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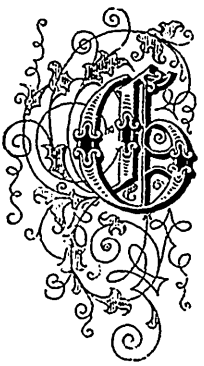
A CARRIER DOVE.

To Mary Maiden.



O forth, thou dove of later days,
And waft my words to her, afar,
Who bathes her being in the rays
Love-quickening of the Morning Star.
Bear olive branch and myrtle leaf,
And tell her, gentlest carrier dove,
My soul can offer still a sheaf
Of golden thoughts to her I love.

O, still, fair Maid, thy sunny smiles
Warm all my soul to ripening!
O, still my thoughts are ocean-isles,
And thou their sea encompassing!
Thou Maiden of most high degree,
Thou Daughter of a mighty King,
Bend from thine eminence to me,
Whose lips thy praises solely sing.

O freshly-fledged young fluttering words,
Launched forth so newly from the nest,
A heavenward brood of singing birds,
Go, build your bowers within her breast.
There can you only sleek the wing,
There in His very inmost shrine,
Love *must* inspire you, as ye sing,
With something of a voice divine.

O Holy Fates, keep wide the gates
Of that white Temple, free from sin!
Be still propitious, Triune Fates,
And let the little singers in.
And, ninefold choirs of Muses fair,
Train sweetly them to harmony,
That so she keep them nested there,
And, hearkening, still remember me.

FRANK WATERS.

THE ENERGY OF EVIL IN "KING LEAR."

IT was only the other day that a prominent lecturer adverted to William Shakespeare as "the greatest human being that ever lived." While exception might be taken to this on the comprehension of the word great, as an uninspired intellect he is undoubtedly the world's greatest. His greatness is multiform. Not only is he the greatest poet and the greatest dramatist, but almost every branch of science finds in him a master. Physicians declare that he displays wonderful skill in medicine; antiquarians that his knowledge of the customs of all ages and nations was marvelously accurate; lawyers that he was profoundly learned in judicial science; logicians that he was a most artful reasoner; and everyone acknowledges that his insight into human nature was unequalled by any but sacred writers. Any one of these distinctions would have made his name immortal, but the attribute which surpasses all these and which is the highest encomium that can be bestowed upon an author, is that he is one of the world's greatest moralists, both because he has given to mankind the wisest lessons in human life and because he has made those lessons the most vivid, practical, and enduring.

That he is a moral teacher does not mean that every page of his contains a sermon, every line an exhortation; nor does it mean that he was an idealist, making his characters, as in the ancient morality plays, mere personifications of virtues and vices. As a dramatist he had to draw his characters from real life with a mixture of good and evil in all. Moral lessons given through other media would be less practical for the world as it is. Shakespeare's morality is on a larger, grander scale. It lies not in mere words or single acts, but in the great issues of human life. Every play presents to us a view of a portion of human existence working out the proof of some great moral truth.

The whole trend of the "Merchant of Venice," for instance, is to enunciate the principle that the greatest right when pressed to the extreme may become the greatest wrong; that law is to be enforced not in the letter but in the spirit; and that "earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice." In the tragedy of "Macbeth," the wretchedness, remorse of conscience, and very hell of terror that pursue the regicide usurpers of the throne are held up to the world as an awful example of inordinate ambition.

In the struggles between virtue and vice, virtue ever triumphs in the end. We are never dismissed from the closing scene without a firmer confidence in virtue and a stronger conviction that a good life is preferable to a bad one. Indeed, if you take them in the natural, temporal sense, good does not always come off victorious in his plays; the rightful king is not always restored to the throne, the dutiful daughter to her earthly dower, or the true love to his betrothed. But in the higher, spiritual sense it is invariably true that the principle of good triumphs and evil is confounded. In other words, Shakespeare always sees to it that St. Michael conquers Satan.

One of the best instances of Shakespeare's profoundity as a moralist is his tragedy of "King Lear." In this masterpiece he has concealed a deep inner meaning, so striking that, in the struggles

of the good and the wicked, it seems as if it is the supernatural powers that are warring and the human characters their mere instruments. By monstrosities of hate, jealousy, filial impiety, by the rapidity and enormity of crime, the author seeks to make us feel with what a fearful energy evil inspires its agents, and how much more strong and active hate is than love.

Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, unmarried. The old king, laden with years of care, resolved to abdicate the throne and with that intent called his three daughters to him to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might divide his kingdom among them according to their affection for him. Goneril, the eldest, declared she loved him better than words could wield the matter, and so well counterfeited affection that the simple king bestowed upon her a third of his kingdom; Regan declared that all other joys were dead compared with the love she bore him, and was rewarded with another third. But Cordelia, disgusted with the hollow flattery of her sisters, although she really loved her father, which they did not, replied simply that she loved him as a daughter should, no more, no less. At this the king became exasperated, renounced this seemingly proud daughter, and divided her portion between the other two, reserving only that he should be maintained by them with attendance of a hundred knights and the state of a king. The King of France accepted Cordelia all penniless as she was, dowered only with her father's curse. Only one courtier, Kent, raised his voice against such a preposterous disposal of the kingdom, and for his thanks was banished on pain of death. No sooner was Cordelia gone than the two wily sisters began to show their true colours. Before Lear had spent the first month with Goneril she cut off fifty of his followers and became so tyrannical toward him that he flew into a rage and went with his train to Regan. Here matters were no better, and he soon discovered they were in secret compact to persecute him. Each sought to be more cruel than the other in stinting and insulting him, and they finally shut their doors in his face and left him to the cruel mercy of a raging storm. In this extremity, overwhelmed with grief and anger, reason itself gave way. The faithful Kent, who in disguise had attached himself to the king as a servant, sheltered him in a hovel and in the morning transported him to Dover, hastening thence into France to get the assistance of Cordelia. Goneril and Regan, too wicked to remain true to their husbands, fixed their loves on another, and as it chanced, the same one, Edmund, son of Gloster. This bold adventurer, who courted both, was their equal in crime. The natural son of Gloster, he had disinherited his brother Edgar by misrepresentations to his father, and afterwards dispossessed the father. On the death of Cornwall, Regan espoused Edmund, thus arousing the jealousy of Goneril, who, when Edmund was slain, and her own treachery discovered, made away with Regan by poison, and herself with the knife. In the battle in which Cordelia sought to reinstate Lear both were taken. Cordelia was put to death and Lear died of grief embracing her.

Goneril, Regan, and Edmund are the three evil geniuses of the action, and lest the depravity of the two sisters seem too great to be real, let us prepare for it by first contemplating that of Edmund.

If it is true that God is fond of taking the weak things of earth to do his work, it is equally true that the devil is more covetous of the strong as his ministers, and in Edmund it proved a happy choice. The energy of evil found in him a very mobile subject, one in whom it would be rather accelerated than checked. To a commanding person, a mind strong, active, of consummate courage and great energy, he added the consideration of noble blood. Naturally enough for one so gifted, his besetting sin is pride, and it is this vice that is the root of all evil in him. Shakespeare has nicely managed the development of Edmund's criminality to show us the energy with which evil, beginning in this single vice so forces itself through his whole nature that at last he is its slave and is driven to ever greater crime until he is hurled headlong to his own perdition. His pride of blood is poisoned and turned into guilt by the shame of his birth and its consequent dis-

qualifications. Placed as he is, through no fault of his, under a ban which he can never remove, his pride creates in him a base craving for rank and riches to cover the defect of fortune. This is the first development of evil in him, and now that we know his desire, let us see to what extremes he will be put to attain it. In the opening scene, his father, introducing him to Kent, blushed to acknowledge him and referred in a manner most humiliating to Edmund to another son "by order of law some year elder than this." Such a comparison could not fail to arouse in this ambitious youth intense jealousy toward the more favoured Edgar and a covetousness for his heritage; accordingly the project is soon formed in his mind of circumventing his brother in the succession to the Duke of Gloster. The ingenuity and swiftness of his plans insure him success. He forges a letter in which Edgar proposes to him to get rid of their father in order the sooner to enjoy his revenue. When Gloster reads it and rages against the conspirator, Edmund plays the part of a generous intercessor for his misguided brother, counsels moderation, and so well conceals his trickery that Gloster leaves it all to him to ferret out the treachery of his brother. Then he goes to Edgar, tells him to flee for life from his father's wrath, and kindly assists him to escape. This does the work. Gloster who but yesterday deplored the rashness of Lear in disowning Cordelia commits the self-same folly, renounces the supposed "strong and fastened villan," sets a price on his head and rewards Edmund with:

> of my land,
> Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
> To make thee capable.

One triumph. Edmund is heir to the Duke of Gloster. Will he be content now that he has mended his fortunes? By no means. Evil is still enterprising. He must now be Duke of Gloster instead of heir thereto. There is nothing to restrain him from it. Any filial piety he might have had Gloster's coarse levity has destroyed. He is emboldened by his first success, hardened by one treachery, and the task is easy. Enlist the favour of Goneril and Regan, themselves parricides, and it is done. He betrays to them the secret of Gloster's intercourse with Cordelia. Gloster is dispossessed, has his eyes torn out, and is turned bleeding upon the road, while Edmund gains the estate and the favour of the ascendant party. Nor is his evil energy spent yet. The farther guilt goes the more reckless and daring it becomes. He is playing fast and furious now, nothing is too high for his reach, not even the throne itself. Both Goneril and Regan conceive a guilty love for him. Both he espouses. Craftily he watches the growing enmity between them and shrewdly resolves to let her who would have him first clear the way to the throne. His last outrage is the death of Cordelia. The cup of his iniquity is full; justice reappears upon earth; the husband against whom he conspired intercepts him, the brother he wronged proves his treasons on his heart.

Were Edmund the only villain in this play, justice had seemed to be outraged enough, but when Goneril and Regan add to the desolation of his crimes their own enormities, horrible in themselves, in women showing more horrible, we are severely tried to realize that man's nature can become so perverted. From the first we see of these two fiends they are thoroughly depraved. We are immediately struck with their utter shamelessness. As Hudson puts it, "with a sort of hell-inspired tact they feel their way to a fitting occasion but drop the mask as soon as their ends are reached." In their hollow professions of love their hypocrisy is evident to all but the fond old father. But what of it? It cost them no blush that all the world sees their false-heartedness. After the coronet is divided how soon they commence their barefaced mal-treatment of him who gave them all. "In good time you gave it," snaps out Regan, as though Lear had been an usurper instead of a donor. Having cheated the old king out of his realm, why can they not afford to be a little indulgent to him? If he were an old house-dog they would let him stand by the fire in memory of past services. Why can they not, if they do not love their father, at least tolerate him since he is the source of all they have? There would be too much of the milk of human kindness in that for them. Such a course is more often to be observed in the good, that having accomplished one

success it is content to rest thereon in contemplation of its own felicity. Evil is more active.

Lear is now wholly in their power. By giving them his kingdom he has placed himself on their charity; by banishing Cordelia, the only succour of his peevish age, he has thrown himself entirely upon their mercy. Before he has been with Goneril a month he begins to feel her cold hand tightening upon his heart. It is now he realizes "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

What makes Goneril's unkindness the more detestable is that she persecutes him out of pure hate. She knows how helplessly he relies on her love and she turns it to advantage to torture him. Lear is still a king, however, and will not be treated thus. He has still a daughter left. With a curse upon the ungrateful monster, he calls his train together and goes to Regan. He cannot conceive how a daughter to whom he has given all should act thus. He never dreams of Regan doing the same. She will be, he is sure, the balm of his hurt mind by the loving tenderness her sister lacked. How this disappointed old man must have builded on the love of that only remaining daughter! When he arrives at Cornwall's castle he is dismayed to find his own messenger, the disguised Kent, set in the stocks by Regan's orders. The omen is not encouraging, yet he dares not think on what it portends. It is only when they refuse to see him that the terrible suspicion breaks full him. At last it has come to the worst. Regan instead of solacing his wounded dignity sides with her sister, and to his complaints gives an answer that fairly cuts the heart out of him:

> "O, Sir, you are old;
> Nature in you stands on the very verge
> Of her confine; you should be ruled and led
> By some discretion that discerns your state
> Better than yourself. Therefore I pray you
> That to our sister you do make return,
> Say you have wronged her, sir."

It is pitiful to see him pleading with Regan not to cast him off. When he left Goneril it was still with the imperiousness of a king, but now that Regan is his only hope, he is ready to justify anything, almost to beg for mercy. Whilst he is pleading Goneril enters and Regan takes her by the hand. This is too much, his heart breaks with a prayer of anguish:

> O, Heavens!
> If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience, if yourselves are old
> Make it your cause; send down and take my part!

Behold the energy of evil here. These two she-devils delight in tossing their father's heart wantonly back and forth on the sharp tridents of their filial impiety. At length all hope is lost for Lear and he goes out into the storm no more a king but:

> a poor old man
> As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

and the grateful daughters whom he thought by his largesses to have confirmed solidly in his love, shut their doors against him with the complacent reflection:

> to wilful men
> The injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters.

The tempest Lear goes into is a calm to the tempest that rages within his breast; he burns with he thought of his children's ingratitude.

> Filial ingratitude!
> Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
> For lifting food to it?

So constant is the torment of this thought that he can imagine misery from no other cause, and when he sees the poor babbling Tom o' Bedlam his first thought is: "Didst thou give all to thy daughters?" Even the elements he imagines are in league against him, and his raging reveals a magnificence in his ruined reason that shows that with all his weakness his mind is still capable of intense suffering.

> I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
> I never gave you kingdom, called you children.
> But yet I call you servile ministers,
> That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
> Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
> So old and white as this.

As Albany shrewdly remarks:

> That nature which contemns its origin
> Cannot be bordered certain in itself.

After their shocking unnaturalness toward their father we are not surprised to see these fiendish sisters unfaithful to their own husbands. The object upon which they turn their guilty loves is another phase of their iniquity. Were Edmund other than

a parricide he would not have been congenial. He has caste, however, and has as many crimes at his back as they have. It is a fitting end to their career, that having been leagued so long in iniquity they now turn tooth and nail against each other and sink down the most wretched victims of the bloody catastrophe they themselves have wrought.

So ends the tragedy. Edmund dead by the hand of his much-wronged brother; Goneril and Regan dead, self-destroyed; Cordelia dead, and innocent; Lear dead of a broken heart.

What desolation! Blood and death everywhere. Some dead in their iniquities, others the innocent victims of iniquity. We cannot resist the feeling of the presence of the supernatural here. Here is the battle-ground where there has been not a struggle between men but between the principles of good and evil. We are reminded of that great battle on the plains of Heaven when the archangel defeated the hosts of Hell. For a time it seemed as though evil would conquer. Such mountains of crime—hate, jealousy, hypocrisy, pride, unnaturalness between parent and child, unfaithfulness to husbands, treachery and parricide all thrive most discouragingly. But at last the avenging sword falls and justice is restored by the fearful destruction of the workers of iniquity. But what of the good, has it received its reward? Some critics accuse Shakespeare of outraging justice in the ending of this play by the death of Cordelia and Lear. This is a very inferior view of justice and not at all that of Shakespeare. The author of this great tragedy, like Aristotle, conceives the noble art as "a purifying of the passions of the soul through the agency of terror and pity," and it is noticeable in all his great tragedies that suffering virtue does not survive to enjoy worldly happiness. And rightly so. It only makes the horror of evil greater that the good suffer death by it, and the power and glory of virtue more transcendent that its reward is left to the hereafter, instead of being mocked by the toyish consolations of a still troublesome world. Why should we wish Cordelia to remain in a world that is not worthy of her? And what else is left for Lear to do with his four-score years and all his sufferings but to die? To restore him to the throne would be to depreciate his sufferings and to mock justice. The tragedy surely has a most noble ending; the wicked have received their punishment and the good have gone to a reward greater than this world could give. It is in this very ending Shakespeare has shown himself most magnificently a moralist, in giving the work a spiritual significance by pointing us upward for the consummation. Therein lies the grandeur of it, that, like the Gothic arch, it raises our hearts above the lowly things of earth to the eternal empire above, where alone good receives its true and adequate reward. How can anyone conceive happiness in this world for Lear after that last heart-rending scene where he brings in Cordelia dead in his arms, crying wildly:

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.

As Victor Hugo feelingly expressed it: "for pity's sake then let the poor deserted, old father die. Life would be but a chastisement, death is deliverance Why detain him when his heart is with Cordelia above."

Oh let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.

THE NEW WOMAN—YEARS AGO.

ADAPTED FROM THE SPANISH.

IN an empire whose name history has failed to record, there lived in a miserable stable a poor laborer and his wife. Juan and Ramona were their names, though Juan was better known by the nickname "Under present circumstances," which they gave him because in season or out of season that phrase was continually dropping from his lips. "We are badly enough off in a stable," said Juan, "but we ought to conform ourselves with our lot, since under present circumstances God, though he was God, lived in a stable when he became man."

"You are right," replied Ramona.

One day Juan was working in a kitchen garden near the road, when far away he saw the carrage of the emperor coming at a rate almost equal to that of a soul that the devil was trying to carry off.

"I'll bet you," said Juan, "that the horses have escaped from his majesty, and some misfortune is going to happen!"

Juan was not mistaken. The emperor's horses had escaped, and the emperor was shouting:

"God take pity on me! I'm going to break my neck over one of those precipices! To whoever throws himself at the head of these confounded horses, I'll give whatever he asks."

But no one dared to throw himself at the horses' heads; Juan, enraged at the other workmen, threw himself at the horses' heads and succeeded in stopping the coach.

"Ask whatever you like," said the emperor to him, "for nothing appears to me small as a recompense to the man who has rendered me so signal a service."

"Sire!" said Juan to him," "I, under present circumstances, am a poor laborer, and the day that I don't gain a couple of pesetas, my wife and I have to fast. So if your majesty will only assure me my day's labor whether it rains or whether it is fine weather, my wife and I will sing our lives away in happiness, for we are people content with very little."

"That's pretty clear. Well, go along, it's granted. The day that you have nothing to do anywhere else, go to one of my palaces, whichever you like, and occupy yourself there in whatever way you please."

"Thank you sire!"

The emperor went on his road happy enough, and Juan went on his, thinking of the great joy he was about to give his wife when he returned home at night, and told her that he had his day's work secured for the rest of his life whether it rained or was fine weather.

"Do you know what I have been thinking of the whole night long, Juan?" said Ramona, the following morning.

"What?"

"That yesterday you were a fool to ask so little of the emperor."

"Indeed! What more had I to ask?"

"That he would give us a little house to live in, something more suitable and decent than this wretched stable."

"You are right, woman; but now there is no help for it."

"Perhaps there may be,"

"How?"

"Look here; go and see the emperor and ask him."

Juan set out for the palace of the emperor.

"Hello, Juan!" said his majesty. "What brings you this way, man?"

"Sire!" replied Juan, "my wife, under present circumstances, is as good as gold; but, you see, the stable that we live in is gone to rack and ruin, and we wish to get it out of our sight. 'If your majesty, who is so kind, would only give us a little house, something better than the one we have, who dare sneeze at us then?'"

"Does your wife want nothing more than that? Well, it's granted. Go into the dining-room, and take a mouthful and a drop of something; and, instead of going afterwards to the stable, go to the little white house, and there you will find your wife already installed."

Juan returned thanks to the emperor and passing on to the dining-room, filled himself with ham and wine.

Our friend commenced his journey home, and, when he arrived at the white house, his wife rushed out to receive him with tears of joy.

But Ramona began to find fault the very next day.

"Woman, what the devil bothers you?" asked Juan.

"What bothers me? Your stupidity in asking the emperor so little bothers me."

"Say what you like about it, there is no help for it now."

"Perhaps there may be."

"And how, I should like to know?"

"Going back and seeing his majesty, and telling him to give us a larger house, of course."

"Go to Jericho, woman. You don't catch me going on an errand of that kind!"

"Well, go you shall, then; or we'll see who is master here. All you have to do is to run along to the palace as fast as you can, if you care to have a quiet time of it."

Juan, who did not possess an ounce of will of his own, set out once more on his road towards the palace of the emperor.

So soon as he sought an audience with his majesty, it was granted, and the emperor asked him, with a smiling face:

"How goes it at the little white house?"

"Not badly, sire!"

"And your wife, how does she find herself there?"

"Not badly, sire, but your majesty knows what the women are. Give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell."

"You are right. So she wants, of course, a house a little larger?"

"You've just hit it, sire!"

"Well turn into the dining room till they give you a snack of something: and, instead of returning to the white house, go to the Azure palace, where you will find your wife installed with the attendance befitting those who live in a palace."

Juan returned the emperor thanks for his great goodness, and, after stuffing himself till he looked like a ball, in the dining-room, off he set, as happy as could be to the Azure palace, which was one of those that the emperor had in that district.

A servant in livery received Juan at the door and conducted him to the apartment of the lady. The lady was Ramona, whom her maid had just finished dressing in one of the beautiful robes which she found in her new dwelling. Juan could do nothing but open his mouth and stare in amazement at seeing his wife in such majestic attire, and waited on by four servants; namely, a coachman, a footman, a maid, and a cook.

"Take off that clown's dress," said Ramona to Juan, "Aren't you ashamed to show yourself in such a trim before our own servants?"

"This is a new start," said Juan, astonished at the sally of his wife. "So I, who, under present circumstances, have passed all my life in digging the earth, and things even worse than that, must feel ashamed of the clothes I have worn all my life long!"

"But, you stupid head," replied Ramona, "If you have costume corresponding to your rank, why didn't you put it on?"

"My rank! . . . Come, this woman's head is turned."

"Juan, go to your apartment and change your things, and don't try my patience so much, for you know already that my temper will not stand too great a trial. Juan gave up the dispute and entering the room which she had pointed out as his, found therein a wardrobe with a quantity of fine changes, befitting a gentleman, and came out again transformed into a milord.

There passed fifteen days since Juan and Romana came to live in the Azure palace, and Romana grew day by day more captious.

"What ails you? One would think the ants were at you," said Juan to her, one morning.

"What ails me is that I have the biggest fool for the husband that ever ate bread."

"Hey for the sweet tempers! So you are not yet content with the sweet little fig that your husband gathered for you?"

"No, sir, I am not. One must be a dolt like you to content herself with what we have, when we might have much more only for the asking. To make you happy all that is wanting is what common folk want. You can swell yourself out and look big when you walk out there, and hear them calling you Don Juan; but as for me I could eat myself with rage when they call me Dona Ramona. I want them to call me lady Marchioness. Now since the emperor has told you when you saved his life, that you might even ask him for the shirt on his back, go and see him and ask him to make us marquises."

"Go and ask him if he has a head on his shoulders, why don't you say? But there's enough about it. Even in fun I don't like to hear such nonsense."

"Juan, don't provoke me; take care that I don't send you with a flea in the ear."

"But, woman alive, however much of your husband's breeches you may wear, could you ever imagine that I was going to agree to this new start of yours?"

"I bet you, you will agree."

"I tell you I am not going again to see the emperor."

"Go you shall, though you have to go out on your head."

"But, wife, don't be a fool——"

"Come, come; less talk, and run along."

"Well, I'm going there since you are so anxious about it."

"Sire, your majesty will pardon so many impertinences," he stammers out full of shame, when he drew near the emperor.

"Why, man, don't be ashamed and a fool," interrupted his majesty kindly. "Well, how goes it in the Azure palace?"

"Beautifully, sire."

"And how is that little rib of yours, eh?"

"Who—she? Oh! very well under the present circumstances."

"Well and contented with her lot? Is it not so?"

"Well, as for that, sire! Well, your majesty knows what the women are. Their mouths are like a certain place I wouldn't mention before your majesty, always open, and there's no getting at the bottom of it."

"Well, what does the good Dona Ramona ask now?"

"What, sire? But there—one is ashamed to say it."

"Go on, man; out with it, and don't be bashful. To the man that saved my life I'd give anything, even the crown I wear."

"Well then, sire! She wants to be a marchioness."

"A marchioness! Is that all? Then from this instant she is the Marchioness of Marville."

"Thank you, sire."

"Keep the thanks for your wife; and look into the dining-room to see if there is anything to lay hands on. And when you go back you will find your wife already installed in the palace belonging to her title, for the Azure palace is not good enough for marquises."

A crowd of footmen and porters received Juan at the gates of Marville palace, addressing him as "my lord marquis"; and Juan, for all his modesty, could not but feel a little inflated with such a reception and such a title.

"Well, so you are at last content, wife?" said Juan to her.

"Yes, of course I am. Now you see that his majesty did not eat you for asking such a reasonable thing."

"Well, do you know, now, that it cost me something to ask it of him?"

"Ah! get out of that; men are good for nothing."

"But it gave me more courage when his majesty said to me 'Don't be bashful, man, for to the man that saved my life I'd give even the crown I wear.'"

"Whew! so he said that to you?"

"As sure as I am here."

After some time the marquis thought

he noticed that his wife was not perfectly happy, because he found her every day more capricious.

One morning she said to him: "Now tell me, Juan, is an emperor greater than a king?"

"Why shouldn't he be?"

"That is to say, that emperors can make kings?"

"I think so. For instance, suppose his majesty the emperor wish to say to us, 'Ha, my good friends the Marquis and Marchioness of Marville, I convert the province of Micomican, which belongs to me, into a kingdom, and I make you the monarchs of my new kingdom,' I believe nobody could hinder it."

"Very well, then; I wish his majesty to say and do this at your petition."

"Well, well, now; it is clear that you have lost your wits altogether!"

"What you are going to lose, since you have no wits, is your teeth, with a slap in the face, if you don't make haste and hurry off to the court."

"I'd lose my head before I'd commit such an absurdity. There. I've given way enough already."

"Indeed! Then from this day forward know that you have no longer a wife. This is my room, and you shall never set foot in it again, nor I in yours."

"But, woman!"

"No, no; remember we are but strangers to each other."

"Come, don't be obstinate, my own Ramonita."

"Don't I tell, you sir, that all is over between us?"

"Now, look here pigeon."

"Stop your prate!"

"The dev—! Well, come, you shall be satisfied; I will go and see his majesty, and tell him that you want to be queen, though I know he will shoot me on the spot."

Contrary to his expectations, the emperor hastened to grant him an audience, and received him with the accustomed smile.

"Well, marquis, what is it?" he asked.

"What ought it to be, sire? A fresh impertinence."

"Come, out with it, man, and don't be bashful! Something concerning the marchioness, eh?"

"You've hit it again, sire. These foolish women are never content."

"Well, what does yours want.

"Nothing, sire, She says, would it please your majesty to make her queen?"

"Queen! Nothing more than that? Well, she is queen already, then. Now, go into the dining-room and see if there is anything there you can destroy; and instead of returning to the palace of Marville, go to the palace of the crown, where you will find your wife installed as becomes the Queen of Micomican."

On his arrival at the palace of the crown, a salvo of artillery announced his coming. The King and Queen of Micomican amused themselves mightily during the first weeks of their reign. But so soon as the festivals passed, the queen, Dona Ramona, began to grow sad and weary.

The king summoned the chief physcian of the court, and held a deep consultation with him. "Man alive," said he to him, "I have summoned you in order to see what the devil you have to say to me touching the sorrow and evil state in which I have noticed my august spouse to be for some time past."

"Well, sire, in the first place, we must please her in everything and by everything."

"I agree with you there, man; but there are things beyond human power. If it rains, she is put out because it rains; if it blows she is put out because it blows; if we are in winter, she is put out because the spring has not come, and her mind is so turned that she cries out: 'I command it not to rain'; 'I command it not to blow'; 'I command the spring to come at once.' Now, you see that it is only by being God one can secure obedience of orders like these."

But months and months passed, and the queen grew every day sadder and more capricious.

One day the king decided on interrogating very seriously the queen herself, to see if he might draw from her the secret of her sadness and capriciousness.

"Well, let us know, now, what is the matter with you," he said, "that you neither sleep nor let me sleep?"

"I am very unhappy," answered the queen, beginning to weep.

"You unhappy?—You who lived in a

stable as empty and bare as that which our Lord lived in when he bacame man, and under present circumstances, you find yourself the somebody of somebodies, a queen clean and complete?"

"It is true I am a queen. But I die of sadness, when from the throne I look back and see nothing of what other queens see. For instance, the Queen of Spain sees a series of great and glorious kings, named Recaredo, Pelayo, San Fernando, Alonso the wise, Isabel the Catholic, Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles V., Phillip II., Charles III.,—and those kings had blood of hers, and seated themselves on the throne, and loved and made great the people that she loves and makes great."

"You are right, wife, but you wish to do what is impossible, and that God alone can do."

"Well, then, those impossibilities are the very things that tease and exasperate me. What is the use of being a queen if even in the most just desires one sees herself constrained and unable to realize them? It is a fine afternoon, for instance, and I begin to get ready to go out for a walk in the palace gardens, but a wretched little cloud appears in the sky, as though to say to one, "Don't get ready," and when one wishes to go out, that insolent cloud begins to pour down water, and one is obliged to stay at home, disgusted and fretting. What I want is to have power enough to prevent a miserable little cloud from laughing at me."

"But, woman. don't I tell you that this power God alone can have?"

"Then I want to be God."

Juan made the sign of the cross on himself, filled with shame and horror at hearing his wife give utterance to such a thing; her head was undoubtedly turned by the demon of ambition. But he did not wish to exasperate the poor crazed being with lessons which, had she been in her right senses, she would have deserved.

"But don't you know, child," he said to her with sweetness, "that the fulfilment of that desire is as impossible as it is foolish? The emperor has granted us whatever we have asked, but what you want now he cannot grant."

"Still, I want you to go and see him, and speak to him; for perhaps between him and the Pope they will be able to manage it."

"But if there is, and never can be more than one God, how can you be made God?"

"I have always heard say that God can do everything. If the emperor consults with the Pope, and the Pope has recourse to God, then you'll see if God. who can do everything, will disappoint them both."

"But if God cannot?"

"Hold your tongue, Jew, and don't say such awful things; God can do everything."

Juan thought it would be more prudent to abstain from contradicting his wife any further, so he retired and summoned the chief physician of the court, in order to lay before him the new and extraordinary phase which the moral malady of the queen displayed.

The king returned soon after to the chamber of his august spouse, who, the moment she saw him, became a perfect wasp.

"How, Sire?" she exclaimed, "So you are the first to disobey my orders?"

"How disobey?"

"Yes, sire! Did I not tell you that I want you to go and see the emperor and implore him to place himself in communication with the Pope in order to see whether between them they could so manage that I might be God?"

"Yes, you told me so, but——"

"There are no buts for me. If you ruffle my feathers I'll send you off to be hanged as soon as look at you."

"Come, child, don't be angry, you shall be obeyed instantly."

"Remember, none of your pranks, now! And listen! go and tell that health-killer whom you seem to have made one of your council, that if you don't go to see the emperor, and perform in every point the commission which I charge you with, he shall serve you as partner in your dance in the air."

The king withdrew, aud when he reported to the chief physician what his wife had just said to him, the physician insisted more on pleasing the august invalid in everything. So the king set out on his journey to the imperial court.

"How is her majesty, Queen Dona Ramona?" asked the emperor kindly.

"Bad enough, under present circumstances."

"Man that is the worst news yet! And what ails her?"

"What the devil do I know? The evil one alone understands these women. If your majesty could only guess the commission she has given me——"

"Hallo, hallo! Well, let us hear it."

"She says—but pshaw! One is ashamed to say it. She says to see if your majesty could consult with the Pope, and between you manage to make her God."

"Eh! That is a greater request. Make her God, eh!"

"Your majesty sees already that it is a piece of madness; for a woman can't complain of the small advance in her career who to-day is a queen, and not a year ago lived in stable. A stable is a disgrace to nobody, sure enough, for, after all, Our Lord, though he was God, lived in one when he became man."

"So the good Dona Ramona wishes to be God, eh?"

"You've hit it your majesty."

"Well, we will please her as far as we are able. Let your majesty step into the dining-room and drive the wolf from the door, and on returning you will find your wife, if not changed into God, changed into something which is like Him." The royal consort turned into the dining room, but, do what he would, he could scarcely swallow a mouthful. Everything seemed to disagree with him, and the cause of it lay in his feeling within him a restlessness which seemed to forbode some misfortune. He made his way homeward and on arriving at the palace of the crown he saw, with as great sorrow as dismay, that the palace was closed and deserted.

"What has happened here?" he enquired of a passer by.

"The Emperor has put an end to the kingdom of Micomican, re-establishing the ancient provinc and re-incorporating it with the empire."

Juan had neither strength nor courage to ask more. He wandered about for hours and hours like one demented without knowing whither, when suddenly he found himself at the door of the stable where he had lived with his wife, and on pushing open the door, which revolved on its hinges, he found his wife installed there once more. The only thing God-like which the woman who had entertained the criminal ambition of becoming like to him, consisted in the similarity of her dwelling to the stable which God occupied when He became man.

MODERN PAINTERS.

RUSKIN? Oh, yes, he is a writer of art literature. I've often heard of him, but I've never read any of his works. They're too dry and too deep to suit my taste." Such is the expression to which nine out of every ten students of English letters will give vent when asked their opinion of the author of the work which forms the subject of this essay. And as a matter of fact, except for a person of uncommonly serious disposition, the above mentioned work is far form being so interesting as the productions of Scott and Dickens; still for the student whose object in reading is to beautify his style rather than to gratify his longing for pleasure, the works of no author possess more attractions than those of John Ruskin.

This great master of English composition, was born in 1814 and is still living. His early education, imparted to him by a stern-minded father and a solicitous mother, formed so solid a foundation that he afterwards distinguished himself at Oxford, where, at an early age, he won the Newgate prize for English poetry. After studying for a time the rudiments of painting he directed his efforts towards the writing of art literature; and has since given to the world many valuable works, among which "Fors Clavigera" and "Modern Painters" are the most important.

"Modern Painters" is not written in the form of a novel, nor is it simply a collection of precepts. It is rather a criticism of the art of painting from its earliest evidences to its present high developement, and is artistically interwoven with important principles which should underlie all true works of art. It was written, as the author tells us, "not for fame or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity, to bring about, in favor of nature, a reaction against the last four hundred years." The work is remarkable no less for its beauty of style and richness of language than for the depth of thought and soundness of reasoning which are its most prominent characteristics; and everywhere it bears indications of the author's penetrative judgement and wonderful command of language.

"Modern Painters," though designed to be, as its name suggests, a treatise on painting in particular, may in many of its principles be most appropriately applied to works of literature. A few examples to bear out this statement may not be out of place here. In one part of the volume treating of the "Grand Style," "True and False Ideal," etc., we are told that the "great end of art is to produce a deceptive resemblance of reality." This might well have been written concerning novels, to the exclusion of everything else; for it it a well-known fact that the value of a novel is in most cases proportional to the naturalness of the characters and events therein described.

In another place the author tells us that the difference between great and mean art lies in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is addressed. It is certainly true that the artist who successfully paints such an imposing scene as the "General Judgement" bids higher for immortality than the person who gracefully sketches and faithfully colors some occurrence of ordinary society life; but it is equally certain that a poet who writes some well-finished stanzas on so familiar a subject as "Parliament Hill at Ottawa," is not thereby rendered worthy of such lasting renown as

he who dresses in appropriate language such a noble, awe-inspiring, sublime theme, as "Paradise Lost." The one has for his object to lead us to admire a worldly scene which can particularly interest comparatively few men; the other by the very nature of the subject, appeals to all mortals; and leading forth their imagination, places it face to face with the misery and the happiness, the loathful sights and the magnificent scenes which await them in the world to come.

Another of Ruskin's statements is that an uninterrupted succession of beauty cannot produce the effects of beauty. This principle again we may apply to literary art. It seems to have been a well-known principle to our greatest novelists that whatever is good is made to shine with still greater splendor by being placed in contrast with that which is despicable. Nowhere does Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray draw the pen portrait of a beautiful character, but to display beside it a moral and physical ugliness that excites our deepest dislike. It is ever the clear light brought out with greater distinctness by the accompanying shade.

Our author's opinion concerning the old motto "a poet is born, not made," accords with that of most great men of the world, but perhaps no other has ever produced so striking a comparison to bear out his theory. Ruskin likens a great mind to an apricot, and a lesser one to a currant. No amount of care or nutriment, he says, will cause the currant to attain the dimensions of an apricot; whilst on the other hand the amount of care and nourishment given to the apricot will determine whether it shall "fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by an east wind, or whether it shall expand into tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet." Great genuises, therefore, in any field of art, are naturally great; they have their excellence fixed for them when they are born; and great art, consequently, whether in painting sculpture, or literature, cannot be wholly taught, but is the expression of the spirits of great men.

Speaking of the rules to be observed in art, the author of Modern Painters makes the assertion that the man who pays attention to rules cannot be a great artist. In his own words: "Great men never know how or why they do things; they know no rules; cannot comprehend the nature of rules; * * * yet every great composition is in the perfect harmony with all true rules, and involves thousands too delicate for ear, or eye, or thought, to trace." Who on reading this passage would for a moment suspect that the expression "great composition" has reference to anything other than a literary masterpiece? For it is a well-known fact that the masterpieces in every language are not so much moulded according to rules as the rules of the language are moulded according to them. It is worthy of note, however, that the quotation with which we are now dealing, though a somewhat general principle, was written, as were most passages in the work under discussion, with reference especially to painting, and forms a very good illustration of the fact that all arts bear such a relation to one another that the precepts which apply to one branch of art may often be fittingly applied to all branches.

We will produce but one more example to show how aptly ideas on painting may be transferred to letters. Ruskin says: "The modern 'ideal' of high art is a curious intermingling of the gracefulness and reserve of the drawingroom with a certain measure of classical sensuality. A person examining the statues, bronzes, and paintings, as at present employed by the upper circles of London, and especially Paris, will find that in each case the charm of art depends to a great extent on some appeal to the inferior passions. Of all the causes that have combined in modern times to lower the standard of art, I believe this to be the most fatal; * * * and although in former ages the most revolting thoughts might be suggested by the mocking barbarism of the Gothic sculpture, their hard outline and rude execution were free from all the subtle treachery which now fills the flushed canvas and the rounded marble." These lines coming from so eminent an authority, show us that the products of the pencil and the chisel in modern times are far from what is to be desired; but the same criticism would, in our estimation at least, be none too severe for the class of books which the modern press is daily belching forth upon the world. Well might it be said of the modern senti-

mental novel that "of all the causes which have combined to destroy the taste of the public for standard authors, this is by far the most fatal"; for by wasting his time on such light and shallow reading one loses his power of concentrating his mental faculties on any serious piece of work, and thereby renders himself unfit for pursuing any study where close attention and deep reasoning are required. Moreover, if the "flushed canvas and the rounded marble" are filled with "subtle treachery," those books, nearly all of which are read more on account of the manner in which they appeal to the lower passions than for their literary worth, are by no means very moral in their effects, but tend to instill into the reader an appetite for sensual pleasures, rather than to increase his love for, and allegiance to Christian virtues.

Sufficient, we think has already been said to bear out our statement that Ruskin's principles on painting may with propriety be applied to literature. The examples we have given may also serve to indicate the similarity which exists between tht proper wielding of the crayon and that of the pen. It should be noted, however, that material has here been drawn from only a comparatively small portion of Modern Painters. The work, composed as it is of five large volumes, is too long and too rich in matter to be properly treated in so brief an essay as this. Moreover, it is of such a nature that it is almost impossible for any person to get any adequate idea of its worth by simply reading articles of criticism; and, as to form a just conception of any book a person must first read it in its entirety, in the case of Modern Painters this method of procedure is especially requisite.

Nor is the reading of it so uninviting as might at first appear; for the work is beautifully illustrated by the author himself; and although it does not narrate in glowing terms the soul-stirring adventures of beautiful ladies and gallant heroes, it possesses, as mentioned above, innumerable attractions for the student who wishes to beautify his style, to enrich his vocabulary or to acquire the power of concentration so essential for any serious study. Ruskin's works, therefore, should not be used as they too often are, simply as an ornament, to fill up the shelves of a library; they should be read and studied, for no other literary English will give better returns for the time spent in its perusal.

JOHN T. HANLEY, '98.

BRUTUS OR MARK ANTONY?

"Poor is the friendless master of a world;
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

IMMENSE is the power of genius! Its influence is incalculable. Warriors may subdue the earth and sigh that there are no further fields for conquests; saints may wear away their lives in austere seclusion, or in benevolently catering to the spiritual and temporal wants of indigent humanity; patriots and legislators may raise their nations from obscure bondage and penury, to the exalted elevation of freedom and opulence; but, although the beneficent results of such exertions may last and be enjoyed even to the end of time, still, whether their author's names will be remembered with pleasure for centuries to come, or whether they shall soon be devoured by the jaws of ungrateful oblivion, depends almost entirely upon a few strokes from the potent magic wand of Genius; from that puny but all powerful instrument—the pen.

It is upon the historian's page that ambitious public men have at all times desired to figure to advantage. But while that certainly is the place from which we should derive our knowledge of their characters, our approval or disapproval of their actions, as a matter of fact there are in many cases, other sources—sources more liable to produce greater notoriety, desirable or otherwise—from which many of us draw some, and perhaps some of us draw all, of our information upon such topics, that is from the novel, the poem, or the drama.

A very sober and thoughtful poet, is responsible for the statement, that:

> The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
> O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.

The sentence contains a great deal of truth. But genius is capricious. According to its humor it showers praise or blame. In the dispensation of these, distinction lies not always between virtue and vice, but often in "I wish" or "I wish not" Unhappily the will of Genius is the supreme but partial judge; and hence it is, that while in the drama, the brave and daring Pizarro has been represented as an avaricious and relentless tyrant, Satan himself has been made the hero of an epic, and the immortal Bard of Avon has held up to us as a model of devoted friendship, the shrewd, the sensual, the blood-thirsty villian, Mark Antony.

Thus it is, that for those whose knowledge is acquired from the dramatist rather than from the historian, their idea concerning the Roman general, is an idea of unswerving fidelity and devotion to Julius Cæsar. In fact this attitude towards "the greatest man of all this world," is considered like that of Pythias towards Damon, or of the amiable Celia towards Rosalind. The object of the present article is to try to remove this impression; to briefly consider the actions of Antony and of Brutus, and then to judge which of the two Romans should really be designated the truer and sincerer friend of Cæsar. It is to be hoped that strict justice will be imparted to each, for in doing this, it intends, as far as one is concerned, to dethrone an imposter, and

to place the other in that enviable position in the Temple of Friendship, to which, no doubt, the good judgment of the reader has already consigned him.

There is perhaps no better way of beginning this question than by presenting the respective characters of the two men, as they should have no small bearing upon the question. We shall begin, not with the "plain, blunt man" of Shakespeare, but with the historical personage, the sharp and devising Mark Antony.

Antony was a man of no mean natural ability, which, however, being turned in the wrong direction, became baneful to him rather than beneficial. By sly intriguing and unstinted flattery, he managed to ingratiate himself into the favor of Cæsar, who raised him to eminent dignities in Rome. From childhood, he was known to be rather lax in morals, extremely prodigal, and as the poet puts it, "one who revelled long o' nights." Such were the qualities he acquired in early years, and which afterwards tenaciously clung to him in his exalted political life, during which time he also managed to attain more of the arts of cunning and dissimulation, than would be necessary, even to become a successful modern politician. Afterwards, when the opportunity presented itself, he showed the remorseless savagery of his disposition, by placing upon the proscription list many of the greatest and most virtuous men in Rome, among whom were his uncle and the illustrious Cicero. His subsequent unspeakable escapades with the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, might afford matter of description fitter for other magazines than this, and would hardly tend to elevate the basest. To cap the climax, when he had drawn upon himself the just anger of young Octavius, not even possessing enough manly spirit and fortitude to bear up under the reverses of fortune, with his own hands he put an end to the self-inflicted shame and misery of this world, only to undergo, no one knows what, in the distant land of the Hereafter.

There is the character of Antony. Gaze upon it attentively, and when your mind's eye has vainly wandered over it, in search of one trait upon which it can look with pleasure, turn from the disgusting sight, and direct it to the following picture, where it will rest upon objects more agreeable and more congenial to its taste.

Brutus, like Mark Antony, was possessed of unusual talents, but as his disposition had less in it that was alien to heaven, he used them to better advantage. He too arose to positions of distinction in Rome; not however, by dancing ignoble attendance upon rank and riches, but through personal effort, and by the exhibition of such qualities of mind and heart, as must always be recognized, respected, and rewarded. Even when young he embraced with delight, whatever he considered elevated, virtuous and noble in the varied philosophy of pagan Rome, while in maturer years his conduct was ever regulated by its rigorous precepts. A student as a child, Brutus was a student when he died, and was at all times solicitous for the happiness and advancement of his native land. In the capacity of politician, his integrity could not be questioned. In bearing as respectful and dignified as Cato, he possessed the patriotism of a Regulus. His reputation was such that the blackest of those conspirators, whose highest motives in shedding the blood of Cæsar were motives of revenge or ambition, considered their cause sanctified when they had obtained the approbation and co-operation of Brutus. Injustice and tyrany shrunk from his presence. Even the ferocious Roman mob was awed into silence by a gesture from him who was at once recognized to be a good citizen, a faithful public servant, a devoted husband, the noblest work of God—an honest man. Well, indeed, might Anthony looking down upon his corpse have said "This was the noblest Roman of them all. His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

There is in brief the character of Antony and of Brutus. Give them close attention. Submit them to a rigid scrutiny. See on the one side, intemperance, prodigality, sensuality, brutality, with the other qualities necessarily attendant upon them; on the other, clemency, patriotism, honesty, virtue, "all the salt and spices that season a man," and then, by bringing

the question home to yourself, judge which of the two Romans was the better qualified by nature to be a bosom friend.

Having therefore formed an opinion as to the natural qualifications of each, let us now turn to their actions in order to see which really displayed the sincerer devotion to Caesar. To say that many profess friendship, whose disposition, were it full known, would smack more of hate, is but giving tongue to a deplorable fact which many have already learned from sad experience. Nor is this so very strange, for

> "What virtue can we name, or grace,
> But men unqualified and base,
> Will boast it their possession."

Rank and riches can always obtain acknowledgements of affection from many, but fortune changing, those acknowledgments prove themselves to be nothing more than a subterfuge or matter of policy. Such was the case with the attendants and professed friends who acted so perfidiously towards Timon of Athens; such was the case with Mark Antony. He, artful scoundrel as he was, having by guile and artifice gained the confidence of Caesar, attentively studied his master's weaknesses and then maliciously ministered to them. When Julius had conquered nearly all of the then-existing world and aspired to become its king, did Antony play the part of a friend and try to dissuade him from it? Far different. Although he knew in his heart that such an ambition would most probably work the ruin of Caesar, and perhaps of all Rome, still he encouraged him on. In fact thrice on the feast of Lupercal, did he present him with a kingly crown, which Caesar did thrice refuse. Did this on the part of Antony seem friendly? Yet, there are those who claim that he was friendly, and surely it can be stated without the slightest degree of irony that these persons are "honorable men." However if their assertion prove true, if Antony in acting thus performed the duties of a friend, well might great Julius have arisen and despairingly exclaimed, "Save, O save me from—my friend."

Another action which reflects great discredit upon Antony's conduct and gives further testimony as to his character, is the following. It will be remembered that when Caesar died, he left a will, donating to every citizen in Rome the sum of three hundred sesterces. Antony was appointed the sole executor. To him was confided both the will and the money. One of our great poets, who possessed an intimate knowledge of the human heart has said that,

> "He loves the dead, who does as they desire."

Did Antony in this case do as the dead desired? Did he immediately distribute the money? On the contrary, thinking that a few million sesterces in one man's pocket, would be more advantageous, than a few sesterces in the pocket of each of a few millions of men, he unscrupulously kept the money for himself. Even if the poet were not right in general, when he made the above statement, he certainly would have been correct in this particular case, had he remarked that "he did not love the dead, who did not do as the dead desired."

But to return to Brutus, it seems to us, that it requires no extraordinary powers of penetration, to conclude, that the head and front of the argument of those who oppose him in his claims as a friend of Caesar, will have reference to the death of the latter. This is not unnatural, for all the other connections he had with Caesar were so upright and amicable that his greatest calumnators unable to revile him for any other action of his life, willingly mistake magnanimity for treachery, and accordingly fall back upon the part which he took in the assassination. This cannot be denied, and after all no one wishes to deny it. However even as it is, when we have looked carefully into the circumstances of the affair, it may be no matter of great surprise, if much of the weight of blame which has been thrown upon Brutus should fall from his shoulders, and should at the same time land heavily upon those of the amiable Mark Antony.

It is unnecessary to enter into any minute description of the state of Rome at this period. Suffice it to say, that by conquest she had become mistress of the world, and Julius Caesar ambitiously aspired to become her king. As previously stated, Mark Antony, seeing the bent of his master's mind, felt that it would be to his own disadvantage, were

he to show any signs of disapproval and consequently instead of proceeding as his conscience dictated, he acted as his selfishness suggested, While the former would have fain whispered "beware," its warning voice was drowned in the latter's harsh "proceed," which eventually had the effect of hastening the aspirant to an untimely grave.

The action of Brutus on this occasion was somewhat different and it must be be conceded, more manly. Wisely forseeing the evil consequences that might arise from such an undertaking as Caesar was contemplating, (for it will be remembered to what uses Nero, Domitian, Caligula and Heliogabalus afterwards put their absolute authority) he tried by every gentle means in his power to dissuade him from it; but all to no effect. Then it was that he decided upon harsher means. "Diseases desperate grown by desperate appliances are relieved," and to save his country from the abuses which he believed would certainly ensue, Brutus as a last resource decided upon the death of Caesar. Henceforth the execution of the sentence seemed to him to be a sacred duty. His intentions, unlike those of the one who acts contrary to his concience were not "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." On the contrary the more he considered the action, the more necessary it seemed to him and the firmer grew his determination. The result was that with the assistance of men who in no way were worthy to be his colleagues or associates, Brutus put an end to the earthly career of his greatest friend, "not because he loved Caesar less, but because he loved Rome more."

Let it not be expected that in this article is to be found a defence of the deed. Assassination, though its heinousness is sometimes extenuated by circumstances, is at all times indefensible. But in the present case, historians, who after all should have most right to impute praise or blame, while they condem the action itself, and deplore some of its consequences, nevertheless cannot cast the slightest word of reproach upon the motives which actuated Brutus in committing it. His country's welfare was at stake and love for millions overcame his love for one. His gods and his nation came first; then came his friends. If any of these had to suffer, and if the choice were left to him, is there any wonder that the appalling sentence should fall upon the last?

As the claims of Brutus to the friendship of Cæsar are now being advocated, it seems necessary to give some plausible explanation to those who can not be reconciled to the statement that, a person can be at once a friend and a slayer. "Friend" and "slayer"! At first sight the terms certainly do not appear to agree; but a moment's consideration may prove them to be not altogether contradictory. Look back into history—even sacred history—and will anyone look with anger upon the picture of Isaac, about to be immolated by his father, as a sacrifice to his God? Will any one blame the severity of Brutus' predecessor and namesake, who in rigid justice ordered the death of his two beloved sons? Will any one say that love was absent from the heart of the aged father, who, to save her honor, unhesitatingly plunged the cruel dagger into the breast of his daughter Virginia? If in those instances the terms are not considered absolutely irreconciable, why should they be so in the case of Brutus, whose love was also great, and whose motives not less noble. However, if there be those who even yet cannot hear of a person being at the same time a friend and a slayer, at least let them blame one of those aspirants to the crown of friendship no more than another, for it will be remembered that the selfish Antony himself cut off in the bloom and vigor of his manhood, what he always proclaimed, if not by word, at least by action, to be his most cherished friend—when he committed suicide.

But to go back to the scene of the assassination, what was his conduct when the execution began to crown the plot with success. Antony had been called to the door of the Senate chamber when the melee began. Suspecting the real nature of affairs, that Cæsar's life was in imminent danger, what did he do? Did he rush headlong to his friend's protection, even at the risk of being cut down by the assassins' daggers? Such might have been the action of a friend; no one could expect it from Antony. He, like the lily-

livered coward he was, ran quickly home, locked himself in his room, and sent a messenger to Brutus and his colleagues, swearing to them the perpetual friendship he had previously sworn to Cæsar, if they would only spare his life. Was that the conduct of a friend? "Has friendship such a sick and milky heart?" Heaven between us and all such friendship for the remainder of our days!

However, it was not blood that Brutus desired. So, having given sufficient attestation that no violence was intended to Antony, the latter returned to the Senate, and there in the presence of Cæsar's corpse, shook hands with the assassins. Under those circumstances, very appropriately could he say:

> My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
> That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
> Either a coward or a flatterer.

Yes, both a coward and a flatterer he should be conceited, and

> What vision doth become black villiany,
> So well as soft and tender flattery?

From what precedes it appears that a sufficient number of facts connected with the life and death of Cæsar have already been given, in order to form an accurate idea as to whether or not all the characters of Shakespeare are drawn in strict accordance with facts of history; and also to come to a decision as to the relative claims of Antony and Brutus as friends to Cæsar. To the reader will be left the seemingly easy task of judging to whom it reality belongs the noble title. But, as "Nature craves that all dues be rendered to their owners," it is to be sincerely hoped that strict justice will be imparted to each; for, if this be done there is but little doubt that a unanimous verdict will be given in favor of Antonio in preference to Iago; of Edgar, to Edmund; of Cordelia, to Goneril and Regan; of Brutus, to Mark Antony.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind,
And who stands safest? Tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

POPE.

OUR MAY QUEEN.

BEAUTEOUS being limned in light,
A vision meet for seraph's sight,
Is she we hail our Queen of May,
And crown with mystic flowers to-day.

In glory such as eye of man
Hath ne'er been privileged to scan,
In spheres celestial far withdrawn
We scarce discern her dazzling dawn;

Yet in the love and mercy she
Shares with benign Divinity
She deigns to bless the hearts we bring,
Accepts our slightest offering;

And for the burning stars beheld
By the Evangelist of eld,
Our pallid earthly blossoms glow
Around her pure, transcendant brow.

Bring lilies, snowdrops, clematis
Fair, sinless lives to symbolize,
Types of the stainless purity
So dear to her. Humility,

Foundation firm, whereon behold
Throned that majestic House of Gold;
Poverty, precious pearl, disdained
Too oft on earth, wherewith is gained,

A heavenly kingdom; patience sweet;
Charity, these with emblems meet
We honor. Modest hidden flowers
Balm-breathing in their vernal bowers—

As she the world's first, fairest, breath
Drew in secluded Nazareth—
We gather reverently and place
Before thee, Queen of love and grace.

O, may our hearts, like blossoms, lie
Before thy feet eternally!
How blessed thus would be our lots,
Love's roses and forget-me-nots.

E. C. M.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF CANADA

THE heart of every true Canadian swells with pride, when mention is made of the natural resources of his native land. And justly so, for there is no land richer in the variety and quantity of her native wealth. There are, perhaps, few persons in our fair Dominion, who favor our throwing in our lot with the great and prosperous nation to the south of us. Let these Canadians, few and faint-hearted as they are, but study the resources of their country, and they will realize the great future which lies before her, and will no longer look with favor on annexation. Let them cast their eyes about and tell us if they see another land where greater resources exist. Our fisheries are famous, our forests need no eulogy, and our minerals are fast becoming famous. Scattered far and wide throughout all the provinces we find the rarest and most valuable minerals.

Nova Scotia, the most eastern province, is by far the richest in coal, and we may well believe so, when we learn that the coal area covers 635 square miles. The seams are of great thickness. Nor does the coal cease in the province, for along the coast and under the Atlantic, it has been estimated that there are no less than 2,000,000,000 tons of this most necessary mineral. During the year ending September 30th, 1894, there were 2,200,000 tons mined. Coal does not form the only mineral of Nova Scotia, for gold exists in considerable quantities, and from 10,000 to 27,000 ounces are extracted every year. It is found in the northern portion of Cape Breton and along the Atlantic range of the province. Some fifty gold mines are now working. Silver is another of the precious metals that enrich Nova Scotia, but the quantity is not very abundant and it is generally mixed with the lead and copper beds. It seems strange that iron is not more extensively mined, for nowhere does it exist that coal is not near at hand to facilitate the handling of the ore. Gypsum is very abundant down by the sea, and there are also considerable deposits of manganese, arsenic, zinc, tin, nickel and plumbago.

The neighboring Province of New Brunswick, although rich in coal, suffers from comparison with Nova Scotia, for the coal area is not nearly so large, nor are the seams as thick. The mines are not worked to any great extent, for during 1894 only 6,000 tons were raised. The variety of minerals is not nearly so great as in the other province, but gold, copper—not in paying quantities—iron, gypsum, galena, and antimony, exist and are mined to a considerable extent.

Moving westward we come to Quebec, and here we miss the mineral which has attracted chief attention in discussing the mineral wealth of the two preceding provinces, for nowhere has coal been discovered in Quebec. There are, however, extensive deposits of iron, but, if we except the Three Rivers district, the absence of coal for smelting purposes, has thus far kept iron-mining in a very backward state. But this difficulty will be overcome in time, and then iron will be more extensively mined. Beauce County has many valuable gold pockets, and the precious ore is being turned into a source of national wealth. In this same belt are situated the largest and most valuable copper mines in Canada. Apatite, of excellent quality, and in almost inexhaustible quantities, distinguishes the County of Ottawa. This same county also contains extensive deposits of graphite.

Along the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence, traces of silver have been remarked, but no attempt has yet been made to turn this knowledge to profitable account. The mica mines of the Province of Quebec are a growing industry and a source of considerable wealth.

Ontario resembles Quebec in the complete absence of coal within her borders. This lack of coal in the most thickly settled part of Canada, besides increasing the financial burdens of the people, is a serious obstacle to the establishment and success of our manufacturing industries. The mineral deposits of Ontario are chiefly within the Laurentian area. Gold is found in large quantities around the Lake of the Woods and in the Rainy River district. This portion of the province is fast becoming favorably known to mining prospectors, many of whom are out locating claims for themselves or for rich companies of investors. Unfortunately the wealth and energy put into the development of our mineral wealth are too often of foreign extraction, and the Canadian people are thereby deprived of much profit. This district is exceedingly rich in gold, and in a few years will be one of the largest gold producing areas in Canada. Iron exists in considerable quantities, but is not mined to any great extent. There is no doubt, however, that in the course of a few years large mines will be working, and Canada will be able to supply her own market and those of other countries with Canadian iron. Along the northern shore of Lake Superior zinc is everywhere in evidence and only awaits the coming of the capitalist to become a source of national wealth. The Sudbury deposits of copper are large, and extensively worked; but this locality is perhaps best and most favorably known for its nickel mines. Last year nearly $2,000,000 worth of this ore was extracted and refined.

We are now arrived at the "Prairie Province." Here indeed nature seems to have forgotten to locate her abundant subterranean storehouses. In the southern portion of the province coal is found in considerable quantity, but it is of inferior quality and of little commercial value. Last year some 10,000 tons were mined. Iron exists, but is not mined, owing, no doubt, to its not being in paying quantities. Outside of these two rather inferior examples, Manitoba can make no claim to the possession of mineral wealth. But she is amply compensated by her fertile wheat-fields and her vast grazing lands.

Leaving Manitoba behind, we journey across the undulating prairies until we come to the western portion of the North-West Territories. Here we find that in the Lethbridge locality are vast "banks" of coal. It is estimated that in this vicinity alone there are 336,000,000 tons of coal. At the present rate of coal consumption in Canada this would supply our demands for nearly 56 years. Nor is this the only coal deposit in the North-West, for at Belly River, Grassy Island, Horse-shoe Bend, Blackfoot crossing, and Stair, there are large coal-bearing seams, and some of them have already been subjected to active exploration. Last year 225,000 tons were produced. The future of the great North-West depends upon these coal fields, owing to the absence of timber for fuel. Gold is found in the sands of the Saskatchewan and other rivers of the North-West. Last year the washings netted some $50,000.

British Columbia has now been reached and we have come upon the richest mineral portion of Canada. In the vicinity of Banff are large deposits of anthracite coal and it has been proven by conclusive experiments that this coal makes cleaner and more economical fuel than the product of the famous Pennsylvania mines. It is used very extensively throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories. There are large seams of bituminous coal, on Vancouver Island. These being the only deposits of first class coal on the western coast of North America, are consequently of great value. Nearly 1,100,000 tons were mined last year. There is more gold produced in this Province than in all the rest of Canada. It is found in the Big Bend, Similkameen, Kootenay and Cariboo districts. The Kootenay and Cariboo mines are the richest both in the quality of the ore and in the quantity produced. They are worked by powerful companies and yield a handsome profit. The other districts are opening up and gradually the great wealth of British Columbia is forcing itself upon the notice of the world. Should the dispute over the

territory along the Alaskan frontier be decided in favor of Canada, it will add greatly to the wealth of this Province, for the disputed portion is rich in gold. The value of the output of gold in British Columbia has reached the very creditable figure of $50,000,000. Platinum is mixed with the gold in some parts and on an average of $2,00c worth is refined every year. Silver has been found and mined near Hope, Yale and other localities. The presence of iron in close proximity to the coal beds has not been left a fruitless discovery and we find the iron industry fairly well anvanced on Texada Island. Both in the interior and on the coast copper has been located, the richest deposits being on Howe Sound. It has been said that "British Columbia contains more mineral wealth than would buy the Canadian Pacific Railway and pay for its first cost as well." Anyone who has crossed the continent on this magnificent line, and has seen the districts through whieh thc C. P. R. passes, can imagine what the road cost and the amount it would now take to buy it. Yet this would but represent the Mineral wealth of the single province of British Columbia.

What exportion should Canadians need to make them examine and rightly appreciate the natural resources of their country or to have them realize the high and honorable position which nature has ordained that Canada shall one day occupy. It is their bounden duty to assist in her complete and harmonious development; to devote their time and talents and wealth to her advancement. There are nearly $200,000,000 lying idle in our nati· al banks. If one half of this immense sum were employed in the development of our mineral wealth, Canadians would soon have an additional reason for giving an emphatically negative answer on behalf of all their countrymen to the words of the poet:

> Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said:
> "This is my own, my native land"?

FRANCIS F. D. SMITH, 3rd Form.

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth and God in heaven—

ELIZA COOK.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC?

THE subject with which we propose to deal cannot but awaken a keen sense of interest in the breast of every reader of the works of Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of any age or country. The question whether or not Shakespeare was a Catholic is one removed from all religious controversy, and yet we ask it not from idle curiosity, for we believe that the inner lives of great men, the guiding motives of their actions are of more interest than their mere biographies. To know the religious belief of one who has shed such a halo of glory over his age and country is a matter of too great moment from both a critical and an historical point of view, to be allowed to pass without remark. Yet the question does not proceed from any spirit of party advantage; it is of no importance to the Church whether Shakespeare was within her fold or not, except in as far as the salvation of his own soul was concerned. His name could not add much to her glory. As Mr. Gladstone says: "Since the first three hundred years of persecution, the Roman Catholic Church has marched at the head of civilization and has driven harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and moral forces of the world. Its art is the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has been able to boast of." Her resources are not limited to claiming Shakespeare; the world owes to her what it is to-day. The Church is not to be dazzled or blinded by the bright light of his unrivalled genius; she esteems as highly the souls of the poor and ignorant as those of the master-minds, Bacon, Pope and even Shakespeare himself. Her divine character does not depend on the intellectual eminence of her members, and her supernatural mission would not be impaired even if among her members there were to be found, as in the time of the Apostles, none but the poor and the humanly illiterate.

In these days of universal interviewing and curious inquiring into all the details of the private lives of great men, we can scarcely conceive it possible that such an important circumstance as the religion of the great dramatist could have been overlooked by his contemporaries. Yet no final judgment nor even suggestive incident by which we could arrive at a correct conclusion has reached us. His works are the chief source from which we must draw satisfactory information on this point, if we except the statement made by the Rev. Richard Davies, Anglican rector for Sapperton, who in a biographical notice of the dramatist, written half a century after his death, states that "he died a papist." Though we have no reason for doubting this statement, coming as it does from one who would most naturally oppose our contention, we lay particular stress upon the writings of the poet himself.

The circumstances of the poet's life must be taken into consideration. The whole of northern Europe was convulsed by the Protestant Reformation, and in England particularly there was every reason for the poet to belong to the party in power, especially if his convictions had led him to sympathize with this movement. It is a well known historical fact that in England the people did not as a whole turn from the Catholic religion till they were forced to do so by the sovereigns. For, to openly confess Catholicity during the reign of Henry VIII was tantamount to pronouncing the king an adulterer. Few

were so bold as to proclaim themselves adherents of a religion the members of which were liable at any moment to lose their heads for their convictions. During the reign of Elizabeth to openly profess the Catholic religion was identical with pronouncing the queen a usurper and a murderess since she being illegitimate had put the true heir to death. It was possible, however, to remain a Catholic during the time of Elizabeth, for the Reformation in England did not cause the bitter hatred against Catholics which was to be found on the continent; that did not come till a later day, when England enjoyed the unenviable reputation of having surpassed all these countries in its adherence to the new faith, yet it would have been most imprudent to flaunt the fact of being a Catholic in the face of the sovereign authority.

We can easily understand that had Shakespeare been a Protestant he would have written not only in accordance with his convictions, but, believing the Catholic religion false, he would have introduced characters into his plays who would have personated the Catholic clergy as low, degraded hypocrites, or at least as a set of imposters. Or he would have made such of his characters as belonged to the new religion to compare at least favorably with the Catholic clergy. The court being thus won over to his favor would have meant everything to him who wrote the plays to be presented in the theatre of which he himself was the proprietor. Hence the conclusion is natural that had he been an adherent of the new doctrines his plays would give evidence of it in no uncertain manner.

Our principal evidence however is from his writings. But it would be worse than folly to arrive at any conclusion from the language which fall from the lips of his *dramatis personae*; whatever they say must be in accordance with their character, except where the author introduces an unknown or unimportant personage whose opinions are not generally known, and into whose mouth he places very significant words. Those may be taken to be generally the poets own sentiments. Once he has created them they must be true to themselves; they are out of his power. The only resource left is to judge from the characters he has chosen. Had he been a Puritan there would be no uncertainty as to his religious views; all his Catholic characters would have been a Richard III, a lady Macbeth, or at best a Falstaff; all his Protestant ones, chosen servants of God, vessels of election.

No one can read his plays without being convinced that the sympathies of the poet were with the Catholic cause. There are but two passages which militate against this conviction; one is the celebrated reply of King John to the Cardinal Legate Pandulph. King John, Act III, scene I. ll. 147-160.

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we shall alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand;
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority."

If Shakespeare had shown throughout his works a spirit of hatred towards the Catholic Church we might be forced to the conclusion that he was not one of her members, and this passage would add its testimony to the rest. But since his plays are characterized by the very opposite tendency these two extracts alone would hardly justify us in believing that he had become an apostate from the faith of his fathers. We must repeat what has gone before that his characters had to express themselves in language that was natural to them. From our knowledge of the character of King John we would not expect him to utter sentiments other than those ascribed to him. The poet has depicted for us an unscrupulous tyrant naturally repudiating the authority that was forcing him to deal more justly towards his subjects. The Pope had interfered in favor of John's subjects, and with effect for these same Catholic subjects wrung from him the Magna Charta, the foundation stone of British liberty. John could not be expected to have much veneration or admiration for the Sovereign

Pontiff after such an occurrence. Thus we cannot conclude that Shakespeare has shown himself opposed to the Catholic Church by this insult to the Pope placed as it is on the lips of the sovereign who is justly looked upon as one of the most cruel that ever sat on the throne of England.

The following prediction which he makes Cranner utter is certainly not one which we would expect to fall from the pen of a Catholic poet.

" Let me speak, Sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery; for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!
Though in her cradle yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed; Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors,
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

* * * * * * * * *

She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged princess. Many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die—
She must, the saints must have her—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

Again as in the comments on the first extract, it must be allowed that if the general bent of these plays were anti-Catholic, the last extract would add its weight to the testimony of the others and the question of Shakespeare's religion would not be a matter of uncertainty. This quotation certainly looks non-catholic and more especially the words " *God shall be truly known.*" This seems to imply that God had not been so well known previous to, as after the Reformation. But let us note on whose lips these words are placed; on those of Cranmer, one of Henry's tools; on those of a timid parasite who could not have been expected to speak otherwise. Cranmer was necessarily one of the characters of the drama but Cranmer had to act and speak in accordance with his history and dramatic requirements. This extract therefore does not give us any evidence as to whether or not the great dramatist was a Catholic; we must go further for trustworthy information as to his religion.

This play of Henry VIII contained in it all that was necessary to show the religious inclination of the dramatist. He wrote no other play in which, had he been a Protestant, he would have had a greater opportunity of showing his antagonism to Rome. After Rome had branded Elizabeth as illegitimate and as a usurper one wonders at the poet's temerity in pronouncing the Holy See the " Nurse of Judgment." It is true that these words are uttered by Wolsey, and hence have no more importance than Cranmer's Eulogy of the Queen; yet embodied in a play in which the whole act hings on the justice of the sentence passed by the Church, it has a great significance. Strange also it seems that the king is represented as a capricious tyrant, unscrupulous in the gratification of his desires and a hypocrite of the deepest dye. Even the hypocrisy of his pretended qualms of conscience is pictured with all the vividness and power of the poet's genius. Had Shakespeare been an adherent of the new religion he would scarcely have depicted the King's lawful wife in the following words which he places on the lips of Anne Boleyn who sympathises with the injured queen.

Here's the pang that pinches:
His Highness having lived so long with her; and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,
She never knew wrong doing;—O how, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire;—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

The Wolsey of Shakespeare gives us a clue to the poet's religious belief. With the faults the great Cardinal possessed, Shakespeare had material to paint him of the darkest hue. Had the poet sympathized with the schism originated by Henry VIII and favored by Elizabeth, this Cardinal would have been loaded with opprobrium; his fall would have been made but the evil end of an evil life. Not so is he revealed to the reader by the poet. His ambition can be traced throughout the play, but it is high and noble; there is nothing low, nothing for which he need blush, and when all his dreams of glory vanish, we find the true character of the man appear. Never in his life is Wolsey so great as in his fall. This is Shakespeare's own picture of the Cardinal. We are inclined to despise the man in his revels, but we must admire him when he addresses Cromwell in answer to the latter's inquiries:

Never so truly happy, my dear Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me;
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor;
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

* * * *

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must be heard of,—say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts which hate thee;
Corruption wins more than honesty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

We cannot but admire him, nay, almost venerate him as he addresses "the reverend abbot with all his convent" who with the charity of religious had "honorably received him":

O, Father Abbot
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Give him a little earth for charity.

It is impossible to conceive how anyone but a Catholic could thus write of Wolsey at that time. There was room for prejudice to depict him in the darkest colors, but the poet does nothing of the kind. On the contrary a very unimportant character is made to pronounce the eulogy of the great Cardinal. As was noted in the introduction to this article, there is every reason to believe that this is Shakespeare's own opinion since the usher whose opinion is unknown to us might have spoken either for or against the Cardinal and still remain true to his character. Griffith, gentleman usher to Queen Katherine, thus describes Wolsey:

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God.

The Queen then speaks in such a way as to lead us to believe that the poet wished to impress the reader with the truth of the portrayal of Wolsey's character by Griffith. She says:

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!

There is another point deserving of notice, and which would lead the thoughtful reader to conclude that Shakespeare was a Catholic. This is the awkward positions in which he places the clergymen of the state orders, and the ludicrous figures

they cut on the stage ; they are almost invariably objects of contempt and ridicule ; whereas, priests of the Roman Catholic Church are generally represented by him as persons of dignified bearing and blameless conduct. True, he represents some of them as bad men, but in this he is only true to nature, for even among the twelve Apostles, one was found who sold himself body and soul to the arch-enemy of man's salvation.

To return to our subject, we remark that it is truly characteristic of Shakespeare to ridicule the clergymen of the then newly established order of things. We might quote many passages to support this statement, but a few will suffice. For example, Sir Hugh Evans in "Merry Wives of Windsor." No writer but the great dramatist could present a more thoroughly ridiculous figure than this one ; none but his pencil could have delineated such a character. We are left in no doubt as to the church to which he belonged ; the name "Parson Hugh" places it beyond question. The enraged French doctor thus addresses him, "By gar, it is a shallenge, * * * I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make * * * By gar, I vill kill de jack-priest." What is known of the use to which the Bible was put by the state clergy at that time, places it beyond suspicion that Sir Hugh was a representative of that class. The French doctor is made to say "By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come : he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come."

Another character worthy of notice in this connection is Sir Oliver Mar-text. The name itself has a peculiar significance. A clown has asked his assistance to marry him quickly to Audrey. The ceremony was to have been performed under a tree, thereupon Jacques inquires :

> And will you, being a man of good breeding, be married under a bush, like a begger? Get you to church and have a *good* priest that can tell you what marriage is ; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch, then in an aside shows his lack of faith in the power exercised by Sir Oliver when he says :

> I am not in the mind but I were better married of him than another ; for he is not likely to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be an excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

And when they refuse to be married by him he consoles himself by saying :

> 'Tis no matter, ne'er a fantastical knave of them shall flout me out of my calling.

Now, these sayings may have been considered necessary by Shakespeare to build up his comedy, but had he been a believer in the newly established form of worship, he would scarcely have placed a representative of its clergy in so humilating and discreditable a position.

On the contrary when priests of the Roman Catholic church, and especially members of religious orders, are brought into his plays, the poet shows clearly that they have his sympathy. In Shakespeare's day as in our own, no greater term of reproach than the word "monk" could be addressed to the Catholic clergy. Now how does Shakespeare deal with them in his plays? They are almost invariably occupied in doing good, and the general idea left of them after reading his dramas is that they are a class who have ever devoted themselves to the service of Christ for the benefit of their fellow-men. In the "Comedy of Errors" for instance we see the Abbess refusing to deliver up Antipholus ; she says :

> He took this place for sanctuary,
> And it shall privilege him from your hands
> Till I have brought him to his wits again
> Or lose my labor in assaying it.

And again :

> Be patient ; for I will not let him stir
> Till I have used the approved means I have,
> With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
> To make him a formal man again ;
> It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
> A charitable duty of my order.

And when the Duke is asked for justice against the Abbess he replies

> "She is a virtuous and reverend lady ;
> It cannot be that she has done thee wrong.

The Duke in "Measure for Measure," though disguised as a friar, maintains his disguise as follows :

> Bound by my charity and my blest order,
> I come to visit the afflicted spirits
> Here in prison.

The priest sent to Mantua by Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet" thus accounts for his detention when on his way:

Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate with me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we were both in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

We might multiply these extracts to show that Shakespeare's sympathies were with the Church, but enough has been presented to establish our claim.

With regard to the words *evening mass*, found in "Romeo and Juilet," about which there has been so much discussion, Shakespeare has rather shown his thorough knowledge of the offices held in the Catholic Church than ignorance of the time at which mass is celebrated. The explanation of the use of these words is quite easily seen in the poet's translation of *Missae Vespertinae*. This was an office recited every evening in the Church and in the regular convents. The words are still in use in many rural districts in England. We still have the service which we call Vespers. Therefore when Shakespeare made Juliet say to Friar Lawrence:

> Are you at leisure, holy father, now
> Or shall I come to you at *evening mass*.

he but showed his intimate familiarity with the regular services held in the Church.

The great poet and dramatist has indeed taught us many grand and noble lessons; his class-room has been the world and his students, all nations. And if he should not have belonged to the visible body of the Church he has shown that he was to the greatest degree familiar with her doctrines, and, most assuredly, not unfriendly to her teachings.

L. E. O. Payment, '99.

DEATH.

Why start at death! Where is he? Death arrived,
Is past, not come or gone, he's never here,
The kneel, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm—
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

—YOUNG.

MICHAUD'S HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

IN the beginning of the present century there appeared a work over the signature of a noted Parisian journalist. It produced such a profound sensation and was so generally admired that for years it held a place as one of the literary monuments of the age. Joseph François Michaud had published the "History of the Crusades. This learned author was born at Athens, Savoy, in 1767, and was a descendent of a French family. His father had been forced to leave France for political reasons, but after a few years exile returned and took up his residence at Besse. Joseph François was placed in the ecclesiastical college at Bourg. At nine teen years of age he became clerk in a library at Lyons and a year later made his *debut* in the world of letters by his "Trip to Mount Blanc." This was soon followed by an oriental tale, entitled "Political Origin of Gold and Silver Mines." Here, as in so many other cases, a favor from a member of the French nobility interposed to aid the young author in his career of advancement. A Parisian countess met him at Lyons aud being much impressed by his cleverness induced him to come to the capital, assuring him of her patronage. It was the opening of the door to success.

Michaud was at first a partizan of Voltaire and Rousseau. Shortly after his arrival at Paris, he entered the field of journalism conjointly with a noted Parisian editor, and was successively at the head of the *Gazette Officielle*, the *Postillion de la Guerre* and the *Quotidienne*. On the 13th Vendimiare he supported the Royalists against the Convention, and for his reward was condemned to death by order of the latter. He however escaped the vigilance of his guards and quitted the capital. During his forced seclusion he wrote "Printemps d'un Proscrit," and later "Modern Biography." But Michaud's fame was to rest on his work as an historian. It was mere chance that determined him to take up this species of writing. In 1807 a certain Madame Cottin had written a novel "Mathilde," the scene of which was laid in the time of the Crusades. The introduction to this work was composed by Michaud, under the heading "Historical Sketch of The Three First Crusades." This first taste of the study of history gave Michaud the idea of writing a complete account of all the Crusades, but it was only after twenty years of careful preparation that his history made its appearance.

During his career as a journalist Michaud had supported the new dynasty, though he was always suspected of being in secret communication with Louis XVIII. So when the Bourbons came back to the French throne, no one was surprised to learn that the new monarch had secured the allegiance of Michaud the writer. Previous to this, however, he had gained admission into the Legion of Honor, had been received a member of the French Academy to fill the vacant place of Cailhava, and had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies from the department of Ain. He gained no eminence in politics, though to the end of his life he remained editor of the *Quotidienne*, whose exaggeration in political matters became proverbial. Besides the works already mentioned, Michaud is the author of a "Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire de Mysore, sous Haber Aly et Tippoo Saib," "Correspondance d'Orient," "Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme," a poem;

"l'Apothéose de Franklin," "l'Immortalité de l'Ame," "Marriage d'Enée et de Lavinie," "Treizième Chant de l'Eneid," Histoire des Quinzes Semaines ou le Dernier Regne de Buonaparte," and finally his "History of the Crusades."

The very title of this work was an earnest of its usefulness. Thus far no lengthly relation had ever been written of the gigantic expeditions of our ancestors to wrest from the Saracens the possession of Palestine with its many cities hallowed by the memories of our Lord's life. What Michaud undertook to give to the world was a true, exact account of the Crusades based on authentic documents. Before his day France had produced—with the exception of Bossuet and Voltaire—no historian of the first rank. The manner of writing history was detestable; it was not truth but fiction. Facts were taken and dressed up in a certain pomp of language without any regard to historical accuracy. Every king was a Louis XIV; every soldier a Turenne. Michaud possessed the fundamental qualities of the historian, veracity and impartiality. Indeed he spent twenty years searching out and studying authentic documents, and his impartiality was remarkable, especially to a man so given to the contrary defect in politics.

Michaud fully succeeded in the end he had in view. These Christian expeditions had been derided and condemned particularly by the irreligious school of the eighteenth century, while the ignorance of history was wide-spread and profound. But Michaud let light in on one period by truthfully portraying the valor and glory of the Crusaders. Of course he is an admirer of them, as who would not be, at the sight of their oft-repeated and heroic endeavors? But the author does not philosophize, does not even try by dissertations to convince us of the grandeur of these expeditions. He is satisfied with what is, after all, far more persuasive and irrefutable, the mere record of the facts. These were sufficiently eloquent to plead their own cause. Michaud thus combatted perhaps more successfully than any other single man, all the prejudices and falsehoods that had for so long clustered around the much-maligned Middle Ages, and he removed completely and forever many an unmerited stain that had long rested on the memory of brave men.

Yet he did not find all to praise in the Crusades. Excesses of all kinds had been committed; disorders and petty rivalries entailed inevitable failure; desolation and misery too often followed; whole generations buried themselves in the sands of Palestine and failed to attain their object. But the fact that the Holy Land remained in the hands of the Saracens by no means justifies us in denying that the Crusades rendered important services to the civilized world and to the Catholic faith. It is consoling to return to those ages in which so much enthusiasm was displayed for the maintenance of our religion.

If Michaud admired the Crusades, it by no means follows that he always justifies them. We have his own words to disprove any such contention:

> Without believing that the Holy Wars did all the good and all the evil that was attributed to them, we must agree in saying that they were a source of tears for the generations that saw them and took part in them, but like the evils and storms of human life which render man better and often serve the progress of his reason, we may say that after having shaken society, they made it firmer in its foundations.

While praising the patriotism and valor of the Crusaders, their religious enthusiasm and entire submission to the authority of the Pope, Michaud is not blind to the abuses that existed nor is he sparing in his condemnation of them. He is equally impartial in dealing with the deeds of his own ancestors. A spirit of national pride might easily have here glided into the author's remarks, but nowhere is it visible.

Yet with all his undoubted qualifications Michaud can scarcely be called a great historian; he has been entirely eclipsed in his own nation by the historical school that has recently risen to such enviable prominence. Michaud is simple, uniform and always correct, but there is nothing in him to excite enthusiasm; no vivid pictures, no bold figures, no elaborated style. One might read him for knowledge but never for pleasure. Not that his history is uninteresting; on the contrary there is throughout a certain grace of expression, but there is nothing to keep him from becoming monotonous after the perusal of a few hundred pages. As a text-book, Michaud's "History of

the Crusades" though somewhat lengthy, could with difficulty be excelled. Its clearness, its thorough grasp of the whole situation, and its common-place elegance, make it a desirable students' manual, but for him who seeks to vividly impress his imagination, or to subdue his mind by literary or artistic charms, the time is lost that is spent on Michaud's pages

Indeed the enthusiasm that was aroused by the publication of the "History of the Crusades" has long since subsided. Let me quote the opinion of a few French critics. "Under the ingenious pen of Michaud," writes Mr. Nettement, "the epic of the Crusades becomes interesting, but without enthusiasm; he draws upon Musselman as well as Christian sources; he has carefully studied every side of the question and has manfully confronted every difficulty; his style is easy, elegant and natural." Mr. Sainte-Beuve says of him: "That history of Michaud's is good and sound, though there is nothing very superior in its execution. The author proceeds with good sense and in good faith; he has no absolute views: he loves truth and seeks it. 'Let us leave dissertations,' he says, 'to the erudite and conjectures to philosophers.'"

These views are fairly accurate. Michaud is exact, logical and grave; but he does not seize his reader and hurry him along by any comprehensiveness of view or imperiousness of genius. He admires the Crusades and the religious inspiration which directed them, but he does not fail to draw attention to the shady portions of the picture; notwithstanding his disclaimer, he is still the philosopher in his mode of examination and exposition. Between the extremes of opinion regarding the results of the Crusades, he steers a middle course, accepting "whatever is moderate and reasonable" in every system. But a middle course most often ends in mediocrity, and Michaud forms no exception to the general rule. He is elegant, but never eloquent; if he have none of the false brilliancy of the academic school, neither has he anything of the boldness and acuteness of the modern school. Yet we must allow that to him belongs the honor of having first among us perceived the use of original documents, appreciated their value and importance, and given a practical example of the thorough scrutiny that both sides of an historical question should undergo.

Herein lies Michaud's chief merit. He ever sought truth, and rarely missed it. In the eighteenth century men thought it enough for historians to give the facts *à peu près*. Take, for instance, Vertot's "History of the Knights' of Malta." The book had already been begun when its author wrote to a Knight for the details of the famous siege of Rhodes. The documents took a long time to arrive and when they at last came to hand, the "History" was already completed. Vertot did not even take the trouble of examining the manuscripts, but returned them with the laconic comment: "I am very sorry, but my siege is finished."

And so also say I in conclusion. This criticism is meagre, disjointed and superficial. But it must remain as it is. With Vertot I write: "I am sorry, but my siege is finished."

LÉON GARNEAU, '98.

RELIGIOUS AND OTHER LIBERTY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE political kaleidoscope has undergone some remarkable changes during the past year, and the end is not yet. We have had in rapid succession the war between China and Japan, the Nicaraguan incident, the Venezuelan dispute involving the friendly relations previously existing between the United States and Great Britain, and then a new phase of the everlasting Egyptian question in the proposed re-conquering of the Soudan. All these political disturbances were—and still are—fraught with consequences of the gravest import to the civilized world, for every one of them threatened to produce international complications that would plunge Europe, and perhaps America, into that awful struggle, so long expected, so much dreaded, and so seemingly inevitable. All these difficulties were as a little spark by which a ruin-wreaking conflagration might easily have been enkindled.

But of all recent international disputes, that arising from the ill-advised and ill-fated invasion of the Transvaal by Dr. Jameson and his troopers is in every way the most momentous. It threatened the independence of a sovereign state and disturbed the peace of a sturdy and self-reliant people; it gave occasion to the German Emperor to make the most inexplicable mistake of his rather quixotic career; most serious result of all, it aroused the warlike spirit of the British nation—and the British are very formidable foes when they take the field in good earnest.

There has been a vast deal of honest sympathy thrown away on the Boers. Of course no fair-minded man can approve Jameson's raid or the shameless conspiracy that led up to it. But it is almost time that the stiff-necked, exclusive and prejudiced Dutchmen who rule the Transvaal were brought to a sense of their duty. In no other part of the world where constitutional government prevails is a large, influential and law-abiding portion of the population so shamefully deprived of their civil and religious rights and liberties as in the dominion of President Kreuger, and it is scarcely possible that so discreditable a state of affairs can be long allowed to continue.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have been doing missionary labor on an extensive scale and in large numbers for almost fifty years in South Africa. Their jurisdiction includes all the Catholics of Natal, Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, Basutoland and the Transvaal, and the spiritual wants of the faithful in these countries are attended to by two Bishops, two Prefects Apostolic and about one hundred missionaries. Very Rev. Father Schoch, O.M.I., is Prefect Apostolic of the Transvaal. His long experience, practical wisdom and marked prudence have made him a power in his adopted country. From an extremely interesting letter which he recently wrote to the *Missionary Record* of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, we quote the following paragraphs:—

The Transvaal is becoming an important part of the world. Within less than two months we had a political crisis, gave occasion to Jameson's ride, stirred up a deal of hot feelings in Europe, and had a dynamite explosion whereby about 70 persons were killed, some 200 wounded and about 1,500 rendered homeless.

The political question and Jameson's ride need not be treated here. Two things are certain: first, we have mischief-makers in this country; if the Transvaaler, the Uitlander, and the English government alone were at work, a satisfactory settlement would easily be reached; and secondly, unless a *modus vivendi* satisfactory to both Boer and Uitlander be found, there will never be lasting peace in this country. The Uitlander has real grievances and does not want to rob the Boer of his rights.

About the position of the Catholic Church here, many things more or less accurate have been written. The facts are these:

(1.) By the Grondwet and the London Convention freedom is granted to every form of religion; we can build churches, schools, orphanages, etc.,

just as in England as far as the government is concerned. Up to this we have not suffered from any interference.

Some forty years ago the case was different, as then any priest was forbidden to say Mass and to perform the various acts of the sacred ministry; hence Father Honderwanger and Father Le Bihan were ordered out of the country in those years.

(2.) The Grondwet states that none but Protestants can be members of the Volksraad and be employed in the government services. Catholics and Jews can never be elected members of parliament, nor hold any government situation. The government clerks, post and telegraph employees, officers of the police or the artillery, etc. must all be Protestants. Some years ago the government was not very exacting on this point, but the last three or four years the law is adhered to strictly for all applicants. The old hands are kept in; but no Catholics need apply now. There is no Catholic in either of the Volksraads.

(3.) No State subsidy can be granted to a school wherein a Catholic is teacher. This keeps us out of every chance of State support for the present, and prevents Catholic teachers obtaining employment in other schools.

Some ten years ago this law remained a dead letter and we received the government grant, but since the present Superintendent of Education took office, the law is carried out most exactly.

Such is our legal standing in the country.

It is difficult to reconcile the last two items with the conventions and treaties passed between the Transvaal and the home powers, England, France, Germany, Portugal. All their citizens have the right of a privileged nation: *i. e.* the same as the Boers, for commercial and industrial pursuits, to earn their living, etc. Now Protestants from those countries can have advantages, and do have them, which Catholics are debarred from. No such distinction is ever hinted at in these treaties; still, the State maintains this is a part of the local laws and does not concern the outside world, and so we ought to put up with it; this is poor comfort.

In our every day relations with the government we find the officials obliging and considerate, just the same as with everybody else.

Some burghers from the Lydenburg district petitioned the Volksraad some three years ago that notice be given to the Catholics to quit the country and to sell their properties. The Chairman stated he was sorry he could not do it, but the law did not allow it. I scarcely think that a similar proposal would be signed by all the Boers, though there is no love lost on their side toward us.

The Superintendent of Education thought fit some three years ago to attack us in a general circular sent to all ministers of religion. I had to contradict in a letter to the papers some of his statements, and all ended there as far as the public was concerned.

The petitions sent to the Volksraad praying that our disabilities be removed have never had any result; on one or two occasions they embittered the Boers the more against us.

The whole thing is a remnant of the old Dutch penal laws which the first Boer settlers brought to the Cape three centuries ago, and which they upheld wheresoever they had the power; in the Cape first until the English occupation, then in the Free State Republic where these laws were repealed in 1884. When will they be repealed in the Transvaal? No one knows.

In the Cape and Natal the Catholics have their full freedom this last half century, and have never given any government cause of complaint. In the Free State we are on the same footing as anyone else for the last eleven years, and it has made no difference to anybody.

What the Pretoria Government dreads I cannot say. It is a matter of feeling on the part of the Boer, and feelings do not die quickly.

There is no doubt that the law debarring Catholics from any employment in the Government service is a serious loss to our people, and our schools are severely handicapped by the refusal of any State aid, which is open to all the Protestant schools. We have lived and hope to live all the same, but we feel the burden.

As for the Church's work, these are the particulars.

In Johannesburg we have two churches, one in town and one in the suburb of Fordsburg. Two schools for girls in town, a mixed one at Fordsburg, and the Marist Brothers' school for boys, give all our children a chance of a good Christian education. The girls' schools are under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Family (Immaculate Conception Branch) and number about 250 children. The Fordsburg school under the management of the same sisters has about 100. The Marist Brothers have over 500 boys. The latter, as well as the convent, prepare the children for the Cape University examinations, and have been very successful up to the present.

The Sisters of Nazareth have an orphanage with some 70 children. That number may soon be doubled when the new house is finished; they also take in the homeless old people; their work is greatly appreciated here; it is the first one of the kind in the Transvaal.

A community of 30 Sisters of the Holy Family (the Sisters of Hope Branch) is in charge of the town hospital; lately a staff of 30 lay nurses was added; it remains to be seen how the arrangement will work. The hospital is kept on a grand scale and would be a credit to any large town in Europe.

There are also missions in Pretoria, Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Barberton; each of them has priest, church, convent and schools. Klerksdorp mission will be opened shortly, and the native mission of Vleishfontein completes the list. The permanent convents of Lydenburg and Barberton have to be built yet; the Sisters live in rented houses. Pretoria has two priests, also a boys' school under the management of a Catholic lady from Liverpool. The other above named missions have each one priest.

One priest travels along the mines and also in the northern districts where there is no church yet. I daresay Pietersburg will want a church and school soon; then we shall have missions in all the important parts of the country, and the work of the travelling priest will be greatly lightened.

May God grant us a good lasting peace and his blessing upon our work.

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A WORD IN SEASON.

Some weeks ago we sent to those of our subscribers who were in arrears a gentle reminder to pay up the amount of their indebtedness. While on the whole the result of our efforts was satisfactory, there are still several subscribers who have neglected to reply. We request those persons to favor us with their remittance at the earliest possible moment. The end of the year is approaching; the OWL's bills must be paid; and it only by getting every dollar that is due us that we can hope to make both ends meet.

MEDICAL MATRICULATION.

Yielding to the imperious necessity of raising the standard of education in the profession and in the province, the Ontario Medical Council, at its annual meeting last May, adopted a very important amendment to the requirement for registration as a medical student in Ontario. Hitherto the examination has been a very flimsy affair; medical matriculation had become a by-word and a reproach. Apart from the injury done to the prestige of the profession by this low standard, there was a much more practical and serious inconvenience arising from the ease with which students became medical matriculants in Ontario. The medical profession was becoming so overcrowded that the practice of the province could not afford a decent livelihood for our doctors. There was selfishness, therefore, mingled with a high-minded zeal for the interests of education, in the decision arrived at by the Medical Council. The following clause indicates the preparation that shall be exacted, henceforth from intending medical students:

> Everyone desirous of being registered as a matriculated medical student in the register of this college, except as is hereinafter provided, must, on and after November 1st, 1897, present to the registrar of the college the official certificate of having passed the departmental pass arts matriculation examination with not less than second-class honours in each of the following subjects:—English, physics, chemistry, botany and zoology, or, in lieu thereof, an official certificate of having passed the departmental pass arts examination, and in addition thereto a certificate of having passed not sooner than in the ensuing year the arts examination held at the end of the first year of the university course by a recognized university.

We sincerely hope that this change is but temporary, is only a foretaste of future exactments by which the degree of Bachelor of Arts shall be required of every student who aspires to enter the medical or legal profession.

THE EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations are upon us. Object as we may, suggest other tests of scholarship, declaim against the element of chance that forms so large a part in the trial, we shall still not succeed in having the examinations abolished. They have come to stay. Tradition and experience stamp them with the seal of wisdom; modern progress has so far devised no satisfactory substitute. And so we must face the ordeal. What does success or failure represent?

Well, success may mean that we were lucky, found the papers to our liking, and did not suffer from nervousness; failure may prove that we were confronted with any or all of these evils. But in nine cases out of ten success or failure has no such meaning whatever. They represent, when stripped of all ambiguous phraseology, either shamming, idleness and deception on the one hand; or perseverance, work and honesty on the other. They are a test not only of the intellectual development of the student, but of his moral worth and personal character, and as such they form a very certain index of the future.

But the results of examinations tell us something more. They indicate with almost infallible accuracy the appreciation in which students hold the sacrifices made by parents in order that their children may enjoy the opportunity of acquiring a liberal education. In many instances, particularly among our Catholic people, the keeping of a son at college entails deprivations upon the less favoured members of the family, the extent of which few imagine and to which least value is attached by those most benefitted. The results of examinations indicate whether we have to deal with heartless ingrates, or with noble young men who feel as did Daniel Webster when his father first proposed sending him to college. "The very idea," says the great orator and statesman, "thrilled my whole frame. I remember that I was quite overcome. The thing appeared to me so high, the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hand and shed tears. Excellent, excellent parent! I cannot think of him, even now, without turning child again."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Very Rev. Father Laurent, of Lindsay and Vicar-General of the diocese of Peterborough, on being raised to the dignity of a domestic prelate by the Pope.

In spite of the fact that education without moral training, was never before so common, crime continues to increase in the United States. The Chicago *Tribune* supplies these statistics:

	Murders	Suicides	Lynchings.
1895.....	10 500	5,759	171
1894.....	9,800	4,912	190
1893..	6,615	4,436	200
1892....	6,794	3,860	235
1891.....	5,906	3,331	192
1890	4,290	2,040	127

If a system of unsectarian schools be the palladium of our liberties, it certainly is not the plan to train up a child in the way he should go.

Early in April a Catholic congress was held at Lima, the metropolis of the Republic of Peru, South America. The object of this gathering was to rally all the Catholic forces for the defense of the rights and liberties of the Church whenever these are menaced by the secret societies that exercise in South America, as in every other country, so large an influence in state affairs.

Rev. Sebastian Bowden will shortly issue a work dealing with the religious belief of Shakespeare. The reverend author believes from the researches he has made

that the great English bard was a Catholic. His work will incidentally refer to the authenticity of several disputed passages in Shakespeare's plays, particularly in the last act of "Henry VIII." The probability of the Fletcher theory will also be considered. In connection with this item we might also draw attention to an article in the current number of "Donahoe's Magazine" from the pen of Rev. John Conway M. A. entitled "Shakespeare's Authorship and Religion." The article recounts an interview between the reverend author and Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of the cipher fame, in which the former contends that Shakespeare is the true author of the plays and that he was a Catholic, and the latter argues in favor of Bacon.

Here is a paragragh to furnish food for deep thought. The *Watchman* quotes it as the saying of a New York minister. "On Palm Sunday, a rainy day, I looked out of my window and saw the people pouring into the Catholic Church two blocks away. The church was crowded and that was one service in three, all of which were as well attended. Most of the people who attended one service did not attend the others. 'Well,' I said, 'surely if they can get fifteen hundred people three times a day, I ought to have a thousand once. There were eleven hundred members in good standing on my church rolls. How many attended my church that morning? I counted them; just 139. There was the same God, the same storm, the same outward environment. The difference must have been in the early training."

It is indeed due to early training; from early childhood we are taught that the attendance at mass on Sundays and feasts of obligation must not be neglected under pain of mortal sin, and though some good causes may excuse attendance, *inclemency of weather* is not an excuse. But no such obligation impels our separated brethren to go to Sunday meeting. Furthermore the Catholic goes to assist again at the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ and surely he would not deprive himself of the means of receiving so many spiritual graces, because of a little shower of rain.

Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, being asked by a reporter if the Sisters of Charity, who had gone to a leper colony in Louisiana were not heroines, replied:—"From your standpoint, yes: but not from the standpoint of the Sister of Charity. The great act of heroism for her is when she makes her vows. What follows afterwards is merely the natural consequences of those vows of obedience and self-sacrifice. These Sisters who are going to the leper settlement would disclaim the title of heroine; they are working for the love of God. They see no heroism in the self-sacrifice and devotion which they have made the rule of their lives."

The *Sacret Heart Review* says: "One result of purely secular education in France, as shown by some recently published official figures, is an alarming increase of juvenile criminals." Commenting on this the *Catholic American* says:—"Portland can furnish ample evidence of the truth of this statement. With a large reform school close at its gates filled with nearly 200 boys of various ages, it is not a difficult task to discern the cause of juvenile criminality. A copy of the annual report of the reform school was recently placed in our hands, and it occurred to us that an appropriate title for the work in question would be 'Results of Secular Education in the State of Maine.'"

OBITUARY.

REV. DANIEL BURNS, O.M.I.

After more than two years of inaction and suffering, the Reverend Daniel Burns passed away from this world last month at El Paso, Texas. Those who were students here from 1882 to 1886 will remember the genial, whole-souled scholastic brother and priest, of whose death they will now learn with surprise and regret. And our present students little suspect that they owe to him one of the most pleasant events of the college year. Father Burns was the originator of the St. Patrick's Day Banquet. In 1885 he organized a committee and proposed that the feast of Ireland's national apostle be celebrated by a banquet. The proposal was heartily seconded and the result

proved a grand success. Each succeeding year has seen some improvement in the celebration, and it is now one of our most cherished student-institutions.

After his ordination here in 1886, Rev. Father Burns was assigned to the House of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass. He became one of the most widely-known and energetic missionaries in New England. In this labor he overtaxed a naturally strong constitution, and about three years ago he became unable to continue active work. Change of air and scene failed to restore his shattered health and he finally gave up his soul, in far-off Texas. Every acquaintance of Father Dan Burns will bend with sorrow over his early grave and whisper a sincere and heart-felt *requiescat in pace.*

MR. JUSTICE FOURNIER.

Full of years and honors, with a proud record and an untainted name, another of Canada's noblest sons. Mr. Justice Fournier, has gone over to the silent majority. Judge Fournier belonged to the old school of our public men amongst whom uprightness and integrity were an absolute necessity to the occupying of positions of trust and responsibility.

From his early youth the character and ability of Judge Fournier marked him out for a distinguished career, and it was with no surprise that the country saw him made a member of the Mackenzie government in 1874. As Minister of Justice in that administration the duty devolved upon him of introducing the Act establishing the Supreme Court of Canada. It was but fitting that he should be named to the high dignity of a seat on the Supreme Court Bench. In his judicial capacity Judge Fournier always displayed great care, sound learning and unquestioned impartiality, and his death has removed a striking personality from the Canadian judiciary. Ottawa University also loses a true friend, a member of its Faculty of laws, and one of its most eminent Doctors of Laws. *R. I. P.*

MR. LOUIS BELANGER.

Death is without acception of persons; young and old, high and low are made to feel the grim monster's universal sway. Four years ago Louis Bélanger was among us full of life and hope and with every indication of having a long and useful career before him. On the completion of his commercial course Mr. Bélanger left for the home of his parents in Montana. A few days ago came the news, sudden and unexpected, of his early death. No details of his illness were given; the letter was simply the cry of heart-broken parents requesting the prayers of those who were their son's companions at college. On Thursday the 12th inst. a solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of the soul of Louis Bélanger. Rev. Father Lajeunesse officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Carrier, deacon, and Rev. Bro. Tighe, sub-deacon. The chapel was appropriately draped in mourning and all the students were present at the service. THE OWL but interprets their desires when it offers to the bereaved parents the sincerest sympathy in their heavy affliction. *R. I. P.*

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Sunday April 26th being the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, patron of the college, was observed as a holiday. An ideal day in Spring, Nature seemed to vie with man in doing honor to the foster-father of the Redeemer. At half-past eight o'clock solemn High Mass was celebrated in the University chapel by Rev. Father Gervais assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert displayed its usual ability in the rendition of the musical portion of the service. Rev. Father Coutlée occupied the pulpit, and his eulogy of the great St. Joseph was one of the best efforts that it ever fell to the lot of those present to listen to.

At a quarter past ten the students assembled on Wilbrod Street while his Grace Archbishop Duhamel was being escorted in procession to St. Joseph's Church. The procession was composed of the ecclesiastics of the Seminary, the members of the Faculty, the St. Aloysius' Society of St. Joseph's Church, the celebrant of the mass with deacon and sub-deacon vested in their sacerdotal robes, and the Archbishop assisted by Rev. Father McGuckin rector of the University

and Rev. Father Froc. The band of the University under Rev. Father Lajeunesse rendered appropriate music.

The same night the University choir sang during the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Father Constantineau, pastor of the church, had announced from the pulpit in the morning that the usual choir of the church would be replaced by that of the University for the evening service. A crowded church listened to the students' singing, which was considered very edifying by the vast congregation. Rev. Father Lambert must have felt in a measure repaid for his efforts in connection with the choir by the success achieved in St. Joseph's. The choruses were especially rich and strong. The "Ecce Panis" of Jung was rendered by Mr. L. Taillfer. Feltz's "Ave Maria" by Mr. R. Dumontier and Goeb's "Tantum Evgo" by the choir.

Monday April 27th, was the patronal feast of the rector of the University, Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I. This time-honored festival was observed this year with even more than the usual display. What made it a day to be remembered was the musical entertainment given in Dramatic Hall of the University that night. Shortly after eight o'clock His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Very Rev. Rector, the members of the Faculty with a large number of clergy, religious and secular, entered the hall which was well filled with a large and select audience who had responded to the invitations sent out in the name of the Faculty. Before the curtain rose a neat little programme got up by Rev. Father Gervais was placed in the hands of those present. It fully realized all that it promised. The overture of Part I was "La Legion D'Honneur" by the Cecilian Society. A chorus by the Glee Club, "The Wandering Singers' Patrol" of Clark followed. Mr. Alph. Valiquette then rendered a baritone solo, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." "The Energy of Evil in 'King Lear,'" an essay by Mr. T. Holland, needs no words of praise here. It appears elsewhere in our present issue and speaks for itself. The Glee Club's reappearance on the stage was the signal for applause. This time its chorus was "Les Vendangeurs." "The Students' Waltz" by the Cecilian Society and Glee Club brought the first part of the programme to a close. It proved a happy termination and was the most pleasing of the items on the programme. Composed by Rev. Father Gervais himself "The Students' Waltz" speaks highly for the musical ability of the composer. We have heard The Waltz before and express the wish that it may be often heard in our hall in the future.

Part II opened on "Le Caissier," a comic scene in which Messrs. L. E. Payment and R. Bélanger called forth many a hearty peal of laughter from more than one member of the audience. The applause that greeted Mr. Chas. Dontigny in a cornet solo "La Tourangele," was imperative and only ceased with his reappearance on the stage. "La Charite" was a "grande melodie" by the Cecilian Society and Glee Club. Mr. D'Arcy McGee sustained his reputation as a declaimer by the recitation of "The Polish Boy" and was obliged to respond to an encore. The popular chorus "Good Night" was next on the programme. This was followed by the closing selection, a fantaisie "Un Jour De Bataille" by the Cecilian Society. To the strains of the National Anthem the audience rose *en masse* and there was brought to a close one of the most successful entertainments ever given by the University—one that those who were present will long remember and that will leave in the minds of the students pleasant recollections of the academic year '95-'96.

In renewing his subscription to the OWL, the Reverend Father McArdle, O.M.I., who is now stationed at Philipstown, King's County, Ireland, sends the following greeting: "I am glad to see the OWL maintaining its high literary character as well as its foremost position among college periodicals. Some of my old students are still with you. Tell them that their quondam Prefect of Discipline still thinks kindly of them and presents to them his very best respects and good wishes." We can assure Reverend Father McArdle that his kindly greeting is cordially reciprocated.

The students of Rev. Professor McMeekin's class of elocution will learn with pleasure that their respected and able

teacher has just received a marked honor from the Univeristy of Omaha. At its recent convocation this institution conferred upon Professor McMeekin the degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his scholarship and professional success. Rev. Dr. McMeekin worked for years in Omaha and is very favorably known there. The OWL tenders him its hearty congratulations.

Mr. A. R. Dufresne, an old alumnus of Ottawa University, has received the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science from McGill. He was a Valedictorian and President of his class, and made a brilliant course in the science halls of the great Montreal University. Mr. Dufresne is now filling an important governmental post on the Dominion surveys in Quebec.

Tuesday May 7th, 1896, at the close of the most successful season for years, the Dramatic Associations met in the Academic Hall, for the annual election of offiers. The meeting was called to order by the director, Rev. Father Gervais, and after a few preliminary remarks the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

President—M. J. McKenna.
Vice-President—M. J. O'Reilly.
Secretary—T. Ryan,
Committee { T. F. Clancy. E. P. Gleeson. J. M. Foley.

FRENCH SOCIETY.

President—R. Bélanger.
Vice-President—L. E O. Payment.
Secretary—A Taillefer.
Committee { A. Bélanger. R. Angers. J. B. Patry.
Stage Managers { H. Denis. J. B. Patry.

On Sunday, the 17th inst., His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O M. I., held an ordination service in the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart. All those who had the happiness to advance in their sacred vocation were members of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The following were the orders conferred:

Priesthood—Rev. L. Beauprè.

Deaconship—Rev. P. Plamondon and J. Hermitte.

Subdeaconship—Rev. B. Fletcher.

Minor Orders—W. Kullavy, V. Philipot, A. Kullavy, C. Botrelle and B. McKenna.

Tonsure—E. C. Cornell.

ATHLETICS.

At the beginning of this season things looked rather unfavorable for the continuation of the game of Lawn Tennis, which was introduced amongst us last spring. Lost balls, tangled nets, broken rackets etc gave indication that this pastime was about to breathe it last. However owing to the efforts of a few enthusiasts, it has again revived beyond all expectation At present membership in the Tennis club is larger than ever, so much so, that from day-break to sun-set there is hardly an hour during which the tennis ball is not bounding along the lawn. It is the intention of the club to hold a tournament about the date of the field-day. Judging by the dexterity of some of the players, the competition will be exciting.

* * *

We are pleased to see that the Executive Committee have accepted our suggestion and placed the relay race upon the field-day programme. The event will certainly afford much interest and excitement. We would further suggest the necessity of the representative teams being chosen as soon as soon as possible, since the distance of the race will require them to be in pretty fair condition.

* * *

If from our opening game anything can be judged as to the future, the fact is evident that we have a winning base-ball team in our midst. On Saturday 2nd inst it started its season's work in a game with the much talked-of Hull team. Notwithstanding the fact that the latter team introduced what they thought to be a crack professional pitcher from Indiana, our boys showed that inhospitality which they usually display, by defeating the strangers by a score of 18 to 1. Well done boys! You have started in at the

pace that exactly suits "Old Varsity." Keep it up.

The College Club consisted of the following players: Morin c, Doyle p, O'Reilly 1 b, Clancy 2 b, Garland 3 b, McKenna s. s, Cleary r. f, Linton l. f, Joyce c. f.

***

At a meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union held on Saturday the 2nd May of the schedule for the Fall championship games was drawn up. It is as follows.

Oct.	3. Ottawa vs. Montreal	at	Montreal
Oct.	3. Brits. vs. Ottawa College	at	Montreal
Oct.	10. Brits. vs. McGill	at	McGill
Oct.	10. Ottawa vs. Ottawa College	at	College
Oct.	17. Montreal vs Ottawa College	at	Montreal
Oct.	24. McGill vs. Ottawa College	at	College
Oct.	24. Montreal vs. Brits.	at	Brits.
Oct.	31. Brits. vs. Ottawa	at	Ottawa.
Nov.	7. McGill vs. Ottawa	at	McGill

A glance at the Intermediate Lacrosse schedule shows the usual clash with the foot ball schedule. Whilst College and the Brits. will be playing on the Montreal grounds, the Quebec and Nationals will be struggling for supremacy on the grounds of the latter. This condition of affairs is really deplorable.

***

Our spring practises have again come to an end, and have convinced us that amongst the students there is the material which steady work and good coaching ought to develop into a champion team. After a stubbornly contested competition Cap't. Prudhomme's team, owing chiefly to the efforts of himself, Tobin, McGee, and the old war horse Tom Clancy, won first place, having three victories to its credit, and no defeats. The successful club will be given a suitable trophy which is presented by the Athletic Association. Prudhomme's team: McNulty, McGee, Cleary, Conlon, Prudhomme, Aussant, Clancy, Dontigny, Tobin, Murphy, Vincent, Lapointe, Whelan, Girard and Fitzpatrick.

***

Our lacrosse men are now in fair playing trim and are anxiously waiting to see who will have the misfortune to meet them in their first game. Effort was made to secure admission to the Junior City League, but the outside teams knowing what a formidable opponent the College club would make, shrewdly increased their own chances of success by rejecting our application. However the Committee now think it desirable to aim at higher game, and are at work trying to arrange a match with an intermediate—team the Metropolitans. If success attends their efforts, a mighty struggle may be expected.

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The following schedule has been drawn up by the Ottawa Valley Baseball League.

May	9. College vs. Nationals	at	College
"	16. College vs. Electrics	"	College
"	17. College vs. Nationals	"	College
"	23. College vs. Nationals	"	College
"	25. College vs. Electrics	"	College
"	27. Electrics vs. College	"	Electrics
"	31. Electrics vs. Nationals	"	Electrics
June	6. College vs. Nationals	"	College
"	17. College vs. Electrics	"	College
July	12. Electrics vs. Nationals	"	Electrics
Aug.	16. Electrics vs. Nationals	"	Electrics
"	30. Electrics vs. Nationals	"	Electrics

On Saturday last the first game in the above series was played between the College and Nationals. Much interest was centered in this game and a considerable number of spectators were on the field when it began. The teams were:

College—Morin c, Doyle p, O'Reilly 1st b. Clancy 2nd b, McKenna s s, Garland 3rd b, Dulin l. f., Gleeson c. f., Cleary r. f.

Nationals—Taylor c, Fauteux p, Allen 1st b, Hughes 2nd b, Lafleur 3rd b, Laframboise s. s. St. Amand l. f, Dixon c. f, Belanger r. f.

Each club made one run in the opening innings. The three following innings resulted in three white washes for College, while poor judgement on the part of one of our players added two more runs to the National's score. In the end of the fifth McKenna batted a neat three-bagger between centre and left field bringing in too runs for College. For a time matters remained a tie until a light hit by College was muffed by the 2nd baseman, while an overthrow and blocked ball brought in two men and secured a home run for the striker. The score at the end of this innings stood College, 8 Nationals 3. During the remaining innings loose plays

on the part of both sides materially increased the number of runs, leaving the College victors by a score of 13 to 8. Doyle's pitching and McKenna's batting were the chief features of the game.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY 14, NATIONALS 5.

The second game of the season between the Nationals and the University was played on the grounds of the latter May 14th. The battle was more interesting than the previous one and very few errors were made except in the sixth inning. Fauteaux did his best to overcome his young rival, but Doyle proved conclusively that he is the superior of Ottawa's pride, the once invincible Fauteaux. Doyle's delivery proved an enigma to the heavy-hitting Nationals allowing them but three hits.

The batting of Cleary and O'Reilly did much towards winning the game and the fielding of Dulin could not have been better. Both Taylor and Morin gave the best exhibition of catching seen on the local grounds for many a season.

Innings..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
O. U.....	1	2	1	3	2	2	0	0	3	—13
Nationals....	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	—5

Earned runs, O. U., 4; base hits, O. U., 13; Nationals, 3; two base hits, Clancy, Doyle; three-base hit, O'Reilly; stolen bases, Morin, Clancy, Garland, Taylor, Lafleur; base on balls, by Doyle, 2; by Fateaux, 2; passed ball, Taylor; wild pitch, Doyle; struck out, by Doyle, 6; by Fateaux, 8. Umpire, Chittick. Time, two hours.

OTTAWA UNIVERSIY 17, ELECTRICS OF HULL, 16.

The Electrics made their first appearance this season on the local grounds Saturday afternoon, May, 16th. They were very confident of winning, for the team which they had organized was the best aggregate that could be gotten together in Hull. Besides players of local repute, the services of the famous Jimmy Mortel, of Syracuse, had been secured. The collegains did not find Mortel's curves very deceptive, and as a result he retired at the end of the seventh, when Berthiaume took his place. Doyle pitched a good game with the exception of the sixth and eighth innings. In the latter innings he was a little wild; moreover, his support was far from perfect. The playing of the local players was decidedly ragged at times and shows how much they are in need of practice. The Electrics made errors at critical points that cost many runs. However, excepting the sixth and eighth innings, the game was very interesting. The college won the game in the sixth, when by timely hitting, aided by errors of opponents, they placed eight runs to their credit.

Innings...	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
O. U.....	0	0	1	4	2	8	1	1	0	—17
Electrics.....	1	0	0	3	2	0	5	5	0	—16

Earned runs, College, 5; Electrics, 1; base hits, O. U., 14; Electrics, 8; three-base hit, McKenna; stolen base, Garland, O'Reilly; struck out, by Doyle, 9; by Mortel, 2; base on balls, by Doyle 4; by Mortel, 2. Umpire, Fournier. Time, two hours.

One has only to read the above paragraphs to realize how our leisure hours are filled up with health-giving games and recreation. No spring for years past has shown such activity in athletics, and such is the diversity of sports that every taste may be satisfied. Even those who have no desire to take an active part in more or less violent exercise—though they are very few—can enjoy the contest from some shady corner of the grand stand. Certainly excitement has not been lacking in our games of this spring. The football series ended with a game that fell little below a championship match in closeness and interest, while the new baseball league has added the element of competition with outside clubs to our work on the diamond. The work of the Nine has so far been very creditable and we look to the baseball championship of the Ottawa Valley as a reward of their efforts.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

BASE-BALL.

When the proverbial Maren lion had escaped from its keeper and taken a canter into April, one of those professional grumblers, said to us, "your base-ball team will be at a discount this spring." We became angered and informed our kind critic that he had better practice going downstairs head-first as it might be a very good trick for him to know in case of an emergency. Being gentle by nature we compromised by agreeing to keep a discreet silence until the end of the first game. On Saturday, May 2nd, the Montcalms aided by a few married men, after mature deliberation, screwed up their courage to the requisite degree and decided to cross bats with our small boys. The courage of even the junior editor fell a notch or two and our critic smiled a sarcastic smile. The Montcalm's took first innings and tallied 4; College followed and was donated a goose egg. In the second innings, the admirers of the "Plains of Abraham" scored 5 more; College added a hen egg to its basket. Our critic forgetting prudence, breaks his agreement, and as our ire is up, he goes down fourteen steps in one bound and lands on his head. Someone whispers "Hayes is going to bat." Result: Three runs are brought in, and the urchins in the neighboring field are the richer by a lost ball. At this juncture the Montcalms wish they had gone out to play marbles on this particular afternoon. Game closes, College 14; Montcalms 9. Critic disappeared.

The small yard has two teams battling for second place, and after ten games the coveted title still remains undecided. "The Bristlers" have imported Sol Doré from Section I, Phillips from Old Penn, and Cassidy from Buckingham-on-the-Ganges. "The Wide-Awakes" believe in developing men from their own town. Richards would be a good man if he would take a better sleep the night before a match. Third teams gave an exhibition of base-ball as it can be played, May 6th. As we were reading Shakespeare at the time we decided to call it "A Comedy of Errors."

TOM'S RETURN.

We predicted that Thomas Donovan, pursuing a brilliant course in our Alma Mater, after attempting to out-winkle Rip Van Winkle by taking a trip through the starry firmament would return. His reflections are brief, but contain as many golden gems of wisdom as the sayings of "Poor Richard." After a preliminary joust, he writes:

1. When Tom Costello plays the role of prophet, he always makes sure beforehand that he knows whereof he speaks. We had this forcibly impressed upon our minds since the days of our early youth by observing the sad fate of weather prophets who attempted to predict rain for a scorching Dominion Day when it was yet but the 20th day of April. Had these foolish mortals possessed a little more patience and awaited the dawn of July 2nd, they would not have made such a reputation-killing blunder and would now be able to desert their mud hovel to live in marble palaces. We predicted that we would be able to answer the questions laid down as a test for the junior reporter's chair, and we can.

2. Never give your opponent your powder, he may shoot you. We believe in a man's living up to what he preaches, consequently we are not going to give the answers to these questions set in a late issue of the OWL as we intend to apply for the position next September. Everything comes to him who waits.

3. A trip through the heavens is very exciting, *fin de siecle*, instructive; but young man, stick to Old Orchard Beach for your summer vacation. It is less exciting but more home-like.

4. The success of our hockey team was not impaired by the desertion of a self-styled star. Neither does our base-ball team depend on any one boy even though he is one of the battery. A word to the wise is sufficient.

5. Before practicing to turn to the right when you reach first base, be sure you can strike the ball. It saves time and the effect always follows the cause.

6. Nobody takes as much genuine pleasure in a good story as I do, yet when a companion tells me that his father went into business in 1668 and is now 44 years

old, I am inclined to doubt his word. Mathematics and the sweet odors of the fish market are against him.

Western Bawlf, who considers himself "The Autocrat of the Infirmary Table," was recently asked by a junior member, What was meant by hygiene? True to his prairie instincts, he replied "Hygiene treats of horses and cows."

Herr Phan—Making most profuse explanations.

Prof.—Why did you not finish your set?

Herr—I lost *my balance.*

The class seemed to enjoy the answer.

A. Dowd—Why does Taillon always wear a Scotch cap?

Burdette Abbott—You're slow. His name is Tail(l)on.

Inquisitive Davie—Lamarche, why did you take a drive in a butcher's cart?

A. Lamarche—I have always lived *a la marché.*

Pardon! Venerated shades of departed De Fivas.

A man may grow rich manufacturing bicycles, but he can become richar(ds) still by manufacturing straw.

Well Arthur what does a bear do before he jumps?

Arthur: He leaps.

The following held first places in their classes for the month of April:—

I Grade.	1. M. Major. 2. R. Taillon. 3. O. Dion.
II Grade A.	1. T. Aussant. 2. F. Davie. 3. C. Lamarche.
II Grade B.	1. R. Lapointe. 2. N. Richards. 3. C. Kavanagh.
III Grade A.	1. Wm. Burke. 2. Jno. Slattery. 3. A. Macdonald
III Grade B	1. Jno. Sullivan. 2. Wm. Bawlf. 3. P. Pitre.
IV Grade.	1. Geo. Kelly. 2. J. Coté. 3. M. O'Brien.

ULULATUS.

You can't jolly me !

Tim says he will "get that diploma or lose a leg." He has already left his order, and the carpenter is hard at work.

Georgie has lately revised the rules for Columbia's national game. The principle changes are as follows: 1. He who catches shall also perform the functions of third base. 2. If the catcher misses the ball, a runner may come home with impunity. 3. Hereafter the game shall consist of ten innings instead of nine.

The labor question—How much have you reviewed ?

Who caught the base-ball on the nose ?
Who like his foot-ball captain blows ?
Who at lacrosse his talent shows ?
Bill Nye.

Who teases Joe most every night ?
Who with McG-k-n had a fight ?
And pasted him with left and right ?
Not Bill Nye.

Who from his room was forced to roam ?
Who did it with a bitter groan ?
But said "'tis well ; I'm not alone,"
Poor Mickie.

Who hired a suite of rooms next door ?
Who spread no carpets on the floor ?
But at such cruel treatment swore,
Not Mickie.

It is no longer Trilby's foot or Trilby's other foot, but Trilby's flaring necktie.

Punjab (to shoe merchant)—Show me your sneaks ?
He was im nediately ushered to the back door.

A cheer greeted Willy the other day when he entered class (though a little late) with his hair no longer parted near the middle.

Comment porter house Gookin ?
Oh tres beans George.

Wanted—A second team.

A lost inheritance—ttile of base-ball team.

A Comedy of Etrors—Sunday's game.

Stolen—four bases.

A strange philological remark was made on the word "renege." A careful student noticed its close connection with the phrase "you're an egg" contracted.

Walter says he'd run on neither the Conservative nor Liberal ticket, but he would on a railroad ticket.

Vandy is making rapid strides towards perfection at bowling. Good wishes.

Cæsar the II is his name, *and prior* he was Albert.

The friends of Pair Haze saw with regret his development into a *cheeky swell.*

The hardest hit in the recent ball game was the umpire's when he shouted "If you don't keep quiet, I'll put both of you on the grand stand." And forthwith there was exceeding great quiet.

"Even the bell is on strike," said the Joker. "Yes," replied Bill, "and the clock is *fasting.*"

The Cornwall wingman may "trip the light fantastic," but he should not trip on the foot-ball field.

A call down—Come off the roof.

A popular duet—"We won't go home till morning," by McK. and O'R.

New Waltz—"A midnight revel." Music by A. T-b-n and J. L-c-y.

The trees go on vacation this year before the students—they began *leaving* some days ago.

Several of our base-ballers are in difficulty with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The offence charged is "catching flies."