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THE VALUE OF A CANDLE.



ALE pilgrims in a land unknown and drear,
They faltered on their way, for darkness fell
Around them, and dim sights and sounds of fear
Affrighted them; wild beasts were in the dell,
Serpents among the rocks, and phantom shapes
Glimmered above; in penitential garb,
One, stumbling, a black abyss scarce escapes,
And one is wounded by a hidden barb.
One wandered in a dreadful labyrinth
'Mid stifling vapors, one was in a grave
Close locked with gloom and worms, a marble plinth
Above, and flowers that could not cheer or save.

And all these pilgrims were with grief oppressed,
As for a loved one they no more might see,
And struggled in the darkness—nor could rest:
A voice cried, "Who will give them liberty
And light?" Then through the shadows and the mist
Beamed a soft golden light, and in its glow
The beasts shrank back, the wounds with balm were kissed,
The ways were smoothed, opened the grave gates low;
And to the longing eyes that burned to see
Appeared a radiant Lady and her Son;
Smiling, they passed; while in an ecstasy
Rejoiced the souls as if their goal were won.

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A simply sculptured image in a niche
Of Mary merciful, the Babe divine
In arms, and streaming o'er it soft and rich
A taper's light that burned before the shrine:
A suppliant kneeling low in fervent prayer:
"Give them eternal rest, O Lord, and Thou,
O Lady, to the souls departed bear
Love of thy Son, that they may solace know."

ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

A perusal of any historical work discloses to us the names of a number of personages who, in their own particular lines of action, have proved themselves superior to the ordinary class of mortals. Every nation has her skilful statesmen and her vaunted heroes; every people love to sound the praises of their own most gifted sons, and to hold them forth to the applauding world, as

“The pillars of a nation’s hope
The centres of a world’s desire.”

But amidst all this panorama of glittering, gorgeous, magnificent ornaments of human nature thus held forth for our admiration and respect, few there are who are wholly deserving of the epithet “great;” few there are who merit a full measure of praise unmixed with blame, and whose stainless escutcheons and unblemished reputations entitle them to have their names engraved in bold and indelible characters on the tablets of the world’s history. And very conspicuous among these few appears George Washington.

The writers of his own land never tire of extolling the wonderful qualities of mind and body which characterized the “Father of his Country;” while the historians of every other nation with which he ever had any dealings are unanimous in commending his ability, his integrity and his honor. “First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,” may be as truly said of him to-day as when,

grown old in the service of his native land, and wearied with years of earnest, unceasing labor in her behalf, but still solicitous more for the well-being of the Republic than for his own personal comfort and convenience, he addressed for the last time his beloved fellow-citizens, intent on passing his remaining years amidst the endearing scenes of his childhood at Mount Vernon. Justly indeed has the world proclaimed him “great,” and truly do we find in him a character worthy of our study, applause, and admiration.

Unlike Byron, who “awoke one morning and found himself famous,” Washington did not become great in a single night. He ascended not the ladder of fame by a single fortunate leap; but slowly and steadily, rung by rung, his love of country urged him on; till at length, thanks to his ability, his perseverance, and the righteousness of his cause, he found himself at the topmost round, the glory of his countrymen, the terror of his enemies, the admiration of the world. When a mere boy, we are told, Washington was remarked for a discretion and sobriety, much beyond his time of life. His little playfellows had always looked up to their neighbor of Mount Vernon as their guide, director, friend—as indeed everybody seemed to do who came in contact with that simple and upright young man. Himself of the most scrupulous gravity and good breeding, he seemed to exact, or at any rate to occasion the same behavior

in others. "He always seemed great to me," says a companion of his younger days, "and I never thought of him otherwise than as a hero. When he came over and taught us boys surveying, to see him riding to hounds was as if he was charging an army. If he fired a shot, I thought a bird must come down, and if he flung a net, the largest fish in the river was sure to be in it. His words were always few, but they were always wise; they were not idle as our words are, they were grave, sober and strong, and ready on occasion to do their duty."

In the days of youth considered as a hero, in his maturer years he proved himself beyond all doubt deserving of the name. With the dawn of manhood there opened up new vistas, along which our gallant paced with sure and steady step to the golden gates of fame. Many as brave a soldier, many as self-sacrificing a leader, many as talented a statesman may have been born, lived, and died before and since the time of Washington without ever finding an opportunity of serving his native land, of asserting his manifold virtues, of endearing himself to the hearts of his countrymen, and of surrounding his name with an immortal halo of glory. But such was not the fate of Mount Vernon's illustrious child. Throughout his whole life, indeed, Dame Fortune seemed to lavish upon him her most gracious smiles; and never did happy chance come more opportunely to his aid than at the time when his youth was ripening into manhood.

Scarcely had he attained his twenty second year when the Seven Year's War broke out, affording ample scope for the maiden-efforts of his energetic genius. And gladly

did he grasp the opportunity. In the very first expedition of the British troops in America we find Washington one of their leaders,—the only one, in fact, who had ever seen the Indians in their war-paint. How greatly he distinguished himself in this campaign is known to all. Ever intrepid, ever prudent, ever making the best of adverse circumstances, he covered his name with glory, and defeat itself seemed but a means to fame by calling forth a still greater display of his directive genius. Well indeed might we envy "George" the hold which he had on the hearts of his countrymen when, at the conclusion of the war he left the din and stir of battle to spend his remaining days in quiet retirement amidst the fertile fields and flowery groves which graced his dear Mount Vernon.

But destiny had not decreed that old age should come upon him thus inactive. "Ere it was expected, the great American Revolution broke out; the roar of cannon again announced the departure of tranquil peace; and we find Washington Commander in Chief of a nation in arms. Vain were it for me to follow his movements throughout that campaign; vain were it to detail the many note-worthy incidents of Monmouth, of Princeton, or of Valley Forge; for well do I know that in the minds of the majority of my readers these events are as fresh as if they took place but yesterday. Suffice it to say, the venture of the colonists proved a success. It was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, let us hope, of both peoples, that the great Western Republic should sever her allegiance; and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable Chief, above all, had the glory of over-

coming, not only veterans amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissensions, treason within their own camp, where all must have been ruined, but for the pure, unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistency! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him; but Washington, the Chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy, serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement; here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

As has been correctly remarked by a well-known and highly esteemed English writer,—“His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy when he obtained a trifling mastery; but over Congress, over hunger and disease; over lukewarm friends and smiling foes in his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet and master. When the struggle was over, and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defense before the nation, what charges and counter-charges were brought; what pretexts of delays were urged; what piteous excuses

were put forward that this fleet arrived too late; that this regiment mistook its orders; that these cannon-balls would not fit those guns; and so to the end of the chapter! Here was a general who beat us with *no* shot at times, and no powder, and no money; and *he* never thought of a convention; *his* courage never capitulated! Throughout all the doubt and darkness, the danger and long tempest of the war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady.”

But it was not for the achievements he wrought on the battlefield only, or in the camp that the subject of this essay is lauded and extolled in history; in the time of peace as well, his services were of inestimable value to his country. Washington it was who had been foremost in the struggle which gave to his land the title “nation;” and when that struggle had ended, his grateful fellow-countrymen turned to him as the one best fitted to establish the code of laws which was to govern them. Bold had been the step by which the nation had been founded; and equally daring was the scheme on which he proposed she should be ruled. He had counselled and encouraged a feeble colony—just struggling into existence, without ships, without munitions of war, bounded on one side by a limitless forest filled with hostile savages, and on the other by the ocean whose bosom was spotted with the fleets of her foes,—to stand up in the simple majesty of justice, and for the sake of a mere principle to enter into open combat with the most powerful empire in the world. He had arisen in the midst of the gathering storm sending his cheering voice through the gloom; he had engaged in an

unequal, almost hopeless contest; he had succeeded amidst the gravest difficulties; he had baffled his foes; he had saved his country; and in the end had led her proudly on to victory and to independence. And now that she was free, now that she was her own mistress, he determined to set up for her a constitution such as had never before been recorded in the history of the world; he ventured to rear such a fabric of social order as had never before been put into practice in any land. Young America was the stage on which this new act was to be played, and Washington was the leading actor; while the whole world attentively looked on, anxious to see whether "society could, by carrying into full effect the principle of representation, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory." The actors performed well their rôles; the audience pronounced the play a brilliant success; and imitations of it have since been presented, though generally on smaller stages, in every part of the globe. And thus another gem was added to Washington's crown of glory; thus he proved that besides being a great military leader he could also act the part of a statesman, and act it as successfully as the best.

But the part he took in the framing of the constitution is not by any means the only proof he gave of his ability as a law-giver. For two successive terms he occupied the presidential chair, and would have been elected to it a third time had not the fear of establishing a dangerous precedent impelled him to decline the nomination. And well, indeed, would it be for society and for the world if the politicians of our day would

make an attentive study of the principles which influenced Washington's administration, and if they would follow the example he has set! As Webster very concisely and truly remarked of the first president of American Republic; "His principle it was to act right, and trust the people for support; his principle it was not to follow the lead of sinister and selfish ends, and to rely on the little arts of party delusion to obtain public sanction for such a course. Born for his country and for the world, he did not give up to party what was meant for mankind. The consequence is that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves. While the hundreds whom party excitement and temporary circumstances and casual combinations have raised into transient notoriety, sink again, like thin bubbles, bursting and dissolving into the great ocean, Washington's fame is like the rock which bounds that ocean, and at whose feet its billows are destined to break harmlessly for ever."

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington that from the earliest years of his public life until the time of his death he enjoyed the fullest measure of a nation's trust. No man ever before rose out of the mass of the people to such power without abusing it, and history searches in vain for a military leader, so much of whose life had been spent in the camp, and whose will was law to a grateful nation, who voluntarily resigned his rank and chose the humble, peaceful occupation of a farmer. From the outset of his career, his honor and his country stood foremost in his affections; the first he guarded with scrupulous care, and for the last he offered up his fortune and his life.

Admirable, indeed, in every detail was the character of Washington; the more we study it the nobler, the grander, it appears; till at length we fail to see any exaggeration in the words of Headley, "—Calm and strong in council, untiring in effort, wise in policy, terrible as a storm in battle,

unconquered in defeat, and incorruptible in virtue, he rises in moral grandeur so far above the Alexanders, and Caesars, and Napoleons of the world that even comparison seems injustice."

JOHN T. HANLEY, '98.



Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought,
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care.

— *Wordsworth.*



HOPE IN DEATH.

IM night hath turned her goblet up ;
The air is void of any shine,
Like an inverted sapphire cup
New-emptied of its sparkling wine,
Only the tremulous stars befret
With twinkling fires the darkness wide,
As might the scattered drops that yet
Cling quivering to the goblet's side.

But though, to this defective sense,
The light seem lessened, well I know
A light of larger effluence
In yonder fiery points doth glow
Than our small day's contracted scope
Makes in the vastness of the space ;
So, as when life is emptied, hope
Illumines death with starry grace.

FRANK WATERS.

POINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

LEXINGTON—CONCORD—BUNKER HILL.

“**T**HEY (the American colonies) will no longer need her protection: she will call on them to contribute toward supporting the burden they have helped to bring on her, and they will answer by striking off all dependence.” Thus prophesied Count Vergennes, an eminent French statesman at the close of the conflict between France and England. No doubt many considered these words as but the cant of some whining Frenchman who an unwilling witness had seen the great territories in America, wrested from the control of his country by the strong arm of mighty England.

However, the prophecy has been fulfilled, Vergennes proved himself a true prophet. The American colonies soon found out they could succeed without the protection of England; they soon found out their mother country intended to force them to pay war debts incurred in both Europe and America; they soon found out that a system of taxation without representation was to be forced upon them. But the spirit of liberty that brooked no oppression had been born in them, and had remained in their souls through long ages and through long years. They appealed to the king, to the Parliament, to the people of England. All, with the exception of a very few, the most noble and learned men in all Great Britain closed their eyes and ears to their

brothers across the broad expanse of the Atlantic; Englishmen all as staunch, as brave, and as true as themselves, until it became necessary either to renounce their country and name or become slaves, low, and abject.

Measures after measures were enacted only to fail in operation because of the determined resistance of the Americans. The refusal of the colonists to submit to these worse than tyrannical laws served but to fan into a fierce flame the smouldering coals of British arrogance and jealousy. Lord North, the prime minister at the time, said concerning the subject of taxation: “the properest time to exert our right to taxation, is when that right is refused. To temporize is to yield; and the authority of the mother country if it is now unsupported, will be relinquished forever; a total repeal cannot be thought of until America is prostrate at our feet.” Noble words these, and from a noble lord. When America is prostrate at his feet, a total repeal would be granted. Generosity personified. But the noble lord should have remembered that America was a new England, peopled by Englishmen with English customs and endowed with the indomitable English spirit.

It must here be said that the Americans deserve the fullest measure of praise and commendation for having suffered so much, so

long and so quietly as they did. Why should they have wished to be separated from England? Was not all her glory in the pursuits of peace and war, theirs also? True it is that for sometime before the signal gun was fired, the patriots had been gathering and secreting military stores in readiness for active resistance, if England persisted in her designs. All was done however in the hope that a repeal would be granted, and Englishmen in America would be placed on an equal footing with Englishmen in England. Numerous petitions were sent from America to England. The Assemblies to the Parliament, the people to the people, and from all to the King. But only additional insults, and indignities, were heaped upon the embassies. Not a word of sympathy, not a word of encouragement. Everything looked dark and dreary for the colonies. The Boston tea party had occurred, the port of Boston had been closed, and the commons and greenswards of that peaceful city were infested by a swarm of British soldiers under the command of General Gage. The Americans now clearly understood that peaceful measures would not suffice and that the horrible ravages of civil war would soon desolate their country. So they resolved that so far as possible, nothing should be found wanting in the defence of their rights.

At all points military stores were collected, companies of minute-men enrolled, disciplined and drilled. Every native officer who had served in the Indian war threw himself heart and soul into the cause. Every orator found upon his lips words of burning eloquence with which to incite his hearers to deeds of bravery and patriotism. But

still they hesitated, and why? In hope of redress. But none came, and in fact, the commanding general of the British army was ordered to take the offensive.

The hot bed of the rebellion was in Massachusetts, and therefore, the first conflicts were fought there. The first conflicts, bravery opposed to discipline, raw farmers opposed to soldiers inured to the horrible sights of a battle field's carnage. What memories do the mere mention of the names of the first battles recall? Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill. The green fields, the modest churches in the background, the wives, children of the minute-men, all appear before us as in a dream.

At last after a long period of inactivity Gage determined to march forth from Boston with great pomp and ostentation. He purposed to proceed to Lexington and Concord, there to destroy the military stores; then to return victorious to Boston, receive the Americans coming with petitions for clemency, and tell them that with the gracious consent of his Majesty their lives would be spared. What visions of triumphs, of fetes, of honors, must have danced before the eyes of his imagination. But alas doomed was he to disappointment, bitter lasting disappointment.

The vigorous manner in which the Americans were arming themselves, proved to his lordship that no gleaming bayonet, or scarlet coat could frighten our soldiers, raw and undisciplined even as they were. Accordingly his military promenade was to be postponed until a later date owing to the unfavorableness of the American atmosphere.

So, on the night of the eighteenth of April, 1775, the flower of the

English army at Boston was secretly despatched to destroy the patriots supplies at Concord and Lexington. The expedition numbered about eight hundred men, consisting of the grenadiers and light infantry under Lieutenant-colonel Smith. They crossed to East Cambridge, and thence through swamps and unfrequented paths they took up their march to Lexington. Gage had thought to take everything by surprise, but a band of patriots nightly patrolled the streets, and of course discovered the intention of the English. Messengers were at once sent post haste to arouse the minute men, and to inform them of the army's advance. Paul Revere, immortalized in America by Longfellow's Poem was one of the number. What a knight errant was he. The sparks that flew from his horses iron shod feet as he galloped over the roads, crying out for all to be up and doing, enkindled the fire of patriotism.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
 dark,
 And beneath from the pebbles, in passing,
 a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
 fleet,
 That was all: And yet through the gloom
 and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that
 night;
 And the sparks struck out by that steed
 in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

These intrepid couriers spread the news far and wide that the army was advancing, and every farmer seized his gun and powder horn, and with a long, lingering farewell to his family, departed, perhaps never to return, to the place where his company was to meet.

Colonel Smith was soon apprised of the fact that his march had been discovered by the vigilant patriots. Signal guns were heard and fires seen, and bells were ringing. Fearing that he would be attacked, he sent back for reinforcements, and then proceeded as quickly as possible toward Lexington.

Major Pitcairn was leading the van of the army, and just as the last shadows of darkness were fleeing before the rising sun, the foremost ranks of the enemy were seen advancing quickly and silently. "The alarm guns were fired and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but a reveille to humanity." About seventy of the minute-men gathered and were paraded in front of the meeting house.

Often had these men gathered on the common to swear that their life's blood was at the service of their country; to swear that they would combat their oppressors for their birthright of liberty. "The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims."

The advance party with Pitcairn in front came on at the double quick, closely followed by the grenadiers. When about five rods from the villagers, Pitcairn cried out "Disperse ye villians, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse? The patriots did not stir, they were now Americans too brave to flee. At this, Pitcairn ordered his men to fire. A few random shots followed this command, and then a close, heavy volley of musketry.

Parker the leader of the patriots saw at once that, owing to the disparity of numbers, his few men

would soon be exterminated. He ordered them to retire. Then the first gun of the American Revolution was fired, and the echo of that discharge reverberated again and again throughout the length and the breadth of America.

The morning of that day had been beautiful, but now there lay eight of America's bravest sons weltering in their blood. Oh! what a sight! but they died not in vain, the blood of those martyrs moistened the ground and into their places hundreds sprang.

What did the English victors do to commemorate such a glorious triumph? Paraded in front of the meeting house they fired a volley, and huzzaed thrice, and then proceeded on their way to Concord. About seven o'clock they entered that village in two divisions. No resistance was offered to them, and immediate preparations were made to destroy the stores. Both bridges were guarded by detachments, and other companies searched for the stores—of course they found none. The reason is simple.

From day break the minute men had been gathering around the house of their captain, Issac Davis. They were eager for the fray, and many were the importunities made to their commander to lead them to the attack. The number of the Americans was between three and four hundred men. They were formed on a hill over looking the town. At their feet flowed the Concord river, and within gunshot was the bridge held by the British.

Finally each officer spoke a few encouraging words to his men, and then the order to advance was given. The English soldiers saw them approaching and began to take up the planks of the bridge. The patriots

hurried forward to prevent this, and a few shots were fired by the soldiers; then a volley followed and two of the Americans fell. Buttrick one of the leaders cried out as if inspired "Fire, fire, my fellow countrymen, for God's sake fire." Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The British retreated in precipitate disorder toward the main body and left the minute men in possession of the bridge. "This is the world renowned Battle of Concord; more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim."

The English commander, Smith, gave the order to retreat about noon. The minute men crossed over the country and from every rock, every tree there was poured forth a murderous fire. The soldiers began rather to run than retreat and it was only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of their officers that they could be kept in any formation whatsoever.

Just before they reached Lexington, Lord Percy met them with the reinforcements for which Smith had sent early in the morning. They came in the nick of time, for the English would certainly have all been captured or killed. The soldiers were received into a hollow square and threw themselves upon the ground to snatch a moment's repose, so fatigued were they.

From now on, the villagers contended against fully two-thirds of the forces stationed at Boston. But still, with all this number, delay, possibly, meant ruin, and Percy, after a rest of about thirty minutes, began his retrograde movement to Boston. Every moment the number of patriots increased, and a continued sheet of flame met the British. It must be said to their

great dishonor that exasperated by their defeat, they committed awful depredations along the line of march. The pursuit never flagged, and it was not until Percy had crossed Charlestown Neck, where he was protected by gun boats, that the Americans ceased their fire.

Of this retreat, Washington said: "If the retreat had not been so precipitate as it was—and God knows it could not well have been more so—the ministerial troops must have surrendered, or been totally cut off." The loss of the British on this most memorable day was, in killed, wounded and missing, two hundred and seventy-three. The Americans suffered but a trifling loss amounting to forty-nine killed, thirty-four wounded, and five missing.

It is extremely probable that had Gage not been so hasty in acting, the Revolution would never have been completed. But for a few rounds of ammunition and other implements of war he hurried on the Americans to the brink of the precipice. There they turned upon him and made a determined stand. "The next news from England must be conciliatory or the connection between us ends," said Doctor Warren. The conciliation was never effected, the connection was broken. On that morning the English had marched out with all the splendor and pomp of military show; in the evening defeated, disgraced, routed, they were beleagured in their very stronghold.

Bancroft, in speaking of this eventful day, beautifully portrays the effect of the conflict. "Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-

messages from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north and south and east and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bay that receives the Saco and Penabscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like high bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac, near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and Wilmington. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charlestown, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the loud call might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Halston, Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough

even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth of April by naming their encampment Lexington."

From the north to the south from the east to the west the whole country was aroused. Every man, woman and child heard the voice of their God.

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
Strike till every armed foe expires,
Strike for God and your native land."

Every colony in meeting assembled drew up firm resolutions in support of the men of Massachusetts in the work they had so nobly begun. The condition of the English army was daily becoming more and more precarious. Shut up within a small city, before them the Americans, whose worth they now knew so well, and behind them the sea. Several ships carrying supplies were intercepted and captured by the patriots. The army could not make a sally, and was forced to remain cooped up, with but the necessities of life.

The patriot army was increasing rapidly but there was little discipline or order, and very few were well equipped. New Hampshire had promised to send two thousand men, of which number about twelve hundred arrived. They were under the command of brigadier Folsom, but John Stark, a veteran of the French and Indian war, was their most trusted officer. With Spenser and Putnam came from Connecticut a body of twenty three hundred. Nathaniel Greene with one thousand men appeared from Rhode Island, to prove the dauntless courage of

that little state. From all other states came words of encouragement, and offers of assistance. The uprising had become general, and the people had determined to win by force of arms, what was denied them, when they employed peaceful means.

At this juncture Congress assembled and appointed George Washington to the position of commander in chief. This nomination carried with it public approval and confidence. The man himself was brave, experienced, of unblemished character, a true American.

Let us now return to the army encamped before Boston. The men were, for the most part, eager to commence the war, but wholly unfit for service, because of their inexperience and poor equipments. Few had ever seen a battle, much less, participated in one. Still they were brave and ready to risk anything for their cause. In nearly every company there were great numbers absent, with or without furlough. There was a great necessity of money, of clothing, of engineers, but more than all, of ammunition. As yet, no one had been appointed to act as commander-in-chief during the absence of Washington. Consequently, the soldiers from each colony obeyed their own leader, and him only, thus preventing any concerted action.

The English army on the other hand was well equipped, disciplined, and under officers who had seen service on many a hard-fought field. Moreover on the fifth of May large reinforcements arrived together with Generals Howe, Bourgoyne and Clinton, all soldiers of high reputation. Bourgoyne on entering Boston Harbor descried the American camp, and sarcastically exclaimed "What! ten thousand peasants keep five

thousand King's troops shut up! Well let us go in and we'll soon find room."

Gage was greatly re-inspired by these new troops and determined to take the offensive at once. The patriots were constantly on the alert, and as the time for the inevitable contest approached, they began to see the necessity of combined action. General Ward was by mutual consent, recognized the commanding officer.

The position of Boston offered very advantageous places for fortifications. There were two especially which were the keys of the situations, Dorchester Neck, and the peninsula of Charlestown. Gage intended to fortify these points but was outwitted by the patriots who discovered his design, and fortified Breed's Hill.

This decision came in the nature of a surprise, and so no fit preparations could be made. Ammunition was the great lack, and this very fact made the project one of consummate daring and bravery. William Prescott was the officer chosen to lead the party, and well did he fulfill his task.

About sunset on the sixteenth of June, the brigade, about twelve hundred men assembled on the common and with bowed heads listened to the prayer which President Langdon of Harvard College offered up for the success of the enterprise. The soldiers were ununiformed, and carried fowling pieces without bayonets, and a scanty supply of powder and bullets. They departed silently, but swiftly. At nine o'clock Cambridge was left behind, and they proceeded to Charlestown Neck. Here they met General Putnam and the wagons loaded with the intrenching tools.

"The neck is a narrow isthmus connecting the mainland with the Peninsula; having the Mystic river on the north, and a large embayment of the Charles river on the south. Across this isthmus Colonel Prescott conducted the detachment undiscovered, and up the ascent of Bunker Hill. This commences at the Neck, and slopes up for about three hundred yards to its summit, which is about one hundred and twelve feet high. It then declines toward the South, and is connected by a ridge with Breed's Hill, about sixty or seventy feet high. The crests of the two hills are nearly seven hundred yards apart.

Bunker Hill had originally been specified as the place for the fortification, but Breed's Hill was nearer Boston, and had a better command of the town. This place, after a lengthy discussion, was agreed upon by Gridley an engineer and Prescott. It was midnight before the first sod was raised. Then every man seized in turn, the spade or pick, and soon the parapet was high and solid enough to form a good breastwork. By daylight, the entrenchments had been completed, and the distance covered was about eight rods square. The work had been carried on so quietly that no alarm was occasioned on the warships moored between Boston and Charlestown. In fact, all was so still that the "All well" of the watch on the ships could be heard distinctly.

The people of Boston were suddenly aroused by the sound of the Lively's cannon playing on the works, and a heavy battery was erected on Copp's Hill, which kept up an incessant fire. Everything was a complete surprise. Prescott continued to extend the line to a

slough on the north of the hill, and then constructed a rustic redoubt by filling up the space between two fences, with newly mown hay. Still the fortification was far from complete, but no more could be done. The patriots stretched themselves upon the ground to snatch a few moments of repose. They had toiled without ceasing all the night, and had no provisions, except what little they had brought with them in their knapsacks. They had not even a drop of water to quench their thirst.

At noon the British began to move from Boston. Among them was a large number of grenadiers under General Howe. Their scarlet coats and golden trimmings, their flashing bayonets and field pieces presented a gorgeous spectacle. At one o'clock the transports were landed at Moulton's Point, north of Breed's Hill. Here Howe paused to form his troops in better position. The Americans took advantage of this delay, and strengthened their position, while Putnam began to throw up a rampart on Bunker Hill. General Warren arrived on the scene at this moment, and the command was tendered to him, but he refused, saying that he had come as a volunteer, and was happy to serve under and learn from a soldier of Prescott's experience.

The scene was one of grandeur and excitement. Behind that slight rampart were fifteen hundred American patriots awaiting the attack of twenty-five hundred trained soldiers. The houses and roofs of Boston were literally black with people who had come to witness the momentous struggle about to take place. Many a fervent prayer was there offered up for the husbands, sons and sweethearts, that they might win

the day, or else die the sweet death for liberty.

At last the English columns began to move. On the left was General Pigot who was ordered to mount the hill and carry the redoubt. On the right was General Howe, ordered to attack the flank and cut off the retreat of the patriots. When Prescott saw the enemy in motion he made the round of his works, encouraging and animating his men, by word and deed. His orders were few and simple. "Hold you fire till you can see the whites of their eyes." After this he took his place, the most exposed, and calmly awaited the onset.

The array of the British was beautiful, every now and again they would stop, pour in a close heavy discharge of musketry, and then march on. Not a shot answers them from the redoubt, but silence foretold death and carnage. At last the enemy were nearly upon the wall. Suddenly a voice cried "Fire," and a sheet of flame ran along the whole line, and the front rank of the army sank to the ground. Their comrades pressed over them, but the same reception was tendered them. Still they struggled but vainly. Rank after rank went down, and then the whole army breaks and retreats toward the shore. An exultant cheer goes up from the little redoubt, and its echoes are answered by the people of Boston.

The troops are formed once more; they are in motion, and steadily they advance. Columns of smoke are seen rising from Charlestown, which the English had wantonly set on fire. They had hoped that the smoke would cover their advance and confuse the deadly aim of the Americans, but the heavenly breeze turns it to the sea, and the danger is over.

The columns advance more rapidly, still pouring in their heavy volleys. On they came seemingly about to sweep over the entrenchments, when that continuous stream of fire again met them, and the dense ranks melted like snow before it. Again they broke and fled; again the wild hurrahs broke forth, but only for a moment. Then all was hushed. The Americans had expended all their ammunition, and were driving home their last cartridges.

Evening was now drawing on, the sun was bathing the hill with its golden light as the British moved forward to the third attack. They had thrown aside their knapsacks, and, reserving their fire marched with fixed bayonets up to the very entrenchments. But one volley smote them, for the Americans had fired their last cartridges and moreover, their guns were without bayonets. Clubbing their muskets they beat back their assailants until the order came, reluctantly, to retreat.

The little troop at the rail fence did their part nobly, and saved the rest of the army. Putnam made a vain attempt to rally his troops on Banker Hill. His commands, his entreaties were of no avail. Heedless of his own danger he interposed himself between the enemy and his men. Single handed he strove to stem the torrent. Warren too placed himself before the enemy, and raising his flag strove to arouse them. While doing this, an English soldier who recognized him shot him down. Night soon covered with her sombre mantle the dead and dying on the battle field. The patriots retired to Prospect Hill where they encamped. Bunker Hill was England's, but the victory was ours. The loss suffered by the Americans was one hundred

and forty-five killed, and three hundred and four missing. Fifteen hundred of England's best troops lay dead on the field. Would that they had shed their blood in a nobler cause. No one has ever questioned their bravery; no one ever shall; but it is to be regretted that they were fighting not for liberty, but for slavery.

Gallant men we mourn for you, noble soldiers we honor you, bravest of brave never shall you be forgotten. Your memory blooms in our hearts, and never shall it wither. You saved a nation, the nation honors you, and will honor you.

When the news of your bravery and heroism flashed over the country, your names were on every lip, every heart breathed forth a prayer of gratitude to you. Every hand was raised to declare that so long as Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill are remembered no tyrant, no oppression shall exist in the land you sprinkled with your precious blood.

"What American can pass by the field of Bunker Hill as though it were an ordinary place"? Remembrances sad but fond cling to the spot, where now stands a colossal monument erected in the honor of those who fought at Bunker Hill.

This contest produced at once an open war. Now there could be no question of treason or rebellion. It was man to man, sword to sword. England was taught a bitter lesson, she learned that might is not right, and profited by the instruction.

In closing this paper, I shall quote a few lines from Webster's speech at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument "But alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in

vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not grieve too much, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your

swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace like

“Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon,”
and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.”

Your country's heart is yours;
your countrymen's hearts are yours
men of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.



“Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust
And fell in a cause, both won, and just
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.”

FATHER RYAN.



THE GREAT CHARTER NO NOVELTY.

TO assure not only the political and social prosperity of a state but even its very existence, a government based upon a constitution of sound and fixed principles of equity and right is necessary, for therein rests the only safeguard of life, liberty and property. Such a government and such a constitution all Englishmen believe they possess, and with feelings of pride and admiration they look back to the 15th of June, A.D. 1215, and behold the birth of an institution which forms the keystone of that constitution, and which has come down to the present day with undiminished lustre, as the grandest and noblest work in the political history of England. We refer to the Magna Carta or Great Charter. It is not our intention here to trace in detail the long list of abuses, exactions and other infamous and tyrannical acts on the one hand, and the series of murmurings and demands, together with the final revolt on the other; but merely to touch upon some particulars relating to the immediate creation of this great bulwark of English liberty on account of their important bearing on the matter in hand, and then pass on to an examination of its enactments in order to determine the principles upon which it was founded, in keeping with our subject.

When the barons met at St. Albans on the 4th of August, A.D. 1213, incensed at the tyrannical intolerance of John, they issued a proclamation that the laws granted by Henry I should be observed,

but at that time they had a very incomplete idea of the extent and variety of the enactments referred to. However, a few weeks later they again assembled at St. Paul's, under the great churchman, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterburg, who from the moment of his election to the first ecclesiastical office of the kingdom, resolved to wrest the liberty of his country from the cruel clutches of the tyrant. Producing an old and shrivelled document, the original charter granted by Henry I on his accession, which had been found in the archives of London, Langton read it to them, and then commented upon it in such terms that the barons aroused to enthusiasm, bound themselves by oath to stand by each other and conquer or die in defense of their liberties. It was this charter of Henry I just referred to, containing in itself the laws of the Confessor, modified by the amendments of the conqueror, that forms the basis of the charter to which John was obliged to subscribe at Runnymede. But, beyond the provisions contained in the character of Henry I, there is embodied in the Magna Carta the customs and enactments introduced during the intervening century. It may be questioned why the charter of Henry I was substituted for the laws of Edward. The reason is quite evident. The laws of the Confessor, for the most part had their existence in tradition, and moreover, they were supposed to be embodied in Henry's charter. Again, the adoption of the latter was in

form at least, a compromise for the benefit of the two races—Normans and English.

The first article of the Great Charter, like that of the character of Henry I regarded the liberties of the Church, whose rights, whole and inviolate, were granted. This is quite in accordance with what we should expect, for had not the Church assumed the lead in the great struggle for liberty on this occasion as she had repeatedly and successfully done in the preceding reigns since the conquest? Henry's charter delivered the church from unjust exactions and renounced the "evil customs" by which Rufus had endeavored to enslave and plunder it. These evil customs consisted in the usurpation by the crown, of the right of electing successors to ecclesiastical offices, and of selling vacant sees and benefices. The encroachments on the rights of the church seem to have sprung into existence at the Conquest. The expulsion of many of the native ecclesiastical dignitaries, together with the despotic manner in which William I disposed of the vacancies, and the unjust taxes which he levied upon the church, mark an apparent decline of the power of the latter. Indeed, we have seen the permitting of this tyrannical conduct on the part of William attributed to the fear entertained of him at Rome. This may strike some as rather surprising when it is known that the great Hildebrand, Gregory VII, then occupied the chair of Peter. The explanation, however, is evident when it is remembered that Gregory was involved during the whole of his pontificate, in the contest concerning investitures with Henry IV, Emperor of the Western Empire, otherwise the world in all probability would have beheld

England's conqueror, as it did the German Emperor, wending his way to Canossa, and there "clad in penitential garb humbly knocking for admission at the gate of the citadel." The infringements of William, however, marked the beginning of a conflict which opened in the following reign, a conflict between the church and despotism founded upon the same principles as that from which despotism withdrew crestfallen and humiliated in 1215. And although the concessions granted by the Magna Carta were not enumerated or defined but were put in a general way from which it must be concluded that the king renounced all claim of jurisdiction in the government of the church that previously had been the whole subject of contention, yet it cannot be said that there existed any practical difference between the renunciations wrung from John and those obtained from Henry I; nor that the principle underlying the course pursued by the church under Langton differed essentially from that of Anselm's time.

Immediately following the article regarding the church came those redressing the grievance under which the tenants of the crown labored.

It was customary on the part of the crown to exact arbitrary and exorbitant sums of money as reliefs; to let out the estates of its wards to the highest bidders; to give in marriage the heirs and heiresses, and widows who held lands of the crown, to whomsoever it pleased. To correct these abuses clauses were inserted declaring that the ancient reliefs should be restored; that the guardian should receive only reasonable remuneration from the lands of his ward during the latter's minority; that the heirs and heiresses

should not be married to their disparagement, and that widows should remain in possession of their maritagium and of the the third part of the free tenements of their deceased husbands, and be permitted to remain single as long as they wished. The charter of Henry I dealt with the correction of these same abuses, for in that instrument we find renunciations of feudal innovations; of excessive and arbitrary reliefs and amercements; of the abuse of wardship and marriage, and of unlawful interference with testamentary dispositions. Therefore, it is quite evident that these injustices were not confined to the reign of John and those immediately preceding it, but that they must have originated at the time of the Conquest or during the years that followed closely upon that event.

Another custom of feudal origin was one that gave to the lord the right to exact from his tenants aids or payment of money on three occasions: to raise his eldest son to the degree of knightood; for the marriage of his eldest daughter; or, for his own ransom if he should ever happen to be made prisoner. The Charter confirmed this right, but declared that the amount exacted should be reasonable and that on no other occasion except in the three instances specified, should any aids be levied without the consent of the common council of the realm. But as this matter comes under the heading of inordinate reliefs it is needless to speak further of it here.

Seeing how faithless John had been to all promises, the people deemed it unwise to trust any longer to the honor of the king. It was not sufficient that he should grant their former rights and liberties in a general way, but certain definite

reforms should be made in the administration of justice, so that there would be left no possibility of infringement. Accordingly, it was enacted that the court of common pleas should not longer follow the king as it had done heretofore, but that it should be fixed at some determined place. Before this time, great inconvenience and expense were experienced, as both suitors and witnesses often had to travel to distant places, for several hearings were often necessary, and court was held wherever the king happened to be. The reform was in reality, no innovation as during two former reigns, those of Henry II and Richard, a court of justice had been established at Westminster. This court was now confirmed and was given jurisdiction in civil matters: criminal cases being still left to the decision of the King's bench. Another enactment brought into operation a court to decide in in assizes of darrein presentment, mort d'ancestor and novel disseisin. This was to be held in every country four times a year and was destined to do away with the delay often occasioned by the considerable period of time which elapsed between the assizes of the circuit courts. This last enactment may seem to deviate from any established precedent, but it was in reality, nothing more than a demand for better and more frequent administrations of justice. Moreover, something of its nature existed before in the ancient institution of shire mote which, no doubt, it finally superseded. However, it cannot be said that in the bringing about of either of these reforms any established principle was violated or that a new one was created, for the principle upon which they both rested was that of right and equity—a prin-

principle woven into the constitution several centuries before, and confirmed by the charters of Henry I, of Stephen and of Henry II.

After the articles mentioned above followed some of the most important provisions of the Charter. "We will not sell, we will not refuse, we will not defer right or justice to anyone." This clause was designed to remedy the nefarious custom by which John and Henry II had been in the habit of extracting sums of money; viz, the giving of judgment in favor of the party offering the larger price, as well as causing suits at law to drag on for years, and by that means replenish the royal coffer. It is easy to conceive the mischief wrought by these unjust proceedings—the transgression of the very fundamental principle of all law, human and divine. How many of the miseries that have been inflicted upon the world, and how many of the social upheavels and civil strifes not only of past ages, but even in our own days owe their origin to the influence money has brought to bear on legal decisions, even on legislation itself?

Immediately following the clause spoken of above, was another closely allied to it which read: "No freeman shall be arrested, or imprisoned, or disseised of his land, or outlawed, or destroyed in any manner, nor shall the king go upon him, nor send upon him but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land". This clause was intended to check the lawlessness with which John proceeded against those whom he suspected of being his enemies. An instance of this is found in the arrest of all the relatives of Langton when the latter fell under the king's displeasure. Previously the same thing had happened in the banishing of

all the friends and relatives of Thomas à Becket by Henry II, for no other reason than to humiliate the intrepid Archbishop. Henceforth, all actions were to be taken through form of law based upon judgment of peers. This involved the recognition of an institution which forms the distinguishing feature of the judicial system existing at the present day: trial by jury. The origin of this institution is generally believed to date from the time of Alfred, and indeed, many facts point out a striking analogy between the manner in which judicial proceedings were then conducted and our regular jury. But whether the honor of its establishment is due to that early period, it is not necessary to decide here. It is quite certain, however, that judicial administration was based upon this principle before the Magna Carta was drawn up, for we have an instance of it beyond doubt, in the assizes of Clarendon held in the reign of Henry II.

There had existed from a very early date a royal claim to the right of preëmption. By this right the king could seize or employ any property for his use, or for that of his household if occasion should demand it. In all cases, however, payment should be made for the property, or for the services obtained. The abuse of this right arose from the king's exercising it upon unnecessary occasions, and moreover, instead of returning value, invariably giving a mere formal tender, or promise, which was seldom, if ever, redeemed. To put an end to these injustices, it was enacted that immediate payment should be made upon all occasions by the crown, for the property, or for the use of the property of any

freeman, unless respite were given by the free will of the latter.

The Charter went on to confirm to all cities, towns, burghs, and seaports, as well as to the capital, their ancient rights and customs. To the foreign merchant was granted the privilege of travelling throughout the kingdom, and to the subject, the liberty of leaving the same, except in time of war. These provisions were designed for the benefit of the people in general, but being mere confirmations of ancient rights, we do not consider any discussion of them necessary.

One of the most important articles of the Charter, and one that exhibited a firm determination to uphold democratic principles of government, had reference to the royal forests. These forests dated from the time of William I. In their formation a large extent of country was laid waste, and a considerable portion of the population rendered destitute, and all this wanton destruction of property to satisfy the caprice of a tyrant in providing a hunting-ground for him. They were his private possessions, and all laws concerning them emanated from him alone. To kill "the king's venison" entailed a penalty of loss of life or members. Besides this there were numerous petty ordinances most annoying to those dwelling upon the adjoining property. To remove the grievances arising from the execution of these laws, all forests that were made since John's accession were thrown open, and twelve barons in each county were appointed, under oath, to inquire into the evil customs of forests and warrens, foresters and warreners, and after having given forty days notice to the king or to his judiciary, should these evil cus-

toms continue, to adopt measures for their suppression. Thus were the monstrous iniquities of this institution, which had its existence only in the mutilated constitution of the Conquest, wiped out, and a galling autocracy demolished.

As the charter of Henry I protected the under-tenants of the barons from the lawless exactions and injustices of their lords in the same manner as the barons were protected from the infringements of the crown, the Magna Carta stipulated: "that every liberty and custom which the king had granted to his tenants, as far as concerned him, should be observed by the clergy and laity as far as concerned them". This article laid down the broad foundation upon which the Charter rested: liberty and equity to all freemen. It must be admitted that slaves received no recognition, but they could not claim to enjoy any of the privileges of freemen.

With the exception of some temporary clauses dealing with the correction of the late transgressions of the crown, we have now seen the chief provisions of the great charter of liberties which was wrung from John, or as he declared "granted through a pious regard for God, and a desire for the benefit of the people." Many of the measures which were taken to redress the grievances that existed, also devised means to prevent their recurring. In this respect, the enactments regarding the judicial legislation of the kingdom, and those requiring the abolition of the royal government of the forests, stand out prominently. But the reforms effected can be looked upon only as guiding lines to direct the course of the crown in its relation to established legislation, and not

as an infraction of the existing code of law. The reforms referred to in the first instance above, were instituted solely to facilitate the administration of justice, to raise it above the reach of the king, and thus preserve it from his unlawful and unjust interference. Those of the second instance, while they transgressed no essential prerogative of the crown, effected the extirpation of an institution foreign to all constitutional principles, in a manner that commands our admiration. And so we find that every other enactment tended to correct or remove some unconstitutional proceeding, and in the means they adopted, and in the manner of their

procedure it is impossible to discern the establishment of a new principle or the violation of an established one; nor was it intended in the framing of the Charter that the national jurisprudence should be disturbed or improved. On the other hand we are inclined to believe that the Charter was but a decided advance from traditional to statute law; the substituting of exact and elaborate expressions of written legislation in the place of vague ideas based upon the testimony of tradition, and of the general and pervertible interpretations of older charters.

R. A. O'MEARA, '99.



THEN 'TIS AUTUMN.

WHEN the sunset tints the western sky in early afternoon,
 And the wind begins to whistle, low and sad, a lonely
 tune,
 And the leaves from off their branches fade and twist
 and swoon,
 While the twilight grows in beauty by the bright and
 silvery moon,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the trees begin to sough and creak, as rent with
 direst pain,
 And the loveliness of summer is about to close its
 reign,
 And the verdant hue of nature makes its periodic
 wane,
 While the russet landscape comes to view in radiance
 again,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the country fields of pasture are relieved of
 precious flocks,
 And the herdsmen all are busy rounding up their many
 stocks,
 And the tradesmen find employment looking after all
 the locks.
 That shall guard the granger's products 'gainst the
 winter blast that rocks,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the city streets are littered with a million mellow
leaves,
And the little birds seek refuge in the shelter of the
eaves ;
When the air is sweet and pleasant and from torrid heat
relieves,
And fertile plains are dotted o'er with glistening ripened
sheaves,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the marts of active business, after summer's quiet
trance,
Once again, with life and vigor, girdle round them every
lance,
And the youth of all the nation are endeavoring to ad-
vance
On the royal road of learning—that comes not by lucky
chance—

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the snug and cozy hearths of home are gathered
round at night,
And fables, tales and stories are related with delight,
And the children sigh and wonder at the store of gran-
pa's light
On the glorious deeds in Fairyland, so beautiful and
bright,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the year is in its dying state, though gay and
still serene.
And Heaven's brightest light shines down on every
closing scene ;
When father, mother, children, all unite in joy at e'en,
And life's enjoyments better seem than they have ever
been,

Then 'tis Autumn.

D. McTIGHE,
First Form.

WILKINS MICAWBER.

AMONG the many charming writers of fiction, the name of Dickens stands pre-eminent on account of his sparkling humor. In none of his characters is this more faithfully embodied, than in the immortal Wilkins Micawber. From our first acquaintance in the counting-house of Murdstone and Grinby, he passes before us lightening up the gloomy shadows, through which we follow the checkered career of David Copperfield.

Micawber's personal appearance betokens what we are to expect in the man himself. He is sure to attract attention through several little peculiarities of dress, which are all his own. He is invariably clad in tights surmounted by an immense collar, which ever threatens his annihilation. An immaculate cravat encircles his throat, making a fitting background for a ruddy countenance. Then you must not fail to notice the single eyeglass screwed into his face, nor the cane which is always carried at such a genteel poise.

On addressing him, one of his most prominent traits manifests itself in his extreme verbosity. The most commonplace events are described in the most figurative language. The more unintelligible it may be to his hearers, the better suited it is to his fancy, even though he be compelled to descend to the ungarnished language of every-day life to make himself understood. We are always prepared for this fall by the explosive, "in short." The first intimation of this failing is when Micawber offers

his services as a guide through London. What can be more ridiculous than the lofty poetical flight essayed in the following passage, and the ignominious fall to unadorned prose? "Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short," said Mr. Micawber in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening and instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

Another marked peculiarity was his love of letter writing. On every conceivable pretext he wrote letters; and such letters. They contain the most over-wrought conceits, that ever emanated from the mind of man. In his writings he aspires to the sublime and in so doing, makes that proverbial step to the ridiculous. The crowning result of his epistolary powers was achieved in the document setting forth the true character of Uriah Heep. The introduction contains a sketch of the writer's troubles, which beset him in the forms of "Ignominy, Want, Despair, and Madness." Then follows an overwhelming array of charges against the accused, introduced by the formidable preliminaries; "To wit, in manner following, that is to say." Finally the author concludes with a magnificent peroration, of which the closing sentence is truly ludicrous. "Let it be in justice

merely said of me as of a gallant and eminent naval hero, with whom I have no pretensions to cope, that, what I have done, I did in despite of mercenary and selfish objects,

For England, Home and Beauty."

Micawber's life was one continual struggle with pecuniary embarrassments. He never hesitated to involve himself in debt, and would then hope against perversity for some turn of events, which would extricate him from his difficulties. I. O. U's were issued broadcast and when they finally returned "not provided for" his grief and despair knew no bounds. Such an event was always sure to be the occasion of a doleful letter to some of his friends, in which he pointed out the pit-falls which had ruined his life, and alluded to himself as a beacon for the youth of all future ages. But no matter how low might be his state of dejection, his elastic spirits soon recovered from the pressure, and Micawber would be his sanguine self again. Then would he confide his expectations of "some thing turning up" at no distant time. This expression has since become a proverb. We frequently hear it remarked of persons, who are heedless of their vocation "that they are waiting Micawber—like for something to turn up."

It is in his dealings with Uriah Heep, that Micawber displays that

generosity of character, which is so much enhanced by the dark contrast with the hypocrisy of his employer. He may have been, and doubtless was, actuated by the motive of indulging his passion for letter-writing, in a grand coup de grace. Nevertheless, as he himself remarks, "he had performed his investigations at the sacrifice of mutual confidence in his family," and had slowly pieced together his results, "in the pressure of arduous avocations, under grinding penurious apprehensions, at rise of morn, at dew, eve, in the shadows of night, under the watchful eye of one whom it were superfluous to call Demon." So that we must regard his efforts as those of the generous-hearted character he has proven himself to be. The last tidings that reach us from Micawber are in the form of a letter in the Port Middlebay Times, which bears indisputable marks of being his own composition. There we learn that he has been raised to the dignity of a District Magistrate, and there we leave him with the wish that, "the beauty, fashion and exclusiveness of Port Middlebay" may never cease "to do honor to one so deservedly esteemed, so highly talented and so widely popular."

J. J. O'REILLY, '01.



IN MEMORIAM.

wanderer, in far lands he strayed,
 And many a league of mount and wave
 A barrier, as of the grave,
 'Tween him and friends and country made.

In misty distance far withdrawn
 He went his way, and silence fell
 Between us, while their subtle spell
 Fate and the years wrought, dusk and dawn.

How oft affection's wistful eye
 Turned to the spaces of the West
 In vain unconscionable quest
 Of one departed utterly.

How oft remembrance him portrayed
 A radiant, happy boy once more,
 And in the haunted Nevermore,
 Children again, we laughed and played.

How often fond solicitude,
 To the lone exile pursuivant,
 Imagined peril, woe or want
 Oppressing him with burden rude.

O little faith! God's arm of love
 About him all the while was twined.
 With constant care that Father kind
 Had walked before and watched above;

Had led him on through fear and hope,
 'Til by Salinas' peaceful wave
 He made for him a hallowed grave,
 Upon the glorious "Sunset Slope."

God's mercy his misfortunes crowned,
 As radiant rainbows crown the cloud;
 His heart in lifelong bondage bowed
 Eternal freedom now hath found.

E. C. M. T

A NON-ENTHUSIAST'S VIEW OF ATHLETICS.

TO define the term Athletics, with its multiform comprehensions of the present day, would indeed be a difficult task, one which the writer frankly confesses himself unable to handle and equally unwilling to attempt before the reading public. The adjuncts of a single contest of any kind between closely-matched men are so numerous, varied, painstaking and involve so much of an expert talent, that to imagine one's self the possessor of a *comprehensive* knowledge of all such details suggests the wonderful fancy of an Altruistic dream. The purpose of this article is not to explain what athletics mean, nor is it the intention to paint an ideal athlete. The aim is rather to look upon athletics in their relation to the people, and to dwell for a moment upon a few thoughts concerning the forces which are at present at work in their development.

In every branch of athletics there are several factors which suggest themselves most prominently to the studious observer. Among these are,—first, the athlete himself; second, those who follow the sport as a business enterprise, intermingling a sense of pleasure which is regulated in a measurable degree by their success or failure in selecting winners; third, those who follow the sport for the sport's sake. The latter class are at the present time, in every country, wielding a great influence over athletics. It is, perhaps, an unconscious influence, because of the fact that the individuals composing the class spoken of do not take any part in the conduct

of sports, but simply attend the exhibitions. However it is an unquestionably effectual influence in regulating the method of carrying out competitive contests in skill, strength, agility and endurance, in requiring just and reasonable conditions to govern, in commending a fuller sense of responsibility on the part of the performer towards the public, and in shaping the relation of athletics in general to a higher civilization. The athlete was once the pride of the world; by this beneficial movement he shall become so again. And, fortunately, a higher perfection of heart and brain, which man is constantly developing, will forbid his becoming a god, thus preserving him on his natural level and making his stay amongst us perennial.

For the purpose of examining into the *characteristics* of this latter class it may be well to subdivide it into two parts—those who attend the exhibitions for the pleasure it affords them because of a particular liking for the game, and those who follow the game on account of a friendly interest in the participants, deriving only moderate entertainment from it, and having little or no preference for one game more than another. The latter class are more numerous than would appear on casual thought, while the former comprise the bulk of those who are seen on the reviewing stands of the amphitheatres throughout the country.

Great differences distinguish the two divisions. The first named are generally of a enthusiastic nature, impulsive and ardent. They will

follow the game which most strongly appeals to their taste for sport with very evident pleasure. The least remarkable play, or an uncommon performance of any kind, excites their applause and will be the sole subject of their comment. They always desire to see a fair contest—no concessions, no advantages accorded to one that would give him any superiority over his adversary. Shamming they detest. They pay to see an exhibition in which all participants, regarding conditions, are on an equal footing, and they do not care to have anything else thrust upon them. The game, more than the players interests them. They do not concern themselves much about the winner, but their preferences naturally run to the one who possesses the more scientific ability, the better trained strength, or the greater powers of endurance. When such a one is successful they are delighted. They are the true exemplars of that familiar expression, acknowledged everywhere to embody the sentiments of the just and fair sportsman—"May the best man win."

On the other hand, those comprising the second division lack some of the vital qualities of the first. Chief among these is the attitude towards the game. All the men or boys who fringe the field, or adorn the grand stand, do not admire the sport that is in progress. A few, perhaps, have a hobby. But a great many, due to a moderate participation in athletics, have never become infatuated with any particular game. However, all men admire athletics in some degree. The man who does not is not truly manly. For who does not praise, aye, and silently wish himself the possessor of, the strength of a Samson.....

A great many of this class are attracted to the exhibitions by an interest in the performers. The sport may not appeal to their fancy, They simply desire the success of their favorite. They confidently expect that he will win—and it is a pleasurable sensation to be a witness of a victory.

It will readily be discerned from this brief description where the larger number of this class are found, viz, in schools and colleges. Not every college man is a sport. He may carry the most ribbons on his cane, yell the loudest, or throw his hat highest in the air, as victory seems imminent, and yet be only slightly entertained. Among college men the feeling of association is strong. It will lead them to many acts, which, individually, would be recognized as trivial and ridiculous, but which, collectively, are a potent factor in determining the quality of the man. Furthermore, it is the college man's privilege, as well as his ability, to adapt himself to conditions, and this he does by making a show of enthusiasm along with his fellows. He generally understands the game. He knows whenever his club is placed at a disadvantage by unfair, prevailing rules. He knows whenever their adversaries depart from customary modes of play and introduce tactics which should have no place in the game, and he is not slow to express his condemnation of them. He never countenances a return of such tactics, believing that such a course would result only in corruption all around. He is saddened whenever his associates are hurt in the game, and he would willingly have imposed such regulations as would offset all danger to injuries. But when injuries result from deliberate foulness he becomes thorough-

ly aroused. His finer sensibilities are shocked. The craven, cowardly brutal disposition that prompts a combatant to foulness, is immeasurably detestable to him, and he loses no opportunity to express his disgust at it. He loves conclusions. Some one should win. He always hopes for his own team to be victorious, and when they are, he feels some degree of elation. But should defeat come to him, fairly and honestly, he is ever ready to accord the victors full glory for their accomplishment.

Here then lies the parallel between the two divisions. Both like to see a clean, honest game. Both

desire that honest regulations shall govern. Both admire most the man who takes no mean advantage of his opponent. Both applaud sincerity and ridicule sham.

These are the principles which are building up athletics to a higher level. Fakes and improper exhibitions no longer command a large attendance. They are being fought with the best weapons in the hands of their clientèle—the lack of patronage of the one and the withdrawal of the hilarious encouragement of the other.

D. McTIGHE,
First Form.



FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

III

"Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking
men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great
with the pen."

GERALD GRIFFIN.

OF all the evidences of modern interest and unreason the nineteenth century magazine is perhaps the most striking and the most widespread. And among modern magazines the *Cosmopolitan* hold a sad pre-eminence as a disturbing and revolutionizing factor. If it be true that there is nothing so absurd, but has been upheld by some "lazy philosopher," it is equally certain that the wildest nonsense and the emptiest nothings of these "fireside philanthropists" are sure to find an honored place and thousands of gaping readers in the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*. The fact that the *Cosmopolitan* is owned and edited by a Catholic must not lead anyone to believe that Mr. John Brisben holds his magazine within the line of Catholic doctrine, Catholic opinion or Catholic decency. As was said of an eminent thinker: "He is a Catholic and a philosopher, but he is not a Catholic philosopher," so it might be truly asserted of Mr. Walker: "He is a Catholic and editor, but he is not a Catholic editor." Where there is a question of dollars and cents, or of sensationalism in literature, which in our days is much the same thing, Mr. Walker's principles are of the "good God, good devil" variety.

As may be inferred, the *Cosmopolitan* is nothing if not iconoclastic. It has no regard for the wisdom of our forefathers. The idolatrous images of a dead and worthless past must make place for the artistic and highly-colored daubs of an arrogant present. The spirit of the *Cosmopolitan* is in direct contradiction with what Burke would call "the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century." It has an insatiable craving for the new and experimental as against the old and tried. And so we have been startled by the projected *Cosmopolitan University*. It is—or was, for though it never existed, yet it is a thing of the past—designed to revolutionize educational system and methods. Its professors were to be unlike, in aims and principles and culture, all professors the world has so far known; its students would form almost a new species in creation; they would bear no resemblance to anything that exists on the earth or in the air or in the waters under the earth.

To prepare the way for the *Cosmopolitan University*, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has been publishing a series of articles on "Modern College Education." The question has been asked on each occasion, "Does it educate?" and though the answers have been as varied as the writers, they have agreed on that point—modern college education does not educate. It is very thoughtful of the *Cosmopolitan* thus to enlighten

the world; very kind, indeed, of its Solons to settle in a few paragraphs that all past and present generations have been all astray, and were not, are not, and cannot be—by actual standard—at all educated.

Grant Allen made know his views in the October Cosmopolitan. Here are a few extracts from his article:

Beyond a doubt, the course of learning Greek and Latin does not afford one a single piece of good mental training; it is unrivalled as a method of understanding the nature of grammar—that is to say, of the analysis of language. But this knowledge itself, though valuable up to a certain point, is absurdly overrated; ignorance of grammar is treated as a social crime, while ignorance of very important and fundamental facts about life or nature is treated as venial, and in some cases even as a mark of refinement.

An intelligent system of higher education designed to meet the needs of modern life would begin by casting away all preconceptions equally, and by reconstructing its curriculum on psychological principles. I am talking now, of course, of a general scheme of preliminary higher education—the sort of education which should form a basis for all professions alike (like the ordinary B. A. degree at present), and which would have to be afterwards supplemented by the special technical training of the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the manufacturer, the engineer and the parson. Such an education ought primarily to be an education of the faculties, language and grammar have proved themselves to be the worst possible failures. It ought, however, at the same time to consider whether, while training the faculties, it could not also simultaneously store the mind with useful facts. For both these purposes a general education in knowledge is the most satisfactory; and I say knowledge on purpose, instead of saying science, unduly restricted. I would include among the most important forms of knowledge a knowledge of man's history, his development, his arts and his literature. I believe that, for a groundwork, a considerable

range of subjects is best; this may be supplemented later by specialization in particular directions. Let us first have adequate acquaintance with the rudiments of all knowledge; in other words, let us avoid gross ignorance of any; afterwards, let us have special skill in one or more.

As a beginning, then, I would say, negatively, no Greek, no Latin, no French, no German. Those languages, or some of them, might or might not come later in particular instances. For example, a man might get interested in Hellas (say by travel, or by examining Greek sculpture), and might reasonably take up Hellenic art and Hellenic archæology; in connection with which it would also be desirable that he should read Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus and Thucydides. Or he might have business relations with Germany; in which case it would be desirable that he should learn German. Or he might take an interest in literature as a whole, and in the history of its development; in which case, of course, he could not afford to neglect French literature. Moreover, since languages are most easily acquired during plastic childhood, I do not deny that *if* exceptional opportunities exist for picking up modern languages (as during travel, etc.) advantage should be taken of them. I am not dogmatically opposed to the learning of languages; I have learned one or two (besides Greek and Latin) of my own accord. I only say their importance has been vastly overrated, and the relative importance of certain other subjects unaccountably underrated.

On the other hand, education ought certainly to include for everybody, men and women alike, some general acquaintance with the following subjects: Mathematics, so far as the particular intelligence will go; physics, so as to know the properties of matter; generalized chemistry; zoology; botany; astronomy; geography; geology; human history, and especially the history of the great central civilization, which includes Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Persia, Asia Minor, Hellas, Italy, Western Europe, America; human arts, and especially the arts of

painting, sculpture and architecture in North America, Western Asia and Europe. If this seems a large list for the foundations of an education, it must be remembered that six or seven years would be set free for the acquisition of useful knowledge by the abolition of grammatical rote-work; and that a general idea alone of each subject is all I ask for.

A person brought up on such a curriculum ought to be fairly well equipped for the battle of modern life in everything except the technical training of the particular profession. And technical training must, of course, come afterwards—in the medical school, in the lawyer's office, in the engineering yard, in the merchant's counting-house. But I maintain that every man or woman will be better fitted for every position in life he or she may fill—as a citizen, as a bread-winner, as a wife, as a parent—than when linguistically educated upon the existing basis. Wide knowledge of facts is essential to success in modern life; it is ignorance of facts that most often causes failure of adaptation. And any nation that ventured to adopt such an education in facts, instead of words, would forge ahead of all other nations with an accelerated rapidity that would astonish even those who introduced it.

But there is a preconception still more fatal to progress than all these preconceptions with which I have hitherto dealt—a preconception which vitiates as yet, almost all thinking on the subject, even in America. It is the deep-seated prejudice in favor of the college itself—of education as essentially a thing of teaching, not of learning—of education as bookish and scholastic—another baneful legacy of the monkish training. I believe almost everybody still over estimates the importance of college as such, and underestimates the value of travel and experience. Let me put the thing graphically. Thousands of American parents, asked to thrust their hands into their pockets and pay a round sum to send their sons or daughters to Harvard or Vassar, will do so without hesitation. Thousands of English parents will do the same thing, at still greater expense, for

Oxford or Girton. But ask those same parents to thrust their hands into their pockets and pull out an equal amount to send their sons and daughters travelling, deliberately, as a mode of education, in Europe, and they will draw back at once; "I don't want to waste so large a sum on a mere pleasure excursion."

Why is this? Clearly because the mediæval idea that most learning or all learning is to be derived from books still survives among us. In the middle ages travel was difficult. People lived much in the same place, and the knowledge of the times was really all book knowledge. To-day people travel freely; but the conception of travel as a great educator hardly exists at all in Europe, and is relatively little known even in America. I say "even in America," for I gladly admit that many more Americans than Europeans do really understand the high educational value of travel. But for the Englishman, travel in England itself is comparatively useless; so for the American, is travel in America. It is travel in other countries that is of prime importance—above all, in the motherlands of culture—France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt. And the greatest of these is Italy.

In my opinion a father who has sons and daughters of the proper age to go to college will do better by his children, and not less economically for himself, if he sends them for two years to travel in Europe than if he sends them for three years to an American or English university.

The knowledge gained at the university is unreal and bookish—mere half knowledge; the knowledge obtained by travel is real and first hand; it teaches and impresses. And the things it has taught us live with us forever.

Let any cultivated man or woman of middle age ask himself or herself seriously: "How much of what I know that I really prize, did I learn at school and college, or learn from books, and how much did I learn from things seen and visited in London, Paris, Venice, Florence, Munich, Nuremberg, Dresden, Brussels?" Will not the answer be, to the first half, next

to nothing; to the second half, almost everything? Speaking for myself, I can honestly say I went away from Oxford without a single element of education worth speaking of, and without the slightest training in method or development of faculties. Everything that I have ever learned worth knowing, I have taught myself since by observation and travel; and I reckon, in particular, my first visit to Italy, as the greatest and most important date in my mental history. Oxford taught one how to write imitation Latin verses; Italy taught one who the Romans were, and why their language and literature are worthy of study. Until you have been in Rome it is childish and silly to read Roman books; only when you know Rome, does Rome begin to live and speak for you.

There is no denying that there is some sense in what Grant Allen has

written above; but there is so much utter nonsense in it, that one recalls instinctively the poet's description of Sir Benjamin's Backbite's book of poems: "A neat rivulet of verse meandering through a meadow of margin."

Mr. Allen believes in the efficacy of travel as an educational influence, and in that he has made no new discovery. But when he asserts that travel may profitably supplant college training, he opens the way to the logical conclusion that tramps are the most highly-educated and refined members of the human family. By the way, why should not Mr. John Brisben Walker style his new institution "The Tramp University for Weary Willies," and make Grant Allen its first President?



The Owl.

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SEPARATE SCHOOLS AHEAD,

The Owl doffs its mortar-board and bows its thanks to its brother Catholic editors for the compliment they pay the musings of the "Bird of Wisdom." Imitation is more than approbation; it is the quintessence of flattery. True to its instincts, the "Bird of Night" reads when the world is enshrouded by darkness; many of the events that transpire in broad day-light might possibly remain undiscovered by the faint, feeble flickerings of our

tallow dip. The inexperience of youth—we are not yet in our teens—is our apology if we are mistaken in claiming that we were the first to employ synoptical, comparative tables, affording a bird's-eye view of the respective standing of Separate and Public Schools. Separate Schools were "out for bear" this year and eclipsed even the Collegiate institutes in the examinations for non-professional teachers. Never more let the old war-cry: "Down with Separate Schools! they are a farce," be heard in this fair province. The efficiency of the teacher and the proficiency of the student can be proved only by the success of the latter at the provincial examinations. The only argument that even the most expert can adduce from the Minister of Education's Report, to show that the Separate Schools are up to the standard is hard facts *alias* success at the departmental examinations. Philosophical reflections upon the superiority of Catholic methods of instructing the young may be very consoling; they will not pass muster with those who decry Separate Schools.

Without desiring to draw any sinister comparison, we might classify the opponents of our schools: Quakers, Agnostics and Infidels. To the Quakers, we would say: You do not believe in the principle of Separate Schools, still as *friends* to the cause of education you will rejoice with us that our schools have succeeded and wish us even greater

success in the future. The second class profess ignorance and demand knowledge based upon sound reasoning. Against them, we have a clear case. You require proof. We do not intend to read you a lecture on metaphysics; we might not agree on the preliminaries. Refer to the results of the departmental examinations for the last year and go your way in knowledge and truth. Can we judge the future from the past? If so, argument with the Infidels were a willful, woeful waste of paper and ink; they and their virulent diatribes against Catholic Schools would not stand confounded and refuted, though the heavens were to fall. To borrow a metaphor. The only difference between the libels of these gentlemen and a cat, is that a cat has only nine lives.

Catholics do not wish to give vent to a jubilant shout of victory or paint their modest school-houses, a cardinal red; it is not necessary; unlike the little boy, they have won many other educational contests. We know that the Public Schools are doing grand and noble work; in the light of recent events, we can easily be excused for believing, that our own are at least as good if not better. Catholics have schools second to none in the province: let our watchword for the future be, "*Excelsior.*"

THE MOST UNKINDEST
CUT OF ALL.

The action of the Quebec Rugby Union in suspending the Ottawa

City Football Club produced a noteworthy division among Canadian newspapers. On the one side, approving the action of the Union as making for the good of the game, were the five leading journals of the country, viz, the *Star*, *Herald* and *Gazette* of Montreal, the *Globe* and *Mail-Empire* of Toronto; on the other, condemning the Union, were the *Citizen* and *Evening Journal* of Ottawa and the *Toronto Star*. It was certainly hard enough on the Ottawas to be unceremoniously and unanimously bounced from the Rugby Union, but their measure of disgrace was pressed down and heaped up and made to run over by the character of the newspapers that undertook their defence. The *Toronto Star* is a reservoir of nastiness; the *Citizen* gets notoriously the wrong side of everything; but the *Evening Journal* surprised many of its friends by donning again its tattered Equal Rights' dress, and acting as scavenger and distributor of the dirt gathered together by the *Toronto Star*.



CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY IN
NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The most radical definition of a philosopher is, a lover of wisdom; it would scarcely require a definition of the academy of dictionary-compiling wiseacres to inform us that wisdom and truth are as inseparable as were the famous "Siamese Twins." For convenience sake we

divide Christians into two parties—the Catholic and the non-Catholic; for the same reason we might reasonably expect to have two systems of philosophy—Catholic and non-Catholic. On information, intent bound, we pore over the curricula of non-Catholic, or if you please, non-sectarian institutions. Our conclusion is, that there are no Catholic philosophers; if so, their names are made conspicuous by their absence from the list of those to whom reference will be made.

Charity would lead us to infer that this omission would be supplied by the professors in their more or less learned lectures. Charity always brings its own reward; in our case, however, charity would have been more charitable if it had not rescued Catholic philosophers from the quiet shades of peaceful oblivion allotted them by the architects of the aforementioned curricula. In the lecture hall the worthy *senators* give way to the impartial professors; the injury of the former, to the insult of the latter. The professors understand their duty, and perform it with a vengeance akin to that displayed by Homer's gods. The professors with very rare exceptions prove themselves past-masters in the juggler's art; they convert fame into notoriety, by a few mysterious words—a sneering gibe at the monumental stupidity of the scholastics and scholasticism and all the other *ics* and *isms* and the trick is done. It is so very easy for us to show our dexterity by

building up a straw man and then knocking him down; of course, we are not supposed to remember that the real, genuine article is a being of flesh and blood and by nature exceedingly pugnacious. After this cold shower-bath of dubious compliments we might expect an invigorating tonic of irresistible arguments. Oh, no!

We might be tempted to indulge in a little mud-slinging and break the monotony with some stray innuendoes. Such a course would justify our opponents in deluging us with naughty, little names on Father Weller's plea: "He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath." Maligners need not be answered, they are beneath contempt; snickering abuse does not injure Catholic philosophy, it helps the cause. Even self-styled philosophers hurl charitable epithets only because they have no arguments in stock; Catholics have a goodly number of irrefutable arguments up their sleeve but see no necessity of squandering them on harmless nick-names. If a philosopher be a man who sneers at his opponent, then the universally accepted definition of the word must be sadly out of joint. This system of philosophy, or rather what Catholics would term a history of philosophy, ignoring St. Augustine, Bonaventure, Suarez, St. Thomas, De Maistre, Brownson and countless other Catholic philosophers—the brainiest men of their own or any other age—is a ludicrous combina-

tion of the comic and the tragic. Catholics know that if these professors could find a vulnerable spot in our armor, they would quickly pierce it with a sharp pointed argument.

The treatment meted out to Catholic philosophy, though not logical, is wise in its sophistical trickery. Be it said to our shame! Too many Catholic fathers send their sons to non-Catholic institutions. The Catholic student hears naught but a sneer at Catholic philosophy; he arrives at the logical conclusion that it must be second-hand stuff of a very inferior quality. Then he is ashamed of Catholic philosophy; we must remember that when a Catholic reaches the step labelled "shame," he is very near the end of the stairs that will land him in apostasy. If such a Catholic student follows his philosophical training to its logical consequence, he must renounce his religion; Catholic philosophy is the hand-maid of Catholic theology. Can a Catholic parent conscientiously send his son to a non-Catholic university under such circumstances? We scarcely think so. A system of philosophy well conned and laid up in the storehouses of the intellect, guides a man's belief and directs his actions; if the mainspring of morality is faulty, how can we expect that it will mark the seconds of human actions correctly.

THE OWL once before made strictures of the same nature. A university student or professor made a

somewhat startling reply. He claimed that the charges made against Catholics were perfectly true, and that Catholic students attending his *Alma Mater* raised no objections. This double-headed argument, so philosophical and innocent, marks its author as a man of wit; Mark Twain should engage him as private consultant on his next trip, "From India to South Africa" —the collaborated result would be the hit of the century. At all events, he was a faithful disciple of Tyndal, who never forgot to clinch his argument by throwing his little bit of "mud" at the "monkish inventions" of the scholastics.

The Catholic Church of the dawning Twentieth Century requires the young Catholic laymen to fight her battles, that will lead them into a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. The only bond she exacts is, an instructed Catholic conscience and an enlightened Catholic intelligence. Will the Church find such sons? Catholic fathers alone can furnish the answer.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

The halls of the University of Oxford are soon to be adorned with a fine painting of the Holy Father.

For almost 2,000 years Catholic and Justice have been looked upon as synonymous terms. The Greeks had forgotten this fact for centuries, but recently they redeemed themselves by placing M. Tomin, a Catholic, in their Cabinet with the title of Minister of Justice.

A recent announcement states that the Holy Father has made known his decision in regard to the Manitoba School Question. Of course there may be some foundation for this report, but it would be better to await the official decision of the Pope before commenting. The report says that Catholics will be obliged to support Separate Schools. At all events this once famous question is likely soon again to become prominent.

The *Ave Maria* says: "The Rev. J. B. Soullier O.M.I., who lately passed to his reward was the priest who instructed Maria Monk's daughter in the Catholic faith. Her real name was Mrs. St. John Eckels, and her greatest achievement was the book in which she exposed the infamy of her mother, whose 'horrible revelations' of conventual life gave well meaning Protestants that 'creepy' feeling they used to have."

The assertion recently made by Cardinal Vaughan that between 600 and 700 converts are received into the Church every month in England, has been the occasion of a considerable amount of discussion among the papers of that country. Instead of being exaggerated it is said that this estimate falls below the average. From what can be learned from English papers, in nearly every issue of which accounts of some most notable conversions are found, we are led to believe that the Cardinal cannot be far from the correct number.

It is announced that in the approaching elections in France, the Pope will interfere to induce the people to abandon their monarchical aspirations and accept the republican form of government. The reason for this action on the part of the

Sovereign Pontiff is because of the great difficulties under which the Church must labor in France while the country remains in its present unsettled socialistic state. This is a most difficult project which Leo XIII has taken upon himself to perform in his advanced age. But the vigor of the Holy Father, instead of diminishing, seems rather to be on the increase, if we would judge from the great undertakings in which he has lately been engaged.

The following beautiful words were addressed by Pope Leo XIII to a number of Irish Catholics who recently made a pilgrimage to the Eternal City under the patronage of Very Rev. Prior Glynn: "My children, I welcome you from my heart. I am the Father of the Faithful, and you are the best beloved of my children. You come to me from the most Catholic country in the world—a country that has suffered fearlessly, cheerfully, persecution, imprisonment, and death for the Faith's sake. Yours is a peculiar faith. This faith that was planted in your country by the blessed Apostle St. Patrick is impossible to eradicate." What a glorious tribute is this, coming from the Venerable Head of the Catholic Church! Irishmen have many qualities upon which they may well pride themselves, but in the whole history of the Irish race there is nothing which reflects more credit on them, nor more strongly commands the admiration of the world, than their perseverance, under the greatest difficulties, in the faith which St. Patrick brought to their fathers. Well has the Pope styled Ireland the most Catholic country in the world, and Irishmen the best beloved of his children.

By the death of Colonel George Bliss, which occurred lately at Wake-

field, R. I., a convert has passed to his reward, and the Catholic Church has lost a faithful friend and firm defender. In 1884, when the Italian government proceeded to confiscate all the property they could lay hold of, the Colonel urged the President to interfere in behalf of the American College in Rome. He thus succeeded in saving this property from the general plunder, and in recognition of his services to the Church in this and in many other cases, he was honored by the Pope with the title of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.



OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On Monday evening, November 29, the French members of the University Dramatic Society of '97-'98 presented to the public their first effort. The play was a comedy entitled "The Vivacities of Captain Tic"; and the students who filled the various roles acquitted themselves admirably, thus showing what valuable histrionic talent the college stage may develop. The following is the caste of characters:

Horace Tic, a Cavalry Captain,	M. A. Lavergne
Desambois, a very serious man	- - C. McKay
De Guy-Robert, The Captain's Uncle,	L. Payment
Celestin Magis, a serious young man,	J. Forest
Bernard, The Captain's Servant,	- - G. Coté
Baptiste, Guy-Robert's Servant	- - R. Lafond
A Guest	- - - - - R. Bonin

Throughout the evening the College band discoursed appropriate music; and when, just before the last act, it struck the notes of "We're Champions Again," the whole student body took up the refrain, and gave the audience abundant evidence of the strength of their lungs and the harmony of their voices when sounding their long-familiar

song of victory. Needless to say, the chorus was enthusiastically received, for almost all present were staunch and admiring supporters of the Garnet and Gray.

When the last strains of *Vive la Canadienne* were wafted from the band-loft, the audience dispersed well satisfied with the performance, and remarks of approbation could be heard on every side. The evening had certainly been an enjoyable one; and THE OWL extends hearty congratulations to Rev. Father Gervais, the genial director of the Dramatic Society, as being largely responsible for the success of the entertainment, and also to the Rev. director of the band, Father Lambert, whose untiring efforts in behalf of the students are well known to us all.



AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The November number of the "Rosary Magazine" contains the third of a series of papers on the great poet priest Father Ryan. The article is all the more interesting because it places before us a few of the letters written by the venerable priest, during his lecture tour on behalf of the Discalced Carmelites, an order of nuns who settled in New Orleans in 1877. The very spirit of the man breathes throughout his writings. His great hatred of popularity may be seen from the following extract from a letter written from Baltimore to a friend. "If you only knew how I despise this vulgar thing called popularity, the applause of the commons, the clapping of hands at lectures, the adoration of adulators, the plaudits of the populace, the praises of thousands, you would better understand my position,

and also how I retire within myself all alone, and in the halls of my heart hold converse with but six people living on earth, and one dead, except to me." Other contributions worthy of careful reading are:—Rev. H. H. Kane's article entitled, "Blessed Albert the Great;" the great Dominican, to whom belongs the honor of having been the professor of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas; a life of Adelaide Ann Procter, the gifted daughter of "Barry Cornwall" by Richard Malcolm Johnston; and Dr. Woods' paper on the history of Hawaii, during the present period.

The December Messenger of the Sacred Heart furnishes several very attractive papers. The very first article,—“In the Austrian Tyrol,” is a charming description of the scenery and customs in that region. The state of the country may be judged from the following quotation: “On enterring Austria after a prolonged stay in Italy, the first thing that strikes a stranger is the absence of poverty. Every one seems to be well off and comfortably dressed; no rags, no bare feet offend the eye; beggars are rare. A general well to do appearance prevails in every Austrian town, so that it is not without reason the people love their Emperor. In Italy the poverty is so widespread that the highest nobles gladly seize any opportunity of renting a suite of rooms in their palaces; while in Austria, on the contrary, such a thing would not be thought of. No private family would, on any consideration admit a stranger into their house.” The Origin and Rise of the Knights Hospitallers, by J. Arthur Floyd, is an instructive sketch of the doings of those great defenders of Christendom during the Chivalric age. Mr. J.

M. Cave in a biographical sketch of the Very Rev. Mgr. Peyramale, the “Curé of Lourdes,” pays particular attention to the charitable side of that great pastor's character. We cannot refrain from loving him, who would sell his horse to save a poor parishioner from financial troubles.

Every page of the issue for November 13, of the Ave Maria is worthy of being read. This magazine has always been noted for the quality of the short stories it publishes, and those in the number at hand are up to the mark in every way. The third portion of “Martyr Memories of America,” an unpublished manuscript by the late John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., gives a good picture of the zeal and devotion which characterized the Jesuits of the early missions in America.



OUR BRETHERN.

The Dartmouth Literary contains several short stories, which, to say the least, lack interest. Some of its columns are well filled, among them “The Contributors' Club,” and “Crayon Bleu.” “Crayon Bleu” is a review of the principal publications in the literary and scientific world. The writer is evidently a man capable of guiding in this sphere.

The Tamarack is an honorable fellow in frankly admitting that he was deceived by one of his contributors. We highly appreciate his apology to readers for the publishing of a certain plagiarized article. The plagiarist was somewhat cunning in choosing an anonymous writing, and one published in a school reader. He has more daring brothers scattered throughout the college world, who would stoop to transcribe the words of none but a recognized

master. They take a composition of a standard author or of a well-known writer for magazines, and so mutilate, interpolate, and manipulate words, expressions, and sentences, as to give some show of originality to it when it appears over their name. However, it is extremely difficult to effect a complete disfiguration. Moreover, thoughts and ideas generally point to their origin, and thus plagiarisms are soon detected.

An address of Archbishop Riordan to the students of Notre Dame University is published in one of the November numbers of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. It contains much practical and salutary advice to young men.

The Dial is conducted on a high standard. It contains well-written pieces both of prose and verse. From the latter we take the following:—

MY CHOICE.

I have seen many faces of matronly love,
Of maidens sylph-like and slender ;
But only one haunts me wherever I rove,
With eyes, love-litten and tender.

In my dreams she comes softly and sits
by my side,
Her hand on my brow gently presses ;
Her accents are gentler than those of a
bride,
And soft are her loving caresses.

No face is so sweet on all the wide earth ;
I never could find such another—
As hers who watched over my life from
its birth—
My mother ! my own dearest mother !

The "Purple Patcher" of *The Holy Cross Purple* is quite an ingenious writer. His first "patch" is in the form of a poem. It is interesting to note the way he weaves Latin and Greek words into his lines without destroying the

metre and rhythm. Here are a few typical lines:—

Nunc, "fallacia non causæ" was given
one day,
And Splashus looked up et tunc did say
"Facile est to remember it all
Si ponamus this motto upon the wall :
Hoc post hoc, or to grasp it the more
Reformatio cœpit 1204."

"A Venusian Twilight" is a well-written criticism of Horace's works, in the form of a dialogue between the writer and "l'épicurien lettré."

The Albert College Times has an excellent joke-column.

THE OWL did not "to the moon complain" when *The Young Eagle* for the first time alighted within the confines of her "sacred bower." On the contrary, the reception was hearty. The journey from Wisconsin did not tarnish the brilliancy of *The Young Eagle's* plumage, nor did it alter in any way the qualities which are bringing him into repute. These were our impressions on examining him. Our interview with him enhanced our previous good opinion of him. We whiled away an hour or so in his company, and a pleasant hour it was.



FOOTBALL.

Perhaps the most exciting, but at the same time the most disgusting football game of the season took place on the Metropolitan grounds, when College lined up to do battle against Ottawa City. The ancient rivalry that existed between the two teams was considerably aggravated by their previous stubborn contest of October 16th, and further intensified by open threats on the part of a number of

the Ottawa's players. Even devoid of these preliminaries, a knowledge of the fact that the notorious Jimmy Smellie would figure on the City team, fully satisfied the full-blown hopes of the most sanguinary among the spectators. Under such conditions it was evident that there was urgent need of strict and experienced officials; but unfortunately, those who had charge of the game were either shamefully neglectful or lamentably incapable of satisfying the requirements of their positions. College had the advantage of the wind in the first half. The kick-off seemed to be the Ottawas' signal for the commencement of dirty work, for the first scrimmage had but been formed when Smellie opened hostilities by fouling a College player. Play, however, proceeded; but as our readers would hardly relish an accurate account of such a struggle, we will content ourselves by saying that after the most shameful exhibition of football ever seen on a Canadian field, in which the referee was brutally assaulted, in which McGuckin was severely cut by a kick on the head, in which Gleeson got his nose broken by a deliberate blow, and in which Murphy's arm was cruelly bitten, with the score standing 8 to 8, and with 8 minutes more to play, the game was called off, notwithstanding the most vigorous protestations on the part of the College team. It may be worthy of notice that at this time the students were playing close upon their opponents goal line, and that the referee's decision was given, only after the most importunate entreaty from the Ottawas' captain. The College team:—P. Murphy, McGuckin, C. McGee, Gleeson, E. Murphy, Smith, Boucher, Clancy,

McCredie, Ross, O'Reilly, O'Gara, Sparrow, Leveque, J. McGee and Lafleur.

After the preceding game College wrote the Q. R. U. protesting four of the Ottawas' players on the score of rough play. A meeting of the Union resulted in the suspension of the City team from the League. It was also decided to settle the championship by two games, the first to be played between College and Montreal, and the winners to play McGill on the following Saturday.

In consequence of the above arrangements College travelled to Montreal on November 13th to meet the crack organization representing that city. The weather was cold and windy, and owing to the melting of a light snow-fall, the field was not in a very satisfactory condition. Notwithstanding, the game was a fast one, and demonstrated the fact that football can be played in a gentlemanly manner and still remain popular and enjoyable from a spectator's stand-point. Montreal kicked off with the wind but were so skilfully checked by the college stalwarts that at the end of half time they had only netted 7 points while College scored 1. The students made such an excellent showing in the first half, it was expected that with the assistance of a strong wind, they would have no difficulty in running up a large score. But play had just been resumed, when by an irresistible rush Montreal forced the ball over the College goal line adding 6 more points to their credit. The score remained 13 to 1 until 15 minutes before the game ended. For some reason or other, this period of our games always plays an important part in the contests of Ottawa College. And as it proved

on this occasion, for within the few playing minutes that were left, the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, by an unusual effort, frequently pressed their opponents over the line and scored repeatedly. The game being over, the referee announced College to be winners by a score of 14 to 13. Montreal took their defeat like the true sportsmen they are, and hospitably entertained our team after the game. The College players were: P. Murphy, E. Murphy, C. McGee, Gleeson, Smith, Boucher, Clancy, McCredie, Ross, O'Reilly, O'Gara, Sparrow, Leveque, J. McGee and Lafleur.

* * *

College having won the preceding game, were scheduled to meet McGill in Ottawa, on the following Saturday. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and in spite of a carefully planned "boycott," a large audience was present, including nearly half the playing members of the Ottawa City club. With a strong wind blowing directly up field, and with the ground frozen and slippery, the shivering players took their places to begin a contest that was to decide the Quebec championship. College won the toss and McGill took the kick-off. The visitors' wings followed up quickly, tackling Murphy, who received the ball. A series of well directed punts transferred the sphere beyond the opponents' 25 yard line, where a scrimmage gave Smith an opportunity to get over for a try. The goal being missed, the ball was again kicked off, but a neat return put the medical men on the defensive. Their forwards, however, were equal to the task, and by force of weight and strength, repeatedly got the better of the students' scrimmage. College again

got the ball, when a combined run on the part of the backs brought it to within a yard of McGills' goal line. A scrimmage then followed, and Smith again managed to get over for a touchdown; 2 touches-in-goal and a rouge completed the College score, which stood 11 to 0 at the end of the first half. At this juncture friends of the team began to have anxious fears regarding the result. With the aid of a heavy wind, it was feared that the McGill men would easily overtake the students' score. But all such fears were groundless; for College then began as beautiful a defensive game as has ever been seen on a football field. The forwards worked like heroes, while the entire back division exhibited a combination of passing and running, such as College supporters seldom before have had the pleasure to witness. The ball swayed up and down field, coming at times within five yards of either goal, when some unexpected play would again transfer operations out of all immediate danger. To College's credit be it said that the ball was in McGill's territory for most of the half, and there is no doubt that the former could have added to their score, had not a laudable prudence restrained them from running any risks. As it was, neither side scored, so that the time keeper's whistle announced that Ottawa College had once more won the coveted title of Champions of Quebec. After the game the McGill players and the officials were handsomely entertained at the College, by the football club. The College players, P. Murphy, E. Murphy, Gleeson, McGuckin, Smith, Boucher, McCredie, Clancy, Ross, O'Reilly, Fahey, R. Murphy, Leveque, McGee and Lafleur.

NOTES.

Joe Fahey's abilities should have been recognized sooner. Whatever else boycotts may be, they are certainly not "hoodoos."

Mick Sparrow has been termed "the refrigerator of the Shamrocks." Strange indeed! In football he makes it warm enough for his cover.

Clancy, McCredie and Boucher are the modern triumvirate.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." But it can't compare with the touch Lafleur made in Montreal.

Has the 3rd team any more men like McGuckin? Nothing distinguishes the College team so much as their ability to change their game to suit the style of their opponents. Ottawas can bear testimony to this.

CANADIAN CHAMPIONS.

Once more has the Ottawa College Football Club won the Championship of Canada. The "Garnet and Grey" flag floats triumphant. All honor to the victors; they worked hard and honestly and with perseverance, and the reward is only what they deserve. And their victory is all the more agreeable from the sportsmanlike way in which the defeated team accepted the result. The Hamilton Tigers are good players, good winners and good losers.

The following is the account of the game as given by the *Ottawa Evening Journal*.

Ottawa College Football Club, champions of the Quebec Rugby Union, 14 points; Hamilton Football Club, otherwise known as the Tigers, champions of the Ontario Union, 10 points.

A slippery ground, hard, under half an inch of softish, greasy snow. A wet, slippery ball. Nevertheless, a wonder-

fully accurate game, very little fumbling on either side, particularly little by College men; plenty of open play, long kicking and pretty running, little rough work, in short, as fine a match as one could see on a damp November day. Three thousand people or more were there to see it.

Promptly at two o'clock the fifteens of the two clubs trotted out on the whitish field. The long, level oval had enough snow on it to conceal the sod in most places, and there were considerable masses of snow or ice at the sides. Both teams wore dirty canvas jackets, through which stuck the Garnet sleeves of Ottawa College, and the Yellow and Black of Hamilton. Hamilton were the bigger men, that was sure, everywhere save as to the scrimmage trio. But that is where weight tells most. The College men in the little preliminary canthers looked lighter on their feet, and they had reason to be, for they were all out in canvas shoes, whereas, most of the Tigers wore boots, and they never made a worse mistake.

The splendid M.A.A.A. grand stand was nearly filled with spectators, mostly a vast range of black. Still three or four hundred ladies braved the weather.

A light, fine snow, sometimes almost rain, drifted down before a moderate wind from the south-west. The atmosphere was decidedly raw.

A splendid game was to follow, in which the skill, speed and combination of the Garnet and Grey was to overcome the individual strength, dash and pertinacity of the Yellow and Black.

College won the toss, and of course elected to play with the wind.

Shirley Davidson of the McGill team was referee, Hartland McDougall of the Montreal team, umpire. The teams and weights were:

College.		Hamilton.
P. Murphy, 125	Back	Glassco, 155
E. Murphy, 139		Wylie, 146
Gleeson, 145	Halves	Counsell, 170
McGuckin, 156		DuMoulin, 165
Smith, 140	Quarter	Fox, 142
Boucher, 195		Freeborn, 187

Clancy, 172	Scrim.	Irvine, 170
McCredie, 194		McCarthy, 175
Ross, 170		McAuliffe, 201
Leveque, 158		Marshall, 180
O'Reilly, 170	wings	Quinn, 155
R. Murphy, 165		Dewar, 175
Lafleur, 156		Nelligan, 170
McGee, 150		Martin, 155
Sparrow, 164		Ripley, 158

Average weight, College 160; Hamilton, 167. On the forward line, College 168. Hamilton 172.

FIRST HALF.

College having the wind, the Hamilton captain kicked off, a fine long drive, but equally well returned by Gleeson, and the teams settled down to business in mid-field. Several sharp scrimmages were the opening feature. College did not seem to have the better of these. But you never can tell about the College scrim until a pinch comes. They usually keep something up their sleeve. Hamilton played a brisk game, and their wings broke through the College line well—too well, for several free kicks were given to the College by the umpire in rapid succession. These took the play into Hamilton territory. The western men put up a fine defence, and at this stage showed two or three samples of neat passing and running by the half-backs.

For ten minutes the game vacillated in Hamilton's ground, still not near their line, and as College despite the advantage of the wind did not seem able to gain much Hamilton, stock went up.

BOMBSHELL FOR HAMILTON.

Suddenly—very suddenly—something occurred. Smith was the first part of it. Taking the ball as it came back from the College scrim, he sprinted along behind the wings until he got an opening in the Hamilton line, and went through like a bullet. He was tackled in a moment by one of the Hamilton halves, but made a neat pass over his shoulder to Lafleur, and the latter galloped on. Two of the Hamilton rear division made for Lafleur from opposite sides, but in some queer way

he plunged through and with a clear field ran 20 yards on straight into the Hamilton goal, the Hamilton men in their heavy boots lumbering after him like drag horses. Touch-down, 4 points. Leveque kicked the goal easily; 2 points more.

College 6, Hamilton 0.

After the kick-off, the play soon returned to Hamilton territory owing chiefly to Gleeson's fine punting. The Hamilton men seemed to have a little the better of the close play. Their forwards occasionally carried the ball on by rushes in something of the style the Ottawa city team were so effective at, the leather going from hand to hand with a continuous plunge. But whenever the ball got loose on the College side, Gleeson's kicks returned it far into Hamilton ground.

Smith making a jump into Wylie after the Hamilton half-back had marked a catch, the referee ruled the College quarter off for five minutes. Leveque took Smith's position, but was slow at it, and Hamilton brought him down every time and gained ground till Smith returned.

CRACK NO 2 FOR TIGERS.

Then came hard luck for Hamilton. A long punt by Gleeson fell a couple of yards in front of the Hamilton line. It was caught and marked by Dumoulin. But when the college had been following the punt, some Hamilton man had tried an off-side body-check which the referee spotted, and he gave College a penalty kick right under the Hamilton goal. It was a severe ruling. There had been lots of off-side interference going on before, but it was not penalized until this juncture, fatal to Hamilton. Gleeson could have placed a goal from the penalty kick, but that would have counted but two points. He made a feint at a kick, but suddenly turning, tipped the ball to the rush line behind him, and they made a dive for the touch-down. Hamilton stopped the rush just outside the line, but the next time the College scrim carried Smith over for the touch-down, 4 points—

College 10, Hamilton 0.

The kick at goal looked an easy one, but Leveque missed.

Then Hamilton went in to know the reason why, and for a time tore up the College line, crowding the play up the field until they were within a few yards of the Ottawa men's goal. College braced there. The Garnet and Grey scrim let out a link, and the wings tackled like tigers. Two or three times the ball sailed over, but the rear division played without a flaw, and got it out again.

COLLEGE GETS CROWDED.

At length, a penalty kick by Counsell landed the ball far in touch-in-goal, giving Hamilton one point.

College 10, Hamilton 1.

The generalship credited in the west to Counsell did not materialize here. His rush line was doing splendidly, and when so near the College line it looked as though he should have kicked short and given them a chance to get under the ball. But though he got two or three free kicks at this time, he tried only long punts, and in every case the College backs returned them before his forwards could get that far.

Hamilton kept pressing College. Good passes by the Hamilton quarter, Fox, to Counsell, or short, sharp dashes by Fox himself, who played a thoroughly plucky and clever game, kept College busy. Finally, McGuckin's fumble of a catch, and lightning following up of Ripley took the ball across the College line, where Ripley was tackled before he got the leather down, and the referee awarded Hamilton a touch without a try, 4 points.

College 10; Hamilton 5.

All this time Hamilton had been improving in play, and when they began to score like this, the cry along the grand stand was generally "Hamilton will win."

And this was the general impression when half-time was called.

GLEESON AND COUNSELL.

What of the two great captains? "Gleeson," was the majority verdict; but qualified with the proviso, "wait till the second half, when Counsell has the wind with him."

Gleeson had never played better. It seemed impossible to tackle him before he got his kicks in. Either foot served, and either knee too. He was always in the right place, he always had his men right, he did not fumble, neither did he bungle his kicks, no matter how short Hamilton took him.

Counsell played a fine game, but perhaps owing to the slippery footing, he seemed clumsy and slow compared with the College captain. He never fumbled, his punting against the wind was splendid and well judged, he tackled like a lion, but he was not fast, and neither used much judgment in varying his play nor made much headway by any rushes he tried.

SECOND HALF.

At 3.30 the teams trooped out for the second half, the snow still coming down in a light flurry, and the wind the same as at the start—a moderate breeze, now favoring Hamilton.

Play had hardly started before College emphasized a change of tactics, as was expected. In the first half, the game was to give the ball to Gleeson to punt. Now came a running game, and there never was a prettier one. From the scrim to Smith; Smith a dash till tackled, then to Gleeson; Gleeson a sprint on, then to Murphy; Murphy, ho for the Hamilton goal. Once he got there, and it gave College the match; half a dozen times he didn't get there, but gave Hamilton heart disease each time.

True, Hamilton had the best of the play. Most of the half it was in College territory. No flies on Hamilton, anywhere. Good scrim, snappy wings, first-class little quarter-back. Counsell never missing at centre half; the rest of the back division good except (fatal exception) at tackling. Too many attempts to tackle high, a bad enough fault against big men, crazy against midgets like the Murphies. Still Hamilton forced the play, and by and by a long punt from DuMoulin landed the leather right on the College line. For once Gleeson fumbled it, got it with a second attempt, but was tackled before

he could get under way, and thrown into touch-in-goal. A point for the west.

College 10, Hamilton 6.

The College commenced to keep the ball down in the scrim a good deal, and apparently the Tigers to get it loose played offside purposely. That meant a penalty kick for College, but the kicks transferred the ball to Hamilton, and they wanted it. A dozen penalty kicks went thus to College inside of as many minutes, but the long return punts of Counsell, Wylie or DuMoulin gained ground for Hamilton whenever the College failed to land the ball in side-touch.

THE MURPHY COUP.

Things looked rosy for Hamilton, when clear from mid-field the Murphy coup came off. Smith this time made his pass direct to Murphy, away out at the side, and the little man went off like a deer, dodging and twisting through five or six Tigers thirty yards or more clear across the Hamilton goal line. Four points more for Quebec. Kick missed. The run was possibly offside. When Murphy started, they seemed to be some offside interference, and umpire McDougall or somebody else blew a whistle. Hamilton claimed that the ball should be brought back, but the claim was disallowed. Anyway whatever offside occurred did not really affect Murphy's run.

College 14, Hamilton 6.

All upnow with Hamilton most thought, but not with the Tiger team, for they leapt into play with desperation and during the remaining quarter of an hour scored again and again—but not enough.

TIGERS MISS THEIR CHANCE.

Good punting by the backs and sharp following up enabled Hamilton to score a point from a rouge and then a safety (2 points,) Gleeson being takled in goal. This made 9 points in all. The Tigers missed their chance. From a scrim within ten yards of the College goal, Fox, the clever Hamilton quarter, got the ball and made a beautiful pass to Wylie, well out at left half. Had Wylie caught the pass, it was good-day to the Ottawa hopes. He was within 15 yards of the goal line, and uncovered. He missed the

catch, was downed in an instant, and Hamilton's goose was cooked.

One more point the western men got, the ball being punted into touch-in-goal, bringing the Tigers' total to 10. Very dangerous all this time the Hamilton attack was, the play being well back in College ground save occasionally when penalty kicks or the fine runs of the half backs made a short change. Gleeson seemed to be giving out a little. Despite his marvellous facility in evading tackles and charges, the slim College captain had been downed terrifically many a time, and his play was weakening. Still the College put up a great defence game. Their scrim outplayed the centre trio of the Tigers, the wings fairly held their own, and from the stubborn garnet and gray, the yellow and black could not in the gathering dusk wrench enough points to retrieve their earlier losses.

The whistle of the time-keepers sounded almost at 5 o'clock to the minute, and College dashed whooping off the white field, champions again.

THE SCORE.

College.	Points.
Goal from try	2
Touch-down without try	4
Touch-down	4
Touch-down	4
	<hr/>
	14
Hamilton.	Points.
Rouge	1
Touch-down without try	4
Rouge	1
Touch-in-goal	1
Tackle in goal	2
Touch-in-goal	1
	<hr/>
	10

COMMENT ON THE PLAY.

As the score indicates, the ball was much more in College territory than otherwise. Perhaps two-thirds of the time the College were on the defence. All their three touch-downs were gained almost direct from midfield and the Hamilton goal line was hardly ever closely pressed, whereas Hamilton was pounding

away a lot close to the College goal line. And so some thought Hamilton "had the best of the game."

But points win matches.

And generalship and skill make points, and never made them more clearly than on Saturday. The touch-downs of neither Lafleur nor Murphy would have been possible but for the College generalship. What happened was what usually happens where College is concerned. The Tigers had got so puzzled by the College play that they left openings which would never have been given to ordinary opponents.

Gleeson had four or five distinct sets of tactics. First one, and then a different manoeuvre was tried, and Hamilton could never gamble on what would come next. Perhaps the scrim would be tried in a charge on the Hamilton line, and so long as numbers were equal, the College scrim could gain a little. If, next time the Hamilton wings came in to stop that, the College ball would go back to Gleeson, thence off to Ed. Murphy, and he would be around the side of the Hamilton line like a shot, where the wings should have been, but weren't. If the Tiger wings stayed in their places, the College scrim renewed the line bucking. Then, sometimes the Hamilton half-backs came up to shove, but if they did, the College ball was back to Gleeson again, and this time a long punt would land it far in Hamilton territory, where a half-back should have been, but sometimes wasn't.

It was head play by College, against splendid happy-go-lucky dash by Hamilton, and when the strength and vigor of the Tiger attack was constantly pushing the College men back for labored advantages, the skill and speed of the eastern men would every once in a while even up matters—or more—by a big run.

The long runs of Lafleur and Murphy, which would have seemed impossible against any team in the Quebec Union, were doubtless helped by the slippery ground which prevented the Hamilton backs moving quickly enough to get on to the runners, but at the same time the

runs would not have been possible in any event but for the rapidly-changing tactics of the College, which kept the Tigers uncertain all the time where they were.

Throughout the match the College men seemed both surer-footed and faster, particularly in the back division. Every man on the team did well, but as anticipated the scrim did particularly well. Except as regarded the combination play of the back division, the scrimmage was the one feature of the play where College showed stronger than Hamilton throughout—only slightly so, but still uniformly a little better.

In the first half, College was given 17 penalty kicks, Hamilton 8. In the second half, College 19, Hamilton 8.

But all in all, College won fairly and squarely, and on the same field would do it again.

NOTES.

Counsell's punting was the best done for length, Gleeson's the best placed.

College won the championship from Toronto University last year also by 4 points—the score was 12 to 8.

McGuckin was the least effective of the College rear division, doing considerable fumbling. He ran and tacked well.

The Hamilton inside wing men were first class, but the outside ones did not seem able to break through to down College runs.

College was easily the favorite with the grand stand, but there was no great electricity except over two or three of Ed. Murphy's runs. Both teams being visitors, the crowd was dull.

The Hamilton halves never fumbled, but their tackling was not good, and DuMoulin lost a lot marking free kicks when he had ample time to return the ball while his forwards were down in College territory.

Seven of the College fifteen of yesterday shared in the championship win last year in Toronto, namely: Gleeson, Smith, Ed. Murphy, Clancy, Boucher, McCredie and Lafleur. The other eight last year were: Belanger, Shea, Foley, Green,

Prud'homme, Tobin, Quilty and James, replaced this year by P. Murphy, McGuckin, R. Murphy, O'Reilly, Ross, McGee, Levêque and Sparrow. Levêque and Sparrow, however, have previously played on championship teams.

COMMENT IN HAMILTON.—HAMILTON

"HERALD."

The Tigers lost largely because of their inferior knowledge of the game, and because what luck there was fell to the College players. Individually the Hamilton men proved to be better, but collectively Capt. Gleeson's skilful generalship and the military-like obedience to orders of the Collegians brought victory to Ottawa. The tries scored by Lafleur and E. Murphy, after long runs practically unchecked, were somewhat fluky in their nature and at all other stages of the game the Tigers had the better of the play, and should have won.

Between Counsell and Gleeson there is little choice, but the Tigers' back division as a whole is superior, owing to McGuckin's weakness.

Smith and Fox at quarter showed up equally well, the College man, however, appearing better able to work combination plays with his captain, than his rival.

Between the forward lines there was little difference, the Collegians seeming to be best when play was closest to their goal, because at such times other players were massed behind them and assisted to push. The Hamilton wings were better, outplaying all their opponents except Lafleur, and demonstrated their title to be considered the best lot of wings in Canada.

With a little more experience, the same team of Tigers should have no difficulty in reversing the result. Capt. Counsell admits that he learned much that will help him next year to improve his men. No one has any kick to make over the officers, except that without exception they were eastern men, and the touch-line judges sometimes seemed to give College a little the better of their decisions.

HAMILTON "TIMES."

The Times, whose sporting editor reported the game in Montreal, from the touch-line, gives Ottawa College credit for playing scientific Rugby, and says that it was in the fine points of the game that the Canadian champions again won. Individually, the Ottawa College men were no better than the Tigers, excelling Hamilton in some points, being deficient in others. In mass plays, the College did its best work, but in straight scrimmage, Hamilton was superior. Hamilton wings were as fast as College, and surer tacklers, and Gleeson was the only half-back man for the College, who was as good as the Hamilton half-backs. *The Times* also thinks College had all the luck, but lays particular stress on the gentlemanly game played by the College.

COMMENT IN MONTREAL.—MONTREAL STAR.

It was certainly a grand game. Perhaps the finest that has ever been played in Montreal. Both teams were well matched, but Varsity had the advantage in generalship, and that was the reason of their victory. How the Hamilton people got it into their various heads that that they would be able to defeat Ottawa by at least fifteen points does not appear very plain. College is a better team than Hamilton, and a game between the two teams to-morrow would certainly result the same way. The Ottawa men were able to push Hamilton all over the field, and it was a mighty difficult matter to stop them. Hamilton wings generally succeeded in breaking through. Summing up, College was a better balanced team. Hamilton had the better wing men and College the better scrimmage and backs.

MONTREAL HERALD.

Ottawa won the game by supreme generalship. Hamilton got over the line twice as often, but failed in effective scoring. Ottawa's back line worked together like clockwork, and the first try paralyzed Hamilton and broke their heart, giving College practically the game. Gleeson outgeneralled Counsell, who was afraid to pass out, trusting to

his own punting powers or Fox's ability to buck the Ottawa line. Snow did not interfere with play, McGuckin alone making an error or two. Tigers lost by frequent off-side plays, and Ottawa pushed their scrimmage. Hamilton were better at dribbling the wet ball, gaining by this much ground. Both wing lines fought desperate games, and were well balanced.

MONTREAL "WITNESS."

The superior team was victorious. The scrimmages were always very close, but when it was necessary the Varsity boys exerted surprising strength. College combination play was of a high order, and their passing tactics surpassed anything ever seen on the football field. Gleeson is worth his weight in gold, but his play was not as much in evidence yesterday as is generally the case. The Hamilton men played gentlemanly football. Counsel and Ripley were the main stays. In every way the Quebec champions showed that they were masters of the situation.

—
SPOILS FROM A BATTLEFIELD.

"Finis opus coronat."

Well done, boys! You can now rest on your oars.

The championship is home again, hurrah! hurrah!

College has never been defeated on the M.A.A. Grounds in a championship game.

The fox may devour the goose. But results are different when it comes to a meeting of the Fox and the Sparrow.

Never before was such genius displayed by the students in the making of College yells.

Smith came out of the jungle with the ball, which he still has in his possession. No one is better entitled to it.

The Tigers are a hardy lot of players. They know how to take a defeat too.

Hamilton acknowledges that Lafferty can outplay any man on their team. Well done, Lafferty.

A large crowd of friends accompanied the team to Montreal. They are still suffering from larynx troubles.

Bob McCredie played as he never did before. He paid particular attention to Fox.

Numerous telegrams of congratulation were received from friends both far and near. Four of them bear the signatures of P. O'Brien, A. Newman, F. L. French and R. Belanger, former members of the team.

Joe Fahey is an example of what patience and perseverance can perform.

Boucher played the same hard, earnest game for which he has always been noted. We would give a dollar for a snap-shot of him as he made his mark for that free kick.

Joe McDougall is greatly responsible for our victories.

"The run of the season," is how Ned Murphy's touch-down has been described by a Montreal paper.

Tiger hunting is a rather exciting pastime. They say there was something wrong with Marshall. Can Jim O'Reilly tell us what it was?

College had eight men who did not figure in the Toronto game last year. Quite a change in so short a time.

Clancy well deserves his title of King of Scrimmagers.

There will be no practice to-night.

Jimmy McGee took good care of his man.

Several of the spectators are said to have kept their eyes closed while

the ball was hovering around the College goals.

Hamilton tried a revolving scrimmage at the beginning of the game. Our forwards knew how to meet it so that its success was short-lived.

The Hamilton scrimmage had a very peculiar formation. It looked like an off-side play.

McGuckin was the longest kicker on the field.

It has been remarked that College never wins by a large score. But what's the use!

Ross and McAuliffe reminded us of Jacob's struggle with the angel. However, although Sandy got his knee hurt, he won in the end.

"Check hard," was one of Hamilton's signals. It was College who usually responded.

Clancy, Bolger and O'Reilly got lost in the jungle.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A flaring poster on the Senior's bulletin board recently announced the desire of certain small boys of the big yard, to utterly annihilate a football team, composed of the big boys from the small yard. Such a challenge could not go unnoticed, so the result was that on Wednesday November 3rd. fifteen of our little stalwarts, headed by Captain O'Leary, hied them to the greensward and there encountered a team, known as the "Tearemups" under command of John Baptiste. As our opponents lined out on the field, we were surprised to notice among them, a half-back who formerly

figured on the "Gophertown Seniors," under the pseudonym of "Bones," and a quarter-back, who was a member of the champion team of the spring series of '97. Nevertheless our plucky youngsters entered the fray and succeeded in rolling up the comfortable score of twelve points, while their opponents, in Rivard's words, "could'nt crack de cocynut." The bright particular stars of the day were Slattery and Richard. To the latter belongs the distinction of making three touch-downs during the game.

They met on the Convalescent's Cushion just outside the Infirmary and each proceeded to tell his little tale of woe. Plouffe began: "One day I play the football and make good game for some short time, when pretty soon quick come Groulx and jump on my foot. Then I am carry on the Infirmary and take some rest for three four weeks. It was Godfroye's turn and his piping tones announced; "I tinks it is La Grippe; bofe of my eyes is leaky and one of my noses don't go."

The inmates of Dormitory No. 4, were sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace, when calmly on the midnight air, floated the following refrain:—

Oh, Mr. Captain stop the ship
I want to get off and walk.
I feel so flippety flippety flop
I'll never reach New York.

Then followed a blood curdling yell, which extinguished the lights in the Rideau Rink, and sent a cold chill coursing through the steam coils. A hurried investigation revealed the fact that Finan was merely indulging his sleep-talking propensities.

