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PRAYER.



PRAYER is the alcahest by which is wrought
That marvel, metals base transformed to gold—
'Tis the true fire from heaven by which hearts cold
Of men are kindled to divinest thought :
'Tis David's harp, whose magic chords have caught
A charm to banish evils manifold ;
Or Aaron's dry rod blossoming of old.
Prayer is the tree of knowledge, guarded, not
By serpent false as once, but angels mild
Who care each soul with love's celestial flame.
Prayer is the fountain in the desert wild
Where Hagar with thirst-famished Ishmael came ;
Or manna's daily yield it may be styled,
Or bread in ashes baked to strengthen prophet's frame.

E. C. M.

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS.



T is not proposed in this essay to give a biography, already so well known of this eminent author; nor, on the other hand, is it our intention to comment on the whole of his writings, which, although not of very great range, are matter for more careful perusal and more lengthy criticism than present requirements demand. But we have selected one of his most interesting works and one sufficiently stamped with his own personality to warrant us in establishing as general characteristics of his style the distinctive qualities pertaining to it. The one then we have chosen is his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." It is unnecessary to give a summary of the story contained in this work since it is now so widely read; we shall therefore pass immediately to the consideration of it as a work of literature.

Those who are unacquainted with this production, and who, perhaps, have read its author's life, might imagine that anything coming from his pen at the time the "Confessions" appeared, "debilitated as he then was in body and prostrated in mind," could in no wise be valuable as a literary performance. True it is that he ruined what certainly would have been a bright literary career by his inveterate habit of opium-eating. Still his writings are not void of merit as works of composition, and this is one of his best. De Quincey himself was not insensible of its value as such, when he tells us in "winding-up" of his narrative of his unwillingness "to injure its effect as a composition" by introducing further details. Certainly it is not a model of narration, on the contrary it is far from faultless.

But it has its own peculiar merits, and every student of literature would do well to give it an attentive examination. The author deals with his subject interestingly and lightly, and his narrative is thus rendered most attractive. We become deeply interested in the matter, but we are not less charmed by his beautiful language, and throughout we must admire the simple but yet most skilful manner in which he manoeuvres his expressions. The rhythm and majesty of his diction together with the stately tread of his well constructed periods cannot escape our notice. But these are merits to which we shall refer later on.

We are indebted, it is said, to pecuniary embarrassments of its author for this work. In fact most of De Quincey's productions were given for publication only when he found himself in such circumstances. This, however, should not lead us to depreciate the value of the work before us, nor to suppose that he had, in this case, no other end in view than mere relief from temporary distress. He had also at heart the welfare of his fellow-sufferers or participators like himself in opium, whom he had the intention of benefiting by establishing "for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced and without greater suffering than an ordinary resolution may support, and by a pretty rapid course of descent." This we might say is the moral of the narrative, throughout which we believe he has not lost sight of the benefit he is conferring on others. Whether he has succeeded in this respect we are not in a position to judge, but we should have no hesitation in passing sentence on what he would term an "inferior consideration," that is, whether

he has succeeded in giving us a composition deserving of any praise.

In this narrative the author treats mainly of that portion of his life in which he was addicted to the use of opium. He begins by addressing himself to the reader. After this there are three main divisions to his work, Preliminary Confessions, Pleasures of Opium, and Pains of Opium, with a lengthy introduction to the latter. In the first he narrates his life up to the time when he commenced to use opium. Next he takes up the years during which he was only a "dilettante eater of opium." Then comes that period of "fascinating enthrallment," for him one continuous series of struggles and suffering, with, however, a break of one year, and to this year it is that he afterwards points as the happiest one of his life. The order of narration in these different sections is good. He has so placed the incidents and details that they grow naturally out of one another. But by the time he arrives at the last division he seems to tire of his task, and there gives, as he himself says, his notes disjointed as he finds them. His fruitless attempt to compose them into a "regular and connected shape" and to give them in "chronological order" is at once felt by his readers; but his failure is pardonable from the fact that he is conscious of his inability to do so, which certainly must be attributed to the great prostration of his mental powers at this time. Apart from the arrangement which in a way destroys it this section is well written having some of the most finely constructed sentences of the work.

The most important thing to notice in a critical examination of a work is perhaps the vocabulary of its author. On De Quincey's, as here shown, we have little to remark except its copiousness. This quality is due to his remarkable memory and is much in evidence in the work now under review. De Quincey is able, at any moment, to apply his wide knowledge of books and things, and he recalls, with apparent ease, a line of some poet or an expression of some author, to whom, perhaps, he has given no more than a passing glance, and this extract he skilfully weaves into his sentences using it

with great appropriateness and effect. Thus, for instance, he enters on the "Pains of Opium" by a beautiful simile taken from Shelley. In the same manner in describing the cottage which he allots to himself during his "intercalary year of happiness" he makes the Castle of Indolence furnish him with material for the happy closing of this description. This might also be attributed to his "electric aptitude for seizing analogies," but, had not a retentive memory assisted this faculty, he would often have failed to successfully employ it. None other than a wonderful memory would be able to keep in waiting and ready for application such a supply of material. Besides he is well acquainted with the technical language of philosophy chemistry, etc., and he makes a copious use of it in his writings. Thus, for example, he speaks of his own self *materialiter* and *formaliter* considered, about the analytic functions of the intellect, about the panacea for all human woes, etc. His vocabulary is, therefore, comparatively unlimited. His great command of words is also seen in his variety of expression. No useless repetition is made where there is a possible other word to supply. In drawing a comparison in one particular place he says, "...the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L represented the earth. . . . The ocean . . . might not unfitly typify the mind etc., varying the terms of comparison in each case.

Besides his great range of words we must also notice his scrupulous exactitude in their use. In many cases he draws a distinction between one use of the word and the particular acceptation he wishes it to have. When he employs the word "myraid" he takes care to note that he has used it literally and unrhethorically. Numerous instances that he has not thus specially signalled might be given as evidence of his careful selection of the proper word. Under this head will also come his appropriate use of epithets. We find throughout this work an abundance of what are known as essential epithets. Thus, he does not leave the word "balm" to suggest its own qualities; he makes it

an "assuaging balm." In the same manner he uses such expressions as "fantastic imagery," "deep-seated anxiety," "gloomy melancholy," "perplexing dilemma," etc., etc., bringing out those different qualities although they are contained in the nouns themselves. The appropriate application he makes of his decorative epithets is really admirable, and they please us greatly from their suggestiveness. From the consideration of his single words we are naturally led to speak of his combinations of words, his sentences.

Here it is that we notice his peculiar tact in the handling of his expressions and of the vast store of words at his command. A certain critic has said that "he never finished anything except his sentences, which are models of elaborate workmanship." However, they frequently will not stand the test of unity, the primary rule to be observed in their construction. The same fault, on a larger scale, is observed in his paragraphs, where he allows himself to drift off too easily from his subject. The periodic structure of sentence prevails, though in this work they are much more lively than in his ordinary writing. He never troubles himself about balanced or antithetical forms, nor does he ever seek after a climactic order in the arranging of his thoughts. We must also speak here of his paragraph structure, though little need be said about it, since he himself appears not to have paid much attention to this part of his composition. He is never scrupulous about marring the unity of his paragraphs, presenting thus a striking contrast to Macaulay, of all writers perhaps the most exemplary in this respect. Besides, unlike this writer, we never find him studiously constructing them in the methodical development of some set subject, or in climactic form.

Throughout "The Confessions" De Quincey's language is largely metaphorical, and numerous examples are found of his "favorite figure, personification." Not many similes occur. But when he does institute a formal comparison, he overdoes it. He always carries it out to the last point, and thus the reader's creative faculty is in no way stimulated to invent for itself. Take, for example, the comparison he

establishes between his unfinished work, *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*, and an architectural structure. This is a most beautiful simile. In the first part he says: "This was now lying locked up as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect;" he is not content with this, and continues, "and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labor dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure, of the grief and the ruin of the architect." Again, in another place, he is not satisfied with simply comparing himself to Midas, that "turned all things to gold," allowing us to recall the old story for ourselves; he has to state expressly in what respect they resembled, and adds, "that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires." In this manner the pleasure, we would derive from being left to our own resources, and "detecting" for ourselves wherein lie the "hidden resemblances," is destroyed.

What principally strikes us and what, in fact, is the chief merit of the work, is the peculiar beauty of the transitions, and the explicitness of connection. This is a noticeable characteristic of De Quincey, and may be exemplified on every page; let a few examples illustrative of it suffice for the present. In dealing with his "intercalary year of happiness," he introduces a painter. Another person would have, as it were, taken full responsibility on his own shoulders, but he tells us that, in order to avoid too much verbal description, he is going to introduce a painter. He does this, and gives the "directions for the rest of the picture." A few pages before he has a somewhat similar turn. Before commencing to lay down what he calls "an analysis of happiness," he informs us of his manner of treating it, "not didactically but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening"; he then proceeds to describe the cottage which he

allots to himself during this same year we have just mentioned. We cannot fail to perceive the grace of these changes from the ordinary mode of treatment. Also, we must remark the skill displayed in having the reader "accompany" him through some portions of his narrative. With such assistance he is enabled to make many easy transitions. Thus, in opening one section, addressing the reader, he says: "Let me now request you to move onwards for about eight years." In commencing another section, he makes a similar transition, as follows: "Reader, who have accompanied me thus far, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points." And, again, in passing from the year 1813 to 1816, where you are to behold him in a quite different character, he says, "This, then, being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now, then, reader, from 1813 where all this time you have been sitting down and loitering, rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character." We must notice also his short transitional paragraph, in the first main division of his work, used to assist him in coming smoothly to the purpose of his visit to London, "This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, etc." His narrative is full of such connective sentences. Examples of his explicit connection are abundantly furnished on every page.

What next demands our attention is his excessive use of parenthetical phrases and allusions. His composition is filled with them, and, when he cannot possibly crowd all he desires into his sentences, he sends us down, by an asterisk or dagger, to the bottom of the page, where everything is explained to his own satisfaction. Some might take this as another instance of his scrupulousness, in showing us the exact bearing of his statements, of his desire to convey to us his idea with all the precision possible; but many of them we could dispense with without any apparent loss to the meaning. Some he has introduced for humorous effect, some for no reason

at all, and others, we believe, for mere ostentation of his knowledge. These are digressions on a small scale; examples of his "discursiveness," in the employment of which he was, as he himself tells us, a privileged character. As an example of his more lengthy digressions, we may take his description of the scene that took place in his kitchen on the visit of the Malay, when, as he tells us, he was so peculiarly affected at the sight of "the group which presented itself" to him on his descent to interview the stranger. And note at the end of it, what is characteristic of De Quincey, that he assigns a reason for his digressing, commencing the next paragraph thus, "This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days), fastened afterwards upon my dream, etc."

Now, having finished an examination of this work, what are the general impressions that are left with us? What have we learned about its author? First, we must admit that we are in a manner disappointed. The title in itself has a certain attractiveness for us, and perhaps it leads us to anticipate too much. We set out in expectation of hearing a much more detailed and thrilling account of his struggles and sufferings. As a reason for this reserve, he assigns his unwillingness "to exhaust the reader's patience by such a detail of his malady" as "would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep, and constantly relieved by fresh men." This, of course, is greatly exaggerated, and if we thought the reality was indeed so horrifying, we would gladly forego the pleasure otherwise to be derived from a full confession. With a little more exertion on his part, also, we think he could have made these "Confessions" a masterpiece of literature. As it is, we must admire its author's rare powers of expressions and his great erudition. The man himself may also be studied with advantage here. Besides the traits of character that we may have accidentally noticed, his two ruling emotions, humor and sublimity, are well exemplified. His

humor and attempts at humor, are seen all through the book. He furnishes us with some fine examples of sublimity in his apostrophes to Opium. He closes his "Pains of Opium" with one of these beginning thus, "O just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm;—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, etc." The pathetic side of his nature is seen in speaking of his "beloved M," and in the touching history of the outcast Ann. In conclusion, we must again say that we admire De Quincey intellectually, and we deplore the abuse

he made of the rare gifts with which his mind was endowed, for we feel assured that, had he not wrecked his brilliant literary career by an excessive indulgence in opium, he would have left to posterity a much larger share of his knowledge, to acquire which he spent so great a portion of his life in solitude, and he would have transmitted to us many more of his beautiful thoughts (for he was meditating almost continually), whose ennobling influence we can scarcely over-estimate, and whose non-existence is a loss to the world.

P. J. GALVIN,
3rd Form.



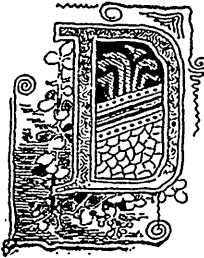
The Summer, brown and fair,
 Stood, with eyes of misty grey,
 Cheeks like dawning of the day,
 Lips like poppies wet with dew,
 Sheeny hair of rust gold hue,
 Went to her with arms out-spread,
 And the gentle Spring lay dead.

KATHERINE TYNAN.



CAIN AFTER HIS CRIME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERNEST HELLO.



EAR Marie, cease to think of me; all is ended; I am lost. I do not tell you what will become of me; I know nothing myself. I only know that yesterday I received the fatal blow, from which I can never recover.

I had just finished the last picture, of which I have so often spoken to you—*The First Glance*.

Some of my friends thought the picture splendid, but added that it would not sell well, as my name was unknown to the public.

After innumerable attempts, all equally unfortunate, I showed it yesterday to a very rich amateur—*Baron de Brienne*.

Said he, "I do not know your name. You must make yourself known. This picture has great merit, and this sketch also," he added, throwing a rapid glance at my other picture just commenced—you know it, Marie—*Cain after his Crime*—"but, in fact you are not known," he concluded.

"But, sir," I replied "I am endeavoring to make myself known."

"Well," continued the baron, "you have talent, that I acknowledge, but I doubt if it is the kind of talent that will be appreciated by the public. If I bought your picture I would be asked where I found it. Make yourself known; everything is in that. Make yourself known; put your pictures in the exhibition; receive medals and decorations. But above all, die; your pictures then will be worth so much gold. You see you are talking to a practical man, who does not believe in neglected genius. *Au revoir, monsieur*. You really have talent; more even than

that, I do not hesitate to say you have genius. *Au revoir, monsieur*."

This, Marie, was my last adventure. All the others were similar. I will spare you any further details. I have told you in a few words what in reality was a long agony.

Now, my dear Marie, you know what happened yesterday. The day before there came another gentlemen, who had not the time to examine my picture as it deserved. This he explained to me for two hours without looking at the picture. He really had no time.

Adieu Marie, I was so sanguine, so buoyed up with hope, it needed all this time—all this precious time, of which these gentlemen had so little to waste—to bring me where I am now.

I think the baron saw despair in my face, for he used a singular expression on leaving which I had not provoked by any remark.

"My dear sir, do not look so dismal and wretched. I am not the *Don Quixote* of budding genius. Make yourself known, make yourself known, and you will find me! But if your courage fails, you will commit blunders and spoil your talent, for which I will not be responsible; like *Pilate*, I wash my hands of you!"

I listened to them going down the stairs.

"No, no," said he to his wife, "you see for my portrait I must have a master, a signature."

"Perhaps," replied the baroness—"perhaps we have done wrong to discourage the young man."

"Discourage? What are you talking about? I told him he had great talent. Do you wish to know what I think?" he added, as he stood for an instant before her. "What ruins art in the present day is that

it is gorged with gold, and that too few men of genius die in the hospital—that is the reason !”

“Adieu, Marie.”

* * * *

Something else was said, which Paul did not hear.

The baroness paused, as she was about to enter the carriage.

“Well, what is the matter with you?” said her husband.

“I am not very well,” she replied.

“So much more reason for getting in the carriage. What ails you?”

“The face of that man haunts me. Who knows what despair may drive him to? Who knows how terrible may be his hidden suffering? Let us go back. I feel as though we had just committed a crime. Let us go back. Thirty years ago I read a story which I had long forgotten, but that now returned vaguely to my memory as a warning. I no longer remember the whole, but the impression comes back vague and terrible after thirty years. Ah! let us go back.”

The baron stopped, and laughed immensely.

“Ha! ha! Haven't I the right to choose the pictures I wish to buy? I speak to you very seriously, my dear; such fancies as these will make you crazy. There is a great deal of insanity in our present day. Let us take care, let us take care!”

* * * *

Marie, after reading her brother's letter, was half frantic with terror as she knew him thoroughly, and understood his bitter despair. She lost no time, but left in the first train. Arrived at Paris, she ran to the little house in the Quartier-Latin where Paul lived. There she stopped, suffocated with the beating of her heart.

Finally, when on the stairs, she wept. Then she rang; a servant-girl, without speaking, led her to a bed, and uttered a single word—“Dead”—and then added: “The funeral will take place in two hours. He threw himself into the Seine from the bridge of Austerlitz.” “He is not dead. Paul!” she called. Silence. “Paul!” Silence.

She seized a mirror, and held it to her brother's lips. At the moment she took it in her hand she burst into tears. “You will see that he is saved,” she said.

The woman thought her crazy. Marie still held the mirror before Paul's lips. Dead silence; her own poor heart nearly stopped—the mirror was tarnished!

* * * *

Seven years afterwards M. le Baron de Brienne was conversing in a numerous and choice circle. The conversation turned upon a great crime which had recently been committed, the details of which filled two columns of every paper. Suddenly the Baron de Brienne became singularly agitated.

“It appears,” said he, “that the police have not discovered any trace of the assassin.”

“I don't know,” replied a guest.

“I believe not,” said another.

“Excuse me,” replied a third person; “according to the latest accounts, the police, if not positively sure, had at least great hopes.”

The Baron de Brienne was as white as his napkin. He swooned, and fell heavily to the ground.

Fortunately there was a physician among the guests. Every attention was lavished upon M. le Baron. His carriage was called, and he was taken home.

* * * *

Three months had elapsed, and the baron had resumed his ordinary life, when one evening, in a salon in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, a gentleman remarked, in the course of conversation, that it was astonishing the number of crimes one daily heard of. And he related the last murder that the daily paper brought under his eyes.

Said the baron: “Why do you make such an assertion? Never were crimes so rare as to-day. None can be found in the higher class of society; and when we speak of the aristocracy, it means the entire nation. Indeed, to speak the truth, I believe very little in the wonderful crimes with which the daily journals fill their columns.”

“You are very incredulous, M. le Baron,” replied the Comte de Sartigny. “Probably it is from kindness to the editors that the police seek the criminals, and the courts judge them.”

“You say,” answered the baron, “that the police seek criminals. It is false, M. le Comte. In the first place, only one is guilty, and the police are not hunting him

up ; he is already found, and he has no accomplice. He has been found, I tell you, he has been found ; and the man has no accomplice. Perhaps I don't know it. Ha ! ha !"

The master of the house took the count by the arm, and led him to the recess of a window . . .

"Ah ! very well, very well ; I did not know it," said the count, as he left the room.

The baroness made her excuses for leaving early, and, when alone with her husband, asked anxiously :

"What can be the matter with you ?"

"And you too, you too," he replied, pushing her from him, as he raised his blood-shot eyes.

* * * *

"We must," said the doctor, "enter into his mania, so as to endeavor to discover the cause. Do you know, madame, in the life of M. le Baron, of any fact that may have left a disagreeable remembrance ?"

"Doctor, do you mean a guilty remembrance ?"

"No, madame, something terrifying."

The baroness thought a long while.

"No," said she, "not one. "Our life has always past most tranquilly."

"You have never seen in the baron any anxiety of conscience ?"

"Any anxiety of conscience ? He ? Why should he have any ? He has never in his life done anything to reproach himself with."

"The baron," replied the doctor, "has the reputation of being benevolent and kind-hearted. I don't think he is naturally very imaginative ; do you, madame ?"

"Not at all, doctor. I think he is just the contrary. I can even say he has very little faith."

"But when and where did you first perceive the commencement of this mania ?"

"It was one day when nothing strange had happened. Some one had been speaking of a young sculptor, who is now very famous. A friend told us that he owed his success to a rich banker who had discovered his talents by some happy accident, and had aided him with his fortune and influence. When our guests had left, and we were alone, I thought he would kill himself, as now, without the slightest reason."

"In his daily life, does he show any eccentricity of which I am yet ignorant ?"

"Not precisely eccentricity," said Madame de Brienne. "His tastes have changed very much, but that cannot be called eccentricity. He formerly spent quite a fortune in purchasing pictures, of which he has a very fine collection, that he admired extravagantly ; now he never looks at them. But he has always been rather fickle."

"Does he talk in his sleep ?"

"No ; but one morning (now that you make me think of it), he awoke terribly frightened at a dream. 'Oh ! what a dream I have had,' he said to me. His face looked worn and haggard, and as I begged him to relate it, he turned away his eyes and refused peremptorily."

The doctor reflected.

"Perhaps that is the whole secret," said he. "But if we were to ask him about it now, probably to-morrow we would be obliged to confine him."

"But, doctor, never was there a man less crazy. As for the pictures, which was the only passion I ever knew him to have, he prided himself on never having done a foolish thing ; he only bought pictures of known value, with the signatures of the artists fully guaranteed. I, for instance, who am speaking to you, would have acted more wisely than he. I remember once he even refused—

"Nevertheless," interrupted the doctor, "the case is very serious."

The baron was alone in his room. His wife listened attentively at the door, and watched him through the key-hole. He raised the curtains, shook the cushions on the sofa, searched around, and, when convinced that he was alone, spoke in a low voice ; but his wife caught his words.

"No one suspects me. Not even she ; and yet everything should warn them, everything. The circumstances that accompanied the act are reproduced every instant. For example, the clouds in the sky have nearly always the same form as at that moment. The clouds do it purposely ; they have assumed since that day certain positions always the same. What do they resemble ? What I do not wish to say, but I know well since my dream. Oh ! that dream . . . I am cold, frozen. Why is it

no one ever speaks to me of that dream ; that no one in this house remembers it ? And yet they were all there . . . in the dream . . . My wife was there, and the other one also. It was frightful. How that man struggled for his life ! He clung to me, and, when I pushed him into the water, an expression passed over his face such as was never seen but then in this world. It was near the bridge of Austerlitz. How he glared at me as he disappeared the last time ! How is it that in the street the passers-by do not say on seeing me, 'There is the man, there he is—the man who had the dream ?' But was it a dream or a reality ? Men often pass me quickly in the street. Who knows but that they know or see something ?

How do other men act, those who are not followed ? They can take a step without hearing behind them another step that goes quicker or slower, according as they walk. Then there are men who do not hear steps behind them as they walk. Yet I always seek the noisiest places, but no noise ever deadens the sound of that step, so faint yet so invincible. The noise of carriages, the roar of cannon—I have tried everything . . . If possible I would live amidst thunder ; but the lightning might fall near me, and cover me with ruins ; still, should I hear that faint, almost imperceptible voice, a foot that just touches the ground, I am cold ! How cold it is ! Fire no longer warms me ! How lightly that foot touches the ground. It does not press heavily like ours. No, decidedly not ; it was no dream—it was a reality. That foot never is tired ; but when I stop, it stops. It has a certain manner of stopping that makes me always feel that it is there, and that it will resume its walk when I do mine. Sometimes I would rather hear it, and I walk to make it walk ; when it is silent, its menace is to me more terrible than the sound of the step . . . If it would only change place ! But, no ; always at an equal distance from me. Ah ! how cruel. If I could but see some one, I think the most horrible spectacle would be less terrifying than this dreary void. To hear and not see !"

Here the Baron rapidly jumped back-

wards, and put out his hand as though to grasp something in the air, then exclaimed :

"Gone ! He has escaped—escaped, as ever !"

The course or the baron's ordinary life flowed on as smoothly as ever. Nothing was changed, and those who were not much with him perceived no difference ; to them he was the same as heretofore.

The following summer he wished to go to the seashore.

They left for Brittany. They spoke of the pleasant walks and drives, and the baron in an absent manner, asked on which part of the coast was the most sand. He would not hear of the cliffs ; he wanted sand—only sand. Gâvre was recommended by a gentleman who was seated near them at the table de hôte.

The baron instantly decided upon going to Gâvre.

"At what hour shall we leave ?" asked the baroness.

The *zee* evidently displeased the baron. He gave a thousand pretexts to prevent his wife accompanying him. As she would not admit them, he said, contrary to his usual custom, "I will . . . I wish to go alone," said he. "Am I in prison ? Do you take me for a criminal ?"

The baron left Port Louis in the steam-boat. His wife followed him without being seen, on another boat, and watched his movements through a spy-glass, as he paced up and down the shore at Gâvre.

First, according to his usual custom, he assured himself that he was alone. Then he would take several steps and return quickly, seeing nothing ; he searched in the sand, and, finding his own foot-steps, he sought a little further on the trace of the other one. All in vain. Disappointed he went to another spot and recommenced his weary walk, always seeing his own foot-prints, never the other. He had hoped in the sand ; the sand had proved false, as everything else.

Meanwhile the doctor was in Paris, and one evening in a salon in the Faubourg Saint Germain. The conversation was on madness ; and the doctor, who was a celebrated *aliéniste*, was asked many questions as to the cause of insanity.

"The causes of insanity," said he, "are so profound and mysterious that to know them one must make the tour of the invisible world."

"I have known," said one gentleman, "insane persons who thought themselves guilty of crimes which they had never committed—innocent men, intelligent and good, incapable of harming a bird, and who thought themselves assassins."

Among the guests that evening was a famous artist, M. Paul Bayard, whose most admired works, *The First Glance*, and *Cain* after his Crime, ranked with the *chef-d'oeuvre* of the greatest masters of the day.

Said M. Bayard: "I have not studied like you, doctor, from life. I don't know any insane persons, and what I am going to tell you is not founded on fact. But this is what I think about this strange remorse felt by innocent people; who knows if they may not have committed spiritually the crime of which they think themselves guilty materially? In this hypothesis they have completely forgotten the real and spiritual crime, which they committed really and spiritually; they did not even know or feel it at the instant they committed it. But this crime, real, spiritual, and forgotten is transformed by virtue of madness into a material crime of which they are innocent, but of which they believe themselves guilty. The guilty person deceived his conscience; conscience in turn deceives him. Perhaps justice thus acts with these men, and, finding them insensible in the sphere of the mind, transports their crime into the sphere of the body.

Perhaps it is a real crime, but too subtle to be understood by them, that descends to their level, and pursues them under the appearance of an external and sensible crime, the only one which they can understand. There are whimsical scruples which resemble madness, as exaggerations resemble falsehood. Who knows if these scruples are not the wanderings, or, if you prefer it, the transpositions of remorse? I say remorse. I do not say repentance, for repentance enlightens, and remorse blinds. Between repentance and remorse there is an abyss: the first gives peace, the second destroys it."

The doctor rose, and, taking the artist's

hand, said: "I do not know how much truth there may be in your theory. I will reflect on your words; they open to me a new horizon.

"I have always been pursued by the thought," said the artist, "that there is a moment when a man understands for the first time what he has seen since his infancy. It is the day when the eyes of the mind open. It is this I have attempted to show in my picture—*The First Glance*. But as the horizon is constantly enlarging I endeavor to throw upon everything, each time, a look which I may call *The First Glance*. In the other composition, *Cain* after his Crime, I wished to show in *Cain*, not the melodramatic assassin, but a vulgar, common man, the stigmata of anger, of which he received the visible mark, opens to him the eyes of the soul. He throws upon his crime the first glance. There are spiritual *Cains* whose arms are innocent. Perhaps there may be some among the insane of whom we have spoken; and in that case there is more truth in their madness than in their previous security. Their insanity only deceives them about the nature of the crime, their security deceived them about the crime itself.

The doctor was thoughtful. He took the artist aside, and in a low tone said: "Shall we leave together?" And they left.

"I wish to see and study your picture of *Cain*. I was going to say your portrait of *Cain*," said the doctor to the painter; "for it seems to me that you must have known him personally from the manner in which you have spoken to me of him."

"Perhaps I have known him," said Paul. "At any-rate, come!" And they entered the studio.

Arrived before the picture, the doctor started back in surprise.

The portrait of *Cain* was that of the baron, horrible in the resemblance.

There was on that face the coldness of the criminal and the horror of the cursed.

Indifference and despair were in those eyes, on those lips, and on that brow.

The doctor remained a long while motionless. The horizon opened before his eyes. His science sought new depths.

He did not precisely reflect, but he remembered, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, passed an hour in profound contemplation.

"So you know him?" said he at last to Paul.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, my patient!"

"I don't know any of your patients."

Professional discretion arrested the name before it passed the doctor's lips.

"But really," said he, "this head is a portrait. You could not have drawn it by chance."

"Neither one nor the other," replied Paul. "No one sat for me, and I did not draw it by chance. It appears to me, when I work, certain faces are offered to me without forcing themselves upon me. I see them internally; for my eyes are closed and I see nothing."

Shortly after this interview the baron returned to Paris, apparently calmer than usual.

"He is much better," said Mme. la Baronne. "The doctor alarmed me terribly; but I knew very well in reality there was no danger. My husband is a cold man, and I have nothing to fear for his reason."

The following night the baron waited until the house was quiet, and then went on tip-toe, as though afraid of being surprised or disturbed. Once safely in his picture gallery, he cut each of the pictures with a penknife, and then one by one burst them open by placing his knee against the canvas; and, that accomplished, left the house towards morning. The porter saw him pass, but did not recognize him.

"Who is that old man," said he to his

wife, "who passed the night in the house?"

The baron's hair, black the night before, was white as snow.

They waited for him at breakfast, they waited for him at dinner; he did not return. In searching his papers, his wife found a note containing these words:

"This time I will not escape; the police are on my track."

Said madame, "I always feared some misfortune would happen to me."

The next day the baron's body was found in the Seine under the bridge of Austerlitz.

"I am much distressed, but not astonished," said the doctor to madame, "I always thought his madness absolutely incurable."

"Ah! doctor, he destroyed all the pictures. I have not even his portrait."

"You shall have it, madame," said the doctor.

Eight days afterwards the doctor kept his promise. He brought the baroness a photograph.

Madame de Brienne was profoundly agitated, and nearly fainted.

"Oh, what a resemblance," she gasped, "what a resemblance! Doctor, how was it done? This is not natural. It is not his portrait, it is himself. He is going to speak. I am afraid!"

There was horror in the astonishment of the poor woman. She threw upon her husband and herself a first glance.

"But tell me, doctor, where did you find it?"

"Allow me to keep the secret, madame."

In reality, the thing was very simple. They had only photographed the picture of the great artist—Cain after his Crime.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.



WHEN one purposes to write about that short but eventful period of history known as the French Revolution, he has before him an almost unlimited field of dissertation. Is he an historian? There he will find a tohu-bohu of events of the highest interest, a succession of dates, new and grotesque. Is he a philosopher? Effects upon effects accumulate before him: let him seek their causes. Is he a politician? He will find in less than half a century, all forms of government succeeding one another, every system of politics experimented upon. Is he a moralist? Let him pick out "modern instances" for all nations, classes and individuals; examples adapted to virtue and vice, heroism and baseness, patriotism and treachery. Is he a novelist or poet? He has an inexhaustible source of thrilling dramas, surpassing all the inventive powers of the most vivid imagination. Is he a simple essayist? Then he may choose from the heap.

The period is a whole era in itself; it stands isolated in the interest and variety of its events, in the rapidity and frequency of its changes. And as if to insulate it still more from the rest of history, its mode of reckoning time is one which starts with the dawn of the epoch and fades away at its close. Though short, it has been fruitful in events that have changed the state of a great nation, and were on the point of sealing the fate of all Europe. These events so multiple and various are not recorded by decades or even years, but by months and days. Leaving aside all consideration of facts so often retold, the object of the present essay is to show that the French Revolu-

tion has failed to accomplish the end it proclaimed to the world in its frantic cry: "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!" that these three words were but pretexts behind which the revolutionists dissembled their real motives and sentiments.

At the time of the Revolution, the French people—the clergy excluded—were divided into three classes: at the top of the social ladder was seated the governing class, comprising the sovereign, princes, dukes, counts, barons, and all the petty lords of the realm; at the bottom stood the people commonly so-called, the working-class, the poor, the ignorant. Intermediate between the two, and smoothing the abrupt descent from one to the other, were the *bourgeois*, a whole host of magistrates, lawyers, physicians, in a word, the professional class. This last division had no very well defined limits. On the one hand its members were linked to the nobles by political ties, commercial transactions, or matrimonial alliances, and it was not rare to see one of them become a titled personage; nor was he esteemed the less for it: in those days when money ruled, a purchased title and wealth were held superior to a long line of noble ancestry joined to poverty. On the other hand there was no manifest and marked distinction between the *bourgeoisie* and the gentry. The former were said to be "of the people," and to their intermediary position may be attributed the immense influence they wielded. Allied to both sides, they gained the favor of the one and the support of the other. And well did they avail themselves of this power. They were men of unbounded ambition and skilful astuteness; they aspired to nothing less than the exclusive management of public affairs; but, unwilling to risk anything by a premature disclosure of their designs and a rash execution of their

plans, they waited in active patience for the favorable opportunity. Meanwhile they practiced cautiousness and dissimulation in their dealings with the nobles, whom they envied and heartily despised, but feared and hypocritically respected. On the other hand they ingratiated themselves into the good wishes of the people, whom they imposed upon with their learning and feigned protestations of sincere attachment to public interests. Such was the class which became the most important factor in the Revolution. In fact, it is a mistake to think that the people were the first to sound the revolutionary trumpet. No, the first blast was blown by the bourgeois.

The godless philosophy of Voltaire, Rousseau, and all the atheists of the century had grappled with the most arduous political and social problems, and attempted to give them a solution in accordance with its maxims and principles. Armed with all the power of sarcasm and impiety, these subversive philosophers laid sacrilegious hands on all that claimed a divine right or origin. Religion and authority in all their manifestations were the special butt of their sneers, sarcasm, insults and blasphemies. On them they poured forth all the poisonous bile of their evil nature. They went so far as to make of poetry—the natural instrument of the beautiful, the true and the good—the vehicle of their hateful, false and shocking doctrines.

In these writings the bourgeois found the long sought for opportunity. They foresaw at a glance all the advantages to be derived from the realization of those theories, which, though differing in many respects, yet all agreed in this one point: No God! no authority! However diverse the systems, they all tended to one common end, atheism and anarchy. The difference regarded the modes of attaining this end. The bourgeois with their usual perspicacity, at once perceived that the means must be adapted to the circumstances; choice of methods was but a matter of taste, for their triumph was assured in any case. They accordingly set about perfecting plans and making preparations for a supreme struggle. But still they acted with discrimination and a perverse skill. Conscious of their weak-

ness and inability to overthrow by force of arms well-established and well-protected institutions, yet they well knew where strength was to be found and they directed every effort to attract it to their cause. They knew that the people alone could accomplish the change that was meditated, and had long been courting their favor by flattering both the good and bad instincts of the masses, their virtues and their vices, their good sense and their ignorance. Now the time was come to make a practical use of the influence, which they had so gradually, so studiously and so artfully enlisted.

One class of the people was easy of persuasion: robbers, assassins, criminals of all kinds, who had nothing to hope from the governing authorities, and saw in revolution their security, their revenge, and a rare occasion of satisfying their evil propensities.

But the honest gentry and the soldiers were not so readily won over. They held royalty in awe and veneration; they had the profoundest respect for the institutions their fathers had loved and fought for. But the *bourgeois* were not deterred by this obstacle. They knew the fickleness of the public sentiment, and felt that the most deeply rooted love for the social hierarchy could be quickly changed into the bitterest hatred.

It is the Demagogue's hour; he comes before the people, the smile of friendship on his lips, the hand stretched forth in fraternal greeting. Listen to his insinuating exordium; mark his glowing defence of the rights of the people: "What! are not the people the nation, the source of all authority, the real and only sovereign?" These he proves with the most convincing sophisms. Then overcome by his subject and unable to restrain his indignation at the sight of all the wrongs inflicted upon the '*peuple souverain*,' he bursts into a storm of imprecations against the present order of things, and its crying abuses and injustice. Then he departs with the veiled wish that the people would arouse themselves to a sense of their honour and dignity, crush the tyrants and assume the rank that of right belongs to them. Thus the evil seed is planted and springs up with the natural fecundity of noxious weeds.

The poor ignorant people did not observe how hollow were the sacred words of liberty and fraternity in the mouths of those men; they did not see how lying were the lips that proclaimed equality a natural right. No! they thought the bourgeois disinterested, and brooded over their insidious words. Little by little they began to realize and feel with pain the difference between the nobles and themselves. When they saw the sumptuous equipages of the lords, they looked with a bitter, scornful smile upon their own poor, often ragged cloths, and a curse rose to their lips. The echo of the feasts and revelries of the court awoke in their heart the voice of envy and pride: "Why should they be thus wretched when other men, often their inferior in ability and character, passed their lives in pleasure, in a perpetual feast? Whose money supplied the public treasury, and filled the cup of happiness of which the people's lips did not even touch the brim? If they wished, could they not precipitate those men, the incarnation of rapine and injustice, from their tottering thrones? And then they in their turn would taste of the pleasures of life, they would enjoy their rightful privileges, they would be their own masters. No more exactions! No more tyranny! "Liberty! fraternity! equality!"

From the hypothesis to the reality there was but a step, and soon the people, urged on by the bourgeois, crossed this rubicon, exclaiming: "The die is cast!" Yes; the die was cast! and with it was lost the glory of thirteen hundred years!

What has been said in the foregoing lines are facts that cannot be denied by anyone who has read with attention, reflection and judgment the history of the French Revolution. Were then liberty, fraternity, equality, the real and only motives that prompted the planners, instigators, leaders of the revolution? It is true that the revolutionists for the most part believed, especially at the start, in the truth and grandeur of their mission; but the leaders were ever animated by sentiments in direct contradiction with the passwords of the revolution.

Liberty! They wished to lord it over those arrogant nobles who stood between them and the object of their ambition;

over that mob which they used as a stepping-stone to power. Fraternity! They planned the annihilation of a whole class; they meditated the destruction of all titles, orders, and every vestige of a noble hierarchy. Equality! They were rich, and yet avarice was their moving principle. Was it likely then that they would sacrifice their immense wealth to fill the common treasury? No! what they wanted was an occasion of augmenting their treasures by the pillage of palace, cathedral and monastery.

This plan they carried out with pitiless attention to every detail. 'As soon as the battle was fought and won' they stepped forth as the defenders of the rights of the people; they claimed the laurel and the prize, and soon all power resided in their hands. It is wonderful to see with what readiness, skill and fury they began their work of destruction. In the name of liberty, they seized upon the king and royal family, and filled the prisons with multitudes of nobles and defenders of the royal supremacy. It is with astonishment that we behold a crowd of men, who but yesterday had found it a crime to keep under constraint the persons of malefactors, and had burst open the gates of the Bastille, now send thousands of innocent victims to the dungeon and the scaffold. In the name of liberty of opinion, they took the lives of those who did not think as they did; such persons were classed under the "suspectable," and were regarded as most dangerous to the commonwealth. In the name of liberty of belief, whoever believed in Christ or His Church was guillotined, drowned, or sent into voluntary exile. "Liberty of instruction!" cried the atheistic statesman, as he pulled down from the walls of the schools crucifix and sacred pictures; burned the *papist* catechism and substituted for it the "Life of the heroes of the Republic," and the maxims of Republican morality. "Liberty of worship!" shouted the fanatics as they slaughtered the priest at the altar, and closed the portals of the sanctuary with the filthy seal of the Republic. Yes, liberty was proclaimed, decreed, adored, but it was liberty to do evil. And then, can liberty be decreed? By no means. A decree carries with it the notion of a law, of an obligation and therefore of con-

straint. And how can constraint ever be called liberty? If a man does not want freedom, can you in the name of liberty break his chains? If by an act of his *free will* he chooses servitude, freedom becomes a yoke to him. What then was this decree which proclaimed that *every man was free*? Nothing more than the first tyrannical act of an essentially oppressive government.

"Fraternity! fraternity is so closely allied to liberty, that a violation of the latter necessarily implies the absence of the former. For how can brotherly relations exist between the oppressor and the oppressed, the tyrant and the victim, the master and the slave? Fraternity needs for its growth a free soil. How then could it flourish in France during the Revolution, where we have seen the most absolute tyranny and oppression in full sway: the tyranny of the *souveraine canaille* oppressing the sovereign nobility. No, there was no fraternity; on the contrary, unbounded egotism, villainous treachery and sanguinary barbarity reigned supreme. Even those who should have been united in their oppression of the rest of the nation, in their hate of monarchical and religious doctrines, and in their proclamation of fraternity, lived as bitter enemies. Motives of suspicion and fear, the antithesis of fraternity, animated everyone; the friendly smile of a *citoyen* often hid low cunning and treacherous designs. Where then was fraternity? Did it exist at all? Without hesitation we answer in the affirmative. But not amongst those who proclaimed it with sound of bugle and amid clash of arms: it existed amongst the persecuted and the condemned. Nor was it a mere philanthropical fraternity; it was Christian charity which, being supernatural, surpasses in beauty and grandeur the highest degree of purely human natural virtue. What a beautiful sight it was to see poor peasants who had remained true to their king, to their country and to their God, shelter at the peril of their lives noble fugitives and persecuted ecclesiastics; to see saintly priests, unmindful of all danger, carry to the condemned the consolations of the church, and continue to exercise their holy ministry! How many heroes, how many martyrs of charity, of true fratern-

ity did not the French Revolution produce! But they are not to be sought in the camp of those who announced that they brought to the world liberty and fraternity, and yet who did all in their power to abolish institutions of charity, and societies which had for object the propagation of true fraternity. Well has the government of such men been called the Reign of Terror.

Equality! We distinguish two kinds of equality: equality of riches and equality of rights; and we assert without any fear of truthful denial that neither of these was realized. Equality of riches! With more justice should we say, equality in poverty; for more than ever was wealth monopolized by the few. France was herself ravaged by a dire famine, and, as I said before, the animosity with which the state destroyed all institutions established for a charitable purpose, prevented the poor from getting the necessary relief. Equal rights! Where and when was there ever seen a greater violation of the equality of rights. A whole class was excluded from public affairs; they were denied the right of citizenship, and even that of living in their own country. But one thing remained for them: fraternity gave them the liberty of choosing between the right of doing evil and the right to die.

Who would nowadays affirm that the French revolutionists brought to their country liberty, fraternity, equality, or even that they ever had the intention of doing so? But apart from their bad faith, there were other insuperable obstacles in the way of such a consummation. For where is the sane man who will hold that absolute liberty, fraternity and equality are possible in this world, and who will earnestly and candidly strive to establish them? Such a man necessarily supposes that human nature is essentially and naturally prone to good. For what is absolute liberty, but the absence of all constraint, either moral or physical? And to enjoy this privilege, man must be perfect; no laws must be needed to make him cherish good and avoid evil. But perfection in this world is something towards which we must strive, but which like the horizon is never reached. In this world, conse-

quently, there must be laws to oblige man, to bind man to do good, and therefore absolute liberty is an utopia. So is absolute fraternity. It is as ridiculous to decree fraternity as to decree holiness. It is a virtue, a perfection which is based on liberty and good. Perfect fraternity therefore, which implies disinterestedness and sacrifice, forgiveness and pardon, absence of egotism, anger, hatred and revenge, is something which never has been and never can be seen on the face of the earth.

Absolute equality, like liberty and fraternity, is an end towards which man should advance. But as long as there is inequality of talents, of will, of strength and power, there will be inequality of riches and of rights. Socialism is absurd and impracticable; and universal suffrage; long considered as the exponent of equal rights, is a very dangerous instrument in the hands of ignorant and weak-minded people. Liberty, fraternity, equality in an absolute state in this world are then *a priori* impossible. They must be understood and considered solely in a relative sense. Liberty will exist, no matter what is the kind of government, when the privileges and prerogatives natural to a class, are respected by all the other classes; when the superior portion of a nation does not impose a yoke on the inferior; and when the masses know how to keep themselves within the bounds of their own sphere. Fraternity will exist when harmony and good feeling prevail among all classes, when the great and powerful no longer manifest contempt for those of humble origin, when the rich give a helping hand to the poor; and the

humble and the lowly banish from their minds all thoughts of envy and jealousy as regards those above them; in a word, when Christian charity everywhere prevails without respect of origin, wealth or rank. The first equality should be that virtue—and there all men are equal and belong to the same class. But all other forms of equality—in education, wealth, and social position—must be governed by the laws laid down for the guidance of the various ranks and conditions of life. Is it not an evident contradiction to maintain that all citizens irrespective of their rank and position should have the same rights? And if in practice all men cannot aspire to the possession of the same privileges, why bother their peace with idle theorizing on principles of great speculative attractiveness, but no practical value? Such conduct is at variance with the elementary ideas of justice and common sense.

It is not, therefore, an unfair conclusion to say with Edmund Burke: that the French Revolutionists mistook innovation for reform. Those among them who were in good faith, were deplorably led astray by designing egotists. The abuses that existed in the French society of the time were magnified out of all proportion when viewed through the lenses furnished by the *bourgeois*; and the Revolutionists, instead of remedying actual wrongs, increased the mass of evil, destroyed the little remaining good and left their work to be branded by history for all time to come as the very antithesis of their loud-mouth professions, the negation of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

A. BÉLANGER, '97.

TO THE SACRED HEART.



ROYAL Flower of Man's fulfilled completeness,
 Drenched through with honeydews of Deity ;
 O Rose of Love, whose life-breath is the sweetness
 Of very God ; O Chalice fair to see,
 O ruby Grail, through which the palpitation
 Of Love's own pulse, the Precious Blood, throbs free
 In light and music, swaying God's creation
 To one wide scale of luminous harmony,
 Save where the discord, Sin, with harsh vibration
 Jarring that fair accordance, mars the whole,
 'Till touched by Love to sweet assimilation,
 Or drowned in Justice' diapason-roll ;
 O Heart of God our Saviour and our Brother,
 Love strikes in Thee and us one keynote—Mary
 Mother.

FRANK WATERS.

SHAKESPEARE'S FOOLS.



It will be a common verdict that the person who undertakes to expend words, whether commendatory or otherwise, on those worthless beings usually termed fools, belongs himself to the latter species. But the enlightened, of whatever nation they be, will expect more than a trifling word storm, when they see the universal fool restricted to that of Shakespeare. For with Avon's bard and his genius the world is well acquainted; so that even the fools of Shakespeare will be understood as something out of the ordinary.

We do not, therefore, treat of that being whom the world to-day calls fool, him whom the dictionaries term, "one destitute of reason, who acts unwisely or wickedly." Nor do we mean that kind of individual called a buffoon, whose sole object is to counterfeit folly. No, through the magic power of that one word, Shakespeare, our theme rises from the ridiculous to the serious. It is of Shakespeare's Fools we write.

In the time of King Henry VIII, before and after, it was customary for the king and great nobles to keep in their households, one whom they designated a fool, whose office it was to create fun for his master and the court attendants. And on this account he was allowed the greatest freedom in word and action. From such as these Shakespeare drew his idea of the fool. All his fools are attendants upon great kings, dukes or nobles. They wear the "coxcomb and bells," and are occupied in the usual office of making mirth for their masters. But what distinguishes Shakespeare's fools are the

words of wisdom which fall from their lips, and the spirit of devotedness towards those whom they serve. Example will thoroughly bear out what we have just said. Wherefore, we purpose to examine separately the three most famous fools of Shakespeare: the Clown in "Twelfth Night"; Touchstone, in "As You Like It;" and the Fool in "King Lear;" trusting that our efforts will prove that these were not altogether vain creations of Shakespeare's mind.

The Clown in "Twelfth Night" presents several noticeable and peculiar traits of character. First, it is remarkable with what facility he can adapt his behaviour to the various persons with whom he comes in contact. He is introduced as coming home to his mistress Olivia's house, whence he had been absent of late. He is indifferent and jocose when threatened with hanging or banishment, and soon regains the favour of Olivia; for, having been called fool by her, he answers, "Cucullus non facit monachum," and, "I wear not motley in my brain." And here I might remark that this repugnance to being styled fool, is proper to all Shakespeare's fools. They know that such is their common designation, but nevertheless they quickly retort whenever anyone calls them so.

The Clown is no exception to the rule. He answers nothing when Malvolio rails at him, wondering why people should take delight in his jests. But we see later on that he has remembered the railery of Malvolio. For when the latter was unjustly imprisoned by the artifices of Sir Toby and Maria, the fool, in the dress of a parson, makes "a geck and gull" of the prisoner, and when chided for this

action by Olivia, he reminds her of how Malvolio had once spoken of him, and in conscious satisfaction of having gained his point, he utters the sententious saying :

And thus the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.

The Clown enters heartily into the jovial spirit of Sir Toby and his associates, sings merry songs, and is himself a favorite. He strikes the key-note of the Duke's sorrows when he sings the song of death,

I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.

Viola is struck by the fool's manners, and gives a good description of him in the words,

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.

On several occasions the fool abundantly proves that he "wears not motley in his brain," and his wit is constantly intermingled with sayings of the soundest sense and deepest wisdom. When asked what a drunken man is like, he says,

Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman :
one draught above heat makes him a fool, the
second mads him, and the third drowns him.

"We hold the Clown's epilogue song," says a critic, "to be the most philosophical clown's song on record. . . . It is the history of a life." And truly this last utterance of the fool, and the closing words of the play, gives us a notion of what kind of men Shakespeare intended his fools to be. They were simply men of experience, satiated with the world's joys and sorrows, and versed in the philosophy of life. The Clown relates the story of his life from the time when he was "a little, tiny boy," up to "man's estate," through married life, until "I came unto my beds."

For the rain it raineth every day.

that is, the history of man's life is the same at all times.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

And thus we part with the Clown.

We come now to Shakespeare's most famous fool, the inimitable Touchstone in "As You Like It." He is the faithful companion of Celia and the "heavenly Rosalind" in their exile, and of him the former could say,

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.

We notice a change come over the fool in his successive places of residence. First, at the court, his usual occupation of jester is in order, and he proves to Celia and Rosalind that the knight who swore by his honour was not forsworn, for the simple reason that he never had any honour. Yet even here Touchstone shows that he is not all fool. For when the light-headed I.e. Beau relates to the ladies the great sport they had missed seeing, when one wrestler threw three others and broke their ribs, the fool cuttingly remarks :

Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

When Touchstone leaves the court for the forest of Arden, he grows contemplative. His counterfeiting leaves him, and his true nature returns. In fact he grows philosophic :

Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I ;
when I was at home I was in a better place, but
travellers must be content.

His philosophizing causes Rosalind to say,

Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

It was of Touchstone that Jacques also said :

A fool, a fool ! I met a fool 'i the forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world !—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I ;—"No, sir,"
quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me
fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :

Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

Sublime words indeed for a fool ! But it is such deep philosophic utterances that have made Touchstone so much the theme of critics. When later on he becomes a shepherd, and falls in love with Audrey, his old court manners gradually abandon him, and he appears more in the light of a human being. He is no longer burdened with the task of making others laugh ; though occasionally the old custom unwittingly returns and he utters some mirthful words. He cannot forbear playing with the pardonable ignorance of Corin, the shepherd, whom he tries to terrify by means of some fool's logic :

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

To Corin also he answers in reply to the question how he liked the shepherd's life,

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.

And indeed what the fool says here is universally true. The pastoral, rustic life is preferable to other modes of life, but is regarded as naught by the higher classes. Touchstone, in fact, while pretending to favour court life, is in reality speaking against it, under the mask of irony. "He has been," says the critic, "a thing to make the idle laugh. . . . He goes out of the social state in which he moved, and he becomes a human being."

In the love scenes wherein Touchstone and Audrey figure, the former appears in the dress of affection and devotedness for which Shakespeare's fools in general are noted. He settles down to enjoy the quiet evening of life with her of whom he said :

A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

His kind, experience-taught heart is at last content, after the long voyage of a diversified life, and in the fulness of his happiness he says :

To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow we will be married."

It has already been said that the fools of Shakespeare are noted for their devotedness. In the character of the Fool in "King Lear," this feature rises to a sublime height and melts away into heroic tenderness. The very first we hear of the Fool, shows that he has a strong hold on the affections of Lear. Rushing in from the excitement of the chase, the king's every second word is an enquiry for his fool. But the wound is renewed in Lear's heart when he is told that "since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away"

Th's sentence gives us the keynote to the rest of the poor natural's life. It brings him immediately into living connection with the pathos of the tragedy, where he remains till his final disappearance from the stage of life. Our sympathy for the exiled Cordelia endears the Fool to us when we learn that he also is grieved at her lot. The latter fact increases likewise Lear's attachment to his faithful jester. Cordelia is gone ; the old king, her father, knows he has wronged her, but he has yet with him her former attendant on whom he can bestow his love.

In fact, the fool becomes a sort of conscience to Lear. Ever at his master's side, whiling away the weary hours of old age by his wit, this loyal knave cares not for his own welfare. And though he is constantly reminding the king of his folly, and drawing from him such appellations as a "pestilent gall," or "a bitter fool," the old monarch knows that the fool speaks only too truly, and that he himself cannot afford to break friendship with him whom he now regards as his only true friend.

What a picture of fidelity does not the fool present to us in all the horror of that dreadful night, when the cruelty of the elements reflects the unnaturalness of his old master's children ! The king is grow-

ing mad ; the heavens echo back in wicked confusion of rain, wind, and thunder, his loud appeals to them ; but beside the white-haired old man there stands one companion. It is the fool.

who labors to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

And so much has the fool become a part of Lear's self that even in the midst of his madness the latter comes momentarily to his senses and utters,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

But Lear cannot hold out ; his madness grows deeper and deeper, till finally he loses all logical connection of ideas and

utters such an inconsistent saying as,

We'll go to supper i' the morning.

The fool sees there is no hope ; he too gives way ; his heart begins to break, and he leaves us, saying,

And I'll go to bed at noon,

which warns us that he is dying a premature death.

And so our task is done. We have been for a time with fools. Whether they deserve such a name or not we leave it with our readers to decide. Nor will we give our own decision ; we remain content with saying, that we very often met with "wise men" whose wisdom nevertheless fell much short of that displayed by the Clown, Touchstone, or the Fool.

J. J. QUILTY, '97.

I hold it better far to be
A church-taught girl in village school,
Whose faith is measured by her rule,
Than scale Olympian heights with thee,
O Milton, and in doubt descend,
And in a Deist's portion end.

JOHN CHARLES CARLE.



A FRUITFUL TOPIC: THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

M. DeCELLES' "THE UNITED STATES."



ONE of the most momentous and perplexing problems in the history of the American Union was undoubtedly that referring to slavery—an institution which had become part of the social and political system in the fourteen southern states. It contained, as was afterwards shown, those seeds of national dissensions which breed blood-shed.

Slavery dates from antiquity, but it was gradually abolished according as nations became more enlightened and humane. At the beginning of the century it was condemned in Europe as an iniquitous institution and a stain on civilization. Many were the efforts made to abolish it in the great American Republic, but neither the persevering exertions of Europe and the refining influence of civilization, nor the continuous efforts at persuasion of the noblest minds at home, could outweigh the cupidity of the slave-owner.

Indeed, any attempt to discuss slavery was bitterly resented by the aristocratic South, who "irritated by what they looked upon as impudent meddling, threatened the lives of such abolitionists as visited their cities; and sympathisers with the South made it uncomfortable for those agitators even in the North." The South contended that the institution was a necessary appendage of Southern life, and that enslaved labor was necessary to its material development. But this was evidently a mistaken idea, because ever since the War of Independence the North made

rapid strides in the way of progress and prosperity, whilst the South remained in an almost chronic state of languor and inactivity; and as an historian says: "Slavery itself put the South out of harmony with its surroundings, and still more out of harmony with the inevitable lines of the country's development."

Thus it was that the problem of undoing a great social wrong—that of suppressing a barbarous traffic in human chattels—remained under discussion and undecided for nearly three-quarters of a century, and that in a so-called civilized community like the *free* and *independent* Republic of the United States, and then only to have been finally brought to its rightful and proper solution through the blood and fire of war—in the throes of a most painful the terrible revolution.

* * *

And there were other questions of paramount importance at issue in the Republic and over them the nation was scarcely less agitated. One of these questions was that of "State Autonomy." The political power ascribed to the Federal government is the country's defence and maintenance of peace at home, commercial treaties, internal trade and commerce, justice in last resort and such matters wherein uniform legislation, among the States, is required to protect the integrity of the Union. Each State exercises sovereign power as regards citizens and property. For a time even Territories had what was called "Squatter Sovereignty" that is to say, the right to maintain or abolish slavery. But the

powers of individual States were frequently encroached upon by Congress; however, these were as frequently over-ridden by the interested State, for "A State has a right in her sovereign capacity in Convention to declare an unconstitutional Act of Congress to be null and void; and such declaration is obligatory on her citizens and conclusive against the General Government; which would have no right to enforce its construction of its powers against that of the State." State sovereignty is to an American citizen the foundation of civil liberty. Although slavery was the ostensible cause of the Civil War, yet the repeated attempts to intrude on the rights of individual States were rather the real cause of the aggressive spirit created and this tended to disunion. For this reason it was contended that a revision of the Constitution should be made and the contentions of the different States adjusted fairly once for all.

By others it was contended that the country was ripe for a radical change in its fiscal system, that a change from "Protection" to "Free Trade" would better serve the commercial interests of the nation

But whether or not these questions yielded to the importance that the tension of public feeling gave to slavery, they had so aggravated matters that events were rapidly gravitating to their inevitable climax—the disintegration of the Union and the establishment of a Southern Independence.

* * *

As a natural consequence of such a state of things political, business became depressed in an ominous way, trade was in a state of suspense, industry was paralyzed and then commenced that great calamitous financial crisis which lasted unabated long after the close of the war. Specie payments may be said to have been generally suspended and were not resumed until ten years after the war was over. A paper currency (greenbacks) was adopted as a substitute for specie, for gold had almost generally disappeared. Commencing at a premium of 2 per cent. in 1862, the price of gold rose to 170 in 1863 and 285 in 1864. From the effects of this pro-

tracted crisis the country may be said to have, as yet, not fully recovered.

At this juncture it became obvious that the commercial and political deadlock forebode a greater coming evil and it was felt that the conflict was on the eve of being brought to the dread arbitrament of arms.

The intensity and bitterness of feeling which prevailed stimulated and increased the growing ferment and fanning the flames of discord, widened the breach which existed between the North and South, and which had formed as early as 1850.

The first open hostilities had been attempted in 1859, when John Brown, an anti-slavery champion, but fanatic and enthusiast, induced the slaves of Virginia to rise in insurrection. This however was promptly suppressed and the chief insurgents were as promptly punished.

On the 20th December, 1860, the State Convention of South Carolina unanimously decreed secession, and prepared for war. Within a few weeks after, six other states had seceded, and on the 4th of February following, the "Confederate States" commenced their organization under a regime adapted to their views which included Slavery, State Sovereignty and what amounted to Free Trade, that is the prohibition of bounties or any protective element in the tariff.

Here was the real seriousness of the situation, and from this to open hostility there was but the final step. No wonder that in view of the gravity of these complications, and the increasing virulence of the factious elements in strife, fear and anxiety were apparent on the faces of all. No wonder that the heart of the nation was depressed at the gathering gloom. Until this moment it had been hoped that the conflicting interests of North and South might be conciliated, but this was a forlorn hope for the presidential election of 1860 resulted in the success of Mr. Lincoln, an earnest abolitionist and protectionist, and this capped the climax. At this the irrepressible South became contentious and desperate. The boldness with which they had unfurled the revolutionary flag led them to fire the first gun, and events culminated in the great-

est scene of carnage and bloodshed the country had ever witnessed.

It must remain a memorable fact forever recorded in history's darkest pages, that the Southern trumpet first sounded the dread call to arms, and that the "Confederacy" did force its own countrymen to face an irremediable calamity—a fratricidal strife and all its direful consequences!

Yes, then and there, on American soil, in their own home, began that murder, grim and great.....A cruel, horrible and sacrilegious war wherein the blood of American citizens flowed in streams.....Brothers wrestled in a mad and deadly struggle and thousands upon thousands were slain.

This bloody conflict should have been averted. But the South, unprepared as it was, either in arms or munitions, men or money, with fatal rashness elected for warfare. Blinded in their precipitancy, they were deluded in the hope that the North would not fight, or that the problem would be promptly solved in their favour by simply cutting, in a brotherly way, the throats of a few of their brethren of the North.....

But the struggle was as long and protracted as it was terrible and disastrous.

The call to arms had been responded to with great alacrity on both sides, and though both armies were ill trained, they fought with equal ardour and valiance.

After a series of the most overwhelming disasters, wherein death was met in its most fearful forms, and wherein property was destroyed in the most appalling manner, Freedom's cause won the day, with the final victory of the North at Appomattox (9th April, 1865). Scarcely six days later, the great Emancipator, President Lincoln, was foully assassinated.

And then the rights of four million people to Liberty and Equality were finally recognized, and slavery was forever abolished in the last civilized country where it had been tolerated.

It may not be out of place, in this essay, to mention the States wherein

slavery existed, and show the comparative figures as to slaves and freedmen contrasted with the white population. It will be seen that in two out of the sixteen slave states and territories—South Carolina and Mississippi—the white people were in the minority, and that in several others the population was equally divided.

The following are returns of the population, according to the census of 1860:—

States and Territories.	Slaves.	Free Coloured.	Whites.	Total Population.
Delaware....	1,798	19,829	90,539	112,216
Maryland....	87,189	83,942	515,918	687,049
Dis. Columbia	3,185	11,131	60,763	75,080
Virginia.....	490,865	58,042	1,017,299	1,590,318
N. Carolina...	331,059	30,463	629,942	992,622
S. Carolina...	402,408	9,914	291,300	703,708
Georgia.....	462,198	3,500	591,500	1,057,286
Florida.....	61,745	932	77,747	140,425
Alabama.....	435,080	2,690	526,271	964,201
Mississippi...	436,631	773	353,899	791,305
Louisiana.....	331,726	16,047	357,456	708,002
Texas.....	181,566	355	420,891	604,215
Arkansas.....	111,115	141	324,143	435,450
Tennessee.....	275,719	7,300	826,752	1,109,801
Kentucky.....	225,483	10,684	919,484	1,155,684
Missouri.....	124,911	3,572	1,063,489	1,188,012
Total.....	3,953,760	487,996	21,966,652	31,445,080

II.

If the social and political complications which led to the "Rebellion" marked the event as one of the greatest moments in the national history of a remarkably progressive and gifted people, they imparted valuable lessons to students of history and political economy, in fact no event on this continent has given rise to a better display of literary talent. And, as the period which followed the close of the war opened an era of wonderful progress in the fortunes of the Republic, so it marked a new epoch in its natural literature, inaugurating a remarkable expansion in Letters and Science. Its marvelous, scientific discoveries astonished the world. American genius took the lead and holding its sway made the nation prosperous and renowned.

Much of the rising American literature found fit themes in the tragedies enacted on the battle-field and in the political controversies which brought about the disastrous *dénouement* we have just described. Every incident, and every tragic

or romantic episode which history recalls are, even now, the theme of many stirring appeals to the reader's soul and the source of lofty inspiration to earnest literary workers.

As a manner of writing American history, romanticism received its first impulsion at the close of the "War of Independence." Though the greater English pens were looked to as models in form and composition, yet romanticism never attained the degree of culture and refinement which characterized the literature of older countries.

What seems to have been the first work of importance in American prose-fiction, was published in 1792, "The Foresters," by Dr. Belknap, a somewhat humorous account of both the "War of Independence" and the "French Revolution." Royall Tyler then published "The Algerine Captive," another work of fiction which is the first genuine novel written in the United States. These were closely followed by the works of Charles Brockden Brown, who, according to some, was a writer of high gifts. He is even now considered as one of the greatest romancers whom the country has produced. His first novel was entitled "Sky Walk" and the first one he published was "Wieland" in 1798.

Irving, Cooper and Poe followed in a similar strain and feelingly described, in different literary form, the character of the Americans and the various phases of American life and history. These authors, as well as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Bulwer-Lytton, D'Israeli, *litterateurs* of an older world and of the higher classical school, were truthful reconstructors of history and good delineators of human nature. They gained the admiration of their readers because they touch the sympathetic chord. Because they define nature and know how to symbolize facts, they appeal to and reach the heart.

* * * * *

The first English novel written in Canada seems to have been published in 1769. The New York *Tribune*, in a recent number, gives the following account of an incident which occurred concerning the author and which the reader may find is not out of place here:

"The History of Emily Montague, the first novel written in Canada, was the work of Frances Moore Brooke, the wife of a military chaplain at Quebec. It was published in 1769. How many readers remember the pleasant story told concerning Mrs. Brooke and her old friend, Dr. Johnson? On the eve of leaving London for Canada the lady gave a farewell party, Hannah Moore, Johnson and Boswell being of the company. Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early, and apparently departed after wishing the hostess health and happiness. Shortly after a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running down-stairs the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer. "Madame," said he ponderously, "I sent for you down-stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

* * * * *

The works which are the outcome of the American wars as well as of the Slavery problem, are innumerable. There are about five hundred biographies of George Washington, original and translations.

Of course American writers have not confined themselves to American subjects alone, they have embraced the full field of history, biography, sociology, economics and politics.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" an inflammatory politico-religious romance of the times created quite a sensation both in America and Europe and obtained quite an immense circulation. No drama—for the book was afterwards dramatized—is performed which is more popular, more attractive and moving. Though the book contains gross exaggerations and though critics differ as to its literary merit, it was read with eagerness by all classes. The vivid language in which is described the inhuman traffic in "Black Ivory," the realistic picture that is given of the misery and suffering endured by the colored people bring to bear, on the reader's sympathies, the quickening influence of idealism in woe and suffering. A more impassioned appeal in favor of the cause of humanity could scarcely be made. This tale of woe and suffering went far to promote the cause of emancipation which it sustained. Written in the form of romanticism and in a style original in its nature, it is the apotheosis of the negro, a black man with a white soul, and the condemnation of the slave-owner, a white man with a black soul.

III

Several American authors have written the history of their country but the standard works are not numerous. Foreign authors have written on the subject.

A new book, which deserves to last and which is entitled to be classed with the good historical productions of our times, is just issued, in the French language, from the pen of a prominent figure in Canadian literature, one of our highly esteemed fellow citizens. I refer to a summarized history of "The United States" written by M. A. D. De Celles who is to be congratulated on his excellent work.

M. De Celles is a member of the Royal Society of Canada, a constitutional writer and essayist. Formerly a leading journalist of Montreal, he now occupies the important position of Chief Librarian of the Dominion Parliament—a not unpleasant nor uncongenial occupation to a man of his literary taste, for there, in the atmosphere about him, lies a whole world of science and knowledge into which he needs but to breathe to learn. He therefore has unrivalled opportunities to prepare and execute such literary work as it may suit his taste to undertake.

As he is not a random reader or writer but a serious and profound thinker and reasoner, in fact an experienced and skilled workman, he no doubt, whilst preparing the important work just presented to the public, availed himself of the valuable material to be found in the world of literature of his environments.

No book could be more welcome to either American or Canadian readers. The sub-title, "Origin—Institutions—Development" tells us of the scope it embraces. This book is a book to be read and, like Garneau's history of Canada, a book to be re-read and studied.

Written in a clear, concise and entertaining manner—in the spirit of the modern school—it is complete in historic details mustered from sound authorities; the style is good and well sustained throughout and there is no lack of accurate descriptions. Hence it may be said that in con-

tains all those elements which give a book literary and historic merit.

Judging from the result accomplished, the labor involved in this elaborate work has undoubtedly been considerable, it shows a careful study and a serious investigation of the subjects treated. Indeed, the workman has succeeded in producing a standard work of an artistic taste and cast such as ripe learning blended with conscientious intellect—a facile pen with elegance of style and polished language could alone conceive and accomplish.

There are many pretty pages in this book. A very interesting one is that wherein is found an excellent exposition of the slavery problem and of the civil war which ensued. It is a graphic description and a concise review, replete with historical considerations, on that most important event.

We need not say that its perusal has inspired the present essay. A generation has already passed since that memorable epoch; the history of the Revolution has been written over and over again and as often commented upon; men of science and philosophy have passed judgment on the causes which brought it about, and studied the lessons it has taught; so the subject might reasonably have been considered exhausted, yet the author of the book we are describing has presented such new motives of interest, and thrown such new light on many points of importance connected with the political complications of the time that his version is entitled to special notice. This page of the book, though short, is not less effective because of the writer's light touch, for it is a complete retrospect, a reconstruction, and we might add, a sequel to the history of that interesting period.

M. De Celles has not labored in vain, and his book should be appreciated. He has found in the motives of the struggle for Independence and in the causes of the War of Secession a fruitful source of philosophical and economic study and he gives the benefit of it to his readers. He found there, as well as in the national

character of the remarkable and illustrious men who fought, either in the political arena or on the battle-field, full scope for the development of his subject, and the result has shown him to be a keen analyst of facts and a diligent observer of character. Just as his historical considerations show a thorough grasp of his subject so is the state of society fully and faithfully described. In like manner the political condition is well defined and the different factions are shown in full light as they stood on their respective ground of action or defence.

American life is here portrayed in a realistic manner. Leading men are brought to the foreground and sketched to the life:

their character is so drawn, their military or diplomatic valor and resources are so delineated that the workmanship of the book is hardly open to criticism.

Now, this able, useful and scholarly production is a commendable addition to readable contemporaneous history, and this will be made apparent by the perusal of its pages. The author deserves the cordial praise we offer him and we sincerely hope that his book will become a favorite with literary and scholarly minds, for they cannot fail to find in it both pleasure and instruction.

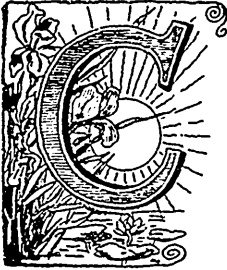
A. A. TAILLON,
A Student of the '60's

O happiest the souls that take
The cross of self-denial up, and bear it bravely
To the end for Christ's sweet sake.
Sail on, brave dragon-flies! hum on, bright bees!
We envy not your life of honeyed ease.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



A FEW THOUGHTS ON TENNYSON.



CRITICS, ordinarily such distinguished models of contention and disagreement, have united with surprising unanimity in placing the laurel wreath

upon Tennyson's brow. And indeed he who would approach the poetry of the late laureate with a view to criticise it dispassionately, perhaps disparagingly, must clothe himself in iron armour and steel his heart against the finer emotions of human nature. Such is the elegance of diction the faultless choice of words to express the noblest conceptions, the matchless music of his smoothly-gliding verses that even the coldest might be pardoned for becoming deeply enamoured of Tennyson's poetry.

But for those who carefully examine the efforts of literary men from the high standpoint of the necessity of truth above all things, elegant language and beautiful diction are not a sufficient guarantee of intrinsic excellence. A comely body often hides a deformed mind or wicked soul, and wolves sometimes travel in sheep's clothing. Byron somewhere says :

The deepest ice which ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.

So every book that is thrown upon the world has its under-current, its living stream that flows below, and it is this that is of most importance to us. We admire the crystal clearness of the ice, its great depth, its polished surface, but we are also justly anxious to determine the nature of that which supports the ice ; we wish to know whether the stream is clear or muddy, whether a deep draught will prove healthful or, perchance, but a taste carry with it noxious vapors and deadly poisons to intoxicate the brain. For as the Dead Sea fruit presented a most beautiful and inviting appearance, yet,

when crushed, crumbled into ashes, so we know that in literature many books written in a graceful and easy style either lose all their beauty on the slightest examination or if they bear scrutiny, sap the very foundations of intellectual life, while being scrutinized.

Weighed in this balance, Tennyson is not found wanting. His works are models and form one of the few oases in the veritable desert of literary deception and falsehood with which we are surrounded. It is with intense pleasure that one turns from the contemplation of the chaotic confusion so lovely to the disciples of revolution to seek and find repose in the calm dignity and serene peacefulness of Tennyson. He is a religious man and though he make no pretensions to be an ardent enthusiast he cannot be accused of cavilling. He sees God in nature—not that vague, meaningless being called by the mystics " Providence," but a personal, active, beneficent ruler and guide of the universe. It is true that " all his mind is clouded with doubt," but for this we can scarcely blame him ; he sees as clearly as can those who are without the charmed circle of Catholic truth ; he has a strong, natural leaning towards the right, and was powerfully influenced by close communion with Catholic doctrines, legends and traditions.

From a philosophical point of view, Tennyson may be said to have two great and good principles, viz. the proper idea of progress and respect for law and legitimate authority. He is an open foe of revolution, holding that alone to be true progress which is united with order. Energy pleases him, but it must be kept under control ; violence and opposition to firmly established law ever meet with his severest anger and sternest rebuke. Systematic progress is his ideal and in this he differs essentially from the poets of the revolutionary school, Shelley for instance, is pessimistic in his views but optimistic in his expectations, for he looks

forward to an abrupt breaking with old traditions and the substitution of a sudden, flashing progress. Tennyson on the contrary, is optimistic throughout; he is ever buoyant and hopeful, never despondent nor dejected. Order, progress, and unity are for him the essentials of good society and he finds them in the present age in a high degree of perfection. His progress is gradual, by slow "and slight modifications" as it were, and everything tends to one great common end. This idea he expresses beautifully and forcibly in the following lines:

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

This end man is destined never to reach. Our hopes, our aspirations, our attainments, our pleasures and our pains, are but the seed of future generations; our great men are "the precursors and the pledgers of the gracious children of the future" we are merely working for those.

That as yet unborn are waiting
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.

This future race is to be distinguished for its extensive knowledge its love of freedom, its respect for law, its nobles desires and lofty ideals, our poet's imagination is ever haunted by a vision of an ideal state, resembling very much Sir Thomas More's Utopia, which, owing to its wise organization and legislation, would be free from the harassing cares, the inordinate longings and the customary miseries of mankind. Let science advance in perfection, he says, "let justice become a worthy art, let man

" Arise and fly
The reeling fawn, the sensuous feast,
Move upward working out the best,
And let the ape and tiger die."

Then shall we all be peaceful, prosperous and happy; then shall we reach "that one far off divine event," and the political union of the world, so much to be desired, will be a matter of fact,

When the war drum throbs no longer, and the
battle flags are furled
In the parliament of men, the federation of
the world.

But these days and deeds of the coming race are far beyond the limits, if not of the possible, at least of the probable,

and are at best, but paltry balm for our afflicted and aspiring souls. It rather blurs the brilliancy of Mr. Tennyson's ideal when we suspect that his majestic federation of the world is a selfish, if somewhat patriotic view, that the English poet takes of his all embracing motherland, which he claims to be,

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
When freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Mr. Tennyson is a poetic John Bull. His is an English cosmopolitan.

He who seeks in the writings of Tennyson for the satisfaction for the higher side of his spiritual nature, will seek in vain. There is doubt, uncertainty, half-belief, but nowhere do we find the infallible certainty which is a product of Catholic faith. It has been well said that throughout Tennyson's poems faith and doubt tread on each other's footsteps. There is throughout a restlessness characteristic of the age in which he lived. He is a foe of revolution, but he could not avoid being influenced by its doctrines and principles. He has no certain solution for any of the vexed questions; no language to calm the passion-swept soul, soul that of

An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry.

If he revered religion, her symbols and her ceremonies, it is because they represent peace and order; he has no conviction that would prevent him from giving them up in a moment, did a plausible excuse present itself to replace them. He clings to Christianity because, so far, the world has offered nothing better.

Yet it would be unjust to deny that Tennyson is the most religious of Protestant poets of the century. His principles are, on the whole, open to little serious objection, and make him from every point of view a desirable and valuable friend to the student of English literature. His successor in the Laureateship might apply the words which Tennyson himself addressed to his predecessor, Wordsworth. The praise is negative, it is true, but as things go in our days, it is praise:—

Victoria, since your Royal Grace
To one of less desert allows,
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base.

M. R., '98.

PLUNKET'S SPEECHES.



AMONGST the noblest exhibitions of national intellect, oratory or the art of public speaking deservedly occupies a prominent place. The speeches in fact of a nation's public men and legislators give a clear indication of its past, present and future policy and are the clearest evidence of the character and genius of the people concerned. Yet there is no art concerning which more false and ridiculous notions are prevalent. By many it is placed in the same category with the unlawful Black Art and the pseudo-science of Astrology and the mere mention of eloquence suggests to their minds nothing but craft and deceit. Such ideas are too trivial and absurd to claim our serious consideration. However a few words on the nature and aim of this noble art may not be amiss.

Oratory may be defined as "that form of literature by means of which men through spoken language endeavor to convince and to persuade." The chief requisites necessary to attain this end naturally suggest themselves: an extensive knowledge, sound sense, keen sensibility and solid judgment, a great command of language, and a correct and graceful elocution. If to these we add perfect sincerity, earnestness of manner and a thorough conviction in the mind of the speaker as to the truth of what he delivers, we have an ideal orator. A consideration of these qualifications might naturally lead us to infer that a perfect orator is a *rara avis*; and indeed such is really the case. But as perfection in things human is seldom looked for and rarely attained, the greatest honor lies in the nearest approach to it. Of all modern nations Ireland has produced both the largest number and

the most illustrious orators. We have selected as the subject of this article the speeches of one who is deserving of notice on account of the stand he took on all the great political questions of his time—William Conyngham Plunket.

William Conyngham Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in a country part of Fermanagh in July, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained for five years. During his college course he was dull and gave no evidence of those brilliant talents for which he was so distinguished in after years. But this cannot be considered as any reflection on the man. It was not in the lecture-hall or the class-room that the students of Trinity then acquired the most valuable elements of their education. No; it was in the Historical Society where the philosophy and principles of history and the affairs of men were debated that the young under-graduates of Trinity received the most useful acquirements; it was in the Parliament of College Green where Henry Grattan enlightened and instructed the nation. Plunket was always looked upon as an embryo orator by his companions at Trinity, and even after hearing his greatest efforts at the Bar and in the Parliament they were still reluctant to admit that these speeches could be compared to his former sallies in the old Historical Society at Trinity.

In 1784 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the Bar three years later. He entered the Irish Parliament in the spring of the year 1798 for the borough of Charlemont, the former seat of Henry Grattan, and at once became famous both for his glowing eloquence and extensive knowledge of constitutional law. To give a complete outline of his parliamentary and political career would carry us far be-

yond the limits of this short sketch. His name is intimately connected with all the great question: of the time in which he lived. The noble and patriotic stand he took on such questions as "Union with Great Britain," the "Catholic Claims" and "Catholic Rights" has placed his name amongst the greatest men of that time. With the fall of Ireland's independence, he contemplated emigrating to England or America, but finally settled down to the practice of his profession in his native land. After the Union he entered the British Parliament as member for Trinity College and was subsequently appointed to some of the highest dignities of the empire. In private life he was loved by all with whom he came in contact, and the news of his death was saddening even to his most bitter political foes. He is buried in the cemetery of Mount Jerome, and it is not unfrequent that the visiting stranger is pointed out the last resting-place of William Conyngham Plunket.

We will now enter upon a consideration of his speeches on the Union, the first of which was delivered before a meeting of the Irish Bar on December 5th, 1798. The disastrous results of the rebellion of 1798 are well known to all. Union with Great Britain was mooted in every part of Ireland, but the feeling was strong against annexation. At a meeting of the Irish Bar called for the purpose of discussing the question, it was moved by one of the King's Counsel: "That the measures of a legislative union of this kingdom and Great Britain is an innovation which it would be highly dangerous and improper to propose at the present juncture in this country." An animated debate followed in which Mr. Plunket took an active part. After commenting upon the danger and impropriety of annexation to Great Britain at such a time, he expressed his firm belief that if a measure of union should be proposed by the ministry it would be carried. "Fear, animosity, a want of time to consider coolly the consequences, and forty thousand British bayonets will carry the measure." For his own part he declared that he opposed a union because he was convinced "it would accelerate a total separation of the two countries." He concluded by urging the adoption of the motion, which was afterwards carried by

166 votes to 32. As the speech is reported in the third person, it is deprived of much of its original beauty, but we have sufficient evidence from this meagre report to see the workings of a powerful intellect. What strikes us most forcibly in this speech is the prophetic foresight of the man. He predicted that if a union were to be proposed it would be carried, and he lived to see the fulfilment of his prophesy, and moreover the causes which he had enumerated were those that helped to carry the odious measure later on.

On January 22nd, 1799, was delivered Mr. Plunket's second speech on the Union. We have already mentioned that he entered the Irish Parliament in the spring of the year 1798. At this time the Union Bill was up for consideration before the House, and it was before this assembly that he made this speech. The main point in this oration is the masterly manner in which the speaker shows the incompetence of parliament to pass the Union. He claimed that by so doing they were violating the constitution. He admitted, however, that the Parliament and the people by mutual consent and co-operation, were able to change the form of the constitution. If the government were to appeal to the people, and abide by the result of such an appeal, he had no objection to find. He then entered upon a bitter attack upon Lord Castlereagh, accusing him of bribery and corruption, and declared that though the object proposed was base and wicked, the means adopted for carrying it were still more flagitious and abominable. The whole affair, he characterized, as "a dirty job" of a "dirty administration." Taking up one of the arguments of the promoters of the bill, "that it was for Ireland's benefit," he considered the state of Ireland at the time, and proved that no statement could be more false or malicious. He concluded by saying that for his own part he would resist the measure to the last gasp of his existence, and like Hannibal, he would take his children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom, and that in his dying hour he would look back with sweet joy and consolation to the stand he had taken on the Union.

In the meantime the question of Union

was brought up for consideration in the British Houses of Parliament, where Richard Brinsley Sheridan gallantly defended the rights of his native land against the intrigues of scheming politicians. However, the Irish cabinet was defeated upon the address. On the 28th of January, 1799, Lord Castlereagh moved for an adjournment, pending advice from England, and it was on this occasion that Mr. Plunket delivered his third speech on the Union. He accused and condemned Castlereagh of misrepresenting the true sentiments of the nation concerning the Union, and showed how the recent defeat the ministry had received was sufficient proof that the project of Union was distasteful both to the people and to the Parliament of Ireland. Alluding to the remark of the noble lord (Lord Castlereagh) that "the public mind stood in need of repose after so much agitation as it had recently sustained upon this topic," he said that he was not opposed to an adjournment, but that if on the re-assembling of Parliament it appeared that the minister still persisted in his designs, it was the duty of all who had the interests of their country at heart to vote against this odious measure. Taking up the statement made by Castlereagh, "that the time might come when the Parliament and the country would be glad to solicit the measure as the only means of effectually securing tranquillity," he accused the minister with a taste for verifying his own predictions. He concluded by expressing the desire to see Castlereagh and his colleagues removed from office. The speech is a simple but earnest appeal to put an extinguisher upon the Bill of Union at the next session of Parliament.

His next speech on the Union was delivered on May 18th, 1799. As the circumstances which induced Mr. Plunket to speak on this occasion were unlooked for, it may reasonably be supposed the speech was an impromptu. During the session of 1799, Mr. St. George Daly, in a speech before the House, attacked the opposers of the Union, and even ventured to assail Mr. Plunket in particular, when the latter, who was sitting near him, caught his eye and almost withered his audacious assailant out of existence. Daly was dismounted, and after several awkward and

futile attempts to regain his self-possession, sat down. He was immediately followed by Plunket. In referring to the indignation expressed by his crest-fallen foe, he said that it might better have been vented against the conduct of authors of the Union, however, as it was directed in another direction, he was glad to see that the honourable gentlemen became "so angry that he could not speak and thus found a tolerably good chance of not being able to offend." He reprehended the conduct of Lord Castlereagh, and reminded him that after all the vaunting with which the question of Union was ushered in at the beginning of the session it was ignominiously rejected, thereby proving that the measure was unpopular and uncalled for.

During the parliamentary recess which followed, the agents of the government were busily engaged buying up seats and doing everything in their power to elicit a semblance of public opinion in favor of the Union. Titles were lavished upon all sides, public officers received promotions, the Catholics were promised emancipation, the Protestants ascendancy. Ay, even the *shebeen* keeper was licensed, and convicts were pardoned if they would promise to support the Union. Many conversions were brought about by these means. In the session of 1800, Plunket's voice was again raised in protest against this measure, and especially against the means which the government were using to carry it. On January 15th, 1800, in a detailed and masterly speech, he reviewed the history of the measure from its inception to the time of speaking, bringing up all the arguments for the Union, and after refuting them, criticizing the puny sophistry of those who urged the passing of the Bill. The prosperous condition of Ireland, he showed to be an irrefutable argument against the Union. He warned the ministers against persevering in their present policy. It was a false doctrine, he maintained, that placed British connection in contradiction with Irish freedom.

On May 26th, in the same year, he again spoke on this question. His speech on this occasion was but a reiteration of his former utterances. The most striking feature of this oration is its conclusion.

In it we see how Plunket, though despairing of defeating the Bill, was nevertheless proud of the stand he had taken. "As to the part which I have taken in opposing this measure," he says, "I look upon it as the proudest honour of my life. By it I wish to be remembered to posterity — it is an inheritance I am glad to transmit to my children. The recollection of the part I have taken, in common with the one hundred and twenty honest men who with incorruptible steadiness have defended the liberty of their country against the machinations of the noble lord and those under whom he acts, will soothe me at my last hour and soften the blow of death: nay, when I am called before the Almighty Power, in whom I believe and trust, I am willing to take in my hand the record of my opposition to this measure, in humble confidence that it may afford some atonement for the errors of which I have been guilty."

We have now come to the final scene in the Irish Parliament. Here we see Plunket gallantly but hopelessly struggling against the measure. On the motion for the third reading of the Union Bill, Mr. Plunket, who knew the result beforehand, rose and arraigned the means by which the bill had been carried. A lively scene followed in which several members feeling that the imputations were pointed at them, took part. When the motion was put and carried it was seen to be only too true what Plunket had predicted in his first speech on the Union two years previous. These were the last words of resistance to the measure. "The Union" was carried and the glory of Ireland was extinguished. It is needless to say that the measure met with strong and determined opposition while under consideration at College Green. Erin has ever had devoted and patriotic sons and amongst these the name of William Conyngham Plunket deserves a prominent place for his stand on the question of union with England. From his first entrance into Parliament he pitted himself against Lord Castlereagh. This was no doubt owing to his great attachment to his native land and the repugnance with which he beheld a foe to what he considered her best interests.

Plunket's next appearance in public

seems strangely inconsistent with his former conduct. He had ever been a lover and defender of his country's freedom, but now he is before us as the prosecutor for the crown against Robert Emmet. The circumstances that brought about the trial of this great patriot and martyr are known to every Irish peasant; his love for Sarah Curran and for Ireland will be the subject of song and legend in the Green Isle for many a day to come, and the account of his trial and conviction, his eloquent defence and heroic death is still fresh in the mind of every son of old Erin.

Mr. Plunket began by reminding the jury of the importance of the case as it involved the life of a fellow-subject. He then gave the history of the case, showing how the prisoner had just returned from "foreign countries shortly before hostilities were on the point of breaking out between these countries and France." At first he shows how the prisoner did not either disguise or conceal himself, but as soon as hostilities commenced and when it was not improbable that foreign invasion might co-operate with treason at home he threw off the name by which he had previously been known and disguised himself under new appellations and characters. Plunket then took up the evidence of the principal witness, Fleming, who was privy to the conspiracy. Although Fleming was a villain, his evidence was maintained by Plunket to be sufficient for the conviction of the prisoner considering the secrecy in which such crimes are conducted. This speech, no doubt, was a well-prepared address and a masterly recapitulation of the evidence, but we may safely say that it had no effect in securing the condemnation of Emmet. He was really condemned from the moment of his arrest, and the *justice* shown to all Irish patriots at that time was shown to the unfortunate young man.

We now come to Plunket's speech on the Catholic Claims. The injustice of England towards her Roman Catholic subjects is a blot that will ever remain on her escutcheon. The real grievances of the Catholics in Plunket's time were: (1) The Corporation Act, by which they were deprived of holding any office in

cities or corporations : (2) The Test Act, by which they were deprived of all civil and military offices ; (3) An Act by which they were excluded from sitting in Parliament. During the sessions from 1807 to 1812 the rights of the Catholics were championed by Pitt, Sheridan, Fox, Burke, Grattan and Canning, but without any satisfactory adjustment of their claims. In 1812 matters took a more favorable turn and a motion made by Mr. Canning : "That the House would early in the next session take into its consideration the state of the laws affecting His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects with a view to a final and conciliatory adjustment compatible with the Protestant constitution in church and state," was carried. At the next session in February, 1813, Henry Grattan moved for a committee to consider the claims of the Catholics, and it was on this occasion that Mr. Plunket declared his views on this question. He showed that all the injustice now suffered by the Catholics of Ireland was due to the passing of the Union Bill, and reminded the Government that they took

away the Irish Parliament under the assurance that in a British Parliament justice would be given to all. He showed how the Irish Catholics had not been fairly dealt with ; "the Government," he said, "had not come, in any instance, into amicable contact with them ; it had addressed them only in the stern voice of the law in state prosecution." He maintained that it was the duty of the Government to provide measures for the peace and happiness of the empire, and these alone could be found where justice was given to all irrespective of creed or nationality.

This great effort was duly appreciated by all. Plunket took his seat amidst cheers, and every speaker who followed referred to him in terms of the greatest admiration.

Here ends our sketch of this great man and a few of his noblest efforts. On considering both his life and speeches we may safely conclude that he was possessed in a remarkable degree of all the qualifications of a true orator.

W. P. EGGLESON, '99.



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ANOTHER VOLUME.

We have come to the end of the largest volume so far issued in the course of the OWL's existence. Did we say best? No, we said largest. And yet we feel that Volume IX. may well be given a place of honor among its predecessors, for other reasons than its size. No former volume,

we believe, was more largely the work of the undergraduates, nor was any more closely identified with their actual progress in the class-room. The present staff, therefore, lay aside their pens with the feeling that they have kept the OWL true to the course pointed out by former editorial boards, and which has brought so much honor and credit to our college journal. Their hope is that those who shall be called to direct the destinies of Volume X. may meet with a still greater measure of success, and earn the right of claiming an improvement on all preceding years.

The support, both financial and literary, given by the student body to the OWL has been fairly satisfactory. But it has not been fairly divided; some have done more than their share, others have done nothing. To this latter class belong the vast majority of our extra-mural students, who, with very few exceptions, have displayed the loftiest indifference regarding the welfare of the OWL. In order that the burden may be equally distributed in the future, arrangements have been made by which subscription to the OWL will henceforth be made part of the sessional fees for every student in the University and collegiate courses, and in the fourth grade of the commercial department.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Mr. Justice Street occupies a seat on the High Court Bench of Ontario; he is not a Christian Brother, nor even a Catholic. He may, therefore, be reasonably supposed to be both educated and impartial, and to have no vulgar prejudices against the Public Schools. At the recent sitting of the Criminal Court in Hamilton, Ontario, the number of juvenile offenders whose names figured on the

docket was so large that the Grand Jury called special attention to the fact, and with characteristic shallowness, placed the cause in the wrong direction. (We could furnish several jurors of the same stamp from the City of Ottawa.) These sapient advisers informed the judge that the remedy was to be found in prohibiting emigration from the slums of Europe. The inference was that the criminals were of foreign birth. Justice Street doubted the correctness of the findings of this "Commission," and investigated matters for himself with the following result:—

"I find," he said, "in looking into the history of the young convicted of crime that they are not imported criminals. They are, with a single exception, natives of Hamilton, who have been educated at the public schools; so that, if these are a fair specimen of the criminals who were causing the outburst of crime in Hamilton, the remedy you suggest of prohibiting the importation of people from other countries is not going to help it. These young fellows went to the public schools, where they were never taught, as far as I understand, any principles of morality at all. They were simply taught reading, writing, arithmetic and a smattering of other things, but they are not taught the difference between right and wrong. My impression of the way in which a great many children are brought up in the schools of this country is that they grow up without any idea that a thing is right or wrong."

We sincerely trust that the outspoken truthfulness of Justice Street will not subject him to persecution and abuse from the rabid advocates of the "smattering" system. These gentlemen are not amenable to reason, they are bitterly partizan, and, owing to the warm weather, their attacks are more to be dreaded in June than in January.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The solemn ordination ceremony of Trinity Saturday calls for more than a passing notice. It was the largest ever held in Ottawa, and—if we except the City of Montreal—perhaps the largest ever held in Canada. Sixty-four candidates, most of them for major orders, pre-

sented themselves for advancement in the ecclesiastical state. Of this number fifty-five were theological students of Ottawa University: a fact that gives pleasing evidence of the growth and vigor of that important department of our institution, and that offers striking proof of the progress of the Catholic Church in this district.

To all the young Levites of the Lord, and in an especial manner to our own students, the OWL offers the heartiest congratulations. They have chosen the better part; may they be ever faithful, zealous and successful apostles of the truth. The harvest, indeed, is white for the reapers; until now, and even now, the sorrowful cry was, the laborers are few. But with a few more years of proportional progress, it may well be hoped that the Church will be able to meet all the calls made upon her, and to give a satisfactory reply. The future of Catholicity rests mainly with the clergy, and hence it is with joy that we see large, learned and worthy additions made to their number.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The latest census of Switzerland shows a Catholic population of 1,195,000; secular priests, 2,033; and regular priests, 590. The State Council of Geneva has just given back to the Catholics of Hermance their church, which was bestowed on the "Old Catholics" in 1874.

From Italy comes the news that Signor Solutore Zola, an ex-grand master in Freemasonry, has renounced that secret body and returned to the bosom of Holy Mother Church. Italian Catholic newspapers contend that this is the greatest blow received by Freemasonry since the resignation of the office of grand master in England by Lord Ripon.

We are glad to find that Catholics are not alone in their opposition to secret societies. One of our exchanges says: "A Lutheran

minister out in Wisconsin has formally announced from his pulpit that all members of his church who belong to secret societies must withdraw from them or be expelled from the church. Indeed he goes even farther than the Catholic Church and bars out quasi-secret mutual life associations."

The artist, James Tissot, who is now engaged in illustrating the Bible, intends to retire to a Trappist monastery after completing his work. Tissot, that he might prepare himself more thoroughly for his work, visited Palestine. He started on his journey a bigoted infidel but returned an intensely fervent Christian.

The relations between the late assassinated Shah of Persia and the Catholic Church were of the most cordial character. When the Oriental ruler visited Europe in 1875, his first act after having landed in Italy was to have his homage expressed to the Pope through the intermediary of a high dignitary of the Church. And it is not very long ago since Leo XIII conferred the Grand Badge of the Order of Pius on the Persian Ambassador in Paris. The Catholics of Persia have every freedom. The religious orders are well represented and have flourishing schools in all the larger towns. It was noted the pleasure which Nas-ed-dine took on his trip to Paris in visiting the mother house of the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity, and in making large promises of future beneficence to these religious who had already done such good service in his dominions. Persia is religiously a schismatic branch of Islamism, and consequently in perpetual discord with Turkey, the arch-enemy of Christianity.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet* raises the alarm against the tactics of Freemasonry in Great Britain. We quote one of his paragraphs: "The only wonder is that Catholics in Britain seem to shut their eyes and ears to the manoeuvres of the sect in this country. The heads of the sect are at the bottom of the revolutionary and socialistic movements around us, and especially as to the undenominational school board education one. In

Scotland they are even more powerful than in England, and exert a marked influence in parochial, municipal, and I fear also in judicial matters. How else account for the light sentences, or else the 'not proven' verdict so often given? It is time that Catholics, both clergy and laity examined the subject. A very important movement has begun in France; and we might do worse than take a hint from it. In one serial publication, a well-known convert, once of the highest position in the sect, has given statements of such importance concerning this country that, as the ex-G.M. advised, it was laid before the ecclesiastical authority of the province."

Very recently a *reverend* lecturer has been pitching into the Pope and everything Catholic. His little drama has been played in England and now comes an unlooked-for closing scene. This scene, however, did not appear upon the stage with the *reverend* lecturer, but was given a broader sphere. It appeared in the *Worthing Intelligencer*, a non-Catholic paper, and it certainly teaches the *reverend* lecturer a very useful lesson:

Of course the worthy rector believes all he says or he would not say it, just as he also believes that the Pope granted "permits to commit every crime under heaven," and so on and so on through all the usual Protestant gamut, till the handsome, intellectual, benign countenance of Rome's Pontiff changes into the veritable image of the man of sin, the anti-Christ of the Apocalyptic vision. To us the intolerable fanaticism that perverts the minds and upsets the judgment of otherwise kind and charitable people is inexpressively shocking, but to members of the Roman Communion it must be deeply offensive also. England has probably never had a more brilliant Lord Chief Justice than the present Lord Russell of Killowen; a Postmaster-General more deservedly popular as a man and politician than the Duke of Norfolk; and, to come nearer home, Worthing has never had a more generous neighbor or a more admirable specimen of the true English gentleman than our kind friend Major Gaisford; yet these are specimens of the sons which the great Roman Church possesses in all parts of the world amongst the two hundred and odd millions of Christians whom she has taught to the name of Christ. We are not ourselves of that Church and hold no brief on behalf of her claims, but it seems to us that the slanders uttered against her, we doubt not all in good faith, are so unrighteous and vile that if we did not enter an indignant protest against them the very stones would cry out shame upon us.

And now Carada has its "Passion Play." In British Columbia this play has already been presented three times since 1889. Rev. Father Chirouse originated the play among the Indians, his object being to impress on their minds, in their religious instruction, the souvenir of the scenes in the act of man's redemption. The actors are all Indians. The play opens with the singing of that beautiful hymn, *Au Sang qu'un Dieu a repandu*, in an Indian dialect. Then nine tableaux representing the different stages of Christ's Passion, from his entry before Pilate to his crucifixion. In the last tableau Christ dies upon the cross. It is most realistic, a statue being so arranged that deep red liquid oozes from the brow, hands and feet, taking for all the world the semblance of trickling blood. In a small town in Germany the Passion is acted every ten years, in an open theatre, but in British Columbia the Indians rehearse the sacred drama amid the picturesque scenery of a peaceful valley.

The Catholic ministry in Belgium has had a history which is probably unique, at least in European politics. Originally formed in July, 1884, it is close upon completing its twelfth year of existence, and there are no indications on the political horizon to suggest that it is likely to be overthrown for ten years to come. Of the original members of the cabinet in 1884, however, only one, M. Vandepereboom, yet remains in office. The cabinet has now got its third prime minister. How different in France where in the same period at least fifteen cabinets have fallen. Our Canadian Federal cabinet compare well with its Belgian confrere; we have had one ministry for nearly sixteen years, which is now under its fifth prime minister.

A correspondent of *The Cape Argus*, having paid a visit to the settlement of Dominican Sisters, near King William's Town, known as the Iszl Farm, writes as follows: "Here is a subject for the 'new woman' to meditate upon with profit. Instead of going about the country seeking their equality with men, the Sisters of St. Dominic have quietly settled down to prove it. It is a genuine farm and a large

one, and there are two industrial institutions upon it—one for boys and one for girls—yet this community is entirely as self-dependent as any other in the country, and it is not only controlled, but actually worked by the Sisters and their pupils, with the only exception of half-a-dozen unskilled Kaffir laborers. The nuns do their own ploughing and hoeing; they have built most of their own buildings themselves; all the carpentry (except one spiral staircase) was done by themselves. You are shown into a forge where a lady blacksmith in Dominican dress makes the sparks fly quite as deftly as her brothers elsewhere, and you are told that all the iron-work wanted is done here. You begin to think the world is turned upside down, and that women have forgotten their own arts, when you are ushered into a room of peace, where nuns, such as the world has always known them, are seated in silence around frames of embroidery or with familiar, yet mysterious, piles of 'stuff' in front of them plying needle and thread. This farm is the Catholic solution to the 'poor white' question. Here the children of the poor learn to labor and to pray."

Commenting on Purcell's biography of Manning, *The South African Magazine* says: "The most intensely interesting portion of the book is the series of documents revealing the nature and extent of the variance between these two great men. The pity of it! But it could not be otherwise. Each was a type of his own Philosophy: Manning a Scholastic Syllogist, clearly separating between Intellect, Will and Affection; Newman an Illative Sensist, taking a man as a whole and claiming to be himself taken as a whole. The former, a knight of true Catholic chivalry, smote hard for the honor of God and could love the man he was smiting all the time; the latter, sensitive to the finger-tips of his mind as well as to the innermost core of his affections, could never understand the combination of personal opposition with personal friendship. Hence in the famous divergence, our whole sympathy goes with Newman, but our whole judgment with Manning. Be it remembered, too, that Manning spoke the first word of recon-

ciliation and refused to answer to the last word of impatience. The strange thing is that Mr. Purcell cannot see the truth of Cardinal Manning's repeated assurances, with regard to both Newman and Gladstone, that his friendship for them had never changed; indeed he insinuates that the Cardinal was not sincere on this point,—'he forgot that for half a century he had not met or spoken to Newman more than half a dozen times.' He forgot nothing. But somewhere he says of Gladstone, 'I have never ceased to pray for him every day in every mass.' When Manning met those whom he loved before the throne of God 'every day in every mass,' he had a right to claim unbroken friendship on his side. Nothing, not even Mr. Purcell's biography, can, for those who knew him, dim the gracious figure of Cardinal Manning with his sweet severity and his saintly dignity. The words from the last page of his diary are the transparent truth: 'I dare not say I have 'fought the good fight,' and yet my life has been a conflict, and a career for the faith and I hope I have kept it inviolate, . . . I do not remember that I have compromised the truth, or deserted it by silence, or struck a low note.'"

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On Thursday morning, May 21st, a solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the University chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Justice Fournier. The chapel, tastefully draped for the occasion, was well filled with the large number of students who attended as well as with the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased who occupied seats near the altar. Shortly before Divine service commenced the members of the Faculty of the University, with those of the Law Faculty of which the late Judge Fournier was a member, entered the chapel in their full academic robes. Rev. Father Lacoste, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, was celebrant of the mass. The musical portion of the service was well rendered by the choir of the University.

Sunday, May the 24th, the Church of St. Anne, of this city, saw the ordination to the priesthood, by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of an old and deserving student of Ottawa University. The young man who was raised to the priesthood was Rev. A. Carriere who for many years past has been closely identified with the University, having made his classical, philosophical and theological course here. In the evening the newly ordained priest gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the first time in the same church, St. Anne, his native parish. The usual choir of the church was replaced by that of the University for the occasion.

May the 17th at the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., of St. Boniface, Man., conferred the order of priesthood on Rev. L. Beaupré, O.M.I., Rev. Bro. McKenna, of the University, received minor orders.

The annual Trinity ordinations were held in the Basilica by Archbishop Duhamel on Saturday morning, May 30th. A large number of candidates usually present themselves for these ordinations, but this year saw a larger number of young men for Holy Orders than ever before. Only in Montreal has it ever fallen to the lot of a Canadian bishop to confer Holy Orders on so many candidates as did the Archbishop of Ottawa this year. Of the sixty-four who received orders, fifty-five were connected with the theological department of the University; we give their names below.

The following were ordained to priesthood:—

For the Diocese of Ottawa: Rev. A. Lemonje.

Oblates of Mary Immaculate: Revs. J. Duffy, C. Sloan, H. Giroux, P. Gagné, A. Fletcher, A. MacGowan, M. Hermitte, J. Magnan, F. Euzé, R. Châtillon, L. Bernier, J. Benoit, A. Daveluy, J. Thibodeau.

Deaconship was conferred on the following Oblates of Mary Immaculate:—

L. Tighe, E. Pepin, A. Faure, W. Bruck, C. Kruse, B. Fletcher, G. Ville-neuve, A. Van Hecke.

The following are those who were ordained sub-deacons:—

For the Diocese of Ottawa: A. Newman, L. Raymond, J. Bazinet, W. Cavanagh.

Oblates of Mary Immaculate: C. Najotte, W. Kulawy, A. Stuve, J. Shang, C. Zopfchen, J. Tavernier, A. Kulawy, V. Philippot, L. Culerier, M. Lepine, A. Meleux, E. Ranyeau.

Minor orders were conferred:—

For the Diocese of Ottawa: A. Laflamme, A. Seguin, A. Genier, A. Bélanger, J. Gillis.

Oblates of Mary Immaculate: E. Cornell, E. Clerc, W. Vezina, P. Flynn, J. Droder, A. Lebert, W. O'Boyle, L. Manuel.

Tonsure: For the Diocese of Ottawa: A. Gagnon, H. Chartrand.

The following graduates of Ottawa University, now in the Montreal Grand Seminary, received Sacred Orders, May the 30th. Deacon: J. J. Meagher and H. J. Canning. Sub-deacon: I. A. French. Minor orders: T. Fitzgerald and E. O'Malley. Tonsure: C. J. Mea. T. Curran and J. McNally, theological students in Rome, were ordained priests, in the Church of St John of Lateran.

Revs. J. Duffy and C. Sloan were the newly ordained priests of the University. The latter said his first mass on Sunday morning, May 31st, in the University chapel. The former's first mass was a solemn High Mass celebrated also in the University chapel at nine o'clock. Rev. L. Tighe, O.M.I., was the deacon and Rev. D. Sullivan, O.M.I., sub-deacon. The assistant priest was Rev. Father Constantineau, pastor of St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Father Howe, curate of the same church, was the preacher. He congratulated Rev. Father Duffy, who that day ascended the altar for the first time, on having reached the end of his desires and the goal of his ambition after long years of hard and persevering study. The reverend preacher also congratulated the parents of the young priest, who were present, on now having a son who would daily remember them in the holy sacrifice of the mass and would pray for them long after they had departed this life. Rev. Father Duffy

gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel the same evening. The choir did itself credit by the manner in which it sang during the first Mass and Benediction of Rev. Fathers Duffy and Sloan.

Sunday afternoon at half-past one the students assembled in the study hall to congratulate the young Oblates on their elevation to the priesthood and to present them with an address. Rev. Father Davis, P.P., Madoc, and Rev. Father McDonagh, of Smith's Falls, accompanied the new priests. When the rousing reception which the students gave Rev. Fathers Duffy and Sloan, with the visiting priests, was over, Mr. J. J. Quilty '97, advanced and read the address. Rev. Father Duffy rose to reply. He thanked the students for the reception they had tendered him that afternoon; and since his ordination they had gladdened his heart by the kindness and consideration which they had shown him, thus proving that they realized and understood that a great honor had been conferred upon him when he was made a priest. For fourteen long years he had looked forward to this day, and now that it had come he felt repaid for the cares and anxieties he had met with during that time. In conclusion he hoped that there were many there present from whom he would one day have the happiness of receiving the blessing which he would now give them.

Rev. Father Sloan in replying to the address of the students also heartily thanked them for their reception. Though among the students of the University for one year only, he had met with much that had pleased him. When Father Sloan had resumed his seat, Rev. Father Fallon introduced Rev. Father Davis to the students as the one under God to whom Father Sloan's conversion was due. The reverend pastor of Madoc said that he had come to Ottawa University to be present at the ordination and first mass of Father Sloan. Since his coming he had been highly gratified by all he had seen. He had been reminded of his own college days, and was in fact a boy once more. Reverend Father McDonagh said he had known Father Sloan for a long time, and while at college knew him to be a

hard student. He had always taken a deep interest in the welfare of Ottawa University and though not his Alma Mater, he would always continue to have a warm place in his affections for it. Students in Ottawa University followed a course of studies that would fit them for any of the liberal professions in after life.

The choir of the University during the past year, and especially during the past few months, has given many proofs of its superiority and has received much praise from various quarters. Sunday, May the 31st, was a red-letter day in the history of the Church of the Oblates at Hull, being the occasion of the pastoral visit of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel; the Fathers in charge of the church recognized the ability of our choir when they invited it to sing the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in their church that evening. The choir even surpassed itself on this occasion and by its singing warranted us in saying that composed as it is exclusively of local talent, Ottawa University may take a just and legitimate pride in her choir. The "O Salutaris" of Lesueur, was a solo by Mr. A. Taillfer. Then came Mozart's "Magnificat," followed by Gæbe's "Tantum Ergo."

The many friends of Hon. Justice Taschereau of the Supreme Court of Canada, will learn with regret of the death of Madame Taschereau, which sad event took place in this city on Tuesday, June 2nd. Justice Taschereau is a member of the Law Faculty of Ottawa University, and to us his bereavement appeals with more than a passing attention and calls for a deeper sympathy on our part which we willingly extend, while at the same time we offer up our fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of Madame Taschereau.

THE FIELD DAY.

Wednesday, June 3rd, dawned beautifully and continued gloriously fine throughout the day. Favorable weather, a large and fashionable attendance, charm-

ing music, keen competition and energetic management, combined to make the field-day of 1896 the most successful in the history of the Athletic Association. The grand stand had been artistically decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens, under the direction of Messrs. Renaud, Kennedy and Denis, and it presented a pretty sight, appropriately setting off the green sward of the athletic grounds.

A large number of the second and third class events were run off in the morning, and the most exciting contests were thus left for the afternoon. Chief interest of course centered in the struggle for the all-round championship, which was decided on the following ten competitions:—100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards dash; 120 yards hurdle race, high jump, pole vaulting, putting the shot, running hop, step and jump, running and standing broad jump. Five, three and one were the number of points allotted to the three first contestants in these events. Messrs. Lee, Prudhomme, Quilty and Gleeson had entered for the all-round championship and the competition promised to be keen. So, in fact, it proved, though there were a few unexpected happenings. Lee's retirement early in the afternoon, though unavoidable, was none the less regrettable, while Prudhomme's misfortune in the hurdle race when he was a certain winner dashed his high hopes to the ground. Then the end decided nothing, for the final score was, Gleeson, 30 points; Quilty, 30 points, and Prudhomme, 26 points. We should like to see Lee, Quilty, Gleeson and Prudhomme in a competition with nothing else to divide their attention or waste their energy. It would take a good judge to pick a certain winner.

The success of the field day was largely due to the committee which acted under the direction of Rev. A. Antoine, O.M.I. The judges in the various events were: Handball, Rev. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.; lawn tennis, Messrs. Ryan and Garland; field sports, Messrs. L. J. Kehoe, A. Charron, Julius Lay, J. Foley, T. Clancy, J. Garland, T. Troy and E. Bolger. Mr. M. J. McKenna ably performed the duties of announcer.

The following is the official list of the

various events and of the successful competitors :—

One hundred yards dash—1st class—1st, J. Quilty; 2nd, George Prudhomme.

One hundred yards dash—2nd class—1st, M. O'Reilly; 2nd, J. Leacy.

One hundred yards dash—3rd class—1st, S. Morin; 2nd, R. Dumontier.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—1st class—1st, George Prudhomme; 2nd, W. Lee.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—2nd class—1st, J. Leacy; 2nd, M. O'Reilly.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—3rd class—1st, S. Morin; 2nd, A. Girard.

Four hundred and forty yards dash—1st class—1st, George Prudhomme; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Four hundred and forty yards dash—2nd class—1st, Tobias Morin; 2nd, E. Hughes.

Four hundred and forty yards dash—3rd class—1st, R. Murphy; 2nd, W. Kingsley.

Putting 16-pound shot—1st class—1st, J. Dulin; 2nd, G. Prudhomme.

Putting 12-pound shot—2nd class—1st, J. O'Reilly; 2nd, A. Taillefer.

Hop, step and jump—1st class—1st, E. Gleason; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Hop, step and jump—2nd class—1st, M. O'Reilly; 2nd, R. Murphy.

Hop, step and jump—3rd class—1st, J. Leacy; 2nd, J. Tremblay.

Standing broad jump—1st class—1st, E. Gleason; 2nd, G. Prudhomme.

Running broad jump—1st class—1st, E. Gleason; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Running broad jump—2nd class—1st, P. Baskerville; 2nd, M. O'Reilly.

Running broad jump—3rd class—1st, J. Tremblay; 2nd, J. Eagle.

Mile race—1st class—1st, G. Prudhomme; 2nd, W. Lee.

Throwing lacrosse ball—1st class—1st, J. Dulin; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Throwing baseball—1st class—1st, T. Morin; 2nd, J. Doyle.

Kicking football—1st class—1st, F. Whelan; 2nd, J. Copping.

Smoking race—1st class—1st, J. Dulin; 2nd, J. Leacy.

Wheclbarrow race—1st class—1st, J. Dulin; 2nd, J. Harvey.

Pole vaulting—1st class—1st, E. Gleason; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Pole vaulting—2nd class—1st, R. Murphy; 2nd, W. Kingsley.

Running high jump—1st class—1st, E. Gleason; 2nd, J. Quilty.

Running high jump—2nd class—1st, J. Hanley; 2nd, J. Garland.

Running high jump—3rd class—1st, R. Murphy; 2nd, F. Conlon.

Hurdle race—1st class—1st, J. Quilty; 2nd, E. Gleason.

Hurdle race—2nd class—1st, E. Hughes; 2nd, P. Baskerville.

Obstacle race—1st class—1st, G. Prudhomme; 2nd, E. Bolger.

Obstacle race—2nd class—1st, J. Leacy; 2nd, P. Baskerville.

Three-legged race—1st class—1st, E. Bolger and W. Kingsley; 2nd, F. Joyce and P. McNulty.

Three-legged race—2nd class—1st, M. Foley and A. McDonald; 2nd, J. Tremblay and R. Dumontier.

Tug-of-war—Commercial Course.

Handball—1st, J. Copping and F. Whelan; 2nd, R. Belanger and A. Belanger.

Relay race—University Course.

Lawn tennis—D. McGee and L. Garneau.

Consolation race—T. Aussant, S. Ross, F. Fallon, L. McDowell.

ATHLETICS.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY 11, NATIONALS 6.

May 23, the Nationals suffered another defeat at the hands of the University team. The game was very interesting, but it proved conclusively that the Nationals were outclassed.

Bingham and Fauteux pitched for the Nationals, but our players did not find any difficulty in either of them. Doyle pitched one of the best games of the season, and had perfect command of the ball. Linton distinguished himself by his heavy hitting.

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
O.U.	2	3	1	0	0	0	3	2	— 11
Nationals ...	2	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	6

Earned runs, O.U. 4; Nationals, 1; base hits, O.U., 9; Nationals, 5. Two-base hit, Linton, O'Reilly, Clancy. Stolen bases, Clancy, Cleary, Joyce, Dulin, 4; McKenna, St. Amour, 2. Sacrifice hits, McKenna, Morin, Fauteux, Bingham. base on balls by Doyle, 2; by Bingham, 2; by Fateaux, 1. Passed balls, Taylor, 2. Struck out by Doyle, 6; by Bingham, 2; by Fateaux, 5. Umpire, Fournier. Time, two hours.

EMERALDS VS. 2ND COLLEGE.

On May 24, the second team distinguished themselves by administering an overwhelming defeat to the Emeralds. Gobeil for the College was invincible; two hits not having been made in anyinnings by the Emeralds. Spenser was batted terrifically by the heavy hitting College team, who made twenty-two hits with a total of thirty-nine bases. The second team are now in the lead for the Ottawa city

league championship, and their opponents will have a difficult task in trying to wrest the lead from them. Score by innings:

Innings . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
College 2nd . .	5	2	3	6	2	2	0	2	22
Emeralds . . .	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	3

Earned runs—College, 12. Base hits—College, 22; Emeralds, 6. Three-base hits—Delaney, Tobin. Two-base hits—Trainor, Gobeil, Fleming 2. Stolen bases—Delaney, Trainor 2, McDonald 4, Hayes, Millane, Spenser, Nickleson. Base on balls by Gobeil, 2; by Spenser, 3. Passed balls, Smith. Struck out by Gobeil, 8; by Spenser, 1. Umpire, Doyle. Two hours thirty minutes.

ELECTRICS VS. COLLEGE.

On May 25th, the College team again demonstrated their supremacy over the Electrics by detearing them 18—8. Although the game was not characterized by any brilliant play, it was at times very interesting. The College team batted like fiends, securing twenty-one hits from the combination pitted against them. The Electrics could not fathom the masterly pitching of Garland who, after the sixth inning, tossed the ball over the plate and allowed them to score eight runs. Garland and O'Reilly led in batting having four hits each to their credit.

Innings . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
O. University .	4	1	3	2	3	2	0	3	18
Electrics . . .	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	4	8

Earned runs—College, 10. Hits—College, 21; Electrics, 8. Two-base hits—O'Reilly, Garland. Stolen bases—Cleary, O'Reilly 2, Clancy 3, McKenna, Linton 3, Garland, Doyle, Joyce, Champagne, McEwen, Carrier. Base on balls—by Garland, 3; by Mortell, 1; by Bethune, 1; by McEwen, 1. Struck out—by Garland, 6; by Mortell, 3; by Bethune, 3. Umpire, Malone. Time, 2.10.

NATIONALS 3, COLLEGE 46.

This game beggars description. It was begun on the afternoon of the 6th inst., but could not have been ended without encroaching on the Sabbath. Darkness closed the contest at the end of the fifth inning, when the score stood 46 to 3 in favor of the College. The heavy

batting—of the wind—by O'Reilly and McKenna's magnificent sliding—on his head—were the contribution of our players to the ludicrous side of a record-breaking game. Time, 5 hours.

The Nine travels to Ogdensburg, N.Y., on the 19th inst. to play a game with the team of that city. If past practice prevail, our club may expect to find pitted against them a club picked from the whole of Northern New York. But that fact need not frighten them. Good battery work and careful team play will win the day against the best that Ogdensburg can procure.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

We always believe in dying a hard death. In September when some of the annual harvest of wisecracks predicted dire disaster to the Junior Campus, because forsooth, a number of our best sports had left for pastures new, we maintained that the future had nothing in store but roses intermingled, we did not deny, with the usual quota of thorns. We said that success would crown the efforts of our athletes: some one asked our reasons for being so sanguine in our forecast; we replied, "You will see." When there is a general, tried and true, at the head of an army, it does not not take an adept delver into the things that are to be, to draw aside the curtain that separates the present from the future, and disclose the signal success that awaits the man who is ever at home when fortune knocks at his door. The Junior Editor has ever considered the small boys exceedingly favored in having such a man as the Rev. Father David, Prefect of Discipline. A man of indomitable, untiring energy, he endears himself to all his boys by the unselfish interest that he takes in the welfare of each and everyone of them. He is a man fashioned by nature for such a position. The highest encomium we can pay him is to invite the sceptical to observe the soldier like order that reigns supreme as soon as the signal is given to proceed to the study-hall. He is gentle without being lax, and firm yet not tyrannical. Father David has received invaluable aid

from Rev. Fathers Campeau and Valiquette, who are devoted, conscientious, painstaking assistants, worthy of their chief.

The first annual meeting of the First Grade Spelling Club was held on Monday, June 3rd, at 8.30 a.m. In the absence of Hon. Pres. Meinheer Orphile Gallien, Dr. Lit., our old friend Paul Kruger Valentine was voted to the chair. Hon. Lilliputian St. Laurent moved the following resolution: "That whereas the club has learned with regret that Albertus Magnus Groulx, LL.D., was actually seen with a dictionary open before him, contrary to the rules of the club, be it resolved that the said Albertus Magnus Groulx be expelled from the club." The resolution was seconded in a neat, little speech by Hon. Sweedbert Bismark Blais. Before putting the resolution, the chairman called upon the delinquent for explanations. Albertus arose and said there must be some mistake, his accusers must have been deceived; at any rate if he were guilty, he could only lay the blame on somnambulism.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President—Hon. Anatole Cromwell Delorme, Dr. Lt.

1st Vice President—Hon. Leon Lilliputian St. Laurent.

2nd Vice President—Paul Kruger Valentine.

Secretary—Sweedbert Bis. Blais.

Committee—Plain Messrs. Gauvin, Roy and Marineault.

At the banquet held in the Second Grade room, the following toasts were proposed:—

Spelling—Napoleon the Great Marineault.

Letters—Sweedbert B. Blais.

The Dictionary—Eugene Richelieu Plouffe.

Letters of regret were read from Hon. Hermisdas Macdonald Gallien, Henry VIII. Roy, Jean Baptiste Smith Belanger, H. Powderly Gauvin.

The second meeting of the Alumni will be held next Gala Day.

Tom Costello complains of the miserably little space given to him in the OWL,

which he attributes to his not having a *pull* with the Junior Editor. Tom should remember that we have not the Government Blue Books at our disposal.

The steam whistle of the land boat will soon announce the departure of Mr. Wm. Phonograph Bawlf for Chelsea and environs.

Our friend Todd says that it is impossible for the lacrosse team to arrange games with outsiders this spring, because they are afraid of the invincible goal-keeper.

Old jokes renovated: cheap for cash.

JNO. ABBOT.

Mr. Doran—Phil—ps, why did you tie those six feathers in a string and throw them out of the window?

O. W. Phil—ps—I wished to see how heavy my head is.

Owing to a sprained ankle received in climbing the greasy pole on Gala day, the remainder of the Junior Department will take three months' vacation.

The following held first place in their classes for the month of May:—

First Grade	{	1. M. Major.
		2. Geo. Taillon.
		3. F. Taillon.

Second Grade A	{	1. T. Aussant.
		2. F. Davie.
		3. C. Lamarche.

Second Grade B	{	1. R. Lapointe.
		2. W. Richards.
		3. J. Timbers.

Third Grade A	{	1. Wm. Burke.
		2. A. Macdonald.
		3. J. Gleeson.

Third Grade B	{	1. J. Sullivan.
		2. P. Pitre.
		3. E. Foley.

Fourth Grade	{	1. Geo. Kelly.
		2. J. Coté.
		3. A. McDonald.

ULULATUS.

Hail musicians and sweet-singers
 Come weep your confrere's fall
 For misfortune overtook him
 At a recent game of ball.
 When upon the stand he noticed
 Two dames in bright array
 With bow and smiles profoundly sweet
 To them he made his way.

He did surpass gay Beau Brummel
 The way he doffed his hat,
 The ladies captivated then
 In quiet rapture sat.
 And now our Dandy Dinment youth
 With Patsie Rooskie's hair,
 Raising his duck-tail coat he sits
 Between these roses fair.

The Prefect grim detects poor Jim,
 With Ward McAllister air,
 It vexes him to see G—kin
 With such a giddy pair.
 He calls and Jim crest-fallen comes
 With fears for verbal storms,
 The scene is changed, our masher sad
 Now sits between two thorns.

Moral

You may play well musician and try hard to win
 But he who loves danger shall perish therein.

George charmed the grand stand by his phenomenal catching, and was much elated when they presented him with a beautifully arranged bouquet of Dandelions and an address in French. George amiably entertained the donors to a banquet at the Peep O'Day hotel, and appropriately addressed his guests in the vernacular.

One of the most enjoyable features of the Field-Day was big Jim's graceful pole climbing.

Sandy—Say Jack fix Auss—t

C—sh—Arrange the rope the way I have it, can't you?

Auss—t—No I'll be hanged if I do.

Hanged till he was red, red, red—the anchor man of the collegiate tug-of-war. His assistants mournfully chanted the dirge. "His funeral is to-morrow."

The Collegiate course accuse Sandy of misunderstanding the term relay; they say he thought it a delay race.

Elias's sickness is accounted for in different ways. Some say disease of the heart; others who saw him the day before claim it was caused by absence of the heart.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was the motto adopted by the members of the Third Form on the eve of the matriculation examination.

Joe won the wheel-barrow race. His enemies say that the barrel was an appropriate objective point.

The football club is meeting with a heavy loss in the departure of its celestial, Wing Lee.

A feet—ure in baseball; Kinney's base running.

The sunniest thing—O'R's batting the one-armed pitcher.



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