

THE OWL.

VOL. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MAY, 1894.

No. 9.

IMMACULATA!

Lines on the Spanish Master's Celebrated Painting, the "Conception."



COULD art and brush and light and shade combine
To make thee, Maid, tho' mortal, more divine!
And thus wert thou—nay! more; the eye had seen
A passing shadow of what thou hadst been
Whilst Earth possess'd a treasure it ignored,
And Art inclined where Ignorance adored.
Then Rome, with purer inspiration, came—
And golden concepts brighten'd in her flame;
Murillo soar'd, the spirit breathings caught,
And wrought thee, Virgin—as ne'er artist wrought
—Twixt heav'n and Earth suspended, as behove
A soul imprison'd, yet inflamed with love
Such as no fetters hold, but bound to rise,
Drags its still shackled captive towards the skies.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

PARIS, April 2nd, 1894.

THE ETHICS OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.



Do not start gentle reader ; it is just possible that a lawyer may have a conscience ; and it may be that the ethics of the legal profession are as irreproachable as those of the most orthodox theology. I grant you there is a popular opinion to the contrary, but, whilst conceding the omniscience of the democracy it matters political,—since one must do so if one desires to be thought abreast of the times, I am not yet prepared to accept public opinion as an infallible critic of ethical principles as embodied in a profession of which the ordinary layman considers he knows everything, whilst the greatest jurisconsults, after a lifetime of study, confess they have scarcely mastered the general outlines. From time immemorial the lawyer has been regarded by the populace with much the same sentiments as those entertained towards his satanic majesty, viz,—that he is a personage to be ostensibly respected because of his power to do evil. Few popular impressions are wholly false, and it may be admitted that the commonly accepted notion of the lawyer was not originally, and possibly is not even yet, wholly devoid of justification.

The practices of some of the lower circle of legal practitioners in medieval times might well have furnished a groundwork on which to base this popular opinion, and perhaps the doings of modern pettifoggers may be cited with considerable effect to support it at the present time. But this paper purposes to deal with the true lawyer only,—the man who stands well in his profession and who loves it for itself and not for the lucre it brings him. Against him the popular charges, I take it can be reduced to four, viz,—that his fees are out of all proportion to the services rendered, that he indulges in sharp practice for the benefit of his client, that he undertakes cases he knows to be unjust, and that by artful dissimulation he

endeavors to persuade judges and juries that he is fully convinced of the existence of a state of facts which in his heart he knows to be mere fictions. To deal with these seriatim ; the first will hardly commend itself to thinking men as being damning to any great extent. But as the present object is to combat public opinion, and as perhaps this is the charge that appeals most strongly to the many, because it affects their pockets, it is accorded a place in this discussion. It, of course, seems preposterous to an uneducated man that he should have to pay, say, five dollars for a ten minutes' conversation with a lawyer. Why, he reasons, I have to work hard for two whole days to earn that amount, whilst this gentleman in his easy chair has the impudence to ask it of me for the exertion of a few minutes' conversation. Very true my friend, but you forget that to be able to favor you with that ten minutes' talk, the lawyer has had to burn the midnight oil for at least five years, and if he is a man of any ability in his profession, for a much longer period, and during that time, instead of earning anything, has had to pay for his sustenance and pay dearly as well for the privilege of entering the ranks of his profession. He must give the years of his youth and strength to laborious and persistent study, if he desires to be other than a mere pettifogger. And if my surly friend were seated with a musty law book before him, and compelled to study it with the intensity necessary to master it for ten full minutes, I doubt that he would care to continue to do so for any great length of time, even were he given five dollars for every such period actually so employed.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, any one conversant in the least degree with the intricacies of law, and of the mental effort required to successfully grapple with them, will not begrudge the lawyer his fee, exorbitant though it may seem to those not so informed.

The charge of sharp practice is a grave

one. It consists in seeking every legitimate advantage for one's own client, no matter how the claims of others may be affected thereby. The most usual instance of this is the obtaining of priority, for instance in cases of insolvency. A man who becomes financially embarrassed has naturally quite a number of creditors, all of whom have an equal right to be paid their demands in full. Now to the unthinking it seems manifestly unfair that because one of those creditors is thoughtful enough to immediately secure the services of a lawyer who gets him a judgment whilst the other creditors are hazily speculating on what they will do, his claim is, unless an assignment intervenes, paid in full, or as far as the assets will allow, whilst the others get nothing. Such a thing could not occur in England because of the bankruptcy law in force there, but as we have no such law in Canada it can, and does not unfrequently occur here. If there is any injustice, therefore, it is in the law not in the lawyer. But is there any injustice? I maintain not. Each one of these men has a right to have his claim paid in full. The amount is, it is assumed, justly due him. Now if by superior diligence and business foresight, he obtains the whole of it, even if he thereby precludes others from receiving any part of theirs, has he committed any wrong? He has merely secured what was his own and by legitimate means. I know of no principle of natural justice which maintains that a man should not employ all legitimate means to obtain his own, even when by so doing he may prevent others from receiving their equally just claims. His rights are totally unconnected with theirs, and as long as no morally censurable course is pursued to enforce them, no one, I take it, will contend that, in the absence of positive law on the subject, natural justice will compel him to forego them in favor of theirs.

This is one instance only, but it will serve as an exemplification of what is meant by legitimate sharp practice, if I may be permitted to coin a phrase, and the reasoning in this case is likewise applicable to all others. Of course, if there is any fraud in such a transaction it is worthy of the strongest reprobation, and this such practice always receives

from the true lawyer as distinguished from the pettifogger. To put this argument into the form of a philosophical principle; a man is entitled to enforce the rights acquired by natural law by every just means, even if by so doing the rights of others wholly unconnected with his own are rendered incapable of enforcement. Or, to put it in the language of popular philosophy; the early bird is entitled to the worm.

To deal now with the third objection, viz: that a lawyer will take any case good, bad, or indifferent, I must begin by denying the truth of this statement as it stands. No lawyer worthy of the name will undertake a civil case which he knows to be morally wrong. I venture to say that there are not ten law offices in Canada in which clients are not almost daily informed that there case is not good; that it cannot be won. And this when there is no suspicion of moral wrong; but when the impossibility of winning the case appears from the client's story, and it very rarely does, for most clients believe what they do not tell will never be found out, no true lawyer would think of staining his professional honor by attempting to substantiate it in court. Why then, I hear some one ask, are there any civil suits? One side must be right and the other wrong? If what you say is true, why is not the party who is in the wrong not immediately so informed and an end put to all further litigation? Softly, my good friend; there may be and in fact are excellent reasons why this should not be the case. Many civil rights are but the creation of positive law, and circumstances may arise in which one positive law may conflict with another. Which, then, is to be obeyed? This is a question which only a competent court, after learned argument can decide. To take a simple case; suppose a man owning a large estate dies after executing a will in favor of some person other than his lawful heir. Now further, suppose that owing to the non-fulfilment of some of the legal requisites for executing a will there is reason to believe that this last testament is not legally valid. The heir by law comes to a lawyer and requests him to contest the will. Is it wrong for him to do so? Admitting the right of the individual to acquire property—and no one is more

convinced of the truth of this doctrine than myself—there remains the further question if a man's natural rights do not cease with his death and thus render inoperative any disposition he may make to take effect after his decease unless sanctioned by positive law. Without pretending to maintain that this contention is true—and, if my memory serves me rightly, my old professor of philosophy in Ottawa strenuously maintained that it was not, the fact remains that this is the view taken of the matter by English law. In the early ages, by the common law there could be no disposition of land by will, in England. Testamentary disposition is therefore from a legal standpoint, the creation of positive law *i.e.* various English statutes now consolidated in what is known as the Wills Act. But now there is an equal positive law of England which says that if a man dies intestate, his property goes to those persons whom the law constitutes his heirs. Both rights, therefore, in English jurisprudence being based upon positive law, is there anything reprehensible in a lawyer attempting to show that the latter law should override the former because in a legal sense the owner had died intestate? I conceive not.

Another reason why civil cases are of every day occurrence, despite the fact that every true lawyer is actuated by the principles I have outlined above, is that a lawyer very seldom, I might almost say never, knows the true nature of his client's case till he hears it in court. The ordinary client, be he ever so honest, is so biassed by his own view of matters that he cannot give his lawyer a true insight into the case. Of course, when there has been palpable fraud, the lawyer's own powers of observation will enable him to detect it, for the lawyer is nothing, if not a student of human nature. When this is so, as I have already said, the lawyer, if he is not a disgrace to his profession, promptly washes his hands of the whole matter. But in the ordinary civil case there has been no intentional fraud on either side. The difficulties generally spring up from the occurrence of wholly unforeseen incidents, and the question to be decided is what is to be the result of these incidents on the original contract. Evidently there will always be

two constructions to be placed upon such a state of facts; the client naturally views them in the light most favorable to himself, and so presents them to his lawyer. Even when the facts are confessedly the same on both sides, it is often a matter of very great difficulty to apply the principles of law to them, and deduce an unquestionable verdict. All this will go to show that lawsuits are not necessarily, or even ordinarily the creation of the lawyers, though such is the popular belief.

To consider now this charge as affecting criminal cases. Here I freely admit a lawyer will undertake a case when he knows, or at least has good reasons to believe that his client has been guilty of a breach of the criminal law. Is this morally wrong? The rights violated by such a breach are here taken to be those of the community only, not those of individuals, for, of course, there can be no question of the moral turpitude of defending a case which, if won, will infringe the natural rights of an individual. And, as has been stated, no upright lawyer will engage in such litigation. But, to cite an instance: is it morally wrong to defend a murderer, even if the advocate has good reason to believe, or if you wish, knows his client to be guilty? Apart from abstract reasonings, few men will be found to deny to the guilty man the right of a fighting chance. But, philosophically is it against natural law or positive divine law to conduct such a defence? If it is not then, to do so is not morally wrong. And I conceive it is not. There is nothing in natural law that I am aware of, that demands a life for a life, and the old Mosaic mandate of a tooth for a tooth has been abrogated by the Christian rule of charity, and brotherly love. I am not contending that the murderer should go unpunished. He will be most justly punished by the Supreme Judge in his own good time. Neither do I uphold that positive human law should not inflict condign punishment for such a heinous crime. There is no person more strongly convinced of the wisdom of the doctrine of capital punishment than the writer. But what is here contended for is simply this: that capital punishment being based not upon natural, or positive divine law, but upon positive human law, enacted to preserve rights of

the community, as distinguished from the rights of individuals, there is no moral turpitude in an advocate attempting to get a poor wretch out of the clutches of this law, so long as only fair means are employed to do so. But throughout this discussion this assumption of using fair means only, is taken as granted.

The positive law has its custodian in the prosecutor. If the defending counsel succeeds in evading it, what rights are violated? The rights of the community, and these rights are the creation of positive human law. Are they more sacred than the right given by the material law to every individual to use every means, even to go the length of killing another under certain circumstances, in order to preserve his own life? If that life has not been forfeited by natural, or positive divine law—and I know of no principle of either that works such a forfeiture—is an advocate committing a moral wrong in defending it by every fair means? It might be argued that this would lead to the utter subversion of society. But we must deal with things as they are, and not as they would be in theory. Now it is a fact daily exemplified in our courts, that even the most brilliant advocacy cannot save a man whom evidence shows to be plainly guilty. The famous Birchall trial may be cited as an instance.

There is no necessity, therefore, to speculate on what would be the theoretical outcome of the argument adduced, when its practical issue has been before the world from the earliest period of history, or despite the fact that murderers have been defended in every age—and in none perhaps with more brilliancy than in our own—society still exists, and life is safer at the present time, at least, under English rule, than it ever has been before. And it must not be forgotten that the apparently most damning circumstantial evidence has often, on closer scrutiny, proved to be merely the result of a conspiracy to ruin the accused. What case was more damning on its face than that against Parnell, in connection with the Pigott letters? And the annals of criminal law show that many an innocent man has been unjustly condemned because circumstantial evidence pointed to him as the perpetrator of the crime. Surely it is

better that ninety-nine guilty should escape than that one innocent should be unjustly condemned, especially when such condemnation means deprivation of life. And if this be granted, who will say that a lawyer is guilty of moral wrong in undertaking cases such as are here discussed, if there be any doubt as to whether he is so guilty, or if he actually knows his client to be the perpetrator? At least there can be none, when, as in most criminal cases, the case is based upon circumstantial evidence, which, though it may be prima facie of the most damning character, may, at the trial turn out to be of a nature as compatible with innocence as guilt.

The final charge is that the advocate undertakes cases he knows to be unjust and endeavors by dissimulation to make judges and juries believe that they are not so; to put it plainly that he lies. This bold statement has been already incidentally denied. No true lawyer will undertake a civil case he knows to be unjust. He will, however, especially in criminal matters, lend his assistance to cases which he may have good reason to believe, are in fact other than he construes them to be in his advocacy. Now as long as he refrains from any direct personal assertion as to his belief—for no matter what may be a man's position it does not relieve him of the duty of telling the truth at all times—I conceive there is no moral wrong in a lawyer arguing to put a different construction on a state of facts from that at first sight would suggest itself to him in common with other men. It is no part of a lawyer's duty to assert what is his belief or disbelief in regard to his client's innocence or guilt. No court of law entertains any but sworn evidence. If, therefore, the lawyer knows anything of his own knowledge he should go into the witness box, if he desires it submitted to the jury; and if he has acquired his knowledge by hearsay, it is of a character that would not be listened to for a moment in any judicial forum. The lawyer's true duty is to take the facts as they are put in evidence, and endeavor to put that construction upon them which will be most favorable to his client. And this he must do, not by loudly asserting his personal belief with regard to them, but by logical argument and clear sighted discussion. And

if he thus fulfils his duty, it is hard indeed to see that he is guilty of any moral wrong.

The *revers de la médaille*, the dignity and nobility of the legal profession from a philosophical standpoint might well be here presented, were it not that this paper has already gone beyond reasonable length.

Possibly at some future time the Owl will accord me a little space for such resenatation. In the meantime, I shall

watch the columns of that sapient journal for any refutation of the arguments adduced herein, by any-one who may entertain different views on the matter, and, should any such appear, will give them full consideration.

D. MURPHY, '92.

Victoria, B. C.

March 24th, 1894.



ON TASTE.

Say, what is taste, but the internal powers
 Active and strong and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime with quick disgust
 From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
 In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone, when first His active hand
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.

—From Mark Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*.



A BRAVE BUT UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.



HE unhappy fate of the nobles, who, in A.D. 1715 gathered round the standard of their exiled Prince, did not dishearten those who longed for an opportunity to risk their lives and possessions for the Stuart cause. Thirty years had glided by since the "Chevalier de St. George," disappointed in his hopes of victory, bid a last adieu to his native land, and now his son, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," is leaving the land of exile to attempt to wrest the crown of his ancestors from the reigning sovereign royal of England.

In the month of July, A.D. 1745, the adventurous Prince, accompanied by a small retinue of nobles, set sail from Belleisle, on the coast of France, and after a protracted voyage landed at Moidart, Scotland, towards the end of the same month. In a few days he was surrounded by a band of devoted followers, and the Stuart banner once more waved over the heathery shore.

Brought up in the gay court of France, the most brilliant in all Europe, the youthful Chevalier possessed such gracefulness and vivacity of deportment, affability of countenance, and elegance of expression, that few could resist his attractions.

A number of Scottish chieftains, whose devotion to the Stuart cause had already brought upon them the stern rigors of an offended and powerful government, rallied round the banner of their beloved Prince, and soon an army of about a thousand men were marching towards the Lowlands. To undertake the extraordinary task of conquering a great empire with such a small force, shows with what firmness of purpose the young Prince was actuated.

Town after town opened its gates to the Jacobite army until it reached Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. Here, in the ancient palace of Holyrood, where his royal grandfather, James II, spent his early years, and where his ancestors for many generations held their royal

court, Prince Charles made his headquarters.

While the Jacobites were loud in their acclamations of fidelity to the Prince and his royal father who was now proclaimed by them as King James III of England and VIII of Scotland, the government took stringent measures to crush the daring Scots. Sir John Cope, commander of the government troops in Scotland, hastily collected an army and marched against the Jacobites. The Prince led his army towards Prestonpans, where he was met by Cope's forces. Here in the grey light of a September morning a battle was fought in which the government troops were defeated and almost annihilated. On this occasion the Prince showed his magnanimity by providing hospitals at his own expense for those of the enemy's soldiers who had been wounded on the field, and who had been abandoned by their friends in their eager haste to escape the dreaded Highlanders.

After this brilliant victory the youthful heir of the house of Stuart returned in triumph to his palace of Holyrood, where he was received by the enthusiastic people with all the pomp and magnificence becoming his dignity. Everything now seemed propitious to the Stuart cause. Beloved, almost idolized, by his followers, who were increasing in number every day, the Prince was now elated with hopes of victory. Scotland was virtually in his possession; his next step was to unfurl the Stuart banner in Saxon territory.

After six weeks spent in Edinburgh, exercising the prerogatives of royalty, the heroic Prince, with a force now increased to six thousand men, marched towards England. The important city of Bristol opened its gates to him, and as yet no serious opposition was offered to his triumphant march. He had arrived within a few days' march of the great metropolis of the British Empire and still no leaf had fallen from his laurel crown of victory.

An English army under the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II,

was two days' march behind. The Prince skilfully evaded this army, and it would never have overtaken the active Highlanders, had not some of the leaders of the Jacobite army at this juncture, determined upon returning to Scotland and waiting for a more favorable opportunity of marching to London. The Prince, with all the intrepidity and firmness characteristic of a mind animated with sanguine hopes of victory, objected to this proposal. He foresaw that this step would assuredly be followed by the most disastrous results to the Stuart cause. Before them was the rich prize for which they had braved so many dangers, and a fair chance of obtaining it was within their reach; on the other hand, to return to Scotland would only give the government forces time to strengthen their position against a future invasion by the Prince.

Disinclined to act in opposition to the leaders of the army, who, in their infatuation considered that retreat was the only thing practicable, the Prince reluctantly gave his consent. A French force, under the Chevalier's brother, Prince Henry, was at this time making a descent upon England, but when they heard of the retreat of the Scottish army they considered it injudicious to proceed any further. Numerous friends from Wales were also hastening to join the Prince's standard, but were disappointed when they heard of the extraordinary conduct of the Jacobite leaders.

The government troops now determined to follow the Jacobites to their own territory. Accordingly General Hawley, with an army of ten or fifteen thousand men, marched into Scotland. The Prince, who was at Glasgow arranging military affairs, immediately collected his troops and marched towards Falkirk, where he was met by General Hawley's forces. Here on the plains of Falkirk, a short distance from the memorable field of Bannockburn, where the great Robert Bruce, nearly five centuries before, sealed the independence of Scotland, the Highlanders dashed against the English forces with such impetuosity that in a few minutes they were driven from the field with great slaughter. This signal victory gave a new impulse to the adherents of the house of Stuart. But the bright and genial sun-

shine is often but the harbinger of an approaching storm. Their hopes were soon to be dispelled on the fatal field of Culloden, which was to blight forever the Stuart cause.

"The field of the dead rushes red on my sight
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight."

Chagrined at the inglorious defeat of the government troops at Falkirk, the Duke of Cumberland equipped a considerable force, and marched against the Highlanders. Owing to a disordered state of affairs in the Jacobite army the Chevalier could scarcely muster five thousand men. With this force he moved towards Inverness. In the meantime the Duke's troops arrived at Culloden Moor, a short distance from the Jacobite camp. Prince Charles, confiding in the prowess of his gallant soldiers, rashly gave orders for battle, although his army was worn out by a desperate march of several days through roads deep with mire.

The morning of the 16th of April dawned brightly; the mellow rays of the rising sun shot forth from a clear and cloudless sky, and the contending forces marched in line of battle. But ere long the brilliant sun was obscured; the sky was overcast, and a drenching shower of sleet came on which, driven by a violent gale of wind, blew in the faces of the Highlanders. This impeded their progress. Just then an incident occurred which proved fatal to the Jacobite army. The powerful clan McDonald whose privilege it was since the time of Robert Bruce to lead the right wing in battle, were this day through some unfortunate circumstance placed on the left. Deprived of their post of honor they stood on the left gloomy and silent, nor would they draw a sword, despite the remonstrances of their brave chieftain. The rest of the Highlanders fought with their wonted valor; but they were soon overpowered by numbers, and the Duke's forces became masters of the field. The brave Chevalier was with difficulty led away from the carnage, by his faithful attendants. Culloden was lost, and the Stuart dynasty forever fallen. Prince Charles is now a wanderer among the hills of the Western Highlands. His devoted followers still call upon him to lead them to

victory; but his last battle is fought; his days of chivalry are over, and he must make his way to the genial shores of France, where his brother is waiting for him in anxious expectation.

A reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling is offered for his capture; but none of his brave friends, although well knowing the places of his retreat, would for such an immense sum betray their beloved, but unfortunate Prince. For five months the fugitive Prince was pursued by his relentless enemies; spies were stationed everywhere through the Highlands; the coasts were guarded by English cruisers to prevent his escape to France, and the severest punishments were threatened against any one who would harbor him, or render him any assistance. Despite the precautions of the government, His Highness was continually attended by his devoted followers who, at the risk of their lives, did everything in their power to enable him to escape to France. At last, in the month of September, A.D. 1746, near the very place where fourteen months before he had landed confident of success, he went on board a French vessel to be borne a weary exile from the land of his fathers. After a favorable passage, the Chevalier landed at Morlaix in Bretagne, whence he proceeded to Paris, where the heroic adventurer was received by the French Monarch with great show and magnificence. For some time he resided in Paris with his brother, Prince Henry, who was afterwards Cardinal York. But the Court of England, the inveterate enemy of the Stuart dynasty, entered into negotiations with the King of France by which it was stipulated that the Prince should be removed from French dominions. Accordingly the unfortunate exile left France to the general dissatisfaction of the people of Paris, whose hearts he had won by his courteous bearing and winning manners.

Now began those mysterious wanderings of the exiled Prince which form one of the most remarkable epochs of his adventurous career. For a number of years he roamed on the continent with such extraordinary secrecy that no one, not even his most trusty friends, knew anything of his whereabouts. During this

period he is said to have visited London several times, and to have had an interview with leading Jacobites in that city. But so well did he preserve his incognito that he always escaped detection. As old age began to tell upon the Prince a great change came over him. The youthful hero who in A.D. 1745 won the admiration and affection of people of all classes, as the paragon of every noble quality, was in later years soured by misfortunes, and became a cold and reserved man, entirely devoid of the winning manners of his early days. He retained, however, to the end of his career, a generous feeling toward the land of his royal ancestors. No reverses of fortune, no disappointment of cherished hopes, no dreary years of exile could obliterate the recollection of his exploits among his devoted Highlanders. On the death of his father, the "Chevalier de St. George," Prince Charles, who succeeded to his rich estates, retired to Albano, where, for a number of years he lived in seclusion. His only brother, the Cardinal, Duke of York, having no desire for the diadem of a king, the succession to the Stuart cause now rested solely with the Chevalier.

In A.D. 1772 he married the Princess Maximiliana of Stolberg-Guerderan, and went to reside in the neighborhood of Florence, in the grand duchy of Tuscany, where he remained but a short time. He again travelled through Italy and finally settled in the great city on the banks of the Tiber. Here, in A.D. 1788, far from the scenes of his childhood this hero of adventures breathed his last.

Bright and promising were the early years of the gallant Chevalier, like the morning sun which cheers the world with its brilliant rays: but dark and gloomy as evening shadows were his latter days, wandering over many lands until he ended his dreary years of exile under the sunny skies of Italy. The royal line of Stuarts was now fallen to rise no more. Scotland no longer calls upon her loyal sons to march under the Stuart banner but, the name of Prince Charles will be ever honored by Highlander or Lowlander who knows his country's history.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



DEATH will always exercise its prerogative of snatching from the world, men whose lives and characters have an ennobling influence upon mankind. From its decrees there is no possibility of escape, but time makes some amends for the injury inflicted, by deepening

and beautifying the reverence which it is the privilege of posterity to feel for them.

Brought into personal contact with genius, we cannot justly estimate its strength or greatness; we must contemplate it from a distance in order to grasp, unprejudicially, its meaning and power. Through the mist of ages we view the heroes, poets, statesmen and orators of ancient times with a sympathetic eye. Time is a purifying medium, and separates the good from the evil, the real from the dreamy in the deeds and writings of these men. We love to linger over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton, principally because they were literary creators of surpassing and indisputable eminence, but incidentally because they were men with whose careers and personalities we are acquainted through history and tradition, and not through intimate and happy fellowship. Thus it has ever been. The worth of men is not recognized until they are far beyond the possibility of enjoying the delight which acknowledgment of this worth brings with it. The subject of this sketch, John Boyle O'Reilly, did not, during his life, escape the cruel exactions which this arbitrary and nonsensical decree involves. He will have to wait for other generations to weave the wreath of fame which, one day or other, he will wear. He has his admirers, and they are not a few; but his spirit will not rest until the world is pleased to place his name amongst those of its great literary men.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a peculiarly gifted man. Whether we regard him as patriot, orator, journalist or poet we are at

once struck by his intense earnestness, that quality most needed for the achievement of great things. He never did anything in a half-hearted way. He felt so strongly on public questions that he could not speak otherwise than strongly upon them. He as bitterly hated evil as he fervently loved virtue. If his duty were to expose the former, he would bring to the task all the rich resources of his splendid mind; he would fling over his utterances those qualities which he thought would best prepare them to meet the purpose in view. Denunciation, invective, scorn and ridicule were his ready weapons but they were ever directed against the deed, while, for the doer, he felt compassion, as generous as it was sincere. If his duty were to extol the latter he would meet that duty with a smiling face, for he was not of those so selfish as to shrink from bestowing praise, when he felt that this praise was merited. In such cases, indeed, was the man fully displayed. His words, full of singular sweetness, were bubbleings from the rich fountain of a pure and noble heart. It was chiefly in his capacity as editor of a great paper that he was compelled to meet both these duties, and it is but just to say that in no instance did he avoid either of them.

Upon all matters, religious, political or racial his views were broad-minded and liberal. He was not so fettered by party or creed prejudices, as to feel it an obligation upon him to close his eyes to the abuses of the class, with whose general principles he found himself in sympathy. He had a conscience, delicate and sensitive, and its dictates he religiously followed, even when danger of social or pecuniary loss threatened. To say even so much is to say a great deal, when obsequiousness seemed to have entangled the journalists of the day in its meshes.

What shall I say of O'Reilly, the poet? Nothing but what is commendatory. Speculation regarding what would have happened, in certain cases under

certain conditions, is not the most satisfactory method of revealing a man's claims to distinction. One would likely meet the cry for treatment of the subject as it was, not as it might have been; and there is a certainly a great deal of reason to back up the demand. This is particularly so when an author, in the desire to enjoy the delights of indolent leisure, shirks the labor of providing his fellowmen with the rich, the sweet, the tragic or the helpful outpourings of an acute and active mind. But when other causes are present to prevent his assuming the task in all its completeness, one may be pardoned for considering the results, did not these causes exist.

In O'Reilly's case all external things were combined to hinder his advance toward the heights where the muses dwell. From the very moment he set foot, a free man, on American soil, up to the time of his death, he was obliged to bend beneath the burden of daily toil, in order to supply himself and those dependent upon him with the things required for the support of our physical nature. It was during the trifling intervals of leisure afforded by a life like this, that he gave such beautiful expression to those sentiments which, because they were just and true, wove themselves into the very texture of his intellectual being. Had he been permitted to pursue, without interruption or fear of consequences, the calling of the poet, he might have, and I believe would have, reached a point of excellence which no latter-day singer has attained. He had all things at his command, except time. He loved nature with a love all peculiar; he possessed an imagination, buoyant but not ungovernable, a heart large enough to take in all mankind, without regard to creed, color or country, and a mind deeply philosophical, for he was not content to skim over the surface, he penetrated within, and described, with wonderful truthfulness, what was there to be seen. It was perhaps for this power of soul analysis that he was most admired.

There are moments, no doubt, when we search for those light effusions which will serve as a mind-recreation, when we crave for the luxuries of mind-food, because

the substantial have become unpalatable. In such moments it is that mental concentration is impossible, that brain-effort is beyond our power; but how much more frequently does it happen that we long for that which possesses living truth as well as literary embellishment, that which holds a deep and potent significance which alone has the power to satisfy the larger cravings that lie far down in the human heart. Though John Boyle O'Reilly, in his poetry, has given to the world productions that meet the varied demands of the reading public, and that satisfy the yearnings that come over them, in their varying moods, it must be said that he appealed to the intelligence oftener than to the fancy. He recognized the fact that there is no dearth of airy rhymsters, and felt the consequent need of a strong, independent, virile writer who had the skill to tune his lyre, that its notes might harmonize with the hearty cry that is going up in these days for the greater sympathy of man with man, and for the greater recognition of the truth that every man is every other man's brother. He strove, throughout his career, to inculcate these maxims; he aimed at obliterating class, creed and national distinctions; he desired that a man should be judged by his moral and intellectual, and not by his physical qualities. He succeeded, I should judge, far beyond his most enthusiastic hopes, for his co-religionists and countrymen, in the United States, no matter what may be said to the contrary, are the most tolerant and liberal-minded element of the population,

"God made mankind to be one in blood,
as one in spirit and thought"

he sings, and in that verse we have the gospel in which Boyle O'Reilly believed. Whenever he might do so, he denounced, with supreme indignation, the abominable efforts of those who endeavored to spread the belief that the accident of birth or position was the standard by which a man's right to popular esteem should be determined. We might open his volume of poems at random, and we would probably find some expression of this sentiment. I have done so with this

who was not blessed with such appurtenances. To have them is one of the marks of superiority. He had them, not, however, because he promulgated doctrines that were untenable, but because he advocated causes which, on account of their antagonism to personal selfishness, were not popular. He will have enemies, secret or avowed, until mankind learn that

The men who have changed the world
with the world have disagreed.

I have strayed so far into eulogy of O'Reilly's more serious sentiments, that I have but little space left to consider him in his lighter and happier moods. From this it must not be inferred that it was with difficulty he struck a joyous note; for the inference would be totally at variance with actual facts. He was solemn oftener than he was cheerful, because, as I have already tried to point out, he looked upon life as an opportunity, and questions of the gravest nature, and deepest import, were continually forcing themselves upon his mind, filling it with the conviction that, while such weighty themes required attention, he would be untrue to the higher purposes of life, who wasted his energy on those fanciful topics which gather their principal charm from a fortunate selection of words, but which do not affect, even remotely, the beatings of the world's pulse. When, however, he saw an occasion for taking a brief jaunt into the realms of dreamland, he did not allow the chance to slip by unheeded, and the result has been that he has made the world richer—Oh! how much richer by songs, whose charm and melody thrill the heart with strange delight. He had an exalted conception of the poet's vocation, and realized that idealess rhymes did not constitute poetry.

Songs were born before the singer:
Like white souls awaiting birth,
They abide the chosen bringer
Of their melody to earth.

He was certainly a "chosen bringer," and he was fortunate in this that the songs he brought were among the sweetest that have yet been fashioned in the womb of time.

In companionship with nature, O'Reilly found his chiefest joy. Had he been able,

he would have lingered always amidst streams, hills, woods and meadows.

No, No! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.

And why this yearning? Because of the hypocrisy that prevailed amongst men. He himself was so honest and outspoken, that he could not be indifferent to the existence, in the world, of much pretence and double-dealing. For this reason he longed to withdraw from it, in order to escape remembrance of

The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

Society's sins have never, perhaps, been more severely scored than in these few verses.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a teacher, and the lessons he taught were good. "A man is not the slave of circumstance" he cries, and his own life established the truth of the words. It is, in a way, wonderful that his early experiences did not destroy those hopes that are the product of early enthusiasm. From all sides troubles assailed him, but they seem to have served as a help rather than as a hindrance to his youthful energy, and to have filled him with the great purpose of doing something that would make the world better, brighter, happier, and wiser. He did not desire to forget those troubles, for he knew that recollection of them would shed over his later years, that soft and soothing light, which the memory of grief, long-past, can kindle.

I wrote down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches
passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

To one who reads O'Reilly's poems, the wish comes, instinctively, that the world—the world of young people particularly—might be better acquainted with him and his writings. There is so much to be gained

by the knowledge, so much that is good and helpful. He might be taken as an ideal, and each advance toward him might well be regarded as a progress toward a higher and better life. I must now desist from further praise, but I do so regretfully.

Of him Cardinal Gibbons said :—
 "The world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better

for the treasury of pure, and generous, and noble thoughts, which he has left us in his works." The Boston *Post* essayist, "Taverner" pronounced this beautiful encomium, "He is one whom children would choose for their friend, women for their lover, and men for their hero." To these sentiments I cheerfully subscribe.

W. F. KEROE, '89.



THE SAILOR.

The north wind rumbles in his burly bass,
 He walks, as shouldered by huge waves in glee ;—
 A gleam of broad horizons on his face.
 And his bright manhood sparkling like a sea.

— Paul Hamilton Hayne.



ANCIENT SYSTEMS OF SEWERAGE.

By Walter A. Herckenrath, M.A., C.E.



ISTORY has handed down to us very few statements concerning the methods used by the ancients in ridding themselves of a nuisance which has not yet ceased to trouble the mind of man. The investigations of certain archaeologists have, however, succeeded in throwing a glimmer of light on the ways which seemed most suitable to the Romans to free themselves from their evolved products and maintain their populace in cleanliness and health. The Hindoos, whose laws concerning personal cleanliness and ablutions were very stringent, built, for the functional assistance of nature, separate houses which they termed "Filtch Temples," and which Bentley's Sanscrit Glossary calls, "Avaskara Mandira." Herodotus mentions, in connection with Syria and Babylon, the grand and extensive canals which borrowed the waters of the Tigris and of the Euphrates to flood their agricultural lands. Phœnicia and Egypt, also, had their elaborate canal systems; and sanitarians are of the opinion that these canals served the purpose, not only of irrigation, but also of sewage conveyance. From the Bible, Deuteronomy xxiii, 12, 13, we learn that the great Law Giver had also wise sanitary inspirations; for, with regard to the disposal of effete productions we read:—"Thou shalt have a place also without the camp, whither thou shalt go forth abroad: and thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be, when thou wilt ease thyself abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee." Knowing the nomadic habits of the Jews at the time when Moses was their legislator, we can well perceive that this precautionary regulation was exceedingly wise. But the sanitary ingenuity of the Hebrews fluctuated as did their religious sentiments and their consequent prosperity and ruin.

When under the kings, they used the oven in the valley of Hinnon for burning indiscriminately human sacrifices and excretal ordure. But at a later period, when a more conscientious service of the God of Nations raised them once more to an equal footing with surrounding kingdoms, we find that their energies in the direction of sanitation were manifested in the construction of sewers and aqueducts, which, being built in solid rock, are still extant.

Rome offers certain peculiarities which render it of some interest to sanitarians, and it may perhaps not be excessively irrelevant to arrest our attention for a moment at this city of the "immortal gods." That which strikes us most in perusing the pages of Roman history, is the conflict of statements concerning the salubrity of the city of the seven hills. At the present day Rome is in many parts unhealthy and malarious, and it was even equally so in the time of Cicero, who, in his treatise, *De Republica* 2-6, describes it as "in regione pestilenti salubris." And thus it was also in the days of Livy who marvels at the health which the ancient Romans could have enjoyed in such a pestilential region. Even in the first century of her history, Rome abounded with altars and shrines dedicated to the divinities of Fever and of kindred ills. Varro mentions three temples of the Fever, which were standing even to his day. One was on the square of Marius on the Esquiline which was evidently the worst district, as it possessed, moreover, an altar to "Mala Fortuna" or the "Evil Eye," another dedicated to the goddess "Mephitis," and a third one erected in honor of "Verminus," the god of disgusting little creatures; while in the center of the forum rose a shrine whose patroness was "Cloacina." The second temple was on the Palatine, and the third was at the upper end of the "Vicus Longus" which corresponds very nearly with the modern *Via Nazionale*. The

Romans' reliance on their divinities was as firm as the immovable mountain, and Livy assures us that they never forgot the precept of Numa Pompilius "Unam opem aegris corporibus relictam si pax veniaque ab diis impetrata esset," that one aid was left to those whose bodies were ailing, namely, the securing of the good will and pardon of the gods.

Evidently Rome was insalubrious at the time when the above quoted authors flourished and wrote. How then explain the fact that it was once a healthy spot? Vesuvius has long been silent;—the ashes of Pompeii have long been cold and undisturbed, save by the pick and spade of the searching archaeologist: yet there was a time when the restless earth heaved up its contents through many a burning crater. Some of these craters are at present lakes, but once they held the molten lava and coexisted with the sulphur fumes and mineral springs. The older Romans, in describing the reddish jets of issuing liquid, tell us that the earth ran blood, "sanguine fluxit;" while Livy, Valerius Maximus, and Zosimus, each speaking of the same district in the Campus Martius, give to it the appellations, "Campus ignifer," (plain of fire), "Fumans solum," (smoking ground), and *to puropherou pedion.* (the fire bearing plain). This volcanic condition must have been excellent for the soil of the surrounding country, as not a marsh was known until this condition had changed, and as the tribes who dwelt there were renowned for their health and strength and numbers. With the disappearance of volcanic action, the marshes made their début upon Italian soil, and health began to suffer in consequence. The divine answer to incessant impetration was evidently that the Romans should see the cause of their misery and exert themselves to remove it. As a consequence of their arousal from a lethargic sleep, drains were built, with the intention of affording an exit to the foul waters of the marshes which existed on all sides. Later, these same drains were made to answer the purpose of sewers. They were very large and carried off swamp-and marsh-and rain-water and ejecta quite indiscriminately. The nature of these functions made it necessary to open these enormous constructions to the

street so that the intended offerings could be made into them and that the rain and surface waters might find their way into their channels. The natural result was a diffusion of noxious gases which, no doubt, reached a great many of the populace. The worst difficulty of all, however, was that everything emptied into the Tiber which was at the same time used for bathing and for culinary and drinking purposes. An excuse for such a state of affairs may be adduced from the fact that the pools and marshes were an extreme evil of which it was absolutely necessary to be rid, and also from the fact that the Romans underrated that second evil which was undoubtedly to arise from making a river serve such manifold and various purposes. Over the street openings were placed slabs of varied design and ornamentation. Some were quite elaborate and cut out of marble. The most remarkable one extant is known as the "Bocca della Verita." It is circular in section with a diameter of five feet. On its upper surface in alto relieved, is cut the head of the ocean god. The rain water reached the sewer through the open mouth. It is the bugbear of children, as mothers and nurses take advantage of its enormity to frighten naughty children who have not yet conceived sufficient contempt for the despicable fault of prevarication.

The drain which, until recent years, was considered the most wonderful of the Roman structures of that description, was the Cloaca Maxima. Livy speaks of it as the "Receptaculum omnium purgamentorum urbis," the receptacle of all the befouling of the city. It has elicited the praise and admiration of writers such as Dionysius, Pliny, Aurelius Victor, Strabo, Dion Cassius, Niebuhr, and Bunsen, while it has served many a member of the London Commissions as an argument against making London the seat of a similar cloacal honor. There is no doubt, however, that, as an engineering construction, it is worthy of great eulogy; yet the palm of superiority of size and construction which it has held for so long a time, has been suddenly wrenched from its grasp by another sewer whose outlet was discovered only a few years ago by Rodolpho Lanciani, a professor in the University of Rome, an archaeologist and custodian of a great

number of antiquities belonging to the municipality of Rome. It emptied into the Tiber about three hundred feet from the Cloaca Maxima. It began three quarters of a mile from the river, in the valley which separated the Palatine from the Coelian hill. It was discovered between the arch of Constantine and the Church of St. Gregorio at Monte Celio, at a depth of forty feet. It goes under the name of the Cloaca of the Circus Maximus. Its masonry is a master piece of beauty and of perfection of construction; its blocks are of gigantic size; and it surpasses the Maxima in every conceivable way.

In connection with the antiquities of

Rome there always exists a great temptation to speak of its wonderful aqueducts. And although the topic is a delightful one, and one of exceeding interest, yet it is more fitting to sacrifice one's whims and delights to a logical adherence to the proper subject. We shall therefore leave the classic lands, though with regret, and see what modern wit may have effected. Spread out before it, lies the garden of the past, wherefrom its privilege is to cull the varied flowers of experience. How well and wisely it has made its choice, may be a subsequent matter of investigation.

W. A. H., '88.



A USEFUL FACT.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the things our life misses
 Help more than the things which it gets.

—*Alice Cary.*



GLADSTONE.

“ And glancing over the noblest of our time
Who won the heights it wears out life to climb.

I mark not one revealing to mankind
A larger nature or a nobler mind.”



EIGHTY-FOUR years ago last December, there was born in Rodney street, Liverpool, one who was destined to shine as the sun in the literary and political firmament. That was William Ewart Gladstone, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, the devoted supporter of George Canning. It is nowhere related that an eagle fluttered around his head, or that he strangled a serpent at his birth. Neither do we hear of any prodigies of childish acquirements, or those early feats of intellectual prowess, which ancient writers often ascribed to their heroes. At Oxford, however, he gave promise of that sunlight of intellect, which in time, flooded the English speaking world with its rays. It was in the Oxford Union Debating Society he first displayed his free and fearless spirit—there he first gave signs of future greatness.

How can one follow him through the successive occupations of critic, essayist, Homeric scholar, and theological controversialist? How, as political economist, financier, administrator, leader, statesman and orator, till he became a man before whose amazing intellectual wealth all bow in reverential homage?

One knows not what most to admire; the amplitude of his intellect, his fertility of resource, the loftiness of his spirit, or the consummate prudence, tact and patience, which he displayed in the administration of the complex affairs of the empire. Only as the natural historian counts developments, can I hope to study him, for it is difficult to follow his history chronologically. His career has been an attraction

to some, a repulsion to others, and not unmixed with the alloy of human weakness; but withal, he possesses the truest perservid genius of the Scot, and is still the foremost among energetic statesmen, and unsurpassed by any living orator in the marvellous spontaneity of noble thought and burning word.

As there is no man to day whose life is more replete with history, let us go back in imagination to a few of the stormy events of the past sixty years. Recall the reform movement of 1833, and remember that Gladstone occupied a seat in the British House of Commons at that distant date. Think of him sharing in the angry debates of the Charter movement, half a century ago. Back again to the repeal agitation in Ireland, when Daniel O'Connell was breaking down the intolerant barriers to Ireland's representation in the British Parliament; or cross the channel where the revolution was in progress, where that hurricane of fiery democracy swept the altar and the throne from France, and enwrapt the court and commonly in universal ruin, and later on see him on the royal commission with the Irish liberator. Behold him stigmatizing in Italy's sweet tongue the despotic power that imposed such base barbarities on the Neapolitan prisoners. Think of his distinguished classmates at Oxford, and his colleagues in the political arena, and their battles for reform; Father Faber, the poet, Cardinals Manning and Newman, each transcendent in English literature.

Gladstone associated with those men during the tractarian movement which staggered the religious world. We all know that Manning and Newman were beacon lights of the Episcopal Church, and afterwards Princes of the Roman Catholic Church. That was a result of the tractarian movement. While

Newman was penning his noble words "Lead Kindly Light," which expressed the yearnings of his soul, Gladstone's deep religious nature was calmly watching the movement, and when Newman exchanged St. Mary's pulpit for the cloister of the Oratorian Fathers, and Manning left the established church to begin life with the secular clergy of the Catholic Church, Gladstone expressed his sorrow at the separation in a phrase that will stand for ages. Those men have disappeared. So have the two apostles of free trade, Bright and Cobden; his powerful antagonist Disraeli, in fact the most noted men of his time have disappeared from their several spheres. Even the youthful Irish leader Parnell, stripped of fame by a modern Delilah, but withal, one of the greatest parliamentary tacticians of the century, is likewise gone.

As we look back through the long vista of years, a contemplation of his career is almost a contemplation of the century, blending in its receding vision the wider glory of the century whose forecast is already distinct. The story of his life is one of unremitting endeavor to accomplish great reforms that have so long held a foremost place in British history; to bring into prominence the universal brotherhood of humanity; to guard the powers which maintain social order; and to bring the classes nearer to the masses. Since 1850, he has dedicated his life to further this extensive programme. He has made mistakes. His greatest, was his sympathy with slavery in the American civil war. But he afterwards confessed that he was wrong. This is his sublime attribute. He has never been ashamed to confess his errors. He admitted that he had been wrong in coercing Ireland, but he devoted his glorious closing years to repairing that wrong.

In one respect he is without a parallel. We see no statesman presenting in such a long line of years, a corresponding record of intellectual progress in full sight of a generation, with such proofs of altered convictions suited to the development of the times. I might note in passing, a few of what modern politicians would term the somersaults of Mr. Gladstone. When he entered parliament, he defended slavery.

"Were slavery sinful, Scripture would not regulate it," he said in his first election address. He afterwards advocated the emancipation of the slaves. He defended the Irish Church in 1833, and hoped he would never see the day when Church and State were separated, yet in 1869, he engrafted the principle of abolishment with his own hand, in the British constitution. He condemned and voted against the removal of religious tests on entering a university, and at a later period, sought such a removal. When King William died in 1837, and the young Victoria ascended the throne, he was a Tory, and in 1850 he was a Liberal. In 1837 he opposed the right of Canada to be heard by her own agent at the bar of the House. He opposed the remedial measures for abolishing slavery in the West Indies. In 1839 he bitterly opposed O'Connell in making provisions for giving educational opportunities to Dissenters and Unitarians. He opposed the educational rights of the Jews, maintaining that public money should not be used "to inculcate erroneous doctrines." He lived to see these things accomplished, and to do a very large part in accomplishing them. He advocated protection, and it was his patient and tireless hand that shaped the first free trade budget of Great Britain.

History contains personalities as remarkable in other respects, but no individual discloses such characteristic growth through sixty years of struggle, so little consistent with its beginning. No other character reveals the plasticity of Gladstone's. The century shaped his character far more than he moulded the century. There were forces at work which he for a time failed to discern, the validity of which he was tardy to acknowledge, and whose demands he has not completely satisfied; but while flexible to a very large degree, he is the most interesting figure of the century.

He entered parliament in his twenty-third year, with a mind crammed with erudition. Europe was convulsed by Napoleon. The horrors of Paris appalled mankind. Trade was inactive. Skepticism was making headway among the learned men of England, and the Oxford movement had shaken the religious world to its very foundation. Commerce, manufactures,

education, society—everything was in danger. But Burke and the French revolution had fixed his faith in monarchy and conservatism.

Let us consider for a moment the great crisis of 1849, for the time was approaching when Gladstone emancipated himself from books, and became one with his race. It is an important period of his life, as it was the beginning of his conversion. The economic system in England at the time was the means of impoverishing and subjugating Ireland, made the landlords masters of Great Britain, and spread over the Green Isle the shadow of famine. The Whigs went out of office, and the Tories came in, Gladstone taking the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. The country rose against the corn laws that were passed in 1815, and while the young Vice-President defended them in the House, rioters were burning Sir Robert Peel in effigy. It is not necessary to trace here the effect of these laws. The strange logic of starving people and howling mobs converted Gladstone. He discovered that statesmanship could not be evolved out of classics, and that the destiny of modern nations could not be modelled on patterns that history showed to be unscientific. He began to use reason, and from that time he applied to his conduct a new set of ideas, and a different class of principles. He looked to the future of his country, and began to free himself from the shackles that bound him to the past.

Resigning his seat for Newark, upon the adoption of free trade, he remained out of politics for a time, and in the meanwhile married. He travelled, and found in academic studies occupation and enjoyment. He put in order and classified those marvellous stores he had brought away from the university; studied many practical things; wrote on a variety of religious, aesthetic and literary subjects, read novels, published tracts, and although not a lawyer, mastered all the features of the land laws.

Gladstone's second period began upon taking his seat for Oxford as a Liberal in 1850. His first move was a proposal to admit Jews to Parliament. This was the beginning of a long chain of measures which gives him a claim upon the fealty

of his country, and upon the admiration of the human race.

To be explicit in the review of the seven hundred years' injustice in Ireland, it may be said that neither Scotland nor Wales had great grievance against England. Scotland voluntarily gave up her royal independence, and merged with England. The Kirk became her state church. The Scotch members created a standing committee to determine Scotch legislation at Westminster, and thus prevented the enactment of laws detrimental to Scottish interests. Educational rights were enviously protected, and even the land laws were not designed to make serfs of the people, while the manufacturers were not strangled for the benefit of English rivals.

But alas, how different the situation with Ireland! Dragged by force into the union, her sacred religion was outlawed, education became criminal, her parliament made a subservient tool for despoiling the nation. The deed was done on that fatal night in 1801, although Grattan was carried from his dying bed to lay on the floor of the house, as he has expressed it, his shattered remains in defence of the liberties of his country. Through the enactment of English laws every industry in Ireland was destroyed, and so complete was the grasp of the landlord, that she was deprived of all hope of redress; and it was not until Davitt inaugurated the land league movement, effectuated by Parnell, and aided by money contributions from friends of the Irish cause, that Ireland's voice was heard demanding her right to make her own laws.

Gladstone foresaw that eviction was equivalent to a death sentence, and involved all that was dearest to domestic happiness. The tenants were unable to pay their rents, and the great famine had carried off two millions and a half of the population. England exported food, while the Irish were dying of starvation, and it is related that as an American relief ship entered Queenstown harbor, three English ships were leaving, laden with Irish harvests.

He began to remedy the appalling condition of things with the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But he found that a greater evil than this was preying

upon the vitality of the nation, and that the element of freedom did not exist between the two parties. In 1870 he reformed the land laws, and this brought to light the fact that nothing short of restoration of the local legislature could uproot the evil embedded in the British constitution. He is a man not quick of conversion, and it was not until 1885, when he found that the majority of the members from Ireland demanded Home Rule, that he committed himself and the Liberal party to an absolute pledge. Can we appreciate the heroism with which the aged statesman fulfilled his engagement? In no other country can we find a parallel. He had the sense to see and the heart to feel that the persecution of the Irish people was detestable; and with a mental vigor and moral force without parallel, he made his conviction the conviction of the majority of the United Kingdom.

He saw a people, though a thousand times cast down, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon and gibbet, by flame and sword, still a thousand times rise again and labor on, unwearied and undismayed, wrestling, inch by inch, their God-given rights from their unpitiful foes. The electorate of Great Britain hearkened to the words of Pope Leo XIII, when "he hoped that England would learn the truth which had taken possession of Gladstone's great mind, and greater heart, in his latest but most glorious years, and see that conciliation is more powerful to bind people to people, and race to race, than coercion."

In glancing back at a few events of modern history, we find that in all historical epochs, the man which the occasion demands, is certain to appear. See the American revolution and George Washington; the American Civil War and Lincoln; Prince Bismarck and the German Federation; Sir John Macdonald and the Canadian Federation. When Ireland seemed to be beyond all hope of obtaining justice, Parnell appeared, and when the noble leader was suddenly removed from his earthly contest, the mightiest figure of the Victorian age filled the gap. The quenchless determination with which Gladstone advocated the Home Rule cause, and the virulent opposition he met, made him the most conspicuous man of the age. By the magic of his voice, by

the greatness of his mind, and by the consuming intensity of his hatred of wrong, he converted half of England and Scotland to Home Rule. His eloquence, personal magnetism and enthusiasm, won the admiration of his deadliest foes. He met with temporary reverse and defeat by the House of Lords. He was deserted by a few, led by the sluggish and profligate Duke of Devonshire, and the perfidious Chamberlain, and some others who were but clogs on the wheels of the Liberal machine; men, who when they could not steer the ship, would scuttle her.

Gladstone towers above other statesmen in the essential qualities for the leadership of men. He was not witty, but had a lambent humor, and slightly sarcastic; but never vituperative. He was habitually urbane, and entertained no personal ill-feeling towards his political opponents, and it is said that in his library in Hawarden, on a pedestal over the desk on which he wrote all his political speeches, was a bust of Beaconsfield, his most bitter antagonist. As were his political tactics, so was his oratory. He was a forensic pleader of unparalleled power, and belonged neither to the class of Demosthenes nor O'Connell; academic in cast of thought, which Macaulay says "charmed by the breadth of his views, exhausting a subject or an audience by the beauty of his embellishments, by the agility of his intellectual gymnastics, and by the copiousness and validity of his diction." He had an extraordinary gift of marshalling arrays in mental divisions, and as a written speech is prohibited in the House of Commons, he carried the art of oratory to a precision rarely approached elsewhere.

The last important utterance in parliament was his attack on the House of Lords. It was not in 1894, however, he enunciated for the first time the principle that the House of Lords must submit to the elective branch. In a speech delivered in 1857, this sentence occurs: "Every member of the House of Commons is proudly conscious that he belongs to an assembly which, in its collective capacity, is the paramount power of the state." For the past twenty-five years he has been endeavoring to bring that intractable body

to its knees, and by a rational curtailment of its veto power, to suppress the hereditary political privilege of the peers.

—"Unarm—the long day's task is done."—

The end has come. Probably he will never sit in another parliament, and his voice may never be heard in Westminster again. The political world will not be the same for many a long day, now that its chief figure has disappeared. His disappearance was received with every display of good feeling by his political opponents, but his resignation "*graciously accepted*" by Her Majesty, while Lord Salisbury's resignation was accepted "*with great regret.*" There is something pathetic in the announcement, that the man whose genius has rendered her reign illustrious, should be so treated. We cannot forget the personal pathos of the situation. Is it because he disdained the petty conventionalities and repudiated the tram-melling formulas and empty haubles of the court, that he retired so poor in favor with Her Majesty? Be it so. But he was rich in the affections of the people.

Still more difficult is it to conceive that the announcement of his retirement is regarded by the press as a mere accident of life. But this is a striking testimony of the insignificance of the greatest men in the estimation of the world, which is too busy with the all-absorbing thoughts of the time to look back on the past. He resigns, and the fact is not as much noticed by the press as a sensational murder or a brutal prize fight.

In his declining years he gave himself to the gigantic undertaking of reconciling the antipathies of two hostile nations, and he is obliged to retire with the task unaccomplished. But what a fight he has made! He stopped at no obstacle, shrunk from no ordeal. Heedless of storms, this

fearless captain has averted the shipwreck of the Irish bark.

Wherever beats a Celtic heart, the praises of Gladstone must find an echo. The English-speaking nations admire him, but the Irish nation is specially indebted to him. Through his efforts that widowed queen has begun to cast off the garments of sorrow, and put on the vestments of joy. Her hopes are now like the golden flush of the morn on the eastern hills, and the silver shafts of light have pierced the clouds of ages. Through his efforts the dark cloud has been lifted, the long night of her mourning and discontent is nearly over, that lenten season of seven hundred years of sorrow has passed away, and already she hails the morn of her resurrection to life and liberty, yet to take her place among the nations,

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

And now his race is run, his active career is finally closed. For fifty years he has guided the ship of state, years in which he was the heroic figure. He has to say farewell to what may be called his home, in which he acted far beyond the allotted span of man. He was "friendly to the best pursuits of man, friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace." His memory shall never die. When the conquerors of the earth shall have been forgotten, he shall be cherished in the memories of a grateful world, while every generous heart breathes a benediction on his well-won rest. We say farewell.

"Time had achieved where foeman failed,
Subdued a glance that never quailed,
Dimmed the bright eye that flashed its fire,
On tyrant foes in many a well-fought field,
'Tis age not man, that makes thee yield,—
Unconquered by aught else,
Conquered alone by time;
Farewell, a fond farewell."

M. B. TRAINOR, '97.

· OUR LADY'S BELLS.



TIMED bells announce the birth of morn,
 At noontide clear their tones resound,
 Through twilight stillnesses are borne
 Their anthems o'er each darkling bound ;
 Whereat, in vision, bright arises
 The Archangel hiving with the word
 Whose thrill a humble maid surprises,
 Hailed blessed Mother of our Lord !

As cool wells taste to lips athirst,
 As food is prized by one who needs,
 As sunbeams seem to buds new burst,
 As outcasts value kindly deeds ;
 To me more rare this sacred hearing,
 Flows full to drown the world's turmoil,
 Alone most holy memories bearing
 Which raise my thoughts from themes that soil.

No tuneful warbler soaring high
 'Twixt rifted clouds, or perched in dells,
 Chants harmonies that gently sigh
 Such soothing transports as these bells.
 I wish their prayerful peals would follow
 Persistently my course through life,
 So might their chaste suggestions hallow
 The weary stress of daily strife.

Loud in all lands, unknowing dearth,
 Sweet chimes ring out our Lady's praise,
 And hearkning ears wide over earth
 Are solaced by the tribute lays.
 Oh, with their meaning's dulcet measure
 Esteemed of millions, let each thought,
 Word, act, of mine, in pain or pleasure,
 Innerving much, be always fraught.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

ONE OF AMERICA'S GIFTED SONS.



IN the fair little town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, there was born on the 18th of January, 1782, a man whose name stands out in bold relief upon the pages of American history, and whose sterling qualities as a statesman and an orator deservedly place him in the foremost rank of the public men of all ages. Reference is made to the renowned American, Daniel Webster.

In his younger years it seemed that the straitened circumstances of his father would not allow Daniel to pursue his studies, and that consequently he would never reach that position of usefulness in life for which his ability so well fitted him. But, as with Aeneas of old, Fate had otherwise decreed, and he who was now struggling against almost insurmountable obstacles was destined one day to play an important part in the government of his country. Ebenezer Webster was a man who saw no object more worthy, nothing which better repaid the toils of a weary life, than the education of his children. Thus he persevered under the most trying privations, and was rewarded by the graduation of Daniel from Dartmouth College in 1801. The young graduate then took up the study of law, and before long secured a prominent place at the bar, and became a formidable rival of the most talented lawyers of his time. In 1813, he was nominated to Congress by the Federalist party, and was elected. Here he began to display great powers as a legislator, and soon took rank with such distinguished men as Clay and Calhoun. It was in the Senate, to which body he was elected in 1827, that he proved himself without a peer on this side of the Atlantic. Here he delivered his two most famous orations, his "Speech in Reply to Hayne" and "The Presidential Protest," either of which was sufficient to establish his reputation as an orator and a statesman.

In the character of Webster there is something beyond eloquence, something

which far outshines his silver-tongued oratory, that elicits our admiration. It is his sincere yet judicious patriotism, which, while it stimulated him to noble deeds for the well-being of his country, was not a blind fanaticism that saw good only within the bounds of his own republic. He soared high above the political arena and with the piercing eye of the eagle saw far about him. He saw more clearly than any other man of his time, the dangers which threatened the Union, and the precautions which were necessary in order to avert those impending evils. Thus to his keen foresight, his thorough knowledge of political affairs, and to his efforts, through which chiefly the compromise measures were passed, is to be attributed the postponement of that awful crisis then menacing his country. Though it was a mere postponement, as he himself foretold at the time, nevertheless, by delaying the Civil War ten years he saved the Union, that which to him was most sacred and inviolable and which from his infancy he had learned to cherish. His father having served under Washington had imbibed that sincere attachment for the young republic which neither time nor circumstances could sever, and thus he transmitted to Daniel as part of his patrimony.

Never did the great orator's patriotism assert itself more strongly than when he referred to the fathers of his country, or to those battle fields which the blood of his ancestors had rendered sacred in the holy cause of liberty; never was he more eloquent than when speaking of the Union; never more earnest, if his character admitted of different degrees of earnestness, than when warring against secession, disunion and nullification which he saw would terminate disastrously to his country, unless nipped in the bud, and uprooted from the popular mind. And we shall the more admire his patriotism and preserving efforts if we remember that he was opposed in the stand which he took with regard to these questions, by some of the ablest men, at that time in the United States' Senate. Through every oration

that he delivered, yea through every sentence that he uttered, there ran that patriotic strain which at times grew into the most majestic eloquence, and prompted him to close that masterpiece of oratory, his "Speech in Reply to Hayne," with these memorable words,—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" It was that same love for his country which caused him in another place to exclaim with sadness, when he feared that the calamities of a civil war were about to befall his country,—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union."

As a man of intrepid firmness and fearless expression of conviction, two qualities indispensable to a statesman, he has had but few equals. He never courted popular favor, or sided with the ranting voice of the mob, but in every instance was guided by his convictions, and did that which he thought most conducive to the welfare of his country, even though it lessened his political influence or caused his downfall. An instance of his undaunted courage was given in Faneuil Hall in 1842. But a short time before this, the Whigs, being in the majority, had passed a bill relating to the currency; but the president, Mr. Tyler, vetoed it, and thereby caused the resignation of the members of his cabinet. Webster, however, who was then Secretary of State, true to his country, remained firm, though upbraided even by a section of his own party. These political troubles caused him excessive grief, but seeing that his efforts to effect a reconciliation were in vain, he thus tersely expressed his unwavering determination in an address delivered in Faneuil Hall,—“I am, gentlemen, something hard to coax, but as to being driven, that is out of the question.” He was not pretentious, yet, like all great men, he was conscious of his worth, and was never withheld through any motive, as he himself said in reply to Hayne, from espousing whatever opinions he chose to espouse, or from debating whenever he chose to debate.

As regards the integrity of his motives, there can be no question but that they were always, in the highest degree, eminently

worthy of a great statesman. He fought for the preservation of the constitution and of the Union, and therefore was obstinately opposed to infringements of principle, encroachments upon authority, or anything contrary to the provisions of the constitution; for he knew well that no matter how slight such might be, they would ever stand to future generations as a precedent, and might lead to the most direful results. He was actuated throughout his entire parliamentary career by the loftiest motives, and not only was he a man of the greatest integrity as a statesman, but also one of the deepest religious sentiment, formed according to that maxim to which he gave expression when lamenting the death of his life-long friend, Mr. Mason.—“Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth.”

To the qualities of a statesman, Webster added those of an orator of the highest order, and in this sphere also, he stands unrivalled in America, though excelled in certain characteristics by several of his countrymen. But few there are, even in the Old World, who have surpassed him either in eloquent and rhythmical flow of language, in dignified and happy expressions or in perfect control over speech. As an acute reasoner, also, he has had but few superiors.

His eloquence rolled in a majestic cadence that added new dignity and embellishment to everything of which he spoke. His power over language was boundless, yet, he never allowed it to betray him into redundant expressions. In the introduction of rhetorical figures he was always happy. His was not that flowery eloquence which entirely disregards sound arguments, and seeks to make amends for deficiency of ideas by figurative language. It is true that some of his earlier productions regarded rather form than matter, but such is far from being the case in those orations upon which his reputation has been established. Figures were to him a secondary consideration, and were used only to add to perspicuity and strength. Their enticing allurements never enslaved him, but, as Spalding remarks, “he would not move one step from his path to cull all the flowers of a whole *parterre*.”

Webster's vast and comprehensive

knowledge which in every sentence shone forth, though without the least sign of pedantry, made him a most powerful debater. His extensive learning and experience, together with that mental superiority which nature had given him, made him appear "always greater than his subject, always to have the full mastery over it, and never to be mastered or carried away by it." We cannot imagine him exhausted, but always to have force in reserve, which, if necessity should demand, is ever ready to come to his assistance. In the application of the principles established by the constitution, he showed himself thoroughly skilled in the art of government, and in detecting violations none surpassed him.

Perhaps there is nothing in Webster more remarkable than the consummate skill with which he tears asunder the arguments of an opponent. A loose argument or statement used against him became a powerful weapon in his hands; as a boomerang not hurled with the greatest precision, it returned with redoubled vehemence to destroy his aggressor. The "Speech in Reply to Hayne" bristles with examples of this, a notable one of which is that of the "murdered coalition." Mr. Hayne, an orator of great distinction, thus referred to "the coalition," a party cry which had been used to defeat President Adams. "Was it the ghost of the murdered coalition, which haunted the member from Massachusetts, and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down?" But Webster continuing the simile, proved it an unhappy and entirely unfavorable comparison for his opponent who ere long saw that it was he, and not the member from Massachusetts, whom the ghost should justly haunt. In this same speech, in warding off personal attacks Webster dis-

plays his powers as a wielder of sarcasm and irony, which, especially in the earlier part of his oration, flow in torrents that overwhelm his adversaries.

Through his magnanimity, his affable manners, his wonderful abilities as a conversationalist, the great orator won for himself in society the esteem and sincere attachment of all classes; in public life, possessing those qualities necessary to a great statesman, he was admired and respected by all parties, even by those who were his bitterest political opponents. So far was this true of him above all other men of his time, that at his death, which occurred on the 24th of October, 1852, it might well have been said of him,—he died "midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears."

In history, Daniel Webster will take his place among the noble sons of the great republic to the south of us, with Washington, the liberator of his country, with Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, and with those whose noble qualities inspire in the hearts of their countrymen the deepest gratitude and love for the land in which they live. His name shall be indelibly engraved upon the memory of future generations as a statesman, not of mediocre abilities, nor one formed by chance or circumstance, but one by genius, by nature, whom circumstances developed. In vain shall we turn the pages of American history to find one upon whom our admiration can more justly rest. And wherever distinction in oratory is deemed a noble attainment, there shall his orations stand for all time as models of eloquence, and there too shall the name of Daniel Webster be covered with glory as that of a true patriot-statesman.

J. P. FALLON, '96.



THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.



THE position which the social problem has attained in this enlightened and progressive age of ours is to say the least a menacing one. The poor man, living side by side with the rich, often no longer looks to him as a friend and benefactor, but as a hated foe, who, to increase his own profits, hesitates not to tighten the chains of misery and wretchedness around the less fortunate of his race. In this proximity of poverty and wealth, the indigent naturally ask—Is nature just in the distribution of her bounty? Their query might be answered by the simple statement that the fault, and a fault there surely is, lies not with nature but with men themselves; but a simple statement will not now suffice, for a modern school has arisen, and heralded with pen and bomb that the property of the rich must be confiscated and equally distributed among the poor. I call the socialistic school a modern institution, although it can be traced under various forms to the first heresies, yea to the early days of Grecian civilization when Socrates and Plato astounded the wondering throngs with their deep philosophic lore. In our own time Henry George has taken up the principles of this school in the United States and in his famous work "Progress and Poverty" has ardently defended its cause. Canada, too, has had her representative in the person of William Brown, who, in 1881, published in behalf of the same cause a book entitled "The Land Catechism," in which he asks—Is rent just? As this publication appeared about the same time as George's "Progress and Poverty," and as both defend the same principles in the same way, it is difficult to say whether George borrowed from Brown, or Brown from George, or both from Herbert Spencer. In connection, however, with the socialistic theory it would be a grave injustice to overlook the German Pantheist Fichte, who is duly

credited with the honor of doing more in its behalf than any of its earnest defenders.

In the face of the revolutionary doctrines of these men it may be asked what the galaxy of modern economists have to say on the subject. To their honor must we acknowledge that they are almost unanimous in defending the right of private property against the attacks of those men, who would despoil the more or less wealthy of their lawfully acquired possessions, and reform the world by converting it into its primitive chaos.

But it must be said at the same time, that whilst economists have ardently defended private property, their defense, as will be seen in the course of this paper, has been generally weak on account of their arguments being often based on unsound grounds. Before considering their arguments it might be well to state briefly what is meant by the right of private property. By right men generally understand the power to hold or dispose according to law of anything and its utility. When mention is made of private property, it is generally intended to signify ownership in land, which is the source of all wealth, and which is precisely what socialists hate the most, calling it as Proudhon did, a theft. The land, socialists contend, with all its treasures and fertility, was not assigned by nature to any one in particular, but given in common to all, hence he, who appropriates a part thereof to the exclusion of others, takes what is not his own, commits a grave injustice to humanity, which must be avenged if restitution be not made. To avenge the wrong done to humanity, socialists—not the socialists of the street, whose only aspiration is pillage, but the more cultured—propose to abolish all private ownership and substitute in its stead a collective property regulated by the state and administered by it.

Against this doctrine economists, as has been said, maintain that to seize the property of those to whom it legitimately belongs, through their having made it

valuable by labor, or bought it, or inherited it, is at once illegal and iniquitous.

But on what grounds do they base their defense? Jean Baptiste Say, the French economist, derives the right of private property from the social state of men, maintaining, and rightly, that society protects and consecrates it. Does not society also protect the life and personality of the individuals forming it, yet no one would hold for a moment that it gave them the right of living. Besides, if society creates the right of property, it can likewise annul it, and we should be silenced by socialism.

Stuart Mill traces the legitimacy of property to the same source as Say, and defends it in the same manner, but from the fact that society protects that right, does it not presuppose the existence of the same; and how can we affirm that society is creative thereof without exposing ourselves unarmed to the attacks of socialists?

Other economists, equally ardent in defending the right of property, base their explanations of it in the great advantages that it brings.

For when the land is owned in common, who will care to cultivate it carefully or to devote his toil and earnings to its improvement? A little hurried work, is all that men would venture on without being sure of harvesting. Hence the product will be scanty and poor. But when every man has his patch, of which no one can deprive him, a new era begins. Products increase and multiply, and with this multiplication of products a great division of labor arises between the men who produce the raw material and those who devote themselves to the arts required in its various transformations. This division of labor is followed in turn by an increase of national wealth, and thus the happiness and prosperity of society as well as of the individuals composing it, are secured.

All this is true as far as it goes, but it is clear that it does not go far enough, for in spite of all these advantages society tends the more to divide into the two classes of the very rich and the extremely poor. Hence socialists might reasonably ask,—If you have the right to consider private property lawful on account of the advantages that it brings, have we not an

equal right to condemn it as unjust for the misery it creates? Utility cannot constitute right. It may exhibit the private and public advantages, and even the necessity of landed property but it can go no further. A higher source must inform that material principle with its sanction and unless it can be shown that the right of property originates in nature itself all our arguments will avail nothing.

Other economists deduce the right of property from the idea of labor. Every man according to them has a natural right to the fruits of his labor. The effect belongs to him who is the owner of the cause and labor belongs to the laborer.

It has converted wildernesses into fertile and luxuriant fields, it has ridded marshes of their pestilence, and under its benign influence they have become verdure clad valleys, smiling with life and productivity. Is it not meet then, they argue, that he who has made them so should enjoy the fruits of their production, or in other words, does not labor create the right of property?

It must be acknowledged that labor is a source of property, but not the original source; for if you build a house does not your title to it presuppose the land on which it stands. Where, it may be asked, comes the right to call your own what was given by nature not to you but to all men? Thus you may cultivate a given number of acres and increase their fertility, but if they belonged to the human race they were not yours. True, you have made them fertile, but who asked you to do so? Moreover the fertility was in the soil and the means you used were gifts of nature like the land itself.

To ward off attacks of this nature, Bastiat put up a defense which cannot bear close scrutiny. "The owner of land," he says, "does not usurp the profits that come from its natural fertility. He merely gets a return for his labor. The rest he gives gratuitously. The price that he receives for his products is simply the price of his labor expended in producing them." There is very little truth in all this. For, in the first place, the price of anything does not depend so much on the cost of production as on the supply and demand for the same. Moreover, if he admits the non-appropriability

of natural agents by excluding them from exchange, it naturally follows that no one could justly claim any land as his own to the exclusion of others.

Finally, if the laborer receives only the price of his labor and his property is not in the soil itself, some New Zealander, for instance, might come and say to him: "Friend, I will take possession of your fields, work them and sell you their produce on the same terms." Would he not loudly protest and at once demand payment for all the labor and capital invested in them by him and his forefathers? But the former might add: "Have not your annual profits amply repaid you, and if your expenses have exceeded your profits, which is not probable, is it not a just treatment for expending your capital on land that was not your own?" Before dismissing the opinions of our modern economists, justice to them requires the statement that they fought and ardently for a good cause, and if their arguments were not far-reaching and conclusive, it was due, not to any sinister intention on their part, but rather to the false philosophic systems which they followed.

To prove then the righteousness of private property we must go beyond the domain of utility and labor, and seek the original source from which that right flows out to the individual man. That source is nature itself. We call natural not only what nature actuates, but also what answers to its designs. Thus when it is said that civil society is natural to man it is not meant that nature placed mankind in that state, but that it intended and that it is in accordance with its designs that men should live in civil intercourse. Thus the intentions of nature become manifest in the conditions and natural tendencies of man and the means required to satisfy them.

In the first place then, we maintain, that whatever has had at all times and in all places the consent and approval of all civilized nations must proceed *ex natura ipsa* and be in accordance with its designs. But a glance at the pages of history will suffice to show that private property always existed, has ever been protected by the benign influence of civilization. Travelling back to the historic days of

Jewish greatness, Naboth's vineyard stands out pre-eminent as a particular instance of a general truth. Coming down to our own time the constitution of the United States affords an example worthy of note, for, in the fifth amendment thereof is found the following phrase: "nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." Therefore can it be concluded that private property is a natural acquisition to man.

Nor is it to be wondered at that society and civilization have always been the sacred guardians of the right of private ownership in land, for is it not the basis on which they stand?—Undermine this and they both disappear from the face of the earth as did the human race before the avenging waters. Men, without the ties of private property and the traditions accompanying it, would undoubtedly become nomadic and gradually descend to a state of semi-barbarism like to that of the wandering red men of our land. "Fixed abodes," says Rossi, "appropriation of the soil and regular society, are three ideas that have never been separated in the mind of man—three facts that history always presents united. Uncertain property, on the contrary, and barbarism are facts deducible from each other always and everywhere."

Again self preservation, as all know, is the first law of nature. But to conform thereto man needs private property in land. Hence it must needs follow that the appropriation thereof is a natural acquisition to man. This may need development which can be found in man's nature and his legitimate wants.

Man, by nature rational, is by nature provident. Now it is manifest that a man cannot rightly be called provident, unless he provides, not only for his present, but also for his future needs, and this he cannot do without the permanent possession of fruitful things.

If the needs of mankind ceased when satisfied once this possession would not be in nature's design. But man, having daily wants to satisfy, naturally seeks to appropriate the fund from which those wants are supplied—that fund is the soil and the fruits thereof. Hence the permanence of the want leads to the permanence of the possession—a fact which becomes

more evident if we consider man in his social relations as the head of a family dependent on him and to whom its members must look for sustenance. Finally, if a plot of land cannot justly belong to a private owner, for the same reason the state cannot lay claim to any fixed portion. For, if according to socialism the land belongs to all in common, then, by what right can a state mark out a frontier and claim the exclusive ownership of the part within that boundary? According to such a course of reasoning were the dusky sons of Africa to find their country insufficient to support them, have they not a right to immigrate hither in a body, and take as much Canadian soil as they may need for their maintenance? In fact to oppose them would be unjust since no one can exclude another from the common gift of the Creator.

In defending the right of private property, its limitation must not be lost sight of, for no one would suppose for a moment that one man could be the legitimate owner of a whole state or province—not so. This right is limited by the necessities of other men as well as by the universal law of charity. That it should be so is only rational; but its discussion is not within the sphere of this article. For the justice of private ownership is one thing—the limits of it another, and whilst the former is certain, the determination of the latter is a very intricate problem.

It is only just, however, that we should acknowledge the good intentions of our socialistic dreamers, namely, the eradication of poverty, but the means they advocate are illegal, and the end is beyond

the power of man. For a greater than man has said: "The poor you have always with you," and history shows that poverty has always existed, and will exist as long as the freedom of the human will remains and men spend their earnings upon their whims and fancies. Neither is private ownership the cause of all poverty as socialists would have us believe, nor will its abolition solve the difficulty. For so many are poor from their own fault, so many remain poor even when helped, and so many will continue poor in spite of every assistance given them, that it is impossible to exterminate the evil.

We are not to conclude from this fact that society and the rich can stand idly by and leave the poor to perish. No. The divine system to which men must ultimately look for a true solution of this problem imposes on the more or less wealthy the duty of beneficence, in virtue of which they are bound to give of their abundance to those who are in want.

Thus the two elements, wealth and poverty, which at first sight seem opposed, are quite reconcilable; for, while maintaining diverse conditions without which society could not exist, they prove a mutual help and support. Without the labor of the poor, wealth could not be kept up; nor could the poor find a refuge in distress, if there were no wealth. The relation of the giver and the receiver is a mutual bond, co-ordinate in the purpose of God, who willed that the poor should respect the property of the rich, and that the rich in turn should be beneficent to the poor.

ANTHONY E. BURKE, '94.



IN THE NIGHT.



LAST night as on my bed I lay,
 A star did through my window gleam ;
 And as I watched it, seemed to say :
 Now go to sleep, my friend, and dream !

II.

I slept ; but dreamed of things so vile
 That I did wake and cry aloud,
 To find the star no more did smile,
 For o'er it lay a cumbrous cloud.

III.

Once more I slept—my dreams were sweet,—
 Yet woke, and heard a gentle rain,
 Whose dripping music in the street
 Did lull me back to dreams again.

IV.

And when I woke at morn, as one
 Half loth to greet a doubtful day,
 Lo ! through my window shone the sun,
 And the great cloud had passed away !

V.

So in some careless hour serene,
 All life a dream of joy appears ;
 And—uninvited - intervene
 Remembered ills, remembered tears.

VI.

But when like night have grown the skies—
 Lo ! as a child awakes at morn,
 Hope opens wide her glorious eyes !
 A brighter, better world seems born !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE PARIS EXPRESS.



“MAKE your places!” shouts the guard, waving his hand toward the waiting train.

Mr. Jeremiah Swan has pushed his way, glided around, and inserted himself between his fellow-passengers with the eel-like celerity for which he is distinguished, and when the glass portal of the waiting room, slides back, he speeds wildly along the platform toward the train, actuated by a determination to obtain the best place for himself. There are no generous impulses in the soul of Mr. Swan. Accordingly, when panting humanity, encumbered with children, wraps and bags, reaches the particular railway carriage in which our traveller has already ensconced himself, it is no marvel that he is discovered to have chosen a place by the window in preference to sun, the cinders and the landscape.

What becomes of those first-class passengers who find no vacant window, much less any seat at all? Mr. Jeremiah Swan, travelling agent for the great American house of Moon's Polish, neither knows nor cares, since he has been able to make his own little arrangements for comfort and ease.

Enter monsieur and madame of the once bourgeoisie, presumably, who reluctantly accept the other window, where ash and curtain are speedily closed to preserve the latter's black dress and feather trimmings from dust and sun. Enter a stout German, who plumps down opposite Mr. Swan, flushed, perspiring, and converting his straw hat into a fan. Enter an apoplectic old English gentleman, with wife and pretty daughter.

“Bless my soul! No other place!” grumbles materfamilias. “Goodness knows how they manage matters out of England now!”

“Try second-class,” suggests the husband.

“I never will travel second-class,” returns the wife, with dignity.

“You don't catch me giving up my seat

to the old woman; let her stay at home,” reflects Mr. Swan, and becomes superciliously absorbed in *Le Gaulois*, although his knowledge of the language is somewhat defective. It is not until the dowager, with rebellious rustlings of her purple sounces and adjustment of veil and bonnet strings about a crimson countenance, has taken a middle seat, that Mr. Swan observes the eighth passenger, who has slipped in quietly during the commotion incident to settling the other inmates. He is a tall, thin man, eccentric in costume, with white fatigue shoes on his feet, a silk hat, which he exchanges for a Turkish fez with a dangling tassel, and a large ring, on the third finger of the left hand, containing the opalescent stone known in India as “cat's-eye.”

There is little conversation in the railway carriage: the French couple quietly simmer in their corner, and madame's black dress is preserved; the apoplectic English papa pants; the English mamma, with symptoms of asphyxia, gazes at the roof of the conveyance, which resembles a padded box without ventilation; the tall, thin man dozes.

“I shall die!” exclaimed the British matron, waving her large fan despairingly.

The German traveller feels the waste of tissue. He produces a pocket flask of Rhine wine, a roll and a sausage; his fat cheeks wrinkle into a smile as his mouth expands.

“I wait not for ze buffet at Amiens,” he says to Mr. Swan.

“No,” returns the latter, affably. “There's nothing like knowing how to travel in all countries. I am an old traveller myself.”

The English papa purses up his lips and frowns; the English matron's face assumes still more the purple hue of her own sounces; the tall thin man's face twitches as if with a suppressed smile. All the landscape seems to slumber in the heat.

At last Montreuil is reached, and the British matron descends to the platform like a bombshell, protesting that she is

suffocating, and will go anywhere else if she is only permitted to breathe.

"We can't all be first," Mr. Swan remarks, and places his umbrella on the seat lately occupied by the pretty English girl."

At Abbeville the German departs; at Amiens the French couple follow.

"I call this comfortable," says Mr. Swan, with a sigh of satisfaction. The tall thin man makes some grumbling, inarticulate response, and settles himself for a nap. Mr. Swan gazes at the two little spaces of mirror inserted in the opposite wall, with the notice in French, English, and German attached:

"In case of any extraordinary emergency requiring the attention of the guard, the passenger is requested to break the glass with his elbow, pull the tag inclosed, attached to the engine, and signal with his arm from the right-hand window. If a passenger checks the train without sufficient cause, he will be prosecuted by law."

"We do things better than this in America; the open car is safer, and has more air. How is a man to signal the engine and wave his hand from the window if he is being murdered, for instance?" Mr. Swan meditates, with a yawn, and also disposes himself for a nap.

He may have slept minutes or hours, so complete has been his oblivion, when a hot breath scorches his cheek, and a voice hisses in his ear.

"Snakes!"

"Where?" As he opens his eyes, with a start, Mr. Swan involuntarily draws up his feet from possible contact with reptiles. The tall thin man is no longer recognizable; he has cast his fez upon the floor, his hair bristles upon his head, his features are subject to frightful contortions, and he sits peering into his solitary companion's face with a most blood-curdling expression.

"Snakes!" he repeats, in the same hissing whisper—"snakes and rats!"

"Oh, I guess not," returns Mr. Swan, soothingly, his previous survey of the floor now concentrating in the tall thin man.

"Snakes and rats in the castle tower, where the wind moans and the ghosts walk at midnight. Hark!" The speaker,

vibrating from a dreary monotone to sudden, electrified attention, hurls himself to the other end of the carriage, and presses his forehead against the glass, as if his life depended on discerning some passing object.

Mr. Jeremiah Swan feels a creeping chill descend his spine as he watches his erratic companion apprehensively. Who is he? Where did he come from? What will he do next? This last question is answered almost before framed. The tall, thin man throws back his head, with a loud laugh of infinite derision, kneels, and gazes under each seat successively, until he reaches Mr. Swan, to whom he makes lucid explanation of the singular manoeuvre:—"I thought he was here."

"Who!" questions Mr. Swan, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Never mind. Well, if you must know, the Tower executioner. He promised to come." The stranger then seats himself opposite his fellow-passenger, and placing hands on knees, brings his face on a level with that of Mr. Swan, asking, briskly, "Sir, are you the Shah of Persia?"

"No, I am not," responds Mr. Swan, dubiously, and unable to perceive any humor in the question. All the instructions respecting the treatment of the insane he has ever heard, crowd into his mind and bewilder him. The tall thin man is evidently mad. In vain Mr. Swan tries to fix and quell his rolling eye—in vain endeavors to follow the other's movements. The situation is certainly a grave one.

"It is false!" shouts the strange creature, in tones that cause Mr. Swan to jump nervously. "I knew you from the first, Shah-in-Shah, and you are doomed, for I cannot always be deceived. Aha! you turn pale, miscreant! I tell you that I recognize you under all disguises and in any garb. When the train stops we shall be quits."

"My good man, you are mistaken," quavers Mr. Swan, feeling for the door handle.

"Not so, wretched tyrant. Do you know me now? I am the avenger. Was not my beloved seized on the Persian frontier and sawn asunder because she called you a rattlepate, a monkey? And you ask me for mercy—me!" The speak-

er's voice rises to a climax of fury. He withdraws to the other end of the carriage with a cunning smile, mouthing and gibbering, and takes from an embroidered sheath an Oriental knife of dazzling steel. At first he contents himself with snatches of wild song, declamation, poetical recitations. Mr. Swan is congratulating himself on being forgotten when, with the same cunning smile, the tall thin man feels the keen edge of his knife, and moves stealthily toward his companion.

"What do you want?" demands Mr. Swan, incoherently.

"Blood!" mutters the avenger, in a frightful voice, still moving forward with that suppressed, stealthy aspect.

All that a man has will he give for his life. Mr. Swan at last thoroughly aroused to his danger, with one bound breaks the glass of the little mirror in the wall, pulls the bell desperately, and thrusts his arm out the right-hand window. The train stops, heads pop out of other carriages, guards hasten to the rescue. What have we here? The tall thin man, cool and composed, sits reading a newspaper, his fez restored to his head, and Mr. Swan, opposite, eagerly, excitedly tells his story in broken French. His life has been threatened with a knife. The tall thin man is a raving lunatic. He, Mr. Swan, just reached the bell in time to escape being murdered. All this, and much more, the guards hear scowlingly. Other passengers cluster about the door. The tall thin man glances with quiet compassion at Mr. Swan; then remarks: "Monsieur seems to have suffered from fright in his sleep—he may not be used to travel—and snatch I at the bell before I could prevent him. Surely he can not say that I have touched him?" Oh, the cunning of maniacs!

"How dare you!" begins Mr. Swan, turns pale, and pauses in utter confusion. During his most extravagant ravings and threatening gesticulations the tall thin man has not once *touched* him. Is there not method in such madness?

All eyes rivet on Mr. Swan as he repeats his story. How tame and inadequate that story sounds, with the guards scowling, the passengers smiling incredulously,

and the voice of the British matron heard from an adjacent carriage—"I am glad of it. The brute!" From which comment only the most painful inferences can be drawn as to the state of a charitable lady's feelings. A gentleman steps forward and greets the tall, thin man. "Why, it is M——. How are you?" Then with some rapid explanation to the guards, evidently intended to produce a favorable impression as regards Mr. Swan's enemy, the gentleman gets into the carriage and shakes hands with the maniac. "I thought you were staying in the provinces. What's the row here?"

Thus is Mr. Swan left in the lurch. A wild impulse to escape possesses him, checked by many hands. He is in an enemy's country, and has made a direful mistake. He might talk himself blind and hoarse, and his audience would simply smile. "I have told the truth," he asseverates, although the guards are talking with excited animation, and other passengers turn away. The tall thin man even intercedes good humoredly, the guards, deeply affronted and incensed, threaten Jeremiah Swan with fine and imprisonment.

When Paris is reached, behold our much crest-fallen traveller, reviled, ridiculed, and despised, in the custody of the gendarmes, while the tall thin man follows, accompanied by his friend, having previously tossed away a toy weapon of Oriental workmanship.

"If you had American cars, such things could not happen," says Mr. Swan to the nearest gendarme, whose response seems to suggest a lack of the English language.

The tall, thin man explains matters to his friend for the first time. "I could not resist the temptation, your lordship. I have discovered that nature has adapted me for tragedy, and I have mistaken my calling hitherto. We must get the beggar off. I did not anticipate his going to such extremes, and, on my word, his fright was most extraordinary."

Thus Mr. Swan pursues his way in this inglorious fashion, and the tall thin man, eccentric in costume, with the Eastern gem on his finger, follows to avert the serious results of his joke.

OUR INLAND NAVIGATION.



AMONG the achievements of our public men for the purpose of expanding Canadian commerce, none so forcibly illustrates their spirit of enterprise as our marvellous system of inland navigation, representing an expenditure of nearly sixty millions of dollars. When a vessel has entered the Straits of Belle Isle it is still two thousand two hundred and sixty miles to the head of Lake Superior, a distance slightly greater than the sea-voyage from Liverpool to Belle Isle. Speaking of the topographical features of our canal system, a prominent writer tells us, "It has been where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of our modern enterprise; where the Indian in old time portaged his canoc, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the beginning of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls."

The first steps towards obviating obstructions to navigation were taken in 1815, when some small locks, which still exist, were built to avoid the Coteau rapids a short distance above Montreal. During the years intervening between this date and 1845, the foundation of the present canal systems was laid, and for the first time, a traveller could get on board a vessel at Montreal and remain until he was landed in Hamilton.

In 1865, the eve of the federation of the different provinces of the Dominion, the question of an easy means of transportation to the ocean, engaged the attention of a few of our most prominent men. About that time, a volume which attracted considerable attention, was issued by William Kingsford, wherein he gave a connected history of Canadian canals, and at the same time, laid down a definite policy which he considered would be a wise one for our public men to pursue.

A large population had gathered around the lakes, and an extraordinary traffic was rapidly growing there. The canals, as they already existed, had fulfilled their purpose of construction. They had established a connection with the sea-board, and had extended to Western Canada a cheap route by which produce might be exchanged for manufactures and the necessaries of life. Notwithstanding all this, the canals did not pay the interest of their cost.

To remedy this state of things, and with a view to stimulating the development of the country, Mr. Kingsford strongly urged the deepening of the St. Lawrence to admit of its being navigable to sea-going vessels. This would create ports along the shores of the Great Lakes, and by removing the necessity of transshipment at Montreal, would materially lessen the cost of transportation. To carry out the project \$12,000,000 would be necessary. This expenditure, it was calculated, would be more than compensated for by the increased impetus trade would receive. For the shipment to Europe of the produce of Western Canada and the North Western part of the United States, there was a choice of two routes. It was either taken by way of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, or it followed the Erie Canal and Hudson River to New York. The St. Lawrence route possessed great advantages over that of the Hudson and Erie canal, both as regards cost and the difference in time, and, consequently, it was expected that the former would draw the great bulk of the trade from that section of the country. Unhappily, the responsibilities incurred by the Dominion at Confederation, such as the building of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, taxed to such an extent the strength of the Dominion that this scheme was forced to give way to more urgent needs. In the meantime our canals have by no means been neglected, and from time to time large sums have been expended on their improvement.

The canal systems of the Dominion under government control may be divided

into six sections: the River St. Lawrence and Lakes; the Richelieu navigation from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain; the River Ottawa; the Rideau navigation from Ottawa to Kingston; the Trent navigation; Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia.

The main system of our inland navigation and the one to which the others are tributary, is the St. Lawrence River and lakes. It consists of the St. Lawrence River with the system of canals established on its course above Montreal, and the Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron and Superior with their connecting canals. It affords a course of continuous navigation extending from the Straits of Belle Isle at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior, comprising nearly one half of the fresh water of the globe, and draining an area of over four hundred thousand square miles. The difference in level between the point on the St. Lawrence near Three Rivers, where tidal influence ceases, and Lake Superior is about six hundred feet, which difference is overcome by fifty-three locks.

It was not until a few years prior to Confederation, that a sea-going vessel could ascend the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Montreal. The dredging of a canal through Lake St. Peter changed this, and Quebec was forced to surrender to Montreal its title of Commercial Capital of Canada. In all, it has been necessary to construct seventy-one miles of canal, the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the peninsula through which the Niagara flows, and the Sault Ste. Marie offering the chief points of obstruction. At Montreal are encountered the St. Louis, the first series of rapids which bar the ascent of the St. Lawrence. These rapids are overcome by the Lachine Canal which is eight and one-half miles in length, consisting of one channel with two distinct systems of locks.

After a passage of about sixteen miles, the head of the Beauharnois Canal is reached. This waterway connects Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis, and passes three rapids known respectively, as the Cascades, the Cedars and the Coteau. When these works were commenced it was warmly debated as to whether the canal should be constructed on the north or on the south side of the

river. It was urged for military reasons that the canal should be constructed on the north side. Additional security would thus be obtained for it. To place it on the south side was considered to needlessly expose it to destruction from a hostile force. Commercial exigencies, for the time being, however, prevailed over possible military necessities, and the canal was constructed on the south side. A second canal is now in process of construction on the north side, though whatever may have been the opinion in 1842, when the memory of the wars of 1812 was yet alive, it may fairly be assumed that the invasion theory is not seriously entertained by our public men.

Between the discharge of the Beauharnois and the entrance of the Cornwall Canal, is forty miles of a good and well marked-out channel. Five miles further up occur the Faran's Point, Rapide Plot and Galops, known collectively as the Williamsburgh Canals, all of which were constructed to obviate the rapids at these places.

From the Galops to the Welland Canal connecting Lakes Ontario and Erie, there is an uninterrupted navigation of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. In the Niagara River, the natural connection of these two lakes, are the far-famed Niagara Falls. The project of connecting these two lakes by a canal was first conceived by Mr. Merrit, a military officer during the war of 1812. A report on the subject of inland navigation was presented to the Parliament of Upper Canada, by a joint committee of both Houses, in 1816. The scheme remained in abeyance until 1824, when the first sod was turned by Mr. Merrit, under whose supervision the work was completed in two years. Since then a succession of enlargements and improvements have been made, and, "it now stands, one of the best constructed and most efficient achievements this age of engineering skill has produced."

There is a deep water navigation from the head of the Welland Canal through Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake Huron, and the River St. Mary to the Sault Canal, a distance of about three hundred and ninety-four miles. Communication between Lakes Huron and Superior is obtained by means of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, situated on the United States side of the

River. A lock of nine hundred feet in length of chamber, with a depth of nineteen feet on mitre sills, is being constructed by the Dominion Government on the Canadian side. The expenditure upon this work up to the present date has been nearly one million two hundred thousand dollars. During the past two years the friction in trade relations between Canada and the United States has produced a wide-spread feeling in favor of completing the canal at the earliest possible date. To meet the general wish, arrangements have been made whereby the canal will be ready for use in July, 1894. During the last two seasons, the shipping passing through the canal at this point, has exceeded by two million tons that which goes through the Suez Canal, with this difference that the freight going through the Suez Canal is shipped for a greater distance.

The remaining systems of inland navigation are tributary to the St. Lawrence and with it from the great highway to the sea. In point of extent the Ottawa River comes first, being five hundred miles in length and draining a valley of eighty thousand square miles of immense value for the timber it produces. The Ottawa is divided into two systems, the Upper and the Lower Ottawa. Leaving Montreal, the works constructed to overcome the difficulties of navigation are the Carillon and Grenville Canals by which the rapids of the same name are avoided. Above the City of Ottawa continuous navigation is in several places interrupted by rapids; but large stretches intervene over which steamers make regular trips.

The Rideau Canal system has for its object the connection of Montreal by the waters of the Ottawa with Kingston on Lake Ontario. These canals were constructed with a view to the defence of the province. Their necessity for defensive purposes was suggested during the war of 1812, when the peril of running the St. Lawrence in the face of an enemy was considered great. Various explorations were made in the succeeding ten years with this end in view. In 1826, under Col. By of the Royal Engineers, the work was begun. On the 21st of September of the same year the foundation stone of the locks at Ottawa was laid by Sir John

Franklin. The total distance from Kingston to Montreal is two hundred and forty-six miles.

The Richelieu and Lake Champlain navigation gives direct communication with New York. Commencing at Sorel, at the confluence of the Rivers St. Lawrence and Richelieu, forty-six miles below Montreal, this system extends along the River Richelieu by the Chambly Canal to Lake Champlain. The distance from Sorel to the boundary line is eighty-one miles. At Whitehall, on the southern end of Lake Champlain, connection is obtained by the Champlain with the River Hudson. From the boundary line to New York the distance is three hundred and thirty miles.

The term, Trent River Navigation, is applied to a series of water stretches extending from Trenton, at the mouth of the River Trent, on the Bay of Quinté, Lake Ontario, to Lake Huron. These do not form a connected series of navigation, and in their present condition are efficient only for local use. St. Peter's Canal connects Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton, with the ocean.

Another undertaking in connection with navigation, which at its inception was considered chimerical, is the ship railway connecting the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy. In 1882 the Chignecto Marine Transportation Company made a proposal to the Government for the construction of a ship railway, to be used for transporting ocean vessels of one thousand tons burden, with full cargo, overland across the Isthmus of Chignecto. Definite action was taken in 1885 when a subsidy of \$170,602 a year for twenty years was granted to the company. The time for the completion of the work was set for July 1st, 1890. Later an extension of time to July 6th, 1894 was given.

Whatever diversity of opinion may exist with regard to the public policy of those in whose hands the development of the country has been since Confederation, the efforts that have been made to preserve and extend our magnificent system of inland navigation cannot but meet with general approval. It may be disputed whether, with the advantages for transportation which our numerous lines of railways afford, canaling will be able to

successfully maintain the supreme position it has held in the past, yet, taking into consideration the peculiar facilities, in this respect, which we possess, it may be fairly assumed that it will. It was the opening of the canals which gave life and vigor to Western Ontario and in a short time they no longer sufficed for the wants they had created. The scene of our future development, in which all Canadians have implicit confidence, notwithstanding

the periodic plaints of unemployed professional politicians to the contrary, will be, to a great extent, in Manitoba and the North West Territories. When we consider the almost illimitable resources of that vast country it is not difficult to imagine what an important part our great system of waterways will inevitably play in the transportation of our surplus products to the markets of the world.

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.



OLD IRELAND.

Think of her, were it but a little while,
 Free of all smirch of passion, care and wrong,
 A green-hill'd, old world, fairy-haunted Isle,
 Warm-hearted, tearful, merry, full of song.

— William Allingham.



AMERICA AND DARWINISM.



THE highly imaginative and once popular theory, which explains life by declaring that it results merely from the unfolding of the forces of matter, has been often and ably refuted on metaphysical, physiological and geological grounds. One of the strongest arguments adduced against this ephemeral illusion—for such it really has proved itself—is the unity and wisdom of design, manifested in every living being of the universe. By this it is shown that all inferior beings have been created for the use and pleasure of their lord and master—man.

The camel is an apt illustration of the truth of this doctrine. What would become of the inhabitants of those sterile lands found in Asia and Africa had they not in their possession the "ship of the desert." The camel's long neck, strong incisors, and canines in both jaws, and long narrow cheek-bones, are so many weapons whereby it is enabled to crop its daily subsistence from thorny bushes by the wayside; it is protected against the particles of sand, the inhalation of which often proves fatal to man, by its hairy nostrils which close intuitively; by the peculiar structure of its stomach, it is enabled to go a week or more without drink, and the gradual absorption of its fatty hump, will serve the place of food for a similar period of time; a double lid and a bony arch, shelters its projecting eye from the sun; in a word, this animal is in every way adapted to do full justice to the part it has to play on the world's stage. "Its milk, sometimes its flesh, furnishes man food, its skin, leather; its hair, clothing; its excrement, fuel; and, in an extremity, the water in its stomach will save a lost wanderer's life." Verily, this wonderfully constituted animal admirably reflects the transcendent wisdom of its Designer.

Who could conceive animals more useful than the reindeer, in polar regions, the camel on Sahara's desert plains, or the

horse in our climes? And who is so obtuse as not to see in those three, the manifestation of unity of design.

On considering the origin of animal and plant life on the American continent, we behold a striking proof of unity of design in all things created. This continent, as all are aware, is separated from the Eastern, by massive barriers. So great are these barriers that for centuries they proved an insurmountable obstacle to man himself. When at last, through the genius of Columbus, the Western Continent was forced to open its gates to its lawful master, on its vast extent of territory was found an abundance of life rivaling in number of species and in degree of perfection even that of the Old World. Whence came this? If Darwin's theory be admitted, this animal and plant life has either been derived from that of the Eastern Continent or it has sprung up and developed itself here. If the former hypothesis be accepted it would be a potent argument against Darwinism, for it life could not originate spontaneously here, why, elsewhere? Hence the conclusion that life must have sprung up on this Continent of its own accord and was not dependent on any extraneous germs for its origin. The facts of the case are that life on the Eastern and Western Continents is the same. The same species are found on both continents and, to a great extent, the same degree of perfection in the different species. How is this to be accounted for? It might be explained by saying that there was present in the original germs from which all life is supposed to have sprung, a teleological force or principle which necessarily tended towards one common end. It would be absurd, however, to say that such a principle exists in matter, as matter. The only satisfactory explanation, then, of the above stated fact is that which holds that the germs of all life have been placed throughout the world by an omniscient God, and have been designed by Him for a common end.

J. M., '94.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

I have gathered me a posic of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.—MONTAIGNE.

39—The prevailing genial weather, which grows brighter and sunnier and warmer day after day, reminds me with a penetrating thrill of enthusiasm, there was once a time, when I was so much younger than I am now that I do not like to be precise as to dates, and the spring and the brightness and the warmth (three terms which mean cheer) were more to me than ought else on earth. I was an unsophisticated collegian then and fully amenable to the Draconian code by which at that time was governed the humble structure out of which the present University sprung like Minerva out of the head of Jove. In that pleasant period of boyhood when my young life shone like a flower within whose crimsoned chalice Youth lurked with rosy feet anear to Hope as radiant as morning, and Love with folded wings of purple and thoughts as full of music and song as the heart of a thrush, on each annual return of the vernal season, I suddenly grew passionately anxious to shut my books with a bang and pack them away in my little desk whose varnish always reminded me of the yellow fever, to make a hasty end of what the author of the *Faery Queen* would term the "langurous constraint" of study and scholastic confinement, to turn my truant little back upon old mother St. Joseph's, without a single sigh, like an ungrateful son, and after shaking the cohesive dust of the cabbage garden which then almost surrounded the establishment from my erring soles, to scale the outer ramparts with more haste than gracefulness, and directly to head for the open country with rapid foot-falls and wary eyes for ultra-mural proctors, to pass a sweet hour, or two hours, or a whole blissful afternoon, if the opportunity offered, at perfect liberty and untroubled ease under the leafing green-wood tree, away from tasks and classes and professors and grim examinations

looming in the distance like superannuated old witches, and from all other ills of youth, there to

" Mark
How each field turns a lawn, each lawn a park
Made green "

and to realize with a vividness which I have never since felt what Wordsworth meant when he sang that "Heaven was about us in our infancy," and, by intimation, in our youth and earlier manhood.

I remember how I used to go on those unruly pilgrimages, year after year, and how I had selected a favorite spot under a spreading maple on a hilltop overlooking a lazy stream, where, it seemed to me, the grass grew longer and greener than elsewhere and the song-birds flocked thickest and gave of their choicest minstrelsy, and the yellow bees buzzed and tumbled among the nodding marguerites. One hour in the midst of surroundings like those according to my ideas in those days compensated for days of solitary confinement.

Truth to tell, my rambling propensities which then asserted themselves, and do so even now, (tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon) with irresistible force, at this time of the year as might be expected quite frequently got me into trouble with the collegiate authorities. The wise and good man who then ruled over dear old St. Joseph's more with a prodigious cough, which, whenever heard along the resounding corridors, brought terror to the heart of the boldest among "The Boys," than with a rod of iron or a ferule of any other material, it must be said, possessed a big sympathetic heart which always, or at least almost always, prompted its owner to be a trifle blind to springtime infringements of the rules. But, even with him, there was a limit to insubordination, and if, after repeated admonitions, any stub-

born son of old St. Joseph's entertained a nomad mood and persisted in playing at gipsy and devoting his days to idle pleasure, he usually discovered by sad experience that solitary confinement in a vacant class-room during recreation hours smacks most painfully of the Bastile. However, the truants of those distant, prehistoric days, were, as a rule, determined to have their pleasure, let the consequences be what they might. And what a merry, sturdy, honest, kind-hearted troop of jolly fellows were the truants of long ago. While I write, those pleasant companions of my youth, now scattered far and wide over land and sea, rise before my mind as lucidly and distinctly as if we had parted only late yesterday. I would like to sketch them as they appear, but I am neither a Scott nor a Dickens, and if I were, the time at my disposal would not suffice for the task. So I must waft my vision aside and let it drift away from me on the out-flowing tide of the sea of oblivion. If some one or other of my old-time chums would but follow the edifying example of St. Augustine and write out his "*Confessions*" or, at all events, as many of them as refer to this romantic epoch of our common boyhood, and print the same between the covers of a book, his literary venture would not, I hasten to assure him, be entirely unsuccessful, in fact he would sell more of his edition and for a better monetary return than many a proud publisher of most sounding verse, because his admiring friend, the present writer, hereby pledges himself to purchase at least one copy of the volume, and, what is more, he further covenants to pay cash for the purchase.

Well, I was told then by very wise and learned professors, especially those whose bent was mathematical, and who boasted a studied distaste for the idealized offsprings of the imagination, that I was taking the proper way to grow rife in ignorance, and ruin my after life. As to the former matter I have nothing to say, but concerning the latter I do not hesitate to remark that so far were my escapes from leading to "disaster following fast and following faster" like those which attended on Poe's raven, I am sure they did me no greater injury than to stock my most welcome recol-

lections for all subsequent time with many bright and soothing memories. Looking back now through the mist of years a halo seems to illumine that charming spot on the grassy little hill overlooking the indolent stream, and while I turn from my present environments with a yawn of infinite fatigue, I can view this little bit of imaginal landscape with pleasant feelings which of late have not been too frequently experienced by me.

While I frequently occupied this bower of bliss a "lone, lorne creature" like Mrs. Gummidge in "*David Copperfield*," but with lighter and happier feelings than the doleful Mrs. Gummidge ever knew, I frequently carried with me a companion which, without speaking, related to me magical tales that rendered me completely lost to any consciousness of my surroundings, and while yet incapable of analysing my emotions, breathless with mingled fear and exultation over the hero's varying fortunes, and caused me eagerly to drink in a host of vivid impressions which remain absolutely ineffaceable from my mind. There is no need of secrecy, every story we tell to a child being untrue, and every scene we paint for it impossible. It is with precisely such food the expanding imagination is best nourished, and if the youth advances in life and experience only to discover the utter falsity of his favorite fictions, they will, nevertheless, leave him in possession of thoughts and recollections above and beyond the letter and text of the unadorned truth. It is so pleasant for an individual like myself to learn that my feelings and those of a great and good man have been akin if only for the briefest span, that my exultation may be imagined when I, for the first time, met with that passage in the third part of the *Apologia* in which Cardinal Newman, quoting from a paper wherein he had written during his boyhood a little sketch of the thoughts and feelings of his school days, tells how fiction used to hold his mind in thrall:—"I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans." He adds that he believed nothing was real but the peoples and scenes of his favorite stories. I wonder did the great Cardinal ever play

truant? It is too bad that quotation was broken off so short before it had told more. I like to fancy there was more to tell and that young Newman was wont to leave his tasks in order to travel in the enchanted regions of the Arabian Nights and that immortal island whereon Crusoe resided with his birds and dogs and faithful man, Friday. I have, in fact, a profound sympathy and a most sincere regard for the boy or the girl who loves good fiction, and delights to carry it into the fields and the woods during the happy season of spring. This confession leads me to dwell for a moment on the power of fiction to entertain and amuse, but those new speculations deserve a note to themselves.

40.—A sparkling young essayist of the present time, no less a personage indeed than the gifted Miss Agnes Repplier, tells us, in a most interesting passage of her notable volume on *Books and Men*, that "Melusina combing her golden hair by the bubbling fountain of Lusignan, Undine playing in the rain-drenched forest, the nixie dancing at the village feast with her handsome Flemish lad, and the mermaid reluctantly leaving her watery home to wed the youth who captured her magic seal-skin, all belong to the sisterhood of beauty, and their images did good service in raising the vulgar mind from its enforced contemplation of the sordid troubles, the droning vexations, of life." No one who has inquired into the matter can believe that Miss Repplier has overstated the educational capacity of those popular tales which she thus gathers together from the folk-lore of many nations. From the fairy tale and the mythological fiction to the romance and the novel the transition is natural and easy. Once allow that the novel is read by a class which could not be prevailed upon to open a history or a biography, and it must be allowed that there is as much reason for its existence as there is for the continuance of the Salvation Army or of any other institution whose aim is to reach the hearing and hearts of what Lincoln was wont to call "the common people," a class to which he, himself was proved to belong. The number of persons who may be fairly entered in the category of those whose reading is confined to the novel exclusively

is very large. Nor does the influence of fiction find itself pent within the class whose sole reading is got from the novel. On the contrary, it is felt in every grade of society and permeates every civilized community. In fact, there is no one but at some time of life has been swayed, if not ruled, by the wizards of prose fiction. When we consider that the romance and the novel are allied to poetry and, hence, also to biography and to history, it no longer seems so amazing that educated mankind is so much beholden to the output of the novelist's busy brain. Every novelist is a debtor to Homer. History and biography are two ways of expressing facts. Both are based on the truth, or at all events should invariably be so based. History and biography are broadly separated from poetry. The difference between those two useful branches of general literature and the other useful division, poetry, is that the former are real handmaidens of fact, and the latter is what Lord Bacon calls "feigned history"—the one being the narration of events which have actually occurred, the other the narration of events which are only supposed to have taken place. Between poetry and fiction the relationship is closer. The form of the two sorts is the same: the matter is different. The story which the novelist and poet narrate would be history if what is narrated had actually taken place. But the end in both cases always is or always should be the same, that is the communication of truth; not always, however, what we call real truth in the sense of actual or literal occurrences, but always real truth in the sense of those relations and impressions which are real in that import which is most comprehensive and profound. The parable presents us with the novel in embryo. The Light of the New Testament made an extensive use of the parable. In my humble judgment, this incident alone would abundantly justify the dictum that, whenever the imagination, by its creations of incidents and drapery, can assert or impress truth more effectually than the memory by its transcripts from reality, then it is at liberty to do so, provided it does not disturb the relations of truth to veracity. There is a fact too frequently overlooked by the straight-faced people who look with dislike

on the novel. It is this: there are other ends for which the truth is conveyed than the ends of instruction and science. It may often be largely, nay it often is, for ends of amusement; but it is truth nevertheless. The mirror of the imagination must always reflect nature, though with enlarged and altered proportions.

‡1—Those who perceive and avow the more or less close affinity which exists between the history, the biography, the poem and the novel are, partly on account of this perception and comprehension, often greatly puzzled to explain why it is, notwithstanding the relationship, the new novel is sought more eagerly than the history or the biography, or even the poem, and devoured more greedily than the New Testament. Perhaps, if we push our inquiries a little distance into this new realm of speculation we shall, ere long, arrive at reasons if not convictions. It is not altogether easy, however, to examine the physical and mental forces which prevail to give fiction the immense preference it possesses over other forms of literature, and to estimate its effect on social and intellectual growth, without assuming the superior airs of a College don. One or two important points may, however, be considered. We live to learn. From our earliest infancy we are occupied with one task, how to break through the dense environment of want of knowledge, and with a single problem, how best and cheapest to acquire experience. I believe, then, that this human inquisitiveness and natural curiosity furnish prime reasons for the popularity of fiction. One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, we are assured by an ancient and trustworthy proverb. To find out, recourse is had to the novel, and as novels are now written, seldom without a measure of satisfaction. Then again, the internal improvement which the art of fiction has undergone is accountable for a great deal of the popularity which its best and greatest embodiments enjoy. Prose fiction is of comparatively recent growth in English literature. It is within the present century that it has attained its gigantic proportions. Our grandfathers when they could or would read at all, and

our grandmothers also, the dear old ladies! read *Rasselas*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *The Castle of Otranto*, and a few other tales. When our grandfathers happened to be a trifle wicked, and preferred highly spiced romances, they allowed themselves, now and then, the entertainment of *Tom Jones*, *Humphrey Clunker*, and *Tristram Shandy*. There are thousands of their grandchildren who would be puzzled to tell what novels they have read, or to recite the names of their authors—both are so numerous. Now, there is not the slightest intention of suggesting that this is wrong and deplorable—to sit in ashes and cast dust on our beards because a depraved *fin de siècle* public find more solace in imaginary love stories than in works upon political economy or moral philosophy. Not by any means. I confess to a decided relish for a lively novel at times, and can say bluntly with Prosper Mérimée that I hate almost all history except the anecdotes. What I desire to note here is that man is essentially an inquisitive animal, fond of driving his nose into the business of his neighbors, and taking rare delight in procuring for himself a sly peep behind the scenes of the great play of life whenever he finds an opportunity for so doing. Civilization has its novel, savagery has its fable, and all the sons of Adam revel in some sort of myth or legend. There is, besides, as I have just mentioned a vast difference, constituted by a whole world of improvement, between the famous old stories I have just mentioned and the Waverly series or the masterpieces of Thackeray, Lever, Dickens, Cooper and the rest of the modern school of novelists. I doubt if our generation would take kindly to *Amelia*, and I am quite certain the race of modern novel readers would find *Rasselas* more than a trifle dull. But the modern novelist knows the modern novel reader and caters to his taste in a manner simply marvellous, and what is more, satisfies his desire for knowledge by presenting him with artistically wrought and appropriately colored pictures of life in all its aspects wherein pass and re-pass before the mind's eyes the social hearth and the unsocial new settlement, the tournament of old and the ball-field of the present, hunting

courses, fishing parties, rushing cavalry, marching infantry, gangs of robbers, grave and upright clergymen, stealthy assassins, honest citizens, a cavalcade of knights, an election mob, a tribe of Bedouins, a Canadian family, a gang of gipsies, an assembled parliament, a band of pirates, a group of preachers—in short man in all his callings the world over. An English magazine writer has well said :—“ Reading a good novel is rather like paying a visit to a friend who is much richer than yourself, everything in his house is so luxurious and well arranged; his wife and children lay themselves out to find amusement for you; his servants are all on their best behavior: so that when you return home you are apt to be offended if things are not so faultlessly adjusted in your own establishment!” But, mark, this power of suggesting improvement is confined to the good novel, the novel which is not good, suggests something very different from reform, and like other bad things, it should be left severely alone.

The revelations of modern science are so surpassingly wonderful that many thought their records would supplant the fictions in the public appreciation. But they have not done so down to the present, nor is it likely they will do so for some time to come, if at all. The exponents of physical nature must convince themselves, and act up to the conviction, that, except an odd naming term now and again, our English language, the language of Chaucer and Spenser, of Milton and Shakespeare, is equal to the task of describing everything that they can discover, before the common people will take kindly to their wares. There is no science so technical or so special as not to be expressed in pure and stately English instead of in an uncomprehensible medley of Latin and Greek words and English phrases, in which unbearable jargon altogether too many of our works on science are now expressed. I have before me while I write, a citation from one of the greatest living expounders of nature, too lengthy to quote, but expressed in a language so different from English, to which tongue the author gives his adhesion in the title page, or, for that matter, to any other language known to the mass of the people, that it might as

well be written in Chinese. So long as scientific writers use an unintelligible gibberish which is not English, nor Latin nor Greek, but contains parts and portions of all three, and reminds the perplexed reader of the echoes of Babel, congealed by some unknown process, and divided into blocks like our household ice, but, unlike the latter hoarded luxury, quite portly and cumbersome—so long, I say, as scientific writers persist in throwing such dry husks and gnarled roots before their readers, they need not expect to find their books outset the novel. By the time the scientific writers have arrived at a literary style capable of being comprehended by the people at large, they may hope for some success. Even then their difficulties would be great. Most of the books upon science must be necessarily technical. They require, therefore, careful study and exact knowledge. Now, study and abstruseness demand hard thinking, which is the most wearing of occupations. So that even if scientific treatises were written in proper and intelligible language it is not likely they would displace fiction from its high place in the public esteem, as their subject matter will require more concentrated thought, that is to say more toilsome and fatiguing occupation, than the average man and woman will be willing to bestow. I may be reminded that the moral and mental sciences are often abstruse, but I answer, they are not technical and special as are the strict sciences of nature, for the reason that the principles and facts with which they have to do, are more within the reach of common minds and have a nearer relation to many of the higher interests and feelings of the race. Nor can it be doubted that even those treatises find a popularity in proportion with the comparative lucidity of their diction and familiarity of their contents. But even such themes require thought, and thought, as I have remarked, spells pain and weariness, things to be avoided, by the work-skedaddling race of man. No, the novel has little to fear at the hands of moral and mental science. The compromise between fiction and exact science offered by such writers as Jules Verne is, as everyone knows, always acceptable to the public.

Perhaps, the best way to popularize science would be to drape its truths in the trappings of fiction.

Curios'ity has done much to popularize fiction, but not all. It has been truly remarked that Hedonism—the doctrine of Aristippus, which sets pleasure as the right aim of existence—seems to be the spirit ruling the readers of story-books: pleasure, that is, the anonymous author I am now citing, is careful to point out, not of a grossly material kind, for the disciples are often as free from the thrall of the senses, as from the discipline of strenuous research; but pleasure just the same, not the less so because directed and controlled by culture and knowledge, for there is no pleasure less liable to pall than reading, no pastime more sure to satisfy. Our daily life is a whirl and a shock, and existence is made up of series of whirls and of shocks. Man, in these times, is restless, ill satisfied with himself and his neighbors, seldom content with his station and its duties, and always looking above and beyond, dreaming of ideal worlds and ideal situations, in which he delights to forget the noise, and the dust, and the smoke, the thorny paths and the stormy roads of every-day existence, and the ominous cloud hanging over everything. Fiction fosters and partially satisfies this craving of his nature. "The truth about the popularity of novels," says Mr. Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, "is that most people, being discontented with their environment, find relief in contemplating an ideal society where tedium is unknown, and disappointment is generally circumvented; and, on the other hand, there is afforded to those who are moderately virtuous and prosperously at ease the pleasure of contrast in narratives of crime, hardship, or disaster, without the responsibility of relieving, or the exertion of sharing these conditions. The lover of pleasure who is not so well off as he feels he ought to be, tickles his imagination with the power and pleasure derived from wealth by the Count of Monte Cristo. The man who finds himself unable to derive much exhilaration in the conversation of his own valet, takes

much enjoyment in reading the quaint sentences in which Sancho Panza and Sam Weller framed their philosophy. Has a woman been denied the gift of beauty? She is free to identify herself for the time with the fortunes of Di Vernon or Tess of the D'Urbevilles. Is a man tied to the colorless routine of a counting-house? What a stirring play-ground is open to him in the never-flagging adventures of Dumas' *Trois Mosquetaires*. And for all of us it is delightful to trace the action of life-like characters exposed to the same temptations, predicaments, losses, and apprehensions which it has been our own lot to encounter." However it may be with my readers, I am quite willing to accept this explanation as correct in every detail. My reason can suggest no better one, nor one near so good. And I find in it an amount of genuine pathos, which touches deep and tender feelings. 'This eternal search after the ideal, which with the individual, means only his or her conception of perfection, how constant it is and how it leads us on and on until a grave opens across our pathway! 'This affection for the best means at hand for obtaining a glance at the regions of the sublime, the beautiful, the marvellous, how eloquently it declares that nothing on earth can satisfy the soul of man! 'This lusty rejoicing when the reader is transferred from his station in the real, where he breathes an air charged with the white dust of duty, to a region which would outshine the fairest of Italian scenes, and among a population the humblest of whom is more brilliant and beautiful than was Solomon in all his glory, what a relief it must have been that produced a joy so great! Those dreams and desires, they prove that deep in the recesses of the human heart there resound vague whisperings, the exact import of which fancy seems incompetent to catch, and, however satisfying the imaginary world of the novelist may be for a little while, we may be sure they will subsequently be heard anew sooner or later, and never cease until death opens the Great Portal and the questing and questioning spirit finally attains to the Infinite Revelation.

The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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VOL. VII.

MAY, 1894.

No. 9.

TAKE NOTES.

A certain aged enterprising country-grocer having, by dint of close attention to business, amassed a goodly sum of cash, built for himself a handsome dwelling place one portion of which he partitioned off for a library. When furnishing his newly, erected home he went to a bookseller to purchase books. He asked not for the works of this or that author, but took the measurements of the shelves of his library and ordered a sufficient number of square feet of books to fill the place.

Evidently his knowledge of books was limited, but he was not to blame.

It is to be feared that many a college student knows but little about a fit collection for a library. Too many think that it will be time enough to give this subject attention after they have gone forth from college and made a fortune for themselves. This is a mistaken idea. The weapons a student is to make use of in the battle of life are his books. If he despises books, if he has not a great love for books, undoubtedly he would do a great act of charity to himself and to the world at large by, at once, giving up his classical studies and seeking some more congenial occupation. The world already has an over sufficiency of slothful, half-starved quack doctors and pettifogging lawyers. He who intends to make an honest living by his books, should at once begin to make his collection. He need not spend a fortune in purchasing volumes. Let him have a few, very few books, but let them be of the first order. As he grows older he can purchase others. The best way of making a good selection is to take note of any work recommended in class by the different professors. By so doing at the end of his course, the student will have a list of the choicest works, on almost every branch of science.

Every student will also find it much to his advantage to have a scrap-book in his possession, wherein to place clippings of terse poetry and prose. Above all let the student carefully treasure up in his note-books, every lecture, and if possible, every remark made by his professors. During his leisure moments let him peruse those note-books and if he finds a lack of order in them, let him rewrite and correct them. Such attention to trifles soon becomes a habit and this habit has to be acquired sooner or later by every professional man worthy the name.

IS THE IDEAL REALIZED?

Ruskin, is an original and sound thinker. He is by no means a pessimist, yet he does not hesitate to point out and censure the many unsightly blemishes with which the fair countenance of our age is disfigured. He finds fault with the modern system of education, and he is justified in so doing. In his opinion every man entering into life should accurately know, 1st, Where he is: 2nd, Where he is going: 3rd, What he had best do, under those circumstances.

According to him, the modern system of so-called education despises not one, but all three of these great branches of human knowledge. 1st, It despises natural history. He says that the practical result of the scientific course in the average modern university is, that unless a man's natural instincts urge him to the pursuit of the physical sciences too strongly to be resisted, he enters into life utterly ignorant of them. 2nd, The modern system despises religion. He says:—"If there *does* exist any evidence by which the probability of certain religious facts may be shown, as clearly, even, as the probabilities of things not absolutely so contained in astronomical or geological sciences, let this evidence be set before all our youth so distinctly, and the facts for which it appears inculcated upon them so steadily, that it may no longer be possible for our young men the instant they emerge from their academics, to scatter themselves like a flock of wild fowl risen out of a marsh, and drift away on every irregular wind of heresy and apostacy." 3rd, The study of politics is neglected in the modern system.

It seems to us that Ruskin's ideal of education is to a great extent realized in the Catholic universities of our own times. He exacts that a student should be taught; 1st, Where he is—"That is to say, what

sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it." This implies the knowledge of physical sciences. In the curriculum of Ottawa University—which is the Catholic university of which we know most—physical sciences are studied in the following order: Botany, zoology, physiology and chemistry are studied respectively during the three years of the collegiate course. Mineralogy, geology, physics and astronomy are studied during the four years of the university course. Nor does our scientific course consist merely of a cursory reading of text-books on these subjects. No, we possess and use the advantages of fully equipped chemical and physical laboratories. Moreover, in that part of our treatise on philosophy termed cosmology, we reach the very bottom of the question "where man is." And in moral philosophy we find an adequate answer to the two questions: Where man is going, and What he had best do under those circumstances. In Catholic moral philosophy, the nature, necessity, etc., of religion, is treated in a manner which cannot fail to make even the half attentive student proof against "every irregular wind of heresy and apostacy." In our course of political economy and moral philosophy, every question of politics, which Ruskin regards of importance to the youthful student, is discussed. He maintains that the following are the elements of political economy which should be known by all: "The impossibility of equality among men; the good which arises from their inequality; the compensating circumstances in different states and fortunes; the honorableness of every man who is worthily filling his appointed place in society, however humble; the proper relations of poor and rich, governor and governed; the nature of wealth and the mode of its circulation,

etc." Every member of a graduating class of Ottawa University is familiar with these questions, and with their solution. And we venture to say that the same is true of the graduates of other Catholic universities. Yet Ruskin says that such is not the case with the graduates even of Oxford. And why? He does not give the answer, but in our opinion the answer is that in the average public university there is no thorough course of philosophy given, and, in the words of Ruskin, erudition is mistaken for education. From a perusal of Ruskin on modern education we are confirmed in the conviction: 1st, that university training is altogether incomplete unless it embraces a thorough course in philosophy, and 2nd, that no philosophical course in public universities is as complete as that found in Catholic institutions.

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 DECISION.

To him who would succeed in life, decision is a quality of vital importance. He need not, indeed, be blessed with an extraordinary amount of mental acumen, he may not be able to see through the words and deeds of men with the same ease and rapidity as others, but if he knows when to act, and how to follow an idea to the end, he is possessed of a power superior to strength of intelligence. What can appear more ridiculous than to see men of brains and skill, wasting their energies on trifles light as air, flitting from one thing to another, without any fixed, determinate object in view? They might accomplish almost anything they undertake, and yet they undertake nothing worthy of their abilities, but like anxious swimmers, stand shivering on the bank, afraid to plunge into the stream. They are *men of promise* while youth's vigor remains, and they go to their graves *men*

of promise, leaving behind nothing to attest the great gifts with which God has endowed them. Life is too short for all such fearing, doubting, hesitating. Did we live in the days of the flood when man's life was numbered by centuries, we might with safety spend years in consultation, but the present age requires prompt decision, concentration of aim and tenacity of purpose. We have no time for experimenting on the various callings of life. We must be up and doing, keeping a steady eye on our cherished goal, working with might and main, never swerving to the right or the left.

Let us once for all, know distinctly what we wish. The greatest difficulty in life arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They undertake to build a mansion, but lay the foundation for a miserable hut. They would be great, are not without ambition, but lack the first requisite,—decision.

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 MUCH NEEDED.

Our attention being once more directed towards football by the enthusiasm of real action, we are forcibly reminded of some inconvenience experienced by the players as regards equipment. We are not suffering from an attack of recalcitration—as the urbane philosopher expresses it—for Ottawa College is by no means scantily supplied with training requisites. Our field is an excellent one, our players are always well equipped, and their conduct on the field testifies to the training they receive. Nevertheless, there has been a want in the line of dressing and lavatory conveniences.

After a two hours' hard practice, it is obvious that the body should be immediately bathed and rubbed. It is in this respect our players experience a want.

After a practice it is usually fifteen or twenty minutes before they get to the lavatory of the dormitory. By this time, especially in the cold days of autumn, they are cooled off, and a cold plunge instead of refreshing the body, proves a painful ordeal. Moreover there is also the inconvenience of not having a proper place in which to dry the suits and keep them together.

All this could be easily remedied. If there was a dressing-room, with shower-baths and lockers attached, situated on the grounds or in the immediate vicinity of the gymnasium, all cause of complaint would be removed. The University authorities' dealings with the Association have always been characterized by generosity. Let us hope that ere another season comes round some effort will be made to supply this long-felt want.

ORDINATIONS.

In St. Agathe's Church, on the 29th of April, Rev. Messrs. J. H. Touchette and P. Filion were raised to the priesthood by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel. Mr. V. Pilon also was ordained by His Grace in the parish church at Clarence Creek, on the 1st of May. All three completed their theological studies in the University, and have the wishes of many friends here, for a long and successful career in their noble calling. Father Filion will be stationed at Pembroke, Father Touchette at St. Agathe's and Father Pilon at Clarence Creek.

VISIT OF VERY REV. FATHER SOULLIER, O.M.I.

The Very Rev. Father Soullier, who, nearly a year ago, was elected to succeed the late lamented Father Fabre, as Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, arrived in America about the middle of April to visit the institutions of the order on this side of the Atlantic. The Oblates have five vicariates in Canada,

and one province; they have also a province in the United States. A province embraces a number of dioceses in which there are houses of the order; the vicariates are extensive districts in new countries under the spiritual guidance of an Oblate Bishop, whose priests are, for the most part, members of his own religious family.

The Very Rev. Superior General will begin his tour of inspection in British Columbia and arrive in Ottawa for his official visit three or four months hence. He paid a short visit to the University on the 23rd ult., when passing through Ottawa, and received a warm welcome. The students headed by the band and the cadets, escorted him from the Scholasticate, where he had gone upon his arrival, to the University. Here a song of welcome was sung by the glee club, after which an address was read by Mr. Jos. Vincent to Father Soullier and his distinguished travelling companion Father Antoine, Assistant General, formerly Provincial of Canada. In reply Father Soullier thanked the students for the ovation they had given him and expressed his satisfaction with the great progress made in the University since he last visited it, ten years ago. He alluded to the dignity to which the institution was raised five years ago, by being created a Catholic University, and urged students and professors to strive to realize the expectations of the Holy Father and of the country. This, he said, was the first visit of a Superior General to America but it would not be the last.

The success of the University depends largely upon Very Rev. Father Soullier, since it is he who appoints the heads of departments and the Oblate professors on the Faculty. His high and varied scholarly attainments, and the interest he has long taken in Ottawa University warrant the conviction that he will do much to insure the success of Alma Mater.

DR. DAWSON AT QUEEN'S.

On Saturday, April 22nd, Very Rev. Aeneas McDonald Dawson, LL.D., etc., delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the convocation of Queen's University, Kings-

ton. The text of his discourse was: "*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself.*"

"*Now this he said signifying what death he should die.*" John 12; 32, 33.

The venerable orator spoke for upwards of an hour on the origin of Christianity and on the causes which, during the first two centuries of our era, were at work propagating the new faith throughout the whole of the then known world. Chief among the causes were the divine origin of Christianity and the supernatural gifts with which its first propagators, the apostles, were endowed. Another mighty cause was the intrinsic excellence of the Christian doctrine. For centuries the greatest pagan philosophers had been endeavoring to explain that longing for immortality which every man experiences. But on this subject pagan philosophers could only conjecture; they had no certainty. What then must have been the delight of men when a system was announced to them which assured them of immortality on the authority of God himself? Again, it was a common saying among the pagans: "See how these Christians love one another," in fact, "the heathens who were without affection, hateful and hating one another," were forced to recognize the superiority of their Christian fellow-men.

The learned preacher was listened to with great attention by a large audience. Several of the leading papers throughout the province have spoken of his effort in very complimentary terms. The Owl, too, desires to congratulate the Very Rev. Doctor on his able address, and feels proud to rank among its contributors one so highly gifted.

NEW JUNIORATE.

On the corner of Cumberland and Theodore streets, is being erected a large and handsome annex to the University. The plans show a building four stories high, ninety by sixty feet, with a wing sixty-eight feet in length, parallel to Theodore street. The front faces Cumberland street and is directly opposite the main entrance to the Sacred Heart Church. The corridors are wide, and the apart-

ments spacious, and the building will be equipped throughout with the most modern conveniences. In the basement will be the recreation hall and refectory, on the first floor the chapel, offices and parlors, on the second, the study hall and rooms, while the upper story will be used exclusively for dormitories. Under the able supervision of Rev. Father Harnois O.M.I., Superior of the Juniorate, the work is being rapidly pushed forward, and will be finished early in the fall, when, it is hoped, the juniors will be able to leave their crowded premises on Wilbrod street, to occupy their elegant new home. This magnificent structure together with the University, St. Joseph's Church, and Sacred Heart Church on the opposite and diagonal corners, will form a quadrangle of imposing edifices, which will add greatly to the architectural beauty of this portion of the city. The plans permit the building being enlarged later on, should circumstances so require.

TRIP TO RENFREW AND ARNPRIOR.

It was the custom in the University, some years ago, for the Dramatic Society to present its annual drama in several of the neighboring towns. Though it always proved a successful undertaking, for some reason or other, during the past few years it has been neglected. But this year the directors, well pleased with the success with which "A Celebrated Case" met upon its first appearance in the Academic Hall, determined to follow the old custom. Accordingly, after the necessary arrangements had been made, the actors, accompanied by the cadets, band, and a large number of other students, about one hundred in all, left for Renfrew and Arnprior on the 20th of April, playing at the former place on the evening of the same day, and at the latter, on the following evening.

Judging from the glowing account which the local papers gave of the performance, and the hearty welcome which the students received from the towns-people, the affair was a colossal success. In both towns the halls were crowded and the audiences showed themselves highly appreciative.

The actors, throughout the entire performance, upheld their reputation: while the selections of the band were well rendered and enthusiastically received.

The students left Arnprior on the morning of the 22nd of April, and reached Ottawa a few hours later. They desire to tender sincerest thanks for the kindly manner in which they were treated by all, but especially by old students residing in Renfrew and Arnprior. What pleased the wise old Owl most in the newspaper accounts of the trip, was the compliments paid the boys for uniform gentlemanly conduct.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In a ton of the Dead Sea water there are 187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, 93 pounds; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic Ocean, 81; English Channel, 72; Baltic Sea, 18; Black Sea, 26; and Caspian Sea, 11.

Father Ortolan, O.M.I., professor in the Grand Seminary of Ajaccio, has lately published his essay entitled *Astronomie et Théologie*, which gained the Hugues prize, a couple of months ago, at the Catholic University of Paris. One of the questions discussed by Father Ortolan, is the plurality of words, in connection with the doctrine of the Incarnation. The essay may be procured from Delhomme et Brignet; Paris.

Mr. Pringle Nickol, a graduate of Oxford, who has just been received into the Catholic Church, is the son of John Nickol, for many years professor of English literature at Glasgow University, and author of "Byron" in the "English Men of Letters," series.

The Pope is about to found an industrial school in Sinigaglia, Italy, where Pius IX was baptized; the school is to be named after the latter. This is a part of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pius IX., which is to take place the 13th of this month.

The Pope and the President of the United States, have each been presented

by Mr. J. C. Heywood, with extracts from Papal letters that were exhibited in the Monastery of La Rabida, at the World's Fair. It is also Mr. Heywood's intention to present photographs of these extracts to some of the principle libraries of Europe and America. The following list is taken from the N. Y. Catholic Review:—The first extract is from a letter, dated February 13, 1206, and directed by Pope Innocent III., to the Archbishop of Drontheim, confirming his metropolitan rights over the diocese of Greenland, which has been established in 1148, by Pope Eugenius III., the friend and disciple of St. Bernard. There are other Pre-Columbian extracts from letters of John XXI. (1276-1277), of Nicholas III. (1277-1280), of Martin IV. (1281-1288), of Nicholas V. (1447-1455), and of Alexander V. (1492-1503). Of Popes, contemporary with, or subsequent to Columbus: Julius II. (1503-1513), Leo X. (1513-1521), and Clement VIII. (1531-1545).

SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

The Very Rev. Father Superior General paid us a short visit on the 23rd of April. He replied in a very pleasant and fatherly manner to the address of welcome presented to him; it gave him great pleasure, he said, to find that this department of the University had secured a large and handsome building and fine grounds since his last visit to America. The number of Scholastics has more than doubled since Very Rev. Father Soullier visited Canada ten years ago.

Our outings on congé afternoons after this will usually be taken on the Rideau. A beautiful river stretch of four miles without rapids, and a score or so of birch bark canoes permit us to enjoy to our hearts' content the agreeable and healthful exercise of paddling.

The members of the University band will ever be welcome when they come to awaken enlivening strains on the placid Rideau. The airs they played during their visit a week or two ago were highly thought of as our own brass band has been trying to produce them since.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The April number of this magazine contains an excellent article on "Emile Zola at Home" by R. H. Sherard. The writer gives a minute description of this renowned author's palatial home, and traces his career from the dark hours of despair, when he was a literary drudge, to the halcyon hours of his present literary fame. Sherard states, in no doubtful terms, that by no means does Zola practice the doctrines which he preaches; for, far from beholding the plain, unpresuming dwelling of the rabid socialist, we find this blood and thunder advocate of extreme radicalism surrounded by all the ostentatious display and glitter of newly acquired wealth.

THE BANNER OF MARY IMMACULATE, published in the interest of the Juniorate of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Ottawa. The Frontispiece of the publication is an excellent engraving of His Holiness, Leo XIII, which, by the way, graced the February number of the OWL last year. "What is the Juniorate or Mission College?" explains the aim and object of the mission college "which is the nursery of the Oblate Congregation for the whole Dominion." "Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico," is a well written and very instructive paper on the famous apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the Indian Juan Diego. "The Bells of St. Boniface" gives an interesting account of the ringing of the Bells of St. Boniface to usher in the 84th birthday of the poet Whittier. All have read "The Red River Voyageur" which was the cause of the most pleasing interchange of compliments between Archbishop Taché and the Poet. We insert one stanza of this beautiful poem:

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace,
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

A NOVEL PROPOSITION, published by David Lubin, Sacramento, Cal. The purpose which the writer has in view in publishing this pamphlet, is to show

how far the rate of wages and the demand for skilled labor is influenced by the cost of transportation on farm products. The author states as a first principle that agriculture is the factor, *sine qua non*, of all wealth, the source of all profits and consequently the master of the situation. The proposition may be divided into three classifications as follows:—(a) Small package transportation of all fruits, flowers and other specified farm products, through the U.S. mails, as is permitted in England, Germany and other foreign countries, (b) transportation in any quantity at a reduced rate to market centers, increasing the rate of reduction in proportion to the rates of distance from the market centers, (c) transportation in any quantity from seaports within the United States to foreign seaports. The pamphlet also contains the opinions and criticisms passed upon the proposition by some two hundred manufacturers, merchants, political economists, labor leaders, farmers, and professional men of the United States, Canada and Europe. In our humble opinion the strictures passed by political economists upon "A Novel Proposition" are perfectly just for the writer is evidently an ultraprotectionist seeking to find some thread which will lead him out of the mazy windings of the dark cavern into which he has been lured by the fascinations of a war tariff.

EXCHANGES.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* has not been as regular in its visits to our sanctum as of yore, we are glad to see, however, that it still holds its old place of honor among college journals. Its editorials are remarkable for terseness and timeliness. We clip the following from its pages: "Vacations, besides being times for enjoyment, should also prove resting places from which one should observe his student-life from a neutral, unbiased standpoint. They should be examinations consisting of personal questions answered by each individual for himself. Only when used in this way can vacations prove what they should be—fountains of new resolves for future conscientious work."

It will soon be fairly a question whether the letters B.A., in the college degree stand more for bachelor of arts or bachelor of athletics.—*Harvard Magazine*.

“Random Notes on Lytton” and “The Mystery of the Pride Mansion,” are interesting articles in the *Earlhamite*.

“True Education” in the *Emory Phoenix* is well worth perusal for the fund of thought it contains. Its author rightly says: “The boy who gets the most good out of his college course is not the one who can give all the rules of quantity and accent in the Latin grammar, or is able to go through with a theorem in geometry the most correctly; but he that studies a theorem for the thought there is in it and finds the hidden treasure in a Latin sentence, is the one who lays the true foundation for the development of his mind, and consequently creates a thirst for knowledge which will lead him into rich and fertile fields of learning in after years.”

“Lynch Law in the South,” an oration printed in the *Doane Owl*, is a clear and forcible exposition of the injustice and inhumanity of this practice unhappily all too prevalent in certain parts of the neighboring Republic. We note with pleasure that several of our American exchanges have raised their voices in denunciation of the lynch law. Why does not the entire press of the United States rise up and use its far reaching power in a mighty endeavor to eradicate this evil?

SOCIETIES.

The Dramatic Society, encouraged by the success of its recent trip to Renfrew and Arnprior, referred to in another column, presented in the Ottawa Opera House the drama, “A Celebrated Case,” on the evening of the 26th of April. As the object was to aid St. Patrick’s Orphan Asylum, and as the former presentation of the play in the University Academic Hall, had created such a favorable impression, the actors were greeted by a crowded house. They never appeared to better advantage and altogether this presentation

of the drama far excelled those previously given.

At a meeting of the society held a few days later, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, J. McDougal; Vice-President, E. M. O’Malley; Secretary, T. P. Holland; Committee: J. Clarke, and M. J. McKenna. The members of the society are to be congratulated upon the success of all their entertainments this year.

The strains to which the band-room re-echoed almost every afternoon since October last, were evidence of the earnest work which has insured the success of the Cecilian Society this year. In the beginning of the year the prospects were not as bright as at the opening of many former seasons; but again, the motto that perseverance overcomes all obstacles, has been verified. Conscientious work has brought the University band to a degree of excellence, rarely equalled, it is said by those who should know, in past years.

It is gratifying to note that our musicians have been successful financially as well as artistically. The band’s share of the proceeds of the entertainments in which it took part, has enabled its painstaking director, Rev. H. Gervais O.M.I., to procure several new instruments. The society in disbanding for the present term, this week, leaves behind it a record which might be envied by any organization in the University. Next year’s players will find an excellent set of instruments in the band-room, and if they follow in the steps of their predecessors will certainly do credit to Alma Mater.

SPORTING NOTES.

The much wished-for annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union took place at Montreal on the 24th of April. The application of the ‘Varsity football club for entrance into the Union was favorably received and granted. The petition of the Ottawa city club to the same effect was also successful. Mr. J. P. Smith, so well known for past years in connection with the ‘Varsity team, represented our club at the meeting.

Seldom have the prospects of football

appeared brighter than at the present time. It is the custom to prepare for the fall season, as well as to develop promising material, by a few lively games in the spring. The early opening of fine weather and the provident action of the committee of management, which put four equally balanced teams into the field, had for effect to give universal interest and animation to the game. A schedule was drawn up. Each of the teams has made a test of its mettle and none seemed disposed to fall behind without a determined struggle. The contests so far show more pluck, decisive tackling, combination, and headwork, than often characterized the championship series last fall.

The backers of baseball have been for the two last weeks hard at work. The first nine for the season of '94 has been organized and promises after close practice under the skilful coaching of its present captain, to be even stronger than the city champions of last year. Two regular games which have been already played sufficed to reveal the strong and the weak points. With one or two changes and some more practice, the team will undoubtedly be a strong one.

There was a time when lacrosse flourished at the University side by side with football. Unfortunately the season is cut short by vacation and a team must lay down arms for a period when the fight for honors is at its hottest. However, May and June are before us. It is expected that the large number of expert stick-handlers will show what they can do for the national game. There are several dashing junior clubs in the city and vicinity who no doubt will welcome the opportunity of trying conclusions with any team that 'Varsity will send out.

Lawn-tennis henceforth claims a place upon the already long list of the University field sports. The game for some time was gathering many warm supporters and their representations could not be long refused. A club was formed, a pretty piece of ground chosen, the 'Varsity civil engineer made his measurements and calculations, and levelling, rolling, completing the court, was the affair of but a few days. The officials and members of the new organization are to be congratulated on their energy and promptitude.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Mr. A. W. Reddy, who was here in '88-'89, paid Alma Mater a flying visit a short time ago. He is now doing well as an attorney-at-law in Amesbury, Mass.

Mr. Denis Murphy, valedictorian of the class of '92, and at one time editor-in-chief of the OWL, has passed his intermediate examination in law, with honors. He is studying in Victoria, B.C.

Mr. W. C. McCarthy, the famous football captain and player who made his classical studies here during the eighties, was wedded to Miss N. L. Murphy, of Prescott, on the 25th of April. Mr. McCarthy is now a successful lawyer in Toronto. Congratulations.

Mr. W. McNally, ex-91, has successfully passed his final examination in medicine.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Our prediction of last month anent the success of the Junior base-ball team has been admirably verified during the past two weeks. Captain Hayes has certainly secured an invincible combination. Several games have been played with outside teams, in all of which the Juniors were victorious. The game played on Saturday, April 28th was an exceedingly interesting one, and the participants well merited the applause which they were frequently accorded by the spectators. The teams were made up as follows:—

COLLEGE.		CITY.
Stuber,	pitcher	Fauteux,
Constantineau	catcher	Laframboise,
Hayes,	1st base	A. Beaulieu,
Cullen,	2nd base	D. Beaulieu,
Hopper,	3rd base	Duhanse,
Belanger,	short stop	Nevins,
Guilbert,	centre field	Gauvreau,
Mortel,	left field	Campeau,
Leclerc,	right field	Larose,

The duties of referee were ably performed by J. Harvey, whose hair-splitting decisions elicited rounds of applause. Mr. Harvey made a decided hit, and proved himself an umpire of superior ability.

Heretofore it has been necessary for the umpire to provide himself with more protective property than was usually allotted to the catcher. On this occasion, however, all articles of protection were discarded, and the business-like look which the umpire's face wore when its owner called "play ball" was interpreted by the spectators, and especially by the man in the box, as an intimation, silent though expressive, that any hostility on their part would be reciprocated. After a very exciting contest the College men were declared the winners by a score of 17 to 13.

The star players for the College were Stuber, Constantineau, Hayes and Mortel. Those of the city players who attracted most attention, were, Nevins, Gauvreau, Fauteux and Larose. Two home runs were made by the College men, and one by the city team. The batteries were not in the best condition, and quite a number got bases on balls, which accounts for the large score.

"Gilly" and Philippe have resumed charge of the Junior hand-ball alley, and promise to increase the interest in this already popular game. We understand they are at present arranging a schedule of matches for the championship of the "small yard."

A tug of war team has lately been organized, the members of which are Messrs Slattery, (captain), Vernon, Gauvreau, Ratté, Charlebois and Tétu. They are already training hard, and have announced themselves as being ready for engagements to give exhibitions during the summer holidays.

The congé supplementary classes have been abandoned owing to the organization of a new society, the P.P.A., otherwise known as the Post Protective Association. The medal men of the supplementary classes are taking an active part in the management of the new society. The membership is increasing rapidly necessitating the holding of daily, instead of semi-weekly meetings. Participation in its exercises is recommended as an excellent antidote against curvature of the spine.

The Finnegan, Texas Private Detective Agency is doing a flourishing business. Formerly the members of its staff devoted

their attention to the recovery of lost balls, but they have been more "sporty" of late, having captured an "escape" after two hours notice. Communications relating to articles "lost, strayed or stolen," will receive prompt attention.

The Junior Editor was pleased to see the lacrosse players make their appearance on the campus. There is a splendid opportunity afforded now, to some one, of having his name handed down in history as having been instrumental in reviving the interest in our national game, which formerly prevailed among the Juniors.

The Assistant Junior Editor offers a free trip to Chelsea during the holidays, to any one sending correct answers to the following questions:—

Who gave Joe the hair-cut?

What is J. D's favorite dish?

What are Sporty's chances for mascot on the first team?

Why do "Sheeny" and "Supe" remind one of a well known song?

When will W. P. write the next poem?

The following is the rank in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of April.

First Grade	{	1. P. Augier.
		2. V. Groulx.
		3. J. Kane.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Tobin.
		2. J. Coté.
		3. W. Vernon.
Third Grade B.	{	1. H. Desrosiers.
		2. P. Turcotte.
		3. H. Leclerc.
Third Grade A.	{	1. J. Stuber.
		2. F. Courtney.
		3. F. Stringer.
Fourth Grade	{	1. W. Whissell.
		2. J. Mortel.
		3. J. Conlin.

SUBRIDENDO.

TRADE.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
 Advertising does not pay ;
 For the man's *non compos mentis*
 Who would such absurd things say.

"Life is real ! life is earnest !"
 And the man who hopes to rise
 To success in any calling,
 Must expect to advertise.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the conflict of real life,"
 Advertising is the secret
 Of achievement in the strife.

"Lives of rich men all remind us
 We can make our own sublime ;"
 And by liberal advertising
 To the highest summit climb.—*Ex.*

AN ULTIMATUM.

What the late Professor Jewitt of Oxford was least tolerant of was pretentiousness and shallow conceit. The reputation for extreme latitudinarianism that the fame of his early trial for heresy had attached to his name sometimes made foolish young men seek to curry favor with him by extravagant protestations of agnosticism. One self-satisfied undergraduate, who had a thin smattering of all heathen philosophies, and fancied, like many of his age, that he had made the original discovery that all the world's dolls were full of sawdust, met his master in the "Quad" one day, and having entered into conversation with him continued to pace up and down by his side.

"Master," he said after a pause, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God."

"Mr.——," replied the master after a shorter pause than usual, "If you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon, you must leave this college."

If Dr. Jewitt had really believed in the young man's professions of "philosophic doubt" as being anything but puppyish brag, he would have spent hours of valuable time in kindly and reasonable talk with him.—*Ex.*

ULULATUS.

Dr. Nicotin has taken rooms at Fagan's Hotel for the spring season.

On Monday last was re-established the old and respected "Ancient Order of Sharks."

When Alf. braced out in his blue and white the crowd remarked, "He is going to be in it."

Tommy thinks he is more at home singing "That German watch on *Rhine*" than playing football."

Owing to the severe scalp wound sustained by Alex. on the tennis court this perilous game will be abolished. Dominos have been suggested as a substitute.

He doubtless played a fast game throughout, but that touch was his *chief* work.

Disconsolate Third Former.—This lead quarter I have reminds me of the Matriculation exams.

Sympathizing Friend.—How's that.

Disconsolate Third Former.—I don't think, I can pass it.

Resolved, that tennis is a more brutal game than dominos. It always brings the players into court on account of rackets. There is necessity for a *law in* it, and consequently the players all serve their time.