than a page, and is out of the question; but there are one or two I cannot suffer to pass unchallenged.

In the first place, I am made to say that there are only two legitimate variations of the sestet of the English sonnet; whereas there are more than two score of such variations. What I tried to say was, that, other things being equal, a sonnet written according to either of the formula given in my article, would nearest approach the English classical form.

Again, on page 3, Sir Thomas More is confounded with Thomas Moore, the Irish lyricist.

On page 6, "Archbishop French" is printed for Archbishop Trench, the well-known Dublin churchman, poet, and authority on the English language.

There are other mistakes equally serious, but I have neither leisure nor space to set them right.

In much the same way so many errors have intruded in my verses, "Dies Mirabilis,"—this time through fault of the printer, who did not incorporate the corrections made by me on his proofs—that I would only have to correct the lines to make the whole production look like quite another poem.

MAURICE CASEY.

MR. WINKLE.



AMONG the three followers and would-be staunch friends of Mr. Pickwick, the one that attracts from readers the majority of notice, is undoubtedly Mr. Nathaniel Winkle. This personage, with the brilliant qualities which characterize him, can be ranked, without difficulty, among the best productions of Dickens' imaginative genius. Without this individual's invigorating presence, many chapters of *Pickwick Papers*, in which he appears, would inevitably fall into insignificance; and chapters are not few in which he figures as the hero.

The distinguishing peculiarities of this conspicuous character can be comprised in a very few words: *He could do anything*. This, you will admit, is an extraordinary summing up of a man's propensities and powers, but, in the present case, it is involving of all correctness. To the questions, "Mr. Winkle, can you do this? can you do that?" he always had the self-same answer, "Why, of course I can." Generally, through his would-be knowledge, he brings himself into aggravating scrapes, the effects of which, either physically or morally, last for a few subsequent weeks.

On one occasion, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends, contemplating a journey, hired a vehicle. It so happened, however, that said vehicle could accommodate only three persons. Therefore, an extra horse was hired, and Mr. Winkle was formally demanded if he could ride. This worthy had some doubts about his equestrian skill, for, as the reader may readily conceive, he had never been on horseback in his life. Not wishing, however, to pass as an ignoramus on this scale, he replied with great hardihood: "Certainly, I would enjoy it above all things." Thereupon he deliberately began to climb the horse on the wrong side, much to the amusement of the proximate postboys.

"T'other side sir, if you please," exclaimed the hostler.

When mounted, which position he reached with as much difficulty as he might have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war, he started off with his hat over his ears and shaking as if he would fall to pieces, from the violence of the exercise. As the party proceeded, Mr. Pickwick having dropped his whip, Mr.

Winkle dismounted to pick it up; but, when he tried to remount, his horse began a retrograde movement which dragged Mr. Winkle along at a rate somewhat swifter than fast walking. Mr. Pickwick then dismounted and ran to the assistance of his distressed companion, but, at that moment, the horse broke away from Mr. Winkle and trotted quietly towards home. Just as Mr. Pickwick and his agonizing friend turned around, there was the other horse running away after having dumped Messrs. Tupman and Snodgrass into a hedge by the wayside. The renegade horse soon broke the chaise into smithereens and then stood stock still, gazing on the evil he had wrought with a look of seeming complacency. The four Pickwickians, through the maladroitness of Mr. Winkle, were thus forced to walk a distance of seven miles, leading the horse behind them, and being hooted at by passers-by as horse-stealers. The termination of this unfortunate journey was at Mr. Wardle's farm.

The morning after their arrival, Mr. Winkle, who gave himself in as an experienced sportsman, went out crow-hunting with Mr. Wardle, in a rookery near the premises. The first time Mr. Winkle let off the gun, he had forgotten to put the cap on, hence the effect was nil. The second time, he was more successful in one way, (that is to say, the gun went off) but on the other hand he lodged at least two handfuls of swanshot in Mr. Tupman's left arm, which was exposed from behind a tree. This, nevertheless, as we shall afterwards see, did not effect a great deal his reputation as a sportsman, but it insinuated to him to be a little more modest in future, so much so that, being asked on the morrow if he could play cricket, he felt the delicacy of his situation and answered a "no" which on any other occasion would inevitably have been a "yes."

Later on, we have another instance of Mr. Winkle's cockney sportsmanship. He set out on a great hunting expedition with Mr. Wardle, Mr. Pickwick, Sam, a tall gamekeeper, and a boy. Being given by Wardle a large bag, which he was supposed to fill with grouse, he expressed his opinion that the company would have to stay out at least till the next winter, if they wished to wait till his bag was full.

"Mr. Winkle is not much in the way of this sort of thing

yet," said Wardle to the tall gamekeeper. "Live and learn you know. They'll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend's pardon though; he has had some practice."

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and in his modest confusion, got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead on the spot.

"You mutsn't handle your piece in that ere way, when you come to have a charge in it, sir," said the tall gamekeeper gruffly, "or, I'm damned, if you won't make cold meat of some of us."

Mr. Winkle thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and, in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel of his gun into pretty sharp contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hello!" said Sam, picking up his hat which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple, "hello, sir! if you comes in this way, you'll fill one of them bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Henceforth Mr. Wardle and Mr. Winkle proceeded quietly on ahead, for the dogs were pointing. Very gently indeed would they have advanced if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally, at the most critical moment, fired over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good, "it goes off of its own accord. It will do it."

"I wish it would kill something of its own accord," snapped the irritated Wardle.

Meanwhile, on they continued, Mr. Winkle flashing, and blazing and smoking away without producing any material results worthy of being noted, sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and, at others, sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure.

Another thing that goes to testify to Mr. Winkle's want of modesty is the skating party.

"You skate, of course, Winkle," said Wardle.

"Ye—yes, oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am rather out of practice."

Hereupon one lady said it was "graceful," another that it was "swan-like," and so Mr. Winkle was prevailed upon to try a pair of runners.

While Mr. Wardle, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen were performing a reel, Mr. Winkle sat on the ice buckling on his skates with the points behind. He was then assisted to his feet by Sam Weller, and started off leaning on Sam's arm. But, to the dismay of Winkle, Mr. Pickwick required the services of Sam, who immediately drew his arm away from Mr. Winkle, thus giving the unfortunate gentleman an impetus which bore him down into the middle of the reel wherein, meeting an obstacle in the person of Bob Sawyer, he fell to the ice. On Mr. Winkle's arising, Mr. Pickwick ordered his skates off, and styled him by such expressive terms as, humbug, and imposter. Mr. Winkle never forgot this adventure and it did him a great deal of good.

Rut, if Mr. Winkle was unsuccessful in almost everything he tried, there was one matter at least, in which he was but too successful. This was his wonderful love-making. His natural qualities seemed to be so apparent and striking that nearly every person of the other sex who met him, instantaneously fell a victim to his charms. Mr. Winkle was, one morning, quietly sitting in Mr. Pott's breakfast room at Eatanswill, when the owner of the premises suddenly entered with a paper in his hands, and such sundry ejaculations as "imposter," "villain" and "serpent," on his lips. Mr. Winkle started up in surprise with the exclamation, "Sir!" Mr. Pott hereupon had the condescendance to repeat for him his previous expressions, telling him to make the most of them. Mr. Winkle, in compliance with Pott's request, proceeded to make the most he could of the "serpent," etc. The most, however, was nothing at all; so, after a profound silence of some minutes' duration, he said—

"Serpent, sir! serpent, Mr. Pott! What can you mean, sir? this is pleasantry."

“Pleasantry, sir!” exclaimed Pott, with a motion of the hand, indicative of a strong desire to hurl the Britannia metal teapot at the head of his visitor. “Pleasantry, sir!—but no, I will be calm; I will be calm, sir.”

In proof of his calmness, Mr. Pott flung himself into a chair and foamed at the mouth. Mr. Winkle, thereupon, begged him to explain how he dared to look him in the face and style him a serpent. At this demand a malignant scowl passed over Pott’s features. He did not answer, but threw the morning edition of the *Eatanswill Independent* at Mr. Winkle’s feet. This gentleman took it up and read as follows:

LINES TO A BRASS POT.

“Oh Pott! if you’d known
How false she’d have grown,
When you heard the marriage bells tinkle;
You’d have done then, I vow,
What you cannot help now,
And handed her over to W*****.”

“What,” said Mr. Pott, solemnly; “what rhymes to ‘tinkle,’ villain?”

“What rhymes to ‘tinkle’?” said Mrs. Pott, whose entrance at that moment forestalled a reply. “What rhymes to tinkle? Why Winkle, I should conceive.”

Saying this, Mrs. Pott smiled sweetly on the disturbed Pickwickian and extended her hand towards him. Mr. Pott thereupon interposed and showed the above verses to his wife. Upon reading them, she immediately fell into hysterics, making, in her delirium, such sundry vows as that of “leaving Mr. Pott and marrying somebody else, whose name she would not mention.” But she soon came back from her fainting fit, after having forced upon Mr. Pott the rash promise of horse-whipping the editor of the *Independent* before the day was out. Having totally recovered, she inquired, (anxiously, of course) of Mr. Winkle, if he would allow such newspaper slander to shorten his stay. Mr. Winkle expressed himself as sorry that he must go.

When he had departed Mr. Pott thus gave vent to his feelings:—

“If he ever comes back, I’ll poison him.”

On the the other hand, Mr. Winkle said to himself :

“ If I ever do go back and mix myself up with these people, I'll deserve to be horsewhipped myself—that's all.”

But, if Mr. Winkle was too successful on this occasion, he was just about successful enough on another. Being invited with his three friends, to Manor Farm in order to assist at a wedding that was to take place there on Christmas Day, he happened to meet a black-eyed young lady, who wore a pretty little pair of boots with fur around the top. The couple soon fell to a liking of each other, which kept continually increasing. At last, Winkle became so “comfoozled” with his love, as Sam put it, that he obtained an interview with the object of his devotion from the top of the stone wall, which surrounded her dwelling. After a considerable time, the couple were married in spite of a threat from the young woman's brother that he would cut Winkle's throat. But here Mr. Winkle made a false step ; he forgot to ask the permission of his father before achieving his object. Hence, when the news of his son's marriage came to the ears of the old man, he got very angry. This anger was, however, soon dispelled when he beheld with his own eyes, his little daughter-in-law. Thenceforward Mr. Winkle lived in bliss with his charming young wife.

The author of *Pickwick Papers* says that he inserted Mr. Winkle in the columns of his interesting novel for the sole purpose of affording scope to the pen of his artist. But, as you see by the brilliant qualities he possesses, and by the concern he excites, Winkle also affords scope for the imagination to work upon. In fact, in comicalness and mirth-exercising qualities, he is surpassed by Sam Weller only. Thus we see that Dickens, by looking up the concerns of an illustrator, unconsciously gave to English literature in general and to *Pickwick Papers* in particular, another charm of which it can boast through time immemorial.

IMO. '03.

THE CHARACTER OF PROSPERO.

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”



THESE words, which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Mark Antony, when the great orator delivers his famous panegyric over the corpse of Brutus, may, with perhaps even more truth, be applied to another wonderful creation of the immortal bard, Prospero, the hero of “The Tempest.”

Prospero's character is one of the most admirable to be met with in the whole range of literature. He represents the ideal man, the personified union of “the elements,” combining all those qualities that are best and noblest. It is a noteworthy fact that the meaning of the word “elements” has become much changed since Shakespeare's day. But the fourfold division of man's nature still remains. Instead of earth, water, air and fire, philosophy substitutes Intelligence, Will, Imagination and Sensibility. It is the right combination of these four faculties that is the principle of human excellence. The mere union of them, however, is not enough. They must necessarily possess a certain fixed hierarchy. The Intelligence should be in supreme control, restraining the Imagination and guiding the Will, while the latter has itself a particular duty, to govern the Sensibility. None of them, however, should preponderate to the detriment of the others. This is the most perfect form in which the human faculties can be combined, securing the proper proportion and harmony, and thus do we find them blended in the character of Prospero.

The intellectual power with which Prospero was gifted, was really wonderful. He had passed beyond the usual limits which confine man, and had attained a height reached by few. Within the inner circle, face to face with the mysterious veil which bounds the knowable, he stood. Reason, in him, could not indeed attain the degree of perfect truth to which it aspired, but, nevertheless, it revelled in the wondrous treasures which it found capable of its comprehension. Long and deeply did Prospero drink from the

Pierian spring, and, with the most sublime principles of human knowledge, he quenched his almost insatiable thirst. Thus, by profound and earnest study, he acquired the wisdom of a Solomon. Nature had endowed him with magnificent parts, the cultivation of which became his ruling passion. So "rapt in secret studies" did he finally become that he left the management of the state entirely to his brother, and thus drew upon himself his subsequent misfortunes. The fame of his great learning spread far and wide, so that Milan enjoyed the reputation of being the most progressive seigniory in Europe.

"And Prospero the prime Duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study."

Those years of studious research brought their reward in the shape of the almost supernatural power with which, in the island, we find Prospero endowed. By means of his pre-eminent intellectual abilities, he has brought the great forces of nature into his service. These "weak masters" have heretofore been wasted in frivolous aims, but, when human wisdom guides them towards worthy ends, they become all-powerful. By their aid Prospero has

"Be-dimm'd the noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art."

But Prospero never makes use of this wonderful power except for praiseworthy purposes. The tempest is thus brought about in the interests of justice. For the straight and narrow path of righteousness alone appealed to him as according with the dictates of Reason. Not only had he acquired a boundless knowledge from his studies, but, moreover, a development of his reasoning faculties, which brought to their ripest perfection his inherent qualities of wisdom, judgment, prudence and foresight. From the lofty altitude which he had gained in the realm of thought, he was able to survey the whole world and to estimate it at its

proper value. Hence there was bred in him a disgust for worldly affairs, and he became "all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of his mind." His philosophic spirit, accordingly, tends to express itself in lofty strains of moralising :

" The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Like all intellectual giants, Prospero was not possessed of what could be termed a lively imagination. This faculty, being of course under the control of Reason, was not so fully developed as it might be even in men of lesser calibre. But, while in proper proportion to the dominant element, Prospero's imaginative powers lent it a delicate lustre, which affords a pleasant relief to the monotony and tension produced by the amazing magnificence of the intellectual display. Thus, when recounting his injuries, Prospero's colder nature does not soar to such a height as another's might, but, nevertheless, his words are often enforced by figures of striking strength and beauty.

" Thy false uncle—being once perfected who t' advance and who
To trash for overtopping,—new-created
The creatures that were mine ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd the verdure out on 't."

Again, when describing how they were cast away upon "a rotten carcass of a boat," Prospero paints the scene in a most vivid and picturesque manner by one masterly sentence :

" There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

The most distinguishing trait of Prospero's character, however, as seen in the play itself, is certainly his wonderful will-power. The triumph of Reason-guided Will over Sensibility, the preservation of the proper equilibrium of the faculties, forms the theme of

the story. To estimate properly the moral grandeur of the man, as shown by this victory, and the wonderful strength of his Will, we must first understand the depth of his sensibility. That he was possessed of an unusually sensitive nature is clearly evident. His was one of those great hearts which would fain include the whole world in the bounds of its affection. Moreover, his love and trust inspired a reciprocal attachment. None that came within the sphere of his influence failed to be attracted to him. The citizens of Milan, one and all, were devotedly attached to their Duke. It was only by conspiracy and treason that his enemies had been able to exile him, and they would, assuredly, have completed their nefarious deed by murder, as Prospero explains to Miranda, but that

“ They durst not—so dear the love my people bore me—
Set a mark so bloody on the business.”

It is as the father, however, that we are best able to perceive the magnitude of Prospero's affection. He fairly idolized Miranda. Bereft of all other human companions except the brutish Caliban, his whole being was centered in his daughter's welfare. This was his primary object in raising the tempest, as thereby he foresaw she would attain her proper position in the world, and his enemies would be brought to reason. Moreover, to train her youthful faculties and to prepare her for the change in her fortunes, Prospero has spent much time in imparting to her some of his own wonderful knowledge.

“ Here have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.”

His loving consideration for Miranda is everywhere manifest. With what solicitude he watches over her, and seeks every means to promote her happiness. Though it proves a wrench to his own heart, he willingly yields her to Ferdinand since such is her own desire, and, moreover, favorable to the best interests of all.

In a scarcely lesser degree do we see Prospero's affectionate nature manifested towards the other personages of the drama. His perfidious brother, Antonio, whom, as he tells Mirada, “ next thyself of all the world I loved,” had received innumerable favors and marks of affection at the hands of Prospero. The Duke

reposed in this wretch an absolute trust, "a confidence sans bound," which proved his own ruin. But this brotherly love was destroyed by Antonio's unnatural conduct. Similarly Caliban was kindly treated by his lord until he proved himself unworthy of confidence. On the other hand, Gonzalo and Ariel furnish evidence of Prospero's sensibility to kindness and fidelity. His heart, remembering, thrills with gratitude to the "noble Neapolitan":

" O thou good Gonzalo,
My true preserver! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed."

Ariel, Prospero's "dainty, tricky spirit," is rewarded for his lengthy and faithful services by freedom, the long-desired object of his hopes.

But, although capable of the greatest affection, Prospero never allowed it to pass beyond the limits assigned by Reason. Even his love for his daughter cannot outweigh his sense of right. Moreover, he puts Ferdinand to the most severe tests before he will entrust him with Miranda,

"lest too light winning make the prize light."

Prospero, being of such an ardently affectionate nature, must, therefore, have been exceedingly susceptible to injury. It is a proverb that a good lover is a good hater, and this is especially true of the warm Italian temperament, which is capable of the greatest extremes of love and detestation. Thus the injuries he received could not fail to have made a deep impression on so sensitive a heart. In the early hours of his misery, he could not indeed summon the necessary fortitude to bear it calmly:

" I have degg'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd."

That Prospero was certainly "struck to the quick with his high wrongs," we can infer from the effect upon him of Caliban's conspiracy against his life, comparatively a small affair. This is perceived by his daughter and her lover:

Ferd.—" This is most strange ; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira.— " Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd."

Then Prospero explains :

“ Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturbed with my infirmity,
A turn or two I'll walk to still my beating mind.”

This brief glimpse of the wonderful strength of the hero's sensible faculty enables us to appreciate the grandeur of the victory which his will achieved. Bitterly did he feel the injuries of his enemies. The passion of hate, which, during all those years of his exile, must have smouldered in his breast, was ready to leap into flame. The advent of his brother and the other conspirators recalled every detail of their foul deed, and the base ingratitude which repaid his kindness with treason. Now these unnatural villains were at his mercy. What compassion did they deserve? Why not avenge his injuries without remorse? Through virtue of his magic power, he could have done so in many ways. He might have destroyed them in the tempest, or again allowed them to kill off one another, as the two unnatural brothers proposed doing by the King, or, finally, he might have given his vengeance a free hand when he brought them face to face with their former victim, now their judge. But none of these ways appealed to Prospero. He chose a nobler revenge.

“ Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

Reason was indeed the guiding star of Prospero's existence. Here its arguments for clemency outweighed those for vengeance, which Sensibility cast into the opposite side of the balance, Will. It showed how useless and unsatisfactory revenge would be, while, on the contrary, forgiveness would certainly convert his enemies by rousing them to penance, and make them better men. Accordingly, the will is called into play, and, in obedience to the dictates of Reason, forces down into its proper place the rebellious Sensibility struggling for supremacy. What an object lesson! Such beautiful and exemplary mercy is akin to the divine; it is rarely met with in this world. Then, how wisely does Prospero order the degree of clemency to the person of the offender and to the degree

of criminality. The King is straightway forgiven, and, when he expresses contrition, is interrupted by him whom he had wronged,

“ There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.”

To Antonio and Sebastian, the two wicked brothers, Prospero speaks with some severity :

“ But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors : at this time
I'll tell no tales..... Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother,
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.” ;

The meaner characters are given a slight punishment, such as will speedily make them contrite : Prospero lays his command on Caliban :

“Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.”

Thus, thanks to the hero, everything concludes in the best possible manner with all the personages contented and happy. He himself, now that he has achieved his great desire, determines to withdraw from worldly affairs entirely, and, like a true philosopher, prepare for his approaching end.

“ In the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.”

Hearing such characteristically noble and thoughtful words from his lips, we take leave of this wonderful man, while the tongue vainly endeavours to adequately express the feelings of admiration inspired by his truly sublime character. We have applied to him the crucial test of human excellence, the equilibrium of the mental faculties, and found it perfectly satisfied. Not only are those elements of his nature in the proper hierarchy, but each and all are so powerfully and harmoniously developed that their union in

one man seems incredible. Moreover, we cannot criticize a single characteristic, nor pick the least flaw in him. Nevertheless, Prospero is not an impossible hero. He is to us a reality, such a character as all men might approach to, more or less,—the ideal man. And what is the secret which made Prospero what he was? For that, as we have pointed out before, he was largely indebted to the world and its vanities. Despising these and seeking after higher things, he passed through the Valley of Adversity, the mental discipline of which but served

“ To elevate the will,
And lead him on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion doth the sway attest
Of Reason seated on her sovereign hill.”

JOHN R. O'GORMAN, '01.



If in life's course you nobly run,
Then do not be repining ;
For you will find when duty done,
Behind the darkest cloud, the sun
Is shining.”



ON THE THEME OF MACBETH.



O select *any one* of the moral lessons taught by "Macbeth," or *any one* of the great truths vividly demonstrated by it, and say, with the authority of sincere conviction, "This is the theme—this is what the author wished to bring out most clearly, this is what he wished should cause reflection in his readers, this is what he wished should most strongly impress those witnessing the play, this is the one aim to which he made all other incidents subordinate and contributive"—to do and to say such a thing seems to approach presumption. It may, indeed, be possible that such selection can be made, and such conviction pronounced; but, if so, the duty must devolve upon someone skilled in the process of speculative reasoning. Necessity compels me to declare myself unable to do it, since I do not possess the qualifications implied in this process.

However, if I were to select certain passages from the play, and say, here is *something* which Shakespeare evidently endeavored to make "Macbeth" the medium of presenting to us in a most forcible manner, I should choose three, which seem to me of equal importance in their intrinsic worth, and of equal conspicuousness in presentation.

First—"Present fears are less than horrible imaginings."

When Macbeth makes this enunciation in the first act, he is in a dubious state of mind. Temporary fears, as though of a premature discovery of his secret designs, contend with a passing thought of the awful consequences of crime, and he forms this opinion, more as a logical sequence than as a serious reflection. He unconsciously makes a prophecy for himself and an axiom for all time, whose full import, we can fairly suppose, he does not, at the moment, realise; for if he does, it surely will be sufficient to dissuade him from his crimes. If we follow the course of the play with this before our minds, we shall see that there is nothing in all the various phases of Macbeth speaking, of Macbeth meditating, of Macbeth acting, brought out more strongly than this, nothing that pervades the whole play more than this.

We can observe throughout Macbeth's career, that the present fears,—fears of detection in the act, fears of his murderous disposition being exposed,—which he experienced at each new crime, are much less than his recollection or horrible imaginings later. We see also that, when an enemy approaches him in the flesh, the present fear of a combat causes him no annoyance. But, when the enemy manifests itself to his tortured imagination in intangible shape, as does the ghost of Banquo, we see him terrified into utter helplessness by his horrible imaginings.

None of his fears causes him so much torture as the terrible thoughts that come through his brain on the first pang of remorse when he says, in scene 2 of Act II :

“ Methought I heard a voice say, ‘Sleep no more !
Macbeth doth murder sleep ;
Still it cried, ‘Sleep no more !’ to all the house ;
..... ‘Macbeth shall sleep no more !’ ”

Again in Scene 2, of Act III, he utters this despairing cry, excited by his brain torture :

“ Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.”

But the climax of this passage is reached in his apostrophe to Banquo's ghost, Scene 4, Act III. Who can describe the terrible affliction that consumes, with a visible flame, his brain and heart and soul, when he says, or rather when his mere manhood shrieks out, in order, as it were, to prevent the collapse of his reason :

“ Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger :
Take any shape but that and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
..... Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence !”

This theme is also exemplified in Lady Macbeth's career. The slight fears she experienced while preparing the murder of Duncan, fears that did not cause her any perturbation of mind, but only impelled her to carefulness and secrecy, and the momentary fears she felt, at times, of her guilt becoming known, are less, far less, than the later torments of her imagination. These reach their height in the sleep-walking scene, when, after vainly trying to wash her hands, she says, with a heart-rending sigh :

"Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh !"

One thought sufficient to kill the soul and, verily, make one live in the midst of death.

Second—

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

In this passage, uttered by Macbeth just before his death, Scene 8, Act V, is summed up the powerful lesson that the play teaches against witchcraft and sorcery.

If we follow Macbeth in his dealings with the weird sisters, study their incantations, and observe the dismal outcome of their prophecies, we cannot fail to conclude that it is extremely dangerous to meddle with these evil spirits or traffic in their wares. Their mysterious existence, their fitful comings and goings, the stultifying fumes of their fetid concoctions, the all-round terrible accompaniments of their diabolic art, and, more than any of these, their deceiving equivocation, not only destroy man's peace of mind, but lead him inevitably into ways of life that are but the by-roads of perdition. Macbeth's sad end convinces us that, as the practice of witchcraft or trust in sorcery is a great sin, so it carries with it, even in this life, a great punishment. This is a lesson which, were it the only one we could learn from Macbeth, would justify the assertion that the play is worthy of its being.

Third—I can find no passage in the play to express what I regard as another great lesson taught by "Macbeth." Consequently, I have endeavored to frame my impression as follows :

"Remorse of conscience is the greatest affliction that can befall the human mind."

This, it seems to me, is the final impression of the play. This is the stench that the play, in dying, that is, in one of its multiple deaths, leaves behind. This is the mind's taste of it all, which differs from the tongue's taste of anything, in that it is lasting. This is what first thrusts itself out for reflection when the last line is read. This is what haunts the brain when the curtain is rung down. This is what prolongs the din of the last despairing combat in one's ears. This is what appalls us in silence and makes us fearful to be alone. In a word, this is what unmans us, and, reacting, makes us better, by resolving and persevering in being something other than what Macbeth was.

There is no expression given to this theme until the play approaches the climax. Lady Macbeth is the first to feel reproaches of conscience. When she realizes her queenship to be unproductive of that complete satisfaction of ambition that she had anticipated, her steely nature begins to melt. Seeing Macbeth torn with all sorts of distractions, and his enemies becoming more numerous and stronger, she speaks sadly to herself, Scene 2, Act III :

" Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

Later, she breaks down, and then occurs the evidence of the pitiable mental suffering she undergoes, when she walks in her sleep. Her soliloquy during this scene is one continual moan of remorse. However, her misery is not greater than Macbeth's.

His conscience attacks him so forcibly and persistently that he becomes utterly unable to stifle its reproachful voice. When Malcolm's forces draw nigh, Macbeth ceases hoping to maintain his kingship. Then he muses for a moment, and passes this solemn sentence on his own career :

" I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses."

Truly, this is something which cannot but produce the darkest

despair. And was there ever more soul-obliterating despair lodged in the mind of man than that which found expression on Macbeth's tongue when, on hearing of the death of the queen, who was his main support in crime, his only kindred spirit in the world, he bursts into a frenzy and shrieks with frightening emphasis :

“ Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow,.....
 It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing.”

These three morals represent to me the great lessons to be learned from “Macbeth.” But whether any one of them is the object that Shakespeare had in mind in writing the play, is beyond me to say.

D. McTIGHE,
 Third Form.



“ We cannot tell how, in this world of sin,
 A deed of love
 May change a life and cause to enter in,
 A soul above.”



A DAY WITH THE SCIENTISTS.

“**B**ETTER late than never,” is a time-worn adage that covers many a sin of omission. Thus it is with this belated report of the University Scientific Society’s famous trip held last May. However, it is not well for scientists to rush into print at once with a full account of their doings. Rather should these doings be thought upon again and again, talked over and over, examined closely to discover whether or not they are able to withstand the test of time. The trip of the Scientific Society has been subjected to most crucial tests, and still its memories are as pleasant to-day as they were some months ago. Therefore let them be written down in the annals of science.

Old Sol had not yet risen, the College bell had not yet rung out its warning peals, when about thirty embryonic scientists tumbled out of bed and made hasty preparations for the trip to Blackburn’s mica mine. When all was ready for the journey, two large omnibuses accommodated them, and, with a ringing Varsity cheer, the start was made. With song and jest, the time passed quickly by as we rolled along the pavements of Ottawa, the rocky roads of the transpontine city and the dusty country lanes.

The inner man, however, not used to this neglect and delay in the morning meal, began to make demands for satisfaction; and many a hungry glance was thrown at the large supply of provisions stowed away under the watchful eyes of the President and Treasurer. Soon, even those abstemious gentlemen had to yield, and the order was given to halt. Some delicious sandwiches and a little liquid refreshment constituted the breakfast. This over, lo and behold! pipes and tobacco appeared on the scene and demanded to be used. No one was averse, and shortly, dense clouds of smoke arose and enveloped the vans, “more or less.”

Away again, up hill and down dale, stopping now and again to seize some luckless infant on his way to school, to ask the why and the wherefore of his baptismal appellation. Or, perchance, when in quest of some milk, one of our esteemed members charmingly whispered: “*Bonjour, avez-vous de la vache?*”

Thus matters went on and on, and so did the excursionists ; until Perkins' Mills had passed away in the distance. Nothing then would please our learned French scholar, who hails from a town of most suggestive name, but to seize on some gullible Methodist preacher and literally cram him to the neck with fairy tales.

At last, the mine was reached, where the excursionists were received by the Manager and his assistants with all possible kindness. Everything that could possibly be done for the convenience and pleasure of the students, was done right heartily and willingly. Thanks sincere and deep should be returned to these gentlemen. The students were cordially invited to make themselves perfectly at home, and to examine all the points of interest about the mines.

Dinner was announced soon after, and it was served in a style truly rustic. The tables were placed on the veranda running around the miners' house, and were loaded down with an abundance of things good to eat and drink. O ! what a havoc was made among the dainties provided by the commissary department. Nothing could possibly escape those ravenous appetites, created by the long journey in the brisk morning air. Onslaught followed onslaught with terrible regularity, but the culinary brigade brought up heavy reinforcements and nobly withstood the attacks.

A short siesta after dinner, and then, under the direction of Mr. Grattan, the exploration of the mine was begun. We first slid, fell and tumbled down the steep sides of the "cut," and arrived at the bottom somehow or other. We then entered the shaft, but, owing to the presence of water in that section of the mine, we could not penetrate very far into its depths. We therefore scrambled up the embankment again, and, after a casual examination of the large steam drill, we proceeded to the opening of the main shaft. A glimpse down a seemingly bottomless pit caused us all to look askance, one at the other. No one seemed anxious to be the first to step into the bucket, but no one was willing to be called afraid. In this frame of mind four gallant youths stepped forward, and with closed eyes, blanched cheeks, and rapidly beating hearts, jumped into the muddy vessel and started down. A foreboding of their impending fate urged them to attempt that grand hymn "Nearer My God," but some cruel fellow at the top,

whose courage had returned as he saw the bucket rapidly receding from view, called out "I don't care if you never come back." A few trips of the bucket, and everybody was at the bottom. Then began the real fun.

Streams of water ran down the walls, and this, coupled with the slippery mica mud, made safe walking almost an impossibility, while the shouts and groans of those ahead rendered the darkness hideous. But no one cared. On and on we went, splashing and dashing, until we were covered with mica mud. The crystals danced and glistened, and the walls appeared to be studded with diamonds. We secured enough mica to supply all the stores in Ottawa, for no one seemed satisfied until loaded down with the mineral. Mr. Grattan kindly explained how the mineral was taken, as well as its various qualities, and made quite an interesting topic out of a seemingly dry subject.

Finally, after being deafened by the continual bellowing of a certain individual, who tried to impress on our minds that there was a "hole in the bottom of the say," and, after some artistic renditions of passages from all the tragedies both ancient and modern, by some of our famous actors, the ascent was made. Everything was going smoothly and all were at the top save eight ill-fated scientists, when word came down that the engine was out of order. Now, lo and behold, there were but two ways of ascending, the bucket and the ladders. The bucket was out of order; therefore those who were at the bottom must climb the ladder. The distance was a "mere trifle," only 268 feet.

Well, at length, after some ejaculations, they started; they climbed, and climbed and—climbed some more. A stream of ice-cold water may be delicious in mid-summer, but it is decidedly annoying when trickling down one's spinal column. Yet this is the course it took during the ascent from the bottom of the mine. Moreover, the rungs of the ladder were covered with mica mud, as were also the boots of the person just in advance of you. This mud had a very impolite habit of dropping into your eyes, and the boots of stepping on your fingers, as you clutched the rungs above and endeavored to look ahead. Then, when you would softly and gently expostulate with the gentleman in front of you, in regard to his tardiness of movement, some rude fellow just below you,

would inform you most forcibly that "this is no funeral" and request that "you get a move on." Dreadfully annoying, was it not? I cannot dwell longer on this harrowing recollection; it beggars description, and could be better portrayed by any one of the gentlemen that in this manner made the ascent. Their names should be handed down to posterity as martyrs to the cause of science. Verily and verily, and yet again most truly, the likes of these men have not been, nor are, nor yet shall be.

When these belated lambs had been gathered again together, off we started for home. Before leaving, our honorable President made a few remarks, in the course of which he returned our unanimous thanks to all the gentlemen connected with the mine for the cordiality of their reception, and for the willingness they evinced to make our trip a pleasant and a memorable one. A Varsity cheer was called for and given with a will.

The homeward trip was the counterpart of the morning one, with stops interposed for refreshment. Through every village our cries and cheers resounded, and the good folk looked, and stared, and wondered what was happening. But homeward bound were we, and at last, as the clock struck eleven, the vans rolled up to the College gate and deposited their tired but happy burdens.

Such a day was that of the University Scientific Society. Everything was just right, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment. Great credit should be given to the President, Treasurer and Director for the part they took in the arrangements. The society has a model upon which to plan their trips in future years, and the members should be content if they but equal that of May, '99.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES."

Under the above heading, there appeared in a magazine called "Self Culture," for September, an article from the pen of Jas. J. Wait, of Chicago. Now a more misleading title would be hard to find, since said article, in so far as it concerns the Catholic Church, is almost one continued falsehood. How an honest man could make such assertions, and why a magazine circulating among all classes, would stoop to insult many of its readers by publishing them, is, at this day when truth and tolerance are supposed to influence all, very hard to understand.

The writer, at the very beginning of his article, states that his acquaintance with the Islands was derived from a trip made among them in a sailing vessel some years ago. Certainly, any fair-minded person will conclude, that, under such conditions, even though he were without bigotry or prejudice, it would be impossible for him to make a correct estimate of a strange people and their religion. We can therefore accept in refutation of Mr. Wait's statements, those of reliable persons who have lived on the Islands and whose knowledge of their inhabitants and religion is thorough.

Mr. Wait differs from most slanderers of the Catholic Church in being less severe on the Society of Jesus. This, the grandest Order of the Church, has, from its very birth, suffered an almost continual persecution. In return, what has it not done for religion, civilization and science, in every country that its members have entered? Mr. Wait admits that the Jesuits have made some explorations in the Philippines. This means that they have explored as much as possible, for the Jesuits never do things by halves.

Speaking of the inhabitants the writer says: "The first are part heathen, but having engrafted upon heathenism the forms of the Church of Rome." Now anyone with the slightest information and intelligence knows that heathenism and Catholicism are as incompatible with each other as it is possible for any two things to be; and also that, in the very first sacrament (baptism) which the Church confers, the recipient renounces heathenism. Were it

possible to reconcile heathenism and Catholicism, then, the latter would indeed be a vain and useless thing, instead of what it is, the grandest, yes, the only true religion.

Mr. Wait also claims that the people were goaded into rebellion by the rapacity and inhuman cruelties of the Spanish officials, and of the Church of Rome. Moreover, he states that nearly everything, from the cradle to the grave, is taxed, either by the Church or by the State; the fees for marriage and burial being so large that matrimony and a respectable grave become luxuries, which can be afforded only by the prosperous. Lastly he says that the Islands have been priest-ridden to the last degree; that it would be hard to find a more corrupt lot than these priests are, and that the educational system, being in their hands, is of course very defective.

Now, to any fair-minded person, the intense bigotry underlying these false and malicious statements, is apparent. The Catholic Church needs no defender other than her Divine Founder, who is ever with her. But, because many, upon reading Mr. Wait's article, will unwillingly become imbued with false ideas, "The *real Truth* About the Philippines" may serve a good purpose even in a college Review.

That a man is judged by his works is a fact which cannot be denied. Now, over four hundred years ago, the Catholic religion was planted in the Philippines. The first missionaries found the natives there, as in all uncivilized countries, wild, immoral, ignorant, and without any of those qualities which serve to elevate man's fallen nature. They set to work with apostolic energy, and the same results have crowned their efforts there as in other countries. These missionaries were men who had sacrificed wealth, honor, home, and all that the world holds dear, for the one purpose of saving their own souls and the souls of their neighbors. Could men who had given up all for God, men who were suffering untold hardships of their own free will, be rapacious and cruel, as Mr. Wait states? No, they were, on the contrary, kind and generous to an extreme. They gave up all they possessed for these poor creatures, whose souls they desired to save. Go to the native of the Philippines to-day and ask him who has ever

been his friend, who has fed, clothed and instructed him, and he will quickly tell you that it is the "Padre."

As regards the exorbitant fees for baptisms, marriages and funerals, let us see the truth. The same assertion has been made often, and only lately was proven to be false, as regards Mexico, by a Protestant who visited the country and saw for himself how matters stood. If Mr. Wait had taken the trouble to make proper inquiries, he would have found a like condition of affairs in the Philippines. Any seven-year-old Catholic child knows that the Church has no charge for her Sacraments; that they are of infinite value and, therefore, cannot be bought or sold. On the occasion of their administration, when money is asked or accepted, it is considered simply as a means of defraying the necessary expenses of the ceremony. When little expense is incurred, as is the case if there be question of the baptism, marriage or burial of poor persons, no money is expected. This regulation of our Holy Church holds firm, not only in the Philippines, but likewise in every corner of the globe, as may be testified to by any unprejudiced non-Catholic authority that has taken pains to study the matter. Hence all Mr. Wait's spouting about the "luxury" of getting christened, and of getting married, and of getting buried decently, from which, according to him, unmoneyed Filipinos are excluded, happens to be a "luxury" easily within the reach of even the poorest Catholic on the islands.

If Mr. Wait had consulted any of the 7,000,000 Christians in the Philippines, he would not have thought them priest-ridden. If he had visited any of the monasteries of either men or women, he would have seen with his own eyes, the pure heroic lives of self-denial which the inmates lead. He would then have been able to confirm the statements of the natives regarding their priests and nuns. The orphan asylums, hospitals, and various institutions, conducted by noble and devoted Sisters, which dot the Islands, are a strong argument against Mr. Wait.

Moreover, the great St. Thomas University, having over three thousand students, the famous Jesuit Observatory, the many colleges, convents and schools throughout the Islands, coupled with the fact that there are very few of the Christian natives who are unable to read and write, are a living, tangible refutation of

Mr. Wait's last slander, namely that the educational system is defective.

Truth will overcome falsehood ; facts cannot be covered up. The Catholic Church is, in the Philippines, what she has been in every country in the world : "the greatest blessing, temporal and spiritual that could be conferred on it," all the falsehoods of Mr. Wait and his kind notwithstanding. People are disgusted with, and tired of such assaults which are relics of past ages, and fair-minded Protestants are daily showing their disapproval of such methods by publicly denying all false assertions regarding the Catholic Church.

STUDENT, '03.



AN INTERESTING OLD VOLUME.

JOHN SELDEN AND HIS TABLE TALK. — *By Robert Waters.*

Eaton & Mains, New York. Price \$1.00.

John Selden, a lawyer who lived between 1584 and 1654, was the writer of many learned books—books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin, out of which mass *sic transit gloria mundi*—all that remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote, and which work Mr. Waters places before us in a becoming modern dress.

Even if the genesis of the "Table-Talk" was in no way peculiar, this book, as one of the best English specimens of an interesting and valuable although unfamiliar department of literature fairly calls for more notice than I can accord it within the straitened limits of the space at my disposal. The editor of the present compilation is already well and favorably known to me through the pleasant medium of one of his former works, "Shakespeare as Portrayed by Himself," and, while I am far from agreeing with the author's conclusions I nevertheless heartily admire the ingeniousness of his argument and his loyal affection for the great poet of the British people. Mr. Waters possesses a direct and vigorous style, which combination of natural and rhetorical qualities rarely fails to secure engrossed listeners, let the theme be what it may.

In the present instance, Mr. Waters shows himself to be an excellent editor as well as a writer of striking ability. It is doubtful if his divisions of the work under review could have been improved upon. Some account of by-gone table-talk opens the volume; this succinct dissertation is followed by a biographical sketch of John Selden, wherein his life is traced to a period when he may be supposed to have delivered himself of the greater portion of what Coleridge calls the "weighty bullion sense" which subsequently went to the making of the famous "Table-Talk"; the biographical sketch is followed by an agreeable essay on the origin of the table-talk and on the secret of its popularity; then

comes Mr. Waters' selections, which, he says, make about four-fifths of the original. The volume concludes with remarks on the table-talk in the course of which the editor, who seems to be Shakespeare-smitten, makes the mistake of leaving his subject and going off on a tangent mounted on one of his interesting Shakesperian hobbies, but he pulls up in time to give an account of the closing years of Selden, which worthy, by the way, died happy and prosperous. It is not difficult to perceive that this method of arrangement supplies a good place for the proper discussion of every topic suggested by the central subject.

Among the monks, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Waters informs us, works of a pious and devotional character were most common ; but among laymen the most popular books consisted of collections of signs and wonders ; of strange predictions and mysterious occurrences ; of warnings, dreams, omens and mysteries ; of jests, riddles, witticisms and anecdotes ; of ballads, songs and sonnets ; of warlike deeds and heroic exploits. In short they were such books as contained entertaining and inspiring matter for fireside stories and table-talk generally. Some of these early books were, in their comprehensiveness, even more colossal than the encyclopedias of our own day ! Their very titles oftentimes covered several pages ! The work, famous alike in England and on the Continent, called *Gesta Romanorum*, or *Deeds of the Romans*, was of the sort just mentioned, and was for centuries the prime source of literary and social entertainment among the better class of people, and it was from it many English poets, notably Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, derived many a plot and incident for poem and drama. Then came, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those countless volumes of *Ana* for which there was such a rage in France and Italy during the last century. The first of these books was a volume containing the *Table-Talk*, the noted sayings, and the most interesting incidents in the life of the famous French scholar, professor, and writer, Joseph Justus Scaliger, and the work was speedily followed by many others of a similiar character. When the rage for this kind of literature had, like the fashions, been transmitted to England, it was taken up by a man who had much in common with the *Ana* makers, though he

was endowed with more talent than most of them ; for Horace Walpole was distinguished for wit and repartee, and noted for his talent as a raconteur and easy talker, and, let me whisper it, liar. Then came Isaac Disraeli, father of the famous novelist, orator, and theatrical statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, with his *Curiosities of Literature*, *Calamities of Authors*, and so forth. But the Prince of Ana makers was James Boswell who, in 1791, published his life of Dr. Johnson, wherein the great lexicographer continues to live, visit, drink tea, and thunder wisdom. Mr. Waters reminds us, it is worth something to be able to listen to the table-talk of a great man. Those of us who have read Disraeli or Boswell, or *The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald*, the nearest Canadian approach to its great predecessors, will, I think, agree that such books have a charm and a value all their own.

Dr. Johnson, talking with Boswell about French literature, said : " Their Ana are good ; some of them are good ; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them, "Selden's Table-Talk." Hallam gave the same verdict ; Calverley set the highest value on it ; and the world has confirmed the judgment of those able men. As I have stated, this famous book was neither written nor published by John Selden. These ana were taken down by the Rev. Richard Milward, who had been his amanuensis and daily companion for over twenty years. Says Milward in his dedication : " I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty years together ; and, lest all these Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time, I faithfully committed to writing. . . . Truly the sense and notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." It will be noted that Milward states he did not write out all of Selden's conversation, but only the striking things, and he further announces that his book is for the most part made up of " the sense of various matters of weight and of high consequence relating especially to church and state." Perhaps, this explains how Selden who held liberal views on most things was almost entirely blind to the good in Catholics and in their church, but a Protestant in these days was choke full of religious prejudices. Catholics are used to making allowance for books produced by Protestants,

and of picking their way carefully between the lines so as to avoid slur, slander, and misstatement. If this course be pursued in dealing with Selden's Table-Talk, I am quite certain many Catholics will, like myself, find much entertainment and some instruction in the book. For the rest I quite agree with Mr. Waters in his desire that every great man should have his Boswell or his Milward, and I add the desire that every Boswell and Milward may find a Waters for an editor.

I have left myself scant space for extracts from the immortal Table-Talk. Here is a saying that takes my fancy :

“ Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoes : they were easiest for his feet.”

The amount of observation crowded into the following is great :

“ Humility is a Virtue all preach, non practice ; and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.”

Here is one for my good friend, the Hon. Thomas Payment, Mayor of the City of Ottawa, who claims to be “ a seventh son of a seventh son ” with all that magic phrase implies :

“ Number in itself is nothing, has nothing to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backward then the first is the seventh: why is he not likewise fortunate ?”

“ Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive where e'er they come ; they are able to oblige the Prince of their country by lending him money ; none of them beg ; they keep together ; and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.”

The Britons who imagine that all will be lovely in the Transvaal after our armies have stormed Pretoria, should digest this :

“ Though we have Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e'er things be settled. Tho' the wind lye, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.”

Our graduating class will scarcely find the following void of useful suggestion :

“ He that comes from the university to govern the state, before he is acquainted with the men and manners of the place, does just as if one should come into the presence chamber all dirty, with his boots on, his riding coat and his hat all daubed. These may serve him well enough on the road ; but when he comes to court he must conform to the place.”

Yes, we generally begin to learn when we leave school !

Selden had few good words for the Catholic Church, but here and there he hears unwilling (?) witness :

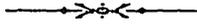
“ Popish books teach and inform ; what we know we know much out of them. The Fathers, Church story, schoolmen, all may pass for Popish books ; and if you take away them, what learning will you have ?”

I might go on making extracts as pertinent as the foregoing for a very long time. Mr. Waters says that the secret of this book's success lies in the fact that Selden, like Dr. Johnson, spoke better than he wrote. I am of opinion that its quality of applicability—of being cited in connection with the men and things of all time—had most to do with its continuous popularity. The wisdom of a man which enabled him to keep his head—in every sense of the phrase—during no less than four stormy reigns, was another powerful preservative factor.

I desire to thank Mr. Waters for giving me an opportunity to renew a half forgotten acquaintance with John Selden and his table-talk under the most pleasant and suitable auspices.

The publishers, Messrs. Eaton & Mains, have done everything that could be done to make the volume attractive. A fine portrait of Selden, clear and accurate type, strong and beautiful binding, all these good things have been bestowed upon this volume.

University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. 3.

IN TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

During the past few weeks, since it was authoritatively announced that the Rev. Father Cornell, O.M.I., at the call of obedience, was about to withdraw from his office as Chief Manager of THE REVIEW, an unmistakeable shadow of regret has been noticeable on every countenance in our editorial staff. Moreover, our sorrow is not unmingled with serious concern as to our future destiny in the sphere of journalism, deprived as we must be, of his guidance, who, besides having brought into being our University Magazine in its present excellent form, has, likewise, pushed it forward into a position second to none amongst similar publications.

To the Rev. Father himself, the change must, we deem, have come as a godsend: for the devoted attention he always bestowed upon THE REVIEW, coupled with a large share of other pressing

duties, was a constant strain, which a constitution, much more robust than his, would hardly be capable of enduring. Hence, from the point of view that our own loss is our best friend's gain, we may rejoice at, rather than lament, the step that has deprived us of his able pilotism. We may, moreover, derive no small amount of courage from the conviction that, in our day of need, he will be ever at hand and ready to place at our disposal the creations of his literary and journalistic talent.

It would be altogether unbecoming on our part, did we let this occasion pass without laying at the Rev. Father Cornell's feet, a tribute of our profound gratitude, in remembrance of all he has done for the whole student body in general and for ourselves in particular. By his many hidden kindnesses, (stolen kindnesses we might perhaps call some of them), as well as by his words of sound direction, he has raised in the hearts of all, a monument before which an unending incense of fervent prayer will silently ascend to God in his behalf. Father Cornell is one of those whose real worth as a student's friend and helper is not proclaimed on every breeze; neither is it confined to the classroom where he daily sits as interpreter of the true and beautiful in literature; it is, rather, treasured up in the sanctuary of his retirement, where everyone in perplexity or sorrow may always go for the inestimable blessings of sound advice and holy consolation. Yes, Father Cornell, a thousand thanks from all the students, and especially from the editorial staff of THE REVIEW.

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PROSPECTIVE.

As a matter of course, the Rev. Father Cornell's retirement necessitated a new appointment, so the Rev. Father McKenna, in submission to the decision of his superiors, has accepted the vacant chair. We feel quite confident that Father McKenna will spare no pains to maintain the high literary standing to which THE REVIEW has risen during the skilful management of his predecessor. Judging from present indications, we can conclude that he will make every effort to provide for the students of Ottawa University, whether belonging to the present or to the past, some.

thing worthy of being preserved as a valuable souvenir of happy days spent under the protection of *Alma Mater*. This month, our readers will notice that two new features have been introduced. Father McKenna's decided predilection for his young friends of the small yard would not allow him to debar them any longer from a say in the pages of *THE REVIEW*; so a Junior Department has been introduced and a Junior Editor has been duly installed in office. Moreover, an exchange column has been inserted in order that *THE REVIEW* may have an opportunity of greeting properly the many welcome brother visitors that come monthly to its sanctum.

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FATHER DAVID'S DEPARTURE.

It is with deep regret that we note the passing of another esteemed professor. Since 1886, Rev. Father David has been connected with the professorial staff of Ottawa University, and, during all those years, he has unreservedly sacrificed himself upon the high altar of duty. But the strain has at length told upon even his robust nature, and to-day the imperative demands of his health necessitate a complete rest. As professor, Father David was ever so strict, methodical, pains-taking and devoted, that his spirit of labor and his love of study became alike contagious, and hence, to be his pupil meant to be a *worker*—there was no alternative. But his kindly, generous, true priest-like character endeared him to all in such a manner that his resignation and his prospective departure from our midst, bring to all a sense of very great loss indeed. We sincerely trust and pray that a short rest will entirely restore Father David's shattered health, and that God may still grant him many, many years of successful labor in whatsoever sphere his future duties may call him to.

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THE HONORABLE F. R. LATCHFORD.

Although *THE REVIEW*, with the foresight of a prophet and the prudence of a philosopher, always carefully resists the allurements of political partisanship, it must, nevertheless, notice with satisfaction and joy, the triumphs, whether

political or otherwise, that, from time to time, are gained by some sons of *Alma Mater*. It is in this spirit of family pride and fraternal good will that we offer our sincerest congratulations to the Hon. F. R. Latchford on the occasion of his election to the Ontario Parliament. Mr. Latchford was one of our graduates of '82, and since then, having chosen the law as his profession, he has spent most of his time in the Capital. A man of profound faith, Mr. Latchford has ever proved himself a staunch Catholic and, consequently, a worthy citizen of this great Dominion. We feel quite confident that his future career in the important position he now occupies, or perhaps in some other still more elevated sphere will bring satisfaction to his party and constituents, honor to his Church, and glory to his *Alma Mater*. In addition to hearty congratulations for the victory gained, the REVIEW's message to Mr. Latchford, on this auspicious occasion, contains one other word,—Godspeed.

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CHAMPIONS AGAIN.

The "crack of doom," which, by the way is the date fixed in the words of a certain poet-prophet, for the departure of Miss Championship from Ottawa Varsity, hasn't come yet; neither has the proud flourish of conscious superiority as yet deserted the silken folds of the now famous garnet-and-grey. For the fourth time within as many years, the Quebec Rugby honors have taken up winter quarters in what we may now call their adopted, if not their native, atmosphere. Just five years ago, the sport-loving poet above referred to, expressed the hope that Miss Championship would be good enough to lay by her robes and stay under our humble roof. Well, for the present at least, her robes are laid aside in the garnet-and-grey wardrobe with a care that certainly betokens no anxiety for a change of climate on the part of her gracious ladyship.

During the past five years, our boys have kept secure the laurels of victory on many a well contested field, but never before, perhaps, have they manifested more courage and energy, than was displayed by them in the final contests for this season's honors. On two occasions during the series, the prospect looked,

to say the least, disheartening. It seemed very much as if Miss Championship had grown tired of College monotony, and were going to take up aristocratic quarters somewhere on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Notwithstanding all this gloomy outlook, however, a certain number of wise heads that are thoroughly acquainted with Varsity's past rugby record, with Varsity's methods and with Varsity's final seemingly inevitable triumphs, assumed a confident air and looked, cheerful even when their eyes were staring at such queer anomalies as, Montreal 15, Varsity 3; Brockville 24, Varsity 6. That those wise heads were not a whit mistaken in their calculation, the sequel shows.

Now, from our point of view, at least, there seems to be something peculiarly striking in this uninterrupted succession of rugby triumphs. In their moments of most urgent need, something almost always turns up to place victory in our boys' hands. For example, the play that won the day in Montreal, at this season's final match, was a move so unlooked for, and so unusual on a football field, that the spectators could hardly realize how it was done. Someone has remarked that Varsity players show their metal only when hard pressed. This is undoubtedly true, but, then, how do they manage these phenomenal exhibitions of scientific movement always just in the nick of time? It is certainly no easy matter for an outsider to account for that quick grasp of situation and prompt telling action, which has so often covered with glory the dear old garnet-and-grey.

All honor and praise, then, to the champions of '99. Never before, perhaps, was victory so clearly a student property. Hardly ever before did the champions meet more worthy opponents, and although victory rests with us, a large share of real worth must be attributed to those that struggled so bravely with us for supremacy. Some of our players in the two final contests were but novices at the rugby business, still they acted their part well. THE REVIEW offers its sincere congratulations to the champions, and in token of its good will, it dresses itself in garnet-and-grey as a memorial of a signal victory.

THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.

Lately there has appeared, in the columns of the daily press, a great deal of adverse criticism in regard to the stand taken by Varsity in refusing to play for the Dominion Championship after a certain fixed date. Now we would like to ask some of the esteemed gentlemen that profess to be so keenly offended at Varsity's action, if our football club is obliged to hang on to the apron strings of the Ontario Rugby Union? In case said Union is not able to settle its difficulties in proper season, are our players obliged to remain in training until near Christmas in order to accommodate that honorable combination? We hardly think so, and, evidently, the Quebec Rugby Union doesn't think so either. Most of our players are students; they have difficult examinations to pass before going home at Christmas. Now when the latter part of November has arrived each year they have already lost considerable time from their studies owing to football. Would it be at all just to prolong that state of affairs well into the month of December solely for the accommodation of the Ontario Rugby Union? Certainly any person that gives the matter serious consideration, will reply in the negative. To the accusation that our players were afraid to meet the Ontario champions, Varsity's past football record is a sufficient answer, and, of their firm stand in refusing to play for the Dominion championship after November 25th, the unanimous decision of the Quebec Rugby Union is a sufficient indorsement. Our players are sorry for such a combination of circumstances as has, this year, prevented them from bringing home a much coveted honor, and ardently hope that, next year, a more satisfactory state of affairs will allow the final contest to take place in due season.

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IMPORTANT.

We beg leave to remind such of our numerous friends as have not, as yet, paid up for THE REVIEW, that their subscriptions are now due, and that we expect from them the same generous support as hitherto. We are aware that most of our supporters are persons whose professional or business occupations allow them very little time for attending to exterior affairs, and, conse

quently, we rightly attribute their delay in renewing their subscriptions or in paying up arrears, rather to forgetfulness than to any other less pardonable motive. This being so, a simple reminder is sufficient in order to have them send us the assistance absolutely necessary for keeping THE REVIEW in a respectable position amongst sister publications.



Obituary.

JOHN C. SHEA '84.

"Come then pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep
And come, whatever loves to weep
And bear the ritual of the dead."

Unsearchable are the ways of God. The young sapling adorned with all the richness of beautiful foliage and possessing all the vigour of a new life, will bend, and break, and fall to the ground while the aged trunk rearing its unsightly form with shattered bark and leafless branches, will withstand the shock of storms and brave the tempest blast. So now, we are called to mourn the taking off, in the summer of life, of one endowed with splendid qualities of mind and heart, and to write down in poor human words the stern sad reality that he, whom so many, past and present students of Ottawa University knew—has passed from earth. On Tuesday, November 21st 1899, at Phoenix, Arizona, whither he had gone in the hope that the dry air of the highlands would stay the progress of his malady, died John C. Shea of the class of '84. Mr. Shea was born in Ottawa thirty-six years ago. After completing his commercial education in "old St. Joseph's" Separate School, he entered Ottawa University. Here his amiable disposition and gentlemanly bearing won for him the esteem of professors and students, while his diligent application to study fittingly prepared him for the sphere of life in which he was destined to play a prominent part.

After leaving the University, Mr. Shea entered upon the

career, of journalism and early made his abilities known. He was an authority on all sporting matters, and his unbiased opinions on such topics received credence in every Canadian Athletic Circle. In this connection he will be best remembered by his contributions to the *Montreal Gazette* and other Canadian papers, and as a promoter and enthusiastic supporter of various athletic clubs in Ottawa. Ever imbued with a true College spirit he gave valiant support to "Old Varsity" and his unflinching interest and staunch patronage of the team earned for him the good will of every student of Ottawa University. At the time of his retirement from the *Ottawa Free Press* last spring, he was news editor, a position wherein his wide knowledge and well-known ability would have obtained for him an important rank among Canadian Journalists. Early last spring, Mr. Shea's health failed and, for months, he bore his trying illness with patience and cheerfulness. Then there was a temporary improvement and finally he was advised to go south. Six weeks ago, he journeyed to Phoenix, Arizona, but soon his frail constitution gave away and the sad end came. In the name of the student body of Ottawa University "THE REVIEW" tenders to Mrs. Shea this humble tribute in loving memory of him who has been so untimely called away, and in the sympathetic hope of soothing the sorrow of those left behind.

CHARLES FRANCIS KEHO, EX '98.

It is with feelings of the most profound regret that we, this month, chronicle the ending of another bright and promising career. None of us that had the pleasure of companionship with Charles F. Keho, five or six years ago, ever imagined that, so soon, his call would come. But then, death is everywhere around us and we see it not. One short week of illness sufficed to take away that bright young life, so dear, so edifying to all of us that had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with its manly and faith-begotten beauties. God grant that we too, when we are gone to another world, may leave behind us so sweet an odor of virtue as is the legacy bequeathed us by Charles Francis Keho. Ever scrupulously exact in the performance of his obligations; ever attentive to even the least of his religious duties; ever faith-

ful to his First Friday Communions; ever beloved by his professors, his prefects, and his companions,—such is the bright record of Charles Francis Keho during his three years' residence in our midst. We copy the following brief account of his short life from the *Saginaw Evening Leader* :

“ Mr. Keho was born January 8th, 1873, at Joliette, Province of Quebec, and was, therefore, 26 years of age. He was educated in the public schools of Saginaw, matriculating at Sandwich College, Sandwich, Ont. He was a student there for five years, after which he spent three years at Ottawa University, Canada. He then took up the study of medicine in the Saginaw Medical College, where he spent one year, going from there to the Detroit Medical College, where he entered the department of dental surgery, receiving his diploma on June 15th last. He also spent one year practicing with Dr. E. T. Loeffler before entering the Saginaw College. He was engaged in practicing his chosen profession at the time of his death, and had opened an office. He was a young man of good habits, and with qualities of head and heart that endeared him to all who knew him.”

THE REVIEW is but voicing the sentiments of both Faculty and students in extending to the sorrowing parents, brother and sister, its heartiest sympathy in their trying bereavement.

Of Local Interest.

The various societies composed of the University students have, as a rule, been reorganized, and will enter upon their programmes with great vigor.

The Scientific Society was early in the field, and, at a well attended meeting, the following gentlemen were selected to govern the society until February, 1900: President, M. E. Conway; Vice-President, J. A. Meehan; Secretary, W. A. Martin; Treasurer, M. A. Foley; Reporter, D. J. McTighe; Committee, Messrs. Albin, Breen, Morin and O'Connell.

Several meetings have already been held, and they all proved most interesting. Not the least part of the programme are the

musical numbers rendered by the Society's Orchestra, under the able leadership of Father Lajeunesse. Though the gentlemen composing the orchestra have been brought together but a short time, their rendition of their repertoire is exceedingly pleasing.

His Eminence, Mgr. Falconio, was pleased to attend our first meeting, accompanied by Rev. Father Superior and many of the Faculty. Mr. John Breen delivered a very able paper on Pneumatics, and illustrated it with some very interesting experiments. The next topic treated was the "Origin of Man." Mr. W. A. Martin dealt with this subject in a succinct manner, but still it was broad enough to give a good idea of the various theories held regarding man's origin.

The society numbers nearly fifty members. Its meetings are held every second Wednesday in the Academic Hall. All the students of the classical course and the Fourth Grade are invited to attend.

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A very important organization in the College is that of the Reading Room. It has been in operation for over two months now, and the leading papers and periodicals are at the disposal of its members. However, the membership list is not as large as it should be. The fee is very moderate compared with the advantages to be derived therefrom, and no student should fail to become a member, that is to say a paid-up member. The managers hope to see every student in the senior department join the Reading Room organization. With increased funds, more papers and magazines will be obtained and the facilities for keeping up with the times correspondingly increased.

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The English Debating Society at a meeting held Monday, November 27th, was reorganized for the year. The gentlemen to whom the direction of the society has been entrusted are as follows: President, T. S. Albin; Secretary, J. Warnock; Committee, Messrs. Martin, Collins and Kearney. The membership will be considerably increased this year, and a remarkably interesting series of debates has been planned.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to give any detailed

account of the various other societies which have been formed. But should anything of general interest occur, the officers are requested to inform THE REVIEW in order that it may appear in these columns.

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His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, has just returned from an interesting trip to Valleyfield and St. Hyacinth. The grand reception he was tendered in both these places was well worthy both of the distinguished visitor and of the faithful Catholics of Quebec Province. His Excellency is in good health and 'seems to be enjoying very much his stay in Canada. He has expressed himself as well pleased with the good conduct and piety of the Ottawa University students.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

"The American army has been sent on a mission of humanity to a persecuted and down-trodden race, and has no authorized power or right to distort and misconstrue this mission into one of cruelty, persecution, rapine and devastation," says John J. Sullivan, writing in the November issue of *Donahoe's Magazine*. Such is the tenor of a sensational article supported by a mass of damaging evidence, gathered by this reliable journalist to prove that Catholic churches were wantonly and sacrilegiously desecrated by American soldiers in the Philippines. If these facts are true, and the proofs seem numerous and conclusive, outrages have been perpetrated under the protection of the American flag, which find an equal only in the unhallowed acts and ruthless devastation of the Reformation period. From this strong evidence it would seem that the gloomy past of three hundred years ago has been rehearsed at the dawn of a new century. Those of our readers who followed the scholarly contributions from the pen of Rev. Eugene O'Growney in connection with the Gaelic Movement, will read with pathetic interest his last article entitled "Irish Shrines" which occupies the opening pages of this maga-

zine especially since its talented author passed away on October 19th, at Los Angeles. The scope of the article consists in a description of the sacred places intimately connected with the religious history of Ireland, together with a sketch of the traditions and religious customs of Ireland's early Catholicity. One of the best contributions to this issue is a comprehensive review of an article entitled "United States and Rome" which appeared in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Said article has been subjected to a searching criticism and its merits and defects have been carefully commented upon in this review. The present position of the Church in America, its harmonious relations to the Republic, its social position and other topics suggested by Mr. Sedgwich's paper have been fully treated, and hence merit the careful study of every intelligent reader.

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The Sacred Heart Review of the issue, November 11th, offers to its readers an excellent table of contents. Among the best features of this number may be mentioned Rev. Mr. Starbuck's contribution dealing with certain statements of Dean Hodges, timely editorial notes on "A Practical Catholic" and "Battling with Briggism." These, with many other carefully selected articles, make up an interesting and instructive number.

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The place of honor in the November issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is assigned to M. D. Walsh's beautiful description entitled "A Mediaeval Festival in Modern Italy." During the past few months, the rise and progress of the different monastic orders in the Philippines, have been faithfully traced in a series of articles contributed to this magazine. Their historical outline has little value except in that it has served to connect the present with the historic past. Since public interest in the Philippines is on the wane, articles of such a nature will in future not be much missed from our magazines. Other articles of particular merit are "The Legendary Literature of the Middle Ages" and "Child, Give Me Thy Heart," the latter from the pen of the Rev. M. Russel, S.J.

The *Ave Maria*, in its Editorial notes in the issue of the 18th inst., scores the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York for his extravagant hope that peace will be restored in Episcopalian territory by the resignation and withdrawal of Dr. DeCosta. The following excerpt indicates the force of the note: "There is no peace in the bishop's motely communion. Dr. DeCosta is not a diseased member whose amputation removes the danger of general abnormality. The whole body is affected with something like it, and carries that which indicates speedy disintegration. The famous ex-preacher is one of many." Indeed the Rev. Dr. DeCosta's departure from the Episcopalian fraternity has occasioned considerable anxiety to his Canadian brethren, and local Anglican circles were deeply agitated by his retirement.



Exchanges.

By P. J. GALVIN, '00.

In the heap of exchanges for this month we heard a strange rustle, one to which our ears had not been accustomed. Whilst endeavoring to locate the noisy visitor, we had time to indulge in conjectures as to who he was. "A foreigner, most probably," one suggested; "Some stout heart pleading for the Boers," hinted a second; "No," exclaimed a third, who had hit upon the object of our search, "it is *The Bee*, a Canadian *Bee*." Well, to come down to common parlance, we welcomed to our sanctum *The Bee*. This publication comes from St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario. It has now reached the eighth number of the first volume, and already gives promise of being a worthy rival of long-established college periodicals. We are especially pleased with its appearance in the world of college journalism, seeing that it comes from a Canadian Catholic college, and we therefore wish it every success. "Patriotism: Its Lack in This Country," is well thought out, and deserves a careful perusal.

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The Harvard Advocate is a very trim publication. The last number is disappointing, however, as regards matter. It con-

tains, with a few other articles, six short narratives, any one of which might be written by an ordinary school-boy. The stories are not well conceived, are uninteresting, in fact, and, as to artistic execution, they display none.

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The leading article in the October number of the *McMaster University Monthly* is entitled "Truth Speaking" The writer attempts to inculcate high motives for veracity, but in doing so he shoots wide of the mark. He gives, it is true, very practical advices which, if followed, would lead to the attainment of truthfulness. But the tone of the article is such as would lead one to doubt of his sincerity in the matter. He allows himself to pen gross untruths, and is guilty of misrepresentations that have not a shadow of foundation. The Anglo-Saxon countries and Protestant Canada, it is claimed, have specially fostered this beautiful virtue. But now, concerning this statement, of the truth of which there does not appear to be the slightest doubt in his mind, he does not inform us whether it is a question of fact or a conclusion easily demonstrable. If it happens to be the former, he should inform us what statistics can be adduced in support of the assertion; if the latter, what physiological characteristics, or special religious training constitute the peoples of those countries essentially truth-speaking. Here are two sentences from this remarkable essay, which, by the way, the writer at the outset wishes to disavow as an essay: "The ancient Jews fell very far short of the New Testament standard regarding absolute veracity, and there are instances recorded of apparent falsehood on the part of the patriarchs themselves." "The Roman Catholic Church has developed an elaborate system of casuistry by which, prevarication and even down-right lying are justified, and which strikes at the root of truth-speaking in the New Testament sense of the term." We here see mention of the "apparent falsehood" of the patriarchs of old. Does the writer mean to condemn the patriarchs for *apparent* falsehood, for any misconstruction that may be put on their words? Surely one's veracity does not depend on the tongues of others. But the charge against the Catholic Church is more direct than that against the patriarchs, with, however, less of a foundation. It would be highly pleasing to us to learn of the

means whereby the writer became acquainted with this system of casuistry of which he speaks. We doubt very much whether he has ever consulted any Catholic theological work, or, in fact, any work treating of the doctrine of the Catholic Church; and we therefore believe him utterly incompetent to treat of the subject "Truthspeaking," along the lines he has chosen to follow. Furthermore, it might be added that ours is truly a deplorable situation when we have to accept as champions of the high moral virtues, men who sin grievously against the canons of those virtues, and who scruple not to libel institutions that have ever commanded the respect and admiration of the world.

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One of our exchanges, treating of the origin of baseball, says: "The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebekah at the well, she was walking with a pitcher. Samson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptians. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea."

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Few, we think, will accept the standard for criticism advocated by the writer of "A Daniel Among the Critics," an article which appeared recently in the columns of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that such an article found place in that periodical. The writer, to our mind, makes too unscrupulous a use of his vocabulary, and causes his readers many an involuntary wince when he confronts them with statements that shock their sensibility and belie their better judgment.

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The October number of the *Fordham Monthly* contains much interesting matter. The three articles entitled, "Leo I.—The Civilizer," "Gregory VII.—The Liberator," "Leo XIII.—The Enlightener," deserve special mention. They are carefully written, and, in concise form, sum up the characters of those three great pontiffs.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Mr. Frank L. Graves, a commercial graduate of '88 has recently informed us of his admission to the Vermont State Bar. Frank was graduated among the honor men of one of the most brilliant classes ever entered in the Montpelier Law School. Congratulations, Frank, and good luck to you.

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It was with the greatest pleasure that we learned of Mr. F. R. Latchford's election to the Provincial Parliament of Ontario. Mr. Latchford was selected by Premier Ross for the Ministry of Public Works, and was offered the constituency composed of Renfrew, Arnprior and Eganville. His majority, though not large, is looked upon as a great personal victory. There is no doubt that Mr. Latchford will become very prominent in Ontario's Parliament as the representative of the Catholics. We wish him every success, and take peculiar pride in the fact that he was a graduate of Ottawa University in 1882.

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The students of the University tender Mr. John Ball their sincerest congratulations on his recent entrance into the Capuchin Order. Mr. Ball received the habit on last Sunday, this impressive ceremony being witnessed by quite a number of his old friends, both students and professors.

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Sad news comes to us from the sick-room of Mr. R. O'Meara, '99. Consumption is doing its work of destruction so steadily that all hope of recovery has been abandoned. The bright, promising young man, whose affable company all of us enjoyed a year ago, is now quietly awaiting the end, which can hardly be far off. Mr. O'Meara's message to Faculty and students is a request for a kind remembrance in their prayers. THE REVIEW sincerely sympathises with Mr. O'Meara in his grievous illness, and feels confident that his request will be well responded to.

Athletics.

Ottawa College, 14. Britannia, 0.

On Saturday, October 28th, Ottawa College and Britannia lined up against each other for the second time during the present season. The day was far from being an ideal one for football. The grounds had more the appearance of a huge swimming-bath than that of a football-field, and the greater portion of the match was played amidst a heavy downfall of rain. However, the unfavorable state of the weather and of the grounds seemed to affect the play very little, and the handful of enthusiasts who came to the game witnessed a really good exhibition of Rugby, although errors were of frequent occurrence on both sides owing to the slippery condition of the field.

In answer to the referee's whistle, the teams lined up as follows:—

COLLEGE—Callaghan, full-back; E. Murphy, McGuckin, Desjardins, half-backs; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter-back; Cox, Clancy, P. Murphy, scrimmage; Nagle, Smith, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Dunlop, McCreadie, wings.

BRITANNIA—Gordon, full-back; Brown, B. Christmas, A. Christmas, half-backs; McKenzie, (Capt.) quarter-back; J. Byrnes, T. Byrnes, Strachan, scrimmage; Lightborne, Wilson, H. Christmas, E. Christmas, Adams, Henderson, Strachan, wings.

Referee—George H. Dalton, (Kingston.)

Umpire—H. Britton, (Kingston).

From the kick-off, College kept their opponents almost continually on the defensive. After a few short runs for small gains by Ed. Murphy, the ball was brought to Brits' 25-yard line where it was secured by McGuckin and punted over the line. Gordon rouged. College 1. Britannia kicked off, but the ball was quickly returned to Brown who fumbled; J. McGee followed up well and aided by Ed. Murphy dribbled for a touch in goal. College, 2. The visitors were now on their mettle, and attempted to force matters. However, their efforts proved futile. It seemed almost impossible for the ball to pass the College half-backs. Mc-

Guckin's long punts brought the sphere to Brits' 10-yard-line where a series of heavy scrimmages took place. Finally J. McGee got over for a try. Ed. Murphy kicked but failed to convert and the score stood : College, 6. When play was resumed, Britannia made determined efforts to score, but the College backs unflinchingly returned the leather to their opponents' territory. The College wings followed up swiftly and forced the visitors to rouge twice in quick succession. College, 8. College endeavored to increase their score before time was called, but met with a vigorous opposition. The ball was within ten yards of Brits' goal line when the referee's whistle announced half-time.

At the opening of the second half it, looked as if the visitors were going to even up the score. They succeeded in keeping the play in College territory for some time, but were gradually forced back. McGuckin soon obtained possession of the leather and punted over the line and secured a rouge. College, 9. Another rouge followed almost immediately. College, 10. Shortly after the kick-off, the ball was punted into College territory ; a muff by one of our half-backs gave our opponents an excellent opportunity to secure a touch-down. This was cleverly averted by Callaghan who obtained possession of the pigskin, and made one of the best punts of the day, sending the ball into touch near the 50-yard line. After several scrimmages, McGuire passed to McCreadie who forced through the line for a try. Ed. Murphy failed to convert. College 14. A few minutes afterwards time was called and the result of the match was announced : College 14, Britannia 0.

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Brockville, 24 ; College, 6.

On Saturday, the 4th inst., College travelled to Brockville to meet the stalwart representatives of that place. In a former match with that team, College won by the narrow margin of one point, and consequently a close and exciting game was expected when these two rivals would meet again. But the Brockville men play a much stronger game and are sure winners on their own grounds. When time was called, the score stood 24 to 6 in favor of the home team. The result was a great surprise to us, for, while not overconfident of victory, such a decisive defeat was far from the minds of all. However, the victors won fairly and on their merits. Our

back division was much inferior to that of our opponents. The wings seemed evenly matched, but Brockville had the advantage in strength and weight. College scrimmage worked well but was weakened somewhat by the absence of Big Pat Murphy. McCredie filled the position well, but was unaccustomed to it. Both teams played a good clean game. Brockville made some of the most brilliant runs ever witnessed on a football field, and appeared far too swift for College. In the first half, the home team succeeded in preventing their opponents from scoring, and managed to cross College line four times for trys. None were converted, and at half-time, the score stood: Brockville, 16; College, 0. In the second-half College played much better ball. Play had progressed only a short time when Brockville was forced to rouge. Shortly afterwards Eddie Murphy obtained the ball from a scrimmage near the Brockville 25-yard line and dropped a beautiful goal from the field. Brockville, 16; College, 6. This ended the scoring done by our boys. They seemed to play harder than ever, but their opponents did all the scoring. Two touch-downs increased the score of the Island City team to 24. Shortly afterwards, time was called and the score-board read, Brockville, 24; College, 6.

The teams were as follows:

COLLEGE—Callaghan, full-back; C. McGee, McGuckin, E. Murphy, half-backs; McGuire (Capt.), quarter-back; McCredie, Clancy, Cox, scrimmage; MacCosham, Nagle, McEwan, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Dunlop (replaced by Fay), wings.

BROCKVILLE—Richardson, full-back; Jones, Martin, Smith, half-backs; Wilkinson, quarter-back; Carr, McDougall, Marquis, scrimmage; McLaren, Doran, McDougall, Hiscox, Ritchie, Sheriff, wings.

REFEREE—Mason (Britannia).

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College, 15; Montreal, 8.

The defeat administered to our team by Brockville had a most salutary effect. During the week that preceded our match with Montreal, our players settled down to faithful training and hard practice. As a result, it was a different team that lined up against

the Montrealers at University Oval on the afternoon of Saturday, November 11th, and it was a different story that was to be told at the conclusion of the match. College defeated their redoubtable opponents from the Metropolis by a score of 15 to 8. The teams took their places as follows :

COLLEGE—Morin, full-back ; Callaghan, McGuckin, E. Murphy, half-backs ; McGuire (Capt.), quarter-back ; McCredie, Nagle, Devlin, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Fay, wings

MONTREAL—Russell, full-back ; Suckling, Savage, McLea, half-backs ; C. Jack (Capt.), quarter-back ; Agerst, Bond, Vipond, Megs, Parr, Ogilvie, Williams, Massey, Irvine, Murphy, wings.

The officials were : C. A. Rothera (Lennoxville), referee ; C. T. Austey (Abingdon School, Montreal), umpire ; W. Codd and A. Holloway, goal-judges ; F. C. Chittick and S. R. Willett, touch-line judges.

THE PLAY.

Captain Jack won the toss and with it the advantage of a slight wind. Clancy kicked off for College and sent the oval to Suckling who returned. Ed. Murphy caught and ran as far as the visitors 10-yard line. After several scrimmages, McGuire passed to E. Murphy. A bad muff on the part of one of our half-backs put Montreal in possession of the ball, which was dribbled to centre. College eventually recovered the sphere and, after two or three scrimmages, McGuire was carried over the line for a try. Callaghan kicked, but failed to convert the goal. College 4, Montreal 0. Suckling kicked off and sent the leather to McGuckin who attempted to run but was quickly downed by the Montreal wings. McGuire gained considerable ground by bucking the line in the scrimmages that followed, but the ball became loose and Savage kicked over the line to Morin who returned. Suckling caught the return and punted for a touch in goal. College 4, Montreal 1. McGuckin kicked out to Savage who returned to Callaghan. College dribbled the ball into touch at centre. McGuckin caught Montreal's throw in, and punted to Russell who returned to touch. Shortly afterwards Suckling obtained a free kick and punted to Ed. Murphy, who made a high kick and, while the visitors' backs were waiting for the bound, he

followed up swiftly, obtained possession of the ball, dodged a crowd of opponents and secured a touch-down. Callaghan kicked the goal. College, 10. Montreal, 1. The visitors now picked up somewhat. Doc Irvine and Savage worked in a short run and gained considerable ground. Montreal obtained a free kick. Murphy returned to Russell who punted to McGuckin. The latter kicked to Suckling who punted for a touch in goal; College 10. Montreal, 2. Ed. Murphy made another brilliant run shortly after the kick out. When half time was called the ball was at Montreal's 30-yard line.

In the second half, Montreal showed up much better, and for a time, honors were fairly divided between the two teams. One moment the play would be in College territory and the next in Montreal's. The visitors succeeded in rattling their opponents. Shortly after the kick-off, McLea obtained the ball from scrimmage, and, after a short run, punted high. The sphere came to E. Murphy on the bound but the Montreal forwards were on him at once. Massey gathered in the ball and got over to the line for a touch, while College looked on. This mistake was inexcusable. Suckling converted and the score stood: College, 10; Montreal, 8. However, Montreal could not keep up the good work, and when College recovered their right senses there was no doubt as to the outcome of the match. McCredie secured the ball and got over for a touch-down, which was not allowed by the referee. College was not to be denied. After a few minutes' play McGuckin forced his way over for a try, which Callaghan failed to convert. College, 14; Montreal, 8. Soon afterwards, Russell was forced to rouge, and at the close of the match, the score stood 14 to 8 in favor of the Garnet-and-Grey.

Montreal played a fine game and took their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. The officials discharged their duties satisfactorily, although the referee seemed very nasty on many of the rules.

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OTTAWA COLLEGE AGAIN QUEBEC CHAMPIONS.

Ottawa College, 11; Brockville, 9.

Such is the story of the final match in the Quebec Rugby Union series of 1899. Once more has the Ottawa College Foot-

ball Club defeated all opponents, and won for the fourth time in succession the coveted title of "Champions of Quebec." In the regular scheduled matches College and Brockville came out even, and were matched to play the deciding game for premier honors on the M. A. A. grounds on Saturday, November 18th. After one of the closest and hardest struggles on record, College emerged victorious. The following is the account of the game as given by the Ottawa *Free Press* :

"Never in the history of Canadian football have two teams of such nearly equal strength battled in a decisive match for the championship, and throughout the entire game the result was in doubt. Neither club, at any stage of the game, obtained a sufficient lead to make victory assured, and the spectators consequently were kept on the tip-toe of excitement. And the play was such as to make them enthuse, as it was exceedingly fast. It never settled in any particular spot but kept constantly changing from one club's territory to the other, through the medium of splendid kicking, excellent dribbling and brilliant dashes. The play under the circumstances was little short of extraordinary, as the M.A.A.A. field was covered with patches of snow, pools of water and a sea of mud. The match had only been in progress a few minutes when the ball was covered with slime and was as hard to catch as a greasy pig at a country fair.

The backs on both sides, however, handled the leather with rare skill and the fumbles were comparatively few. But few as they were, they were instrumental in nearly all the scoring.

The forwards on both sides followed up so fast that a fumble meant a big loss, and the first touch-downs scored by the opposing teams were made on such plays.

AN OPEN GAME.

The play, as has been the case in all matches, was marked by open work. The teams had big forward lines but did not use their strength to any extent. The style adopted by the teams was a kicking game by the backs, who relied on their forwards getting down on the ball and taking advantages of fumbles or preventing returns. The College had the best of this style of game, as their backs were somewhat surer in handling punts, while the men behind the Brockville line, with the exception of Capt. Martin, fumbled badly at times. If College had the better of this part of the play, their opponents outclassed them when the ball was on the ground. Brockville proved experts at the dribbling game and their big gains were made by their skill in this line. The forwards were evenly matched. Brockville had slightly more weight in the wings, but College made this up in the scrimmage. The Island City men were faster and put more snap into their play. There never was any hanging back by them and each and every man did his best to be with the ball. Several College men showed a disposition to lag behind and wait for

the ball to be returned. In fact the Brockville men all around showed more aggressiveness than their opponents.

It was this aggressiveness that nearly pulled the match out of the fire for them during the last few minutes of play. College had been playing up well and looked to have matters in their own hands, when all of a sudden, Brockville took a brace and forced College back foot by foot and yard by yard until play was within a few yards of Varsity line, with Brockville in possession of the ball. It seemed as if the next scrimmage, which lined up directly in front of the College flags, would enable them to get over the line for a try, and place them in the lead. But it was not to be, as Brockville became over-anxious and did not scrimmage the ball properly. The result was a free kick for College, and McGucken kicked the ball out of danger. With only a few minutes to play Brockville started to work the ball back by short dashes through the centre. Time after time College were forced back until the ball was punted into touch at College 5 yards, in the north-east corner. College got the ball on the throw-in, and in the first scrimmage they lost two yards, as when it came to concentrated plays, the Collegians could not hold their own with Brockville.

Then College made an unexpected play that in daring and execution was the star performance of the match. McGuckin was the man selected for the play. The ball was scrimmaged and Brockville massed their entire strength in the scrim to push College over for a safety that would tie the score which then stood 11 to 9. The ball came out to McGuire, who passed back to McGuckin, who was but a couple of feet behind. The latter made a bluff at bucking the line, but suddenly swerved and started across the field like a deer. A couple of Brockville wings made ineffectual attempts to stop him, and, when he reached his own goal posts, he was clear of the Brockville men. He dashed into the playing field, ran twenty-five yards, and then kicked into touch near the centre of the field. It was a case of do or die, for if the College had failed to carry out the play, the score would have been tied, with the possible chance of the Brockvilles getting the lead. Playing time expired before the teams had a chance to throw the ball into play.

Capt. Martin, the centre half-back of the Brockvilles, was the star of his team. He never made a mistake, and his hard, consistent work was the feature of the day. He encouraged his men in grand style and seemed to be always in the right place. Richardson, at full back, and Smith and Jones on the half line, did not put up their usual brilliant games. Wilkinson at quarter was a host in himself, and did good service for his team. The entire forward line put up a grand game, and Doran, Ritchie, Phillips, Sheriff, Marquis and Graham did excellent following up.

For College the work of the three half-backs was well nigh perfect. Callaghan and McGuckin punted far and with good judgment, gaining on every exchange. Eddie Murphy did the most effective work on the field. He tackled hard and stopped many a dangerous dribble. His punts, while not as far as either McGuckin's or Callaghan's, were harder to handle on account

of the manner in which they twisted. McGuire at quarter could not be improved upon, and his headwork was equally as good as his playing. The scrim worked in harmony and Clancy's heeling out was unquestionably good. Of the wings Jim McGee and Lee were the stars. They were on the ball all the time and they tackled with unfailing sureness. The former especially put up a splendid article of ball, and he secured the first try made by College. The rest of the men performed their parts well.

For the officials, too much praise cannot be accorded them. They were severe in their rulings, but were always just, and made the players play the game as the rules provided. They did not allow any talking, and would never let the play start until the men had their little "says." On two points they were very exacting. This was on mass plays and on the observance of the five yard rule. They would not allow even one man to run ahead of the player with the ball without penalizing the side offending and giving the ball to their opponents. Many times the penalty seemed too severe, but it had the effect of stopping this play and in the second half there was scarcely an attempt made to form offside. The five yard rule was transgressed frequently owing to the manner in which the forwards got under the kicks and the penalty was a scrum for the non-offenders at the point from which the ball was kicked. At the conclusion of the match, Messrs. Savage and McDougal, who had engineered it, were congratulated on their rulings by the players of both teams.

While so much depended on the result of the match, there was little attempt at rough play. The best of feeling prevailed and the men took and gave hard knocks without showing any disposition to use their hands or feet. Lee and Phillips were sent off together for a slight offence and McCredie was also temporarily sent to the side lines.

Few injuries were received of any consequence. McGuekin and Jim McGee were the only ones who received any damages, but they were able to continue in the game.

There was no wind at the beginning of the match and the flag over the grand stand hung heavy around the flag-pole. During the rest at half time a slight breeze sprung up and Brockville had the benefit of it during the second half. This helped them considerably in their rushing tactics.

The match was started promptly on time before about one thousand spectators, largely made up of supporters of the contesting teams, who came from Ottawa and Brockville to cheer on their respective teams. The attendance of people from Montreal was disappointing, but their non-appearance was owing to the fact that they were not concerned in the result and also to the threatening aspect of the weather. The teams lined up as follows:

College Positions: Morin, full back; E. Murphy, McGuekin, Callaghan, half backs; McGuire, (capt.) quarter; Murphy, Clancy, Cox, scrumage; McCredie, Lee, Nagle, Devlin, Prudhomme, J. McGee, Fahey, wings
Brockville Positions: Richardson, full back; Smith, Martin, (capt.) Jones

half backs ; Wilkinson, quarter ; Carr, Doran, Dobbie, scrimmage ; McLaren, Hiscox, Sheriff, Ritchie, Graham, Phillips, Marquis, wings.

Referee, Jack Savage, Montreal.

Umpire, Hartland McDougall, Montreal.

Touch Judges, G. N. Russell, Victor Buchanan.

Goal Judges--Wally Hagar and G. W. Savage, Montreal.

Timer—Clifford Jack, Montreal.

College won the toss and Brockville kicked off, and after play settled down, McGuire made a pass back after a minute of play and Callaghan and Murphy collided, with the result that the ball rolled on the ground. The Brockville wings were on it like a flash and they got in one of their famous dribbles which carried the ball over the line, where Doran fell on it for a try. McLaren converted and the score was

Brockville, 6 ; College, 0.

The joy of the Brockville supporters was unbounded and they thought their favorites were sure winners. College settled down to hard play after an exchange of kicks. Then twice Brockville were penalized for non-observance of the five yard rule. Play was on their 25-yard line when, on a pass from McGuire, Eddie Murphy sent a twister to Jones on the Brockville line, who fumbled, and Jim McGee, who was right with the ball, fell on it for a try. Callaghan made the goal, and the teams were even up with six points.

The play became extremely open, the backs kicking at every opportunity. Brockville at centre received a free for College offside, and McGuckin missed the catch, but Jim McGee saved. McGuckin punted to Martin, and Jim McGee brought back the latter's return ten yards. McGuckin and Lee made twenty yards by pretty combination, and on the next kick McGee downed Wilkinson at Brockville's 25. Ed. Murphy kicked into touch in goal.

College 7. Brockville 6.

Jones kicked out to Prudhomme who missed the catch, but made a flying kick to Wilkinson, who sent to touch at Brockville's 10-yard. College were penalized for mass play and then they received a free for Brockville offside. McGuckin punted over the line and Smith was forced to rouge.

College 8. Brockville 6.

College forced the play in Brockville twenty, and McGuckin sent to touch at Brockville 25. Smith sent into touch at center and then McGuckin sent a hard one at Richardson, who let the ball go over his line and before he could retain he was thrown for a rouge.

College 9. Brockville 6.

After a kick out by Jones, Brockville rushed the play to centre, where College began making gains through Brockville's centre, when McCreadie was ruled off and immediately Brockville forced College back. E. Murphy fumbled and Hiscox and Phillips dribbled to inside College territory. College had a narrow squeak owing to Morin's fumble, but McGee was on hand and rushed back with the ball, kicking to touch at College 25. Brockville were having the best of the play, and good luck saved the Collegians. Cal

laghan returned Martin's kick to touch at College 35. A lot of play took place around centre without gain. Then the ball got loose and Phillips made a dashing dribble that carried the ball over the line. Morin obtained, but ran touch in goal before he kicked.

College 9. Brockville 7.

Brockville had the play ten yards from College line when half-time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Callaghan kicked off and Richardson returned to Brockville's 35 yard line. McGuckin kicked to Martin, who missed, and the College forwards dribbled over Brockville line. Lee fell on the ball, but it bounded away from him and Smith roused.

College 10. Brockville 7.

Brockville make slight gains through heavy scrimmaging. Then McGuckin's kick was blocked and E. Murphy saved and ran into touch at College 30 yards. Callaghan punted into touch without gain and then Brockville made matters interesting. They made gains through the line until they were only a couple of yards out. McGuckin dribbled the ball to touch at 25. Jim McGee was hurt but soon resumed play. McGuire stopped several rushes of Brockville. Martin punted over the College line and Morin returned to touch at 25. College got the ball on the throw in, but when Murphy tried a run he was thrown back over his own line for a safety touch.

College 10. Brockville 9.

An exchange of kicks followed the kick out and College forced the play to within Brockville 25. McGuckin finally secured the ball and punted over the line and quick following up forced a rouge, College 11. Brockville 9.

This ended the scoring, but the best play of the match followed. Grand kicking by the backs and superb following up by the forwards made the play exceptionally fast. McGuckin was hurt but was fixed up in short order.

The Brockville forwards started two punt runs but the tackling of McGee cut them short. Play was on College 5 yards when they were awarded a free kick. The sensational plays of the last few minutes have already been described.

DROP KICKS.

Capt. Martin worked hard for victory.

Jim McGee was the whole tip and put up a faultless game.

The Brockville men took their defeat with very good grace.

Capt. McGuire received many congratulations on the success of his team.

The Brockville backs were harder to bring down than the College men.

Sheriff and Devlin were pitted against each other and the College man held his own with the big fellow.

"King" Clancy, Prudhomme and Bob McCrodie, who have figured five times on the Quebec champions and three times on the Dominion champions, did great service for the team.

College has won the Quebec championship every year since 1894, with the exception of 1895, when they dropped out of the series, owing to an injury to one of the players.

The Canada Athletic Company ran an excursion to Coteau to meet the Quebec champions and over two hundred people went down to greet the boys.

Wilkinson, the Brockville quarter-back, always placed the ball against Doran's heel when a Brockville scrim took place. In this way he rarely lost the ball.

After the first ten minutes play it was hard to distinguish either teams or individuals owing to the coating of mud that decorated the persons and clothing of the players.

A large number of College students paraded the streets in night attire after the match. Each had attached to the breast of his flowing robe the legend—"Ottawa Varsity, Quebec Champions, 1899."

Both teams put up at the Queen's hotel and dined together after the match. The best of good fellowship prevailed. Rev. Father Fallon was called on for a speech, and he congratulated Brockville on their magnificent game. College were champions but Brockville had an equally good team. The Rev. Mr. Bedford Jones, on behalf of the Brockvilles, thanked Father Fallon for his kind sentiments and hoped Ottawa College would not only be Quebec champions, but Canadian champions also. The teams left Montreal at the same time.



Junior Department.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the Junior Editor, although occasionally the butt of much abuse, was, nevertheless, generally held in high esteem amongst his genial short-panted fraternity. Menaced by whatsoever threats, never had he been known to have stripped the blanched feather of his facile pen. From morn till night he endured toils on toils, and, much to his credit, ever honorably fulfilled the weighty duties of his difficult position. For over a twelvemonth, however, his plain un-cushioned chair has gaped with vacancy, and the ominous sign, tacked to the sanctum door, "JUNIOR EDITOR WANTED," seemed to rest ineffective in its grim endeavor to allure into the ranks of fame, some budding literature loving stripling. Happily, however, kind Providence deigned to smile benignly upon us poor maltreated journalists, and, as a result, some time ago, a tiny nightly light was seen to faintly glimmer in the cobweb-curtained Junior

Editor's office But how did this blessed state of affairs come to exist? How did the new Junior Editor spring into literary recognition? Behold! here is the story as told by Captain Moonlight, who, in the wizard hours of night, was an eye-witness of what happened.

One night last month, the dear old "Bird of Wisdom," who, over a year ago, in a manner somewhat akin to that of an Irish eviction, was ousted from the perch he had honorably held so long, sat on one of the big elm trees that adorn the small yard, in melancholy reflection. As a salty tear rolled down his feathered cheek, he was sorrowfully pouring over, in the quiet moonlight, a volume of favorite sheets containing records of old College days. Happening to raise his venerable head to adjust his spectacles, he, with a start, espied a glimmering light in the literary office where once, in happy times gone by, he reigned supreme. After a moment's hesitation and a deep, heart-breaking, hooty sigh, he summoned one of his feathered heralds, and having given him a few directions, dispatched him towards the twinkling glimmer with the following imperative message:

"Learned Gentleman,—

It will be my good pleasure to see once more a youthful Editor in charge of a Junior Department; for, though old, feeble, crippled, and evicted from a comfortable home, I am still filled with joy when I hear of the successes of the juvenile wisdom-gatherers."

(Signed,) OWL.

The wee, tiny herald, swift of wing, crossed the yard, just above the electric wires, and having soared about for a moment or two as if collecting his thoughts, entered through an open pane into the room where the light was shining. The conversation that took place within that hallowed chamber, escaped the ear of Captain Moonlight; but soon, however, the herald reappeared, with smiling bill, and having circled awhile above the sandy plain of the small yard, entered through another open pane, high up above the place of prayer. The room the herald this time had entered was a large one (some people, fond of big strange words, call it a dormitory) but that didn't matter. The winged messenger

swooped around a time or two, and then, with a hoot of triumph, alighted at the bedside of a youngster, who was gently folded in the arms of Morpheus. The eager herald then whispered something softly in the ear of the dormant youth, but no answer came to break the dormitory silence. Evidently the sleeper was a great lover of College rules. The herald, now just a little impatient, flies softly to where the youth's pedal extremities should be, and there espies two toe-decked objects just peeping from under the heavy woollen coverlet. The feathered bearer of important tidings thereupon indulges in gentle titillations, until the heavy-eyed dreamer opens the corner of one eye and grins.

"Wake up, you leaden-pate, and hear your irreprievable sentence," the young herald hooted.

Terrified at this unexpected call, and imagining all sorts of uncanny things, such as fire, ghosts, prefects, and so forth, the youth leaps excitedly from his cosy cot.

"Be calm my young friend," exclaims the little herald's reassuring voice; "and now listen to my command. In the name of the great Wise Bird, who now reigns kingdomless on yonder elm, I officially appoint thee Editor of THE REVIEW's Junior Department. I do, moreover, command thee to resume business at the old stand. Now, mind thee, leave not one iota of said command unfulfilled; otherwise thou diest."

Poor short-panted youth; he was so terrified at the thought of future snowballs many and great, and at the prospect of other perhaps more formidable dangers, that he could barely restrain his weeping. He had no confidence in his journalistic abilities; nevertheless, since nobody else was near at hand to knock the threatening pistol from the herald's grasp, he summoned up a sufficient amount of courage to accept the new position. And now, dear reader, here is the new Junior Editor. Shake hands with him, he is going to speak for himself.

Behold me, dear reader, dressed in my best literary apparel. With this, my appearance, the curtain rises to lay open a new vista on the active stage of Junior reminiscences. In my own unworthiness, I make my first gracious bow, and hope that the part I shall play in my new sphere may prove satisfactory to all. Understanding only too well that I shall be able to but partially

fulfill the onerous task now thrown upon my feeble young shoulders, I shall however essay to walk in the footsteps of my worthy predecessors, ever beholding in the true light of justice the time-honored motto: "*Say the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,*"

* * *

Come boys and get a pull with the Junior Editor.

* * *

Tigers, 6 ; Juniors, 0.

On November 15th, Jack Frost, while sailing through the morning skies, spread, in different sections of the small yard, large sheets of his water-formed glass. The thermometer, in its humility, sank very low and remained bowed down until the blazen orb of day was forced to pour forth flames of ignited love in order to keep things endurably warm. The big red-faced visitor from the East eventually seized our frosty friend in his weakest principle, and sent him rolling back into the unfathomable depths of his aquatic liquidness. "No you don't, you congealed piece of cold-heartedness," said the fiery orb, as a crimson-colored smile lighted up his gore-flushed countenance. "In my diurnal peregrinations through the celestial vault I intend, in future, to delight my old eyes with sportive enjoyments."

During one of his brazen oglings that same day, Mr. Orb espied some thirty formidable midgets contending for rugbaic honors, and, in their herculean efforts, utilizing all the brawn and muscle that they could displode. Behold ! that was the day when Greek lined up against Greek ; the second team of the small yard against the St. Joseph's "Tigers."

Early in the afternoon the whistle was sounded and play began, but the ball had been going scarcely three minutes when the Tigers scored a touch-down, as the result of a pretty hand-out from centre scrimmage. Soon afterwards, Burns, of the Tigers, with screw-driving force, seized the quarter-back of the College team and compelled him to rouge. At the end of the first half the score stood five to zero in favor of the Tigers, but, as the Juniors had been playing against a slight wind, they were over jubilant

that the result was not more discouraging. Alas, for the fickleness of jubilation!

The second half opened with play at centre. In this half, referee Kefeelra the Serious, was kept on the alert in order to prevent an unnecessary flow of human blood from the wing men. To the Tigers he awarded one free kick, on account of which they scored a point. After a brilliant parlor game on the part of the Juniors, the score, when the referee's whistle gave its final squeak, read, Tigers, 6; Juniors, 0.

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PUNTS.

Referee Kefeelra is a perfect man. In offside plays he always awarded free kicks to both sides.

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Lynch extinguished himself by making touch-downs under his man.

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Before the game the Captain sings :

"Come on ye Tigers, let us smell your breath ;
Now show your teeth, or hide your pride in death.
You've gloried in this boast, "*We've never seen defeat,*"
But you will change your song, when College pets you meet."

After the game he whines :

"O, cursed luck ! How fruitless were my plays
To force the Tigers back, the College score to raise.
Before the game I'll never boast nor sing.
Play ball and win, this is the better thing."

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NOTES.

Some unknown benefactor of the small yard has left on our editorial file the following note : "The right-lined quadrilateral portion of the Junior recreative campus, that has been proportionately circumplanked for the purpose of congealing a large quantity of nebulous fluids, fails to run parallel to the intuitive knowledge that I possess of the ice-floored homes of winter frolic. I entreat you to tell the officers of the J. A. A. to add a few more

feet to the fifty yards of gelid slipperiness that now graces their campus." We advise all the Juniors to take the hint and give a helping hand to their disinterested officers.

* * *

The Masters of Games during the past term have had a monopoly on the handballs, footballs, baseballs and other athletic paraphernalia. The Editor was present when the following resolutions were adopted in a meeting held by the Wont-be-fooled Club: "Whereas, we have appointed the Masters of Games, and whereas, they wish to have first kick at the football, and first game with the handball, and first strike with the bat; and whereas, they wish to be served with candies and nuts before bringing out the games, and whereas, they will frown if you do not flatter them, and whereas, they do not show a gentlemanly spirit in the gymnasium; Be it resolved, that we, the Won't-be-fooled Club, raise our indignant voices in protest against above-stated conduct and do hereby declare that if they do not be more considerate, they shall most certainly lose their positions and fall into the entire dishonor of the small yard."

* * *

The small boys have raised their voices to a high pitch of indignant disapproval at one special abuse introduced into the yard by the Seniors. The former observe that these older gentlemen from beyond the picket fence have allowed professional handball to be played by their fellow students. Now we do not object because a few players have left the amateur ranks. We do object, however, to the action of these professional "handball sharks" who take possession of the small boys' alley in order to play their games. We want this abuse of rights to stop at once, gentlemen: otherwise we shall publish your names in our next issue.

* * *

It is pleasant to remark the cheerful countenances that are displayed by the Juniors during the hours of recreation. A general athletic spirit prevails. Each boy participates in some health-invigorating sport. Footballs are abusively kicked about by crowds of enthusiastic Rugbyites, whilst the fence that surrounds

the spacious yard and the handball alley are swarmed with lovers of handball. During the evening recreations, sports do not cease. Under the glimmer of the neighboring electric light, thirty or forty enthusiasts use their skill in divining the secrets of Association football. It is not surprising, therefore, that these youths enter the study-hall flushed with health-glowing countenances and prepared to spend an hour at serious work.

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The generally good conduct of the small boys this year has been a subject of very agreeable comment on all sides. That's right boys ; "keep straight." The Junior editor has his eye on you constantly, and, by the way, he is more dangerous than any prefect. He's got to tell the *truth*, you know.

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One evening the Junior Editor chanced to pass by the small study-hall. On the Athletic Bulletin was posted the following .

Lost ! The Great Bicyclist—a small boy about the size of a man, barefooted with his father's shoes on ; was cross-eyed in the back of his neck, wore a mutton-chop hat with hair-soup lining."

If the author of the above lines be caught, he will be *Lynched*.

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Prof. Well Tommy, give us the preterit of the verb "slay." Tommy—"Sloan."

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Every morning at 10.30 there will take place exhibitions of wrestling between the two heavyweights of the small yard.

