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DEAD CITIES.



I

HANTOMS of many a dead idolatry,
Dream-rescued from oblivion, in mine ear
Your very names are strange and great to hear,
A sound of ancientness and majesty,
Memphis and Shushan, Carthage, Meroë,
And crowned before these ages rose with fame,
Troja, long vanished in Achaean flame,
On and Cyrene, perished utterly.
Things old and strange and dim to dream upon,
Cumæ and Sardis, cities waste and gone :
And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand,
Baalbec, and Fyre, and buried Babylon,
And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand.

II

Of Ur and Erech and Accad who shall tell
And Calneh in the land of Shinar. Time
Hath made them but the substance of a rhyme.
And where are Ninus and the towers that fell,
When Jahveh's anger was made visible?
Where now are Sepharvaim and its dead?
Hammath and Arpad? In their ruined stead
The wild ass and the maneless lion dwell.
In Pæstum now the roses bloom no more,
But the wind wails about the barren shore,
An echo in its gloomed and ghostly reeds,
And many a city of an elder age,
Now nameless, fallen in some antique rage,
Lies worn to dust, and none shall know its deeds.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

ARCTIC ALASKA AND ALONG ITS BOUNDARY.



It is only a small antique bronze, yet it suggests several subjects which even the wise old Owl might deem acceptable. It is in a glass case made to receive objects of interest, and a card attached to it, bears the inscription:—"From Baranoff Castle, Sitka; Joseph Coté, D. L. S." Even a dull contributor could pen a few readable pages on the advantages that might be derived from a little study in the University Museum, through which the ordinary student passes hurriedly once or twice during his course. The College Journal might do something too towards persuading old students and friends of the institution in five continents to send to Ottawa objects of little value where they abound, but most desirable in a Canadian Museum. A visit to Laval or Harvard shows how many magnificent specimens may be obtained in this way.

"The Trials of the Editor," or "What Nearly Happened," would be an appropriate heading for the train of serio-comic recollections which the sight of that quaint little ornament will start in the minds of two or three members of a former editorial staff. Shortly after Mr. Coté entered upon his duties as professional assistant on the International Boundary Commission, and started for the land which Baranoff once ruled, his friends in College were much pained to read in the daily papers that he had been suddenly summoned to another world.

He was said to have been one of the unfortunate victims in a terrible railway accident. An obituary was prepared for THE OWL, then a second, then a third, the editor-in-chief was hard to suit, too hard, a couple of subordinates insinuated; then there was trouble. The printer was paid for putting one of the notices into page form, with appropriate mourning lines, but luckily it never appeared. The only harm done by the imaginary accident was to the peace and finances of the sanctum. To this day, our knight of the transit meets friends who are surprised to see him in the land of the living; thus does something ever remain of unfounded or exaggerated reports. What hideous mischief these stories sometimes create! Why not devote a few pages to developing the motto:—"Be slow to believe and slower to tell."

Baranoff's bronze also suggests something on the land in which it did service, and several weighty reasons go to show that that would be a welcome topic just now. One of them is, that the genial young surveyor, who came so near reading his own obituary in THE OWL, has furnished the writer with much interesting information regarding old Russian America and the International Boundary Commission. So, good reader, leaving behind museums and sanctum troubles, imagine that you have a return ticket for Alaska. Start when the scorching breath of summer sends so many around you to enjoy the balmy breezes of the Atlantic, then on arriving at Victoria, B.C., you will

find that twice a week steamers leave that port for Juneau, the commercial centre of Alaska. Splendid steamers they are, built to brave ocean winds and waves, and supplied with every modern convenience, for each of them carries hundreds of pleasure-seekers. The wild scenery, and especially the volcanoes, glaciers and hot springs of Alaska, are the attractions. Alaska is emphatically a country of volcanoes; over sixty volcanic peaks are known in the territory, a dozen or more of them being in activity at present. Glaciers, many of them remarkable for their extent and grandeur, fill the principal mountain gorges, and terminate at the sea in beautiful masses of overhanging ice. Hot and mineral springs abound on the islands and neighboring coast.

If you are a close observer of men and things, reader, you wish perhaps that you had had the advantage of studying the history of Egypt at a desk over which daily fell the shadow of an obelisk, or of some other monument from the land of the Pharaohs; you regret that it was not your good fortune to become familiar with the early records of the land of your birth, in a study overlooking the Gibraltar of America and the Plains of Abraham. In preparing for a trip to the far north, provide yourself with Bancroft's "History of Alaska." Its several hundred pages will be found interesting and instructive at any time, but the events described will surely become actualities not soon forgotten, when they are unfolded to the reader en route for Behring Sea, or better, in sight of Mt. St. Elias. The following brief historical outline of the Czar's old colony must satisfy you for the present.

Three days before the death of the reformer and tyrant, Peter the Great, Vitus Behring, a Dane in the service of Russia, started from Moscow as commander of a scientific expedition to the Sea of Kamtchatka. He returned in 1728, after an absence of more than three years, during which he sailed into the Arctic Sea, and ascertained that Asia was not joined to America. In 1741 he sailed a second time from the Sea of Kamtchatka and explored part of the coast of Alaska. Cook and Vancouver visited this region in 1776; Perouse, under French colors, fol-

lowed in 1785, and about the same time, Spanish navigators pretended to take possession of parts of the northwest coast of America, in the name of their government. Spain a little later, abandoned her claims at the instance of Great Britain, and this power and Russia divided the newly discovered territory between themselves.

Small settlements were formed by the Russians at various places, chiefly for the prosecution of the fur trade. This with valuable fisheries, mines and forests, constitutes the sources of wealth of Alaska. The agricultural resources of the country are very limited; little grain is raised, and the vegetables consumed are brought almost entirely from the Pacific States, a distance of one thousand, and often two thousand miles. In the interior, the climate is rigorous, the mountains are always snow-capped, and the ground remains frozen to within two or three feet of the surface throughout the summer. The great warm current of the Pacific sweeping along the coast gives it a tolerably mild climate, but also causes such an excessive rainfall that cereals will not ripen. At Sitka, lat. 57° N., the capital of the territory, ice fit for consumption seldom forms, but this town is the rainiest place in the world outside of the tropics.

"God is high, and the Czar is far away," was the motto of the early adventurers and traders in Alaska. Their enormities among the peaceable natives were checked when Baranoff became the Russian autocrat's representative in 1770. The first governor was ennobled before his death, and deserved the distinction, for he was a man of energy and character. He founded Sitka, on the island which now bears his name, and there built sailing vessels, a large factory and his famous castellated fortress which was destroyed by fire only a year or two ago. He had a Russian bishop appointed, and opened commercial relations with various parts of the world. Baranoff's efforts to make Alaska a thriving colony were not successful; there were many drawbacks, the greatest perhaps being that Russia, like some of her sister powers on the continent, has not even yet learned the secret of developing the resources of new lands, and of retaining the affections and loyalty

of distant subjects. The exclusive right of hunting and fishing in the American dominions of the Czar was granted to the Russo-American Fur Company, in 1779, by the Emperor, Paul VIII. This company exported annually 25,000 skins of the seal, sea-otter, beaver, etc., besides about 20,000 sea-horse teeth. The country was governed by the company through its chief director, till 1862 when its charter expired.

Now came a memorable day; the satisfaction of all liberty-loving North America may not have been unalloyed when the stars and stripes were raised over Baranoff Castle, but certainly no one was sorry to see removed from the map of the continent every suggestion of the knout and Siberian horrors. The United States made a superb bargain in 1867, in purchasing Alaska for \$7,200,000 in gold, and the Russian bear, in selling, showed that his possessions in the new world were a thorn in his side. The Czar's experience tended to convince him that there was little to expect from the territory discovered by Vitus Behring, and his reverses in Crimea had, no doubt, left him in need of gold, but, in the mind of his Imperial Highness, a more cogent reason for parting with Alaska must have been the probability that his ill-disguised project of extending his frontier in Europe and Asia, would sooner or later give some British naval commander a claim to distinction, for having ended Russian rule in America.

Bancroft gives as the principal reasons for the transfer, the appreciation, by the Americans, of the natural wealth of Alaska, and the amicable relations of the contracting parties. The first reason is admirable; but to see a parade of amicable relations between an American or a European republic, whose citizens claim to consider liberty and refinement as choicest gifts, and a country where stalk the ugly twins, despotism and uncouthness, recalls the proverb:—"Consistency, thou art a jewel." Let the purchaser of Alaska and England's ally at Sebastopol, envy, if they will, flourishing foreign possessions, not theirs, but Britain's, but let them, by pen and sword, rather urge the tyrannous Czar to better the lot of his present subjects, than prostitute these

noble weapons in procuring him other serfs.

Come back to our trip northward, reader; the study of Bancroft's pages must be suspended for a short time, when your steamer reaches historic Sitka, or a little farther to the northeast, on the mainland, Juneau, so young that it is not generally indicated on our maps. The capital has less than a thousand inhabitants; Juneau now surpasses it in importance, having a population of about three thousand, and is still growing rapidly. You cannot be long in this interesting territory embracing over 500,000 square miles without seeing evidence of magnificent resources. Juneau largely owes its foundation and growth to the recent development of the gold-bearing ledges of south-eastern Alaska. The largest quartz mill in the world crushes away in the Treadwell Mine, Douglas Island, whose annual output is \$1,800,000; another mine is said to have yielded \$10,000 a day during the past season; in addition to these several wonderful mines might be mentioned, and yet the gold-finding industry is only in its infancy. It was brought out before the Behring Sea Commission a few years ago, that the Pribyloff Island herd of seals, numbers at least one million, likely five millions. One hundred thousand or more skins might probably be placed on the market annually without decreasing the seal herd. Besides the seal, animals in Alaska, valuable for their skins, are the fox, sable, beaver, lynx, wolverine, bear and deer. Its immense fisheries were what the Americans had principally in view in buying the territory. The cod (not the true cod of the Atlantic) and herrings abound; so does the oulchan, a smelt which may be used as a torch, so copious is the supply of oil that it contains. Whitefish, much resembling those of the Great Lakes, and many species of salmon are caught, and whale-fishing is extensively carried on in Behring Sea and the Arctic. The ivory of the walrus is also an article of export. Much valuable timber exists, as the noble yellow cedar, balsam-fir and hemlock, but lumber kings have, up to the present, hardly begun to thin the stately forests of Alaska. In 1887, two decades after the purchase of the territory, the commerce

for the year was estimated as follows : Fur trade \$2,500,000; gold, (bullion and dust) \$1,350,000; fisheries, \$3,000,000; lumber and ivory, \$100,000; total, \$6,950,000. The United States census for 1890 gives Alaska a population of about 30,000; 5,000 whites and the rest natives. The next decennial statistics will show a large increase in commerce and in the number of white inhabitants.

The material resources and development of Alaska show to better advantage than does its moral status, yet the latter occupies a much higher plane than it did ten years ago. The territory was formally made over to a military force of the United States in 1867; provision was made only for the collection of revenue, the transmission of the mails, and the protection of public property. As late as 1880 the Secretary of the Navy mentioned in his report that there was no protection of personal property in the territory, except such as was afforded by the officers of the American ship Jamestown, which had been dispatched to Sitka, some time before, because of the fear that, without the immediate presence of the national authority, there was impending danger of anarchy. In 1884 an act of Congress was passed providing that Alaska should constitute a civil and judicial district, with a governor, judge and other officials to be appointed every four years by the President with the consent of the Senate; the same act appropriated \$25,000 for educational purposes.

Whilst the Czar held sway in Alaska his tender care would no doubt have been lavished upon that noxious plant, religious intolerance, had it had any but a theoretical chance of taking root. No one in those days undertook to share the direction in spirituals with the state-serving Græco-Russian bishop and his assistants; they attended to the whites, but seemed to have made little effort to enlighten the dusky sons of the forest. Time has worked changes; the Czar's bishop still officiates in his church at Sitka, but other places of worship have been opened in different parts of the territory. Juneau is the residence of a Catholic priest who also attends Sitka. Most gratifying to contemplate is the prospect that the great Indian tribes of Alaska -

will soon have all entered the fold of the Good Shepherd. Many readers will recall the tragic death of Archbishop Seghers in the wilds of Alaska, just nine years ago, whilst he was visiting that remote portion of his diocese to secure information regarding the Indians, and to choose sites for the first missions. A cowardly attendant, enraged at the preference wisely given to the opinions of native guides, aroused the good bishop early one morning, and, as he was in the act of rising, inhumanly fired upon him. The holy prelate's last words were to forgive his treacherous murderer. That noble life was not sacrificed in vain; the Almighty showered blessings upon the cherished work of his devoted servant. To-day about fifteen zealous Jesuit missionaries labor most successfully for the conversion of the Indians. A few months ago, Alaska was separated from the diocese of Vancouver Island, and formed into a vicariate-apostolic of which Rev. Father Tosi, S. J. was appointed first vicar. The Sisters of St. Anne have a school and hospital at Juneau, and a school for Indian children at Kossariffsky, on the Yukon River. It would hardly be just not to state here that the first Catholic missionaries to penetrate into the heart of Alaska were Bishop Clut, O.M.I., and Father Lecorre, O.M.I.; they visited the territory long years ago, but finding that it did not belong to the vicariate of Athabaska-Mackenzie, in which priests were already too few, they reluctantly left without establishing any permanent missions.

As you look at the map of North America, Canadian reader, a slight breath of annoyance perhaps crosses your mind as your eye falls on the great north-western corner of the continent indicated in the same color as the United States; but it is the narrow strip, about six hundred miles in length, extending south of this and bounding on the Pacific, that particularly spoils symmetry in the frontier of the Dominion of Canada. That strip separates a large portion of Canadian territory from the sea, and is the most valuable portion of Alaska. Why Britain did not secure it in the beginning, or later on, during the Crimean War, for example, matters little now; what is important, as every reader of the daily papers knows, is

the establishing of the precise boundary of southeastern Alaska. The pending settlement of this question gives special interest to the following extracts from the convention between Great Britain and Russia, signed at St. Petersburg, February, 1825.

III. The line between the possessions of the high contracting parties upon the coast of the continent and the islands of North America to the northwest shall be drawn in the manner following: Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and between the 131st and the 133rd degrees of west longitude (Meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north, along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, and, finally from the said point of intersection, the said meridian of the 141st degree in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean shall form the limit between the Russian and the British possessions on the continent of America to the northwest.

IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article it is understood: 1st., That the island called Prince of Wales Island, shall belong wholly to Russia: 2nd., That wherever the summit of the mountains which extend in the direction parallel to the coast, from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions, and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom.

A glance at the accompanying map shows that, by the terms of the treaty, the boundary is divided into three sections; the first extending from the southern point of Prince of Wales Island, along the Portland Channel to the 56th degree of north latitude; the second, from the latter point to where the line intersects the 141st degree of west longitude; the third, from that point, along the 141st meridian to the Arctic Ocean.

Regarding the most northern section, no dispute can arise which cannot be settled readily and amicably, for the best of all boundaries is a line based on the motions of the celestial bodies. Readers of certain American Journals may be anticipating much difficulty about the

boundary in the Yukon country, but facts hardly warrant such expectations. The 141st meridian was established by Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, Dominion Land Surveyor in 1889, and subsequently by members of the U. S. Coast Survey. There is every reason to believe that the lines of these experienced surveyors agree, though they have not been marked out by iron or stone posts all through the territory, as that was not deemed necessary. Mr. Ogilvie is at present engaged in making necessary surveys near the intersection of the 141st meridian with the Yukon. Hundreds of miners have flocked to the rich placer-diggings lately discovered in this locality, and, according to the authorities on the subject, these promising gold fields are, at least for the most part, within the jurisdiction of Great Britain. The Alaska Commercial Company, recognizing that their business in these mines is done in Canadian territory, some months ago made representations to the government at Ottawa respecting the maintenance of law and order. Customs are now collected on the Yukon, and a force of mounted police has been sent there to discharge the same duties as in other parts of the Northwest. Some Americans may find it strange that goods shipped from San Francisco to St. Michael, a distance of about two thousand miles, and then away up the Yukon, navigable for fifteen hundred miles, are finally landed in Canada, but then all our neighbors should know that the area of the Dominion is about as great as that of their own free land.

The Treaty of St. Petersburg leaves room for a dispute concerning the physical landmarks which are to determine the first and second sections of the international boundary. The description of the boundaries of countries, or of grants by the courses of streams and highlands, has often been a fruitful source of trouble. The line in the first section is, according to the convention, to begin at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island and run north along Portland Channel. Such a line cannot be drawn, as our map shows, for the entrance to Portland Channel is not north, but east or southeast of Prince of Wales Island. Hence there is question as to whether it was not Behms Channel which was

meant by "Portland Channel" instead of the inlet which now goes by the latter name.

Considerable topographical data are required for the establishment of the second section of the boundary, that between the Portland Channel of the treaty and the 141st degree of west longitude. We find on maps of the continent a line neatly traced between Alaska and British Columbia; it is yet to be settled, however, whether there is in this section a chain of mountains not more than ten marine leagues from the shore. Where such mountains exist, the boundary runs along their summit; where they do not, the line is parallel to the windings of the coast, at a distance not exceeding ten marine leagues. Note that a marine league is three geographical miles, or about 3.45 English or statute miles. Were a chain of mountains found, to mark the boundary all along, or for the greater part of the distance, the British authorities would be happy, for two reasons. The parallel chain of mountains would not leave the United States so wide a strip of territory along the Pacific as would the alternative line ten marine leagues from the shore, and the margin thus gained by Canada is probably rich in minerals. Then there is a probability that the highlands would cut across Lynn Canal, an inlet running far inland, and leave Britain another seaport on the Pacific.

Some years ago the two governments interested in the permanent delimitation

of southeastern Alaska agreed to make the necessary surveys, to establish the boundaries as defined by the Treaty of St. Petersburg. During the past three seasons Canadian surveyors, under the direction of Mr. W. F. King, D. T. S. have been securing data regarding area, distances and altitudes, between Portland Channel and Mt. St. Elias near the 141st meridian. U. S. survey parties have been engaged on the same work, and it is now announced that the commissioners, Mr. King and General Duffield, will have their report ready by the end of the present year. As they are simply dealing with facts, it is probable that they will be able to present a joint report. After the report is in, the work of the present commissioners is ended. The governments they represent are then to proceed to establish the boundary line in question. Whether this will be done by means of a commission, is not yet decided.

Now, reader, reference to the report of the International Boundary Commission brings you to Ottawa, and your trip to Alaska is over. All travellers, it is said, find a little to commend and much to blame, and so, no doubt, do you in "Arctic Alaska and Along its Boundary." Commendation and blame seem to have so far ever proved equally wholesome, if not equally palatable, to the college OWL, and so he may be relied upon to turn to good account his experience with the present article.

W. J. MURPHY, O.M.I., '88.



LOVE'S NIGHTMARE.



COLSTON ball! Colston ball!" cry the voices of a dozen men in blue and white, as the leather sphere lifted by the beautiful drop-kick of a

Brunonian quarter-back passes into touch within twenty-five yards of Colston's goal-line. "Line up, rushers!" and both sides range out into the field while Colston's captain with the ball under his arm stands outside the touch-line.

While the players are taking their positions to receive the throw-out we have a good opportunity of observing them. And first it must be mentioned that this is the great annual football match between the two finest clubs in Gloucestershire, St. Bruno's and Colston Hall. All the spectators, and there were thousands of them, wear the colors of one or other of the teams; but the red and black predominate, for we are in Gloucester, whose people were proud of their college and its students.

No mean foemen are the lads of Colston Hall. Their captain, Townsend, who plays at quarter-back, is the best dodger in England, and their scrimmage line contains Huggins, Miller, Digby and Marvin, giants all. St. Bruno's, on the contrary, has no big men, but the activity of the lads in red and black compensates for their want of strength. The somewhat clumsy Miller is no match for the wiry and wily Clark, so swift of foot and cool of brain; nor can the fiery, passionate Marvin successfully cope with the canny and shrewd Campbell. The Brunonian quarter-backs, Dufresne and Moriarty, never hold the ball for a minute at a time, a rare and invaluable quality. But on the whole the teams are very evenly matched, and Carbery, St. Bruno's captain, while calling out in quick, sharp tones, "Cover your men! Now then, Townsend!

why don't you throw that ball?" knows that the fight will be a hot one, and that the smile of confidence with which he inspires his friends is merely assumed.

A long and tedious scrimmage follows the throw-out, but at length Townsend gets possession of the ball and passes to Digby, who, on the point of being surrounded, throws it back to his captain. Now Townsend has a clear run. Past centre-field he goes, dodging Campbell and Dufresne, overthrowing Daly the full-back and St. Bruno's last hope. A touch-down! No! Five yards from the goal Townsend stumbles, and before he can rise Clark is on his neck. "Held!" he had better say it, for he can never free himself from that iron grasp. But—there are only five yards to gain, and surely the big four can push it through. They seem determined to do so, and are doing it too, when—"half time!" shouts the referee and "Hurrah! St. Bruno's! we didn't let them score!"

To the dressing room go the players at a trot. I meet Carbery and say to him excitedly, "Charley, old man, you've got to do better than this next half!"

"Keep cool, Dave," he answers with a laugh. "we're all solid now. Those chaps," with a jerk of his thumb to the giants of Colston Hall, "are pretty well broken up, and our men will be as fresh as ever in five minutes."

He runs lightly up the steps of the grand stand, receiving many smiling nods from the owners of fashionable bonnets, for Charley Carbery is a prime favorite with the ladies of Gloucester. I follow him with my eyes, for I am never tired of watching my dear old chum, and see him stop, where I expected, beside Maggie Merivale, the prettiest girl there. A blush and eagerly outstretched hand show that he is welcome and I turn away and shake my head, not that I am jealous, not I, but—

"Here they come again!" Charley lifts

his cap to his fair friend, and I notice he wears a bit of ribbon which he didn't have when he went up. Now this thing is going to—

"By George! but that was a splendid kick-off! Well followed up, St. Bruno's! That's the play! Rattle them from the word go!"

"Oh, well tackled, Colston Hall!" for the lengthy Moriarty has been sent sprawling. Townsend has it again. Can no one stop that fellow? Ha! he has to kick, and the ball comes flying into touch near St. Bruno's twenty-five yard line. The heavy weights of Colston Hall are not entirely blown yet, and they push the leather well down the field. Steadily, inch by inch, it approaches the goal-line. Not ten yards remain. Dufresne gets the ball and attempts to pass it back. Too late! He is tackled and carried across the line, but he holds the ball like a mastiff and it is his hands that touch it down. "A safety-touch, two points! Hurrah for Colston Hall!"

Carbery brings the ball out and kicks, but Huggins' broad back rises up and the leather rebounds. "Splendidly stopped, Huggins! That's play, sir!" Another scrimmage during which St. Bruno's captain whispers hurriedly with the quarter-back, Arthur Dufresne. The latter watches closely the moving legs which surround the ball. "Well pushed, Brunonians!" Now Dufresne has the leather. He passes to Clark with a hasty instruction which the latter at once understands. Now then, you sprinters of Colston, catch him if you can! He has passed all the forwards. Marvin, Miller, Digby, Huggins, puffing like porpoises in his wake. But Townsend is before him, he cannot go further. Turning like lightning he throws to Dufresne, who is but a step behind. "Kick, Arthur!" But he stops and calls "Carbery!" Carbery! What in the name of all that's good is he doing at the other side of the field thirty yards away from his proper position? To stand idle at a moment like this! Is the fellow mad? Ha! what's that? Dufresne has run back a little distance, he throws back the arm which holds the ball as though to pass it behind him. Impossible! he can never do that! "Oh, well done, Dufresne!" He has hurled it the whole breadth of the

field straight into Carbery's hands. "He's all alone! he's all alone! hooray-y-y! Go it, Townsend! but you'll never catch him!" He's across the line and Townsend is on him, but— "a touch-down! a touch-down! hooray-y-y!"

St. Bruno's partisans have scarcely time to clear their throats before the ball is brought out and sent gracefully flying between the posts by Moriarty. The referee's whistle is heard. "Time's up!" "Say, boys! do you know what it means? It means that St. Bruno's has won by six points to two! Isn't it grand? Now then, all the breath you have left! We-are-the-S-B-C--S-B-C- rah! rah! rah! Hurrah!"

"Let's chair Carbery!" and I head the mob which bursts upon the field and raises on its shoulders the man who has won the match by the finest piece of strategy ever seen on a football field.

The Colston Hall men take their defeat very good naturedly. Compliments are exchanged, and as they climb into their van, Carbery says to Townsend, "I can't go with you just now but will see you before the train leaves." Townsend smilingly deprecates this half apology and raises his cap, for Charley has Maggie Merivale on his arm. I come up to grip his hand, lift my hat, and pass on. I don't feel half as joyous as I ought to on this occasion. Why?

I'll tell you why. Because I don't like to see Charley Carbery so much with that girl. I know she's pretty, and nice, and all that; but Charley has a lot to do before the end of the year, and she takes too much of his time. And—"what else?"—well he knows well enough himself that he has no business flirting.

And so I walk home, grumbling to myself all the way. I join the fellows in the gymnasium for an hour after supper and forget everything else while going over the details of the glorious victory. Then I go up to my room (Carbery's and mine), and I take up my pipe and a volume of literature, but I do not study to-night.

I go to bed early but cannot sleep. Ten, eleven, twelve strike, and I am still tossing about. What can keep Carbery? I suppose he's enjoying himself with those Colston fellows, he must have left Merivale's long before now. At last! I hear his step—no, it can't be—he doesn't walk

with a shuffle. Nearer come the footsteps; they reach my door, and Charley enters—staggering!

He tumbles the gas jet in turning on the light, and then glances towards my bed. I am looking straight at him, and surely he is not too drunk to see the sorrow in my eyes. He stumbles forward, leans against the wall, and begins to talk.

"Whashamatter, old fell? not waitin' f'me, 'hope. Had to go wishose chaps, y' know. Good fells', splendid. Made me drink couple glash beer, thash all s'help me Christopher. Shay, washn't that stavin' fine run I made t'day? Townshen's dandy, though, boss fell'. Shay, don't looksho cross. I've got secresh tell y'. Whash y' think? He! he! he! I'm 'ngaged. 'Sh true, s' help me Christopher! Magg' Mer' vle. Nicesh girl, ain' she? Tell y' wha', I was never 'sho happy in m' life."

He reels over to a chair and putting his head on the table bursts into tears.

"Why, Charley!" I cry. Leaping out of bed "whatever on earth's the matter with you?"

He doesn't speak, but continues to sob for at least ten minutes. The violent emotion seems to sober him, for when he speaks again, his voice, though unsteady, is no longer thick. But his tone is hard and bitter.

"Don't people weep for joy sometimes?" but seeing my amazed look he goes on hurriedly. "But no, no, that's not it. I was a fool to get drunk to-night, and I'm ashamed of myself. Good night Dave, say a prayer for me and go to sleep. I'm going to have a walk in the air, for my head is splitting."

He goes noiselessly out, and for an hour longer that I remain awake, I hear his footsteps on the verandah below.

Next morning there were dark circles under Charley's eyes, sufficient evidence that he had been indulging in unusual dissipation. A nervous restlessness which made him disinclined to study was another unpleasant result.

"Charley," I said, when evening came and he had at length settled down to smoke and read, "you were telling me a queer story last night. I hope it's not true."

"I suppose you mean the story of my

engagement to Miss Merivale," he answered, with a strange smile. "Yes it's true. Won't you wish me joy?"

"Charley," I said solemnly, "whatever your faults may be, and they are many, fickle-mindedness is not one of them. Now," I went on angrily, "you know what you have been telling me for the last two years. What explanation can you give of your present conduct?"

"You're very hard on me, old fellow," he sighed, "but surely you wouldn't have me go on if I found out that I had made a mistake."

"Certainly not, but I believe you're more likely to make a mistake to-day, than you were two years ago."

He threw down his book, and walked about the room, with a cloud on his brow.

"It's another day dream broken, Dave that's all. A man mustn't allow himself to be knocked over by a shadow."

And now with a sudden burst of gayety he cried, "Oh, Dave! if you only knew the dear girl! She's the best creature in the world, and I am desperately in love with her. Tom Moore knew the human heart, my boy, when he sang

'Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.'"

He trolled out the verse in his rich baritone, but the joyful notes could not pierce the gloom which shadowed my spirits. I leaned forward towards Charley, my elbows on the arms of my chair.

"Take care, old chum, that your *dream* of love doesn't prove a *nightmare*."

He shivered and laughed uneasily.

"Why, Dave, you're beginning to croak worse than Poe's raven! Let's drop the subject and go have a game of hand-ball. I can't study to-night."

Poor Charley! Even now it gives me a pang to remember how rapidly he changed in the course of a few weeks. He was in love. I couldn't doubt it; and he seemed honestly, to feel that he had come near making a grand mistake. Then what was the matter with him? Love never affected anybody in this way. Could it be debt or a passing fit of despondency, or some nervous derangement? It was years before I could learn.

He who had been so studious cared no longer for study. When I remonstrated

with him, the answer I received was not very satisfactory.

"The fact of the matter is, Dave, I'm sick of grinding at stupid old Philosophy, I'm going to let it slide for a while."

Only occasionally did he attend at foot ball practice, and so irritable had he now become that he quarrelled with every man on the team, and at last threw up the captaincy, saying, "You may go to — and find another Captain." To which George Campbell replied that if they were to take the journey aforesaid, they might find the one they had lost.

Worst of all, Carbery now neglected his religious duties to which formerly he had been very attentive. He drank heavily at times, and began to spend many evenings out of College, at imminent risk of being discovered when expulsion would surely follow.

To say that I was an idle spectator of his evil course would be to do myself an injustice. I scolded and advised him continually in my elder-brother fashion, and his affection for me was sufficiently strong to prevent his ever getting angry. But I could not flatter myself that my interference did him any good.

A couple of afternoons a week he spent at Merivale's, enjoying himself immensely he said. He must have talked of me as I received several invitations to visit the family. Only once did I accept, and then it was merely through curiosity and in order to observe Charley's demeanor. I was at once surprised and satisfied. It was the old Charley I saw there with his jolly laugh, his ringing song and amusing story.

"She'll make him a good wife," I said to myself. For it was evident that she loved him dearly.

Henry Merivale, Maggie's brother, and I became excellent friends, but I noticed that there was a constrained courtesy between him and Charley, from which I judged that he did not approve of the match. His name was frequently on my lips, and I observed that Charley seemed displeased thereat. One night when somewhat under the influence of liquor, his temper boiled over completely and he cried,

"Why are you everlastingly dunning my ears with that fellow's name? D——

him! I feel like shooting him, and I will if you don't drop him!"

Then seeing my horrified look he suddenly got quieter and said

"I beg your pardon, Dave, but I'm infernally cranky to-night, I drank too much of that confounded ale, and it has unsettled my nerves. Of course I didn't mean what I said just now."

He lit his pipe and picking up a yellow covered volume began to read. The title page caught my eye; it was one of Ouida's. Another straw to show the direction of the wind! Carbery used to abhor this sort of literature.

I went over to him and laid my hand on his arm.

"Old fellow," I said, 'do you think your nerves will be soothed by reading that book?'

"Why what do you know about it?" he inquired, with the first sneer I had ever seen on his face.

"I happen to have read it," I answered "and I know it is one of the kind that leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Pitch it away."

He laughed cynically, "Why it's only real life, what you meet every day in the world."

I looked him squarely in the face. "Are you trying to be a feeble imitation of Chandos yourself, Charley?"

My hand was resting on his shoulder, and I felt him tremble beneath it. He threw the novel aside without a word, pulled down a volume of Macaulay's Essays and buried himself in it for the rest of the evening.

About a week after this, he remarked as we sat together after supper.

"I think I'll go to the play to-night. Maggie wants to go."

"What's on?" I enquired.

"Mrs. Langtry. Do you know, Dave, I don't believe that poor woman is half so bad as some people say. You see——" and he started on a long defence of the character of the notorious Jersey Lily.

I was carelessly looking over the evening paper at the time, and turning to the amusement columns, I said, icily,

"I suppose you know it's 'As in a Looking-Glass' she plays to-night?"

"Yes, I believe it's some name like that," he answered in evident confusion.

"And do you know that it's not a decent play?"

"You're a regular prude, Dave; you don't suppose I would take Maggie to anything of that kind, do you?"

"Well, I may be a prude, but I think you'll admit that the reporters of the Bristol papers are not."

I drew from my desk a bundle of clippings and handed them to him. It used to be a little hobby of mine, to keep myself posted on theatrical news, and to do this I used to collect all the press notes of successful plays.

He glanced at them and returned them, saying.

"Oh, those follows were paid by other managers to write her down, or they weren't paid to write her up, or something like that. I don't take any stock in what they say."

"Very well," I replied coldly, "I'm tired trying to turn you from the road to perdition. But," I was getting warm in spite of myself, "if you will ruin your own life, for Heaven's sake don't make a wreck of that poor girl's!"

I didn't wait to note the effect of my words, and saw Charley no more until next morning.

The change in his manner surprised me.

"I told Maggie I wouldn't go last night, and I am afraid I shall be in her black books for a week at least. But you were right, old man, as you always are."

Perhaps I wasn't overjoyed that he had at last made a stand in the downward path. And he did more than stand. From that day he began to climb the hill again. The end of the year was but little more than a month distant, but didn't Balmes and Liberatore, Ganot and Todhunter catch it during that time?

We worked together, Charley and I, as we had done from the day we entered College till the day the shadow fell upon him. It was our last month at St. Bruno's, and I do believe it was the happiest one we ever spent there. All too short it was, and sorry were we when the last day arrived. But everything else was in such spirits that we couldn't be very gloomy.

Twenty-five of us, the envied of our fellow-students, had succeeded in passing the London University examination.

Surely it was the 'biggest and best class St. Bruno's had ever sent out, and surely the valedictory address delivered by Charles Carbery was the best ever heard.

Not a care in the world had we, as we extended our hand to be shaken by our hosts of friends. In the midst of the confusion I saw an usher hand a note to Charley. He changed color and went hastily away.

It was some time before I could get out of the crush, and when I reached my room I found half a dozen fellows gathered for a final chat. It was midnight when we broke up and Charley had not returned.

I must have slept about three hours when I was awakened by the tramp of feet. At first I thought it must be the porters moving trunks, but it was too early for that. The door was shoved open and something fell heavily to the floor. Retreating footsteps were heard. I jumped up and struck a light—to find Charley lying there, insensible from drink, and with his face bruised and cut! I dragged him to his bed and walked the floor till daylight, when, exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and slept.

It was almost noon before I awoke. I looked about me—Charley was gone; his books, clothes, everything had been taken away, and not even a note left for me.

It was with a sad heart that I quitted the walls of St. Bruno's College never to return.

II.

Ten years later, strange to say? I was a member of the Secret Service Police of Canada. I had been practicing law for about three years but these three years had been spent almost exclusively in dealing with the criminal classes. Some influential friends suggested that I should apply for the position I have mentioned, and, through their influence again, my application was accepted. I may say that the work is thoroughly to my taste, and that I would not now exchange it for any other.

At the time I speak of intelligence had been received of the presence of a gang of coiners in the village of Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior; and I was detailed to capture them. Accord-

ingly I went there, mingled with the coiners in disguise for some time and then, with the assistance of the local authorities, bagged them all with the exception of the one whom they called "the boss" and whom I had never seen.

I was returning to Ottawa with my prisoners under guard, when as we neared Toronto, a well dressed man boarded the car as it was moving away from a station, I had just got a glimpse of his face, when he turned and leaped off, although the train was then running at full speed. I saw one of the prisoners start, and heard him whisper to another whose hands were locked with his own. "It's the boss!"

At my request the conductor backed down to the spot where the coiner had taken his mad leap, but if I had expected to find his mangled remains, I was disappointed. There was not so much as a trace of blood upon the ground.

Swearing in one of the brakemen as a special constable, I allowed my prisoners to remain on the train in his charge, but stayed behind myself. Information received at the nearest village set me upon "the boss's" track and I traced him to Toronto where he crossed the lake, thence to Rochester and Albany, where I heard that a man answering in some degree at least to the vague description I was able to give had taken passage on a canal-boat to Montreal. I at once proceeded to that city and spent a week in diligent but fruitless search. At length I was rewarded. My fugitive had played his game boldly, and had taken passage on one of the Richelieu and Ontario Company's boats for Ottawa, the last place I should have thought of looking for him, as he was clever enough to conclude. I at once wired the Superintendent to look for him, and at the same time determined to return to the Capital by the water route myself, with the idea that if my man had changed his mind and got off at some intermediate point I might get some news of him.

Walking down Commissioners' street to the R. & O. Co's wharf in order to make some inquiries I was almost thrown into the gutter by a body which came flying out of a low doorway. I ran toward the prostrate man, but he hastily picked himself up and muttering something,

probably a curse, in a tongue unknown to me, was soon out of sight.

I was about to pass on, when the voice of men standing around the doorway from which the man had been hurled arrested my attention.

"There's not another bloomin' bloke in Montreal but Bunco Charley could a' thrun a man like that," growled a rough looking sailor.

"Shure but Carbery's as strong as wan o' thim bears he keeps in beyand there!" laughed an expressman as he jumped upon his waggon.

"Charley"—"Carbery"—"surely that name is familiar. Good Heavens! can it be possible?"

I elbowed my way through the crowd about the door, receiving many a benediction for my incivility, and at last stood in a low-ceilinged drinking saloon. Behind the bar, his chin resting on his massive hand which was supported by a corresponding massive arm, stood a figure which, notwithstanding its corpulence and the bloated visage which surmounted it, I could not but recognize.

An emotion of pity was strongest in my heart and I stepped forward and said in the affectionate tone I always used to him,

"Charley, old man, don't you know me?"

He leaned forward and gazed in my face, then fell back as though half-stunned. Covering his face with one hand and stretching out the other, he cried,

"I know you, Dave, but for God's sake go away! I don't want to see you!"

"Come, come, old man," I whispered, "don't give way like that, and," I called aloud, for the loungers were coming in, "let's have a bottle of ale. Isn't there any place where I can sit to drink it?"

He called a boy to take his place behind the bar and led me further back into the building. We passed into a hallway where I was surprised to see two large cages each containing a young bear, thence into a room looking out upon a little courtyard.

I seated myself beside him, took his hand and held it, and he began to sob like a child.

He grew calmer after a time, and then I learned the story of his life since leaving St. Bruno's and also the cause of his

strange conduct during his last six months in College.

"Do you remember, Dave," he began in broken accents, "the football match between St. Bruno's and Colston Hall, when I was captain of our club?"

A vision passed before me of a green field dotted with players in blue and white, and red and black suits, tall trees surrounding the lawn whose leaves sung musically in the breeze; the hundreds of glad hearted boys scattered about, of whom I myself was one; the cheers that rent the air as we bore from the field our handsome, strong, young captain, his blue eyes full of laughter and his face glowing with manly health! And was this he who sat beside me now, this man with the swollen, inflamed countenance, and bleared bloodshot eyes?

Yes, I did remember that football match, but was surprised that it should be now in Carbery's thoughts.

"I remember it!" he continued vehemently, "aye to well! It was an eventful day for me. I swear to you, Dave, that up to the evening of that day I was a happy and innocent boy. I intended to be a priest, I told my mother so when she dying, and it made her happy. Poor mother! thank heaven she did not live to see me come to this! Oh, my God! —"

He rested his head on the table, which fairly shook with the convulsive movements of his great frame. I patted his hand as I would a child's and waited in silence until he should go on.

"That night I went home with Maggie Merivale—poor Maggie! You remember her? She died three years ago. Poor child! What a hideous nightmare her love-dream was! When I went to the devil she stayed by me, but the nuns, God bless them, had her for a year before she died—"

"As I am a man Dave, I meant only an innocent flirtation, and I thought she knew it, but—well I went home with her after that football match, her brother Henry called me aside and told me that he had discovered that his sister loved me, that if I was an honorable man I should marry her, if not, I must answer to him.

"I wasn't afraid of him, Dave, but I knew I had done wrong, and I determined

to make the only amend possible, though it should lose me my soul, as I believed it would, and it has. I asked Maggie to marry me and was accepted. I left the house, went straight to the hotel where the Colston Hall fellows were staying, and drank myself into the state of intoxication in which you saw me!"

He arose, and paced the little room with his hands pressed against his brow.

"I got drunk then for the first time. And now," he cried, "I have not been sober ten nights in ten years!"

"You know what a change came over me after that night—"

"But," I interrupted, "the last month—"

He waved his hand—

"One night I would not take her to the theatre because you told me the play was not a fit one for her to see. We quarreled and she released me from my engagement. I was free! Heavens, how happy I was! —till the last night—"

"The poor girl was really fond of me and almost broke her heart over the way she had treated me. Would that she had, rather than the task should have been left for me! Our last night in College she sent me a note asking me to come to see her. I went—my pity overcame me and the engagement was renewed. Just as I had done before I attempted to drown with liquor the remorse I felt for the broken promise to God and my dying mother. While drunk I met Henry Merivale and attacked him. He defended himself well, as my face could show at the time, and at last I was carried away by some one or other and brought to my room in the College. When I awoke next morning you were still asleep and not daring to face you I stole away.

"Six months afterwards, Maggie and I were married. I had no profession, no inclination to prepare for one. I started to keep a hotel in Bristol, but soon drank away all my own and my wife's money. I became a bankrupt—then I began to live by my wits. I was a gambler and worse—a card sharper. It was not safe for me to remain long in one place. England got too hot for me, so I crossed the ocean and drifted about till I found myself here where I am known as 'Bunco Charley.'"

"My wife's loving heart bore up bravely

for a time, but it broke at last—her affection was gone, and during the last year of her life she lived with the Grey Nuns. As I told you she died three years ago."

"After her death I fell even lower if that were possible. This den," he cried with a fierce look of disgust, "is one of the worst in the city, and the bears out there are almost as human as the men who frequent the house—as myself!" and he fell into his chair with a groan.

It was some moments before I could steady my voice sufficiently to speak. Surely this man could not be all bad, if he were thoroughly hardened he would not speak as he had just done.

"Your life has indeed been wrecked," I said sadly, "but my dear Charley, all is not lost. The spirit of faith cannot be altogether dead within you, you are full of remorse, of contrition, and you know that is all God requires for pardon."

"Dave it's impossible," he cried in a despairing tone, which smote my ears more heavily than anything I had yet heard, "I have made my bed and I must lie in it. But, my God, the thought of dying in this way—!" He shuddered as he spoke.

"A hundred times," he went on, "have I been tempted to plunge this into my heart," and he drew from his breast a beautiful Spanish stiletto, "but there's something here that I believe would turn the point of the blade." He threw open his shirt and disclosed a brown scapular hanging on his breast. "I can't kill myself while I have this on me, and I can't bring myself to take it off."

I saw that there was still hope for him, and continued to urge him to make an effort to give up the life he was leading.

"For the sake of your mother's memory, and for the sake of him whose image is here," drawing from a leather case a small but exquisitely carved crucifix, which I always carry with me, give up this life, "You can't despair while you look on this."

He gazed at it steadfastly a moment, took it in his hand, reverently touched it with his lips, and then exclaimed, "Pardon, Lord, pardon," and dropping on his knees repeated the Act of Contrition.

Rising, he clasped my hand "Dear old friend you have been my good angel—

and with the help of God I *will* change my life. I will go to confession to-night, and tomorrow —"

"To-morrow, old man, you'll come to Ottawa with me, and I'll find you something to do. Good-bye, for a few hours. I know I can trust you to yourself until to-morrow."

He followed me to the street, still holding my hand, for his fingers seemed loth to leave mine, when we reached the door he said.

"Good-bye until to-morrow, Dave! God bless you, dear old friend! To-morrow Montreal shall see the last of Bunco Charley!"

At seven o'clock the next morning I was breakfasting leisurely at the St. Lawrence Hall. I had just received a despatch from the Superintendent telling me that "the boss" coiner had been arrested as he stepped from the boat, so that I was in the best of humor.

Glancing over the *Gazette* which lay beside my plate, my eye suddenly met a paragraph that almost petrified me.

"SUICIDE.— Charles Carbery, better known as Bunco Charley, the keeper of a low saloon on Commissioners' street, committed suicide at an early hour this morning. He was found by his assistant-bar-keeper sitting at a table in a back room, his hand resting on the handle of a handsome dagger, the blade of which had entered his heart. The coroner's inquest will be held at 10 o'clock."

Though naturally strong-nerved, I had to grasp the table firmly in order to keep my seat. Charley Carbery commit suicide after his promise to me last night! What were those last words he spoke? I thought they sounded strangely at the time. "To-morrow—Montreal shall see the last of Bunco Charley!" Did all our conversation only nerve him to the deed he had not courage for before? No! it was the half-dead embers of his faith that kept him from it then, and that faith was burning brightly when we parted. But perhaps despair came back upon him. No! Despair and perfect contrition cannot live together—and if Charley Carbery did not make an act of perfect contrition yesterday afternoon, then I don't know what contrition means. That act of contrition was never shammed. And!

after that — No! he never killed himself. There must be murder here.

By a great effort I had forced myself to think the matter over calmly. Of course he was murdered, but by whom? The rowdies who frequent such places very seldom use the knife even in a fight, and it was evident that this murder had been premeditated.

I have it! That ill-looking foreigner he threw into the street yesterday afternoon. Those fellows are hot blooded and use the knife as readily as an Englishman uses his fists.

I proceeded in haste to the place, which I found already in charge of the police. A whisper to the sergeant at once gained me admission and I looked on the face of Charley Carbery for the last time. Strangely enough, it was more like the old Charley than the face I had seen yesterday afternoon. But I hope never to feel again the heart-wrench I felt when taking that last look.

As this is not a detective story I shall not tell in detail how I investigated the cause of Charley's death — how I hunted

the villain down, arrested him for a petty theft and then brought him to confess the murder.

My dear old friend's name was cleared of the charge of suicide, and I had reason to hope that his soul was saved, for a good priest of Notre Dame wrote me a note to say that the poor fellow had made his confession with the best dispositions, a few hours before his death.

The *Daily Witness*, "the only religious daily in America," had an editorial sermon apropos of poor Charley's death, in which it proved most conclusively that "Rum and Romanism, those twin scourges of the human race," had sacrificed another victim. But the omniscient journal was for once at fault, for I fancy that the readers of this narrative will agree that the cause which gradually produced spiritual paralysis in Charley Carbery was a more subtle one—a cause unknown to the editor of the religious daily or any of his creed. I have chosen to call it—love's nightmare.

DAVID CREEDON '89.



THE NUPTIAL FEAST.

T the altar rail a fair maiden knelt ;
 And her face was so bright
 With celestial light
 That the angel spirit who in her dwelt
 The charm of his presence concealed not.

'Twas her nuptial feast, but she stood alone—
 E'en deserted she seemed—
 Yet her eye with joy beamed
 As its glance was bent on her Lover's throne
 Whose drap'ries his glories revealed not.

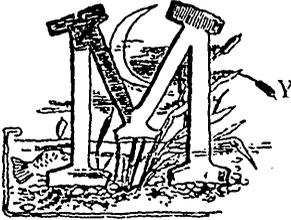
Whilst she bends profoundly in silent prayer,
 A gay world from its folds
 Its allurements outholds
 To her parting gaze, and it bids her share
 Its lavish, enticing concession.

But a whisper comes from the Bridegroom's bower,
 And the world, now so gay,
 Like a dream melts away :
 In her soul she feels but that mystic power
 Which gently confirms her profession.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

Burlington, Vt., Nov., 1895.

THE CHRISTMAS OWL, 1890.



MY connection with THE OWL as active member of its board of editors began at the opening of the scholastic year of '90-91. The task that then confronted us was one which whilst it enhanced our importance, at least in our own eyes, in that microcosm, the college community, was at the same time calculated to evoke grave questionings in our innermost selves as to our ability to successfully preform it.

In the first place, the founder and managing editor of our college journal, under whose guidance it had risen in the short space of three years to an unquestioned place in the foremost rank of college publications, was no longer a member of the faculty, and his mantle must perforce fall on other shoulders.

Then, the relentless tide of time had borne out from the calm waters of college life forth upon the stormy ocean of existence beyond its walls the last members of the original board of editors, men who had proved themselves possessed of marked ability, some of whom wielded pens that would be no discredit to the editors of the great popular periodicals. They had left as a legacy, a reputation for our college journal of which any university might be proud, and which it was incumbent upon us, the incoming board, to maintain, and, if possible, enhance.

Our new managing editor was, however, a man of energy and courage, and scarcely had the college mill begun its annual grind, (I mean no disrespect to my Alma Mater but I knew if she didn't grind she made us do it, so it's all the same) when he selected his raw recruits and commenced to put them through their facings.

I was appointed ex-man, and if all critics perform their duties as I did mine, I

would attach little importance to their verdicts, had I any pretensions to literature. My *modus operandi* was to judiciously intersperse praise and blame never going to extremes in either, on the principle *in medio stat virtus*. My plan worked admirably, for throughout my whole tenure of office I was drawn into but one controversy, and in that, unprovoked as it was on my part, I had the satisfaction of being assured by the managing editor that I had given my opponent a Roland for his Oliver.

Well we got out our first issue and it was favourably received by that most critical of all reading worlds, the student body. Our success naturally stimulated us to greater efforts and thereupon, albeit October was but commencing we determined our Christmas number should be on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence. The whole board began forthwith to rack its editorial brains for new ideas with which to startle our contemporaries in the field of college journalism. The result of this mental strain on some of the board had rather unexpected results. I was myself led thereby into perpetrating poetry, and that to no small extent, but as it has been my solitary offence; I hope the Muse has before this forgiven my unbidden intrusion into her sacred domain. Our worthy managing editor also evidenced the tension of his nerves in a somewhat more startling manner.

One evening I was floundering in the labyrinths of Aristotle's logic when I received a hasty summons from our chief to attend him at once. I found him at a window on the fifth floor of the college building in a state of great excitement. He announced to me that he had discovered a new heavenly body of remarkable brilliancy, and, drawing me to his side, pointed out the luminary. The night was quite dark, and sure enough, there it was right over Parliament Hill and a most brilliant orb at that. I viewed it for some

time and, concluding that an important addition had been made to astronomical lore, went in search of the Professor of that science to acquaint him of the fact. He was somewhat incredulous, but I finally induced him to rejoin our management editor with me and level his telescope on the newly discovered star. What was our discomforture to find that it was, in reality, an electric light which had been that day placed upon the pinnacle of the central tower of the House of Commons. The fact that there was a series of essays on astronomical subjects at that time running in THE OWL and that one of them was to form a prominent feature of our great Christmas number was doubtless the *causa remota* of this excursus into the field of astronomical discovery on the party of our worthy chief.

The Ululatus column was at all times our bugbear, and of course our desire to make that of the Christmas number an unusually brilliant one rendered the evolution of its contents a hundred fold more difficult. Tri-weekly meetings of the whole board were called to accomplish this, and dreary meetings they were. Whatever our other qualifications were, there was not a wit amongst us, and in sheer desperation, it was at last resolved that the column should be eked out by illustrations. The rejoicings of the whole board at this cutting of the Gordian knot were somewhat damped after the issue came out and it was found out that our artist had, unwittingly he assured us, caricatured several of its prominent members to furnish amusement for our readers. Whether our artist was likewise affected by the prevalent tension and therefore knew not whereof he wrought, or whether he in cold blood selected his victims from among his unfortunate co-editors, I do not venture to decide. When at last the great day of the issue came, we felt tolerably confident that the verdict would be in our favor. And so it was emphatically. But lest we should be puffed up with vain pride there were given to us certain unkindly cuts just where our armour was thinnest. If there was one thing more than another upon which we rested our claims for applause in this great issue, it was its cover. This had been designed by our own artist and represented the

collective artistic thought of the whole board. What was our chagrin to find it almost the only feature which evoked adverse criticism. In fact one unkind ex-man dared to suggest—tell it not in Gath—that it would be more appropriate for a patent medicine almanac.

On the whole, however, we were well pleased with the result and any sacrifices that had to be made for the production of our holiday number were not without their compensating advantages as the sequel will show. Charity, says the Scriptures, covers a multitude of sins; in like manner the plea of working for the Xmas Owl covered many a peccadillo on the part of its editors. Of all the derelictions of duty thereby condoned, the dearest to our student hearts was our failure to retire to the dormitories at the regulation hour. We could, on the plea aforesaid, always obtain the key and when we did it was usually in "the wee sma' hours" that we finally reached that abode of Morpheus. Let not my readers suppose, however, (and they will not if they are college boys) that we were astride our editorial Pegasus through all these long hours. On these occasions "there was a sound of revelry by night" from out the "Corridor," that scene of so many episodes of college life of which the authorities knew nothing. I remember on Thanksgiving eve some of my co-eds. and myself had, as usual, obtained the key on the usual plea. We were holding high carnival in one of the Profs. rooms—the Profs. were all good-fellows in those days—when some one suggested that we descend to the culinary department and if possible forage on the stores. No sooner said than done. Down we went, and on our way met one of our co-eds. returning from a nocturnal visit to the city. It had been raining and he had an umbrella in his hand. We acquainted him with our project and he joined us. Once arrived in the region of the kitchen, we hunted high and low but found little to tempt us. The pantry door was found to be locked but it was equally apparent that if our mission was not to be bootless that door must be opened. Each one of the party thereupon produced his keys and after many unsuccessful attempts one of them finally fitted the door and we

entered. Here was treasure indeed. In tempting heaps all round about were the good things provided for the morrow's feast. We filled our hats and pockets with all manner of good things and were just about to depart when we observed a row of large crocks, of the capacity of about two gallons each, on a shelf above our heads. Investigation proved them to be full of raspberry jam. It was decided that we should appropriate one of them. We also discovered four bottles of Dublin stout, of which we took two, generously leaving the others. Loaded with our booty we began our march upward to the "Corridor." I was carrying the crock, and a most unhandy burden it was, for it had no handle and I had to encircle it with my arms. We had reached the third floor when to our unspeakable horror we observed a light on the flight above us. Discovery meant ruin and we held our very breath. I held the crock over the balustrade ready to drop it into the depths below should the light continue to descend. The gods were with us, however, for its bearer turned down one of the long corridors and we reached the Profs. rooms in safety. The end was not yet, however. Hardly had we unloaded the booty into a trunk (and such was the amount we had secured that the receptacle was two-thirds filled), when the co-ed. whom we had met coming in from the city discovered that he had left his umbrella in the pantry. The handle was gold mounted and had his name engraved upon it. Doubtless it had been presented to him by some appreciative Sunday school class (for he was always prominent in church affairs and is at present studying for the ministry) who little thought that their gift would one day place their dear teacher in such dire straits. There was nothing for it but to go back. Down we went once more but to our dismay the key, which worked so well on our first visit, now utterly refused to unlock the door. We worked for some time but without success. The dawn was coming on and the situation growing

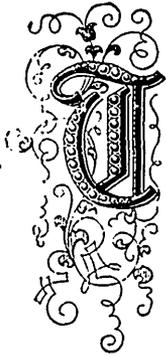
decidedly uncomfortable. One of our party had played forward in the 'Varsity team during the season then closing, and as a last resort it was agreed that he should charge against the door and burst it open. One more effort was made with the key, however, and to our infinite relief the lock yielded and we again entered. In less time than it takes to tell it, we had secured the tell tale umbrella and hurried back with it to the "Corridor." There, our dangers over, we feasted as only college boys can, on our plunder. Our crock of jam, safely stored in a friendly Profs. room, lasted the editorial board for the greatest part of the winter, and the crock itself, being so unwieldy, was retained until Commencement Day, when it was conveyed to a neighboring field and demolished. We never heard anything of this escapade from the authorities, and no inquiries were made about it. One of the students, however, who was at that time on the sick list, informed one of the board a few days afterwards that he had purchased half a dozen bottles of Dublin stout and placed them in the custody of the college steward. The latter, he said, had just informed him that two bottles thereof had been stolen but he personally inclined to the belief that that worthy functionary had consumed them himself. Needless to add he was not informed of what had really become of them.

I know not if the old regime still obtains at Ottawa, but if it does I heartily recommend to the present generation of students the serious study of letters so that they may one day become editors of THE OWL and thereby become *personæ gratissimæ* with the powers that be. And when they have attained that pinnacle of fame in the college literary world, I hope they will have such jovial true hearted co-eds. as were those who worked with me on the Christmas OWL for 1890.

D. MURPHY, '92.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 15th, '95.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S POETRY.



THE little volume of poems published anonymously under this humble title (*Verses on Various Occasions*), produced an impression immediately on its publication, not only among Catholics but among English readers in general, which could hardly have been caused by a volume of poems from any other writer of the day, with the exception perhaps of the Laureate. The explanation is to be found in the initials J. H. N. at the end of the preface—a signature long ago of world-wide celebrity. . . . As long as any memory of the English nation and the English language remains among men. Dr. Newman, we doubt not, will be remembered and revered; not indeed as one of the few whom poetry has made great, but as one of the great men who have written poetry”—H. W. Wilberforce.

This critic might have added that when Macaulay's famous *New Zealander* stands upon a broken arch of the tottering London bridge and meditates upon the ruins of Westminster and his musings oscillate towards the illustrious writers of England, he will rate Newman as one of the most brilliant gems in her literary diadem. It would be foolhardy to deny that the celebrated Cardinal was one of the ablest wielders of the pen that the English race has produced during the present century.

Some may be surprised and suspicious when we claim that the soul of the movement which deprived the established Church of England of her best and brainiest men, also possessed and exercised the rarest poetical gifts. It does, indeed, seem somewhat strange and incredible that he who was so devoted to the interior life and so ascetic in character, should make a successful essay into the province of poetry and grind forth not heavy mon-

otonous pieces of prosy verse, but should strike some of the sweetest notes in the grand orchestra of English song. The world is reluctant to admit that a man who is distinguished in science a master of prose, and a lucid, convincing preacher can also take a high rank in a line apparently so adverse to his own. But to those who carefully observe the trend of affairs and are not content with a superficial view of a subject, it is quite evident that the self-same qualities that produce a successful preacher should be those that enter most largely into the make-up of a great poet.

Lest this should seem to be captious special pleading, we would merely draw attention to the fact, that he who played with such a master-hand upon the chords of the human heart as to be the leader of the greatest and grandest school of thought that England has seen during this nineteenth century of enlightenment and progress; who delivered sermons laden with the highest spiritual conceptions, comprising as one critic has said "the grasp of a strong man's hand with the trembling tenderness of a woman's heart," most assuredly could have taken a foremost place among the poets of mankind.

Those who have pondered over and studied Newman have all come to the one conclusion that had he devoted himself entirely to literature he would have been a poet. "A sermon from him," says Froude, "was a poem formed on one distinct idea." Professor Shairp observes "that he spoke out the truths that were within him, spoke them with all the fervor of a prophet and the severe beauty of a poet."

Another critic writes—"The very opening of *Callista* shows the scholar and the poet The elements of splendor and beauty are brought together by a master-hand and the effect is gorgeous The tuneful modulation of the sentences cannot fail to strike the reader's

ear." Cardinal Newman's brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Mozley, writes in his *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*, "John Henry Newman has not done justice (in his *Apologia*) to his early adventures and sallies in the domains of thought, politics and fancy, and taste. He very early mastered music as a science, and attained such a proficiency on the violin that, had he not become a doctor of the church, he would have been a Pagnani. At the age of twelve he composed an opera. He wrote in albums, improvised masques and idylls, and only they who see no poetry in "Lead, Kindly Light," or in the "Dream of Gerontius," will deny that this divine gift entered into his birthright." When Newman's books appeared in book form a criticism entitled "The Poetry of a Beautiful Soul" was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from which we take the following extract. "The poetry of the volume before us is limited in range, rarely passing beyond the circle of religious ideas with which his name has been identified, and then only for a very few notes of tender personal feelings; the style of argument strikes us as thoughtful rather than powerful; in many stanzas it is clear, skilful, and tunable verse which we find rather than that rare inspiration which blends word and thought in one inseparable, harmony, but these poems are throughout, and that in a degree almost as infrequent in our modern literature as the rich creativeness of Keats or Tennyson, the "Confessions of a beautiful Soul." From the boy's paraphrase of 1821 to the noble drama of 1865 (*Gerontius*) which concludes the book, every line in it is marked by a rare and exquisite sincerity We are admitted to the presence of a beautiful soul rather than a candidate for political honors; to the battle of life, fought as an imperious necessity of nature demanded, not to a volume of dogmatic controversy. The lines gain a strange effectiveness through the simple purpose which never deviates for effect; a pathos lying "too deep for tears" from the very innocence and childlike reserve of the sincerity.

But some one may object that the religious controversialist was devoid of imagination. Out of Dr. Newman's own mouth will such a one stand condemned.

In his *Apology* which turns the revealing limelight upon his character, we read, "I used to wish the Arabian tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the resemblance of a material world." We can moreover draw intrinsic evidence from his own works. To him who first studies Newman's sermons and then reads his poems, it is quite evident that both issue from the same mint. Guided by these facts, we think, that every reasonable man must conclude that Newman was a highly favored child of the goddess of poetry. If we ascribe rare poetical gifts to many others who have written only one or two short poems, why deny the same title to Cardinal Newman, who has given conclusive proof of his poetical talent? We need not go far to find the answer. His fame as a poet has been eclipsed by his glory as a prose writer; and tell it not in Gath, whisper it not to the fair-minded critics of this age of boasted impartiality—he was a Catholic.

He who wishes to have a clear insight into the character of this gifted churchman should read his poems. They were written for himself not for the world; consequently the workings of his masterly intellect and the intense feelings of his heart are therein portrayed. A full-throated, happy minstrel, he pours forth his holiest aspirations and discourses the sweetest music of his soul in the grand symphony of poetic numbers. Newman has written in prose for the children of this world; but, when he desired to place his heart in unison with his God, he had recourse to the subtle imagery of poetry.

In making a few general reflections upon his poetry we propose to follow the chronological order because with Newman the chronological and the logical are identical. We must follow the general stream of thought and not be turned aside by the pebbles that now and then cause a ripple in the in-stream, but do not disturb the full flowing waters.

We can form a faint idea of the man's brilliant, comprehensive intellect when we remember that nearly all his poems are

the expression of thoughts that fitted into his mind whilst enjoying his one and only holiday jaunt between December 1832 and July 1833. When he exchanged, as we read in the Apologia, his onerous professorial duties "for foreign countries and unknown future" he concluded that some mighty change was about to dawn upon him. In this frame of mind, whilst waiting for the down mail to Falmouth he wrote the verse on his Guardian Angel, which began with the words: "Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend?" At this time, he firmly believed that the Church of England was the true church, or to use his own words: "I was convinced that the Pope was the Anti-christ predicted by Daniel, St. Paul and St. John." The evident disintegration of the Establishment, wrung from him the lines headed *England*. We append but one stanza.

"Tyre of the West and glorifying in the name,
More than in Faith's pure fane!
O trust not crafty fort, nor rock renown'd
Earn'd upon hostile ground:
Wielding trade's master-keys, at thy proud will
To lock or loose its waters, England trust not
sill."

We read in the Apologia that his finest, purest and flawless gem "Lead Kindly Light," was composed in an orange-boat as he sailed from Palermo to Marseilles. It might be very appropriately termed the heart-song of his poems. Written, while his boat was becalmed for a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio it is the solitary, wearied traveler's hymn. We need offer no excuse for quoting it in full.

"Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom"
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I loved long since, and lost awhile.

We see in these lines, the chafing of a noble spirit in the dense drapery of clouds that seemed to obscure the light of truth. Again the sky was black as death with the dreadful storm, or rent only by the electric flashes of that "Kindly Light" which led him on through the awful night. But, at last, the storm begins to break; the midnight stars deck the blue heavens and the "The night is gone." The glorious sun of Catholic truth has risen in all its splendor and realized indeed, have been his prophetic words:—

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone."

Then when his ship sighted Algiers the silent tomb of the great African church which boasts of its Augustine's, Cyprian's and Tertullian's, he wrote "The Patient Church." In this poem which is studded with emeralds of golden thought, Newman placing implicit reliance on the unfailing promise of Christ, hails the fettered church of St. Augustine.

"Bide thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and
crime;
Sit in the gate and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possess'd,
O thou, to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day!"

December 28th; 1832, Dr. Newman first sighted the balmy shores of immortal Greece. Yet the polished classical scholar did not sing the praises of Homer, Thucydides or Plato but he tuned his lyre to the glories of Clement, Origen and Basil:

"Let heathen sing thy heathen praise,
Fall'n Greece! the thoughts of holier days
In my sad heart abides;
For sons of thine in truth's first hour,
Were tongues and weapons of his power,
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides."

At Tre. Fontaine the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom he composed an exquisite little poem from which we extract the first stanza:

Did we but see,
When life first open'd, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one day shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would
break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake."

Dr. Newman felt that he was taking his first and last vacation and lost no opportunity of enriching his mind with treasures of the grandest and most beautiful works of art :

'Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a saint
For fourteen trial years."

Greece was fresh in his memory for in 1856 he wrote "Heathen Greece."

"Where are the islands of the blest?
They stud the Aegean sea;
And where the deep Elysian rest?
It haunts the vale where Peneus strong
Pours his incessant stream along,
While craggy ridge and mountain bare
Cut keenly through the liquid air,
And, in their own pure tints arrayed,
Scorn earth's green robes which change and
And stand in beauty undecay'd, [fade,
Guards of the bold and free."

Our limited space will not allow us to dwell upon many other beautiful gems, so we pass on to those written by Newman since he became a Catholic; the best known are "The Pilgrim Queen," "The Queen of the Seasons" and the "Dream of Gerontius." There is as great a difference between the poetry written by Dr. Newman before and after his conversion, as there is between the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun and the pale, feeble flickering of the moon's borrowed light. His mind untrammelled by the retarding weight of a lifeless faith, sounds a new tone, and his spirit, freed from the chilly atmosphere of a cold creed, rose to the full height of its moral stature. His harp, no longer tuned to severity, doubt and sadness, discoursed undying lays and assumed a musical cadence entirely foreign to its usual tenor. His poetry now abounds in passages of earnest, easy, flowing, passionate beauty. We cannot resist the temptation to insert one stanza from a poem which he wrote on the Month of May :

"O Mary! all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone;

And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest."

The very title of his noble drama "The Dream of Gerontius" gives rise to a strange train of thought. What are dreams? Whence do they come? Have they any mysterious connection with the invisible world? This dream is a prophetic foreshadowing of the soul's future state, and proves that every fiber of Cardinal Newman's noble heart took deep root in Catholic doctrine. It is not the creature of an overheated and distorted imagination. The key to its interpretation has not been lost but is to be found in the most venerable, most sacred, most attractive of all books—the Bible. In "The Dream of Gerontius," the designs of God with regard to men, are unfolded. It contains a vivid picture of the church militant, suffering and triumphant in the solemn prayers of the priest and people, whose echoes are hard by the soul even as it is ushered into the presence of its God; in the consoling words of the guardian angel as he concludes :

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee as thou liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

No idea of the incomparable beauty of its plaintive strains can be given by the mere transcription of a few stanzas; the whole must be read to be appreciated.

Will the future deal kindly with his poetry? The best reviewers are unanimous in declaring that it is immortal. However spurious critics may cavil about his sins against the dogmatic code of poetry, they cannot deny that he has bequeathed a rich legacy of lofty thoughts and purest holiest feelings to generations yet unborn.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

REMINISCENCES OF '85.



THE mid-year examination of '84-'85 was well under way when I first presented myself at the door of what was then generally known as St. Joseph's College Ottawa.

A brother answered the bell and showed me into the parlor; a few moments later I was in the presence of the first priest of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate that I ever had the pleasure of meeting, the venerable and saintly founder of the institution, Very Rev. Dr. Tabarct. I felt at once I was in the presence of a great man, a man of no ordinary calibre, a man among men. I shall never forget his fatherly advice to me on that occasion. I had intimated to him my intention of studying for the priesthood and remarked that as I had passed the age when young men generally set out for that sublime calling, that I should like to be placed in an advanced class so as to complete my course as quickly as possible. His words in reply, as well as I can remember, were "My dear friend, there was a time in the history of our country when it was necessary to hurry young men over a superficial course in order to supply the pressing demands for ministers of the gospel. That time has passed and now there is a crying need for educated priests, priests that will be in touch with the times. Therefore, I advise you to make sure of the foundation, then carefully build on that, and in time you may hope to take a creditable place among the laborers in the vineyard."

The force of this reasoning was irresistible, coming as it did from a man in whom, instinctively, I had the fullest confidence. I decided at once to be guided by this timely advice. I was put in the second form and plodded on year after year to the end of the course, and now that the work is over, I look back with

unalloyed satisfaction to the fact that my classical studies were complete and uninterrupted.

The interview with the president being over, the Rev. Fr. Dontenville was called and requested to show the new student through the building. His kindly manner, following the paternal words of the superior, caused me to conclude that these fathers had been especially gifted by God with dispositions to win the esteem and confidence of young men. The museum, which since that time has been greatly enlarged by valuable additions, was one of the chief attractions. Then the usual tour was made from cellar to garret with the result that on the whole I was quite favorably impressed. I was next given into the hands of the Rev. Fr. Guillet, the Prefect of Discipline of the senior department and whom I always considered the right man in the right place. It was a holiday afternoon and the students, with the exception of a few who succeeded in getting excused, were on their accustomed processional walk. Of those who were in the recreation hall and to whom I was introduced by the Rev. Prefect, I recall to mind particularly, poor Fred Mudget, lately deceased. He was a student, it will be remembered by those who knew him, who came in for no small amount of sharp rebuke, particularly from the students of Irish descent, because of his tendency to disparage everything that was not English. I was given my place in the study hall, over which the Rev. Fr. Ferron presided, and shortly before bedtime one of the students, now the Rev. M. F. Fallon, a member of the present faculty, was called upon to show me my place in the dormitory. I was very cautious that first evening and was one of the last to retire. I slept a sleep, disturbed by dreams of that eventful day, the first day spent in college.

I was about a week in college, when one morning as the students were at morning prayer, there rang out in the solemn stillness that awe inspiring alarm of *fire!* FIRE!! FIRE!!! Immediately all was excitement and a rush was made for the door, but the stalwart Fr. Ferron took a stand in front of it and said that no one should leave the room. It was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in keeping the most hot headed in their places till they were assured there was no danger. The recreation hall, a large frame building that occupied the space on which the hand-ball alley now stands, had caught fire and was soon completely destroyed. The students, however, did not suffer much, as a new addition was in course of erection and one of its largest rooms was filled up and converted into a temporary recreation hall.

At this time there was only one debating society in the college and it was somewhat exclusive, being largely restricted to the four higher classes. A slight concession was granted to the three junior forms in the way of accepting three from each form, to be chosen by a vote of their class-mates. I was not a little annoyed one Sunday evening at the air of independence displayed by some of the officers of the society when I requested to be allowed to assist as a visitor at the debate of the evening. They feared it would be establishing a dangerous precedent and therefore could not see their way clear to grant my request. I forthwith commenced an agitation, getting Ignatius Foley, Fred Mudget, Charley Welch and Dan Sheehan interested in it, to the end that we might have a debating association independent of the existing society. We agreed that if the debating society produced such beneficial results, as students of the college, were entitled to our share. A meeting was called of the excluded students with the result that a delegation composed of Fred Mudget, Ign. Foley, Dan Sheehan and myself was appointed to wait upon Dr. Tabaret and request him to give us permission to start a Junior Debating Society. The members of the Senior Society laughed at our attempt and declared that to gain such a concession from the president was among the impossibilities. Nothing daunted, how-

ever, we appeared before Fr. Tabaret and were put off, but not without hope, as he promised us an answer in a few days. The first intimation we received of the result of our efforts came on the following day when the delegation was called to the room of the Rev. Fr. Leyden. The Rev. Fr. said that he had been appointed by the President to be the director of the Junior Debating Society.

The news that there was to be a Junior organization with the fact that Fr. Leyden was to be its director was received with genuine satisfaction. On the same evening a meeting was called to elect officers and draw up a constitution. The result of the election was—your humble servant, Pres., Ignatius Foley, Vice-Pres., John Donovan, Secy., and Dan Sheehan, Treas. The society was a complete success, not only affording a great deal of amusement and instruction to its members, but proving moreover a most fruitful source of strength to the Senior Society.

A most remarkable event took place in the spring of this year, and it will not easily be effaced from the memory of those directly or indirectly concerned with it. The faculty decided to grant the students the privilege of taking the steamer to enjoy a day on the pleasant waters of the Ottawa. All the necessary arrangements were made and on a bright May morning the students wended their way in the best of spirits to the ferry landing where the "Empress" lay in waiting. The sail was about 30 miles down the river to Montebello. On landing we went immediately to the parish church to attend Mass. Scarcely anyone could repress a smile, when, during the service, "Dip" Hennessy attempted to sing "The Star of the Ocean" in a key that was in the heavens. Poor "Dip" did not succeed in getting out more than four or five notes when he was compelled to ignominiously descend. After mass we went to the neighboring woods and passed the day pleasantly till three o'clock in the afternoon, when word was given to take the boat for the return trip. We were all on board, with the exception of a few members of the band who were hastily coming down towards the dock, and the deck hands stood ready to heave away, when suddenly an immense volume of smoke

burst forth from the hold in the centre of the vessel and was immediately followed by darting flames that spread with amazing rapidity. Those in the bow of the vessel had no difficulty in making their escape, but those in the stern were cut off from the front by flame and smoke, and the stern was swung away from the wharf. The danger to these latter almost created a panic, and it looked as though a few seconds more would see a hundred students struggling in the river. But happily some few who had not lost their self-possession took matters in hand and suggested that we climb to the hurricane deck and then move forward to safety. This thought was acted upon and all reached land safely and unhurt, save for a few scratches or a sprained foot or so, caused by jumping from the upper deck to the wharf. There was never a time before or since that I thought myself so near death as on that memorable day. There were many things, after the danger was over, that were amusing and among others, it was said of Dan Dunn that when he heard the alarm of fire, he looked to the opposite shore, being on the side of the boat facing it, and at once pulled off his shoes and prepared to swim the quarter of a mile to land. He changed his mind when told that the other side of the boat was touching the dock. When all the students were landed safely the sailors succeeded in getting the steamer away from the shore and inside of half an hour she was burned to the water's edge. The kind Providence of God had decreed that the vessel was not in the middle of the river when it took fire, otherwise the result might have been a very sad one to relate. We all without any delay went to the church to say the Te Deum in thanksgiving for our

almost miraculous escape. We took the evening train to Ottawa where we arrived about ten o'clock. The good Fr. Tabaret was awaiting us in the College hall; his expressive face was filled with thankful joy as he saw us all safely returned.

It was in the spring of this year that football took a boom. On my first entry to College I often heard of the creditable stand Varsity had made against Harvard a few months before. Despite the fact that the College had to play according to Harvard's rules the students won a goal from the Cambridge players, the only one the Harvard team lost that year. Riley, Brogan, Guillet, McCarthy and O'Malley were the names of those who were getting unstinted praise for the work of that day. The Athletic Association was formed the following spring and it was decided that permission should be asked to enter the Rugby Union of Ontario. Then began that systematic work of organization and training which has been the primary factor in having the students recognized as the best exponents of athletic sports in the country. I refrain from saying anything of that first series of brilliant victories of the Garnet and Gray that entitled them to the championship of Canada, as I feel confident that some of my contemporaries more able with the pen will do full justice to this important theme.

I do not think I should take up any more of the valuable space of the OWL, and if what I have said give any of the readers a small share of the pleasure that I have experienced in calling up those memories, I am content.

CORNELIUS J. KENNEDY '90.

Hastings, Mich.



AMONG THE SLEEPERS.



OME years previous to the termination of the eighties. I had the good fortune to occupy a bed in the principal dormitory of the College for a couple of successive terms. At times, being slightly troubled with insomnia, to divert my mind from carrying me back to "Dixie," I began to observe the surroundings, and would often lie awake listening to the breathings, mutterings and snorings of those about me. And by connecting the sound with the known occupant of the bed, I could at last tell the nationality of each snore. A loud, oppressive, protesting snore, short and free, told that the executor was the possessor of good lungs and a stout nasal appendage. So there was no difficulty in determining where the gems of the Emerald Island lay. But it was often badly crossed with the screaming, sneezing, tenor snore of the spreading eaglets. Then a long, deliberate, so-much-a-yard snore would almost invariably indicate the narrow couches of the descendants of the Highlanders. Then you would expect that the Saxon foeman would proclaim his nationality in the firm tones of the National Anthem, but not so, it was a simple sneezing snore which would lead you to believe he was endeavoring to blow the shades of night off his mustache. But for a downright, all-steam-on-two-forty unsaxonized snore the protectorate of St. Jean Baptiste held the ball. There was not an English vowel in his whole collection. In fact you would require a certain knowledge of the French language and a pretty strong Parisian accent to be able to sleep in the same dormitory. In s(o)norous cadence "O Canada," "Marseil-

laise" and portions of the plain chant were nightly rendered. Could Goldwin Smith only have heard them roaring from bed to bed, echoing from pillow to pillow, ringing round wall and ceiling, meeting and mingling with the other nationalities, he would turn Orange with horror of French aggression, and no hope of the race dying of consumption.

Attached to but distinguished from each national snore was a provincial or local one. The men from the sea coast snored as if all their life they had been accustomed to contend against fog horns and whistling buoys. Men of the West had the hair-raise snore, a cross between a war-whoop and a buffalo-roar. The sharp twanging, "speak-for-yourself John-Alden" snore sounding like the asthmatic whistle of a policeman, distinguished the men of Lowell. But the broad open-mouthed, uncultivated snore of the sons of Troy, N. Y. mildly suggested a cyclone, Tradition says it was this which awakened the wooden horse in the Troy of old, and caused "pious Aeneas" to lose his inheritance. But North Adams presented the most difficult of description. You could only imagine that old Jupiter Tonans had swallowed a tom-cat, and it was vainly seeking its freedom.

It was easy enough to become accustomed to both national and local snoring, but when one of those "blind Tom" snorers, regular unaccountable freaks-of-nature snorers struck the College and started a night-steam-saw-mill! The murderous desires which then permeated the adjoining beds would reflect discredit upon a penitentiary. I remember once a meek-eyed freshman with light Auburn hair came unobserved and quietly in and modestly slipped into bed. He started a "merry-go-round." He made

us think of "home and mother." When he got steam up and a pretty good lead, there was no overtaking him except with a nightmare. Often have I seen pillows, bedding, boots, shoes etc. gather gently around him, and yet he would continue as unconcerned as an organ-grinder. He minded the pillo(w)ry naught.

By the side of another a little man slept,
Yelled pillow that fellow, a pillow!
And then at the snorer he viciously let
Drive that pillow, a pillow, a pillow.
(This is not yet copyrighted.)

Other sounds than snoring would often disturb the stillness of the night, as for instance the unarranged ideas of the fellow who talked in his sleep, and the rendering of popular airs with variations.

On one occasion a young man who was never suspected of being a devotee of Orpheus much less of Venus, admirably rendered the following:

"Over the garden wall,
The prettiest girl of all,
Shook her handkerchief at me

From the window.
Bring me that blunderbuss
Or they'll kill poor Brennan on the Moor."

It sounded so sweet, just as you were finishing off a beautiful dream of vacation.

From another corner came "Les Montagnards! les Montagnards! who's screeching?" A dignified soph was once heard to declaim "How long, O Catiline, shall you continue to insult the assembly with your Balouis?" And floating across the midnight air came in reply the protesting plaint of a grave senior, that he was not going to "stay at home and saw wood while the other fellows went to the picnic."

Yet all those could be tolerated better than the sound of the morning bell, which never relented, but continued daily to call you to hustle into your cold trousers.

Halifax.

J. D., '86.



MACAULAY'S POEMS.



MACAULAY, one of the most attractive essayists of the English language, is also a poet of no ordinary capacity. Endowed with great variety of imagination and possessing a wide range of knowledge, he chants the scenes of active life with a simplicity and fire that win our admiration.

Natural scenery for him had no attraction. The gay landscape or the hoary mountain interested him only if some historical association was connected with it. There was no pleasure in contemplating the beauties of nature. She had no greetings to soothe his practical mind. He was essentially a man of action and excelled in depicting the ways of man in the turmoils of life. He revelled in exciting the mob and gloried in describing the beating of drums, the clash of arms or the opening roars of cannon. This is particularly true of his *Lays of Ancient Rome* which are by far his best poetic productions.

The principle characteristics of his style are fluency and rapidity, clearness and persuasion. But above all his poetry is wonderfully simple. He possessed a remarkable power of penetration and acquired a rich vocabulary from long and studious reading. This richness seldom embarrassed him and served to round his periods with long oratorical climaxes. Yet his poetry is not musical, often the rhyme is monotonous and wearisome. The adaptation of sound to sense is foreign to his poems.

Perhaps a few quotations from some of his poems will explain our idea and render our criticism more clear.

The poem "To The Memory of Pitt" is a beautiful illustration of the author's power of suspense. With a spontaneous flow of words and a splendid display of energy, he suspends the sense of the poem to the last verse. He proposes to inform us when England will remember and cherish her statesman.

O Britain! dear Isle, when the annals of story
Shall tell of the deeds that thy children have
done,
When the strains of each poet shall sing of their
glory.
And the triumphs their skill and their valor
have won;
When the olive and palm in thy chaplet are
blended,
When thy arts, and thy fame, and thy commerce
increase,
When thy arms through the uttermost coasts are
extended,
And thy war is triumphant, and happy thy
peace;
When the ocean, whose waves like a rampart
flow round thee,
Conveying thy mandates to every shore;
And the empire of nature no longer can bound
thee,
And the world be the scene of thy conquest no
more;
Remember the man who in sorrow and danger,
When thy glory was set, and thy spirit was
low,
When the hopes were o'erturned by the arms of
the stranger,
And thy banners displayed in the hills of the
foe,
Stood forth in the tempest of doubt and
disaster,
Unaided and single the danger to brave
Asserted thy claims, and the rights of his master
Preserved thee to conquer, and saved thee to
save.

Macaulay is deficient in humor he had no command of biting insinuation, no gentleness of sarcasm. He was cold and open and played amusingly with the ridiculous. His best humorous poem is the "Election Ballad" wherein a parson is very enthusiastic over the welfare of the

church. At this period there is an election to be held and the supposed assailants of the church are collecting their forces. The capture of this election seems of primary importance to the parson. Accordingly he solicits the assistance of the author and both repair to the committee room. The minutes of this meeting may well be left to the poet's own words.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time;
And in tones which each moment grew louder
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began;
From that time I remember no more
At ware commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones;
And when he next I regained recollection
We were rumbling o'er trumpington stones.

This description is certainly amusing. Throughout the poem the author indulges in the same delicate raiillery and employs it somewhat profusely to the detriment of the poor innocent parson.

The Deliverance of Vienna is a translation from Vincenzo Da Filicaia. It is a beautiful exposition of the liberation of Vienna from the Arrogant Ottoman. In a majestic opening, the intervention of of Divine Providence is painted with all the glow of a brilliant fancy. The Christian faith is depicted in the most simple language.

But like a city without walls
The grandeur of the mortal falls
Who glories in his strength, and makes
not God his trust.

The fiery and boastful Mohammedans, perceiving many evil omens in the firmament, turn their rage to fear, their pride to shame; and are thus described by the poet:—

Beneath Thy withering look
Their limbs with palsy shook;
Scattered on earth the crescent banner lay;
Trembling with panic fear
Sabre and targe and spear,
Through the proud armies of the rising day
Faint was each heart, unnerved each hand;
And, if they strove to charge or stand

Their efforts were as vain
As his who scared in feverished sleep,
By evil dreams, essay to leap
Then backward falls again.

The comparison between a person dreaming and the Ottoman rendered useless through fear is well chosen and most appropriate. In such a manner the Power from on High was displayed. The poet then continues the impressive description.

With a crash of wild dismay,
Their ten thousand ranks gave way
Fast they broke and fast they fled;
Trampled, mangled, dying, dead,
Horse and horsemen mingled lay
Till the mountains of the slain
Raised the valleys of the plain,
Be all the glory to Thy name divine
The swords were ours, the arm, O Lord, was
thine.

For loftiness of imagination and beauty of description Macaulay has surpassed himself in a poem "The Burning of Pompeii." One of the most destructive elements of nature was aroused and spent its wrath in sheets of fire on the inhabitants of a gay city. From this historical fact, the poet proceeds to describe the dark and horrible spectacle that followed the eruption.

The volcano itself is charmingly painted in two short lines, from which we derive a full conception of the appearance of the burning mountain.

In vain Vesuvius groaned with wrath suppress,
And muttered thunder in his burning breast.

In order to make the scene of the disaster more impressive and sorrowful, the poet has the birds and animals migrating as if foreseeing the impending calamity. It is a happy thought and increases the terror of the dreadful hour.

Long since the Eagle from the flaming peak
Hath soared with screams a safer nest to seek,
Aved by the infernal beacon's fitful glare
The howling fox hath left his wanted lair.
Nor dares the browsing goat in venturous leap
To spring, as erst, from dizzy steep to steep.

At the time of the eruption, the people of Pompeii were attending the theatre and all was mirth within the precincts of the city. The awful sublimity of this sight is well described by the poet,

who with that rich imagination and knowledge of detail, paints with the skill of an artist, as is seen in the following short extract.

On mothers babies in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers brothers fall,
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise
Towards yonder well-known face the accusing
gaze,
See trampled to the earth the expiring maid
Clings round her lover's feet and shrieks for aid.

The next morning all is still save for the noise of the wind gushing about the waste of hoary ashes. Then a sound breaks in upon the stillness and attracts the attention of the poet who surmising it the moan of a creature enclosed below thus exclaims in disconsolate accents

Mute: Is it Fancy shapes that wailing sound
Which faintly murmurs from the blasted ground,
Or live there still, who breathing in the tomb
Curse the dark refuge which delays their doom.

The passage following is descriptive of the living in the house of Death and is most remarkable in beauties of thought and language. It is truly sublime. With great power of expression the poet in louder accents presents to our view the horrid spectacle.

O! who may paint the wretch that draws
sepulchral breath
A living prisoner in the house of Death?
Pale as the corpse which loads the funeral pile,
With face convulsed that writhes a ghastly smile,
Behold him speechless move with hurried pace
Incessant round his dungeon's caverned space,
Now shrink in terror, now groan in pain
Gnaw his white teeth and strike his burning brain,
Till fear o'erstrained in stupor dies away
And madness wrests her victim from dismay
His arms sink down, his wild and stoney eye
Glare without sight on blackest vacancy.

The poet proceeds to exhibit Pompeii found at the present by the weary traveller wandering through the city of the dead. With a great display of literary talent, a most graphic picture is presented; one which is not often equalled and rarely excelled. Although, natural scenery had no attraction for our poet, he paints nature with the hand of a master. However, it is the historical relationship that inspires him and renders him most fluent, picturesque and pleasing. The following is a short extract from the description.

—Nature seems to dress
In all her charms the beautiful wilderness,

And bids her gayest flowerets twine and bloom
In sweet profusion o'er a city's tomb.
With roses here she decks the untrodden path,
With lilies fringes there the stately bath,
The acanthus spreading foliage here she weaves,
Round the gay capital which mocks its leaves;
There hangs the side of every mouldering room
With tapestry from her own fantastic loom,
Wallflowers and weeds, whose flowing hues supply,
With simple grace the purples Tyrian dye.

We shall next direct attention to a small volume of poems embodying some of the legends of ancient Rome. The most popular of these lays are "The battle of Lake Regillus," "Horatius," and "Virginia." They are studiously simple, but full of force and fire. The poet narrates in them the heroic deeds of Roman knights in the brave days of old. In the poems we may safely say that Macaulay has grasped the varying temperature of the social atmosphere of ancient Rome.

Of the above mentioned poems, Virginia is the greatest both for sentiment and style. This Lay is supposed to have been sung in the Forum on the day on which Sentinas Lateranus and Lucinius Calvus Stolo were elected tribunes of the Commons. The story of the poem is very touching and pathetic. Appius Claudius Emperor of Rome was seized with an insatiable desire of having Virginia, a beautiful young maiden in his household. To accomplish this purpose he applies to Marcus his faithful attendant to procure her at any sacrifice. This vile dependant laid claim to the maiden as his slave. The case is brought before the Claudian tribunal and decided in the face of the clearest evidence in favor of Marcus. Virginius, father of the fair damsel, seeing all efforts to save his daughter from dishonor to be in vain stabs her. This is the signal for a tumult and Claudius in much distress is conducted with difficulty from the Forum.

The poem opens appropriately with a few remarks to the good men of the Commons. They are informed then of the grave significance of the subject. But in order to appreciate the merits of the Lay one must imagine himself a Plebeian earnestly engaged in the re-election of Sextius and Licinius.

Claudius is the first person singled out for the bold scorn of the declaimer. Among the ten tyrants who ruled Rome, Claudius appears to have occupied a pro-

minent place for his tyrannical measures. Of all the wicked ten, still the names are held accused,
And of all the wicked ten, Appius Claudius is the worst.

Then follows a vivid word-painting of his character :—

His lowering brow, his curling mouth which always seemed to sneer,
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, makes all the kindred still ;
For never was there Claudius but wished the Commons ill.

Leaving the character of the Emperor, we are informed in a metaphorical manner, that such infamous rulers will always have faithful attendants :

Nor lacks he fit attendance ; for close behind his heels
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals.

* * * * *

Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd :

Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud :

Where'er down Tiber, garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see,
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

In the oration of Icilius, Macaulay has caught the very spirit of Ancient Rome. It is a powerful, virulent speech, pregnant with allusions and appeals that could not but convince and animate a Roman con- course :

Now, by your childrens' cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves !
For this did Servius give us laws ? For this did Lucrece bleed ?

* * * * *

Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den ?

Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten ?

Oh for that ancient spirit, which curbed the Senate's will !

Oh for the tents which in old times whitened the Sacred Hill !

In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side.

* * * * *

But what their care bequeathed us, our madness flung away,

All the ripe fruit of three-score-years was blighted in a day.

* * * * *

We strove for honors—'twas in vain : for freedom —'tis no more.

No crier to the polling, summons :he eager throng ;

No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong,

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath Patrician will.

Now we come to the last and most touching part of the poem. Virginia is stabbed to death by her father. 'Tis a bloody deed but a noble act. It is Macaulay's best production, in strength surpassing the eloquence of Icilius. in sorrow, sadness and pathos, excelling the pain of Pompeii. Virginius though disarmed, was not to be baffled by the injustice and insolence of Appius Claudius.

Taking his daughter aside and leaving Claudius, with looks of defiance, Virginius opens out a father's heart, and in a hoarse, changed voice, thus speaks :

Farewell, sweet child, Farewell,
Oh ! how I loved my darling ! Though stern I sometimes be,

To thee, thou knowest I was not so. Who could be so to thee,

And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear

My footsteps on the threshold when I came back last year !

And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic gown

And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown :

Now all these things are over, yes, all thy petty ways.

* * * * *

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,

The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom

And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

We would be inclined to think that Virginius at this stage would fail, through the great fatherly love he had for his daughter. But no, above all this, and the real foundation of it is honor and virtue, Virginius now assumes the role of an honorable Roman saving his daughter from dishonor. Collecting himself he hastens to act :

Clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;

And, now, my own dear little girl, there is no way but this,

With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,

And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

These few selections give a fairly just estimate of Macaulay's poetic powers and limitations. Of course Macaulay the poet, is not by any means in the same class as Macaulay the essayist. And, nevertheless, the Lays of Ancient Rome is a delightful book to help to while pleasantly away the lazy hours of a holiday afternoon.

ENOCH ARDEN.



truly pathetic story, filled with passion, permeated by the profoundest religious sentiment, in which are depicted noble types of humanity, and which is told in a style pleasing alike for its simplicity, its conciseness and its beautiful versification, cannot fail to excite the most soothing sensations. It raises, too, the moral sentiment of man, and gives him a higher and a truer perception of life; it refines his taste and increases his love for the beautiful both in nature and art. Such a story is Enoch Arden; in fact such are all of the late laureate's productions, eminently moral and eminently poetic.

Tennyson stands out in bold contrast with nearly all the great writers of our age, in that he extols virtue and renders vice despicable. He was essentially a poet of deep passion, as is evidenced by the number of exquisite lyrics he has written which rank among the best in our language; yet, unlike many of our later poets of this type who scoff at the idea of morality, his was not passion blind and unrestrained, but guided by the light of reason and subject to the moral laws. It is of the essence of poetry to be the language of passion, but religion and morality are also essential to it as well as to all other arts. And to this latter precept, that true art cannot be antagonistic to morality, Tennyson in all his works has been sedulously faithful. He possessed, too, a magic power over language equalled only by his harmonious versification. These admirable qualities was Longfellow celebrating when he wrote of him:—

“Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart;

Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.”

Enoch Arden is a story told in the simplest and [most poetic language of the lives of three persons.—

“Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden a rough sailor's lad.”

These are typical Tennysonian characters. As every writer has his own peculiar bent of mind, so he has also his own peculiar class of personages and scenes, in the description of which he particularly excels. And so it is with Tennyson. His strength lies in the touching manner in which he describes pathetic scenes, in the portrayal of the more simple characters and in the expression of tender and soothing emotions. But where the more vehement passions of the human heart are called into action he is entirely powerless. Hence his unrivalled supremacy in the lyric whilst his dramas, “Queen Mary” and “Harold,” are but a limited success, and in literary merit bear no comparison to those productions which have given him a place first among the writers of our age. And not only is his success confined to lyric poetry but throughout his writings he has carefully chosen themes especially accommodated to his muse. Of this Enoch Arden is a good example.

The description of our hero's home, a characteristic English seaport town, and its beautiful surroundings is thoroughly poetic, concise and complete.

“Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a molder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down

With Danish barrows ; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down."

Here,

"Among the waste and lumber of the shore,"

played Annie and her two comrades, and formed those ties of self-sacrificing affection which the misfortunes of after-life served only to intensify. Their love increased with the growth of years, and Enoch, as he advanced towards manhood in all his labors placed one object before him. His only ambition was

"To purchase his own boat and make a home
For Annie."

Success crowned his efforts, and soon the mutual love which had been engendered among them as they played along the beach in their childhood, ended in their marriage.

Years of happiness followed; when Enoch, solicitous only for the welfare of his faithful wife and to give his children a better education than it had been his good fortune to receive, determined to leave for a voyage to far off China that he might in those distant lands obtain the means to satisfy his eager desires,—

"Become the master of a larger craft ;
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own."

And here we come upon one of those pathetic scenes in the description of which Tennyson is so happy. In words overflowing with feeling does he relate of Enoch's departure,— his intense paternal love, the entreaties of his affectionate wife, her excessive grief and Enoch's farewell. No self-consideration but only devoted zeal for the welfare of those whom he left at home impelled him to take this perilous voyage. His happiness was identical with theirs ; and the more he thought of the gains which the wealthy East promised him, the brighter he pictured the future, and the firmer became his determination. He saw the hope of his life realized,— a home of comfort, of contentment, of plenty and happiness ; he saw his heart's cherished wish fulfilled, his children educated ; and in his noble ambition he overlooked the threatening dangers to which he was exposing himself. These

praiseworthy motives it was which influenced him, and made him disregard Annie's manifold requests not to leave her and her children.

"He not his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'."

The parting words of Enoch exhibit a deeply religious spirit. In a truly christian-like manner he exhorts his wife not to grieve nor fear for him while absent but to place her trust in God and be resigned to Him Who made both sea and land. He reminds her that no matter where he may go the Hand of God is there and will protect him.

"And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
Cast all your fears on God ; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I fly to these,
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His.
The sea is His; He made it."

What beautiful sentiments, these coming from the lips of a burly sailor ! What holy impressions these parting words must have left upon her who felt that she was for the last time listening to the kind voice of her devoted husband ; what consolation to her in those sorrowful and lonely years that followed !

Year after year passed by, and still Annie waited in vain for Enoch's return,

"And lived a life of silent melancholy."

In her distress she had one friend who consoled her, and assisted her in her want. That friend was Philip Ray. It is difficult to sever the ties of affection which the association of youth has formed. Time only strengthens them ; and distance gives to them a holy enchantment. How fondly we cherish the scenes of our childhood ! What a lasting love we have for those with whom we associated in those happy days ! This was the love which Philip bore Annie. True, he too, had sought her in marriage, but, though disappointed, such was his magnanimity that his affection both for Enoch and Annie remained firm and devoted ; nothing could weaken it. As the storms that trouble the boughs of the noble oak tend only to imbed its roots more firmly in the earth, so the misfortunes of life seemed rather to intensify

that sincere attachment of our heroes for one another, which in their youthful simplicity had been unconsciously engendered among them.

Ten years had now passed since Enoch left his happy home. All hopes of his return vanished; and Philip, feeling that he no longer lived, proposed marriage to Annie. She, though her love for him and her gratitude for his kindnesses were unbounded, like the faithful Penelope of old, delayed him, saying:

“Dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long.”

Then she had a vision in which she saw:

“Her Enoch sitting on a height
Under a palm tree, over him the Sun.”

And believing this to signify that in his travels he had met with death and was now in heaven receiving the reward of a faithful life, she and Philip were wed.

But Enoch was not dead; nor was his lot during these long years of expectation to his sorrowing wife less unhappy than hers. Shipwrecked on his homeward voyage, he and two of his comrades were cast upon an uninhabited island in mid-ocean. Death here visited those from whom alone in this world he expected to receive any consolation, and he was left, as the poet beautifully describes him in a single verse,

“A shipwreck'd sailor waiting for a sail.”

The beauty of the island where nature reigned in all her grandeur, its luscious fruits, its green lawns and shady groves could not pacify the sick heart of Enoch. No want oppressed him; nor was even the labor of tilling the soil asked of him in return for the abundant supplies that nature offered for his sustenance. But the contrasting contentment and gayety of everything about him with his own forlorn condition only added to his excessive sadness and gloom. Nature clothed in her brightest garb met his gaze at every turn;

“but what he fain had seen—
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever heard a kindly voice.”

Like the exile who hopes one day to see his native land again, but only hopes

in vain, and muses upon the happy moments he has spent in the company of those whom he can see no more, so Enoch transported his thoughts across the ocean—only his thoughts, for his heart had never left the little sea-port town. Now he rejoices at the happy picture he draws up before his mind,—

The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock yew-tree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.”
But,

“this is the truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things;”

and as Enoch's thoughts again revert to his lonely island home his heroic soul can scarcely bear the tide of grief that rushes in upon it. But during these years of solitude he was resigned, and often recalled to his mind those holy and beautiful thoughts to which he gave expression when leaving his home. And these upbore him in his distress, made his miseries bearable, and gave him new hope.

“Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up,
Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speak with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.”

This description of the desolate island and of the conflicting feelings that alternately creep over Enoch's downcast spirit is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. A pleasing feature of it is the wonderful harmony between sound and sense.

And again comes a change in Enoch's sad life. The crew of a vessel, driven thither by baffling winds, lands upon the solitary island, and rescues him from his prison of loneliness. But the manly form which was once his had long since disappeared, and he was now stooped and careworn, not from excessive toil but from the overwhelming weight of grief that bore him down; his graceful manner of walking had given place to the slow, weary, laboring step of old age; even his tongue, so

long silent, was scarcely capable of uttering articulate sounds.

"Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what."

On the homeward voyage, his impatient spirit eagerly flit before him to the company of those from whom a cruel fate had kept him such a length of time; but even the prospect of seeing once more their cherished faces could scarcely dispel the deep gloom which had taken possession of his desolate spirit. As a member of the body long affected by disease ceases to perform its functions, so the soul of Enoch, a complete stranger to happiness, was rendered almost incapable of experiencing sensations other than melancholy.

But the saddest scene in Enoch's life had not yet come. Alone he was on the dreary island; for ten long years he had not gazed on the face of man; but now he returned to find himself alone among his own. Ere he reached his home he heard the story of Annie's misfortunes, her grief, her years of suffering, Philip's kindness and their marriage. And now, as always, he is content to suffer if only he could know that Annie is happy.

"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she was happy."

But this is only the consummation of the other sadnesses of his life; and here, as heretofore, in his afflictions he finds solace in religion.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me
thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer."

And continuing in words that betoken a self-sacrificing, heroic love for his wife and children, he prays,—

"Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know,
Help me not to break in upon her peace.

My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy my son."

Broken down by sorrow and bearing the appearance of a gray-haired, decrepid old man, while he should yet have been in his prime, Enoch now felt that his death was drawing nigh. Nor did he shrink from it, but embraced it, for he saw in it a termination of the sufferings which so long had oppressed him, and so rejoiced.

"For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him and the close of all."

Ere he died he divulged his identity to her who cared for him, related his pathetic tale, told her of his shipwreck, his years of solitude and how he was rescued; but first made her solemnly promise to keep his words secret until death should summon him

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

His last words were words of blessing upon her whose happiness was dearer to him than life itself; upon his children for whom his heart overflowed with affection, and upon Philip for whom the attachment of childhood had grown into a sincere and profound love.

"When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her,
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good."

And again Enoch sees a sail upon the horizon; but this time it is to rescue him from the imprisonment of the world and to conduct him to a home where miseries are no more, where unceasing happiness delights the heart of the weary mariner, where faithfulness receives its eternal

reward. With joy untold does he greet
it, exclaiming,

I am saved."

"So passed the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

What a beautiful story! what sublime
characters! We shall look in vain
throughout the history of literature for
more heroic types of mankind than these.
—the conceptions of a noble mind in
which art is true only in so far as it is
conformity with the strictest morality.
Enoch Arden is among the simplest
of Tennyson's productions, it contains but

three characters; yet these so filled with
the sublimest of Christian virtues, so
nearly approaching the ideal that perfec-
tion itself has almost been reached.
Tennyson is an exemplary poet, and has
done much to counteract the evil influ-
ence of those modern writers who place
the whole merit of literary excellence in
mere form. His poems are not only
elegant structures; but they are profound-
ly sublime, built on solid principles of
morality and enshrouded in all the beauties
of language.

"Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

J. P. FALLON, '96.



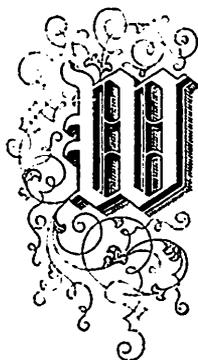
THE POET.

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees each morn the world arise
New-bathed in life of paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while her heart rejoices.
She to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

—INA D. COOLBRITH.



TO MY KINDRED OF THE FAITH.



HERE Tanganyika heaves its long expanse,
 And proud Zambesi laves the fruitful land,
 Kind Providence in rich luxuriance
 Bestows its treasures with benignant hand.
 But ah ! those millions from Sahara's sand
 To verdent Vaal, who know not the Christ-king !
 You, who possess Faith's magic lamp and wand—
 You, who have drunk deep the Pierian spring—
 Can you not spare some drops for souls thirst-furnishing ?

Imperial Everest looks coldly down
 On gems more precious than Golconda bears :
 But they are gleaming in the haughty crown
 King Satan and his viceroy, Brahma, wears.
 And Buddha fetters in his fatal snares
 Five hundred million souls —Christ's loved and kin—
 His stronghold, Lhas', uphold infernal prayers :
 But yours, more potent, from his hosts can win
 Their prey, then, conquerors crown'd, to glory enter in.

Christ's soldiers fight 'gainst myriad enemies,
 A single phalanx, few, but undismayed.
 Their weapons mercy, prayer, self-sacrifice :
 Their conquests, souls, for Truth in time arrayed.

Their fellow Christians they implore for aid,
For, East and West, the conflict thickens still :
Europa fair holds many a renegade
And infidel, even 'neath Vatican hill—
Who can but will not save, share guilt with those who kill.

The Christ who, nineteen centuries ago
Offered tremendous sacrifice for all,
Still cries aloud, "The ripened harvests glow,
But few the laborers come at my call.
Meanwhile unto eternal loss they fall
For whom my life-blood hath been poured in vain :
With whom no Evangelist did fiends forestall.
Therefore their lot must be perpetual pain—
Christian, of thee I ask, 'Where is thy brother, Cain?'"

E. G. M.



THE MINSTREL OF MALLOW.

“ O, inspir'd giant ! Shall we e'er behold
 In our own time,
 One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
 Or seize your rhyme ?
 One pupil of the past, as mighty soul'd
 As in the prime,
 Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
 They of your song sublime ! ”

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.



IN the City of Dublin, Ireland, fifty years ago last September, there passed from this world one of the most striking figures in Irish history—Thomas Osborne Davis—the brightest gem in the crown that decked the brow of Erin at the period of the Young Ireland Party. Though half a century has rolled its round since on that September morning thousands lined the streets of the Irish Capital and silently followed his remains to Mount Saint Jerome Cemetery, the life and influence of Davis is to-day a powerful factor in the sea-girt Isle ; while in the homes of the scattered Celt are dearly cherished recollections, fond and true, of the man who at the early age of thirty-one died a martyr in his country's cause. But above all does the memory of Davis live in his poems, the outpourings of a pure patriotic soul, that touch the heart of every lover of true poetry and which the Gael guards as a precious heirloom. Time but serves to entwine closer round the patriots's name the bays of immortality.

At Mallow in the County Cork, in the year 1814, Thomas Davis first saw the light. There in that old historic town his young mind was fed with legend and with song. Among the hills of Munster Nature moulded his thoughts and shed an

influence benign on the heart of the future poet. In wanderings along the banks of the Blackwater his imagination drank in those floods of poetic inspiration which he afterwards poured forth in verse. It would seem that the youth of Davis was marked by peculiarities which seldom fail to distinguish the man of genius. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy who knew him intimately in later life tells us in his admirable work, *Young Ireland*, that in boyhood Davis was “ shy, retiring, unready, and self-absorbed,” and that he was often seen in tears listening to a common country fellow playing old airs on a fiddle, or sitting in a drawing-room as if he were in a dream when other young people were enjoying themselves. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, where noted during his course as an omnivorous reader he laid broad and deep the foundation of that superstructure reared in a brief career. Called to the bar at the age of twenty-four but finding the study of law uncongenial to his tastes, Davis launched forth into journalism and now began his public life as a poet, statesman and politician. The youth of Davis seemed to so plainly indicate the man of song that one would expect the Muses would have early inspired his pen. But not so. We are assured by those who spoke with authority on the subject that until three years before his death he never wrote a line of poetry.

Indeed so distrustful was Davis of himself and so little was he aware of his own ability that he never even dreamt he could write in verse; and when, in 1842, he did turn his hand to poetry the result surprised no one more than himself. To those who knew the young man, it was but what might have been expected.

Davis never made poetry a special study, never used it as an end, but only as one of the means to obtain a great end, which was "to create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil," yet he is none the less a true poet. Immersed in politics, the chief editor of a journal having an enormous circulation—the Nation—to whose columns week after week he contributed editorial, essay, letter and every possible species of composition; teaching the Irish people lessons of righteousness and patriotism, at the same time that by his poetry he raised the drooping spirit of the nation, and presented Ireland to its inhabitants as "an ancient land honored in the archives of civilization," with a history chequered, it is true, but withal glorious; a land claiming for its sons and daughters, men and women whose deeds it should forever be the pride and joy of future generations to recount; a land destined to occupy a place high among the nations of the earth. Beauty, grace, strength and simple passion characterize the poetry of Davis. True, the critic may sometimes point to lines weak and unmusical, or show where the author is unequal in execution, and more the orator than the poet, yet "through all these ringing lyrics there is direct, manly, hearty, human feeling, with here and there a line or passage of such surpassing melody and beauty that once read it haunts the ear forever." Who can read his poem entitled, "The Rivers," and not confess to the charm and music in the lines:—

There's a far-famed Blackwater that runs to Loch
Neagh,
There's a fairer Blackwater that runs to the sea—
The glory of Ulster,
The beauty of Munster,
These twin rivers be.

But far kinder the woodlands of Rich Convamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overlaid,
Pants wild on each shore.

Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately, and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the moun-
tains, and air,
With Wonder's soul near you,
To share with, and cheer you,
Make Paradise there.

The one great desire of Davis was to make Ireland a nation. In his poem, "A Nation Once Again," he gives expression to this desire in stirring lines

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred Men and Three Men.
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation Once Again.

And from that time through wildest woe
That hope has shone a far light;

* * * * *
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my head
A Nation Once Again.

* * * * *
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a golly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation Once Again.

The "Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neill" is a true pen picture of the sorrowful Irish *caoine*.

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep
for our pride,
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief
had died!
Weep the victor of Benburb—weep him, young
man and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!
We thought you would not die—we were sure you
would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's
cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts
out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owan? Why did you
die!

Speaking of the conqueror in "The Victor's Burial" the poet says,

Lay him not down lowly, like bulwark over-
thrown,
But, gallantly upstanding, as if risen from his
throne,

* * * * *
 --his green flag round him fold,
 Like ivy round a castle wall--not conquered but
 grown old--

Among his battle-ballads "Fontenoy," and
 "The Sack of Baltimore," hold foremost
 rank. The former is considered by com-
 petent critics every way worthy a master
 hand in its wealth of words and vivid de-
 scription of the charge of the Irish Brigade.
 To be properly appreciated the poem
 should be read in full. Want of space
 compels us to give but a few extracts.

How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're
 wont to be so gay,
 The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
 hearts to-day,
 The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas
 writ could dry,
 Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines,
 their women's parting cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
 country overthrown,--
 Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on
 on him alone.
 On Fontenoy, Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band those proud
 exiles were.

* * * * *
 The English strove with desperate strength,
 paused, rallied, staggered, fled--
 The green hill side is matted close with dying
 and with dead.
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that
 hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their
 track,
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand--the field is
 fought and won!

Who can read the poem "My Grave" and
 not be touched with the pathos and sim-
 plicity expressed in every line?

Shall they bury me in the deep,
 Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
 Shall they dig a grave for me,
 Under the green-wood tree?
 Or on the wild heath,
 Where the wilder breath,
 Of the storm doth blow?
 Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
 Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
 Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
 Yet not there--nor in Greece, though I love it
 more.

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
 Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
 Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound.

Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
 Just as they fall they are buried so--
 Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
 On an opening lawn--but not too wide;
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees--
 I love not the gales but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf--put no tombstones there,
 But green sods decked with daises fair;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind
 "He served his Country and Loved his Kind."

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

Davis composed and published most of
 his poems and by far the best of them in
 one single year, 1844 and that the most
 active of the author's life during which as
 his biographer and college companion
 Thomas Wallis tells us "in addition to
 constant writing for the journal with which
 he was connected, his political labors
 were almost as incessant and fatiguing as
 those of a minister of state." Davis had
 not the leisure time which a poet requires
 to retire into himself and commune with
 his own thoughts. And the best proof
 we have that he would have become a
 great poet had he lived is seen from the
 last poem he ever composed--"The Sack
 of Baltimore"--which surpasses all its pre-
 decessors. An English authoress, Miss
 Mitford, speaking of it says:--"The more
 we study this ballad the more extraordi-
 nary does it appear that it should have
 been the work of an unpractised hand.
 Not only is it full of spirit and of melody,
 qualities not incompatible with inexperi-
 ence in poetical composition but the artis-
 tic merit is so great. Picture succeeds to
 picture, each perfect in itself and each
 conducing to the effect of the whole.
 There is not a careless line or a word out
 of place; and how the epithets paint--
 'fibrous sod,' 'heavy balm,' 'shearing
 sword!' The Oriental portion is as com-
 plete in what the French call local color
 as the Irish." We give the poem in full.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's
 hundred isles--
 The summer's sun is gleaming still through
 Gabriel's rough defiles--
 Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a
 moulting bird;
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is
 heard.

The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children
cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households
knell to pray--
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily
labor o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of
Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance has come, with
midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth,
or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem con-
scious of the calm ;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing
heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round
Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few— against
the ebbing tide
Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must urge
them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in
Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky
street
And these must be the lover's friends, with gentle
gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreaming noise ! “ the roof is
in a flame ! ”
From out their beds and to their doors, rush
maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming
sabre's fall
And o'er each black and bearded face the white
or crimson shawl—
The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer,
and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of
Baltimore !

Then flang the youth his naked hand against the
shearing sword ;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which
her son was gored ;
Then sunk the grand sire on the floor, his grand
babes clutching wild ;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled
with the child ;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed
with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his
Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers
yield their store
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of
Baltimore !

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds
began to sing—
They see not now the milking-maid deserted is
the spring !
Mid-summer day—this gallant rides from distant
Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that
skiff from Affadown ;

They only found the smoking walls, with
neighbor's blood besprent,
And on the strewd and trampled beach awhile
they wildly went
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and
saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged
Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some
must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a
Bey's jerreed.
Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by buteous
Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy
dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen
for the Dey.
She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the
midst of his Serai :
And when to die a death of fire, that noble maid
they bore,
She only smiled—O'Drescoll's child—she thought
Baltimore.

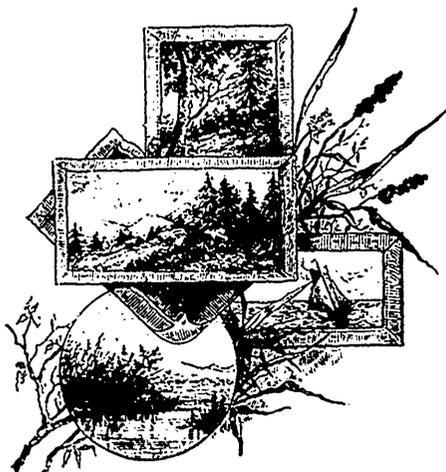
'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath
that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger con-
course stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch
is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the
Algerine !
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hun-
dred there—
Some muttead of MacMurchadh, who brought
the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot that day in
Baltimore.

Davis died suddenly in Dublin Septem-
ber the 16th 1845. His death cast a
gloom over the land. Cut off in the full
flush of manhood, with a brilliant career
opening out before him, the demise of the
patriot poet was the severest blow Ireland
had felt for a long time. To the first
meeting of the Repeal Association held
after his death the Liberator wrote of
Davis : “ I solemnly declare that I never
knew any man who could be so useful to
Ireland in the present stage of the
struggle.” And Sir Charles Gavan Duffy
than whom none knew better whereof he
spoke said in the year 1800 : “ Judging
him now a generation after his death
when years and communion with the
world have tempered the exaggerations of
youthful friendships I can confidently say
that I have not known a man so nobly

gifted as Thomas Davis. If his articles had been spoken speeches his reputation as an orator would have rivalled Garttan's If his programmes and reports which were the plans and specifications of much of the best work done in his day had been habitually associated with his name, his practical skill would have ranked as high as O'Connell's. Like Burke and Berkeley he inspired and controlled all who came within range of his influence without aiming to lead or to dominate." Davis was all this and more, he was a true poet, and in his poetry more than anywhere else are seen the author's

qualities of mind and heart. His poems "fragments though they be a most capacious and diversified character are yet to a wonderful degree its unaffected utterance. Like wild flowers springing from the mould in the clefts of a giant oak, they relish of the open air, and have looked the sky in the face." Though in life a statesman, philosopher, journalist, and politician he is best known since his death by his poems and by these he will be known to future generations of Irishmen as Thomas Davis the Minstrel of Mallow.

FRANK WHELAN '99.



THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.



ON a consideration of the development of English literature under the first two Georges, we find that the most noteworthy productions of that period were written in poetry. True, none of the poems can favorably compare with the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Milton, but several minor works of undeniable excellence were then given to the world by Pope, Collins, Gray, Thomson, and Young. Excepting the first named, none of these is a voluminous writer, in fact the foundation of the fame of each rests on a single work. The renown of Gray is founded almost wholly on his immortal *Elegy*; that of Collins on his *Odes*, which were published in one volume; that of Thomson on his beautiful descriptive poem, "The Seasons;" while, whenever we speak of Young, we almost invariably do so with reference to his "Night Thoughts."

Seven years after the death of the immortal Milton, in the old parsonage at Upham, in Hampshire, Edward Young first saw the light of day. At the usual age he entered Winchester School, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He was always a very industrious student, and the fertility of his mind was such that he often surprised his examiner by the originality of his questions. In due time the young Edward gave his attention to the study of law, and when thirty-three years of age, took his Bachelor's degree. But his fondness and talents for writing poetry soon drew him away from the practice of his chosen profession.

Young first appeared as an author in his "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," a poem so tainted with fulsome flattery that is now valueless. After several minor poems, he published two plays of indifferent merit—"Busiris" and the "The Brothers"—and

also a tragedy, "The Revenge," which was at first but poorly received, but which has since met with the approbation it richly deserved. Then came his satires, entitled, "Love of Fame," the worth of which is still a matter of dispute among critics. When fifty years old he became a clergyman of the Established Church, and shortly after was united in wedlock to Lady Elizabeth Lee. After ten years of retired and happy life misfortune came upon him. His stepdaughter married Hon. Mr. Temple, but was soon carried off by consumption, closely followed by her husband, and by the poet's own wife. Thus were taken from him in quick succession the Narcissa, Philander and Lucia, so frequently apostrophized in the "Night Thoughts," and it was to console himself for the loss of these dear friends that, in his sixtieth year he began the composition of his masterpiece.

The "Night Thoughts," a philosophical poem, is divided into nine parts, each of which narrates the meditations of the author during a single night. The work treats of life, death, and immortality, and abounds in passages of remarkable beauty, In the very first line,—

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,

we have, charmingly expressed, a very poetic thought. A little farther we find the oft-quoted lines:—

Night, sable goddess, from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

Here, indeed, is a beautifully worded illustration of the solemn stillness that shrouds the world while day's bright king

is at rest. Closely following this comes the exclamation :—

How poor, how rich, how abject how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !

The sublimity of thought in this admirable passage would do honor to a Milton, while the well-wrought antithesis and climax render the expression most forcible. Here, as throughout the whole poem, the author displays his truly Christian principles. In a very concise manner he makes a remarkable distinction between the mortality of the body and the immortality of the soul when he says :—

What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave :
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

He goes on to tell that the soul is

Unfettered by her gross companion's fall,

but that it is immortal. Instead, then, of mourning for our departed friends, we should rather be elated by the hope that we will hereafter join them in another world, to behold,—

What golden joys ambrosial clustering grow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more.

The uncertainty of human happiness the poet then strikingly depicts,—

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
In earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.

How appropriate indeed is the above comparison. *For, even if sometimes our hearts are merry, and almost all our desires gratified, our pleasures invariably die young ; and then,—*

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay,
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Truly a considerable portion of human life is clouded by misfortunes ; but, for many of his ills, man must blame himself. One of the most prevalent errors among mortals, Young thus describes,—

Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

This passage speaks for itself, and, in the form of a quotation, has been read by thousands who have never read *Night Thoughts*. The author more fully illustrates the principle by applying it to the different periods of human life,—

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

In another beautiful passage, directed chiefly to young persons, he exhorts us to make the best possible use of our time, *for,—*

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor :
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment but in purchase of it is worth ;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.

After severely censuring this most common vice, Young highly recommends the opposite virtue. He encourages us to the proper employment of our time, saying,—

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly : angels could no more.

Though many persons, judging from their actions, seem to doubt the truth of the following principle, every person, that has ever applied himself diligently to any work, must agree with our poet, when he says, —

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He walks with nature ; and her paths are peace.

Many other remarkable reflections on time follow ; but we will pass them over and come to where Friendship is introduced by the beautiful smile,—

As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from Friendship, wisdom and delight ;
Twins tied by nature, if they part they die.

The mutual advantages resulting from the *intimacy of friends is certainly well worth seeking*. But Young is not content with simply mentioning them. He devotes to

each a special paragraph, beginning with the following beautiful lines,—

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?

Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists : it calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! heaven planted ! never plucked by one.

He proceeds to tell us that a friendless person is the most miserable of mortals ; and though

A world in purchase for a friend is gain,

a world is not of sufficient value to purchase a single friend. The poet thus estimates the lowest price for which true friendship can be bought,—

Can gold gain friendship ? impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget,
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

He next expresses some beautiful thoughts on death. While almost every other great destructive power in nature gives some warning of its approach before it arrives in full force,

Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.

We should always be prepared for it ; and be warned by the death of our friends that our own turn may come sooner than we expect. We should make use of this life only as a preparation for the life to come. In the poet's own words

Life has no value as an end, but means.
And end, deplorable ! a means divine !

As a further illustration of the uncertainty of life, he gives us the admirable lines,—

A good man and an angel ! these between,
How thin a barrier ! What divides their fate ?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year,
Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.

Then comes that exquisite comparison between life and death, the beauty of which immediately attracts the notice of even the most inattentive reader.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the
spheres.

Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps a
light ;
Death burst the involving cloud and all is day ;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel,
Life, ill substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd pain'd ?
By death enlarged, ennobled, deified ?
Death but entombs the body, life the soul.

By this and several other such passages we are led to the conclusion that death, far from being an unavoidable calamity, is, in reality, a blessing ; for

Death is the crown of life :
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
Were death denied to live would not be life ;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.

Young then draws our attention to the emptiness of worldly fame. Life is but a moment compared to the great hereafter, and why should man ever lose sight of the latter in the pursuit of the transient honors and riches of this life ?

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame ?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies."
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

We have now arrived at what is perhaps the most sublime part of the poem. The theme is the redemption of mankind. After a reference to the immense benefit which we mortals derive from the Incarnation of the Eternal Son, the poet bursts forth in the following,—

Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his
cross ;
Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble
womb,
With pangs, strange pangs ? delivered of her
dead ?
Hell howl'd ; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear ;
Heaven wept, that men might smile ! Heaven
bled, that man
Might never die !—

Then, with all the beauty and force of poetry, he thus endeavors to give us some idea of the omnipotence and majesty of God,—

The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth ;
And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand ;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile !
The great First-last ! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness from excessive splendour born,
By gods unseen, unless by lustre lost.

He weeps ! the falling drop puts out the sun ;
 He sighs ! the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ?

From the extracts already quoted, our readers will be able to form a fair opinion of the general strain of *Night Thoughts*. The poem certainly contains many admirable passages, but the excess of its beauty constitutes its defect. Johnson terms it "a wilderness of thought, in which fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour." The continual succession of lofty thoughts at length wearies us ; our minds cannot long be held above their natural level and we grow fatigued with admiration. The solemn strain of the *Night Thoughts* seems to indicate that it is one of the poems which Young is reported to have written by the weird light

of a candle fixed within a human skull.

Notwithstanding, however, these defects and the forbidding nature of the subject itself, the poem bears the stamp of true genius ; and though its popularity has somewhat waned in the last few years, it still holds a prominent place in every well-kept library. As Young was quite an old man when he composed this work, his reflections are more in accordance with the taste of the adult than with those of the youth. Lord Lytton says.—"Young is of all the poets the one to be studied by a man who is about to break the golden chains that bind him to the world—his gloom does not then appal or deject, the dark river of his solemn genius sweeps the thoughts onward to Eternity."

JOHN T. HANLEY. '98



MARK DALY'S STORY.



ONE evening some years ago, a group of some seven or eight students were lounging comfortably in Mark Daly's room having a quiet talk. It was nothing unusual for them to have an occasional, informal gathering in someone's room, but it was quite unusual for them to gather in Daly's room, for he was a rather singular fellow and they did not feel very free with him. He was not just like the others, and if a person should accurately specify the difference he would say that Daly had suffered more of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" than his light hearted comrades. He was older than the others and had returned to college this year after an interval of six years, during which time some great sorrow had befallen him and left its imprint upon him in his strange reservedness and deep melancholy. He was not a communicative person, and although he had now been with his fellows three months, none of them had learned the reason of his long vacation or of his strange sadness. The only inkling of it was that afforded by a picture which hung above his desk, and whose original seemed to be in some way intimately connected with his sad history, whatever it was. It was the picture of a young man simply, though certainly of a very handsome young man, but who it was could not be learned, more than that it was a friend. The habitual sadness of Daly always created a sympathetic graveness among his friends, and when they were with him conversation invariably drifted towards serious subjects. This night when story telling set in and every-

body had fixed himself comfortably for a long night of it, one of the group announced :

"Gentlemen, if you'll give me a show I'll tell you one that will set your pace for ghost stories. It isn't very often you meet an ordinary mortal who has actually encountered a real live ghost, but I——" here the speaker suddenly broke off as his eyes fell on Daly. Daly had thus far been calmly listening to the yarns that went around, and no one noticed that he was particularly affected by them until the ghost story began, at the first mention of which he became greatly agitated and showed such signs of pain that everyone asked him if he were sick. He did not answer immediately, and appeared to be suffering some deep emotion. The rest of the group gazed at each other in mute astonishment and the mystery of their silent companion thickened. On one or two previous occasions he had displayed similar conduct at the mention of ghosts.

"It is nothing," said he, breaking the silence at last, "but please talk about something else ; I cannot bear ghost stories."

The conversation had suffered such a jar however, by this mystifying incident that it did not readily recover, and one or two made stirs preparatory to going out. At this Daly partially recovered himself, expressed regret that he had interrupted them so abruptly, and begged them be seated again. From his manner it was inferred that he was going to tell them something which would explain his strange actions and everyone was quite willing to obey.

"I see," said he, "I have excited your curiosity, but I could not help it, and I

think I can explain myself satisfactorily. No doubt you have all thought me a strange fellow. Here I have been with you for three months and have never told you what you probably regard as my secret. I would have told you before too, but, as you will learn, I have some pretty tender wounds in past memories which make me rather sensitive, and you know it is natural for a person to nurse such things in his own heart rather than have them known. To-night, however, I feel I owe you as friends, some explanation about myself, and I have resolved to tell you the whole matter. Mine, too, is a ghost story, and let it be an explanation of my horror for such topics, as well as a lesson to you never to meddle with ghosts. It is a long one, but bear with me. The whole sad scene rushes upon me now so vividly that it will be a relief to give it words."

With this preface he began his story, which is here set down in as near the exact words of the speaker as the listeners were able to recall.

"Six years ago, when I left here for the summer, I went to spend a part of my vacation with an uncle of mine—a Father Desmond, whose charge was a small village among the New Hampshire hills. He was a young man himself, still possessing a good deal of youthful spirit, which showed itself in his fondness for the company of young people. He had a prime favorite in his own parish in the person of a young man by the name of Leo Mellon who was also studying in a certain Jesuit college in the South. He was of just the disposition to suit Father Desmond, and spent the greater part of his time with us so that he and I became intimate friends. It is about him my story hangs, and that is his picture,"—pointing to the picture which had been the subject of so much speculation. "Ah! there was a model young man. You know well enough I am not over-sentimental and far from being a hero-worshiper in the ordinary sense of the term, but I must confess that I did fairly worship him. Perhaps brooding over him in the light of subsequent events has colored him too highly in my imagination, but as I look back upon him as I see him in those happy days I spent with him and the good priest, he seems altogether too good to have ever

lived at all. It is seldom you meet a real person who is anyway adequate to your ideal, but Leo Mellon fell but little short of mine. That poor pasteboard can give you but a faint idea of him. He was only a lad in his middle teens, though tall and manly in bearing, with the head of a Greek and the face of a Gonzaga. If it is true that the soul is reflected in the face, I can understand how he was so handsome, for crude as my ideas of perfection are, I think he was a saint. With the handsome person, exquisite accomplishments, and host of admiring friends, which ordinarily only make young men vain and effeminate, he was as modest and as sensible as a disciplined religious. He was an only son and was the idol of both his parents. Brilliant in studies, he had every year brought home the highest honors in his class, and bright indeed must have been his future. He could sing like a morning lark, and had a most refined taste for music, an accomplishment which made him the delight of the whole village folk during his vacation. Almost every evening found the three of us gathered around the piano in the little parlor. Leo's taste was for sacred music, and the evening invariably ended with his singing the Ave Maris Stella; and as his rich tenor voice thrilled through the tender lines, the good priest could not restrain his tears. It seemed, as he told me afterwards, "that the singer carried us along with his heart to the very fact of her he sang to," and I could see that he too looked upon our young companion as something not long for this earth. I think those were the pleasantest days of my life. I felt as though I were in the company of the blessed. I never was so strongly impressed with the beauty of our Faith as by the sight of it exemplified in that person. This may sound flat and sentimental to you fellows, but I assure you it is not feigned; I never felt such an attachment for anyone else.

The time passed pleasantly for all of us. When Leo and I were left alone we amused ourselves by such recreative employments as best pleased our whims. He was very fond of strolling over the green hills and valleys, and the picturesque regions neighboring the village offered

great allurements for indulging in it. With fishing-rod and gun we used to wander far up country along the rushing Racquette where game was plenty in the woods and the sportive trout in the waters. The country people too were a favorite source of entertainment. Leo liked to talk to the simple-minded folk, and was so kind and winsome in his bearing that we were always graciously received. There was something about him that fascinated even strangers.

One day we came across an old man who had a great store of local history. After telling us many interesting incidents which had happened in the vicinity, he pointed to an old ruined house on the top of a hill near by, with this remark :

'There's sunthin' I reckon will interest you chaps, is that old mansion yander. Got a powerful queer story that. Course ye won't b'lieve it—people nowadays hev' purty much gin up sech notions—but it's jest as sure as I set here, that house is hanted.' We could not suppress a smile at this and scrutinized the old man's face to see if he were not beginning to play upon our credulity. It was evident from his seriousness that he was in whole earnest, for he proceeded with the remainder of the tale in a matter-of-fact sort of way which indicated that he was relating what was only the common belief among the people of the neighborhood.

The story in short amounted to this :—

The now dilapidated ruin was once the mansion of a rich young farmer who had inherited all the surrounding lands from his father, at whose death, he began to squander the property by building this extravagant house. One morning, two years after its completion and the marriage of the owner to an unknown lady from other parts, the murdered body of the young wife was found in the house and the now depraved husband had disappeared forever. The property fell to creditors and was divided up. The house however was more difficult to dispose of. It was too costly and too poorly adapted to the conveniences of farming to induce any of the other farmers to buy it, and besides, there was a strong prejudice against it on account of the hideous crime which had thrown a gloom over it.

'That was before the war,' concluded

the narrator, and not a soul has lived there since but that woman's ghost. Fer myself I never would b'lieve in 'em till I went up nigh that blamed pile one night and I declare that I actually did see it. People around 'ere hev got used to it now and don't pay much attention, but it's sartin sure that they's some mysterious spirit a hantin' them walls.'

After this most interesting conversation we strolled along our way, but not without many interesting speculations as to what could be the foundation of the silly belief in which the old gentleman and his neighbors so sincerely persisted.

I was very adventuresome in those days and always on the lookout for episodes, and here was something which took my fancy directly. 'Think of it!—a house within easy reach actually said to be haunted. I had read hundreds of ghost stories and though I did not believe in them at all, those mystic beings had a strong hold on my imagination. Nothing would suit me better than a chance to encounter one of those shades or at least to lay in wait for one in his haunts and have it to say that I outfaced him.

'Leo,' said I, 'here is our chance. All we need now to round off our summer's experiences is an encounter with that ghost. Wouldn't it be rich to have it to tell when we go back, that we hunted a ghost away off up here in the wilderness. It would be a jolly lark. What do you say if we spend the night in the haunted house?' Leo, no less venturesome than myself, was not the one to refuse any innocent fun, especially if it suited my whims, and seeing how eager I was for it, with his usual spirit replied, 'Hurrah for the ghost then, and it will go hard with him if he doesn't walk for us;' we'll shoot all the rats on his premises.'

Accordingly we made preparations for our night watch. At a neighboring farmhouse we got our lunch-basket replenished, and our imagination excited with tales of the ghost, and eight o'clock found us nearing the scene of our night's adventure. The ruin showed signs of having once been a splendid structure, but thirty year's storms had reduced it to a mere crumbling pile. Only one part of the

structure had retained its original form and that was a large hall said to be the one in which the murder had been perpetrated. This we of course pitched upon as the proper place for action, a choice without an alternative when we discovered it was the only place wherein to dispose ourselves comfortably.

We were anything but serious in the matter as we entered the habitation of the weird spirit, laughing and jesting at the ludicrousness of our mission. This was all very well at first, but when we had settled ourselves down and our conversation began to lag, an indescribable feeling of dread came over me. Much as we had laughed at ourselves and much as I strove to shake it off, it grew upon me as the darkness thickened, until I was thoroughly sick at heart. I felt in the very marrow of my bones that something fearful was to happen there that night and I heartily wished we had never come on the wild goose errand at all. Much as I quaked however, I would not for the world confess it to my gay companion, who I knew would only pester me with my cowardice and expose me to the contempt of the whole populace when we returned.

We took our places in a corner of the room which was well sheltered, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances, to put in the night. In order to keep ourselves awake, we sat facing each other with our backs against posts about six feet apart. I held the gun across my knees, and as my strange terror grew upon me I drew it closer to me. We kept ourselves awake till about eleven o'clock by eating portions of our lunch at long intervals. I was becoming more and more frightened all the while and at last determined to approach Leo on the propriety of giving up our foolish venture, but how to get around it I was at a loss to know. At last I yawned audibly and as wearily as I could, saying dryly:

'Oh shucks! Leo, I don't know but this is silly after all, to be making the farce away off here, and besides without any sensible end in view.' In this last point I thought I had hit an argument that would move him. 'Suppose,' I urged in a moralizing strain, 'that our time would

come now, would you be willing to be caught in such ridiculous business?'

'Why not?' asked he, much to my chagrin, 'This is innocent amusement. Did you never hear of the famous answer of St. Aloysius when asked, as he bent over his game of draughts, what he should do if the angel of death summoned him, 'I would continue this,' he replied,

'He who performs each duty in its turn
With sinless heart and ever watchful eye
His very pastime maketh prayer sublime
And any moment is prepared to die.'

I was nonplused. There was no answer to such an argument. With dogged resolution I made up my mind to urge my plea no further, come what may. Neither of us spoke for some time after this, though Leo yawned incessantly and made hard work of keeping his eyes open. At last he gave up and declared that he could hold out no longer and must go to sleep. I fairly stiffened at this; to watch there alone! I quaked again, but consented in good order, not however without stipulating that I should wake him up in ten minutes. Poor fellow, he was so tired after our long tramp that he was soon in the land of dreams. How peaceful he looked in his sleep, I thought, and forthwith fell to musing over him. I could see his face in a faint stream of moonlight, and it seemed almost to be surrounded by a halo as I recalled the words, 'His very pastime maketh prayer sublime.' What a rare character he was. None of the vanities and conceits of the ordinary college youth had he. Would he live long? It struck me he would not. Such persons, it occurred to me, usually die young, but what if he should, surely it might be said of him, 'any moment is prepared to die.' How he was worshipped by his friends. He was the very soul of life for his father and mother. What if anything should befall him here in this awful — ah! that brought back to me all my old terror. My mind revelled again in all the blood-curdling scenes I had ever read of. All the weird goblins and ghosts and spectres and nightmares I had ever dreamed of came wandering through my excited fancy. I clutched my weapon more firmly, closed my eyes, and tried to think of other

things, but all in vain. Weird phantoms still pursued my fancy in all the fantastic shapes ever contrived to make mortal uneasy. I remained thus for some time before I thought again of Leo. Wasn't it time to wake him? Yes surely ten minutes were up, I would wake him pretty soon. I could almost touch him with the end of my gun and I would lean over and nudge him in just a minute.

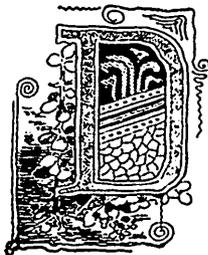
Suddenly the thought forced itself upon me—what if this house were really haunted, were not ghosts quite real after all? What if one should actually appear among those gloomy walls now? My heart beat wildly at the thought. I gasped. The thought became so oppressive that I determined to wake Leo. I started to do so but, Heavens! I could not stir. I was petrified! A feeling stole over me that something fearful was happening around me. The night grew thick with very horror: the stillness was too terrible to bear, and I as helpless as a mummy. I was conscious now that the ghost was no myth after all, for I felt in my inmost soul that it was about to appear. And so it did, for what was that before me there, high up in the corner of the ceiling where I had been gazing? A great shapeless something loomed up in the darkness. It was not a human form, nor form of any thing I had even before seen, but infinitely more horrifying. Was it real or did I only imagine it? I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Alas! only too real. It had changed now and revealed a demon like visage with monstrous red eyes and the mouth of a hell-hound. Slowly it moved downward toward the centre of the room—no—towards me! I crouched for shelter against the unsheltering wall. It still pressed on. I asked myself in the vain struggle to free myself, was this real or was it all a dream from which I would awake to safety again. On, on it came, growing more hideous as it neared me. My heart stood still, the blood froze in my veins, a chill came over me, my hair stood on end, a cold sweat dropped from my forehead. I struggled to raise my gun from my knees, I could not; I was utterly powerless, and this great still horror mocking my helplessness. I tried to speak to it, to shout, anything to break the spell that bound me. The phantom

was so near me now that it enveloped me in its cold qualms; as a serpent envelopes its victim before swallowing it. I struggled once more with all my might to raise my rifle, and succeeded this time in getting it to my shoulder but could not aim. The muzzle swayed this way and that, from one side to the other of the fiend, but never would point toward it; it seemed to have some invisible power over the piece. Gradually I steadied it, I tugged and tugged at the trigger but again found myself powerless. Oh! what a sensation it is to feel yourself oppressed, attacked, yet stricken of all power of defense or escape. And now the monstrous thing was drawing closer, almost grazing the barrel of my rifle. With all the might of every fibre in my body I wrestled with the trigger; nearer, nearer, now it touched the barrel—the spell was broken, I recovered control of my power, overcame the trigger. There was a sharp crack, followed by a shriek of pain; a strange feeling came over me—I awoke. I awoke, alas! but not to safety, for the greatest horror of all now met my gaze. Leo Mellon was dead in front of me with a bullet in his breast. I had killed him."

There the narrator broke down completely; he buried his face in his hands as though to shut out the vision of the awful scene, and sobbed as though his friend was but now dead before him. He could not continue, nor did the listeners urge him. They could picture to themselves the broken-hearted agony of the parents when the sunshine of their lives was brought to their door dead; the bitter mental suffering of Daly who was still, after a lapse of six years, so much affected by the recollection. With the picture above the desk they could restore the rest for themselves. So they left him quietly; they felt that the wounds in his memory were indeed still fresh and deep.

Mark Daly's room is now a favorite rendezvous; the once mysterious picture is almost a living member of the group, but ever since the memorable night when Mark told his story, there is one topic that is reverently avoided—and that is ghost stories.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.



Descriptive poetry is so constituted, that it is seldom found in works of any great length, without being considered as an embellishment rather than as a separate species of art. The reason for this is, that a work, the only pretension of which is to give an accurate representation of natural objects, becomes tiresome to the general run of readers, who while they are fully sensible to the beauty of striking ideas and felicitous expressions, nevertheless desire something that will appeal more forcibly to their personal sensibilities. Besides, the power of description, being one of the rarest qualities bestowed upon the poet, but few acquire the skill of creating those original word-painted conceptions, which in this branch of literature is absolutely necessary to grasp and retain the attention of the reading public.

The ability to describe nature faithfully and in an interesting manner is no slight acquirement; on the contrary from a writer's capabilities in this respect, may often be judged his excellence as a poet. For, as the author whose work I intend briefly to criticise has justly said,

"Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers;
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find
words
Tinged with so many colours and whose
power
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales
That inexhaustive flow continual round?"

Although Thomson thus represents the

difficulty of the task of correctly portraying nature, still his poem "The Seasons," is one of the great masterpieces of English descriptive poetry.

The other productions of this author are chiefly the "Castle of Indolence," the most polished of his works, a poem on "Liberty," and two or three tragedies of little importance, one of which having by the instrumentality of a merciless wag, provoked

"that dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

was withdrawn from the stage and has not since appeared. However deserving of notice some of those efforts may be, they will have to be dismissed for the present with a mere mention, as I intend to confine my attention exclusively to the "Seasons."

It was in the fall of 1726, when Thomson was wandering about London, almost penniless, that he brought to the publishers his first poem, "Winter." A short time previously he had learned the sad news of his mother's death; hence the peculiar appropriateness of one of the opening lines of his work

"Welcome, kindred glooms! Congenial horrors,
hail!"

For a while after its publication "Winter" drew little or no attention, until, it is said, a certain Rev. Mr. Whatley, picking up a copy of it in a book store, immediately saw its literary value, and introduced it to the members of several clubs in London. Straightway the work became popular. Thomson, encouraged by the success of his first effort, set himself to the completion of his task, and in the course of five years, gave to an expectant public its three beautiful companions, "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn." Those

four poems, rounded off by a "Hymn to the Seasons," constitute, if not the best, at least the most widely read of Thomson's productions.

It was the good fortune of this poet to have passed his early years amid pleasant surroundings. Even from childhood he possessed an intense love for nature, and as he grew up in years this affection seemed but to strengthen. The company of fresh fields, mountains and rivers, appeared to be essential to his happiness.

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening
face;

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams at eve."

Time and again are such warm effusions found in the "Seasons," as for instance the address at the end of "Autumn," where he asks of nature to "light his blind way," to a knowledge of the motions, periods and laws of the universe.

"But if to that unequal, if the blood
In sluggish streams about my heart forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades
Inglorious lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song,
And let me never, never stray from thee!"

Not only were the quieter beauties of nature a source of delight to him but also her more violent phenomena.

"With frequent foot,
Pleased have I wandered through rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrents burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest, brewed
In the grim evening sky."

All creation, whether magnificent or minute, obtains his attention. The movements of the most insignificant animals were watched and described with the same care and skill as those of the most wonderful planets. To his mind all God's creatures have their duty to fulfill for the benefit of man, and he severely censures those "presuming impious railers," who judging from the very limited stock of knowledge within their puny pestle,

"Tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable end."

And when we look into the real reasons which prompted Thomson thus to investi-

gate nature and to portray her beauties, we do not find him actuated by an idle curiosity, but rather by a desire to form some notion of the Creator's attributes, through the medium of his works. This fact is plainly written in one of those scraps, saved from the flames, to which Thomson was accustomed to consign his juvenile productions. Here he says with no small degree of simplicity and beauty:

"Ah my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion and pursue
The Phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp,
Yet may I from thy most apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author."

From the few preceding extracts we can see with what attention and satisfaction the poet, even in his youth, contemplated both the calm and the sublime beauties of nature. However, were contemplation the whole extent of his employment, it is hardly possible that he would now be the subject of this essay. But, besides being able to discern beauty in what most persons would consider as commonplace, he possessed to a remarkable degree the ability to present to others, by means of language, those striking pictures which were so vividly formed in his own wonderful imagination. In fact, the quality which above all others distinguishes Thomson as a poet, and without which his other qualities would give him no passport to literary fame, is his rare talent of description. Landscape pictures fall from his magic pen, so fresh and distinct, as to cheat us into the belief that we are gazing upon the original, and not upon a copy. The poet indeed holds the mirror up to nature. Prof. Craik speaking of Thomson says, "If it be the object of descriptive poetry to present us with pictures the effect of which shall vie with that of the originals from which they are drawn, then Thomson is the greatest of all the descriptive poets, for there is no other who surrounds us with so much of the truth of nature, or makes us feel so intimately the actual presence and companionship of all her hues and fragrances. His spring blossoms, and gives forth its beauty like a daisied meadow; and his summer landscapes have all the sultry warmth and green luxuriance of June; and his harvest fields

and his orchards hang the heavy head as if their fruitage were indeed embrowning in the sun; and we see and hear the driving of his winter snows, as if the air around us were in confusion with their uproar." To exemplify this statement I need not revert to two or three select passages. Almost every page contains worthy specimens. However, were they not too long to be inserted here, I would like to present what are thought by many to be the finest descriptions in the poem. Those are, "The Effect of Spring upon Birds," "A Summer's Dawn," and "The Man Perishing in the Snow." This last extract is not only an inimitable description, but also contains a sentiment of pathos, not often found in the works of this author. It ends as follows:

Down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm.
In vain the little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold;
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretched out and bleaching in the northern
blast."

It is not unfrequent to hear Thomson compared with Cowper, and the comparison is no more frequent than it is appropriate. In their love for nature, and in the possession of tender qualities of heart, one seems the duplicate of the other. Their chief difference, as the critic Angus says, is that "Cowper has less enthusiasm, but in the harmony of his later verse, in ease, variety and grace of style, he is immeasurably the superior. The justice of this criticism may to some degree be seen from the following extracts, taken from those two poets, upon the same subject, "A Snow Storm." Cowper's description runs thus:—

"Fast falls the fleecy shower; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade that feared the chilling blast
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil."

Thomson's is as follows:—

"Through the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast; dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robes of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow
meets
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man."

Continuing, the poet describes the effect of the storm upon the animals. The laborer-ox stands covered over with snow and patiently awaits the meal his toil has well merited. In general, the birds go in search of food, while the red-breast alone, tamed by the cold, depends upon man for his tiny pittance. The wild beasts, forced by hunger, leave their forest haunts and secretly prey upon the farm-yard. The whole forms a most striking picture, but compared with the first, while it leaves a stronger impression upon the reader, yet, in harmony of verse, in ease and grace of style, it is somewhat inferior.

Let us now turn our attention to the personal qualities of Thomson as they are exhibited in his work. As a general rule, the character of an author can be learned from his writings. This law holds good, to a great extent, in the case of our author. However, we can not but be surprised, that a man who knew

"All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful,

should himself have been a very lazy and indolent fellow. With Thomson this was the case. He has often been represented as leaning with his back to an apple-tree, his hands in his pockets, and eating the mellow fruit from its place upon the branches. But this is only another case of the preacher not living up to his precepts.

"The Seasons" show forth the real disposition of their author. From his biographies we learn that he was fond of flattering, humane to animals, and above all, good natured and charitable. As to the first quality it is much too manifest in "The Seasons." Each poem begins with

an invocation to some patron whom the poet lauds almost to the skies. Notice, for instance, at the beginning of "Summer," the fulsome address to Dodington, of whom Macaulay says, "He stood so low in public estimation, that the only services he could have rendered to any government, would have been to oppose it."

"Ah thou my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite :
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart,
Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense
By decency chastised ; goodness and wit,
In seldom meeting harmony combined ;
Unblemished honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man :
O, Dodington ! attend my rural song
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause."

Thomson was possessed of a most amiable disposition. Wordsworth, in drawing the character of a hard-hearted and vicious man pictures him as one totally insensible to the beauties of nature as if those two traits were always found together. Thomson was exactly the opposite of this. So humane was he that the sight of pain inflicted even upon the lower animals appeared to torture his own feelings and never failed to draw forth from him an indignant remonstrance. He repeatedly condemns the barbarities of the chase which he calls

"This falsely cheerful, barbarous game of death."

Notice how wrathfully he censures the huntsman. Having excused the blood-stained animals, on the score that they are urged by necessity to kill, he speaks thus of man:—

"Not so the steady tyrant, man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roamed the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beaming of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want,
But, lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew."

Again in "Spring" a most pathetic plea is entered in favor of domestic animals, which as they afford man invaluable assistance are entitled to his protection. In this humaneness towards the brute crea-

tion, we are again reminded of Cowper's lines in "The Task" :

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastimes in the spacious field.
There they are privileged : and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, design'd them an abode."

When we see in Thomson such a tenderness of feeling towards the lower animals, it is but natural to expect a somewhat similar disposition with regard to his fellow beings. And in this we are not disappointed. Throughout his life the poet was recognized as a kind-hearted man ; one unwilling to stoop to those bitter jealousies, which disturb the lives of so many men in his profession. Like Goldsmith and the Good Natured Man, while not always possessing abundance, yet he was at all times pleased to share his little with those who were in need of it. Accordingly, here and there in the "Seasons," we find an appeal to the rich, asking them while they enjoy to be mindful of the hard-laboring poor, who drudge day and night, in order to acquire the necessaries of life for themselves and for their families. Of this nature is the following passage in "Autumn." Where the gleaners are described as busily gathering in an abundant harvest, while the master looks on, his "sated eye" beaming forth evident satisfaction with the season's outcome, the poet addresses to him this compassionate entreaty.

"Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the God of Harvests is to you ;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;

While those unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune, ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

And again, when the irresistible storm
scatters wide.

"The well-earned treasures of a painful year,"

upon which the poor working-man hoped
to live with frugality through the severe
months of winter, we notice a similar
solicitation:

"Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease,
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh, be mindful of that sparing beard
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
Nor carefully demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away."

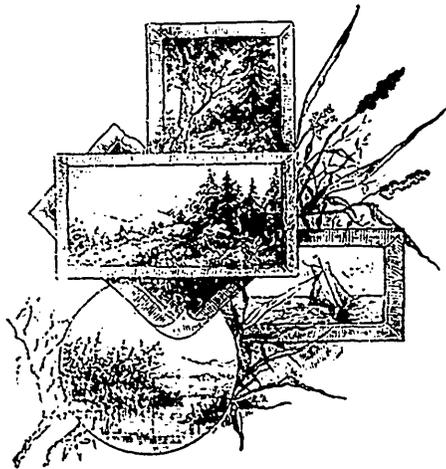
Passages like those I have just quoted
have great influence in ingratiating a book
into the favour of its readers, and when
rightly read and contemplated upon, do
as much to promote charity among men
as the most eloquent sermons. In them
is seen the most necessary requisite for
persuasion, put into practice, that is, "to
feel what one says;" for it is impossible
to believe that a pen could produce such

burning appeals to the better feelings of
men, without having first been dipped in
the ink of the author's own tender affec-
tions.

With regard to the morality of the poem,
it is entirely free from blame. There is
no attempt at coarse joke or low wit, and
the fact is no small credit to Thomson
when we remember that he lived and
wrote in the same age as Rowe, Farquar,
Vanbrugh and Congreve.

In conclusion, Thomson's faults lie
chiefly in the pompousness of his style,
which at times reminds us of Dr. Johnson;
in the lengthy dissertations he makes upon
such questions as "Love," "Philosophy,"
etc., which are altogether foreign to his
subject, and in the fulsome, and at times
undeserved adulation which he does not
scruple to shower upon the subjects of his
dedications. However, when we consider
the poet's success at painting nature as
well as the philanthropic and humane
sentiments which permeate his work, we
can easily see how his good qualities throw
his defects into the shade, and we no
longer wonder how such a poem as we
have just reviewed, could so long remain
popular, and be held up to students as a
masterpiece of descriptive poetry.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



WAS CHAMPLAIN A PROTESTANT?

'TIME UNVEILS ALL TRUTH.'



WE were startled to read recently in the pages of a work entitled a "History of Canada," the following sentence concerning Champlain: "His name, household word as it is, is not held in affectionate regard as an article of French Canadian Faith." For we had always been taught, we had read, and had heard from even French Canadians themselves, that Champlain was the hero of Frenchmen in Canada. But the further perusal of the book before us did not require the turning of many leaves before the author's object in making such a statement beamed upon us with more than mid-day clearness. Might not the fact of Champlain's name being held in reverence among French Canadians, the great majority of whom are Roman Catholics, be the occasion of a presentiment in favor of his Catholicity? Therefore, by all means, let the historian who would prove Champlain a Protestant, do away with this obstacle to a clear course upon which to start. Such apparently was the scheme of Mr. Kingsford, who is the author of the quoted words; for the way must necessarily have been clear before he could come upon us with the still more startling assertion: "All evidence points to the certainty that Champlain was a Protestant."

It may be said that Mr. Kingsford is not the only historian who claims that Champlain was a Protestant. We admit that a few others have expressed a *doubt* as to his religion. For instance L'Abbe Faillon, in the words of Windsor, "is not without a suspicion that the forename Samuel, uncommon among Catholics and usual with Protestants, may indicate that Champlain was born in a Huguenot household." But on the other hand we claim that none amongst them have dared

to state conclusively that he belonged to the Protestant party. For in the face of the testimony of contemporary writers and the facts of Champlain's own life, any arguments intended to prove him otherwise than Catholic, dwindled into insignificance. Mr. Kingsford, however, seems to disregard the general testimony, and with a few notions gleaned from one or two indeterminate historians as basis, he brings his own ingenuity to bear upon these, and attempts to put a new face on matters connected with Champlain's religion. His arguments we do not consider conclusive; as in the first place, not agreeing with the testimony of history, and as attempting to prove something, the truth of which is contradicted by many assertions made throughout his narrative.

Mr. Kingsford's first argument is that of L'Abbe Faillon quoted above, relative to the name Samuel. But there is a vast difference in the manner of expression used by the two men. Note that while the Abbé says the name Samuel was *uncommon* amongst Catholics, Mr. Kingsford says that "Samuel was a name *never* given to Roman Catholics." But perhaps as years move us farther from a thing that was of uncommon occurrence, the latter may at length become enshrouded in such a mist as would warrant us in saying it never did occur. But as to the name Samuel, we have neither time nor desire to examine the hoary manuscripts of centuries ago in search of a name which has nothing so diabolical about it as to call for the condemnation of the church. Though, we daresay, that a glance over Catholic names of bygone days would reveal here and there a Samuel, just as to-day men of the same name may be found in Catholic ranks. We know a case where a French Catholic parent called a son Samuel, through reverence for that name in the great Champlain.

In the same paragraph we read: "The strict observance in France of the correct-

ness of the Records in the *Registres Civils* is known. It is a portion of French national life for the name of every Roman Catholic child to be inscribed in their pages. Champlain's name does not appear. The inference is plain that he was baptized a Huguenot." By the way is this argument logical? If Champlain's name does not appear in the parish register is there but one conclusion to be drawn, viz that he was baptized a Huguenot? Are we not equally at liberty to infer that he was not baptized at all? But apart from this we would like to know whence Mr. Kingsford derived such information. Where is the register from which Champlain's name is missing? Would our historian be surprised to learn that no register has been found of the parish of Brouage where Champlain was born, of a date earlier than 1590, or about twenty years after the latter's birth? Has he ever read Delayant's 'Notice sur Samuel Champlain.'

Further on in the same history we find the words: "Champlain is careful to tell us that he was engaged for some years in the army of Henry IV. under Marshal d'Aumont and other leaders of that side D'Aumont was a Huguenot and played a distinguished part in the battle of Ivry fought in 1590." Mr. Kingsford apparently would have us infer that Champlain was a Protestant because he served in the army of Henry IV. If so, how does he explain Champlain's remaining in the same service after Henry had made a public abjuration of Protestantism? Could he blame us if we should set up the latter circumstance as a proof that Champlain was not a Protestant? But in regard to that battle of Ivry, perhaps Mr. Kingsford does not know that it was not won by Huguenots alone. Were there not Catholics and Protestants on both sides in that encounter; owing to the fact that there was at stake, not merely a question of religion, but also one of succession?

The next statement to be remarked is relative to Champlain's marriage. It is generally believed that Helene Boullé was a Huguenot before her marriage with Champlain. When the contract was made she was but twelve years of age, and on account of her youth was to wait two years longer before marrying. But the writer in question adds, "No record of

his marriage has been found in the *Registres Civils*." The *Registres Civils* apparently have great force with Mr. Kingsford. We have shown that his argument derived from this quarter with regard to Champlain's baptism is not tenable. Here again his argument is weak. If Mr. Kingsford will take the trouble to look up marriage records of Champlain's time, he will find that in most cases the marriage contract was preserved in place of any formal registration of the names of the married couple, as is now customary. So that as we have Champlain's marriage contract, it is reasonable to infer that his case was that of the majority. But once for all let us inform Mr. Kingsford that even did the *Registres Civils* exist at the time of Champlain's birth, and were it the custom to record marriages in the same, his argument would still be weak, for we find to-day as well as centuries back, a goodly number of Catholics, of whose baptism or marriage there is no record.

Continuing, the historian says: "Those were not the days of civil marriages. Champlain was himself a man of severe piety and must have felt that the religious ceremony, according to his faith, was a necessity; so that when the marriage took place, a Protestant minister must have officiated." These sentences, we hardly think, were meant as an argument to prove Champlain's Protestantism, for the words, "according to his faith," suppose that he was already a Protestant. If, however, they were designed as such an argument, their author falls into that most dangerous of fallacies—the *circulus vitiosus*. But if on the other hand Mr. Kingsford is satisfied of his having already proved his point, we refer him to the contract, since he has mentioned it. Let him read that document and give us his explanation of some words contained therein. How does he explain the expression, "*si Dieu et notre mere l'Eglise s'y accordent*." What did Champlain mean by "our mother the Church?" It remains a fact at any rate that this is a very common Catholic phrase.

We have said that Madame Champlain was a Huguenot before her marriage. But what of her afterwards? Mr. Kingsford averts a serious difficulty, when, later on in his work he declares that she is lost to history after her return to France in 1624. He might have added that she

afterwards became a nun, the authorization required on account of her having been married, being signed by the Bishop of Meaux, on the tenth of March, 1648; and that she died on the 20th December, 1654. But how does Mr. Kingsford explain Madame Champlain's having become a Catholic if her husband was a Huguenot? Is not Father Ferland's statement of the case far more probable? He tells us that Champlain, who was a sincere Catholic, instructed his wife in the Catholic creed and had the happiness of converting her.

Now, as I said in the beginning, there are throughout Mr. Kingsford's work certain passages that are inexplicable according to his "theory" on Champlain. Some he tries to smooth over; others he leaves untouched. For instance, Mr. Kingsford in preparing his history, meets with a petition signed by Champlain and others, and in which appear the words, "to seek the means of preserving the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion." This petition is found in Frère Sagard's history (the worthy Father, Mr. Kingsford styles him). About it our historian has this to say: "To my mind, if genuine, three words have been intercalated, which were not in the original. They appear in one place only. In place of *la religion Chrestienne*; the words read *la religion Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine*. They change the whole purport of the document. "*La religion Chrestienne*" is named in a subsequent part of the petition. Was this the original expression used in the first sentence? With this phrase we have a sentiment in accord with the temperate character of Champlain, and no such phrase, as that intercalated here, can be traced in any other of his writings." Would the gentleman be astonished to hear that such phrases as the one he objects to, *can* be found elsewhere in Champlain's writings? The edition of 1632 may be set aside, as it was shown to be unreliable in many respects, long before Mr. Kingsford, with learning borrowed from L'Abbé Laverdiere's notes, attacked it. The edition of 1613 is admitted by the former to be "thoroughly authenticated;" but perhaps he has not read the letter to the Queen Regent with which Champlain prefaces it. In that letter he may find: "*la nouvelle France, ou j'ay toujours en desir d'y faire*

fleurir le Lys avec l'unique religion catholique, apostolique, et romaine." The edition of 1619 is also admitted to be "thoroughly authenticated" yet at page 594 (Laverdiere edition) our friend may read, "*notre foy et religion catholique.*"

Nor does the use of the words "la religion catholique, apostolique, et romaine" instead of "religion chrestienne" change the whole purport of the document. The two expressions were synonymous; and in the letters patent, granted by Louis XIII, on the 20th March, 1615, Mr. Kingsford may read "Les feu rois, nos predecesseurs, ayant acquis le titre et qualite de Tres Chretien en procurant l'exaltation de la Sainte Foi Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine etc." Are not the two expressions here synonymous? Champlain frequently says simply 'notre foy,' but our historian while quoting sentences which contain that phrase, disregards its significance. The words "notre foy et religion catholique" above mentioned, may, however, give him the key to its meaning.

In one place Mr. Kingsford quotes the king's letter of May 1620, enjoining Champlain to have the care required for the Catholic religion. Is it possible that the king would entrust to a Huguenot, the care of the Catholic religion?

Mr. Kingsford relates how Champlain sometime after his return to Canada in 1633, built a Catholic Church in Quebec which was called "Notre Dame de la Recouvrance." Now most historians hold that he did this in fulfilment of a vow he had made some time previously. Mr. Kingsford, however, with his usual disregard for the testimony of others, says: "It has been said that this step was taken on account of a vow made by him in France. There is not the slightest ground for this fanciful statement. It was the first church of Quebec, necessary as immigrants were arriving of whom an additional number was looked for. Its construction was a purely official act." Had but one historian attributed the erection of that church to Champlain's desire to fulfil a vow, there might be some ground for calling the assertion a "fanciful statement," but when almost all historians of any note, who have spoken of this act of Champlain, explain it in the same way, we cannot imagine how Mr. Kingsford

could make them all out as indulging in a play of fancy. After all, we know the facts of history only through the authority of others. And does Mr. Kingsford imagine that we are to set aside as a "fanciful statement" what others have said on this matter, simply because he tells us to do so? Official or not, this act of Champlain in building a Catholic Church speaks poorly for his Huguenotic convictions. But Mr. Kingsford praises l'Abbé Laverdiere's "honesty, fidelity, and ability." Let him read this author more carefully and he will find in him words confirmatory of the opinion that Champlain's action was the fulfilment of a vow. Let him read Ferland's history, a work commended as an authority on the early history of Canada. There too he will find a corroboration of that opinion. I transcribe Ferland's words which are almost exactly those of Laverdiere: "[D]ans le temps que Champlain était forcément retenu en France par suite de l'expédition des Kertk, il avait promis que, s'il rentrait à Québec, il érigerait une chapelle sous le vocable de *Notre Dame de Recouvrance*; il accomplit son vœu, l'année même de son retour."

Frequent mention is made of Champlain attending mass and religious services with the Recollets. Mr. Kingsford saw the difficulty and tried to explain it away in a quiet manner. Once he says: "He (Champlain) attended the religious services of the Recollets, *the only religious services he could attend.*" But when the Recollet Frère Sagard (always called Père by Mr. Kingsford) arrived at Quebec the historian says: "He at once entered the chapel *as his feelings suggested.*" Why assign such different motives to the two

men for entering the Catholic places of worship? Elsewhere Mr. Kingsford records that Champlain took Father Lalemant as the director of his conscience; that Father Le Jeune preached his funeral sermon; and that six years afterwards Father Raymbault was buried beside him. Strange facts these, if Champlain were a Protestant.

Many other instances might be adduced of assertions made by Mr. Kingsford in his history, which do not quite chime in with the idea that the founder of Quebec was a Huguenot. But sufficient have been pointed out for our purpose. Before closing however, let us hear what Mr. Windsor, a Protestant and librarian in Harvard, has to say on the matter under discussion: "Whatever," he says, "the religion which rocked his cradle, Champlain as an historical character, undubitably stands as the champion of the Roman Church."

And now we leave it to the good judgment of our readers to decide the question, to what religion did Champlain belong? Mr. Kingsford, we imagine, has not done much to establish the great Frenchman's Protestantism. We cannot understand how to any intelligent reader he should seem to do so, for, we take it, most people will admit with us that his arguments are rather ingenious than convincing. The attempt of Canada's latest historian may prompt others to pursue a similar course; but in the end truth will prevail and men, looking through the spectacles of impartiality, will believe the earliest and more universal testimony, and wonder how anyone could have been led astray by the caprice of sectarian selfishness.

J. J. QUILTY '97.



PIUS IX AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



IN May 1792 John Mary Count Mastai Ferreti was born in the small town of Sinigaglia, and though little expecting it in his youth, he was destined by God to fill the highest office which can be bestowed upon man. He became Pope Pius IX.

At the age of twenty-two he came to Rome and, though anxious to serve the Holy Father, he did not aspire to the priesthood, but had resolved to become a member of the Noble Guard. The state of his health, however would not permit him to carry out his determination. In the difficulty of choosing a career he sought and obtained an audience with Pope Pius VII. The Holy Father probably seeing in the young man some signs of a glorious career, counselled him to adopt the ecclesiastical state. As though it were a mark of approval from on high, the disease with which young Ferreti had been afflicted soon left him, and he was enabled to pursue his course of studies in which he attained a most brilliant success. Indeed, so greatly did his achievements excel that of his fellow students that Canon Graniere, one of his professors, held him up to them as a pattern of excellence, saying that he possessed the heart of a Pope. Little did he dream that his young student would soon prove to the world that indeed his heart was fit to rule the destinies of the church of God.

The first seven years of his priesthood were spent in ministering to the wants of the children in the orphanage founded by John Bonghi where his only parishioners were the orphans whom Providence had consigned to his tender care. At the expiration of these years of service he was

sent to accompany Monsignor Mazi who had been appointed Vicar-Apostolic for Chili, Peru, and Mexico. He was afterwards recalled by Leo XII, successor of Pius VII, and appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, whence he was transferred later on to Imola. Spoleto, however, did not lose its archbishop without an effort to retain him; the people petitioned the Pope against his removal from their midst but in vain for Leo XII saw that the change was for the better, and persevered in his decision. Archbishop Ferreti was shortly afterwards, in 1840, raised to the dignity of Cardinal by Gregory XVI and six years later saw him appointed chief bishop of the Catholic Church and Prince of the Papal dominions.

This great Pope seemed to have been specially prepared by Divine Providence for the difficult mission he had to fill in this world. A ripe scholar from having spent years of study in Rome, and knowing the world from having travelled extensively, he was free from all local prejudices and enabled to solve the many weighty problems that presented themselves to him during his pontificate. The years spent as a young priest in South America had rendered him thoroughly familiar with the needs of the American church; and when during his career as Pope he had to deal with ecclesiastical matters in this continent he did so with an intimate personal knowledge and a just appreciation of the requirements under the circumstances.

To no Pope in latter days did providence allot such great tasks, and to none could they have been better assigned, for all the qualifications for carrying them through to successful issues were possessed by this chosen child of God. During his pontificate the Temporal Power was lost, but considering the hampered position in

which the Papacy was placed to carry on its divine mission, no other Pope could have better carried on the government of the church. In performing his duties as common Father of the faithful he was strenuously opposed by all the elements which assail the church in the nineteenth century; infidelity, indifferentism, atheism, all vied with one another to hamper the actions of the Sovereign Pontiff and to lower the Papacy in the eyes of the world. It still survives "not a mere antique, but in undiminished vigor" as is abundantly proven by the position held at present by the gloriously reigning Leo XIII.

Pius IX seems to have been specially chosen by God to be instrumental in propagating devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The name Mary had been given him by his mother as a token that she placed him under the care of the Mother of God, as John the beloved disciple had been at the foot of the cross on Calvary.

In common with all the faithful the Pontiff since his childhood had always believed the ancient traditions and the testimonies of the fathers of the church, that she who was the Mother of God had been preserved from the stain of original sin; that Satan never had held any dominion over her who was to give birth to the Saviour of the world. And what doctrine could be so consoling and so easily accepted. Nothing is more reasonable than to believe that she who was to be the dwelling place of the Omnipotent should be preserved from the polluting presence of sin. Wordsworth in his beautiful language thus addresses the Virgin Mary, expressing the pure Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception:---

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrested
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than the foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her vane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls on earth. Yet some, I've seen
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible form in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love, with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

During his pontificate Pius IX, aware that this belief, though accepted by all

ancient religious writers and by the faithful throughout the christian era, had not received the seal of the church which would erect it into a dogma of religion, issued an encyclical letter on the question to the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops. In this pronouncement the Holy Father recognizes the fact of a general movement on the part of the faithful to have a complete acknowledgement and final definition of the doctrine in question. He further states that it was in accordance with his own convictions, and that the most learned theologians who had studied the question assiduously agreed with him. He sounded the Prelates as to the traditions believed in at that time by the faithful. With one exception the answers were in favor of the Pope's pronouncing the words which would make belief in the Immaculate Conception a binding article of faith. Mgr. Sibour of Paris alone answered not that he did not believe it, but that the time was inopportune. He, however, was at the council in Rome when the definition was made, and was one of its most ardent defenders.

It is unnecessary to state that the "New Dogma" was assailed with the utmost fury by the opponents of the church. Both sectarianism and sophistry lifted their voice in condemning the action of the Pope: He was proposing a new creed, arrogating to himself a power which pertains to God alone; He was advocating the *adoration* of Mary: he was giving to a creature the honor which was due to God alone; he was an *idolator!* Notwithstanding this idle clamoring the pious Pope knowing that the church could, never honor her as highly as God himself had done, persisted in his determination of placing one more jewel in the resplendent crown of the glorious Virgin.

Having returned to Rome from his exile at Gaeta, Pius IX issued a call for an assembly of all the Bishops of the world to meet in the Eternal City. Only in the nineteenth century when the means of travel and communication have brought the most remote places into close and intimate connection, could such an event be accomplished in so short a time. One hundred and ninety-two Bishops responded to the call; the Russian Bishops

alone, prevented by the orders of Czar Nicholas, were not in attendance. This is somewhat surprising since the Greek church, the national church of Russia, vies with the Catholic church in paying honor to the Blessed Mother of God. These bishops who surrounded the Pope did not constitute a formal council; but they may be said, however, to have represented the universal church. Among those present were to be found such men as Cardinals Wiseman, and Patrizzi: Archbishops Franson of Turin, Reisbach, of Michigan and Hughes of New York together with Bishop DeMazenedo of Marseilles the founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Dupanloup of Orleans, and Bouvier of Mans.

Never had such a number of learned men assembled in Rome since the Oecumenical Council of 1215. Meanwhile the whole Catholic world prayed according to the counsel of the Sovereign Pontiff, that the Holy Ghost might assist the assembled prelates and the church, and keep them free from error in the decision about to be pronounced on the Immaculate Conception. All the church militant was at the feet of the Lord imploring him to guide Peter in the task of feeding the lambs and sheep, and not to allow the "gates of hell" to prevail. A strange occurrence took place when the question was brought up whether the bishops should act in conjunction with the Holy Father as judges in defining the dogma, or whether Pius IX should act alone. It was at the hour of the Angelus, and as the Bishops rose from their knees they, with one voice exclaimed as though moved by divine inspiration "Petre, doce nos, confirma fratres tuos"—"Peter teach us, confirm thy brethren." By this action their absolute faith in the Papal Infallibility which was itself afterwards pronounced a dogma of our creed by the same Pope, was made manifest to the world.

The 8th of December 1854 was a triumphal day for the city of Rome and for the world—a day which according to Bishop Dupanloup, "crowned the expectations of past ages, blessed the present time, claimed the gratitude of the centuries to come, and left an imperishable memory—the day on which was pronounced the first definition of an article of Faith,

which no dissentient voice preceded, and which no heresy followed." The approaches to the vast Basilica of St. Peter were thronged by people of all tongues; thousands remained outside as there was no room within the immense building for all who presented themselves. Slowly and solemnly the procession of bishops in order of seniority, followed by the cardinals, began to advance; the Pope surrounded by a brilliant train of attendants, brought up the rear. The Litany of the Saints was intoned and the Church Triumphant was implored to come and join the church Militant in honoring the Queen of all Saints.

What a solemn occasion was this! What great acts were to take place at this meeting! The mighty sacrifice of the Mass was to be celebrated, and during it were to be pronounced the words which the world was called upon to accept as true, being the infallible teaching of the Vicar of Him who cannot err. Everything was done to make the ceremony as imposing and solemn as possible. The great church, of which Byron wrote:—

"But thou of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee:
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Sion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, are all
aisled

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

This great church was decorated to suit the occasion. Myriads of lights were burning, each one a token of him who said: "I am the light of the world:" hundreds of acolytes in their white surplices were there to serve at the divine sacrifice; the high altar was all ablaze in honor of the veiled victim: the bishops, His apostles: the Pope, His Vicar, all attested to the wonderful act which was about to be performed by Christ's representative, who could command the world, yet, who was a prisoner in his own city.

Pius IX. ascended his throne, and having received the obedience of the cardinals and bishops, Mass was begun. When the Gospel had been read in Greek and Latin, Cardinal Machi, Dean of the Sacred College, accompanied by the deans of the

archbishops and bishops present, and an archbishop of the Greek and one of the Armenian rite, advanced to the foot of the throne and begged of the Holy Pontiff to raise his apostolic voice and pronounce the dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception. The Pope, making no reply, bowed his head and once more invoked the assistance of the Holy Ghost by intoning the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. All present, cardinals, bishops, priests, and people took up the heavenly hymn and mingling their voices with that of the Pontiff, the joyful tones resounded through the architectural pile, the echoes repeating to the Creator the prayer addressed to Him by his children. As the last words of the hymn died away in the distance, silence ensued and the attention of the vast concourse became rivetted on the Pope. He appeared transfigured by the solemnity of the act that he was about to perform. And now he began to read the Bull that announced to the world the sublime doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. In a calm and grave voice he proceeded to establish the theological reasons for the performance of the act; he next reviewed the ancient and universal traditions of both the Eastern and Western Churches, the testimonies of the religious orders, and of the Holy Fathers, and Councils as well the witness borne to it by both recent and ancient pontifical acts. The Holy Father was deeply moved and his countenance showed much suppressed feeling as he read these documents of weighty evidence; his emotion became so great that he was obliged to stop. "Consequently," he continued, "after having offered without ceasing in humility and with fasting, our own prayers and the public prayers of the Church of God the Father through His Son, that He would deign to guide and confirm our mind by the power of the Holy Ghost, after we had implored the aid of the whole host of heaven, to the glory of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the honor of the Virgin Mother of God, for the exaltation of the Catholic faith and the increase of the Christian religion; by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and by our own"—at this point the Pope's voice

failed him and tears filled his eyes. Deeply moved and filled with respect and admiration, the anxious audience waited in silence till the Pontiff should master his feelings. After a short interruption, Pius IX. resumed in a strong voice which rose to the pitch of enthusiasm: "We declare, pronounce, and define, that the doctrine which affirms that the Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved and exempt from all stain of original sin from the first moment of her conception, in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, is a doctrine revealed by God, and which, for this cause, the faithful must firmly and constantly believe. Wherefore, if anyone should be so presumptuous, which, God forbid! as to admit a belief contrary to our definition, let him know that he is separated from the unity of the church." As the concluding words of the definition re-echoed throughout the great cathedral, a joyful, universal "Amen" burst from the lips of the people whose feeling had been raised to the height of enthusiasm.

The dogma had been declared, and now it was necessary that it should be made known to an expectant world. With this object in view the Cardinal-Dean reverently approached and petitioned that orders be given to have the apostolic letters containing the definition published; the promotor of the Faith, accompanied by the Apostolic Prothonotaries, also came forward and begged that a formal record of the great act should be made. The glad tidings were announced to Rome by the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo and all the bells of the city. Throughout the evening all Rome was gladdened by the strains of sweet music, and the city was ablaze with fireworks, emblematic of the general happiness at the announcement of the joyous news.

This rejoicing was not confined to Rome, but at once thousands of cities, towns, and villages throughout the world re-echoed the ecstatic sounds of gladness. The dogmatic definition was translated into all the tongues and dialects of the world, under the direction of a learned Sulpician Father, the Abbé Sire, and appeared in ten volumes. Thousands of articles were written upon it, reviewing the proofs of

the dogma and bestowing praise upon the prelate who had erected it into an article of faith.

Throughout the great world arose sanctuaries and altars to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin ; and a fresh impulse was given to the devotion to Mary who had been so signally honored by our Lord Himself when He chose her to be the guide of His tender years, and when at the foot of the cross He gave her as common mother to all the faithful represented by the beloved disciple St. John. Truly may we say that Pius IX was the chosen servant of the Lord who was to be so instrumental in bringing about the fulfilment of the prophesy contained in Luke I, 48 : " For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Sir Walter Scott had fully grasped the idea of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God when he wrote his "Hymn to the Virgin : " with whose beautiful lines we close :

Ave Maria ! maiden mild
Listen to a maiden's prayer,
Thou canst hear though from the wild
Thou canst save amid despair
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care
Though banished, outcast, and reviled
Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer !
Mother, hear a suppliant-child !

Ave Maria !

Ave Maria ! undefiled
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If thy protection hover there,
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm, if thou hast smiled ;
Then, Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;
Mother, list a suppliant child !

Ave Maria !

Ave Maria ! stainless styled !
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer
And for a father hear a child !

Ave Maria !

L. E. O. PAYMENT '99.



AT CHRISTMAS.

TO MARY IMMACULATE.



THE Christmas hymns outringing !
 And my restless heart grew still ;
 For thy sweet Name, closely clinging,
 Did enthral its stubborn will ;
 As ivy, softly tremulous,
 Doth round the rude oak wreath,
 With leaves that cling, love-emulous,
 To the rugged stem beneath.

O, thy Name through all the singing !
 And a bud of lovely hope
 Blew thence—a snow-drop springing
 'Neath a heaven of sunny cope
 And still the breathing melody
 Shook murmurs from its leaves,
 Like music of a summer sea
 Heard far through stilly eves.

O, that Dawn of Love's Dayspringing !
 And thereto the tears welled up,
 Delight and sorrow wringing
 From a sweet and bitter cup.
 Sweet, sweet, the thought of Deity
 With thy fair flesh indued ;
 And bitter was the memory
 Of mine ingratitude.

When shall these eyes behold thee, Maid,
 Unveilèd, face to face,
 'Mid the glories that enfold thee
 In thy far, fair Dwelling-Place ?
 When shall this heart full measure beat
 To music silent long—
 Each throb of pulse a pleasure-beat,
 Each breath of life a song ?

FRANK WATERS.

The Owl,

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THE END OF CONTROVERSY.

The public controversy between THE OWL and the "Calendar of St. Patrick's Church" has come to an end. The pastor of St. Patrick's made the following statement from his pulpit on Sunday, the 8th of December:

"It was mutually agreed two days ago by the editor of the university magazine and myself that our first duty was to express publicly our deep sorrow for the scandal occasioned by the miserable dispute between us, and to endeavor to repair it by every means in our power. The opportunity

is mine this morning, and here, in your presence, I humbly and regretfully acknowledge my participation in the offence, and ask your forgiveness, and that of all whom I have offended. My next duty is to make reparation to one directly affected by a reference contained in an article which appeared in the November Calendar. The article was written in reply to the insinuation that unfair means had been resorted to in order to secure the removal of the Christian Brothers from the English-Catholic Schools of the city. Annoyed at this imputation, I foolishly retaliated by making a statement reflecting on a former member of the university faculty—a statement which I believed to be true as it was inferred from incidents that happened in connection with an investigation held in 1889, in the issue of which he and I were largely interested. It has since been made apparent from documents not previously adduced, and which would have similarly exonerated me six years ago, that the statement was unfounded. I therefore unhesitatingly withdraw it. I do not urge as an excuse the provocation given, and offer the amplest apology for the publication of the statement. I desire also to apologize for all uncharitable or unseemly things I may have written during the heat of the discussion. The utterances of the "Calendar" have been publicly imputed to persons who never had any connection with it. Thus, again, the innocent are made to suffer; and I wish to express my regret for the injustice done these persons, and as far as in me lies relieve them of all responsibility."

The Managing Editor of THE OWL wrote the subjoined letter to the *Free Press* of December 9th:

"I think it my plain duty to join with the Rev. Father Whelan in deploring the scandal occasioned by our recent regrettable public discussion, and to ask an indulgent pardon for my share in the offence. I regret also that I allowed to appear in print remarks that were perhaps unnecessarily harsh and bitter, and that may have given offence to persons to whom for any reason or for no reason they have been applied."

We have a word further to add. In replying to the November "Calendar," THE OWL stated that the article "A Meddlesome Body" was the work of a syndicate. That statement has been declared unfounded. No one save the "Calendar's" editor and another person—a layman, who was never a student of this institution—had aught to do with the article in question. We, therefore, unhesitatingly and entirely withdraw the statement, and regret that innocent persons should have been held by us even indirectly responsible for the "Calendar's" utterances.

THE OWL'S ALUMNI.

It was our intention that the present issue of *THE OWL* should have had none but ex-editors as contributors. But the pressing engagements of many members of former editorial boards prevented them from giving a favorable answer to our invitation. We offer our sincere thanks to those who generously encroached upon their valuable time to prepare an article for *THE OWL*.; to the others we renew the invitation, and hope to hear from them in the not too distant future.

Every institution boasts of its graduates; we shall be pardoned, therefore, for giving the following list of *THE OWL's* Alumni—those, who, since the foundation of this magazine, have actively aided in their day in its advancement. The uniform success of our old editors is a source of pride and encouragement to the present board.

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 C. MEA, '95 Theological Student, Grand Seminary, Montreal.
 J. R. O'BRIEN, '95 Medical Student, McGill University.

OUR CATHOLIC MAGAZINES.

One of the worst forms of the abnormal craving for reading of this end-of-the-century generation, is the magazine craze. Classics, histories, biographies, or standard works of any kind require too much mastication for the cheap-literature fiend. He must have something highly flavored and easily soluble. His recourse is the novel-magazine, and the name magazine, once applied to high-class literature, now covers a multitude of scrofulous periodicals unworthy of the name of literature or of the dignity of print. The reading world is flooded with this most convenient but pernicious trash, and one of the questions for the wise to solve now is, how to drain it off, or destroy its evil influence. It is instilling bad principles, currupting the taste, and defiling the morals of the public. What is to be done in the absence of any censorship of the press to stem this tide of literary degeneracy? Evidently the only remedy is a re-agent, something which will lead the public favor to purer sources, and purge the diseased taste by establishing higher ideals, and sounder principles. This then is the mission of the Catholic magazine, a mission especially to those of the faith to safeguard them against the surrounding evils of the indifferent world. Our Catholic magazines are not, to be sure, all that might be desired, considering the immensity of the field in which they work, but they certainly deserve high praise for what they are. There are none of them earth-shakers; most of them are calculated to instruct and elevate by simple reading of devotional tendency, rather than to revolutionize by the evolution of startling theories and discoveries. *The Catholic World* contains works on learned topics, controversial and didactic, together with lighter reading; *Donahoe's*, the *Rosary* and the two new

ones the *Angelus* and *Walsh's Magazine*, correspond to the average ordinary, entertaining magazine, but are far superior to them in that their every line is the embodiment of pure Catholic sentiment, and they are free from all the conceit, and nudeness, and paganism so prevalent elsewhere. Then there are those devoted to special interests. The *Ave Maria* dedicated to the devotion of the Blessed Virgin, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, promoting the interests of the Apostleship of prayer, and the *The Catholic Reading Circle Review* and the *Catholic School and Home* doing reading circle work. There are others too, but here is an outline of our forces, and valiant forces they are. These are the only means of protecting our Catholic youth from the loose, fetid, current magazine reading. When pure ideals are presented, and the beauty of Catholic tradition and belief kept before them, trashy literature is powerless. Our Catholic magazines have certainly a noble work to do; the pity is that they are not better appreciated and more powerfully re-inforced.

 SANCTUM NOTES.

We have just received the pamphlet announcing the result of last year's work in the Gregorian University, Rome. According to custom, the Oblate Students have distanced all competitors. The Gregorian University counts over one thousand students in theology, philosophy, and canon law. Its courses are attended by the members of the majority of the religious and national colleges in Rome. Though the Oblates are by no means the most numerous, they have for years past held first rank in the honor list. The latest report is not less favorable than its predecessors. The Oblate Scholastics

have obtained 28 medals ; next comes the Belgian College with 16 ; the Seminary of St. Ambrose and St. Charles follows with 9 ; the Capranic College has 8 ; the French Seminary and the Spanish College stand equal with 7 each. The remaining honors are scattered. We congratulate the victors on their success ; everything that touches their honor is dear to THE OWL. In the present instance we can do nothing better than give them a Varsity cheer.

* * *

Even the most sanguine amongst us never imagined that the elocution classes of Rev. Prof. McMeekin would be favored with such marked success. But the energy and ability of the Rev. Prof., joined to the attention and earnestness of the students, have rendered this course of lectures one of the most agreeable and valuable features of the Session. The Rev. Prof. is an elocutionist of long experience and high reputation, and in his art leaves nothing to haphazard. It is clear to everybody that he is guided throughout by the scientific principles that underlie correct action and expression. We look for the most satisfactory results from this course of lectures.

* * *

It is with pleasure we announce the election of the Rev. H. J. Canning, '93, to the Presidency of the English Literature Circle in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. This Circle has a very large membership, and the selection of Rev. Mr. Canning for the highest honor in its gift, shows the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-ecclesiastics. THE OWL feels honored also in the choice, for Rev. Mr. Canning in his junior and senior years was a member of our editorial board.

OBITUARY.

ROMEO BELANGER.

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of one, who was taken from our midst by the drowning accident which happened on the Rideau River on November the 27th. On that day Romeo Bélanger—a bright youth of fourteen years—while skating with some companions suddenly sank beneath the ice, and before assistance could be procured, the cold waters of the Rideau received the boy in deadly embrace, nor would they yield their charge until that young heart had been long stilled in death. The deceased was a member of the Second Grade of the Commercial Course. A favorite with all who knew him, he gave promise of one day filling an honorable position in Society. But God called the young soul to Himself while yet in the spring time of life, before tasting of the sorrows and trials of this world. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung for the repose of his soul in the University Chapel where the students attended in a body, the class-mates of the deceased boy acting as pall-bearers. With the sorrowing parents and relatives of Romeo Bélanger we sincerely condole and pray that he may have found life in death, saying from our hearts *may he rest in peace.*

We publish by request the following card of thanks :—

In the name of my parents I wish to tender my sincere thanks to the authorities of the University for the Requiem service celebrated for the repose of the soul of my brother Romeo.

Deeply touched by this delicate attention on the part of the University, my family offers to the Very Rev. Rector its sincere thanks and assures him of its profound gratitude.

I must also thank the Rev. Father Coutlée for the trouble he gave himself in the draping of the College Chapel. The Reverend Seminarians have my sincerest gratitude for all that they have done, as well as the Rev. Father Lambert and the gentlemen who compose the choir. I shall never forget the kindness shown by the Rev. Father David and the students of his department in their attendance at my brother's funeral.

In conclusion let me recommend the soul of my dear brother to the charitable prayers of all who knew him.

A. BELANGER—*Ecl.*

WILLIAM TELL.

For some time past the members of the Dramatic Society have been engaged preparing Sheridan Knowles' famous drama, "William Tell," which they presented before a well crowded house on the evening of Dec. 11th. Nothing was left undone either by the director, Rev. L. Gervais, or by those who took part, to assure success, and consequently an excellent performance was anticipated.

The historical facts interwoven with the popular fictions always enshrouding personages such as Tell, which form the basis of the play, are admirably suited for dramatic production. William Tell, a virtuous, liberty-loving, patriotic Swiss, indignant at the injustice done his country under the yoke of Germany, and determined to free her from the thralldom of her oppressors, rises in rebellion against them. He is seized by the tyrant, Gesler, the very personification of treachery and cowardice, but is offered his liberty if he succeeds in piercing with an arrow an apple placed on the head of his own son. Rather would Tell die than thus endanger the life of one so dear to him; but his child is already in the hands of this enemies, and this is the only means the cruel despot offers to save the lives of both. Tell shoots, is successful, but it being discovered that he had secreted an arrow with which to take the life of Gesler, an attempt is made to secure him. He seizes a weapon from one of the bystanders, and slays the tyrant, thus virtually freeing his country.

The characters of Gesler and Tell are especially difficult to impersonate, and it is no small compliment to those who assumed these roles, to say that they did full justice to them. The choruses showed much care in their preparation, and were so well rendered as to draw forth the unstinted praise of His Excellency the Governor General. The success of the singing is due to a great extent to the untiring efforts of Rev. S. Lambert, as leader of the choir and glee club.

The cast of characters was as follows:—

GESLER	M. J. O'Reilly
SARNEN....his Lieutenant..	J. Foley
RODOLPH } Austrian Officers {	T. Clancy
LUTOLD }	D. Cleary

WILLIAM TELL.....	M. J. McKenna
ALBERT.... his son.....	M. Davis
WALTER .. Tell's brother....	J. Ryan
MELCTAL . Erni's father....	E. Doyle
ERNI } Patriots in league {	R. Trainor
FURST } with Tell..... {	W. Sullivan
VERNER }	W. Walsh
MICHAEL	F. Smith
PIERRE.....	G. Fitzgerald
THEODORE.....	E. Gleeson

Soldiers, Villagers Mountaineers, etc.

During the intermissions several beautiful selections were played by the Cecilian Society, the rendition of which was highly creditable. The band of this year, under the direction of Rev. A. Lajeunesse, promises to be, as it formerly has been, one of the most successful organizations in the University.

Among those who were present were His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, Prof. McMeekin, Rev. Fathers Ive, Plautin, Campbell, Groulx, Poulin and Motard.

ATHLETICS.

At the meeting of the Quebec Rugby Football Union held in Montreal on the 7th inst. we were represented by Mr. T. Tetreau '94 and Mr. T. Clancy '98. Mr. C. D. Gaudet '92 was elected President of the Union and also named one of a committee of four to meet an equal number from the Ontario Union and endeavor to agree on a uniform code of rules to govern Rugby Football in Canada.

**

The Executive committee of the Athletic Association has named the following sub-committees: Hockey: Manager, J. W. Dulin; Captain, W. W. Walsh; Team Committee, E. Fleming, J. Quilty, T. Clancy.

Snowshoe Club:—Committee, J. Foley, E. Fleming, T. Holland.

Bicycle Club:—Committee, E. Fleming, C. Graham, D. Cleary, G. Delaney.

**

A City Junior Hockey League has been formed composed of the Aberdeens, Combined Banks, Victorias, Creightons, and

Ottawa University Clubs. The following officers were elected :

President, O. Bradley, Aberdeens.

Vice-President, P. Dumoulin, Combined Banks.

Secretary-Treasurer, W. Walsh, College.

Council, F. Clayton, R. A. Baldwin, Victorias ; C. Lewis, Combined Banks ; B. Sims, H. Ackland, Creightons ; A. Cawdron, Aberdeens ; W. Lee, College.

A schedule of twenty games was drawn up. Here are the dates of our club :

Jan. 15th	College vs.	Victoria.
Jan. 20th	College vs.	Banks.
Jan. 29th	College vs.	Creighton
Feb. 3rd	College vs.	Aberdeen
Feb. 17th	College vs.	Aberdeen
Feb. 26th	College vs.	Creighton
Mar. 5th	College vs.	Banks
Mar. 6th	College vs.	Victoria.

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THE OWL has always strongly advocated the making of a skating rink on our own grounds. We are glad to see that the students have undertaken the task. The good results are already apparent in the splendid opportunities for skating, the excellent hockey practices, and the exciting game of hockey played with the Nationals on the 14th inst. The Nationals are certainly a strong team and they are not backward in using their strength ; they are moreover swift skaters and play a good combination. That the college team would succeed in playing a draw with them—five goals each—was more than many of the spectators expected at the end of the first half. Two things our men must learn—to skate much faster, and to play in their positions and cover their opponents. Walsh, Tobin, Baskerville, Graham, Copping, Quilty, McGee, Fortin, and Belanger, should bring us the championship of the City League.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

MEDLEY.

The master stood on the dormitory floor, whence his two dear boys had fled. The dim lamp cast its fitful glare but the flower and pride of his boasted chivalry had been born away by the arm of Wm.

Tell. There was silence deep as death and the boldest held his breath for a time. But there arose a sound pealing far and wide, a trumpet's voice of war, a sound echoing throughout the vaulted corridor, and in stentorian voice it cried : Oh ! bring back, Oh ! bring back my dear boys to me. The ordeal's fatal clarion sounded, the devoted leader of the rescue-band rushed upon the scene. Seek, oh ! gallant stranger, the master cried, for my hapless boys, for they are in a foreign far land who should now be with me ; and I must wear the willow garland for the two that are dead or false to me. In the lone professor's hall there were gleaming lamps, as they came with blazon'd night-caps and candles tall and moved onwards in princely state. They came with heavy chains for the boys so long desired but amidst his downy bed Columbia's arm is strong. On Madison Square when the moon was low, and bloodless lay the untrodden dust and dark as winter was the flow of Iber moving rapidly. But Madison Square saw another sight, when the drum beat at dead of night, the pass was filled with serried power, all helin'd and mail arrayed, commanding fires of torch to light her scenery. Then shook the stairs with thunder riven, then rushed the heroes to the infirmary driven, and louder than the bolts of Johnny flashed the dying sockets. But alas ! No boys were there to cheer their affrighted gaze. Up, midst the stairs' winding the stormy march was heard, as the host of the pursuer passed, and the sanctum's hoots with a savage peal, made mirth of the leader's clarion blast, as he tuned his lyre to the strains of, Men of Ottawa and Up-Creek, let us think of them that sleep, full many a fathom deep, by the wild and stony steam-pipe—Evermore. By the ghostly foes ye've fought, by the glorious deeds ye've done, axes captured—spooks conquered—races run. The last faint glimmerings of the shimmering moon were purpling the clouds of morn as they entered the Junior Study Hall. In that building long and low, with the windows all a-row, like the port holes of a bulk, human workers spin and spin, backward down their coats so light dropping each a cushion or two. At the end an open door ; squares of moonshine on the floor, light the long and

dusky lanes. And the professor came down like a wolf on the fold and his partners were gleaming in purple and gold. The whirring of a rocket, dull and drowsy made the truants feel and the half-awaked Willie cried: False wizard avaunt! I have marshalled my clan, their coats are a thousand, their cushions are one! They are true to their tryst and like potions descend to the harvest of sleep. Yet remember, No. 5 gathers hence but glorious wreaths of fame. Tyrants! let our comrades revere us for our sleep risked in Freedom's holy cause. Theirs are Davie's, Kading's glory, Gus' matchless shade is theirs—the Martyrs in heroic cause worth a hundred stripes.

JUNIOR PERSONALS.

Todd Barclay goes to Montreal to take a summer course in French during the next three weeks.

Willie Fitzpatrick made the hit of the season when he fell on the ice and knocked out three of his teeth.

J. Cassidy is about to inflict on a long-suffering public, a comedy entitled Buckingham-up-to-date.

R. Barter gives private lectures on the best method of avoiding an opponent in a hockey match—he will be a success.

Clarke departs to Cantley to study one phase of commercial geography—agriculture. Barney Barnato is going to take part in the New York civic contest and will expose Goff & Co.

Tom. Costello, ex-president of the Trans Calgare Colonization Co. goes as its special delegate to the conference on *Creameries and their future*, at Osceola.

New York's celebrated trio—the Fitzpatrick brothers, will present stereopticon views of Uncle Sam's Babylon to the natives of Lowe.

Our features at the recent entertainment given by the seniors were: Gus' most obsequious bow; Girard's stiff and starched, ready-made tragic pose; and our own dear little Albert's handsome face, and bright gold curls.

Some person or persons unknown to us, dropped the following into our box, "You would confer an inestimable favor upon the students of the Junior Study Hall if you would give J. Fitzpatrick, commerce '96, a mention in your next." We absolutely refuse to print the above and be a party to a base conspiracy to blacken the fair character of an unoffending and unobtrusive young gentleman.

Willie Bawlf leaves for Almonte Dec. 23rd and will endeavor to open up a branch office of the Winnipeg Board of Trade in the little Manchester of Canada.

Jas. Scanlan delivered a spirited oration to the short-pants' brigade, on the benign influence of long pants, the 10th inst.

Prof. Herr Phan. (a companion hands the music) "You can read this at sight."

Herr: "I can read the notes but I shall have to go out to find the air."

ULULATUS.

Not very long ago I read

A legend of the banished,

In book by some it has been said,

Just like the "*Man that Vanished.*"

'Tis very strange! How came't to pass?

Why never be returned?

For shame! It lies a ruined mass,

That valued book so learned.

"I *pay mon* book, you tore it up,

Replace it, or by Pan"—"Hish!

Be still! With threats *Quin* (til) *Jan*, hop,

, Or like the *book* you'll vanish.

A lengthy boy with bushy head,
Has lately met with fate so sad.
"Give me that '*pony*,'" teacher said.
The lad with *reilly* hair looked mad.

"My kingdom for a *horse*," one hears,
Along the corridor all night.
"My kingdom for a *horse*!" ye seers,
Explain what means this spectre-sight.

Xander Great, once had a *steed*,
With which great treasures he unfoldt.
How now will go the class indeed,
Since "*Michiavelli*" lost his "*colt*"?

* *

Some one has been long a-thinking,
What a great sport he would make,
Were his eyes to go a-blinking,
And his limbs begin to shake.

Now, his eyes are gone a-blinking,
Yea, his very head doth land
On a place that sets him thinking,
That he lost his store of *saul*.

When last at home he does arrive,
Straight down he goes into the "*gym*,"
Puts on the gloves, dares all to strive,
And boasts that none can stand 'fore him.

Just like the braggard spake of old.
Alone, within the ring he'll stand,
But lees when some one enters bold,
Because he lacks his share of *sand*.

Say Niko H-e-l-l-o.

Finnegan's hat fitspatrick.

What a dreadful fall Charley got the other
night when he fell asleep.

Vandy is now acting usher to the store.

The deserted village or Alexandria of the East
is shortly to be published by Gene.

Bastien purposes taking the snow-shoe club on
a fishing excursion up the Gatineau.

Harvey is now taking yeast to raise his spirits.

Shorty—Going home for Christmas Alf?
Alf. --N ! I received a box (showing his arm.)

Who is going to Hull ?

Say Bill can't you count time and hold your
head like our Georgie.

As the holidays are approaching Chubs is
striving hard to cultivate his old pull ; but if he
isn't careful he'll queer de whole ting.

Kingsley and Leacy are leading the pigeon-hole
tournament.

In the soup—beans.

In a box—Alf's hand.

Big as life —The college ghost.

A one horse affair—the College hack.

In the infirmary — Day after elocutionary
concert:—

Prefect, — Well Frank, are you infirmarian
now ;

Frank,—In for what?—Oh ! No, he just shook
me and let me go.

Col. Breene and Capt. Meehan of the knicker-
bocker brigade have obtained leave of absence for
two weeks. Sergt. Dowling will probably take
command.

Muck lately astonished his hearers by bringing
forth arguments to prove that Paddy Burns is the
greatest national bard in the world.

"I've lost an hour" exclaimed Bunty, when
after proving himself faithful during his hour of
vigil he found that Frank had betrayed the cause
to Morpheus.