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A NORTHERN NIGHT.



HE painted clouds of evening lie
In beauty 'round the western sky.
Chiaroscuros more divine
Than artist's pencil may design.
The moon peeps thro' her veil of mist,
The drooping, white-rob'd firs are whist,
The chaste snows blush beneath the gleam
Of day's last glance ; as in a dream
He lies amid the rose and gold
Of couching clouds ; the drap'ries fold
Him closer. All is gray and cold.

A moment nature mutely brooks
Her loss with pale and darkening looks,
Then casts the moon her veil aside,
And glow the snows with ghostly pride,
As hearts, when their best prize is gone,
Will mask the loss and struggle on.
A troubled spirit, void of rest,
The wind goes on its hopeless quest,
Like a complaining mortal, rife
With the unhappiness of life ;
Evoking answer similar
In sigh and moan, in clash and jar,
And changing e'en a melodist
To discord-maker harsh, for list !
The silvery sleighbell's torn time
Is one with Euroclydon's rime.
Two confused forms of darkness rush
The steeds past spectral brake and bush ;
The muffled driver's furry shape
Might be of bear or wolf or ape.
For all these have been known to drive
By night along the way of life.

For him who by unbeaten roads
Would homeward bear life's heavy loads,
The way is wild, the hills are steep,
The far-off, lighted windows keep
Within their stores of heat and cheer ;
The icy frost-gems sparkling near,
The North-lights building radiant stairs
For those who climb ; in upper airs
The crown'd stars on their thrones of gold
Are beautiful, but oh, so cold !

ETHAN HART MANNING.



ORATORY IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."

IT has been frequently remarked by close students of Shakespeare's plays that, had he not been the world's greatest poet he might have become its most celebrated orator. Even the greatest orators of the English-speaking world—Gladstone, Daniel Webster, John Bright and Edmund Burke—have felt themselves highly honored in having so illustrious a preceptor in their art as Shakespeare, and indeed gratefully acknowledged the inestimable help received by them from a perusal of his plays.

The matter is easily understood. There is not one of Shakespeare's dramas but affords ample matter for oratorical study. This however is, in an especial manner, true of his tragedy *Julius Cæsar*.

The other plays—allow me to make the distinction—receive or necessitate the presence of oratory as the natural result of relevant circumstances, as for instance, *Macbeth's* soliloquy before the murder of Duncan, or *Portia's* plea for mercy in the court-house of Venice, while, on the contrary, in *Julius Cæsar* oratory is not merely a secondary or subsidiary element, but in reality governs and directs the very plot of the play. It is not, like others of the great dramatist's productions, a sparse seeding, but rises up like blooming wheat on a rich and fertile soil, in all its splendour and magnificence.

The perusal of this play would in itself be sufficient to enable one to define oratory. All the constituent parts of a regular oration,—the ingratiating and prejudice-dispelling

introduction, the arguments or address to the understanding and the persuasive element including the appeal to the passions and sentiments—all these are highly exemplified in "*Julius Cæsar*." All the requisites of a good orator—that sound judgment and keen foresight which enable him to arrange his arguments in the best possible order, and that intuitive knowledge of man as to what may be attempted with him, which empower him to convince the intellect, to affect the heart and to influence the will, shine forth preeminently in the orators of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

Indeed, from the very outset of the play to well nigh its denouement we have one continuous series of brilliant orations, which range from the vehement and indignant remonstrance of *Marullus* the honest tribune, through the bitter, biting irony and sarcasm of envious *Cassius* and the sophistical musings of *Brutus*, to *Mark Antony's* magnificent panegyric of his murdered friend.

The utterances of *Marullus*, though brief, are so many specimens of oratory. In this we must admire the genius of Shakespeare, to see how, in such few sentences he condenses a perfect oration with exordium body and peroration. Note with what emphatic energy he addresses their nicer feelings :

"You blocks, you stones, you worse
than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of
Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?"

Throughout the body of his discourse Marullus, with the intention, no doubt, of exciting in his hearers a feeling of compunction, reminds them of the past when their eagerness to behold Pompey led them to 'climb up walls and battlements with their infants in their arms, and there to sit the livelong day, with patient expectation'; how, when his chariot did not appear, 'they made an universal shout,' and contrasts all this with their present shameful disregard of Pompey in worshipping his successful rival Cæsar. The peroration is forcible and masterly:

"Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees;
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude."

Cassius also is an orator. And indeed he had right good need of all his tact and cleverness, when he undertook to win Brutus to join the conspiracy. For there can be little doubt, that, had Brutus failed to become an accomplice, the plot for putting Cæsar to death might never have attained maturity. For Cassius well knew that what would be considered offensive in himself or in his brother conspirators, would be overlooked in Brutus, whom the people esteemed and loved.

Besides this, Brutus loved Cæsar dearly. Add to which, he was a man noted for his sensitiveness and delicacy of principle, and had he but imagined that Cassius was trying to entrap him, he would doubtless have proved himself sincerely opposed to the arch-conspirator.

With these obstacles in his way Cassius had assuredly no easy task. He, however, by his boding

hints and suggestions which roused the suspicions of Brutus, greatly augmented the difficulties already in his path. Brutus inquired of Cassius: "But wherefore do you hold me here so long?"

He then added that if Cassius proposed 'aught for the general good,' even if it involved death, as long as it was honourable, 'he would look on death indifferently.' His closing words praying, that the 'gods might prosper him for loving honour more than fearing death,' are turned to advantage by Cassius, who in the opening lines of his introduction embodies and confirms Brutus' declaration of sincerity:

"I know that virtue to be in you,
Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour."

He is, however, too clever to think of openly attacking Cæsar. He prefers—and wisely, too—to proceed by insinuation. How artfully does he recall in words of contempt and scorn and jealousy, instances of Cæsar's liability to sickness and death—the swimming adventure in the Tiber and his fever while in Spain—and then contrast them with his present dignity as sole dictator of the world.

Could anything equal the comparison of the names *Brutus* and *Cæsar*, or the picture he draws after he had spoken of Cæsar as a Colossus, beside whom they were as dishonourable graves?

"*Brutus and Cæsar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?"

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure
with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as
Cæsar."

Cassius, however, very prudently reserved his heavy shell for the final assault. He knew perfectly well that *Brutus* was easily liable to be moved by appeals to visionary feelings, and that he exulted in the great traditions of his name. Imagine then the effect of this appeal to *Brutus*' cherished weakness :

" There was a *Brutus* once that
would have brooked
Th' eternal Devil to keep his state
in Rome,
As easily as a king ! "

This passage in itself would be sufficient to establish the oratorical fame of Cassius.

Cassius, however, does not confine his efforts to *Brutus* alone. He finds in *Casca* a fit subject for his wiles and artifices. In this instance Cassius displays wonderful oratorical ability, as well as intimate knowledge of *Casca*'s character.

His hints at the real cause of the atmospheric perturbations are well calculated to excite in *Casca* a desire to shake off their womanish submission and a hatred and contempt for the existing state of affairs. But, when he has vented all his spite and jealousy, he seemingly checks himself and, with fine pretence that he has gone too far, apostrophizes his wrongs :

" But, O grief !
Where has thou led me ! I, perhaps
speak this
Before a willing bondmen ; then I
know
My answer must be made : "

Could Cassius expect a different answer from *Casca* ?

" You speak to *Casca* ; and to such
a man
That is no fleeing tell-tale."

As an orator, *Brutus* is nowise inferior to Cassius. His oratory is however, essentially different from that of the arch-conspirator. It possesses not that impulsiveness and lacks that spirit and energy, that ardor and vehemence, that warmth of feeling which we admire so much in the speeches of Cassius.

Moreover he does not possess that cleverness and adroitness in appealing to the feelings of his hearers, but in consistency with his nature, he urges reasons and motives which would have weight with himself, but which cannot convince his audience.

Of this inconsistency, we have numerous instances in his soliloquy just before the entrance of the conspirators, in which he sets forth reasons for joining the conspiracy. It is needless, however, to enlarge on this further unless to note that *Brutus* joined the conspiracy, not from any ground of fact but from a supposition that the crown would have pernicious effects on *Cæsar*, of course, not once thinking that the constitution of Rome was a thing of the past, or that this new title involved simply a nominal change.

In the same scene of this act (*) there is a remarkable instance of *Brutus*' oratorical power. It is too good to pass unnoticed. Cassius, who thought all men schemers and villians like himself, suggested that they 'swear their resolution.' The very mention of such a desire, jarred upon the nicer sensibilities of *Brutus*, and in language forcible and vehement he denounces such a policy.

" No, not an oath : if not the face of
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the
 time's abuse,—
 If these be motives weak, break off
 betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle
 bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range
 on.
 Till each man drop-by lottery. But
 if these
 As I am sure they do, bear fire
 enough
 To kindle cowards and to steel with
 valour
 The melting spirits of women: then
 countrymen,
 What need we any spur but our
 own cause
 To prick us to redress? What
 other bond
 Than secret Romans, that have
 spoke the word,
 And will not patler? And what
 other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engaged,
 That this shall be or we will fall for
 it."

The object of these oratorical efforts has been achieved. Immortal Cæsar has atoned with his blood for his ambitious aiming at the crown. 'Lean and hungry' Cassius has beheld the poisonous seed he had so cleverly sown in the fertile mind of Brutus take root and spread upwards in the most infamous of regicides.

Cæsar living, called forth from Marullus and Brutus and Cassius a profusion of speeches stout and vehement, energetic and artful and powerful. Cæsar dead, roused up the dormant oratorical power of Antony and inspired him with subject matter for the sublimest, noblest and most magnificent oration the world has ever been given.

How shall we pronounce on his honourable, manly, defiant, yet art-

ful and flattering language when he beholds for the first time the body of dead Cæsar. Or what shall we say of his cleverness, when in knitting up the hollow truce with the conspirators he shakes the bloody hand of each and, through with that ceremony, cries out in language that lulls to sleep the suspicions of the conspirators:

"Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?—
 My credit now stands on such slippery grounds,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—"

With what inexpressible feelings and emotions do we read the closing words of the speech in which he chides himself for taking part with the enemies of his beloved Cæsar! We feel transported beyond ourselves as Mark Antony apostrophizes his dead friend and the world:

"Pardon me, Julius! Here was't
 thou lay'd, brave hart;
 Here did thou fall; and here thy
 butchers stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in
 thy death,—
 O world, thou was't the forest to
 this hart;
 And this indeed, O world, the heart
 of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many
 princes,
 Dost thou lie here!"

This passage, however, is but an introduction to Antony's maiden speech of which Brutus was unwittingly the cause in permitting him to 'speak the order of Cæsar's funeral. We grieve to think that Brutus' permission was the death of his own cause, but our sorrow is not unalloyed with joy, when we con-

sider that Brutus' downfall was the occasion of Antony's magnificent panegyric of his dead friend.

Antony's difficulties, we might say, were now but fairly begun. He was authorized to speak over Cæsar's body, but only on conditions the most prejudicial to the part he was to play. Brutus was to precede him in the Rostrum. And what was the result? A vast increase of Antony's difficulties.

Brutus, by hiseloquence, by the manly sentiments and by the patriotic considerations urged in his speech, in justification of his killing Cæsar, won for himself the admiration of the mob, who now looked upon Cæsar as a tyrant and on his death as the greatest of blessings.

Hence, when Mark Antony began to speak, he had to be very guarded in his speech. And how admirably does he begin.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise
him."

And how cleverly does he set about to remove from the minds of the people all the prejudices they entertain for Cæsar. The people were by Brutus taught to consider Cæsar an ambitious man. Note how gradually Antony undermines this fiction and proves its falsity.

"He was my friend, faithful and
just to me: . . .
He hath brought many captives
home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general cof-
fers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have, Cæsar
hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner
stuff: . . .

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly
crown

Which he did thrice refuse: Was
this ambition?"

Antony is now at liberty to proceed with more freedom. Skilful orator that he was, he first applied himself to satisfy the intelligence of his hearers. He proved how unjustly and wrongfully Cæsar had been called ambitious and thus wisely laid a solid foundation for his appeals.

Immediately, he set to work to address their passions and feelings. And how shrewdly does he attain his object. Note with what address he draws their attention to Cæsar's will and then seemingly desires to do away with it.

"Let but the commons hear this
testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean
to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead
wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred
blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their
wills,
Bequeating it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

The reader has doubtless remarked in these last lines a tendency to excite not merely the curiosity but also the cupidity of the citizens. Every word the speaker utters, every hint he drops of the nature of the will adds immensely to the eager longing of the crowd. They clamor for the will. How artful is Antony's reply? How cunningly-devised are the motives and reasons he adduces to dissuade them from desiring the reading of Cæsar's testament. For instance:

"It is not meet you know how
 Cæsar loved you: . . .
 'Tis good you know not that you are
 his heirs;
 For, if you did, O, what would
 come of it!"

Antony, however, is too cunning and strategical, now that he has enlisted the sympathies of the mob, to let slip any opportunity of improving his advantage. Hence he readily seizes the favorable opportunity afforded him by the vociferous impatience of the mob, to climax by a bold stroke his preceding ironical utterances and thus aim a crushing blow at the cause of the conspirators.

For Antony,—as the reader must have noticed in perusing the oration—when speaking of the conspirators in general, and of Brutus in particular, designates them as 'honourable men.' Hitherto, the citizens—owing, no doubt, to their sympathizing more or less with the conspirators, as much as to the fact that Antony prudently avoided emphasizing these words—failed to perceive the intense irony the expression embodies. But now that the will has rendered Cæsar an object of public endearment, we may easily conceive the effect of Antony's juxtaposing these biting words:

"I have o'ershot myself to tell you
 of it:
 I fear I wrong the *honourable men*
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar;
 I do fear it."

We now arrive in Antony's speech at that peculiar part which in any important oration calls for the presence of the true artist—I refer to the address to the feelings and the appeal to the heart. Hitherto, Antony has made it his object to root out the impression under which Brutus by his discourse had made

upon the populace—"That Cæsar was ambitious." It is true, however, that roused the people by means of the will to look upon Cæsar as the noblest personage in Rome, and to cry out against the conspirators as 'traitors,' 'villians' and 'murderers,' but still all seems as secondary to this magnificent passage. All that precedes seems intended to make the mob feel more keenly the pathetic utterances of this piece.

As for the passage itself, it is, perhaps, the grandest, noblest and most sublime evidence of oratorical ability, in Antony's, or indeed in any oration of its kind. In the power and ability shown by Antony, in his tender sympathetic portrayal of Cæsar's wounds, and in the compassionate outbursts and sublimity of language which make the people in spite of themselves bewail Cæsar's misfortunes and resolve to avenge them, it is beyond comparison.

At the very opening of his speech, Antony makes an appeal which would certainly not be lost on a people so characterized by their love for patriotism, as were the ancient Romans. He points to Cæsar's bloody mantle, and reminds them that Cæsar first put it on

"The day he overcame the Nervii."

Then, one by one he points out the prints of the conspirators' daggers, and when he comes to Brutus', mark the magnificent language he uses:

"Through this the well-beloved
 Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel
 away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar
 follow'd it,—
 As rushing out of doors, to be re-
 solved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or
no;
For Brutus, as you know, was
Cæsar's angel."

Then with consummate skill he goes on to paint the kind regards and the love Cæsar entertained for Brutus, contrasting it most artistically with the unkind, ungrateful attitude of the latter towards his benefactor. How perfectly are his words adapted to touch the hearts of his hearers! Words fail to express with sufficient strength the beauty of this passage. But this can be said with more especial good reason, of his last noble utterance. Let the reader consider it for himself.

"O, what a fall was there, my
countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell
down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd
over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive
you feel
The dint of pity: These are gracious
drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when
you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?
Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see,
with traitors."

The answers and piteous exclamations of the citizens were a full guarantee to Antony, of the effect his words had taken on the mob. But he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet urged to the full bent of his mind. The contents of Cæsar's will were yet to be disclosed to them. But, before bringing forward this propitious document, he artfully endeavors to extenuate the faults of the conspirators, and to deprecate his own power as an orator, compared with the elo-

quence of Brutus. And then he ingeniously adds:

"But were I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony, there were an
Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and
put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that would
move
The stones of Rome to rise and
mutiny."

Then comes the reading of the will. Antony stays the vengeful Romans and reminds them of the will. Nothing more was needed to strengthen the already vehement passions of the mob. They rush forth blindly to do, they know not what, while Anthony, in calm security could say:

"Now let it work,—Mischief, thou
art a foot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!"—

With this noble oration of Antony I would be inclined to terminate my essay, but justice to the great genius of Shakespeare compels me to mention one more notable instance of the prevalence of oratory in this tragedy—the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius (Act IV, Scene III). The relative merit of this quarrel is a subject of great discussion. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting", while Coleridge a literary critic of acknowledged ability says of it, "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene."

However, be its virtual merit what it may, when taken and considered in connection with the preceding passages it forms a most fitting conclusion for a series of oratorical gems.

A mere nothing on the part of Cassius started the contention. Bru-

tus by his accusing assertions heaped fuel to the flame and Cassius following up with sharp and bitter retorts fanned the fire till it became an uncontrollable conflagration. But he finds it of no avail to contend thus angrily against the high-minded Brutus. He drops into a tender, plaintive strain, and calls upon Antony and young Octavius to come and avenge themselves on Cassius alone,

"For Cassius is a weary of this world."

And as he severally enumerates the causes of his troubles he adds

"O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes."

His closing lines are well calculated to awaken the higher sentiments of Brutus. Cassius presents him his dagger and pointing out his heart bids him strike as he did at Cæsar. Then he adds:

"For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst,
thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou didst Cassius."

But space is at a premium. The primary object of this essay, to set forth the eminent degree of oratory attained in this play, has, I hope, been satisfactorily encompassed. But with this evidence before us, what conclusions are we allowed to draw? What may we say of immortal Shakes-

peare, the author of these oratorical gems?

Somewhat bold may have appeared my introductory statement that Shakespeare was one, who, had he turned his mind to the cultivation and development of his oratorical talent, would now be mentioned in the same breath as Cicero and Demosthenes. Bold indeed, but is it not true? Let the reader suspend his judgment, until he has noted once more the sublime passages, and the grand, pathetic elements of the speeches I have endeavoured to bring out. Let him pay good heed to all the speeches in general, but in particular, let him study with peculiar care Antony's noble eulogy of his dead friend Cæsar, of which Mr. Hudson, the eminent Shakespearean scholar rapturously declares, that "it is such an interfusion of art and passion as realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's bleeding wounds are mightier than ever his genius and fortune were." Then am I sure, the impartial reader will admit that my thesis is proven.

W. F. McCULLOUGH, '00.



POEMS BY JOHN B. TABB.

I HAVE lately had placed in my hands a small volume bearing the above title. It is a book of recent publication, neatly bound, with its poems conveniently and picturesquely disposed, as a rule, each on a single page. Judging by the eye alone, its contents are fragmentary. Frequently, poems occupy not more than one-fifth part of the space allotted to them. Still, each is none the less a finished work, and whoever would attempt to embody in the remaining four-fifths of the page, the numerous thoughts its pregnant lines suggest, would probably require uncommon conciseness of style or minuteness of penmanship. Being unprefaced, the book makes no pretensions or excuses. It asks but its face value. Its modesty is almost an indication of its merit.

Previous to receiving this quaint volume, the writer of this short article was altogether unacquainted with its author's life, and with the exception of a few stray poems, gleaned here and there among the magazines, was equally as unfamiliar with his works. This acknowledgement may be made at the expense of all claim to personal reputation, for, judging from the quality of his work, it is not improbable that "not to know him, argues oneself unknown." However, a cursory reading of this little volume supplies much desirable information, for it leads one to recognize in the hitherto unknown J. B. Tabb, a man of refined tastes, of mature faculties, and one who if his poetic genius has not

yet reached its fullest development, is certainly destined to occupy an enviable position among the poets of America.

It is worthy of remark that the author of this valuable work is a Catholic priest, and one who mingles prayer with poetry. Its contents are suggestive of his occupation, not so much on account of the nature of the subjects it treats, but its pensive character, its devout and dignified beauty of conception, added to its finished brevity of execution, is fully in accordance with what might be expected of one whose mind traverses the paths of Calvary as well as of Parnassus, and whose thoughts are drawn more frequently and more dutifully towards his bible and crucifix than towards his pen.

The volume is divided into three parts. Its opening pages comprise a number of miscellaneous poems. Its second part comes under the designation of "quatrains," and its third division consists of a series of beautiful sonnets. The whole contains about one hundred and seventy short poems, many of which are eminently distinguished by their artistic finish and general literary excellence.

The first lines, addressed to Sidney Lanier, give an agreeable indication of what the succeeding pages may be expected to disclose. They run in this strain:

"Ere Time's horizon line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.

And now, that thou art gone again
 Beyond the verge, I haste amain
 (Lost echo of a loftier strain)
 To greet thee there.

Leaving aside the philosophy contained above (for poetry is not always reconcilable with philosophy,) there yet remains much that is worthy of admiration. The metre is musical, the language strikingly simple, while no words skilfully or more forcibly express the beautiful idea here asserted of lasting friendship and uninterrupted communion of souls. The same person is made the subject of two other poems which equally well express the close intimacy that existed between Sidney Lanier and our author. These affectionate utterances remind one of that companionable relationship that was common to Tennyson and his young friend Hallam, and which is tenderly commemorated in the pathetic and harmonious strains of "In Memoriam."

Following the above, are a number of lines entitled "The Ring." They express a comparison of considerable force and originality in showing the immense influence love has upon our lives. It does not require a person of keen observation to notice the fact herein stated, but no one devoid of poetic instincts could have conceived the following ingenious analogy:

Hold the trinket near thine eye,
 And it circles earth and sky;
 Place it further, and behold!
 But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie
 Ringed with love's fair boundary;
 Place it further, and its sphere
 Measures but a falling tear.

Other pieces indicating similar beauties of style and thought are

diffusely scattered throughout the book. Of such a character is the short poem "The Peak," which also shows close resemblance to a remarkable simile that appears in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

As on some solitary height
 Abides, in summer's fierce despite,
 Snow-blossom that no sun can blight,
 No frost can kill;
 So, in my soul,—all else below
 To change succumbing,—stands a-
 glow
 One wreath of immemorial snow,
 Unscattered still.

It is probably because our author treats such common and familiar subjects, that his work though always possessing marked originality, is nevertheless frequently suggestive of notable passages from other writers. To give another instance does not the following stanza on "Joy" recall to memory a famous description in "Tam o'Shanter," expressive of the same thought?

New-born, how long to stay?
 The while a dew-drop may,
 Or rainbow-gleam:
 One kiss of sun or shade,
 And, lo, the breath that made,
 Unmakes the dream!

Those resemblances are pointed out not to infer plagiarism, for such an influence would be as distant from the truth as it is from the desires of the writer. Our action is simply intended for the instruction there is afforded by examining and comparing the treatment of similar subjects by different masters, and for the enjoyment of those mental pleasures, attendant upon a consideration of their similarities and differences of thought and expression. Moreover, in this connection it will be found that in many instances

J. B. Tabb will have to be measured by a high standard of excellence, before his work will suffer severely, even from such odious things as comparisons. Frequently his productions mark him as no ordinary bard, and the following quatrains might be considered as worthy offspring of mighty minds:—

FATHER DAMIEN.

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring
"A leper white as snow."

PREJUDICE.

A leaf may hide the largest star
From Love's uplifted eye;
A mote of prejudice out-bar
A world of Charity.

THE SHADOW.

O shadow, in thy fleeting form I see
The friend of fortune that once
clung to me.
In flattering light thy constancy is
shown;
In darkness, thou wilt leave me all
alone.

And, by the way, the above remarks lead us to suggest a comparison between this last quatrain and the expression of a like idea by the immortal Milton:

"In prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse with-
draw their heads
Not to be found, though sought."

Without attempting to institute a comparison between the two authors themselves, (for there is but one Milton in English literature), still, it seems to me, that in this particular instance, J. B. Tabb's picture of the false friend is decidedly the more meritorious, and would be estimated as a notable specimen if associated,

even with the name of any of our greatest masters. The lines addressed to Father Damien are equally remarkable, while the second quatrain above presented, poetically describes how easily "trifles light as air" may become the prejudiced "confirmations strong as Holy Writ."

Passing by a large number of noteworthy poems, we now come to the third part of the book containing the Sonnets. And here we are in a quandary regarding which poems are most worthy of presentation to the reader. Each is an assertion of its author's genius, conveying words of eloquent commendation. Few living writers, perhaps none, can append their names to lines of more marked excellence, than those which our author entitles "Solitude," while for an example of forcible, natural description, it might require long and persistent search to find anything more expressive or more imaginative than "A Winter Twilight." Through lack of space we will present only the former.

Thou wast to me what to the chang-
ing year
Its seasons are,—a joy forever
new;
What to the night its stars, its
heavenly dew,
Its silence; what to dawn its lark-
song clear;
To noon, its light—its fleckless
atmosphere,
Where ocean and the overbending
blue,
In passionate communion, hue for
hue,
As one in Love's circumference
appear.
O brimming heart, with tears for
utterance
Alike of joy and sorrow! lift thine
eyes

And sphere the desolation. Love
is flown;
And in the desert's widening
expanse

Grim Silence, like a sepulchre of
stone

Stands charnelling a soul's fu-
nereal sighs.

We will not descant upon the
above, as no words of praise should
be necessary to enhance our estima-
tion of such a valuable sonnet. Pro-
ceeding to another, perhaps the ill-
starred Keats has seldom been made
the subject of a more skilful eulo-
gium than the one he receives from
the pen of J. B. Tabb. The lines of
the latter are characterized by the
same wave-like tranquillity he so
highly commends in the productions
of this consummate premature
genius.

Upon thy tomb t'is graven "Here
lies one

Whose name is writ in water."
Could there be

A flight of Fancy fitlier feigned
for thee,

A fairer motto for her favorite
son?

For as the wave, thy varying num-
bers run—

Now crested proud in tidal maj-
esty,

Now tranquil as the twilight
reverie

Of some dim lake the white moon
looks upon

While teems the world with silence.
Even there

In each Protean rainbow-tint that
stains

The breathing canvas of the atmos-
phere,

We read an exhalation of thy
strains.

Thus on the scroll of Nature
everywhere

Thy name, a deathless syllable,
remains.

It may be of interest to notice
how differently the same author
comments upon Shelley, who pos-
sessing uncommon natural ability, is
perhaps as much remembered for
the wild and shocking character of
some of his productions, as for the
musical cadence and ethereal sweet-
ness of others. Referring to the ac-
cidental death of this disordered and
godless poet, we have the following
appropriate stanzas:

At Shelley's birth

The Lark, dawn-spirit, with an
anthem loud

Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to the Cloud,

That like a flower night-folded in
the gloom,

Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death,

The Sea, that deemed him, an im-
mortal, saw

A god's extinguished breath,
And landward as in awe

Upbore him to the altar whence he
came

And the rekindling flame.

Having given those excellent
extracts we close our book. The
intention of this short and in-
adequate article was not to give an
exhaustive or exact criticism of the
work of J. B. Tabb. It was simply,
by presenting a few specimens of
his ability to interest the reader in
the writings of one who is worthy
of close consideration, but whose
position in life is not unlikely to be
an obstacle in the way of procuring
for his productions the praise and
publicity which their excellence
really merits. The foregoing ex-
tracts should be sufficient to in-
dicate to a discerning reader,

that their author is something more than a common caterer to current magazines. Every line of his work gives indication of his art. Originality is stamped on every page. His subjects are frequently commonplace, but his treatment of them, never. His language is simple and dignified. In thought, he is lofty, occasionally subtle, but at times descending to a delicate appearance of child-like simplicity, as is evidenced in many poems, for instance, "Out of Bounds." Casual thoughts are expressed with a natural ease, conciseness and strength, enlivened with frequent brilliant strokes of fancy. He is never forced or labored. Many of his poems consist in an expression of one simple conception, which, when pithily described, is at

once dismissed at a point, which a writer of more ambition, but of less taste and judgment, would consider but the beginning. The result is, he is free from all trite or rapid utterances. Like all other poets of merit, he is a keen observer and an ardent lover of nature, and as a consequence, some of his highest powers find exercise in the treatment of such familiar subjects as "The Rose," "The Lily," "The Lark," and "The Butterfly." Tender and serious thoughts, faultless expression, and glowing descriptions distinguish the little book we have just received. It exhibits those qualities to an extent that should win for its author a lasting reputation in the world of literature.

G., '98.



STARS.

LIFT your heads of fire,
 Starwatchers of the night;
 Look on the dusk and mire
 Of this world's loss and blight:
 Your lightnings flash from space to space,
 While earth a path obscure must trace.

Look once again ; behold
 Orbs of diviner light
 Within this planet old,
 Souls in God's image bright :
 Shrink back, eclipsed, each waning sphere ;
 Immortal are the splendors here.

M. R.

A QUEER GHOST.

HERE seems to be implanted in the human heart, a mysterious fifth string that beats responsive only to the touch of the hand that pens a story, portraying ghostly visitors as thick as fairies in a sweet, old, Irish tale.

Dame Fortune—the most fickle of all mistresses—has not always smiled a propitious beam upon us; magnanimous beneath our silver-lined cloud, we forget the leer and remember, that the arbitress of our fate smiled when she blessed us with an Irish mother, who described to us the little elves that peer through Erin's hedges and guard the cot of the boy who is good, but lead the footsteps of the bad urchin into the soggy parts of the bog and inflict horrible dreams upon him by night. The blossoming credulity of the budding youth had been blasted by the rank infidelity of manhood, to bloom once more, during a vacation visit to a prim, little, lake-side cottage.

This shy little villa seemed to modestly shun the vulgar gaze of the rude wayfarer, on the high road; it was an invisible gem, set in a casing of groves of oak, pine, maple and a few willows, nature's mourners, that wept over the friendless dwellers in the hard-by city of the dead. The dark, foggy shadow always brooding over this sylvan retreat, when broken by the Sun's silvery rays, was transformed into an irregular drape of jewels—the partial wreck of the only fleece of diamonds ever imported by Erin's sprites into the

Western world beyond the seas. Our prolonged stay had made us familiar with all its changing beauties of earth, sky and water, which formed a magnificent series of nature's choicest cabinet pictures for the memory to dwell lovingly upon ever after; glad were we, that no flying visit, snapped a kaleidoscopic mixture of discordant, incongenous views or caught up a dark blank where this beauty should have been.

One evening, when darkness had long since embraced the death-like world and kissed our ideal cottage, with its weird smile, our host, a friend, and myself were seated in his "best" office, enjoying life as men can enjoy it when chatting over a soul-inspiring pipe by the uncertain light of a lamp dimly burning. The smoke curled lazily, tied imaginary knots and formed strange figures over our heads. The conversation adapted itself to the wee small hour of the dreamy dawn, for our words were of the supernatural—ghosts.

Our host, a venerable patriarch among men, gave his experience with these shadowy beings that are out of *Kelter* in this world and do not seem to be able to find a suitable habitation in realms beyond.

Our readers may be inclined to remark that the "*tweedledum*" arguments against ghostly visitations, completely demolished the "*tweedledee*" protestations in their favor. We simply intend to give our host's experience, as an experience, and thus add our little unit to the sum total

on the question; we do not issue a *fiat*, as the only, absolute, untying of the Gordian knot of disputed ghosts. This is not the untrustworthy tale of a visionary light-head, who believes that the tongue built the Giant's Causeway, or that gossiping runs Armour's pork-packing establishment in Chicago; it is the thoroughly reliable, the only account of an adventurer, duly authorized by its hero—A Canadian medical doctor.

Dear reader, between ourselves and the wall, the carvers of our common human flesh form a clan, the vast majority of whose members would indignantly repudiate the charge of superstition. But, Oh! Dear readers, how we wish that you had been there to see the doctor's expressive face reflect energy, light and shade in the story he told, as the words flowed from his lips with as little effort as a song from a full-throated bird or your own more or less beautiful image is portrayed in your morning mirror. All sorts of odd Liliputian creatures, sneering, jeering, threatening, were popping in and out on his face, or clinging to his snow-crowned head in the most fantastic manner. But adieu! Dear reader. Our pen has run too far and too fast in its hurry, it has struck its toes against a paper snag and broken them. The doctor has been summoned, for he is at present returning our summer call. "One man's loss is another man's gain"; while our pen is laid off for repairs, the doctor himself will tell you his story. Our paper pad, too ungrateful to feel thankful for the high honor bestowed upon it—by our pen, pressed the button, and now Dr. Brown will do the rest.

For the benefit of those who are too remote from our *sanctum*, we

use our octogenarian pencil to scribble down the doctor's narrative. Dear, far-distance reader, please accept our apology in the proper spirit; our pencil ran its last hen's race in the early '70's, *and was beaten*, it is not looking for free advertising or running in poster-sticking opposition to "Blue Ribbon" tea. For the sake of you who are absent, but not forgotten, we quote the doctor: "When a boy, I had often looked for ghosts, and found them not; as a young man, I poohoed them; now, I know that I was as foolish as the rash traveller who asserted that because he had passed twenty-four hours in Venice during a dense fog, concluded that the sun never shone in that city built on stilts.

Amongst all the threads of thought that were strung in my mind, one evening about a year ago, the slenderest and most remote were those leading to the bump, labelled "superstition."

On this memorable wintry evening, the curtains were all closely drawn down; my study lamp was carefully shaded; the fire on the grate burned low and threw a mystic glow over the room. The siren voice of memory held my soul enthralled and my learned work on medicine, though it lay open before me, might as well have been consigned to the library of the man in the moon. There was no pleading deaf to re-awakened memory's call; I was irresistibly drawn by it, a helpless victim in its wily coils. Seated before such an enchanted fiery glow, I grew sadly thoughtful, a sweet melancholy stole upon me because I seemed to have caught a passing glimpse of home, though an exile from it and a stranger to the angel voice of my departed mother. Deathlike silence appeared to rest

upon nature ; not a single breath of air crept through the frost-laden atmosphere ; the silent stars, God's lamps being out by night to light the tired traveller on his weary way, shone out one by one, to keep watch over the gloom.

The scene changed. Home gave way to fairy land ; beloved relatives to imagination's elfish children. The bewitched fire became a vast tranquil lake, into whose placid bosom danced the rippling waters of phantom spirits, all joyous as children that scamper on to see who will be the first to kiss their gentle mother. I could not and would not stir, afraid to break the enchantment of the moment laden with a mysterious solitude, that had crept over my soul, freeing it from the things of earth and raising it in silent contemplation to heaven itself. That sad feeling of kinship and yearning which dominated me was rudely broken by the clanging clatter of my door bell and I was brought back to mother earth with a jarring thud. The messenger told me that mother Egan was sick, nigh unto death. Duty called me and I hurried forth to harness my horse as I did not wish to disturb my boy at the mid-night hour.

A light breeze had suddenly sprung up and carried to my ear a horrible groaning as though a banshe were abroad, foretelling the early demise of Mother Egan. I opened the stable door. Horror of horrors ! My very blood ran cold. My teeth chattered ; my knees knocked together ; my heart thumped wildly against my ribs and my hair stood on end at the awful sight before me.

There to the wall was nailed a fearful, hideous, pain-stricken face ; its eyes were two glaring balls of fire, ready to leap from the widely

distended sockets ; its long ragged teeth appeared to be aching to grasp me as their lawful prey. Ten thousand grinning mocking devils laughed a fiendish blood-curdling laugh, as though taunting me to despair and goading on this visitor from the infernal regions to make short work of me. A merciful dizziness came to my relief, and I knew no more until the cold snow had brought me out of my faint. I had bathed in the waters of forgetfulness, and painfully arose, wondering if I had been walking in a nightmare. But, No ! The jibing trunkless spectre was there to prove that this was not a mere case of somnambulism. I showed my supernatural enemy the sight of my heels, and ran for dear life to my office. I awakened my boy, and asked him to help me rig up as I did not feel well. We proceeded on our way to the stable, you may rest assured that my *factotum* went first ; we turned the corner to the stable door. A cold sweat froze my limbs, for that hellish face was even more diabolical than before ; my boy was rooted to the ground. I had just strength enough to push him inside the door, and after numberless stops and starts, we reached the middle of the building.

At last terror gained the mastery over little Alick, and he groaned in terror :—" Oh ! Doctor, that ghost will take me sure, and then what will become of my poor mother." I could stand it no longer, dropping on my knees, I prayed to God. Strengthened, I arose and addressed the vision : In the name of heaven, if you are man, speak ; if you are a demon, depart to your bed of fire. I boldly advanced and found that my ghost was a hole in the curtain of my stable window, through which the brilliant rays of a cloudless moon

were shining. When I had my horse hitched up I took a peep at the moon; that sly, old lady had her face puckered up in a most provoking smile, and seemed to be winking her other eye at me—poor, luckless fool.

That unearthly groaning wafted on the night air from the graveyard, made me feel creepy and ner-

vous. Alick innocently remarked: "Doctor, I must put a new clasp on that church gate to-morrow; the old one will not hold it shut, and the creaking of the rusty hinges make an awful racket when there is a wind blowing." So end all ghost stories.

PAUL JONES, '98.



THE BALLOT BOX.

A weapon that comes down as still
 As showflakes fall upon the sod;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God;
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.



THE BRUTUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IF a single name in ancient history embodies valor, generosity, and patriotism, there can be no doubt that such a name should be found in that greatest of Shakespeare's creations, Julius Cæsar, in which Brutus plays so important a part. The popular idea of Brutus is that of a man, whose ardent patriotism overwhelmed all other feelings; a man, who, forced to decide between the sacrifice of his friend's life and the imperiling of his country's welfare, did not hesitate to shed the blood of "the foremost man of all this world"; a man of truly upright character, whose slightest step from the path of virtue must be ascribed to some sort of delusion, not to any lack of sensitiveness or delicacy of principle. A brief perusal of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" serves only to strengthen this conception. We learn from the conspirators, that the chief reason of their desire to have Brutus at the head of the plot is that,

He sits high in the people's hearts !
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Then what stronger argument could be brought forward, than that beautiful panegyric coming as it does from the lips of Mark Antony. This was the noblest Roman of

* * * * *

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

So that we have the fair name of Brutus endorsed alike by friends and enemies.

But Shakespeare's method of portraying characters is peculiarly his own. It is not the Julius Cæsar of history, that he shows us in the play of that name; it is rather Cæsar, as the conspirators saw or pretended to see him; Cæsar, the vain bragging vapourer, godding it over the whole world. It is from the other characters of Shakespeare that we learn of Julius Cæsar, "the conqueror, of whom death makes no conquest." In like manner we have a picture of Brutus, as he appeared to the conspirators, and this it is, that impresses us in a cursory reading; but on serious study of the play, the first effect is speedily effaced. We are at a loss to reconcile some of the traits of Brutus with the high eulogiums conferred upon him.

That he is susceptible to flattery, is a fact most apparent to Cassius, who works upon him accordingly.

And it is very much lamented,
 Brutus,

That you have no such mirror as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow.

And when the arch-conspirator

sees that, by his adulation, he has succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of Brutus, how he glories in the fact.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet; I
see,
Thy honorable metal may be
wrought
From that it is disposed:

Once again it is Cassius, who formulates the scheme of sending to Brutus anonymous letters, all tending to the great opinion that Rome holds of his name. One of the letters was cunningly affixed to the statue erected to Lucius Brutus. This was a master-stroke of flattery. Lucius Brutus, after delivering Rome from the Tarquins, had put his sons to death and died childless; but Cassius knew that the Brutus of the play denied his plebeian birth, and claimed lineage with his illustrious namesake. The deception seems to have gained credence among the people, for one of the citizens suggested that Brutus should be given a statue with his ancestors, as a reward for slaying Cæsar. Brutus takes the bait; although the following passage would seem to indicate that he is sensible of the concealed hook:

Into what dangers would you lead
me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into
myself
For that which is not in me?

If we wish to obtain an infallible criterion of a man's character, we must study how he communes with himself. When alone, he comes forth in his true colors. Under constraint of the presence of others, his words and actions are more or less studied. A strictly upright man would be consistent alike in privacy

and in public. As soon as Brutus entertains the thought of the assassination of Cæsar, he commences to cast about in his own mind for some plausible excuse, to give countenance to the affair. He can find no apparent ground for complaint against Cæsar in anything he has yet done.

And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he
is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is,
augmented,
Would run to these and these ex-
tremities:
And, therefore, think him as a ser-
pent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind,
grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

In his heart of hearts, Brutus realizes that he is committing a grievous wrong, for he says:

To speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affec-
tions sway'd
More than his reason.

Calm and cold as Brutus appears before his fellow-men, in his secret soul, he is affected by the nature of his undertaking.

Since Cassius first did whet me
against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful
thing
And the first motion, all the interim
is
Like a phantasma or hideous dream.

How different does he appear to his associates! Before them, there is no wavering doubt apparent in his mind. When Lucius announces the approach of masked men, it is Brutus' better nature that speaks.

O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous
brow by night,
When evils are most free?

But, on their entrance, they are not greeted as conspirators. Then they are men of such sublime honor, that they must not "stain the even virtue of our enterprise," by stooping to any act so degrading as an oath to bind their resolution. O! no, that step would be far beneath the dignity of men, engaged in the honorable enterprise, for which a few moments before, Brutus failed to find, even in Erebus, a cavern dark enough to mask its monstrous visage. The only conclusion, that can be drawn, is that the poet intended to paint Brutus The Hypocrite. The very words spoken by Brutus, when he has finished prating to the conspirators, about the dignity and honor of their undertaking, seem to justify this view.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and
merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal
constancy.

This is scarcely in keeping with his professed belief in the justice of his designs. If he believed their object to be an honorable one, why should it be necessary for them to act a part? However Brutus continues throughout the play to give strong evidence of histrionic ability. So well does he sustain the role, that, were it not for his utterances in private, the deception would be well nigh complete. On the fateful morning of the Ides of March, when Cæsar entreats the conspirators to taste some wine with him, as a pledge of truth and honor, Brutus is

touched with remorse for the hypocrisy of himself and his companions, and cannot refrain from soliloquizing.

That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think
upon!

If these proofs be not convincing in themselves, who but a hypocrite could humbly kneel and kiss the hand of a benefactor, against whose life, the daggers of the assassins were already leaping from their scabbards?

The gross ignorance of human nature, frequently displayed by Brutus, has often been commented on; but we must remember, that the actor always plays to the mob, knowing full well, that if he meet their approval, all adverse criticism will be drowned in their noisy demonstration. Brutus plays to the mob. He is quite sensible, that it would be safer to have Mark Antony out of the way; yet he spares him, not on any grounds of conscience, but because the course would seem too bloody. To Cæsar alone, is allowed the distinction of falling at the hands of the patriot band. He must not be killed wrathfully, but in such a way that,

This shall mark
Our purpose necessary, and not
envious;
Which so appearing to the common
eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not
murderers.

Then Antony is permitted to speak in the order of Cæsar's funeral, not because it is a due right and a lawful ceremony, but because, It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Through his eagerness to appease

the multitude, Brutus makes the fatal mistake of his life. Mark Antony's oratory sounds the death knell of the conspirators. Their cause is wrecked even through the means by which Brutus hoped to strengthen it.

It would be difficult to define the principles of Brutus' philosophy. He professed uprighteousness to such a degree, that he could not countenance the slightest fault in others; and yet, when placed in a similar position, he laid aside his philosophy, and committed the same acts he had previously condemned. A striking example of this inconsistency is afforded in the famous quarrel scene. In this quarrel there were two sides to the question. Brutus had punished one Lucius Pella, for taking bribes from the Sardians, and had ignored the letters from Cassius, praying for clemency towards the criminal. Cassius had refused to advance a sum of money, required by Brutus to pay his legions. We are at a loss to con-

ceive how Brutus could frown upon the practice of bribery, by which, he was well aware, the army of Cassius existed; and at the same time ask Cassius to share with him, the money obtained by such base means. Perhaps a little light may be thrown on the subject, by remembering that it was Brutus, who so strongly censured Cato, for taking his own life. It was none other than Brutus, who, when he found himself in the midst of dangers, proved his moral cowardice, by having recourse to the same act.

If then Brutus be weighed in the balance, and found wanting in those admirable virtues, commonly ascribed to him, what place shall he be assigned in the catalogue of Shakespeare's characters? To my mind, the idea that most strongly suggests itself is, that Brutus is a highly accomplished professional patriot, and is well qualified to receive the opprobrious decoration, Brutus, the Hypocrite.

J. J. O'REILLY, '01.



POETS.

O brave poets, keep back nothing ;
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole !
 Look up Godward ! Speak the truth in
 Worthy song from earnest soul !
 Hold, in high poetic duty,
 Truest truth the fairest Beauty.



THEORIES OF LIGHT.

IN physical nature and its multitude of varied phenomena, the author of all things has furnished for man's most careful study and profound contemplation, an inexhaustible subject. So true is this, and so well has it been realized, especially in modern times, that many of our greatest minds and deepest philosophers have given their exclusive attention to that part of philosophy. Now experience shows that by a great number of men, the actual or physical causes of many phenomena are almost totally ignored. In fact, so familiar do we become with ordinary occurrences, that we take them as a matter of course, and facts which have given great difficulties to men of science, are daily observed by us with indifference. At the present time scientific research has penetrated so far beneath the surface of things, that essays of a scientific character must deal with the latest developments in the intricate subdivisions of the science. In these works there are generally so many technicalities involved and so much previous knowledge of the subject supposed, that they are practically unintelligible, except to the few who have made a special study of that particular branch. It is not our object here, to explain or enumerate any of these recent discoveries, so that whatever is said shall be historical, rather than scientific.

At the very outset a curious fact concerning what history teaches us of light is to be noted. Going back to antiquity we find that while other branches of science had made fair

progress, and when many arts had almost reached the zenith of perfection, the knowledge of this phenomenon was very limited. Indeed its early history is buried in such obscurity that it is difficult to imagine what idea learned men had of light. From whatever knowledge can be gleaned on the subject, it is thought that the ancients universally conceived light as something purely subjective. They supposed that bodies became visible through the action of certain small luminous particles continually projected from the eye itself. It was not until about the year 350 B.C. that the question was asked, most probably by that great genius of antiquity, Aristotle; "why can we not see in the dark?" Or in other words, "what is darkness?" This question had the effect of inciting scientists to a deeper study of the subject.

The ancients were certainly acquainted with the phenomena of reflection and refraction, for these must have been daily observed in the waters of their limpid streams, nature's first mirrors. Whether they endeavored to give an explanation of them or not, is beyond our power of ascertaining. As far as we know, Cleomedes, who lived in the first century of our era, was the first to give us any data truly scientific. He showed in an experiment so often repeated after him, that a coin placed in an empty bowl so as to be put beyond the line of vision over the edge of the vessel, could be brought into view by pouring in water. This, he properly accounts

for by the bending of the ray of light emerging from the water. After his time, Ptolemy, the celebrated astronomer, in his work on optics, collected together and endeavored to explain the various phenomena of light as then known.

About this time, what is known as the corpuscular theory was universally held by those scientists and philosophers who gave any attention to the study of light. According to this theory, light is produced, not subjectively, but rather from an extrinsic cause. Self-luminous bodies, such as the sun, were supposed to throw off continually, small imponderable particles of their substance which, on account of their minuteness, were termed corpuscles. Some of these corpuscles which were projected in all directions, reached the eye, and by their irritative action on the retina produced the sensation of vision somewhat analogous to the sense of smell; for we know that substances which are odorous, cast off small particles which reach the olfactory nerve. Other objects not self-luminous, become visible by reflecting these particles more or less regularly, that is, by making them rebound from their surfaces as if they were of an elastic nature. This theory was for a long time sternly adhered to by learned men, not because there was any real and definite proof of its truth, but rather, because it gave an explanation of all facts then known concerning light, and because it seemed to be in keeping with the atomic system of bodies then in vogue. There was, however, a fact derived from astronomy, which was for a long time considered a positive demonstration of the theory. It has been observed that the tails of comets in their revolution around the sun are always directed from it.

When the comet approaches the sun, its tenuous envelope remains behind the head as something dragged in its wake, but when receding from the sun, strange to say, the tail precedes the more solid portion or nucleus as if some force were thrusting it forward. Many attributed this to the conflict of the luminous particles which resulted in favor of the sun, on account of the greater number projected, and the superior force with which they travelled.

From these various facts it was generally thought that scientists had hit upon the proper explanation of light; so much so, indeed, that even when conclusively proven to be erroneous, it was still resolutely adhered to by great thinkers. The first shock that it received was when the velocity of light was determined. According to the theory, light was supposed, and rightly too, not to be instantaneous, but rather similar to what takes place in sound to occupy a certain time in travelling from the luminous body to the eye. It was not, however, thought to be so great as it proved to be. Its velocity was first ascertained from astronomical observation in 1675, by Romer, a Danish astronomer. This was done by observing the eclipses of Jupiter's first satellite. This satellite suffers occultation by passing behind the planet at regular intervals, the time elapsing between each occultation, being forty-two hours, twenty-eight minutes and thirty-six seconds. His method may be clearly understood by comparing it with the following experiment. Suppose a signal gun to be fired at a certain station, at regular intervals of one hour. If discharged exactly at noon, a person standing near it will hear the report almost at the same moment. Now if he travel from the gun he will

hear the next report, not when it is fired, that is at one o'clock, but rather a few seconds, or if he has travelled rapidly enough, many seconds after that hour. In other words, the sound occupied a certain time in traversing the distance separating him from the gun. By increasing the distance still more, the next discharge will be heard as many seconds more after two o'clock. Continuing onward, he will find that the gun is continually losing time, as it were. In Romer's experiment, the signal gun was the occultation of the satellite with an interval of forty-two hours, twenty-six minutes and thirty-six seconds instead of one hour. The station of observation was the earth itself, which at the time of the experiment was receding from Jupiter in its revolution around the sun. Now Romer found that at each return of the occultation there was a loss of a fractional part of a second which, gradually accumulating, amounted to a difference of sixteen minutes and thirty-six seconds between the position of the earth when nearest Jupiter and when farthest away, that is, the position on the opposite side of its orbit. This, Romer rightly attributed to the time occupied by light in travelling across the earth's orbit. Knowing this distance, he found the velocity of light to be one hundred and ninety thousand miles a second. So great is the velocity, that the time occupied by light in going from one point to another on the earth is altogether unappreciable to ordinary observation; in fact it would traverse the entire distance around the globe in less than one tenth of a second. In spite of this, Foucault and Fizeau have devised methods by which it has been accurately determined. The results obtained agree very closely with

those obtained by Romer, but a description of the experiments would be perhaps out of place here. They suppose a knowledge of optical instruments outside of our question. Foucault's experiment is of great importance, as it furnishes a means of determining the rate at which light travels through liquids and gases. The results obtained by all these scientists were the first to cast a shadow over the probability of the corpuscular theory. In the first place, how these minute and imponderable bodies called corpuscles, could be projected with such velocity, cannot be physically explained. In the second place, Foucault revealed the hitherto unknown fact that light travels in water, less quickly than in air. Now, a ray of light in passing from air into water is refracted, that is, its direction is altered, but in such a manner that to be satisfactorily explained by the corpuscular theory, necessitates the supposition that it would travel more rapidly in water. In spite of these facts the old theory was strongly adhered to by many scientific men.

Newton, especially, who is regarded as the leading physicist and mathematician of modern times and one of the greatest minds the world has yet seen, supported it so strongly that his authority prevailed. He was so convinced of the truth, that he went to a great trouble to answer the objections, but in an obscure and unsatisfactory manner. In the meantime, Hygeus brought forward a new difficulty, in the form of double refraction; a peculiar phenomenon, then noticed in the crystals of Iceland spar, and shortly afterwards he proposed the undulatory theory, now universally accepted.

According to this theory, the sensation of light is produced, not by

the immediate action of any thing projected from a luminous body, but is rather the result of certain vibrations which act upon the retina, in a manner somewhat analogous to the action of sound-waves upon the tympanum. It may be directly shown by several experiments, that sound is produced by the undulations of the air propagated from a sonorous (vibrating) body in concentric spheres.

The manner in which this takes place can be illustrated by the effect produced when a pebble is dropped into still water. For light however the medium is not air, for it travels through vacuum and even through many solid substances which are said to be transparent or translucent. There is no positive proof of the existence of a medium though for the requirements of the theory an extremely tenuous one, termed luminiferous ether has been supposed. This fluid, according to scientists, fills all space and penetrates through the molecules of all matter. A luminous body is one which has the power of setting this ether in vibration.

Among the phenomena which have given weight to this theory and which have been explained by it alone, is that known as "interference of light". It is illustrated in the following experiment. A ray of monochromatic light, red for example, is allowed to enter a dark room through a very narrow slit. On a screen, placed at a certain distance away, upon which this light is received, a bright band of red is seen, on either side of which appear alternate bands of black and red gradually diminishing in intensity until at a certain distance from the centre they vanish. In other words there are alternate bands of light and darkness. Before

explaining this phenomena several physicists draw our attention to an occurrence in nature more easily understood but very analogous. At the port of Batisha in Tony King there is a point at which the ocean is perfectly tranquil while on either side the waters are violently disturbed by the incoming tide. This is explained in the following manner. The tide wave reaches this point by two different channels, so that there are actually two waves one arriving six hours later than the other. This six hours is equivalent to one half a wave length so that when the two waves meet the crest of one arrives at the same moment as the trough of the other. As a consequence they destroy each other and their mutual action tends to give the waters their accustomed level. The same thing occurs with sound waves. It may be shown by experiment that if the same sound be made to travel through two tubes, so as to reach the ear in opposite phases no sound is heard. If now the communication with one of these tubes is stopped, the sound becomes audible. Applying this analogy to the interference of light, it is supposed that the waves which come from the edges of the slit above mentioned produce a band of light directly in front of it, because the waves travel the same distance. But those which strike the screen obliquely, traverse distances slightly different. When this difference is equivalent to one half an undulation, there is interference, and no light is produced, but when there is a difference of a whole wave length, they do not exert any influence upon each other, and the band of light is seen. The same result is obtained with thin layers of substances which reflect the light from their lower and upper surfaces.

These rays coming different distances, produce on the plates, alternate rays of light and darkness. If instead of a homogeneous ray, white light is experimented with, the colors of the spectrum are generally produced. This is due to the compound nature of white light, which will be explained presently. Examples of this are of daily experience. The brilliant iridescent hues of a thin soap-bubble, the prismatic colors which oil displays when thinly spread over water, and the chromatic display, observed on Burton's buttons, mother of pearl, and the surface of tempered steel are all instances of this phenomenon of interference.

Taking the undulatory theory as a foundation, the explanation of many facts concerning light is very interesting. Newton discovered that solar light is composed not of a single vibration, but rather of seven distinct sets each of which correspond to a special color, which uniting form white light. By allowing a sunbeam to pass through a prism, he divided it into seven primary or prismatic colors. Nature furnishes an example of this in the beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow, where the vapours of the clouds form the prism. Newton recomposed white light from these seven colors by a very simple but ingenious experiment. A disc upon which these colors were painted was made to revolve rapidly. In this manner, the colors were superposed upon the retina and the disc appears white. From these observations Newton proposed the explanation of colors now accepted by scientists. White bodies are those which reflect all the colors of the spectrum in their proper order, while those that appear

black absorb or extinguish them all. Between those extremes there arises an infinite variety of colors according to the number of primary colors reflected or absorbed.

It must not be supposed, however, that this light is all reflected as is the case with certain highly polished surfaces known as perfect mirrors, which reflecting all the rays which fall upon them are themselves invisible. A body becomes visible by irregular reflection, that is by the rays being reflected in many directions on account of the roughness of the surface. A familiar example of this can be easily given. From the surface of a still pond the surrounding scenery is reflected and the clouds and the sky are beautifully portrayed beneath the surface. A light gust of wind covering the surface with ripples, obliterates all this, and the water alone is visible.

So far, we have shown the application of the undulatory theory to many facts; but the question might here arise: "are there any phenomena that it fails to explain?" To this it can be answered that though it perfectly satisfies the requirements of science in facts so far known, yet, if it be the true theory, certain phenomena, as polarisation shows, that these undulations of the ether are of a nature more complicated and intricate than can be represented by the ordinary motions of air or water. It is thus evident that in spite of the great advancement which has been made in science, there still remains much to be learned, and it is difficult to say what the future has in store for us, or what new ideas will occupy the minds of men in times to come.

FERDINAND LAPPE, '98.



RT REV. A. DONTENVILLE, O.M.I.

RECEPTION TO BISHOP DONTENVILLE, O.M.I.

It frequently happens that the students of the University have the pleasure of welcoming to their midst a bishop or archbishop; but seldom if ever has their greeting been more cordial than that which they lately extended to the Right Rev. A. Dontenville, O.M.I.

Twenty-five years ago the worthy prelate came as a student to Ottawa College, then a very small building in comparison with its present extent. With marked success he passed in turn the various examinations required of him, and at length renounced the world for the sombre gown and became an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. After his ordination he labored for four years as a professor in the University, and then he was called upon to take up his abode in far off British Columbia. There he spent his time in teaching and doing missionary work; and now, invested with all the sacred dignity of a bishop of God's Church he has returned to pay a visit to his college home and to the companions of his younger days.

Those who knew him years ago find in him the same gentle and unassuming character as when he last took leave of them; and the tender bond of sympathy which ever unites the past students of Ottawa University with those of the present, combined with the hearty welcome always extended to illustrious guests in swelling the burst of applause which filled our Academic Hall on February 10, when Bishop Dontenville appeared before the assembled students. An appropriate

address in French was read to him by Mr. A. Lavergne, '99, and the following is a copy of the English address as read by Mr. John T. Hanley, '98.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND AUGUSTINE DONTENVILLE, O.M.I., D.D., BISHOP OF GERMANICOPOLIS AND COADJUTOR OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD :

It is with genuine pleasure, and pride that the students of the University of Ottawa see you here to day. We feel that our welcome to you cannot be too cordial, for we see in you one of our graduates in Arts and Theology, a former member of our professorial staff, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate and a Prelate of Holy Church.

The records of *Alma Mater* testify to your marked success whilst a student; later, as we have often heard, your scholarly attainments and uncommon geniality won you the esteem and confidence of all who had the privilege of having you as a teacher; and then, your many qualities of head and heart, especially your zeal for the glory of God, we know, made your labors in the sacred ministry productive of the best results. Hence we were not surprised when a few months ago you were chosen by the successor of Peter to preside over an important portion of the Lord's vineyard. Your Lordship, we hope, will not deem it presumption on our part when we assure you of our conviction that, in the elevated station you occupy, you will always be an honor to the Episcopacy of Canada and to the institution of which you are one of the most distinguished sons.

Your Lordship, we have reason to believe, continues to take a lively interest in the University. You will then, we have no doubt, be gratified to learn that

you see before you students from every province of this vast Dominion and from many States of the great neighboring Republic. Despite the vigorous conditions of entrance and promotion, the number of students in the classical course has steadily increased until larger rooms and the division of some classes have become necessary. Our graduates maintain a most creditable standing in the law, medical, and theological schools which they attend, and after qualifying for the professions of their choice, almost invariably reach honorable and often eminent places. We are conscious, My Lord, that during the many years you spent in Ottawa, you did very much indeed to insure the prosperity of the University, and we are happy to have this occasion of expressing our gratitude for the many advantages which you have generously contributed to afford us.

In conclusion, My Lord, we sincerely thank you for the honor you do us by your visit to-day, and we hope that this may be only the first of many occasions on which we may have the privilege of kneeling to receive your blessing.

His Lordship replied to both in a very touching manner. On arriving in Ottawa he expected, he said, to be welcomed by the Fathers of the University, since he enjoyed the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with most of them; but what he did not expect was the enthusiastic reception he had just been tendered by the students. He thanked them for their warm-heartedness, remarking that it reminded him of the days when he was himself a student. He then cast a glance at the marked progress of the University. Its graduates were scattered all over the continent; and, wherever he met them they were always able and honorable men, for they had received while here the foundation not only of true science but also of true religion. This led him to remark that he believed teaching a most meritorious

occupation; it had always been for him a very pleasing task; for he ever had before his mind the fact recently expressed by His Holiness Leo XIII that where the youth received a thorough religious training the Church in that country had nothing to fear. In conclusion, His Lordship made a statement which ever finds a responsive chord in the hearts of a community of students,—he had secured for them a holiday. When the applause occasioned by this remark had subsided all present knelt to receive the blessing of His Lordship; who then left the hall bearing with him the esteem and admiration of the whole student body, while all united in the wish that they might in future have an opportunity of enjoying a more intimate acquaintance with the young Prelate whose first appearance before them had left so agreeable an impression.

On the following evening a more substantial reception was prepared for His Lordship from British Columbia in the form of a complimentary dinner given by the fathers of the University. Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface was also present, as well as many other visiting clergymen.

About eight o'clock, when all had participated to their hearts content of the various delicacies mentioned on the bill of fare, the banquetters repaired to the Academic Hall to assist at the presentation of "Richelieu" by the Dramatic Club of the University; and the manner in which the actors took their respective parts rendered them well worthy of the bursts of applause which their efforts frequently called forth. It was a noticeable fact that the names of the two female characters of the drama were not to be found on the pro

gramme; but this is one of the inconveniences of the college stage—actresses cannot very well be introduced. In this case, however, although the omission of the character of Julie necessitated the dropping of several choice passages, the play lost but very little by the change, and the story could be followed without difficulty.

Mr. Doyle in the title role added another branch to the laurel wreath he has been weaving for himself behind the college footlights for the past two years. He interpreted his lines in a very intelligent manner; the varied intonations of his deep voice were peculiarly suited to the character he represented. We saw in him the trembling old man amidst all the fluctuations of his fortune, debilitated by the insidious devices wrought against him, invigorated for the moment by some noble conception of his majestic mind, and snatched as it were from the jaws of death and rejuvenated by his final triumph; in fact his acting throughout was almost worthy of a professional.

Nearly as high commendation may be bestowed on Mr. Farrell, who, as the brave but unfortunate Chevalier de Mauprat elicited the admiration and sympathy of the whole audience. Mr. Payment figured in the rôle of Baradas, and though his accentuation of several passages was widely different from

that of Keene's Baradas, all agreed that he impersonated the astute designing villain with marked success. Mr. Bonin in his gaudy attire displayed a very correct conception of De Beringhen, the weak-minded, effeminate fop, "discussing his wine and pati"; while the brothers, Louis XIII and Gascon were well represented by Messrs. Bolger and Albin. Mr. McGlade as the easy-going, faithful Joseph, and Mr. Myles as François also come in for their share of commendation; and all the minor characters without exception were successful in acting well the parts committed to their charge.

The costumes of all were appropriate and tasteful; the band between acts maintained the proud reputation it has made for itself on former occasions. It was gratifying to see the smile of approbation which decked the faces of all as the large audience filed from the hall,—a smile which indicated the revival of the somewhat languishing enthusiasm for college plays. To all who took part in the play, and especially to their untiring director, Rev. Father Gervais, the OWL offers most hearty congratulations; they have done honor to the institution to which they belong, by proving that the students of Ottawa University are "great" behind the foot-lights as well as in the class room or on the football field.



THE REBELLION OF '98.

WHAT a sad history has been that of Ireland! It is too well known to permit of a rehearsal. Ireland, if speculation on such a topic be not considered the vainest of occupations, might to-day rank among the foremost nations of the world, had she been allowed to develop untrammelled, the resources placed at her disposal. She might have been the glory and the light of the universe, not alone in material prosperity, but in all its usual accompaniments, in literature, in art, in science, in culture, had not that same Providence, that guides the destinies of all nations, reserved her for victories, in comparison of which success in her various revolts must be considered as naught. In the golden age of King Brian Boru and the men who beat back the Danes from the shores of Ireland at the time when they successfully established their power in the country that has since domineered over her; in those bright days when scholars flocked to her from all parts of the world, and when she was known as "The Island of Saints and Scholars," she gave an earnest of what she might have been. However, she is known to us as the "Niobe of Nations." No greater encomium, perhaps, could be desired by lovers of Ireland than that bestowed on her by that appellation. We have seen her conquered, a foreign population planted on her soil; we have seen her distracted internally, a fact which is by no means attributable to the causes ascribed by her enemies, and we have seen her subjected to all

manner of indignities at the hands of her conquerors; we still see the impress of the policy of the cruel and relentless Cromwell that penned her sons up between the "mile-line" of the Shannon, and the "five-mile-line" of the sea; we have seen her in the throes of rebellion after having struggled in vain to obtain her rights in a constitutional manner; and at the present day we see her fighting the brave fight to regain the privilege that was wrested from her by the vilest and most corrupt of means. During all this time, however, her influence as a nation has not been dormant. What unparalleled examples of all the nobler virtues has she not given to the world! Chief among these is the heroic constancy that so often foiled the persecuting enemies that sought to wrest from her the invaluable treasure of her faith. This it is that has been her glory, and as a reward of that fidelity we may safely prophesy for her a more glorious career than extinction at the hands of a nation whose policy towards her has but too often betrayed its ultimate aim.

The situation of Ireland to-day is the outcome of the failure of the great rebellion whose centenary Irishmen in all parts of the globe are this year celebrating. For sixteen years previous to the outbreak of the rebellion Ireland possessed her own parliament, not to say that she possessed an independent legislature, for that boon for Ireland was synonymous with the oligarchical rule of a few creatures of the

English Cabinet. It is to those years then that we shall look for the causes of the rebellion.

Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Grattan and Flood, a bill establishing the legislative and judicial independence of Ireland passed the English Parliament on April 16, 1782. However, with that accomplished, the fight for an amelioration of the state of affairs that preceded that year only began.

The first three years of the era of quasi-independence were a struggle for a reform in the Parliamentary representation. They are memorable also as witnessing the break between Grattan and Flood, at that time the two leading lights in the Irish political field. Scarce had these two patriots attained the object for which they strove so earnestly, when causes that have too often estranged men of eminent parts wrought a separation that knew no reconciliation. Grattan took exception to some of the minor points in the policy of Flood; the former deemed as sufficient a simple repeal of the measures that, previous to 1782, hampered Ireland; the latter was satisfied with nothing short of an "express renunciation" of England's claim to legislative and judicial supremacy, a course which Grattan thought too humiliating for that country; further Grattan advocated the complete emancipation of Catholics, whilst Flood, bigoted as he was, was totally averse to any legislation favorable to them. An open quarrel, in which each indulged in the coarsest vituperation towards the other, did not better their relations. Nevertheless, Grattan upheld Flood in the bill he introduced into Parliament for a more equitable representation of the people; but even their

combined efforts were powerless before the dogged majority that held sway in the Irish Commons. Flood, despairing of success, withdrew from the House, as his colleague and rival did some ten years later. These years ended as they began. Out of a Parliament composed of 300 members, not more than 70 were returned by the people; 53 Peers had the power to nominate 123 members, and to secure the election of ten others; whilst the remaining seats were as corruptly filled by various means.

The story of the later years of this period forms perhaps one of the darkest chapters in the history of the world. They were years of oppression for all classes and creeds of Ireland's population.

The Protestant Irish, whose ancestors had centuries before been planted on Irish soil by the English rulers, as well as the Catholic population, who were displaced to make room for them, were alike, not always to the same degree, however, the victims of the robbing policy practiced by the English Government. From the time when the property of the Irish was confiscated, when it was considered treason to be a "papist," and when Catholicism was suffered to breathe only "through the connivance of the magistrates," the Irish Catholics were considered as strangers in their own country. They were forced to pay rent for the lands left them by their fathers, and to contribute to the support of a church for which they had the extremest repugnance. Still more they labored under the disabilities imposed on them by the most barbarous Penal Code that ever disgraced the statute books of a country. The whole population became alienated from England.

The nation, oppressed by the various contrivances of the Irish Parliament and its ferocious ally the Orangemen, was not slow to realize the necessity of a combined opposition. Nationalists of all creeds banded together into one great society, that, like a river, swelled as it lived on, but that was destined, when it had run its course, to see its forces dissipated without having accomplished more than a commotion that effected nothing. The Society of United Irishmen sprang into existence in the early part of the year 1791. It soon gained adherents from all parts, and had some of the ablest men of the nation as its directors.

During all these years Parliament was in a most deplorable condition. An election in Ireland meant, in the words of Grattan, "the privilege of returning a few representatives of the people to a Parliament that was already occupied by the nominees of the English Government." Before an assemblage so constituted it was impossible to effect anything beneficial for the country. The most moderate bills for reform were voted down time after time by a great majority until in the end the immortal Grattan and his followers seceded in disgust, and refused to appear again in the House. This took place in May, 1797. From that moment it was plain to be seen that an insurrection was inevitable.

We cannot leave this period without a consideration of the attitude of the English Parliament. The consent of that body to the bill establishing the independence of Ireland had been wrung from them at a time when it would have been impolitic for them to resist. Their subsequent conduct is easily interpreted. They looked listlessly on when the Orange-

men wreaked their brutal outrages on the defenceless Irishmen; they connived at the promiscuous slaughter in the districts where martial law had been proclaimed to squelch a rebellion, whose causes they did not wish to remove; and they refused intervention when Grattan and Fox pressed them to force a change upon the Irish Parliament. It was clear that it was their intention to goad the people on to a rebellion, which they might use as a pretext for the union of England and Ireland.

Ireland had now nothing to hope for. Force was the only means untried by which she might expect an improvement of her condition. Her chances for success were tolerably good. The United Irishmen numbered in their ranks 500,000 men, 300,000 of whom were armed. With a well nigh perfected organization, with great prospect of external aid, with a firm conviction of the justice of their cause, and with the glorious example of the achievements of the valiant rebels of 1641 as incentive, it was far from being a rash estimate that considered success as easily attainable. But a damp was cast over the whole affair by the arrest of the leaders in the rebellion on the very eve of the outbreak. However, preparations had already gone too far to permit even that being a hindrance to the intended action.

The rising, whose general tenor in all that we can here notice, took place on May 23, 1798. Its course was marked by the bitterest animosity on both sides. The rebels fought most courageously, but before many months they were overcome. Still the result is nothing to their discredit. In many engagements they vanquished forces vastly their superiors in numbers, and fully equipped

for war. Courage, however, could not make up for their deficiencies. Poorly equipped, and lacking in the end an effective organization they soon found themselves powerless to oppose successfully the well-trained militia of England. The outrages committed on the Irish population by the English troops exceed credibility. Dwellings were burned, churches demolished, and the victims that fell into their hands most brutally massacred. The Irishmen were often forced to retaliate, but not even their basest maligners will reproach them with the ferocious acts laid to the charge of the English.

The participants in the rebellion suffered various fates. Numbers died on the scaffold; others were transported for life; while hundreds went into voluntary exile rather than live longer under the detested English yoke.

The course of events coincided perfectly with the desires of the English Government. The Irish people rebelled, an incontestable proof, they said, that they were not satisfied with separation from England, and the Irish people failed in their rebellion, an assurance that they were powerless to resist any proposal for union. In the session of 1799 of the Irish Parliament, the speech from the throne contained a suggestion for the Union of England and Ireland. A lively debate ensued, and when the vote of the House was taken, the proposal was lost by a single voice. The nation was jubilant over its victory, for such in reality it was. It had already tasted of the sweets of Union, and preferred to struggle on in its present condition. But the Unionist party nothing daunted, and with the English Cabinet to assist them, had other means in reserve for the successful carrying of their

favorite measure. A number of new Peers were created in the House of Lords to insure a majority in that body; in the Commons over 50 new borough members were elected, and these were mainly the nominees of the party that represented the English Government at Dublin. When Parliament assembled in 1800, a bill for the Union was introduced, and passed the Commons by a majority, which wholesale bribery swelled to 60 votes. A similar measure became law about the same time in England. Thus "an independent country was degraded into a province." Thus "Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished."

Now, after the lapse of one hundred years, looking back on that memorable rebellion, what are our impressions. In the words of Mr. Dillon, speaking at the grand inaugural celebration of the '98 Centenary, held in the County Sligo, Ireland, about a month ago, "the experiences of these one one hundred years have taught us that the rebels of '98 were in the right, and that the Government of England was in the wrong." No better proof may we expect to find that the men of '98 were justified in rebelling. They were driven to it. They remained loyal to England through their manifold sufferings, they refused to give up hope, and, even in their despair, they did not despair, until they had exhausted all possible constitutional weapons, until the failure of the greatest eloquence their soil could afford apprised them of the futility of all endeavors for improvement. As to their failure, all that we shall say is, that it is better to lose on the side of justice, than to win in the wrong and to gloat over the pains inflicted by a dishonorable victory.

P. GALVIN, '00.

ONTARIO'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

A CELEBRATED man, deeply read in scientific lore, once endeavored to prove to a peasant that the earth had a double motion. The professor had unwittingly tendered for the largest contract of the season. The line of argument of this delver into astronomical problems, was so inconsistent with the peasant's daily thoughts that he was incapable of following the theoretical train of reasoning and rejected it in the following words: "My cottage has stood, ever since I can remember, with its front to the South and nothing will ever convince me that it moves."

Unfortunately there is a certain clique whose members seem spell-bound against the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth with regard to our Separate Schools in Ontario. If Catholics were simple-minded creatures and believed that the pictures of their Schools drawn by some writers, were realistic—true to life—they might well hang their heads in shame; reverting however to the "look before you leap" maxim, they turn the other side of the picture touched up by the scribes that compile the Report of the Minister of Education, and find that the funeral pall has been designed by the imaginative brain of an unlaidd ghost. We confess that we always had a sneaking regard for the powder and shot obtained in the official educational report for Ontario. If any person is on the warpath after the wild prairie-fowl of bigotry, intolerance and falsehood, he should report at the government

arsenal, and his ammunition will bag game at every discharge; his powder will be dry and his fowling-piece will never hang fire. The murderer of truth would never purchase his shot at government headquarters; his gun would burst and prove to be a kicker of many mule-power.

Most men have an innate dread of arithmetical meditations. The result of such cogitation is worth ten times the trouble taken to the Separate School supporter; to the blatant bigot it would end in a pathetic mournful conviction that he was beside the truth in many of his assertions. Writing *solely* under the inspiration of the "Report of the Minister of Education, to His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario", we contended in last year's *Owl* that the Separate Schools were at least equal if not superior to the Public Schools, because they produced the best goods for the least money. This year we are inspired by the minister's report to make the same assertion; we only hope that the minister has not been fooling the first-comer of Ontario.

Political economists in our time—the evening shades of our college days have not fallen very long and thickly yet—always expounded as the first principle of trade: "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets". If Catholics desire to be deemed good business men, they should steadfastly support their own schools; the cost for teachers is very little more than one-half that of

the Public Schools. The reliability of a business establishment always crowds its stores with customers; men usually know a good thing when they see it. Separate Schools are not second-hand shops if we may judge from the rapidly increasing number of clients who come to drink from their fountains of knowledge; public opinion crowns them with its imperial voice, the Klondike of education. During the past year, the number of students increased 1073; the average attendance, 540. The number of pupils in the Public Schools decreased 3676; the average attendance, 735. When a business house has attained a certain degree of prosperity, it establishes feeders to meet the demands of the outlying trade; *vice versa* when the tide of trade begins to ebb it posts up the sign "to let" on its branch offices. The number of Separate Schools increased five since the last report; the number of Public Schools decreased three. Straws indicate the direction of the wind.

Along-headed business man might be inclined to think that such a result was but a flash in the pan, due to modern, up-to-date advertising of spurious, fakish goods. We must prove that our stock-in-trade is of the finest quality. The only standard authorized by the govern-

ment report is success at the departmental examinations; philosophy is conspicuous by its absence in the trial balance sheet of the Minister of Education. The two most important items in the yearly statement are entered under the heading of "High School Entrance" and "Public School Leaving" examinations. In the Entrance Examination the average percentage of successful students for the province was 64; the separate Schools succeeded in passing 73 per cent of their candidates. In the Public School leaving, the percentage was 48; the Separate Schools came out a good second with 47. The Separate Schools not only outdistanced their more-favored opponents in their own legitimate field, but also sent up candidates who were successful in all the different grades for Teacher's Certificates, and thus performed Collegiate Institute work.

In the Art Schools and Departmental Drawing Examinations for Separate, Public, High Schools and Ladies Colleges—advanced course—174 proficiency certificates were granted in the Province; of these, 110 were taken by Catholic Institutions. In this advanced art course only 5 full-fledged teacher's certificates were granted; Catholic Institutions are responsible for the 5 of them.

EXTRA SUBJECTS, TOTAL NUMBER OF CERTIFICATES GRANTED FOR ALL SCHOOLS IN THE PROVINCE.

	Shading from Cast.	Drawing from Antique.	Drawing from Life.	Painting, Oil Colors.	Pastel Paint- ing.	Painting, water colors.	China Paint- ing.	Industrial Designs.	Total.
Catholic Institu- tions	7	7	3	11	3	16	9	2	58
Other Institutions				15		19	4	1	39

We make no act of faith in the infallibility of written examinations; such tests are very deceptive. It is the only plank of salvation held out to us by the Department of Education to save us from the flood of baseless charges let loose upon us by our opponents. Discretion is always the better part of valor; we swim with the stream because we cannot stem it. Let no one say that such a course smacks of cowardice; written examinations cannot as yet make their bow to a better stan-

dard. The departmental examinations prove conclusively that our Separate Schools, as at present constituted and developed, need not fear any comparison that may be drawn between them and the Public Schools. All honor to those who fought the battles of Catholic education and wrung amendment after amendment to the Separate School code from an unwilling legislature.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.



PHRENOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
 Man, with his bumps upon his sconce,
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
 A science that by simple dint of
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,
 When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills.



The Owl.

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AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Since the appearance of the last issue of *The Owl* there has come the official announcement of an important change in the administration of Ottawa University. The Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., who has occupied the position of Rector since September, 1889, has been obliged through persistent and protracted illness to give up the duties of his office. He has been replaced by the Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I.

For over two years Rev. Father

McGuckin has been a constant sufferer, and it is no surprise to those who have closely followed the affairs of the institution to learn that he has been forced to relinquish his charge. Rather the wonder is that he could so patiently and so courageously battle against bodily ills that would long since have rendered any ordinary man absolutely incapable of physical or intellectual effort. Rev. Father McGuckin will be remembered with fitting gratitude, as a man who, during nine trying years, gave his time, his strength, his experience and his talents to further the best interests of the institution over whose destinies he was called to preside.

To his successor, Rev. Father Constantineau, *The Owl* offers its best wishes and sincerest support. The zeal and energy which distinguished him as Prefect of Studies in the Commercial Course, and, later, as Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, will now have a wider field and fuller scope. May the result of their united action have for effect to realize the ideal which every professor, student, graduate, and friend of Ottawa University has in his heart of hearts for the noble institution of which all are so justly proud and hopeful.

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THE OVERCROWDED PROFESSIONS.

In a recent issue of the "*Revue des Revues*," there appears a most noteworthy article from the pen of Mr. Henri Bérenger. Unlike much

of what is printed in the French reviews, Mr. Bérenger's essay is neither declamation, fiction nor theory; it is a simple but striking presentation of stubborn facts.

Ours is an age of education—superficial, it may be, and shallow—but education none the less, in the popular phraseology of the day. And those who do not get their share of this universally admired and desired intellectual training are rated as nobodies. Yet Mr. Bérenger presents some statistics that are apt to startle the supporters of modern education as the panacea for all our ills and evils. He makes it clear that in France there is many a product of the educational system perilously near being unable to provide the necessaries of life.

Every year twelve hundred doctors in medicine are sent forth by the Universities of France, while the vacancies are between six and seven hundred. Scarcely one lawyer in a dozen makes a decent living, and many a doctor-in-law works for from \$360 to \$600 a year. Eleven hundred students are annually licensed as professors; there are never more than three hundred positions open, and the salary ranges from \$400 to \$600. But the case is still more deplorable with regard to primary teachers. Mr. Bérenger assures us that out of one hundred and fifty thousand teachers, at least one hundred thousand are on the verge of starvation. Yet, there are no less than fifteen thousand applications for the one hundred and fifty vacancies

that occur annually in the city of Paris, and while, from 1869 to 1896, the population of France has remained practically stationary, the number of students has increased by almost 300 per cent.

In Canada we are beginning to feel the evils of false views, on education, of unreal advance, of baseless vanity and of incorrect ideals of life. Too many amongst us regard education as merely a handy means of making a living, and the rush to take that means betrays our utter blindness to the true end of education as well as to the many avenues of success that this world offers to the worthy.

Our professions are rapidly becoming overcrowded; not so with our vast and fertile agricultural areas. If a larger number of our Canadian youth would continue to follow the plow, and would give up their rainbow chasing and yearnings after the infinite, the future of the country would be more easily prophesied, and its development more than a disturbing probability.

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THE CATHOLIC STRAIN IN SHAKESPEARE.

Rev. Dr. Barry, the eminent scholar and writer, lectured recently before the Historical Research Society of London, England, on "The Catholic Strain in Shakespeare". Like everything that proceeds from Dr. Barry's pen, the lecture was deep learned and eloquent. For the benefit of our students of Shake-

speare, we give space here to an extract from the editorial comment of the Liverpool *Catholic Times* on Dr. Barry's discourse.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare's mind was, so to speak, infiltrated with Catholic ideas. Nearly every play due to his pen attests this, and as Father Darlington, S.J., observed in the course of a recent address in Dublin, he never makes a mistake whether dealing with Catholic ritual or Catholic ethics. More than this. If we compare some of the old plays from which he borrowed plots and phrases, we find that in presenting them to English readers, many of whom would have gladly welcomed attacks upon the Catholic Church, he takes care to soften or eliminate expressions intended to damage the Catholic faith or wound Catholic feeling. In the highest and fullest sense of the words all his conceptions are Catholic.

Whether or no Shakespeare was born and bred a Catholic, judging by his writings alone, Catholics have every right to claim him as the last and greatest product of Catholic England. This was brought out with much felicity of language and an inspiring enthusiasm for his subject by Dr. Barry in his lecture to the Historical Research Society. Two strains may be traced in the material of the Shakesperian plays, the one drawn from the Renaissance, the other from Mediæval—and therefore Catholic—sources. But there is nothing that by any stretch of imagination can be held to be Puritan or modern. His colour, his warmth, his atmosphere, are all the outcome of Catholic life and feeling, realised and interpreted by his genius. His humanity is the very antithesis of Puritan rigour. Dr. Barry pointed out how in many of his plays Shakespeare seems to have intentionally emphasized one or other of the ideals of Catholic life. In Richard II, it is the Catholic ideal of repentance; in Richard III, of remorse for sin. But, above all, he instances the exquisite purity of Shakespeare's women, divine at once in their grace and their strength, as

showing how entirely the mind of the poet was penetrated by the ethical spirit of Catholicism. These are considerations which far outweigh in interest, minute questions as to the exact religious standpoint of Shakespeare's relations. They may be studied by each one for himself in the plays, and they will certainly help us to a fuller realisation of all that was lost to us in beauty and colour of life by the religious changes of the XVI century.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bismarck has said that one-third of the students in the German Universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork, and the rest govern Europe.

Chauncey M. Depew asserts that sixty per cent. of the positions of high trust in America are filled by college graduates, and the other forty per cent. are very largely controlled by college men.

Here is Dr. Creighton's opinion of being a bishop. His Lordship's see is London, England.

"There could not possibly be anything more ghastly from a human point of view than being a bishop. You can never please anybody. When I was offered Peterborough I went to Dr. Hort. He said: "You are strong and wiry, and you'll make a good bishop, take it." I went to a dear old bishop at Oxford. He peered up at me and said: "You will be good at organization and will be a good bishop; take it." I had been given a canonry at Windsor, where I could have had intellectual work at Oxford, and practical work at the same time. But I went to Peterborough. I think England the most extraordinary country in the world, and its clergy the most extra-

ordinary people in it. They do an immense amount of work, but they really are the most self-centred, undisciplined and difficult people I ever came across."

It is estimated that about 30,000 conversions to the Catholic Church have taken place in the United States during the past year.

Some people will perhaps be surprised that in the speech from the Throne to the English Parliament no mention was made of the Catholic University for Ireland. However it is worthy of note that the Irish questions were the first to occupy the attention of the House.

There is sorrow in the A. P. A. camp over the election of the Hon. Joseph McKenna to the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The only objection that could be raised against Mr. McKenna was the fact that he is a Catholic. We are glad to see however that only a small and insignificant part of the people of the neighboring Republic consider this so grievous a fault in a public official.

The *True Witness* says: "The building committee of the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster have received an anonymous donation of £1,000 through the Very Rev. Canon Pyke. It is now confidently anticipated that if the subscriptions come in with sufficient rapidity to enable the present rate of progress to be maintained, the edifice will be ready for consecration and opening by Sept. 29th 1900, which will be the golden jubilee of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. The occasion is expected to be celebrated by a grand *Te Deum* beneath the dome of the new cathedral."

Speaking before the Catholic Workingmen's Club on the struggle going on between the workingmen and their employers, Rev. Thomas J. Ducey of New York city gave the following as the rich magnate's version of the Lord's prayer: "My Father who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; my kingdom has come on earth; Thy will be done—in heaven; my will be done here. Give me this day all the income I want. Give me my debts in violence against humanity, in foreclosures against my debtors. Deliver us this day from all the 'isms that destroy our power to enslave humanity. Mine is the Kingdom and the power, and Thine be the glory, forever. Amen."

A case of peculiar interest to Catholics was recently tried before the Supreme Court of Kansas. A lady in her will had made provision to have masses said for her soul after death. Some of the heirs protested this part of the will, but the case was decided against the plaintiffs. In their summary of the case the judges say: "Although we may question the soundness of these beliefs and deride the efficiency of the service which she desired to have performed, the law has no care for contrariety of faith as to spiritual things, and will, therefore, sanction the bequest she has made. The law interferes with no mere religious opinions, nor with religious practices, except such as tend to subvert the foundation of public morals and order.

Magistrate E. T. Lloyd, of Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland, pays the following high tribute to the people under his jurisdiction. Speaking from the bench he says: "I should like to congratulate the

public and the police of this district, on the fact that after seven months of constant attendance as resident magistrate in this portion of Ireland comprising an area of one thousand square miles I have never yet had before me a single complaint of theft, and not one case of criminal assault on women or children. Both these classes of cases are terribly common in England. I say so as an Englishman, having lived all my life in England, until quite recently. I think it speaks volumes for the people of Southwestern Kerry that they should be so strictly upright and honest, considering their great poverty and the hard times they are now so patiently enduring." Mr. Lloyd knows whereof he speaks, having been Chief Constable of York, before he was appointed to his present office.



OF LOCAL INTEREST.

"Resolved: that modern machinery is detrimental to the prosperity of a country" was the question placed before the members of the University Debating Society on the evening of January 30. Messrs. Cullen and Sommers pleaded for the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. Lappe and Kane who won by the narrow margin of one vote.

On February 6, the subject of debate was "Resolved: that England in modern times is a greater power than was Rome in ancient times". Messrs. O'Meara and Miles spoke for the affirmative, Messrs. Hanley and McGrath for the negative; and when the vote was taken it resulted in a majority for the Roman side of the question.

The subject for the evening of

February 13 read as follows: "Resolved. that the oratory and writings of Burke have exercised a greater influence on mankind than the dramas of Shakespeare". Messrs. Conway and Boylan defended the cause of Burke, Messrs. McGlade and Warnock that of Shakespeare. The debate proved very interesting, and when the votes were counted it was found that the majority were marked in favor of the influence exerted by the Bard of Avon.

On the following Sunday evening, Messrs. Sims and Dowd upheld, while Messrs. O'Gorman and Poupore argued against the resolution that "Electricity is of greater advantage to mankind than steam". The debate was closely contested, but, finally was awarded, as were most of the other debates this season, in favor of the negative.

In the French Society the following subject was discussed on January 30,— "Resolved: that the farmer is of greater advantage to a country than the manufacturer." Messrs. A. A. Pinard and L. Payment spoke for the affirmative, Messrs. E. Richard and R. Lapointe for the negative. After an interesting debate the affirmative won by a vote of 30 to 6.

On February 6, the subject was "Resolved: that Canada would be benefited by annexation with the United States." E. Pinard and E. Pothier put forth an excellent plea for the affirmative, but were forced to succumb to the superior merits of A. Lapointe and W. Doran.

St. Patrick's Day is again at hand and the students intend to keep up the tradition of past years and celebrate by a banquet the feast of Erin's patron saint. The preparations for the banquet have been en-

trusted to the charge of the following Executive Committee.

Director—Rev. Father Fallon.

Chairman—J. T. Hanley.

Secretary—E. P. Gleeson.

Treasurer—E. A. Bolger.

Committee—T. F. Clancy, R. A. O'Meara, J. E. Doyle, T. E. Cullen.



AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for March is a beautifully illustrated and deeply interesting issue. Mr. J. M. Cave's sketch of the life of St. Martin of Tours, the apostle of France, is worthy of special mention. Born of noble but pagan parents, Martin was destined by his father to follow a military career. At the early age of ten years he was filled with the desire to become a Christian, and begged of the Christian Bishop to be baptized; but his father prevented this by having him enrolled in the army. While on military duty at Amiens, Martin is said to have had a vision which decided his course. He received baptism, resigned his military office and became "The Lord's Warrior." Filled with a desire for solitude, Martin set out for Treves, where he joined a small group of cenobites formed by St. Athanasius. There he remained for two years under the instruction of the Alexandrian Doctor. From Treves, Martin went to Poitiers, over which city ruled the celebrated Bishop Hilary. Hilary desired him to receive Holy Orders, but he refused, and, filled with the sublime desire to bear the gospel to his parents, he set out for Pannonia, where they were then residing. He succeeded in converting his mother and many of the inhabitants of Pannonia, but fell into the

hands of the Aryans, who were numerous in that country, was scourged and banished. This courageous servant of God again turned toward Gaul, but, having learned at Milan that Bishop Hilary had been exiled, he remained in that city, and founded there a monastery. However, at the recall of the saintly Bishop, Martin immediately set out to join him. His real work in Gaul now commenced. Monasteries were founded by him and the gospel was preached to the heathen. The people became so fond of their beloved apostle, that they drew him out of his solitude and in spite of his great reluctance, compelled him to accept a bishopric. "St. Martin visited almost every part of Gaul in his apostolic journeys. History, oral traditions, legends, monuments, form a mass of testimony which throws abundant light upon his labors. His name is everywhere written on the soil of France."

Quite a large portion of the February number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is devoted to an article entitled "The '98 Centenary," by Mr. P. O'Neill Larkin. The paper is not, as we might infer from the title, a description of the celebration of the Irish rising of 1798, soon to be held, but is rather a history of the causes which led to that rising. A detailed account of the Rebellion he does not give. We quote a few of Mr. Larkin's concluding sentences to correct a mistaken notion, which many have concerning that event:—"The Rebellion of 1798 was an Irish Rebellion, not a Protestant or a Catholic Revolt. Its founders were foremost among the self-sacrificing Protestants, whose aim was not Protestant ascendancy, but Irish Independence, with equal rights for all. It had Protestants for its di-

rectory, Catholics on its Executive, and rank and file of both creeds united in aiming at the subversion of the British power which plundered and trampled upon both. The Rebellion of 1798 was the confluence of two streams mingling together in the organization of United Irishmen."



OUR BRETHERN.

The writer of "The Aim of a College Education," in *The Presbyterian College Journal* of Montreal is either very bigoted in his views, or totally unacquainted with the subject he has undertaken to handle. He has attempted to point out the best means to the acquirement of a mastery of knowledge. The whole article is of little real value, but the writer has allowed himself to make one remark which, coming from one who assumes the *role* of educator, is wholly incongruous. A student should have, we are told, an insatiable desire for knowledge, and should not, like the monk of the Middle Ages, who secluded himself in his cell, let his soul become shriveled and warped. Although this is not an evidence of the tone of the article throughout, still, we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed even a casual remark that detracts in any way from the learning of the monks or that undervalues the benefit that education at present is deriving from their labors. Our indebtedness to the monks cannot be over-estimated. He who has failed to observe that must be considered extremely ignorant on matters educational. It is to the monks that we owe the works of antiquity. We are told that the hours that were allotted to manual labor in the monasteries were employed by

the monks in the transcribing of the works of the great masters, which have thus been preserved for our benefit. As to the seclusion and ignorance of these men we shall resort to Frederick Schlegel for some enlightenment. The monks of the Middle Ages "were," he says, "for the most part of high birth, conversant with state secrets, and, generally speaking, well-informed men, and the best educated of their day". A few further remarks from the same author, and we shall dismiss the subject, for we think that no liberal-minded individual can have aught but admiration for the self-sacrificing monks of the Middle Ages. "The position of these authors was the very *beau-ideal* of literary condition best calculated to combine the elements of success. For, whilst they had ample opportunities of knowing the realities of life by mingling in its scenes, they had also the requisite independence and leisure for the privacy and dispassionate judgment of the closet."

The article entitled "Shakespeare's Dramatic Skill as shown in the 'Merchant of Venice,'" that appears in the *Bates Student*, although it cannot be said to possess a high degree of excellence as a literary composition, contains most of the points that an intelligent examination of the play would reveal.

We would like to remind the editors of the *Georgetown College Journal* not to forget the sequel of "A Twentieth Century Man," for the March number. We are anxiously awaiting it. It promises to be interesting.

Objections to a classical education are dealt with in a very common-sense way by a writer in the journal we have just mentioned. We shall append a few of his sentences.

There is a great deal of truth in them. "Greek and Latin have been called dead languages. They are so called only by ignorance. They are not dead; and it is entirely safe to say they will never die. They live and breathe and burn in our so-called living languages. Their literature inspires our modern literature, and is the living soul that gives it shape and form and vital energy. You cannot read a single page of any modern writer worth reading without coming across a classical thought or a classical allusion, only half intelligible, if at all, without a knowledge of classical literature and the classical languages."



ATHLETICS.

Our hockey teams have been at a great disadvantage this season. On account of the heavy and frequent snow storms it has been impossible to keep the open rink in order, and as a result, the players have suffered through lack of practice.

In a league match with the Capitals, on February 3rd, our representatives showed a little of their old-time speed and endurance by defeating that team by a score of 5 to 4. Although far inferior in weight to their opponents, the College players were superior to them in speed and combination. Murphy and Copping played well on the defence, and Bonin at centre made many brilliant rushes. The team was composed of the following: McDermott, Murphy, Copping, Bonin, Kearns, Sims and Belanger.

On February the 7th, the senior team sustained defeat at the hands of the Maples, by the score of 4 to 2. Of the two teams, College played

the better game, but their light weight told against them. They did not know how to play the rough, hard-checking game for which the Maple team is noted.

On the 14th of February the Juniors played their first scheduled match, defeating the Junior Maples by 3 games to 2. The second team plays a good, clean game of hockey, and should win the City Junior Championship without a single defeat. The following figured on the team: Smith, Morin, Dontigny, Kelly, Kennedy, McGarvey and Belanger.

Later, the same evening, the seniors crossed sticks with the invincible Aberdeens, and were defeated. College succeeded in scoring but one goal to Aberdeen's six. However, the score is by no means indicative of the play. The puck hovered near the Aberdeen goal during the greater part of the match, and it was only the phenomenal work of Cope between the flags, which saved them many games. The College players were: McDermott, Murphy, Copping, O'Gara, Kearns, Bonin and Sims. The Aberdeens have a good team. THE OWL congratulates them on bringing the Canadian Junior Championship to Ottawa.

On the 22nd instant the first team were to have played their return match with the Capitals, but owing to the latter team's default, the game did not take place.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

"A burnt child dreads the fire;" saith the adage. Todd has given ample proof that he is an exceptional child. Nothing daunted by the crushing defeat administered to his

team, early in the season, he has returned again to the fray. On Wednesday Feb. 9th the Big Yard team appeared upon our rink with the laudable intention of wresting the laurel wreaths from the brows of our sturdy defenders of the honor of the Small Yard. Before the game commenced, the referee called both teams to the centre of the ice and informed them, that he had inserted in the Rule Book a new clause, that every player, when approaching his official person, must respect the five yard rule. Failure to observe this rule entailed the luxury of a sojourn on the bank of the rink, for the remainder of the game. The urgency of such an amendment will be readily perceived, when we remember that the referee's previous endeavors at skating have been confined to roller rinks. Despite the condition of the ice, the play was exceedingly fast. It was an aggregation of strong individual players pitted against a faultless combination; and the usual result followed. At one stage of the game, Todd was so indiscreet as to attempt a cross-check on O'Leary; however he got off with little more than a bad frightening, as the referee took a hand in the game and ruled off both players, before Mike's death-dealing upper-cuts began to take effect. This game was more evenly contested than any of the previous battles; the score being 3--2 in favor of the Small Yard. Mr. F. Murphy, referee.

Feb. 17th, was the date agreed upon for the next encounter. The ranks of the big yard were strengthened by players, imported from two prominent city teams and in order that sufficient accommodation might be had for the vast concourse, which would assemble to witness his vic-

tory, Todd had engaged the Rideau Rink. At the sound of Referee Kelly's whistle, the teams lined up and the game began fast and furious. Our opponents were repeatedly warned for unnecessary rough play and finally Meehan was relegated to the fence, for attempting to demolish one of our forwards. The first half ended with each team having a goal to its credit. The second half was a repetition of the first. The only striking incident was, when Callaghan's, stick came in contact with Todd's skates and their wearer took a bird's eye view of the starry firmament. Time was called with the score 2--2 and the referee decided the game a draw. The teams were:

Small Yard—Goal, W. Richards; point, O. Landriau; cover point, W. Callaghan; forwards, M. O'Leary (captain), F. McGuire, B. O'Neil, J. Ebbs.

Big Yard—Goal, T. Barclay, (captain); point, Valin; cover point, Poupore; forwards, McDonald, Costello, Meehan, Mindel.

The series of games, arranged with the Juniors, resulted in a tie. Of the three matches played, we have recorded one win and one draw. Among the most enjoyable features of the contests were the "pink teas" provided for us, through the kind hospitality of the Fathers of the Juniorate.

Marra has been despatched to Gibraltar, with a view to ascertaining a practical knowledge of the plan of its fortifications. On his return, it is expected that several alterations will be made in the construction of the snow fort. In the meantime, Contractor Meagher has ceased work till the result of Peter's investigations be reported.

In one of his latest effusions before the executive of the J. A. A. A.,

Mickey, the Boy Orator, demonstrated his right to be called a worthy scion of the land of Boyle O'Roche. Mike's rendition was as follows:—I smell a rat; I see him brewing in the air; if he does not draw in his horns, I'll nip him in the bud.



ULULATUS.

H—l—n's tongue got burned singing "There'll be a hot time".

"He who talks but runs away
May live to talk another day".

is the chorus of M—r—in and M—l—s.

Always on time—A watch case.

Up to date—The calendar.

On a rope—The college bell.

Rung up—A ladder.

On the hog—Every thing.

Fatty—Have you seen Shea?

Jimmy—What Shea?

Fatty—Why Crochet.

Jimmy—Oh! say nit, it's more tidy.

Pat—(seeing opera glasses for the first time)—What do they use those things for?

Dick—They bring you right up close to them.

Pat.—Well heavens! those two down there have been listening to us talk all evening.

Tom C—l—y got the better of an electric car conductor the other day. Tom tells the story himself: "Because I hadn't my fare the bloke yelled at me to get off and walk. Did I do it? Not much. I got off all right, but I didn't walk. I sat

right down on the granolithic pavement. I guess I made a fool of him before the passengers".

Todd—Poor MacG—has caught an awful cold.

Bert.—Knowing how cold Mac can be when he wishes replied. Oh! I guess he caught it while setting with himself.

T—r—ny.—So you think M—s father and mother think a deal of you?

Jim.—Oh! yes, I am sure of it, they come in and sit in the parlor all the time I am there.

Frank.—What's the latest going on around here?

Dick.—Oh the new roof on the seminary.

Bill.—Say Joe did you hear that Sousa was drowned yesterday?

Joe.—No. How did it happen.

Bill.—Oh! he was playing "On the Banks of the Wabash," and fell in.

Teacher.—Say Dennie, you should make a good hockey player.

Dennie.—How's that?

Teacher.—Because you are quite familiar with the "Puck."

A distinguished professor of unspeakable languages, while showing visitors around pointed to the bell remarking "that is the eye opener."

Reports are prevalent that a recent meeting of the Debating Club was packed. If this be the case it was due to *sim* ultaneous combustion.

In the cold damp regions of the Klondike bells are not used they ring their clothes up there.