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THE DEATH OF MARY.

I HEAR His Voice! I must away!
My soul doth burn! I *cannot* stay!
The path was dim, and the way was long,
But my soul within me Love kept strong,
And feathered upon shall her shoulders be
At the kiss of the breath of Deity—
The breath of Love and Its quickening kiss,
Which men call death, and I call bliss.
Hark to the sweet Voice! It calls me away!
Loose me, thou earth, for I *cannot* delay!
Out of the body I yearn on high,
Into the Life Which doth not die.
Upward and onward, high and higher,
I am borne on plumes of strong desire,
Away, away, to the Realm of Rest,
Where, with pinions folded upon my breast,
Brood I shall, like the nested dove,
Lapped and lulled on the heart of LOVE.

FRANK WATERS.

ROME, CAPITAL OF UNITED ITALY.

TWENTY-FIVE years have elapsed since the armies of Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont, entered Rome through the breach near Porta Pia. On the 20th day of September, 1870, was accomplished the final act of the hypocritical diplomatic comedy which had engaged the attention of the world since 1859. The first act opened with the annexation of the dutchies of Central Italy and the Papal States of the Legation. This farce which lasted eleven years and had its end in the taking of Rome, was prophetically described by Montalembert in 1860. "The drama," he wrote, "is played in three acts: the defamation, the invasion, the voting. A sovereign is denounced; .... his subjects are discontented, oppressed and exasperated. He maintains himself by foreign arms; he is without moral or material force. This is the defamation. ..... Suddenly we hear that this weak sovereign has become threatening, that he is planning an attack, that he is getting soldiers together..... He is now a source of fear instead of pity. Precautions must be taken: his frontiers crossed, his territories invaded. This is the second act. Then being masters of his country, the invaders consult his subjects. Are you happy? No? Do you wish to be so? The cause of your misfortune is Pius IX; Victor Emmanuel will bring you happiness. Long live Victor Emmanuel! The drama is played out, and the curtain falls. Romans, they went to sleep; they wake up Piedmontese —— but subject nevertheless to taxation and to conscription as well." The taking of Rome gave life to the political monster which to-day shocks the world under the name of United Italy.

With what truth this title is applicable to Italy may be seen from the recent celebration of the 25th anniversary in Rome. The liberal and revolutionary parties put forth all efforts to commemorate with special pomp the year of "the liberation." A law was passed raising the 20th of September to the dignity of a "festa nazionale" for all Italy. Subscriptions were sought throughout the Peninsula to provide funds for the celebration. Yet after all these preparations the result was a pronounced fiasco. After several months the amount of money collected scarcely exceeded 6,000 francs, and then through shame the lists were closed. Of the 8,000 municipalities invited to send delegates (expenses paid) to the Capital for the great day, less than 100 accepted. The Neapolitan students replied to the invitation that "they would not go to Rome where were to be found i primi malfattori d'Italia." Cadorma, the Piedmontese General who commanded the invading army, refused to attend on the plea of old age and ill-health, but from his letter to the committee it was evident that other and graver reasons influenced him. Ambassadors and other foreign dignitaries were conspicuous by their absence from the ceremonies and even the army lost its enthusiasm by being obliged to take second place to the Freemasons, who headed the national procession. So much for the unity of the country.

Such a general failure was only natural. How could any patriotic Italian, be he anti-papal or Catholic, take part in celebrating the anniversary of a day which had been the beginning of such political and moral ruin to his country and to the Eternal City. The breach at Porta Pia was to have inaugurated a new era of happiness for Italy and for the Romans; "the fountains of Rome will run wine" was the boast of one of the chief actors in the unification comedy. Has the result proved the truth of this prophetical assertion? Has any good, material or spiritual, resulted to the nation during the quarter of a century that Rome has been the capital of United Italy? Let us examine a little.

Upon the capitulation of the city more than 15,000 strangers entered in the wake of the invading army. They were, for the most part, the scum and scourings of the Italian cities, and had assembled and were held together by the common hope of plunder. During the days that followed, every gate let in thousands of the same ilk, and Rome became the "happy hunting ground" of all the loafers and rowdies who, till then, had been knocking about the streets of the Italian towns. These joined their forces with the already too large lawless element to be found in Rome, and the unseemly mob paraded the streets, carousing and drinking, insulting respectable citizens, assaulting clerics and finally killing three unfortunate Papal soldiers who chanced to cross their path. These were the electors who, on October 2nd, 1870, voted "early and often" for annexation, and to such a state had things arrived that for several days and nights previous to the Plebiscite, Rome had to be patrolled by large bodies of troops to prevent disorder and bloodshed amongst this motley crowd.

Rome, having been selected as capital of a great kingdom, very many changes had to be made. Departmental offices were wanting for the officials of the new government, and accomodation had to be provided for the 50,000 soldiers who were brought into Rome to replace the handful of troops of Papal times. Then national pride demanded that Rome should be a city equalling Paris in beauty and London in industry.

In order to provide lodgings for their minions the new masters of Rome adopted the same means as had been employed in 1866 to relieve the financial stress under which they then labored. It has been asserted that Victor Emmanuel drove more monks and nuns from their convents, than he ever drove Austrians from his kingdom. The same remark may be applied with equal truth to the policy of his Roman Government in providing houses for their civil and military dependents. Religious of both sexes were expelled wholesale from their hard earned homes to make room for the newcomers.

In the first place a royal palace had to be secured for the crowned robber. No place but the very residence of the Pope on the Quirinal was considered as befitting the dignity of the King of Piedmont. "The most devoted and obedient son of Pius IX" scrupled not to break in the door of the Papal palace in order to find there a dwelling for himself and suite. The wonder is that he did not enter the Vatican and install himself as Pope-King.

In front of the Quirinal Palace was a chapel attached to a convent, as well as the Jesuit novitiate where St. John Berchmans and St. Stanislaus Kostka spent their first days in the religious life. But it would never do to have a nunnery and a novitiate facing the windows of "il re galantuomo." The contrast might perhaps cause qualms of conscience; so nuns and novices were ordered to quit, and their houses were replaced by a public garden and a wide street. The general house of the Oratorians which was in their possession since the days of their founder three centuries ago was first turned into a military barracks and is now the seat of a high Court of Justice. And thus "law" is administered in a building whose very walls cry out to the judges that stolen property should be returned, unless the natural precept of justice is to become a mockery and a myth.

A few companies of Bersaglieri formerly occupied the general house of the Jesuits, but now the Ministry of the Interior transacts therein the internal affairs of the unified kingdom. The Dominicans also have lost their general house which has been transformed into quarters for the Department of Public Instruction. A beautiful Dominican convent situated on the Aventine hill and dating from the twelfth century was brutally confiscated despite its sacred memories as the residence of St. Dominic, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Hyacinthe and St. Pius V. who had passed there a portion of their holy lives. The general house of the Franciscans serves as a barracks for a kind of local police until such time as it is thought fit to destroy it to form a square in front of the monument of Victor Emmanuel now in process of erection. A part of the general house of the Conventuals is now used as the seat of the War Department. Close by the celebrated church of St. Peter in Chains stands the general

house of the Minimi, that is "the Least." Judging by the name, the government probably thought these men would more easily gain Paradise if they possessed nothing at all and so their convent became a technical school, where everything but virtue is taught. A few hundred yards further on stands a house once occupied by a religious community of women who on account of their absolute seclusion from the world were called the "Sepolte Vive." These holy women are now replaced by a few detachments of the Municipal Guard, and the convent which formerly resounded with the praises of God is now profaned by hideous blasphemies, and the ribald songs of the soldiery. These are but a few instances of the thousands of confiscations that might be chronicled. If the spoliators acted thus brutally with the principal residences of the great religious orders, one can easily conclude how those of minor importance must have fared.

As regards the embellishing of the city it must be premised that the necessary and useful ought to be preferred to the beautiful, and such seems to have been the case in Rome previous to 1870. With the coming of the Piedmontese, however, and their so-called progressive ideas, the old order changed yielding place to new Those narrow streets, so comfortably cool in the fierce glare of the July sun, have in many cases been transformed into wide throughfares on which during the long summer days the heat is simply unbearable. In their modernizing mania the new comers have destroyed some of the most attractive features of the ancient city. But these mad schemes have most injured their projectors, and the effort to have an "up-to-date" Rome has ended in dismal failure. Nowhere is this so well seen as in the "New Quarter." It will be remembered that the population of Rome received a phenomenal, though not altogether desirable, increase immediately after the entrance of the troops of Victor Emmanuel into the city. The greatest activity was manifested; new streets were laid out and immense buildings planned. But little by little the bottom fell out of the "boom"; money became scarce; the floating population dwindled away; and what were to be their dwellings remain to this day unfinished and — windowless and roofless — mark the most unsightly spot in Italy and are a monument to the genius of modern Rome. Looking at them the Romans smile and say: "The Piedmontese destroyed ancient ruins in order to construct new ones." In the year 1856 Pius IX expended 244,000 scudi on the preservation of the monuments and antiquities of the city, and every year of his administration was marked by a similar wise outlay in this direction. Of course it is easily understood that the army and the fleet made the present financial condition of Italy such as to absolutely preclude any such expenditure.

However if ancient Rome has been neglected, the new Capital has its monuments, and they are quiet in keeping with Italy's later-day progress In the public gardens on the street corners and in the squares may be seen monuments of men whose sole claim to remembrance is that they were either traitors to their lawful sovereign or renegades to their religion. In the beautiful park on the Pincian Hill, Count Cavour, the prince of diplomatic knavery, and the red-shirted Garibaldi divide the honors with Cola Di Rienzi the last of the tribunes, Mazzini, the advocate of the dagger, and the infamous Giordano Bruno. Scattered throughout the city and erected within the past quarter of a century, are statues of the traitor Mamiani, the famous minister Minghetti, the brigand brothers Cairoli and many others of the same stamp.

A natural consequence of Rome being proclaimed Capital of Italy is the residence here of him who styles himself its king. But he does not deceive himself; he knows full well that no royal usurper can expect to be loved or respected in a city where the rightful king already resides; one acknowledged and honored as lawful sovereign not by any faction or clique but by the people; whose right of soverignty dates back more than a thousand years, and who, although now a prisoner and confined to a single palace with a few faithful guards, exercises a more powerful influence than the master of the Quirinal, backed by his hundreds of thousands of half-starved soldiers.

Moreover, what earthly dignity can be compared to that of the Papacy? Beside

the glorious tiara of the Popes, all other earthly crowns dwindle away into insignificance. What a sorry figure Napoleon I. cut beside his prisoner Pius VII. at Fontainebleau; he who had dictated terms to kings and princes without number was compelled to yield to a helpless old man. The great Constantine believing his dignity would suffer were he to remain in the same city as the Pope built for himself a new Rome away on the shores of the Bosphorus. When the Roman Empire was divided the Emperors of the West took up their residence not at Rome but at Florence or Milan. Victor Emmaneul himself had a certain repugnance to the idea of residing in Rome, and the "Reds," had frequently to complain of the king's absence from the new Capital. His successor has inherited few of these scruples. He resides and keeps kingly court in the Quirinal palace, though even there his lot is not to be envied. Contrast the almost utter desertion of the Quirinal with the crowded halls of the Vatican on the days appointed for Papal audiences, on the occasion of a Beatification or other solemn ceremony. The most ancient and proudest of the Roman aristocracy vie with the common people in testifying their respect for the aged Pontiff and the enthusiastic cries of Viva il Papa Re are a striking proof of who is regarded as real king of Rome.

The very noticeable increase in pauperism and crime since 1870 may be attributed to the malign influence of the invaders. Rome is not and never was a great commercial or industrial centre and in papal days a very large number of the people depended almost entirely on the charity of the monasteries for their daily sustenance. But on the entrance of the Piedmontese these monasteries were either closed up or transformed into state institutions. No resource is left now for the needy Roman but to die of hunger or to prey on the property of others. Human nature asserts itself and the jails are filled.

Even from the mere financial point of view, Italy has lost everything by her so-called liberation. "The process of unification" says the O'Clery in his masterly work—The Making of Italy—was carried out by a long series of costly wars, and hardly less costly revolutions; a fleet and army were organized on a grand scale to guard first against Austria and then against France, and although the fleet is the navy of Lissa and the army is that whose last great battle was Custozza, Italy is still trying to play the part of a great power and to keep in line with her two high partners in the Triple Alliance. The result of this policy has been a colossal debt, an annual expenditure out of all proportion with the resources of the country, and a taxation that has risen to such a point that three successive ministers of finance have declared that it is impossible to further increase the burden."

It cannot be said that these results were not forseen and predicted not only by friends of the Papacy but even by those who might be supposed to look with favor on the establishment of a united kingdom. Massimo d'Asseglio, for several years Piedmontese ambassador at the English court, wrote previous to 1870: "The idea of making Rome the Capital of the Italian Kingdom is una idea rettorica," and in the parliament at Turin he declared "the question of making Rome the Capital is prompted by hatred, and hatred is the worst of state motives." Almost on the eve of the annexation, Count Crotti di Castiglione wrote as follows to Victor Emmanuel: "As an Italian and a member of the national parliament, I reprobate the injustice of this act. It is a flagrant violation of the law of nations; a violation of the first article of the constitution of Charles Albert; a violation of promises recently renewed in the House by the Ministry; a violation of the convention with France.... The occupation of Rome is regarded with horror by the majority of the Italian people..... The party favoring it is but a mass of anti-Catholic conspirators, held together by a villainous press in the pay of ambitious and self-interested plotters. As an ex-diplomatist I declare that this unjust and inexcusable abuse of material force will one day justify a foreign aggression against the independence of Italy. In 1861 the radical deputy Ferrari speaking in the House of Parliament at Turin, asserted that "Rome is fatal to kings who would reside there," and on June 26th, of the same year, he added, "In Rome you

are confronted with the most awful power in the world, with the power that crushed Napoleon I., and made Napoleon III. totter. You sneer at the Pope but take care lest another sneer at you and retort with the same argument on which you now rely. Whoever goes to the Capital, passes by the Tarpeian rock; he who would ascend to the former, runs the risk of falling from the latter." Hence it was clear that the occupation of Rome was condemned by many who were in every sense "Italianissimi." In fact it was by no means the act of the Italian people as a whole It was an anti-religious rather than a national movement, and was prompted not by love of Italian unity, but by hate of Roman Catholicism. It does not follow as some falsely imagine — that an Italian, to be a Catholic, must be an enemy of the political unity of his country. History shows that the Guelph, *i.e.*, the Papal party, was ever opposed to the interference of foreigners in Italian affairs, and even now, the Sovereign Pontiff, who in manifold ways has shown himself a true friend of the Italian people, has no desire to have his own position ameliorated in a manner that would injure his country.

But one thing is certain. The Roman Question cannot long remain in its present state Certain also it is that no solution can be permanent unless the sovereign and inalienable rights of the Roman Pontiff be entirely and sacredly respected. As The O'Clery says somewhere in his "Making of Italy": "Crispi, or his successor, may refuse to go to Canossa, as Bismark once refused, but some day a minister of the Italian Kingdom will realize that unless the monarchy is itself to perish, peace will have to be made with the Holy See. Such a crisis will make the road to Canossa seem an easy one. Meanwhile the Sovereign Pontiff continues his protest against a state of things which, to use his own words, has become intolerable. He represents moral as opposed to material force, and in all the conflicts that are recorded in history between these two forces the material power has always had to give way, where it was met with courage and perseverance. There is no fear that in the successor of St. Peter, either of these qualities will be wanting, and at Rome, as in Germany, in God's good time we shall see right victorious over might."

M. M. O'B., O.M.I.

Rome, Oct. 24th, '95.

"AMONG THE MILLET."

"Hail *Lampman!* prone to pensive mood,
In love with nature's virginhood,
Among the Millet and the daisies."

CLIO.

E Canadians appear to have an insatiable hankering after what is foreign. The epithets, *foreign*, *European*, and sometimes even *American* fascinate us to such a degree that we eagerly grasp at what is proffered to us preceded by any of them. This longing is not confined simply to fashions or politics, but has unfortunately found its way into literature. The literary atmosphere of the country is so thoroughly permeated with the poison of this hydra that many worthy men have passed and some are yet passing away almost unnoticed; men who have sung and who still continue to sing in language unexcelled, the superb beauties of our fair country. It is truly a disgrace, to say the least, that, in our eager race after alien authors, we forget native literators. How can the majority of Canadians be so unpatriotic, so blind to the future glory of their country, as to allow an O'Brien, a Foran, a Lampman, a Duvar, a Carmen or any other of our literary-lights, to pass by "unhonored and unsung?" This negligence, this culpable ignorance may perhaps be accounted for by the Divine saying, "A Prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

To learn the high degree of excellence attained by our poets, the unbiased thinker has but to compare their works with those of foreigners, American or European, as he chooses. For the present we shall content ourselves with "*Among the Millet;*" a collection of his poems which Mr. Archibald Lampman most appropriately designates by this very euphonious title.

Mr. Lampman was born on the seventeenth of November, 1861, in Morpeth, Kent County, Ontario, of an Irish-German family of United Empire Loyalists who emigrated to Canada in 1783; hence he is a staunch Canadian by birth and sentiment. His early education having been well attended to, he graduated with honors from Trinity College, Toronto, at the youthful age of twenty-one. Having removed to Ottawa he, in the following year, 1883, was appointed to the Civil Service, in the Post Office Department, where we find him at the present day. He is of slight stature and apparently delicate; but so little of "youthful grace" does time "pilfer" from him that one can scarcely believe that he has lived to enjoy the beauties of thirty-four summers. He is a polished conversationist and, as may readily be inferred from his writings, possesses a pleasing and graceful flow of words.

In 1888, the twenty-seventh year of his age, his poems appeared in book-form, most affectionately dedicated to his wife. The very title of the book, "*Among the Millet,*" while proving him to be an admirer of the beautiful in nature, at the same time evidences his poetic genius. These three words contain a volume in themselves. Agreeable to the ear by their harmony, they fill the imagination with an abundance of pleasing thoughts. Recalling some beautiful scenery, they lead one once more, light-hearted and gay, over hill and dell, through meadows of the brightest green; the senses all the while feasting upon the surrounding beauties; the soft zephyrs gently fanning the heated brow; the sweet song of the birds falling upon the ear in pleasing strains and dilating the heart with an indescribable joy; or they find you comfortably reclining on a swath of new-mown hay, enjoying the perfume of the sweet-

scented harvest and gazing in admiration at the firmament with its silvery, sun-lit clouds, whose splendor Lampman thus beautifully describes :—

" They call you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper ;
They call the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper."

That we may the better judge the merits of him around whose pen are entwined the laurels of our Fair Dominion, of him whose presence graces our Capital, that " Fair City, crown of towers," it is my intention to compare some of his poems with those of a few pet-poets of other countries. To what extent he emulates Cowper, the master of descriptive poetry, we may clearly see from the two following extracts :—

"And over all huge-browed above the night
Ida's great summit with its fiery crown ;
And then once more the stormy treacherous sea,
The noisy ship, the seamen's vehement cries,
That battled with the whistling wind, the feet
Reeling upon the swaying deck, and eyes
Strained anxiously toward land ; * * *

* * * * * * *

To-morrow I shall hear again the din
Of loosed cables, and the rowers' chaunt,
The rattled cordage and the plunging oars.
Once more the bending sail shall bear us on
Across the level of the laughing sea."

The above if not superior to, at least compares very favorably with the following from Cowper :—

" Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. * * * * *
While far beyond and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;"

Lampman beautifully terms the sea, dimpled with gentle ripplets on a clear summer day, the " laughing sea." Which together with his compound epithet, "huge-browed," and his metaphor, "fiery crown," is quite as appropriate and more replete with meaning than Cowper's fine simile, "as with molten glass."

It is when contrasted with Thomson that our Canadian poet's excellence is demonstrated beyond doubt. Both men wrote, when about the same age, a poem on " *Winter.*" Here is Thomson's description :—

" Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white ;

* * * * * * *

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands."

Beautiful indeed, but far inferior to the following from Lampman, who begins by saying that during the summer days when men were enjoying themselves :—

" Winter * * *
* * * beyond the northmost woods
* sat and smiled and watched his spirits play
In elfish dance and eery roundelay."

Then he continues,

" But now the time is come : with southward speed
The elfin spirits pass : a secret sting
Hath fallen and smitten flower and fruit and weed,
And every leafy thing.
The wet woods moan : the dead leaves break and fall ;

* * * * * * *

And then they come with colder feet, and fret
The winds with snow, and tuck the streams to sleep
With icy sheet and gleaming coverlet,
And fill the valleys deep
With curvèd drifts, and a strange music raves
Among the pines, sometimes in wails, and then
In whistled laughter."

* * * * * * *

And so all day above the toiling heads
Of men's poor chimneys, full of impish freaks,
Tearing and twisting in tight curlèd shreds
The vain unnumbered reeks,
The winter speeds his fairies forth and mocks
Poor bitten men with laughter icy cold."

In the above extracts we find our champion, the *native*, making use of most beautiful and very appropriate figures, a second nature with him, and achieving, in a very remarkable manner, what the *foreigner* fails to accomplish; namely, a splendid climax. What Thomson attempts by saying,

" At first thin-wavering till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast,

* * * * * * *

As thus the snows arise and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,"

Lampman, in highly imaginative expression attains by telling us that the "spirits" at first give "a secret sting;" meaning that slight frost which, though scarcely felt by us, is, nevertheless, preceptible by its deadening effects upon "every leafy thing." "The wet woods moan;" that is, the cool, damp breezes sighing through the forest trees. Mark well, the wind at present merely sighs and moans. After sometime the spirits "come with colder feet;" streams are covered with "an icy sheet;" the winds, "fret," that is, irritated by the snow which now begins to fall, hurl it into "curvèd drifts." The wind in its anger has now increased from a "moan" to a "whistled laughter." How very appropriate and expressive is the phrase "in whistled laughter!" The mind immediately pictures to itself that sneering smile worn by the powerful when to glut their ire, they molest the weak. Finally "the winter speeds his fairies forth;" the storm now breaks upon us in all its fury; the winds have arisen to a hurricane "tearing and twisting" and howling in their ever-increasing anger. The palpable increase of the winds, although beautiful, is, however, excelled by the grand climax found in the growing intensity, I might perhaps fittingly say, audaciousness of "*Jack Frost.*" He first attacks vegetable life in its most defenceless state; grass, herbs and trees; advancing a step further he conquers the majestic river, and finally he dares to smite even man, the lord of creation.

The following few words:—

* * * "the toiling heads
Of men's poor chimneys * * * *

very strikingly portray how smoke on a blustering winter's day, battling with the wind to escape from the narrow chimney into the broad atmosphere, is now torn asunder and then twisted by the vicious whirlwinds into "tight-curlèd shreds."

Heretofore Thomson was acknowledged "superior to all the descriptive poets except Cowper;" it is scarcely to much to say that the glory of this enviable position is now shared by Lampman. But our poet does not excel in portraying the beauties of inanimate nature alone; he figures very conspicuously among the poets remarkable for their pathetic descriptions of the grief which so frequently besets the heart of man. This is especially evident in his poems "The Organist" and "The Monk," especially the latter. If the reader is a person of a naturally sympathetic disposition, he will find it very difficult to restrain his tears on many occasions. In this respect I believe "The Monk" to be superior to Longfellow's "Evangèline" or to Father Ryan's "Their Story Runneth Thus," the interesting and touching tale of Merlin and Ullainee. The main idea of these three poems is the same; namely, the separation of two lovers; with this difference, however, that Merlin and Ullainee parted by mutual consent; Gabriel and Evangeline were separated by enemies; but it was left for Lampman to crown the climax by having Leonora to be torn from her faithful Nino, by her heartless father, who to satisfy his avarice, endeavored to have her wed a wealthy lord. Having informed her of his intention,

"The old man kissed her, with his crafty smile.

Poor pallid lady, all the woe she felt
Thou, wretched Nino, thou alone canst know.
Down at his feet with many a moan she knelt,
And prayed that he would never wound her so.
Ah, tender saints! it was a sight to melt
The flintiest heart; but his could never glow.
He sat with clenchèd hands and straightened head,
And frowned, and glared, and turned from white to red.

And still with cries about his knees she clung,
Her tender bosom broken with her care.
His words were brief, with bitter fury flung:
'The father's will the child must meekly bear;
I am thy father, thou a girl and young.'
Then to her feet she rose in her despair
And cried with tightened lips and eyes aglow,
One daring word, a straight and simple "No!"

Her father left her with wild words, and sent
Rough men, who dragged her to a dungeon deep,

* * * * * * *

Coarse robes he gave her, and her lips he fed
With bitter water and a crust of bread."

He then visits her daily, striving now by kind words and again by curses and threats,

"To bend her heart so wearied to his might."

But all his endeavours fail. One would

expect that the father's anger, at the sight of his daughter as she lay,

"Poor child, like death upon her prison stone,
And none that came to her but crept away,
Sickened at heart to see her lips so moan,
Her eyes so dim within their sockets grey,
Her tender cheeks so thin and ghastly grown;"

would now melt into compassion. But no; the relentless monster becomes even more hardened and determines that she shall be married by force. But here again the reader is delighted to find the cruel parent baffled once more, for, since

"Chains and cells and cruel treachery
Are weak indeed when women's hearts assail."

she escapes, and is once more in the presence of Nino, who during all this time has brooded so, over his misfortune that our poet calls him,

"Sorrow's pale miser o'er his hoard of grief."

What depth of meaning is here displayed. He is "pale" emaciated by his protracted affliction, and as a miser rejoices at the sight of his gold, so does Nino in his despair, feel a certain unaccountable pleasure in tormenting his weary heart by recalling over and over again "his hoard of grief."

One pleasing feature about this poem is that after having lacerated the heart, it, unlike the two already mentioned, withdraws the sword and the wound healing, we rejoice in the gladness of the once more happy couple.

That Lampman has complete mastery over his words may be learned from his manner of arranging them into most pleasing rhyme, in the richness of which he is scarcely second to Swinburne. In the following extract:—

"Well I knew that body brave
That was pierced and hung to save,
But my flesh was now a grave
For a soul that gnashed within.
He that they were bearing by,
With their banners white and high,
He was pure, and foul was I,
And his whiteness mocked my sin."

which is taken from his poem, "Easter Eve," one knows not which to admire most the sweet gliding rhyme or the striking representation of a soul in sin. In his poem, "What do Poets Want With Gold?" we have another proof of his excellence as a rhymist and also of the noble sentiments of the poet's upright heart.

"Gold is but the juggling rod
Of a false usurping god.

* * * * * * *

Give the simple poet gold,
And his song will die of cold.
He must walk with men that reel
On the rugged path, and feel
Every sacred soul that is
Beating very near to his.
Simple, human, careless, free,
As God made him, he must be."

Having placed Lampman in the balance with foreigners, English and American, and found him not wanting and in many instances out weighing his rivals, we are now better prepared to appreciate his poetic beauties.

His admirable adaptation of style to the subject is very perceptible, as may be seen by contrasting his poems, "April" and "October." Describing April, he says:

"The grey song-sparrows full of spring have sung
Their clear thin silvery tunes in leafless trees;
The robin hops, and whistles, and among
The silver-tasseled poplars, the brown bees
Murmur faint dreams of summer harvestries:
The creamy sun at even scatters down,
A gold-green mist across the murmuring town."

He then proceeds to picture, the singing of the frog with

"Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering
One to another glorying in the spring,"

horses laboring, "steaming in the sun;" flowers budding, "white and blue in all the matted hollows;" birds singing, "the marriage hymn of all the birds at play."

Of October he writes:

"Along the waste, a great way off, the pines,
Like tall slim priests of storm, stand up and bar
The low long strip of dolorous red that lines
The under west, where wet winds moan afar."

We find, in this extract, the style, somewhat, but very appropriately, heavier than in the former. Also the whistling of the cool October breezes so vividly pictured by the frequent occurence of sibilous words, that we begin to notice a chilly sensation, a feeling of dreariness creep over us, and are thus prepared for the impressing description that follows. How

very different is the poem "April," in which his style possesses such a pleasing smoothness and gaity that we are, as he beautifully says of the sparrows, "full of spring." In the last line of the extract from "October" there is a striking example of fine alliteration, a figure frequently found in his poems but always with the effect of increased beauty.

Can any person who has enjoyed, in the vicinity of some city, a glowing sunset on a pleasant winter eveving; who has seen the frost on the snow and on the house-tops sparkle in the sunshine like so many brilliant jewels, read the following lines and not feel his heart dilating with pleasure at the remembrance of that superb spectacle so vividly recalled?

"The whole broad west was like a molten sea
Of crimson. In the north the light-lined hills
Were veiled far off as with a mist of rose
Wondrous and soft. Along the darkening east
The gold of all the forests slowly changed
To purple. In the valley far before me,
Low sunk in sapphire shadows, from its hills,
Softer and lovelier than an opening flower
Uprose a city with its sun-touched towers,
A bunch of amethysts."

In this extract, besides an unexrelled description, we find likewise an essential characteristic of true poetry, namely, a basis of serious and solid thought Diving deep into the wealth of each expression, the mind, laden with the diamond-thought therein embodied, delights to revel in the luxurious banquet thus afforded. It is supremely to the credit of Lampman that he can condense so much grandeur of idea and expression into so few words. Each sentence awakening its own peculiar thoughts is treasure-laden both for the mind and the imagination.

The following verses may be taken as an example of how concisely our poet draws a neat distinction between similarities. Speaking of sleep he says,

"Not like her brother death, with massive limb
And dreamless brow, unstartled, changeless, dim,
But very fair, though fitful and afraid,
More sweet and slight than any mortal maid."

In some of his poems we find wholesome morals which Dryden claims to be "the first business of the poet," and through all, we perceive that religious strain which constitutes the crown of the poet. Take for example the following from "*Abu Midjan.*"

"And the Emir, loosed him, saying,
As he gave his hand for sign,
'Never more shall Saad's fetters
Chafe thee for a draught of wine.'

Three times to the ground in silence
Abu Midjan bent his head;
Then with glowing eyes uplifted,
To the Emir spake and said:

'While an earthly lord controlled me,
All things for the wine I bore;
Now, since God alone shall judge me,
Abu Midjan drinks no more.'"

How noble and Christian-like the sentiment contained in the last stanza. What a staunch faith is therein displayed. It is the crown of his works, of his vivid descriptions clothed, as we have seen, in most exquisite and imaginative expression.

Behold what can be produced in our own country. A man brimful of poetry, even to his name; a poet, the dangerous rival of the Galahad of fair nature. Take his work into your own hands; then by reading carefully, meditating profoundly, judging justly, you will come to the pleasant but just conclusion that Lampman is no mean rival of Cowper, Thomson and Longfellow. In other words, that Canada can point to a son whose works are as worthy of our careful perusal and just appreciation as those of the much-lauded poets of England or of the United States.

It is said that "when Christmas comes it brings good cheer" That joyful festival, this year, will be full to overflowing with 'good cheer' for the lovers of literature; it will bring with it more of Lampman's ever-welcome productions, more of his clear, pleasing, beautiful, imaginative diction. The coming work will be entitled "Lyrics of Earth." For every admirer of the beautiful in literature a rich treat is in store—such as Christmas does not often bring; one that is not destined to flatter the tastes of the body, but to elevate and ennoble those of the mind.

R. E. HUGHES, 3rd Form.

OUR FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY.

SINCE the dawn of history, the achievements of great men have been pictured in glowing colors to the admiring eyes of posterity. The praises of great warriors have been sung by troubadours and wandering minstrels, the triumphs of famous statesmen have been heralded far and wide, the masterpieces of great geniuses have been lauded to the skies, and the discoveries of fearless adventurers have elicited the praise and admiration of all mankind. Who is not thrilled with exultation, at the description of the conquests of Charlemagne, Napoleon, Wellington, and other great generals? Who has not read of Burke, Webster and Gladstone? Who has not heard of Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Newton and Mozart? But, if the deeds of these great men arouse our enthusiasm, should not those of Columbus and other famous discoverers hold a foremost place in our minds? Should not they who gave to the world new domains, larger than the Kingdoms of Europe, have a just claim upon our consideration and esteem? They are indeed owed a debt by grateful posterity, and it is a pleasure to recognize, that the debt is so often cheerfully paid. Fitting celebrations take place at stated intervals in honor of great men and remarkable events. And it is no later than 1892, that the whole world responded to the call of the United States, and did honor to the memory of a single hero. What greater commemoration of any event in history than was the World's Fair at Chicago, held in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America in 1492 by Columbus. If such honor is paid the memory of Columbus for the discovery of the West Indies, and the ultimate discovery of America is not a proportionate amount of praise due to the memory of him who first set foot upon the shores of Canada? It is but right that Canadians should commemorate in a manner becoming their natural spirit and enterprise, the great event which was the first step taken towards the erection of that national structure known as the Dominion of Canada.

The first step was the discovery of the extreme eastern part of Nova Scotia, known as Cape Breton, by John Cabot, on the 24th day of June, 1497. It might not be out of place here, to remark, that Jacques Cartier is often credited with the discovery of Canada, while in fact he only reached Newfoundland in 1534, thirty-seven years after John Cabot had emplanted there the arms of England. Cartier formed the first settlement, but Cabot was the first to take possession. The series of events which led to the discovery of Canada, briefly narrated by historians is as follows: "The news of the great discoveries in the west, having reached England, that power, although an inferior one at the time, resolved to participate in the search after new lands. In 1496, John Cabot, a Venetian merchant residing at Bristol, being filled with a desire to visit America, obtained a commission from Henry VII., for that purpose. Accordingly, in June, 1497, Cabot with his son Sebastian, sailed from Bristol on a voyage of discovery. After a successful voyage he reached the coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. He is said to have named the latter Prima Vista. On St. John's day he discovered Prince Edward Island, which he called St. John. In 1498, his son, Sebastian Cabot, made a second voyage to America, reaching Hudson's Bay, in an attempt to find a passage to China. Being frustrated in this design, he turned his course southward, and sailed as far as Florida, touching Newfoundland in his voyage."

Thus the discoveries of the Cabots'

were of immense importance and in view of this, a fitting celebration of the 400th anniversary of these events, should be very acceptable to all loyal and patriotic Canadians.

To attempt a demonstration such as was held in Chicago in 1894, would be an imprudent step, and would in all probability meet with public disapproval and ultimate failure. However, it would not be beyond the means of our Canadian cities to undertake an exhibition characteristic of and peculiar to the occasion. And such in fact is what has actually been discussed within the last few months in the leading magazines. As has already been pointed out by writers on the subject, the undertaking might be calculated to excite either a scientific, or a purely patriotic interest. An exhibit of Indian curiosities, relics of pioneer days, facsimilies of Canadian inventions, illustrations of everything indicative of Canada's greatness, and in fact anything that would be of interest to the man of science, would be a fitting tribute to the discoverer's memory, supposing of course the project were carried out on a scale of becoming grandeur.

Along with this scientific display, a patriotic demonstration might also be arranged, for the history of our country is one to be proud of. When four hundred years ago Cabot first landed upon our shores, a vast wilderness extending for thousands of miles up the St. Lawrence and through the Great Lakes, was what is now the Dominion of Canada. Tribes of uncivilized Indians, held undisputed sway over the forest, and western praries. But what a change has been wrought in the last four centuries? Now the visitor finds a nation built up. He finds six millions of industrious people, scattered from the rockbound Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific; some in flourishing cities, others engaged in agricultural pursuits. But one idea remains fixed in the mind of the traveller, the wonderful growth and prosperity of the country. By the Act of Confederation the whole half of the continent was formed into one Dominion, and thus the people, separated by race and religion, were brought together in a more substantial union, and joined by one common bond. And then with the old adage "In Unity there is Strength" for their motto, they stepped forth to develop the vast and inestimable resources of the country. This development has been in progress since 1867, and has given occasion to an observant writer to remark that "Canada in her spontaneous growth and organization, is one of the most remarkable object lessons in modern history." One is justified therefore in being proud of a nation with such a history, and the reasons why a national commemoration should take place are numerous and well founded. But perhaps the most weighty argument in its favor is that the present time is the most proper one for such a celebration, if we desire to show to the world what Canada as a nation can achieve. The opportuness of the occasion has been recognized by many and already a prospective programme has been drawn up. The following was proposed by a writer in the recent number of *The Week*. He says:—"among the features which could be included in the programme are,

(1) The foundation of a monument in Cape Breton on the scene of the discoverer's landing. This will be undertaken by the Royal Society of Canada, which will hold its meeting in Halifax in June 1897.

(2) A naval procession or pilgrimage through the St. Lawrence and Gulf, touching at historic places on the route to the Great Lakes.

(3) Finally, an International Historical Exhibition to be held in the summer and autumn of 1897, in the Parliament Buildings and Universities, all in Queen's Park, Toronto, illustrating by relics, aboriginal remains, maps, original and other records, pictures, tableaux, arms, clothing, furniture, ships, and other models, the course of discovery, civilization and colonization following the St. Lawrence route to the interior of the Continent, the explorations towards the Artic and the Pacific; the whole history of Canada; exhibiting its three great stages; first the romantic, or poineer period ending about 1793; second the period of constitutional development and internal union concluded by the Confederation Constitution of 1865; and thirdly the present, in which it is taking its place as a nation of

the Empire. Exhibits from abroad, pictures and tableaux may assist to complete a representation of the progress of civilization by periods, during the 400 years since Cabot's discovery of the Continent of North America, particularly as influenced by that discovery and its results." If such a programme is carried out we may ever afterwards take pride in saying, that Canada has done her duty to the memory of her discoverer. That Canadians have the ability to undertake and carry to a successful issue such an interprise will never for a moment be doubted. That they have the desire to do so should not have to be questioned. If they undertook the task of preparing splendid exhibits for the World's Fair, why should they not also interest themselves to a far greater extent in a purely Canadian demonstration?

The programme above quoted would indeed be a most interesting one, not to Canadians alone but even to foreigners, to whom a study of the early customs of this country would be both instructive and interesting. The idea of opening the national demonstration by such an imposing ceremony as the unveiling of a monument to the great discoverer, is a most happy one, and let us hope that it may be realized. And then to follow the unveiling of the monument, by a pilgrimage through the St. Lawrence up to the principal cities, would contribute largely towards making the demonstration a most unique and impressive spectacle. The importance and the interest connected with the naval procession might be hightened by the presence of warships, from different countries. Sham seiges and mimic warfare might be indulged in upon the broad expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or on the noble river itself. What more magnificent and thrilling spectacle could one wish to look upon, than the storming and fall of Quebec for instance? Why not repeat in representation the famous exploits of Wolfe and Montcalme, the scaling of the bluffs, and the battle on the plains of Abraham? Then the procession could wend its way to Montreal, where other historical events could be reproduced to the admiration of the people. Then proceeding on its route through Ottawa and Kingston, the pilgrimage would finally reach Toronto. There is therefore, no end of interesting historical events which could be made the subject of commemoration by way of extending the proportions of the national demonstration. In order to lend prestige, and a greater air of dignity to the occasion, it has been suggested that descendants of the persons, who exercised the prerogatives of royalty, during the early days of colonization be envited to attend, of course it might be a difficult and even impossible task to trace the line of Cabot's ancestry. At the great Columbian Exposition direct descendants of Columbus in the person of Princess Eulalia and her cortege, were present to grace the inauguration of the mammoth celebration. It would be in keeping, with the dignity of the occasion, therefore to invite descendants of some of the governors under both the English and French regimes. They could attend the celebration as guests of the Canadian people. Representatives of foreign nations might also appropriately be added to the list of honor. With the fulfillment of these suggestions, would result the happy blending of the colors of France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, and all the other great powers of the Eastern hemisphere, with those of the Western world. The honored guests might arrive in time to join in the naval pilgrimage, and thus lend a new interest to the second and perhaps not least interesting part of the proposed programme.

As to the location of the Exhibition proper, it is likely that Toronto will be the choice, not that Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and other large Canadian cities, are wanting in the conveniences requisite, for such a national convention. But Toronto has taken the initiative step and given the project its present shape. Already the Canadian Institute has taken the matter in hand, and is securing the co-operation of all the Universities, Colleges and seats of learning in Canada. What has given greater encouragement to the scheme than anything else, perhaps, is that ample accommodation has been secured free of expense. The government of Ontario and all the Universities of Toronto have offered their buildings gratuitously. Thus perhaps the greatest source of difficulties in the way of carrying on the project has been removed, without

the least inconvenience. No fear need be entertained as to the lack of exhibits, for they can be procured in great number. All institutions whether private or public would only be too pleased to contribute, in some measure to the success of a great Canadian demonstration. They would gladly offer for exhibition, any object of historical interest that might be in their possession. If the celebration is to take place during the months of July and August, in 1897, little time is left for preparation. Useless discussion and idle speculation are out of the question. It now remains for those who are to guide the project, to put their shoulders to the wheel, and carry the scheme out, on the grandest scale the means at their disposal will permit.

Therefore, it should not be necessary for the prime-movers to send out formal invitations to the various national, historical, and scientific societies, in order to obtain their active co-operation. All who are imbued with true love for country should immediately declare their willingness to assist in the undertaking. So far this interest has been manifested by nearly all the principal Universities, as well as by the Historical societies of Ontario and Quebec. However there are many other sources from which aid is expected, that have not even noticed the project. But this is not the spirit which is usually found among Canadians, and if a little pressure is brought to bear, it will surely be the cause of awakening the general public to a realization of the needs of the occasion. Every one should deem it his duty to lend a helping hand to the enterprise, so that our united efforts may ensure the inauguration and final triumph of a grand national celebration. If we carry the project through to an issue, and our efforts are crowned with success, we will never have cause to regret the undertaking or grudge the sacrifices with which this achievement was purchased. Posterity will show its appreciation by preserving a lasting remembrance of it, and the praises of Canada will be in every mouth. But leaving all local considerations aside who can rightly estimate the importance of a demonstration in our relations, with regard to foreign countries. It would at once raise Canada from the level of a dependency to the rank and importance of a nation. This splendid achievement would be the subject of comment in every country, and from being practically unknown Canada would come to occupy a prominent place in the minds of all nations. By all means then let the Exposition go ahead, and thus show to the world that Canada lacks neither the energy, nor the will to distinguish herself when the opportunity arises. And let it be the wish and hope of every one, that the celebration of the 400th. anniversary of the discovery of Canada, by Cabot may prove a just tribute, to the memory of the discoverer, a credit to those instrumental in its promotion, and above all an achievement which will reflect the greatest honor upon the Canadian people.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96

LORD MACAULAY.

THIS distinguished author holds a foremost rank among the many eminent prose-writers of the present century, and is perhaps of all the most popular and the most learned. To give in detail the life of this celebrated man is certainly altogether unnecessary; nor on the other hand can anything like a minute criticism of his works be attempted. But a short account of his brilliant career, involving also a necessarily imperfect investigation of his writings, may, perhaps, be not out of place.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on October 25th, 1800 Both his parents were persons of good literary talents, and they bestowed the greatest care on the education of their son. At an early age he was sent to Mr.Greaves' private school, but in his studies there he took but little interest, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be made to attend regularly He preferred to remain at home and spend his time on what he considered as the much more important occupation of reading. Indeed, from the age of three years he read continually, and with a rapidity which seems almost incredible. It is said that he took in at a glance the contents of a page, and that he retained with equal facility the matter as well as the exact phraseology of the book. After a short time spent at this institution, if so it might be called, he was placed under the protection of Mrs. Hannah More, and lastly under that of Mr. Preston, with whom he remained till he was ready to enter the University.

In October, 1818, he commenced residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. During his course there he did not distinguish himself for profound scholarship. Some branches, especially mathematics, he neglected, to pursue his favorite studies of classics and English literature. These subjects he certainly prosecuted with success, for we are told that he was twice awarded the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and at the age of twenty-one he gained the highest distinction in classics conferred by the University of Cambridge. In 1822 he took his degree of B.A., and in 1824 he obtained a College Fellowship. It was about this time that he commenced that series of essays which have been such valuable contributions to the English language. His early literary performances, published in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, are compositions of rare merit; but the one that brought him most conspicuously into prominence was his celebrated article on Milton, which appeared in the August number of the Edinburgh Review, in 1825.

After quitting the University he studied law. Called to the bar in 1826, he commenced his legal career by joining the Northern Circuit. Although he enjoyed somewhat the pursuit of his profession, still he did not take such an interest in it as would warrant ultimate success. He devoted much of his time to literature, and, even while discharging his duties as barrister, he found time to write for several periodicals that owed their influence principally to his pen. In 1827 he was appointed by Lord Lyndhurst Commissioner of Bankruptcy, a welcome office just then, for, previous to this time, his whole income consisted of only about £500, deprived from his Trinity Fellowship and his connection with the Edinburgh Review. And three years later, in 1830, Lord Lansdowne, who had formed a high opinion of the author of the two articles on Mill, which appeared in 1829, used his influence to have him elected member for Calne. It is needless to say that in Parliament he never betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his constituents. We seldom hear his name mentioned in connection with public speaking, but, among the great orators of his day, he stood one of the first, and his

speeches delivered at the beginning of his Parliamentary career are some of the ablest that have ever been pronounced in the English Commons.

This seat he held until 1834, when appointed member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. he went to India, where he remained four years in the faithful discharge of the duties of his important office. Returning to England in 1838, he was elected member for Edinburgh, which seat he retained till 1847. During those years, when politics demanded so much of his attention, he did not cease to contribute to the Edinburgh Review. To this period of his life, also, we are indebted for those excellent specimens of "rhymed rhetoric," his lays of Ancient Rome.

Here his political life practically ended. He was defeated at the polls in 1847, and, although returned in 1852 for the same constituency, he ever after took very little part in the business carried on in the House. He had for some time past conceived the idea of writing a History of England from the accession of James II. In the midst of his multifarious labors he had found but little leisure to devote to this great project; but, now that he was shackled by no Parliamentary office, he "threw his whole heart into the writing of his history"

In 1849 were publishrd the first two volumes of that great "Epic Poem," in which King William figures so prominently as "Hero." If we rate the merits of this work by the popularity which it enjoyed and still continues to enjoy, with all classes, it will certainly occupy a foremost place among the master-pieces of the English tongue. The next two volumes did not appear till six years after the first. The reading public, especially all admirers of "love, liberty and toleration" in their fellow-beings, and all those in whose breasts burned the fire of patriotism, manifested their approval of the continuation of his grand undertaking by the avidity with which this second installment was bought up. Such patriotic sentiments as pervaded every chapter of his history were, perhaps, never before expressed; and, with true-born Englishmen, this alone would suffice to "render the charm irresistible."

About this time Macaulay set about writing the biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson and Pitt. These works, which appeared first in the Encyclopedia Britannica, are highly finished compositions; and though they were well received, yet they would gladly have been exchanged for the completion of the history, which was left unfinished at his death. The last volume was published posthumously, for, on the 28th of December, 1859, the great historian, orator, and essayist passed away. On the 9th of January, 1860, his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where, among the illustrious men of the past, he occupies a place in the Poets' Corner. Thus ended the brilliant career of this great statesman and historian, the ornament and pride of the society in which he moved.

The wide popularity which Macaulay's miscellanies and history enjoyed with his contemporaries has certainly not extended itself to our day. The reason for this is perhaps not so difficult to assign. His habit of dealing with subjects of national interest in a manner so truly characteristic of the typical Englishman could not fail to win him, even yet, the admiration of thousands, and enlist for him the sympathy of the public. But during his time the nation possessed such a high opinion of his brilliant oratory, and his extraordinary conversational powers, a necessary result of his wonderful memory, that there was an unprecedented demand for anything that fell from his pen. His works, however, will always afford a profitable study for the rhetorician, for his ideas, though by no means original, are clothed in such admirable language that the student will ever discover the skilful touch of a perfect master of his art. But here let it be remarked that though he is certain to captivate us by his great command of language, and though he expresses himself so confidently as to admit of no doubt as to the veracity of his statements, still he can in no wise be termed an exact writer. His character, we might say, forbade precision. A man of his stamp, so full of life and movement, could seldom be expected to stoop to a minute analysis of any subject.

The striking characteristics of our author's style are strength and clearness. Various devices are resorted to in order

to bring out in a most forcible manner the idea he wishes to convey to the reader. Not only does he make use, in every possible instance, of comparisons, balanced structures, and especially antithesis; but he delights chiefly in a repetition of the same thought, each time clothing it in the most elegant and varied form of expression of which he is capable. His copious vocabulary furnished him with a store of words from which he was at liberty to choose his material to render attractive the otherwise offensive repetition; and his immense knowledge of facts, and acquaintance with almost every literary work extant, enabled him to draw comparisons of which he availed himself on all occasions to embellish his compositions.

His comparisons, however, are not always the most definite, and many of them would require not a little study to bring out clearly the relation he wishes to establish between the objects he compares. In his masterly essay on Warren Hastings he seems to find great scope for the exercise of this figure; but to what advantage cannot always be ascertained. Take for instance the paragraph in this essay beginning: "His competitor was a Hindoo-Brahmin." Here follow in close succession two of his most daring comparisons. The thrusting in of the sentence: "What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees," adds little, we think, to the perspicuity of the extract; for the relation an Italian bears to an Englishman, a Hindoo to an Italian, etc., does not at first sight manifest itself, and we are doubtful whether in any mind except the writer's it exists with tolerable accurateness. A few lines farther on we come to a sentence similarly constructed: "What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee." Here we can more easily grasp his idea, and also we are charmed by his opulence of illustration. Examples such as these are continually cropping out, and we are constantly being called upon to exercise our knowledge of history or fiction in order to verify the parallels that are drawn between the subject in hand and such and such a person or thing or circumstance that existed or took place in times gone by.

Besides comparisons, many other contrivances were at his disposal to impress himself on the reader's mind, two of which have already been mentioned. Frequently he employs, for the sake of clearness, as well as of force, the balanced structure of sentence; but of antithesis we find innumerable examples. He profited of every possible occasion to introduce antithetical forms, and often, almost as a necessary accompaniment, he made use of balanced sentences. The other methods of enhancing the beauty of prose he did not employ to any extraordinary degree. "Splendour of Imagery" and great descriptive power he cannot be said to possess; but here and there we find some beautiful word-pictures, worthy even of the great "Censor of the Age." What can be more charming than his description of Westminster Hall on the opening day of the trial of Warren Hastings: "There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but," and so on through several sentences. The oft quoted sentence at the end of his eulogium of the Roman Catholic Church in his essay on Von Ranke's History of the Popes is also deserving of praise. And, had it not been for the doubtful "may," it would, we think, be a happy crowning of the climax, here found to exclaim "And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." In general, therefore, we find in Macaulay an absence of imagery and descriptions of nature. But what his style most noticeably lacks is pathos. Whether he possessed by nature any tenderness we know not, but, certain it is that it never appears to any extent in his writings. His description of the death of "Virginia" in his "Lay" of that name, and the closing paragraphs of "Warren Hastings" are the most successful of his few attempts at pathos.

The great secret of his strength, as well

as the principal cause of his popularity, lay in his habitual shunning of subjects that presented any difficulty. When anything did occur which required explanation, he was always ready with some simple and plausible answer, and was content with such if it suited the exigency of the moment. But, nevertheless, while avoiding intricate problems, he delighted in refuting the arguments of some antagonist, oftentimes imaginary, and when so doing he is seen at his best.

The most distinguishing quality of his style is, perhaps, clearness. He is certainly a model of perspicuity. Hardly an example can be adduced in which his meaning is not, almost at first sight, perfectly clear. His comparisons, contrasts, and repetitions, before commented on, contribute greatly to clearness. Another source of perspicuity is his stating, in separate sentences, facts which are easily seen to be subordinate to some main idea. This, in many cases, would most likely lead to confusion; but Macaulay, equal to the occasion, has omitted such of them as were deemed most unnecessary to the thought. This is most assuredly an unjust sacrifice but one of which he has been more than once accused. In the same manner he has often to "plead guilty" to the charge of sacrificing truth to antithesis.

Of his paragraph structure nothing need be said. He was a consummate master of clearness, and therefore could not be expected to let slip any opportunity which, when properly seized, might promise a greater lucidity in his writings. Of all writers he has paid the most attention to the formation of his paragraphs. In them we find him invariably confining himself to a single subject, and seldom does he allow anything to creep in to mar their unity. Occasionally, however, he wanders slightly, and in a few cases is betrayed into lengthy digressions. His essay on Horace Walpole is a notable instance of this. When we have finished, we marvel that he has not given it the title Robert instead of Horace Walpole. In a regularly constructed paragraph we generally look for the topic sentence in the first or perhaps the third. But here we will not always find it in Macaulay. In many cases he reserves it for the close, where it serves to crown the climax which constitutes the paragraph.

This is but the briefest and most incomplete outline of the life, writings and literary style of Lord Macaulay. Dr. Jonson once said of the prince of English Essayists: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentations, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Forty years ago popular opinion would have substituted Macaulay for Addison. But time rights all wrongs, and to-day Lord Macaulay, though an acknowledged English classic, does not so completely overshadow all his contemporaries as he did in the palmy days of the Edinburgh Review.

P. GALVIN
3rd Form.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix, 14.

"Happy souls, whom Jesus calls to Himself in the dawn of life, pray for those who remain here below."

THEY are lying in memory's garden like blossoms crushed down by a storm,
The lovely, the guileless, the young, they are ashes in desolate grave-yards.
They have rested from laughter and tears, their bright brows are dust in the darkness.
Their life's cup was brighter than gold, and its wine an unfailing elixir.
It was crowned with the jewels of joy, and love's most serene aureola.
But a phantom of horror arose, his skeleton fingers enclasped it,
And in the deep abyss it lies, in fragments, to hope lost forever.
And the mourners refuse to give ear, when Faith whispers near, "Resurrexit."

The river runs laughing in light, harmonizing all sounds in its music:
But its song is a dirge of despair to the parents who ceaselessly listen
For a voice and a step that is silent: perhaps in the treacherous dreamtime
Vain imagination may bring them the lost one once more warm and living,
With looks and words playful and fond: but alas! for the sorrowful waking.
Then fancy may paint for her serfs a picture exquisite and cruel
Of a fair, frightened child at the doorstep, locked out in the darkness of midnight.
Vainly crying for entrance: but banished thence, slowly departing.
Alone—yes, alas! no fond parent to hold the soft, clinging fingers,
Or guide the small, shrinking feet, as they go thro' the lone land of shadows.
What spectres and shapes of dismay may the pale pilgrim meet on his journey?
What deserts forlorn traverse, desolated by breath of God's anger?
What warder receive him at last, and what bed shall embrace him?
What slumber caress the dear eyes, that were lovely as blue morning glories?

Sad mourners, look up! and lament not as those who are hopeless—
For the Church, as a mother, has ta'en your lost ones to her bosom.
For them she has offered the great Sacrifice of atonement,
While angels assembled repeat, "Requiem in aeternum."

E. C. M.

DOWN THE OTTAWA IN A CANOE.

OF the many events that break the monotony of a long vacation, few are so pleasant, few so welcome, and few so coveted as a canoe excursion. Skimming lightly over calm waters, rocking playfully on murmuring ripples or wrestling with wave and whirlwind, one seems lost to all things earthly, and only as in a dream, gazes on the different aspects, that nature presents at every turn. Only indeed when the journey is finished, but not forgotten, does one awaken to the many pleasures he must have experienced.

In gleeful search of the delights afforded by such an excursion, the writer found himself, one vacation morning, in company with two companions, seated in a "bark," ready to brave the perils of the Ottawa.

Des Joachim, our starting point is a small village on the Quebec shore. It is a thriving little place and the seat of trade for farmers and shantymen, for many miles around. Leaving here about sunrise we bent our course towards Pembroke. It is needless to give a description of this part of the Ottawa river for such a description has already been the subject of one of THE OWL'S many essays, wherein all the natural beauties and endless variety of scenery of that district were so ably and beautifully pictured, that they at once became almost familiar objects. But as the essay mentioned terminated its description at Pembroke, it is the object of the writer, to take up the broken thread and follow the Ottawa a few miles further on its oceanward course.

At Pembroke the Ottawa expands into a large sheet of water known as the Allumette Lake, having a width of two miles with a length of nearly five miles. This part of the lake is called the Upper Allumette. Immediately opposite Pembroke and on the Quebec side is an island of the same name as the lake On this island is situated the village of Chapeau, surrounded by a country rich in agriculture. Between the island and the mainland of the Quebec shore, stands the almost silent Culbute canal, a public work that almost outshines the Tay in large expense and small profits. It is used probably once in three or four years, and the reason that brought it into existence will be a source of wonder to future generations. But to come back to our trip; meadows robed in green, fields lit up with golden sunlight, beaches lying afar out from surrounding forest-trees, form a picture worthy of the admiration of the most prosaic. Sailing on past Pembroke we pass through a sheet of water dotted with yachts, skiffs and all sorts of pleasure boats. A few short strokes and we are brought back to the scenes of the days of youth, when all our spare time was taken up in planning our next swim; of the summer days that passed very pleasantly, if all too quickly, when the bright waters wooed us but to easily from our studies of the long hours spent in pleasing nooks and sunny dells; of the spreading branches under which our canvas was so often spread, of the many summer and autumnal afternoons given up to fishing and bathing, and the cool sleepless nights, when we listened to long endless stories about nothing: for this is the spot where the three of us whiled away our youthful years. Perceiving from the canoe a goodly number of bathers, we cannot resist the temptation of once again standing on the old familiar shore. Little change, with the exception of faces, has passed over the place since the days when we were wont to call it our own pleasure grounds The same picturesque landscape, the same shady grove and shining beach; there is the monster stone from which we took our headlong plunges, and

yonder is the same old bush which served us as a hiding place on the approach of visitors. Laving this place so full of fond and sad recollections we wend our way forward and soon arrive at Hazley Bay, an arm of the Ottawa on the Ontario side. Above us stand the ruins of an old sawmill, a picture of thrift that once was, but now only forming a scene in harmony with the wild beauties that adorn the shore of the bay, higher up in keeping with the scene is the remains of an erstwhile busy hamlet. Further on still we come in full view of Morrison's Island, now I believe a great summer resort; in the old days it was an excellent fishing-grounds. The island presents a beautiful view; as one nears it he beholds a perfect semi-circle, with a bluff in relief at the further side; to the right the Ottawa rolls boils and hisses into what is known as the lost *Chenail* having been so named we were told, from the large number of deaths by drowing that have occured in its waters, Many an unwary canoeist has been forced into its eddy by the swift current above and once within the fatal circle of this death trap all hope vanishes. On the opposite side strange to say, the water is remarkably calm and navigable, and here pass daily numerous excursion parties. This channel is also the water route of the saw-logs and square timber that are farther up the river. The sland presents to first view a beautiful sandy beach; low shrubs and creeping vines make up for an absence of grass; a few summer residences nestle homelike amid pretty rual scenes. Passing on from here we are soon launched on the Lower Allumette, another large expansion of the Ottawa, from which we view afar the church spires and roof tops of Westmeath village. Further down the waters again begin rumbling as we near the Paquette rapids. These rapids block our passage and to continue our course we are obliged to *portage* our canoe and provisions to the foot of the swift current below the rapids. This done we pitch our tent, satisfy the inner man, and before retiring stand around the shore and admire the sceney of the rarely visited spot. Some distance to the rear stands a shady grove with one lofty oak lifting its haughty limbs over the meek maples; in front of us curls the water that is whirled from the distant rapids; in the distance the golden grain smiles in the declining sun, myriads of small islands dot the calm surface of the water—the whole scene holds the onlooker enthralled.

Beautiful as all this is to behold, its attractions are soon outbid by the God of sleep, and one by one we reluctantly turn from the beauties of nature to recuperate for the morrow's journey.

Forward again with sunrise. In the morning we behold all this beautiful scenery under an entirely different aspect, the heaving of the river's swells, the swift currents between the islands, the green trees casting out huge shadows in the gray dawn, interspersed here and there with a projecting bluff and immediately above the rising mist, a back ground of bluish white clouds tinged with reddish yellow. The type of the evening's scenes has changed; but the beauty is none the less present.

On, we pass through the islands until the distant echo of a softly-sounding Angelus, warns us of the nearness of a Catholic settlement. Soon we find ourselves between two villages, one on either side of the river. At Coulonge the larger village, on the Quebec side, we remained most of the morning. With a popultion of nearly 2,000, Coulonge presents a scene of remarkable activity: most of its inhabitants are engaged in the mercantile profession, a few stone residents are occupied by lumber kings. Two schools and two churches represent the educational and religious tendencies of the people. Further up the Coulonge river stands the old Fort, the scene it is said, of many a bloody conflict in the days of French rule. Outside the village a line of farmhouses, beautify the otherwise desolate looking coast. Crossing to the Ontario side we land at Lapasse, a small French hamlet, once the seat of an extensive lumbering trade and now reminding one of the lovely village of which Goldsmith penned so many fond yet sad recollections. The inhabitants are all farmers, but the store-post office, hotel and blacksmith shop, undeniable indicatons of a quondam village, are all still there. On a slope gently rising from the bank, a beautiful stone Catholic Church lifts its spire most majestically. As we

approached the slow measured strokes of its tolling bell cast a shade of sadness over all, as it announced the passage of a parishioner to his eternal rest. To the left of the church, facing the river stands the presbytery. In keeping with the antique appearance of the village, is the old-fashioned, square, log school house though I learn that it has since been superseded by a building of more modern architecture.

With the echoes of *bon voyage* ringing in our ears we turn our frail craft once more away from the shore. But the current here saves us the trouble of paddling, we merely keep the canoe straight and over the waves she swiftly glides. Calumet Island now looms up, and we find ourselves passing a country rich in mineral and agriculture lands. Further down we run into another group of islands through which it is impossible to pass; swift eddying currents terminating in beautiful but dangerous waterfalls prevent the continuation of our journey, unless we further *portage* our luggage, over an unknown road. This we considered a rather tiresome task and resolved to defer the remainder of our voyage to a later date.

This part of the Ottawa river is called the Rocher Fendu. Nowhere is a passage possible ; between the islands from shore to shore the water is one boiling hissing mass beautiful to look upon but which prudence prompts one to keep at a safe distance. In the course of our trip we came upon almost every variety of natural scenery and our experience determined us to further investigate this comparatively unknown region.

Before parting company we resolved that a future canoe trip should reveal to us all the beauties that must lie hidden between the shores of the Lower Ottawa.

R. '97.

THE ADVENTURE.

SELECTED.

SIR Brian O'Brien McMurrough commenced life as possessor of a nominal rent roll of twelve thousand pounds sterling, per annum, although in reality, between mortgages, and rent-charges, and incumbrances of every possible shape and hue, probably five would represent the net sum received by the proprietor. Still it was not the age of economical reflection, nor was the young baronet either a financier or a philosopher. He had been cradled in luxury, and bowed down to with slavish servility; he had been educated at Cambridge, and, one way or other, his bills there had been met, though not always pleasantly, by his father. He married and chose for his wife a far-descended and beautiful pauper, with tastes to the full as reckless and extravagant as his own. This lady had brought him a daughter, who lived, and four years after, a son, who had died a few hours after his birth, and whose death preceded that of his mother by a single day. After her death Sir Brian became more careless and reckless than ever. His spirits sank as his debts mounted; he saw from the first that ruin was inevitable; section after section of his splendid estates were put up for sale and swept away, until at last all that remained to him was a half-ruined building called "The Black Abbey," which he sometimes used as a shooting and fishing lodge in his happier days, and a tract of mountain land, wild, and for the most part sterile, unprofitable, and for part of which he paid rent. In the present gloomy temper of his soul, however, it suited his humor. It was a romantic but utterly desolute retreat, made still more so, if possible, by the sullen gloom which had now taken possession of the fallen man. Before utter ruin had come upon them, Eva had been for a year, or somewhat better, at a boarding school, the mistress of which had evidently done her duty by the child. The little girl indeed "showed blood," in more ways than one. Her temper was lively but all her instincts were genial and generous, and she had, in a particular manner, the gift of conciliating the affectionate regards of all who came within the sphere of her innocent influence. True it was, her worshippers were neither numerous nor select. Besides the neighbors, the "agent" of the estate, Mr. Redmond Hennessey, sometimes visited at the Abbey, to look for or receive the rents paid by Sir Brian, and another more welcome occasional visitor was Father John Considine, the P. P.

Sir Brian and his daughter belonged to the old faith, and as the priest was a large-minded, liberal man, with a well-cultivated mind, and good-humored and ever jovial temperment, his visits always enlivened the abbey, and sometimes won a smile from its proprietor. His literary tastes and recollections, also, were exceedingly useful to the young girls, particularly, as he sometimes ran up to Dublin and brought back a budget of new books, periodicals, and songs for his favorite.

Thus matters went on for some years—nothing better, nothing worse apparently—until Eva was in her eighteenth year. The large estates originally owned by Sir Brian had, in a great measure, fallen into the hands of a single proprietor, Sir Adams Jessop, a rich London merchant and banker. Since they had come into his possession he had been over for a few days twice—once to look over the property, and again to appoint an agent recommended to him by some neighboring proprietors, who all spoke of Mr. Redmond Hennessey as a man of zeal and industry, who always had his employer's interest at heart, and detested a non-paying or dilatory tenant as he did a mad dog.

Mr. Hennessey was a solicitor as well as an agent, processes followed defalcations, and the only sure road to his

friendly sympathy was punctuality in payment, and liberality (in the shape of gifts, such as fowl, butter, eggs, fish, socks, flannel and so forth) from those who had favors to ask or bargains to make.

Neither did matters seem to mend when Sir Adams Jessop died somewhat suddenly, and was succeeded by his only son, now Sir William Jessop, who was understood to be a gay young man of indolent habits and roving propensities, and who seemed to have less sympathy for his Irish tenants than his father—if, indeed, that were possible. Mr. Hennessey's power and authority were not unlimited, and stories were told of his rapacity and impatience of all control which appears incredible.

II.

Like all inland lakes of considerable extent, that which lay before the windows of the Black Abbey was subject to violent changes of temper on slight and sudden provocation. Considerable danger menaced those who sailed on business or pleasure over the waters of the lake, and it so happened that on the eve of a September day, the yacht of Sir Brian McMurrough was caught in one of those sudden bursts which had swept down from the mountains, accompanied by torrents of rain and violent thunder and lightning, although in the morning, and until after mid-day, there had been no warning of a gale.

To make matters worse Miss McMurrough was known to be on board the boat, and the amount of agitation evidenced by a group of men who stood on the banks of the lough and witnessed the fearful struggles of the little craft, amounted gradually to extreme terror as they saw the principal sail give way and flutter in the wind like ribbons, while the waves washed over the helpless vessel and threatened speedily to engulf her.

"It will never do boys," at last said one of the men, "to stand by and see the best blood of the country die the death of a drowned dog without putting out a hand or an oar to help him. Run up, Patsy, and tell Mick Mackesy to come down at once, while we launch Sheelah."

"Has he far to go?" asked another of the group.

"About a mile, sir," replied the man, touching his hat to the questioner, who had been a stranger to him until an hour or two before.

"Don't send for him, then," said the stranger, "I have pulled an oar at college and elsewhere, and am pretty well up to the management of a boat. Where is your craft?"

"Yonder in the cove, sir; but it's a bad business."

"Then the sooner we get rid of it the better, my friend," said the energetic stranger. "Come boys, I have a sovereign or two to spare, and I promise you that no man shall lose by his humanity. Now, my friend, lead on."

In an incredible short space of time the boat was launched, and the gentle Sheelah fled on her mission of mercy. By this time the baronet's yacht was a sheer wreck. The boat reached her safely, however, and by the excellent management of the volunteer boatman mainly, Miss McMurrough was got into the shore-boat, and her father and the boy followed. When all was done the boat's head was again turned to the shore, and "in less than no time," as Andy promised, its wave-worn load was safely landed, wet, weary, and chilled, but otherwise unharmed. After a few words with Andy, the boat-owner, Sir Brian turned to the stranger and addressed him.

"I am told by my friend here, sir," he said, "that it is to your dexterity and courage my own preservation and that of my daughter is mainly due. I trust that you will accompany me to my residence and allow me, when I have gained my presence of mind, more suitably to thank you for the signal sevice you have done me than I can find words adequately to do now."

"You are very kind, sir," was the prompt and cordial reply, "and I shall be very glad to accept your hospitable offer."

On arriving at the Abbey, the stranger was warmly welcomed by the master, and was ushered to a spare bed-chamber by Deb Dermody herself, who had been advised of the coming of the party by a "runner," and had everything prepared to receive them.

When the stranger had dried his clothes and changed his linens, he found the

baronet and his daughter ready to receive him, a large fire in the grate, a table ready laid for dinner, and a fresh arrival in the sturdy person of "Father John." The young man, in his turn, found it necessary to introduce himself, and stated that he was an idle rover, with some taste for drawing, literature, and music, and who came on an exploratory expedition to see what he could pick up in the way of old airs or legends, or new scenery, to forward some speculations of his own. His name was Redland, and he considered himself fortunate in having been able to assist Sir Brian and Miss McMurrough in their difficulty, etc.

The night sped pleasantly by; Redland was evidently a gentleman, and both the baronet and the priest knew what that meant right well. In the course of the evening the management of the "Jessop property" was spoken of, and incidentally the character of the agent was discussed. "After all," said Sir Brian, "the devil is not so black as he is painted; Hennessey is not the worst among the bad."

"He is a confirmed scoundrel, and a curse to his country that holds him," ejaculated the priest sternly and gravely.

"You ought to blame his absentee master rather than him," said Sir Brian.

"Under your pardon, Sir Brian, I ought to do no such thing," persisted the priest, "his master knows nothing of his doings, of that I am certain, or if he did, as an English merchant, as a man of humanity, he would be the first to reject and put down such intolerable tyranny, which is equally miserable and profitless."

"I should think then, sir," said the stranger, "that it is high time for you to look to his interests and good name, if your account be true, and my only wonder is that he delays it so long."

"Poh! the present proprietor is a gay young fashionable fop, they were called dandies in my day, who pockets his rents and only thinks of his Irish tenants when his purse runs dry," said Sir Brian, bitterly.

"Is not that a harsh estimate, papa," said Eva, gently and timidly, "when you can only speak by surmise?"

"Then why is he not here?" asked Sir Brian, "why does he leave his tenantry to be ground to powder or driven to desperation, if he could cure it by his presence?"

"That question may be answered, too," said the priest, "it is Hennessey's interest to keep him away as long as he can, and you may be pretty sure that he painted us in such colors that he would not waste a long journey to witness them."

"You will get into a mess with Hennessey if this comes to his ears," said the baronet, laughing.

"He knows right well I don't care a farthing for either his friendship or his enmity," replied Father John.

"'Be just, and fear not,' is my motto, and if it please God to let him injure me, I will bow to the chastisement, since it will be in a good cause."

"I think that your act was both justifiable and merciful," said the stranger, "and I should say that Sir William will be little better than a heartless fool if he should not respond to your application as he ought."

"He'll never do it," said the obstinate host, "he'll be thinking of his tallow and cotton, and molasses, as matters infinitely superior in his estimation to Irish barons and their wrongs."

"We'll hope for the best," replied the priest. "So now Miss Eva let us have one cup of tea, and afterwards we'll trouble you for 'Loves Young Dream,' or 'The Minstrel Boy,' or 'Silent, O'Moyle!' or 'The Young May Moon,' and I'll grumble a bass in 'St. Senanus and the Lady,' if Mr. Redland will help us out."

The tea was drunk, and the songs sung to the accompaniment of a wild Irish harp, which made excellent music in Eva's fair hands. A light supper followed, and then to bed. For the next few days the stranger made himself both useful and agreeable, putting Sir Brian in mind of "the good days," charming the priest by his humane and liberal philosophy, and gradually stealing into Eva's good graces so far, that when one evening he said to her he must think of going, she sighed and said plaintively:—

"Yes, that's the worst of your coming, Mr. Redland, for when you leave us how shall we ever get over your loss? Though of course one ought to be always prepared for misfortune, and no one who wished you well would think of detaining you in such a dreary place."

"Dreary! it has been a paradise to me, I assure you, Miss McMurrough, and when duty demands my presence elsewhere, inclination will be sure to draw me back by the hair of the head, and—and by the cords of the heart as well."

The latter part of the sentence was spoken partly to himself and escaped Eva's ear.

It so chanced that the next morning Father John left them, but it was domed that his place was supplied about mid-day, or rather towards dinner-time, by no less a person than the formidable "agent," Mr. Redmond Hennessey himself, who announced to his "friend," Sir Brian, that, having a day to spare, he came to tax his hospitality.

"Beside," he said, as he and Sir Brian sat in conclave, while Redland and Eva were wandering on the banks of the lough —"beside, Sir Brian, a report has reached me that a stranger has intruded himself on your hospitality whom I think you ought to beware of."

"He is a fine young fellow and saved my life," replied the baronet.

"Specious, I dare say; flippant, anything but safe company, I should say, if my information be correct," said Mr. Hennessey.

"What has he done?" demanded Sir Brian.

"A great deal that he should have left undone," was the reply.

"I have heard of the going on of him and that confounded priest, whose finger is in every man's dish; of their visiting to tenants, and their bribes for information: in point of fact, I look upon him as a dangerous person, one of those English radicals who, driven from their own country, come to ours to plunge it into convulsion and confusion."

"I think you are mistaken in your estimate," replied Sir Brian.

"You will change your opinion bye and bye," said Hennessy; "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it; and I mean, after dinner, to draw him out a bit, and make him show his true colors, if possible."

The young people did not return until dinner was ready, and then Redland and Hennessey were introduced to each other. The agent was superciliously cold, and Redland hardly civil, so reversed was his demeanor. It seemed to be "hate at first sight on both sides." Under the circumstances conversation was slow and restrained. At last, however, dinner was done, and when Eva left the room, Mr. Hennessey began his "drawing out" system by a point-blank question addressed to Redland.

"I understand Mr. Redland," he said "that you have been very particularly anxious in your inquiries about the state of Sir William Jessop's extensive property. I presume you are an author, and mean to publish your travels in a neat volume, with wood cut illustrations?"

"No, no; you are altogether mistaken," was the chilly reply; "I am content to read books, without having the ambition to write them."

"Well then, the greater compliment to us poor Irish that such an independent enquirer should come amongst us," said Hennessey. "I hope you are satisfied with what you have observed."

"I do not wish to answer your question, sir, since, without intending it, I might give you offence," was the guarded reply.

"Pray don't spare me, young gentleman," sneered the agent, "as I am used to misconstruction, and have shoulders broad enough to bear it. You find fault with my management, of course?"

"Not of course, Sir," replied Redland, "but if you insist on having my opinion, I think that Sir William Jessop's estates are very wretchedly managed indeed."

"Hah! that is candor with a vengeance!" said the agent, startled out of his self-possession; "you must be a disinterested observer to jump at once to so decided a conclusion."

"I had my eyes and ears, sir, and made use of them," answered the composed stranger, "where everything is miserable and everybody wretched on an estate which pays eight or ten thousand a year to its owner, somebody must be to blame, since there can be no possible cause for it."

"Go on, sir, go on," said the agent, winking at Sir Brian.

"At your invitation, I will, sir," was the cool reply. "Seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, I do not

wonder that discontent and disaffection should prevail amongst men whom no industry can raise, and no good conduct can protect. I shall call Sir William Jessop a bad Englishman, and a worse Christian, if he persist in sanctioning a state of things, which, of course, must be out of your control, since I presume you act according to your orders, and cannot help witnessing the terrible miseries which you are every day compelled to increase."

"You have been in America, sir, I suppose?" was the irrelevant reply of Hennessey.

"I have—both North and South."

"And have been a practitioner of 'stump' oratory? I thought so," replied Hennessey, with a coarse laugh. "Here's to your health, Young Cicero, and a better way of thinking to you!"

"To both of us, sir, if you please," replied Redmond, touching his glass, and then leaving the room.

"A dangerous fellow, just what I thought him," said Hennessey, when the door closed. "But now that I see his game, I am prepared for him: we'll have no stump orators—no Captain Rocks or Sergeant Starlights amongst us here, if we can help it, Sir Brian. But let it rest—let it rest: we have not quite done with him yet. And now, Sir Brian, to turn to a pleasanter theme the last time I was here I did myself the honor of making known to you my ardent good wishes for a closer connection with you, through the medium of Miss McMurrough, whose humble slave I have long been."

"I have trusted the matter to my daughter, Mr. Hennessy, and find that her objections are insuperable. I am obliged to you, but we will speak no more of it, if you please."

"I am sorry for it," replied Hennessy, "as I thought that, under such circumstances, I might find means to allow your arrears, and the fifty borrowed from myself, to stand over. I fear I can't promise anything of the sort now, but I suppose you are prepared to back up, and the sooner the better, as Sir William is pressing hard for money and must have it. Let me have all, if possible, before Saturday, and so save trouble to both of us. With thanks for your hospitality, and wishing you a safer guest under your roof, I bid you good-night."

The next day, Mogue, who had been at the other side of the lake, brought back word that there was "great ruction" in the town of Ballinlough, as Mr. Hennessey had been fired at early that morning, on riding to one of his farms, and that "a whole pound of bullets had lodged in his hat." Everything was in commotion; the "peelers" were out, and "a whole bench of magistrates were to meet immediately."

So that day passed over; but the next morning a new state of affairs occurred. About ten o'clock half a dozen policemen, with an officer at their head, arrived at the abbey and showed a warrant of arrest for Mr. William Redland, as a suspicious person, etc., with a civil intimation that his body was to be produced before the bench of magistrates now sitting at Ballinlough. Of course, to hear was to obey.

"My accuser will make nothing of it, sir," said Redland to the officer, "and if I really wished him evil he has now afforded me an opportunity of doing it."

"You may require bail, however," said Sir Brian, "so I have dispatched a messenger for Father John, although we can easily defeat him by an alibi."

"Or by telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Redland, with a smile.

When they arrived at the court-house of Ballinlough they found at least half a dozen magistrates in full conclave, who all scowled on "the prisoner," as Hennessey was their friend. Redland at once confronted this august assembly, and without waiting for his accuser to begin, thus commenced: "In order to save time and trouble, gentlemen," he said, "I think it necessary to make a confession for which you may be unprepared"

"Too late, my fine fellow," said Hennessey, "you should have thought of what you were about before. I heard you myself at Sir Brian's table spout as much treason as would set all Ireland in a flame. I do not wish to prosecute you vindictively, however, although I was near losing my life by your preaching and teaching, so if you will undertake to leave the country, after telling us who and what you are,

I will give up the prosecution, and you may go about your business."

"You are very considerate, sir, and I accept your offer," said the undismayed prisoner. "I acknowledge, therefore, that both my name and my occupation have been assumed——"

"I knew it—I could swear it from the first moment I laid eyes on you," said the triumphant agent, "but go on, you have told us who and what you are not, now oblige us with similar information as to whom and what you are."

"Willingly, sir," replied the young man. "My real name is not Redland, but Jessop—a baronet by rank, an Englishman by birth, and your employer, I think into the bargain. I am called, then, Sir William Jessop, and my occupation here has been quietly to supervise my estate—and a very wretched supervision it was, as I had the honor to tell you in Sir Brian McMurrough's house."

Hennessey was foiled and defeated by his employer's ruse, and he saw it. He was crest-fallen, too, for his warmest friends crowded round "Sir William," and left him in the lurch, although his employer was more merciful.

"We cannot act longer together, Mr. Hennessey, and you will be good enough to prepare your accounts, so that they may be duly audited as soon as possible. I will remain the guest of Sir Brian McMurrough, at whose house I am for some little time to be found."

Hennessey left the court-house degraded and dismissed, leaving after him "his hat with the pound of bullets in it."

"I always knew it was Miles Cassidy, the driver, put them in it by Hennessey's order," said Andy Monahan, "and more be token he hinted as much himself yesterday after the seventeenth glass."

Sir William Jessop went back to the Black Abbey in triumph; and never left it until he had made Eva McMurrough his bride, so that the estate is still run with the "auld stock," and Sir Brian and Father John, who is almoner-general to Sir William, are as happy as kings.

GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

EVER since the first appearance of the subject of this sketch in the political life of Germany, namely since the beginning of the "Kultur-Kampf," the world has followed his wonderful activity, both in and out of Parliament, with increasing interest, sympathy and astonishment. He who has thus taken part, even from afar, in the gigantic struggle between the omnipotent State and false Liberalism on the one side, and the Catholic Minority, represented by the Centre Party, on the other, cannot but thank Providence for having raised up as a leader, a man of such eminent endowments and possessed of such a remarkable character as Windthorst, to whose well directed and untiring zeal and ability are to be attributed the beneficial results that the "Centre Party" gradually wrung from their powerful opponents. It may be opportune, even at this late day, to briefly sketch the events of this remarkable life, were it for no other reason than that the good men do may not be wholly interred with their bones.

Ludwig Joseph Ferdinand Windthorst was born on the 17th of Feb. 1821, at Osterkappeln in the ancient kingdom of Hanover. His early education, both religious and secular, was obtained at the church and school of his native town; afterwards, however, like his father, he pursued his higher studies at the College Carolinum, at Osnabrück, at Gottingen, and at Heidelberg. It is said that the small youngster with his knobby head did not succeed in his early studies at College, in consequence of which his father intended to send him as an apprentice to a shoemaker. This state of affairs, however, did not last long; his teacher soon began to recognize in him some of the remarkable qualities of mind and heart for which he became later on so distinguished. At the Universities of Gottingen, and Heidelberg, he also gained a certain distinction in his studies and gave promise of a bright future.

In 1831 he was already known as one of the ablest advocates at the bar of his native province, and was called to fill several offices of trust though of minor importance. From 1851 to 1853, and from 1862 to 1865, we find him Minister of Justice at the Court of the King of Hanover. He was a faithful subject of his king, and the events of the year 1866 annoyed him very much. The Kingdom of Hanover disappeared and was incorporated with Prussia, under the name of the Province of Hanover. King George was thus compelled to fly into Austria. Under the new order of things, Windthorst neither went straightway over to the conquerors, nor did he retire permanently from the field protesting against fate. With the good sense characteristic of a great man, he conformed himself as best he could to the new circumstances, remaining loyal to his old master, whilst becoming a faithful subject of his new Sovereign.

In 1871 the Catholic or Centre Party was formed, and Windthorst became one of its first members; than began the battle which ended 20 years later with the downfall of Prince Bismarck. Perhaps a few quotations from Bismarck's speeches will give the reader an idea of what kind of opponent Dr. Windthorst had to deal with. It is difficult to decide whether Bismarck's ignorance or arrogance had most to do with his utterances. "Supposing" Bismarck said on one occasion "the Pope obtained absolute dominion in this country, he would consider himself in duty bound to exterminate the majority of our fellow countrymen. We would be compelled either to profess ourselves Catholics, to

leave our country, or to see our goods confiscated." Speaking of the subjection of the Bishops to the Holy See he said: "We have already seen the bishops, at the Pope's desire and command, give up their firmest conviction; and henceforth, they will be obliged to think every thought in union with him. In an infallible Pope. I can see no successor of Peter; the Apostle Peter was not infallible, for he sinned, and afterwards repented; now-a-days it seems that the Pope has nothing to do with repentance. When, therefore, I describe as an enemy of the Gospel and of Prussia, a representative of Christendom such as is the Pope, I am convinced that I speak truly, in spite of anything that may be said to the contrary." And as to the May Laws, the Holy Father has aptly said: "One can scarcely imagine these laws to have been framed for the purpose of dealing with free citizens, and to expect obedience from them; rather would they seem to have as their object the extortion of an unwilling obedience from a set of slaves." Windthorst and Bismarck then, were foes from the beginning. The former was always the unanimous choice of his constituents, and soon took first place in the solid and rapidly-increasing phalanx of the "Centrum." It required a man of consummate administrative ability and of personal influence of the highest order to keep together a party composed of so diverse elements as was the German "Centre," numbering as it did men from every class of society and every profession in life. That man was found when Ludwig Windthorst assumed the leadership.

During the first ten years, it was comparatively easy to keep them united, because of the long series of laws against the Church and the continual struggle against Catholicism. Whilst they were thus united, Windthorst had little trouble in directing the work of his followers, but the difficulty arose when there was a lull in the persecution, or after the repeal of the most unjust laws, or when the Catholic party seemed to be in a hopeless minority. Then it became necessary to act with the greatest tact and prudence Little by little, however, the members of the party learned to resign themselves unreservedly to the guidance of their leader, and it came to be a frequent saying amongst them, when the result had confirmed the justice of the chief's views: "Die Perle von Meppen" has found the right solution, or "Der Kleine hat doch Recht gehabt,"—the Little Man was right after all. Yet oftener than one would think, the chief yielded to the wishes of his subordinates. In these moments he would become sarcastic and say: "I am going to resign; these youngsters may pull away alone;" but he knew how to really renounce his own views when necessary, and by these victories over himself, joined to his great tact and pleasing way, he attained the most brilliant success.

Some of the members of his party surpassed him in talent, others in special knowledge, but he alone possessed the master spirit which could guide them on to victory. Not one of the deputies could flatter himself on being so exact in attendance on the sessions as he. Time and again he was told to "spare himself," as everything would go well for a time at least; but he dreaded lest something of importance should happen during his absence. During the Sessions of Parliament at Berlin, he was busy from early morning till late at night; in the morning in the Landtag, after dinner in the Reichstag; he he had a large correspondence to attend to, many visits to make and receive, and besides he was obliged, day by day, to follow the press. Under the pressure of these numerous occupations, he never lost that clearness of discernment, that penetrating intelligence, that knowledge of men and that unerring judgment which rendered him so superior to his fellowmen; remarkable coolness, rigorous preparation of even the slightest affairs, and an untiring perseverance enabled him to gain triumphs where it was believed he was leading but a forlorn hope. The Molkte of Parliament is the name he was given, and with much reason. His keen wit frequently disconcerted his adversary, when long argumentation would have failed to produce any effect; but he never became personal or offensive, a single word often sufficed to gain his point. Like Molkte he knew how to keep silence, but with this difference, however, that he would speak least when most people expected and desired lengthy pronouncements. One of his colleagues thus de-

scribes him: "Seeing him standing at his place, his right hand in his vest pocket, his head slightly bent forward, I was led to believe that he did not take any part in the debates, but the keen glance of his nervous eye and every now and then a slight tremor of his features betrayed the fact that his spirit was active and interested." Nothing escaped him; his prodigious memory permitted him, without the aid of a single note, to retain all the details of a debate of five or six hours duration, and at the end reply to all the speakers that had preceded him. His eyes were very feeble, and it seemed that on this account his memory and hearing had acquired a keenness, which often throughout his career occasioned the astonishment of his hearers. He was a frequent speaker but never tiresome. Ideas never failed him, and he could express them, with little preparation, in elegant and polished diction. In this respect Windthorst was without an equal in the German Parliament. He paid special attention to the manner in which his opponents had spoken, and then would immediately follow a diametrically opposite course. If his predecessor had been witty he would become pathetic, if doctrinal or dogmatic, Windthorst would begin by a facetious remark or a pungent witticism. He was not so dry as most of his colleagues, and understood well the art of taking men by their weak points.

During parliamentary recesses he assisted at all the Catholic congresses and assemblies held throughout the country and great applause always greeted his "Little Excellency" when he appeared on the platform. These occasions served to review the past and to forecast the future.

Windthorst had the entire confidence of the Catholics, and especially of his colleagues in Parliament, so much so that it used to be jokingly said that if Windthorst declared for the abolition of the multiplication table, he could command the support of the members of the Centre. To this absolute authority and unquestioned obedience, he owed the brilliant victories gained during the twenty years of his parliamentary career, the result of which may be summed up in saying that he found the Church in Prussia and the German Empire in bondage and left her free.

In 1870, Bismarck began his systematic persecution; in his design to make the Church subservient to the State, he found a ready and able instrument in Falk, the Minister of Public Worship. The result of the combined action of these two arch-enemies of the Catholic Church, was a series of laws known as the "Maigesetze" (May laws), so called because they were nearly all passed during the month of May. They began by abolishing Catholic schools and obliging Catholic and Protestant children to attend the same schools in which religious instruction was forbidden. Ecclesiastical seminaries were closed and the State appointed the pastors to all parishes; bishops who objected were heavily fined and exiled. The priests fared no better; many were sent to prison, and students in theology were obliged to perform military service. During the first few years of the Kultur-Kampf, all the reclamations of Windthorst and his party were in vain. Gradually, however, as they became more powerful and the justice of their cause more evident, the worst laws were abolished; the exiled bishops returned, the lay tribunal set over them was dissolved, and the school laws were no longer enforced. Finally, in 1890, ecclesiastical students were exempted from military service. Shortly after Windthorst's death the Centre gained another great victory for which he had planned and worked so much. The State was obliged to to make restitution to the Church to the extent of seventeen and one-half million marks. Though the vexed school question is not yet definitely settled, other grievances have been removed. Religious orders are again admitted, with the exception of the Jesuits, and the moral condition of the Catholics of Germany has been greatly ameliorated. The Catholic press is devoted and able; religious enthusiasm pervades the people, and an increased activity is evident on every side. To the obtaining of these results, Windthorst contributed more than any other man.

He who knew Windthorst only as a politician has but an incomplete knowledge of the great leader. He was a man of sincere piety and punctually fulfilled all

his religious duties. Like the great O'Connell, he never allowed a day to pass without saying his "beads." When on the occasion of his golden wedding in 1888, the Catholic Press presented him a purse of 87,000 marks, he conceived the project of erecting a Church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, at Hanover, a Protestant city where there are but few Catholic Churches. That magnificent edifice was therefore built with the donation of all Germany, Leo XIII giving the high altar.

Windthorst died as he had lived; at the first intimation of his sickness, he himself demanded the consolation which the Church offers her children on their journey from this world to the next. He was a model father, a kind husband, and a true friend, self-sacrificing, obliging, and ever ready to help the needy. His own needs were few. While in Berlin, he stopped with an old lady in Jacobs street, where he had engaged two rooms on the second floor; during his numerous calls in Cologne he occupied but one room in an ordinary hotel. Beside his bed he received from fifty to one hundred visitors in a single day. Sometimes for an entire day during his stay at the Reichstag he would content himself with a piece of bread and a glass of wine. He was fond of agreeable society; yet he allowed himself this pleasure but rarely, and never when duty called him elsewhere. For years previous to the final break-down of his constitution, bodily infirmity and the cares and anxieties of public life had undermined his health and he was a constant sufferer. The mind, indeed, still remained clear and the spirit undaunted, but the flesh began to feel the ravages of time.

Windthorst attended the session of Parliament in February, 1891, in which several important affairs were treated, among others the abolition of the unjust school laws that told so heavily on his co-religionists, and the restitution of the money and property of the Catholic clergy, wrongly confiscated and retained by the German government. But the labors of the Session were too heavy for the veteran leader of the Centre, and he sank under them, never to recover. Exhausted by overwork, worn out in body and mind, he lay down to die. By his bed-side watched, hoping against hope, the ardent love of almost twenty millons of German Catholics and the respect and admiration of the world. But the physicians gave up all hope, and his friends prepared for the worst. Then came to the dying statesman the greatest consolation he could receive as a German and as a Catholic. His Emperor paid him a personal visit in the modest apartments on Jacobs street, and a letter came from His Holiness, Leo XIII, conferring a last honor—the cross of the Order of St. Gregory, a reward of valiant services—and bestowing the papal benediction.

His last hours were awe-inspiring. Even in the attacks of delirium that preceded death, the wanderings of Windthorst's mind had method in them. In a loud voice and with great earnestness he would address his colleagues in the German parliament on the iniquitious school laws and in favor of the admission of the religious orders into Germany. The attendants at the death bed were filled with awe; the mighty intellect of the great parliamentary leader was fighting its last battle for "truth, liberty and right."

Just before his death, a moment of perfect consciousness supervened. The last sacraments of the Church were administered and Windthorst bade a calm good bye to his friends. His only daughter was kneeling by his side. "Father forgive me,"—she broke down and her words failed her. "Why ask for forgiveness, dear?" calmly replied the dying hero. "We have never offended one another. How is mother? Remember me to mother." These were his last words. He soon relapsed into unconsciousness. A Sister of Mercy began the prayers for the dying; as she reached the words "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," Windthorst's noble soul went peacefully forth to receive its reward from Him whose battles it had fought in life.

No death, save that of the two emperors, William and Frederick, has so powerfully moved the German people in recent days. The sorrow was universal and sincere, for it was everywhere felt that a great force for good had passed away, and that every great interest and noble undertaking in the Empire had suffered a distinct loss. On the tomb of its illustrious son, the Nation proposed to trace the sublime words of St. Paul: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

A. P. F., '93.

AN HISTORIC VALLEY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

" Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame;
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

THE low sequestered valley of Glencoe, encompassed on either side by rocky barriers which tend to screen it from the light of day, presents a gloomy sublimity, unrivalled by any portion of the Western Highlands. Foaming streams meander like threads of silver down winding stairways from the mountains, until they empty themselves into the dark torrent of Cona, which rolls on majestically through the valley below.

The gloomy aspect of this retired spot, as well as the deep, monotonous, mournful, cadence of the perpetually flowing torrent seems to recall the sad tragedy that is connected with the history of this place.

For many generations this picturesque valley, secluded and still, was the home of Clan McIan, commonly call the McDonalds of Glencoe. Decendants of a gallant race, distinguished for loyalty and patriotism, clan McIan inherited the chivalrous spirit of their ancestors in their devotion to king and country.

When the crown of the Stuarts, fallen from the brow of the deposed James II, in 1688, A.D., passed over to a foreigner in the person of William, Prince of Orange, Clan McIan of Glencoe, like all other true sons of Scotland, remained faithful to their legitimate sovereign. The valiant and patriotic Graham of Claver House, Viscount Dundee, called upon all who favored the Stuart cause to assemble round his banner, and fight for their lawful king, James II. In the meantime King William's troops were not idle. General McKay marched against Dundee, and the two forces met on the memorable field of Killicrankie, a short distance from the city of Perth. Here a battle was fought on the 27th of July, 1649, A.D., in which Dundee's forces utterly routed King William's troops; but the glory won by the Jacobites was clouded by the death of their brave leader, who was killed by a chance shot in the very moment of victory. This unfortunate occurance weakened the Stuart cause. The Highland chieftains held out for several months longer, but they could not muster forces enough to cope with the power of William. When therefore, the Government had offered a general pardon to all those who, before a certain fixed time should make their submission, and swear to live peaceably under the rule of William, they considered it prudent to yield, knowing well that any further resistance would be of no avail. Before the day appointed all the Highland chiefs, McIan alone excepted, had given in their submission.

McIan, with his vassals, left Glencoe in sufficient time to arrive at Inverary under ordinary circumstances, before the expiration of the last day of grace, which was fixed on the 31st of December, 1691, A.D. But unfortunately the winter was unusually severe, and the roads were rendered almost impassable by the heavy snows. The chief of Glencoe was thus delayed on the road, so that he did not arrive at Inverary until the 6th of January, 1692, A.D. Great then was his consternation when the sheriff informed him that his power was limited to the

date fixed by the Government, and that consequenlty he had no authority to accept his submission. When, however, the circumstances were explained, and the sheriff learned that the delay was not occasioned by any contumacy on the part of the McDonalds, he administered the oath, and Glencoe returned to his home without the least shadow of suspicion that his adherence to the Government was not accepted. But there were among the nobles, faithful to William, inveterate enemies of the McDonalds of Glencoe. Conspicious among these were the Duke of Argyle, and the Secretary for Scotland, Sir John Dalrymple, who were now rejoiced to have an opportunity of revenging themselves on the obnoxious 'Papists' at the Glen.

They accordingly presented themselves before William and accused the Chief of Glencoe of being willfully contumacious, of refusing to take the oath of adherence to the Government, and of all such false and malicious charges as are begotten only of extravagant animosity.

Contrary to all justice, the King acquiesced in their malevolent motives concerning Glencoe, and gave orders that the Chief and all his clan should be exterminated. With all possible secrecy, preparations were made for the execution of the atrocious deed.

All the avenues leading to the mountains were carefully guarded to intercept the egress of any of the doomed inhabitants of Glencoe who should chance to escape the assassin's steel, and to add to the atrocity of the crime, it was decided to choose the long stormy nights of winter for perpetrating the massacre, so that after the demolition of the dwellings, exposure to the elements should complete the work of death. The malignant coolness with which Dalrymple prosecuted King William's orders, stands without a a parallel in the history of barbarity since the time when the vociferous cry of "Christiani ad leones" reverberated through the vast expanse of the Flavian Amphitheatre. From some of the instructions given to the soldiers who were sent to the ill-fated village, we quote the following: "The winter is the only season when the Highlanders cannot elude us, or carry their wives, children, and cattle to the mountains They cannot escape you, for what human frame can endure to be long without shelter in that climate? This is the proper season to maul them. They must all be slaughtered, and the manner of execution must be sure, secret, and effectual."

Fearing that the ordinary troops would not be willing to perform an act of such revolting atrocity, it was decided to choose a clan hostile to the people of Glencoe. Accordingly a company of about four hundred of the Duke of Argyle's regiment under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon entered the village of the McDonalds.

Knowing well the nature of the men with whom they had to deal, that they who had for generations back stood firm for their king and country, would now fight dearly for their lives, the treacherous soldiers sedulously concealed the direful object of their visit to the Glen, and represented themselves as on a peaceful errand. With soft words of flattery on their lips, while hatred dark as Erebus was harboured in their hearts, they courted the hospitality of the McDonalds, and for a fortnight gave themselves to feasting and amusement.

To lull every vestige of suspicion, Glenlyon spent the greater part of his time with McIan, the young chieftain of Glencoe, at whose house he was entertained with the most cordial liberality. And as if to cap the climax of his hypocrisy, he entertained at his quarters two of McIan's sons, the night before the massacre, and with two of his officers, accepted an invitation to dine the next day at the old chief's house, knowing well that ere the morrow's sun shed its rays over the Glen, McIan and his devoted clan should be sleeping the sleep of death beneath the ruins of their own dwellings.

On the night of the 13th of February, 1692, A.D., when the midnight hour arrived, and all was still save the moaning wind which soughed through the Glen, as if by its piteous wailings to apprise the doomed inhabitants of their impending fate, the assassins silently gathered round the houses, and began the work of carnage. The aged chief was the first victim of their perfidy. Before long his

faithful domestics lay around him weltering in their blood.

The carnage soon spread over the village, and

"The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And, breathed on the face of the foe as he passed."

The occasional bursts of moonlight which pierced the fleecy clouds overhead, only served to render the scene more horrible by revealing the extent of the work of destruction.

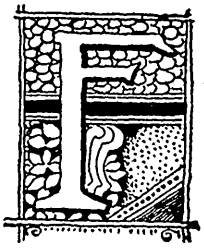
The blood-thirsty soldiers spared neither man, woman nor child, making them all the victims of one simultaneous and indiscriminate slaughter. Of those who contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels, and found their way to the mountains, many perished in the snow from the violence of the storm, and the rest were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, having no roof to shelter them.

At length the morning dawned, and the clement rays of the rising sun shone over the umbrageous valley of Glencoe, but no sound of busy life broke the death-like silence which reigned around. The smoking ruins of the houses told the tale of the awful tragedy.

Two centuries have glided into the past since that sad scene was witnessed at Glencoe, and now the tourists who visit this gloomy valley will find it still settled by McDonalds, the decendants of those who, on that eventful night, escaped the impending doom. They are not less loyal and patriotic than their ancestors, of whose dreadful fate we read in this short sketch, but they live in an age when all who belong to that vast Empire on which the "sun never sets," obey one ruler as their rightful sovereign. All can, therefore, live in peace and harmony as neighbors and brothers, which is the true and only way to make the nation one of moral as well as of material greatness.

J. A. GILLIS, '94.

PASTEUR.



RANCE has recently been called upon to mourn the death of one of her most illustrious children, and the world, the greatest scientist of the age. Pasteur, the discoverer of the rabic virus, died at his country-house at Garches, near Paris, on September 28th, 1895.

The future savant was born at Dole, Jura, on December 27th, 1822. The events of his early life are little known, but of this we are certain, that his youth was in harmony with his humble origin and humble name. Yet the passion for learning must early have declared itself, for, though but the son of a tanner, we find him sufficiently educated before the age of twenty, to begin life for himself as head-master of Besancon School.

In his 21st year he was admitted to the Normal school, and three years afterwards took his degree of Bachelor of Science. He remained for a while at the Normal school as assistant chemist. Then he succeeded in obtaining the degree of Doctor of Science and the Professorate of Physics at Dijon. Finally he was called to fill the vacant chair of chemistry, at Strasbourg. In 1854 he was asked to act as dean of the newly-erected faculty of sciences at the University of Lille. In 1857 he was given the supervision of the scientific studies of the Normal school. Five years later he was made a member of the Academy of Sciences, and the next year appointed professor of geology, physics and chemistry at the School of Fine Arts. He was thus slowly but surely taking his place among the leading scientists of the world, and his destiny was beginning to shape itself. In 1867 he was offered the chair of chemistry at the Sorbonne. He accepted the offer and retained this position until 1875. During all these years Pasteur was an unremitting student of his favorite sciences. He had followed up his experiments and observations on the fermentation of liquids, such as wine, beer, vinegar, etc., and the results he obtained marked the real beginning of his triumphs as a great scientific discoverer.

First amongst his contributions to the new departure in organic chemistry, was his declaration that fermentation was due to misroscopic vegetations, the action of which could be neutralized by an elevation of temperature. This theory found few supporters and very many enemies; the latter, chiefly among the upholders of the false theory of spontaneous generation. A discussion as to the truth or falsity of spontaneous generation was waged with much spirit on both sides, but at last Pasteur came off victorious; for, by a series of most delicate and convincing experiments, he proved the existence of micro-organic forms in the air, and showed that while air saturated with these organisms was capable of setting up fermentative changes, the same air, when purified, could not give rise to these changes.

In 1865 Pasteur was requested by J. B. Dumas to investigate the disease which was playing havoc with the silk-worm, and which, under the name of "pebrine," was spreading desolation in Southern France. Throughout this district and especially around Lyons, which is the centre of the great silk industry in France, the inhabitants were thrown out of employment and reduced to the verge of poverty by the ravages of the disease. Almost all the silk manufacturers were compelled to shut down and idleness was enforced on an industrious population.

The efforts of Pasteur in this branch were crowned with unlimited success. So much so that the Austrian department of Agriculture voted him a reward of ten thousand francs and in 1873 a further sum of twelve thousand francs with a life

membership in the Medical Academy.

He then applied himself to the task of accommodating his discoveries to the relief of some of the most serious ills that flesh is heir to, for, as he says himself, "there is no greater charm for the investigator than to make new discoveries; but his pleasure is more than doubled when he sees that they find direct application in practical life."

In April, 1877, Pasteur read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which he demonstrated that the deadly cattle disease, anthrax or splenic fever, which has killed millions of cattle, and which is known as the fatal wool-sorters' disease in man, was caused by a microbe, and that the disease could be combatted accorded to Hahnemann's dictum: "Similia similibus curantur," that is, by inoculation of the virus of the disease. He proved this theory by experiments, and the inoculated sheep were saved, whilst those not treated thus, died. He also investigated the disease of fowl called chicken-cholera, extracted the microbe from it, and succeeded, by the same principles of culture of the virus and inoculation, in checking the inroads of the plague. The discovery of these minute organisms called microbes, gave rise to a new science, "bacteriology," of which Pasteur himself is the founder. These scientific achievements raised him to the highest point of distinction in France, and he was chosen to fill Littré's vacant place in the French Academy.

Up to now, our scientific Hercules, (as Sir Henry Roscoe calls him) had devoted his chief energies to the diseases of animals; in 1885, on the invitation of Doctor Launelongue, he turned his attention to a hydrophobic patient at the Trousseau hospital. Pasteur eagerly seized this new opportunity of helping mankind, and widening the pathway of knowledge. After long and conscientious efforts, he at last succeeded in discovering the most mysterious of all poisons, the virus of hydrophobia, and the first inoculated patient was also the first who ever survived a severe attack of hydrophobia.

This latest success is not an isolated case of a happy chance but simply the last link in a long chain of discoveries each one of which has followed the other in a logical sequence, each one bound to the other by ties which exhibit the life-work of this great scientist as one harmonious whole.

The French nation, through gratitude, erected a monument to Pasteur better than any statue, in the shape of the "Pasteur Institute." This great institution is devoted to carrying out in practice the anti-rabic treatment given to the world by the great man after whom it is named.

In front of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, stands a bronze statue, the work of a great sculptor. It represents a death struggle between a shepherd boy and a mad dog, which has been worrying his sheep. The boy got the best of the fight and succeeded in killing the brute, though he had only a wooden shoe for the purposes of both attack and defence, but he was horribly bitten in the combat. The statue represents but facts. The actual event took place in October, 1885. This boy, Jupille by name, was the second person to undergo the anti-rabic treatment. It proved perfectly successful and the boy was completely cured, nor did he ever experience any evil effects from his encounter with the dog. His heroic deeds live in bronze and have become historic.

Since the discovery of anti-rabic inoculations, statistics prove beyond doubt that the death rate from hydrophobia has been reduced from 40 to 1½ per cent. Anti-rabic institutions modelled on the Pasteur Institute have been erected in all parts of the world. Naples, Palermo, Odessa, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rio Janiero, Buenos Ayres, Havana, New York, and many other cities have not been slow to perceive the necessity of similar establishments. But the "mother-house" is situated at Paris. There not only is the germ of the virus of hydrophobia cultivated, but every branch of bacteriology is developed and carefully studied along those lines which promise to tend to the welfare of humanity. There, under the direction of the great master himself, eminent doctors such as Roux, Nocard and Metchinnoff have worked to deduct from the great scientific theory the practical consequences which must necessarily follow from it.

From time to time there results from

this useful collaboration, some great discovery which astonishes, while it benefits, the world; but most of the praise is lavished upon him who first made known this wonderful and far-reaching discovery.

In 1892 Pastuer celebrated his 70th birthday, and the occasion proved the high and universal esteem in which the great scientist was held by the world at large. Even before his death he had secured immortality.

One of the facts concerning which the secular press, although not yet tired of talking about France's greatest man of intellect, has said singularly little, is his religion. He was a most fervent Catholic.

The Catholic Times has this to say about him: "As a devout Catholic he lived the Catholic life with the utmost simplicity and purity. His love and reverence for his father and mother and his devotion to his wife may be offered as the best proof of the fact that the pure domestic life of French Catholics is and has been the salt of the Republic, and no matter what morbid money-grubbing fellows like Zola may write, family life in France to-day can still command the admiration of the world. What more touching testimony of this can be found than the text of the will of the great Pasteur? It might well, indeed, be framed and preserved in every Catholic home:

> This is my testament.
>
> I leave to my wife all that the law permits me to leave her.
>
> May my children never forget the law of duty, and ever cherish for their mother the tenderness which she merits!
>
> L. PASTEUR.
>
> Paris, 29th March, 1877.
> Arbois, 25th August, 1880.

In fact was not his whole life a life of charity, of self-denial, of devotion to the interests of his fellow-men?

His importont researches have yielded a most bountiful harvest, of essential service to the well-being and progress of the human race.

In a beautiful speech delivered at the opening of the Pasteur Institute, in the presence of the President of the French Republic, and a vast assemblage of learned and distinguished men, he uttered the following truthful and thought-provoking sentences:—"Two adverse laws seem to me now in contest. One, a law of blood and death opening each day new modes of destruction, forces nations to be always ready for the battle-field. The other, a law of peace, of safety, whose only study is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him. The one seeks only violent conquests; the other, only the relief of humanity. The one places a single life above all victories; the other sacrifices the lives of hundreds of thousands to the ambition of a single individual. The law of which we are the instruments strives, even through the carnage, to cure the bloody wounds caused by this law of war. Treatment by our antiseptic methods may preserve thousands of soldiers.

Which of these laws will prevail over the other? God only knows. But of this we may be sure, that science, in obeying this law of humanity. will always labor to enlarge the frontiers of life."

Pasteur's whole ambition was to work for humanity, to increase the sum total of human happiness, "to enlarge the frontiers of life." Yet he never disregarded the imperious claims of the higher part of man's nature. He was a scientist; he was a Catholic. Highest praise of all—he was a Catholic scientist.

HECTOR BISAILLON, 3rd Form.

LEAVES FROM A STUDENT'S LOG.

"I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out."

Milton—at the age of 19.

6—Henry Fielding, one of the pioneers of English fiction, vindicating novels and comparing them to history, says that in the latter nothing is true but the names and the dates, whereas in fiction everything is true but the names and the dates. Fielding must have had a prophetic vision of the methods of Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Froude and others of the same school — men who ever allowed themselves to be swayed by unjust prejudices, who were frequently grossly and culpably ignorant of the matter they attempted to elucidate, and who uniformly fitted the facts to their preconceived theories. In a recent magazine article, W. S. Lilly says of Froude, that he would rather tell a lie than the truth, and one of Froude's students is reported as saying after he had heard a question discussed by his master: "Well, now we know at least one way in which that event did *not* happen." It is lucky for the preservation of the love of historic truth among the undergraduates of Oxford, that this malignant distorter and persistent falsifier was sandwiched in between two such conscientious scholars as Prof. Freeman and Lord Acton and that his tenure of the high office was so brief. His successor, Lord Acton, is the first Catholic to hold a professorship in Oxford since the reformation. Though a Romanist, as the Reviews call him, he is not—much to their surprise—a stern dogmatist in matters historical. In his system the principles of hypothetical doubt are to be applied to the study of history. Every historical question must be approached in the spirit of "an honest doubter, or, let us say, an inexorable critic."

In his opening lecture, Lord Acton spoke noble words regarding the true office of the historian and the sublime mission of that branch of study in the lives of men. I make no excuse for quoting him at length: "I shall never again," he said, "enjoy the privilege of speaking my thoughts to such an audience as this, and on so valued an occasion a lecturer may well be tempted to bethink himself whether he knows of any neglected truth, any cardinal proposition, that might serve as his selected epigraph, as a last signal, perhaps even as a target. I am not thinking of those shining precepts which are the registered property of every school; that is to say—learn as much by writing as by reading; do not be content with the best book, seek side-lights from the others; have no favorites; keep men and things apart; beware of the prestige of great names: trust only authorities you have tested; be more severe to ideas than to actions; do not overlook the strength of the bad cause or the weakness of the good; never be surprised by the crumbling of an idol or the disclosure of a skeleton; judge talent by high water mark and character by low; expect demoralization more from power than from cupidity; problems are often more instructive than periods; for instance, the derivation of Luther, the scientific influence of Bacon, the predecessors of Adam Smith, the consistency of Burke, the first Whig, the mediaeval masters of Rousseau. Most of this, I suppose, is undisputed. But the weight of authority is against me when I implore you never to debase the moral currency or lower the standard of rectitude: to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the mission to inflict on wrong, but to try others by the final maxim that governs our lives."

7—Shakespeare, or some one of the minor poets, is credited with the authorship of the harmonious line,

"There's nothing too good for the Irish."

There is really more truth than poetry in

the remark. It would be cruel to speak of the glories of Brian the Brave, or of the prominent part his country has always played in the past of song and story. To these things belongs the dignified, respectful silence that is due to all venerable centenarians. Not more than once a year—and that in the month of March—should we parade our military heroes, from Owen Roe O'Neil and Patrick Sarsfield, to Count Dillon and the Duke of Wellington. There is no danger of the world being allowed to forget that *English* oratory had its crown and culmination in the glorious quartette of Ireland's sons, Curran, Sheridan, Grattan and Burke; while everyone remembers that less than a quarter of a century ago, an O'Donnell was supreme in Austria, a MacMahon in France, and a Nugent in Spain. But there are events passing under our very eyes which we are but too likely not to see. Were it for no other reason than to show that history is repeating itself, they should be set down.

Not very long ago, the flower of England's athletes crossed the Atlantic to meet the chosen representatives of America, in a contest for athletic supremacy. Now the matter may seem of slight importance to some, but I confess to a very strong feeling of pride as I look down the list of America's champions. In every event the Englishmen were beaten. A glance at the following names—Thomas P. Conneff, Bernard J. Wefers, Charles J. Kilpatrick, Thomas J. Burke, and Michael F. Sweeney—will show what blood flows in the veins of the winners.

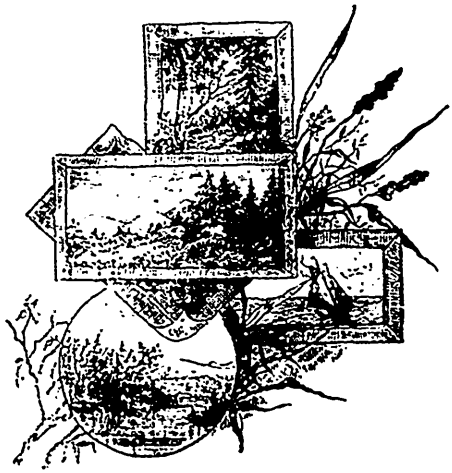
Should one of these gentlemen take a trip to Europe, he would find a fellow-countryman, the Earl of Dufferin, occupying the most difficult and important diplomatic post in the world, that of British Ambassador in Paris; the next most delicate position in the English diplomatic service is that of Ambassador to St. Petersburg. There, too, an Irishman, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, guards the Empire's interests. In fine, should Britain's cause be transferred from the peaceful atmosphere of the council-chamber to the angry arbitrament of arms, an Irishman again would lead the way. Sir Garnet Wolseley is commander-in-chief of England's forces. Verily and indeed there is nothing too good for the sons of St. Patrick—except a fair chance to manage their own affairs in their own country.

8—On the authority of His Lordship, Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, comes the denial of the statement that women are to be admitted to follow the courses in the institution over which he presides. I never could bring myself to believe that Washington would yield to the demands of the "new woman," yet the story was current so long before it received its official quietus, that people began to shake their heads and ask "What next?" How women could, with propriety, be allowed to become students in such an institution as Washington, is not clear to ordinary minds. It is the mission of the Catholic church, and of all the influences and agencies over which she has control, to preserve order in the world, and to keep the various ranks and conditions of society in their appointed places. She has never made any mistake about woman's sphere, nor is there any danger that she ever will. St. Francis of Sales points out the true principle that underlies all discussions on women's rights and privileges, when he says:—"The female sex must be led; not that very often women have not more strength of mind and character than men, but because God has thus willed it." Cardinal Manning often entreated the womanhood of England to take no part in the modern movement; it was a disorder, he said, and would inevitably entail a severe punishment.

9—The Saturday Review says: "There is a sort of quaint irony in the fact that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest book has not excited the faintest public interest. Just as there appeared to be a general conspiracy among journalists to praise each of her previous novels, so there has appeared to be a tacit understanding to let this tale pass unnoticed. The daily papers that devoted columns of insensate praise to 'Robert Elsmere' and 'The History of David Grieve,' and even to 'Marcella,' have contented themselves with giving twenty or thirty lines of reluc-

tant and qualified commendation to 'The Story of Bessie Costrell.'"

It is meet and consoling that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is receiving deserved, if somewhat tardy, justice. She is the hugest literary charlatan of the century. An age that neglects "David Copperfield" and is allowing "Ivanhoe" to drop into comparative oblivion, while it patronizes "Under Two Flags" and canonizes "Trilby," is surely mad. But it was hopelessly and helplessly idiotic in the praise it lavished on "Robert Elsmere." I have no desire to imitate Andrew Lang by setting down the list of books I have "stuck in," yet I will say that I foundered in "Robert Elsmere." The deliberate unfairness of the whole story is so apparent as to make it impossible for one to understand how the work ever took hold of the reading world. The shabby superficial defence of Christianity offered by Elsmere finds its fitting counterpart in the specious sophisms and sham science of the counterfeit scholar, Squire Wendover. Then the story has no redeeming features. There is no depth of psychological analysis, very little dramatic interest, and less delineation of character; many of the scenes are unnatural and others impossible; while the plot hangs and drags and is so weighed down by unnecessary incidents and weakening digressions as to almost entirely destroy every semblance of literary or artistic excellence. Mrs. Humphrey Ward tricked the world with "Robert Elsmere;" she repeated the performance, though with less success, in "The History of David Grieve." Let us rejoice that she has utterly failed in "The Story of Bessie Costrell."



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THE CALUMNY EXPOSED.

Calumny is defined "a false and malicious accusation or report." It is worse, therefore, than a lie, for to the element of untruth it adds that of malice. Calumny is the crime of which the "Calendar of St. Patrick's Church" is guilty in its November number. Under the heading "A Meddlesome Body," and in what the Editor is careful to characterize as "the leading article of the issue," there occurs the following statement:

"It was not unreasonable to hope that the authorities of that institution (Ottawa University) would have gathered wisdom from experience. What a lesson they received when the veil was lifted and a prominent member of the faculty stood revealed as the author of an anonymous attack on his own University in a Catholic journal published outside of Ottawa."

Now this charge is not of recent date. The writer heard it for the first time more than five years ago, and from the same source whence it comes now. But at that time it was whispered behind closed doors. Now it is given the publicity of print. Were the statement absolutely and entirely true, its assertion, under the present circumstances, would be cowardly, for the accused is more than four thousand miles away, and is not in a position to defend himself; but being, as it is, absolutely and entirely false, the accusation is unutterably base and vindictive.

The "attack" referred to by the Calendar appeared in the Kingston 'Canadian Freeman" of Oct. 23rd 1889, and was entitled "Ottawa's New University." The "prominent member of the faculty" whom the Calendar falsely accuses as being its author, is the late Vice-Rector, Rev. Dr. Fillâtre, O. M. I., at present stationed in Lyons, France. Now the OWL means to defend the good name of this institution and its officers at all times, and against every attack, and all along the line. Its inability to do so may be only too evident, but its right no impertinent outsider will be allowed to question—nay, not even did he bestride this Capital city like a huge Colossus. If this defence entails the carrying of the war into Africa, well—so much the worse for the Africans.

To test the truth of the Calendar's charge—which he had always disbelieved—the Managing Editor of the OWL wrote to the proprietor of the "Freeman." Here is the answer received:

Kingston, Nov. 4, 1895.

In regard to your enquiry *re* article "Ottawa's New University," I may tell you positively that

the party who wrote that article never belonged to Ottawa College, and more, he has never lived in Ottawa. He has never had any connection with the College, *and if you think it necessary I will give you the name of the author.* Whoever says, either in the press or otherwise, it was Rev. Dr. Fillatre, tells an untruth, and we hereby authorize you to give it a flat contradiction.

(Signed) P. DALEY.

Lest there should be any room left for squirming, the Managing Editor next wrote to the Rev. T. Davis of Madoc Ont., who on the first appearance of the article, had been considered its author. The following letters explain themselves.

Madoc, Ont,, Nov. 15, 1895.

In regard to the article "Ottawa's New University" in the Freeman of Oct. 23rd 1889, I cannot, without looking more fully into the matter, give you the precise and definite information you require. I may say, however, from my present recollection, I feel certain and am thoroughly convinced that *I and I alone* am the responsible author thereof. I shall be in Kingston next week and will then look over the files of the Freeman and give you the result immediately..... .....*I look upon it as dishonorable*, beyond expression, for one to keep silent when an innocent Brother is being made to suffer without just cause or foundation.

(Signed), THOMAS DAVIS.

KINGSTON, Nov. 19, 1895.

Arriving in Kingston this A.M., I take the earliest opportunity to look up the files of the Freeman. The article, "Ottawa's New University," as published in the Freeman of October 23rd, 1889, I recognize and acknowledge as mine and *mine only*. Any other accused as being its author, is unjustly accused and that, without any foundation whatever. *I alone wrote it*; *I alone am its author;* and *I alone am responsible for its contents.* As I told you last week—you have my permission to make any use of my name you may deem proper, to free the accused from the uncharitable and the unjust accusation made against him.

(Signed) THOMAS DAVIS.

Now what does the Calendar think of itself in the character of convicted calumniator? Henceforth it should not be so much as named amongst decent people. The first assertion in its article, "A Meddlesome Body," has been proved a calumny, and the rest, in so far as they concern us, are like unto the first; or at best they are but half-truths, which are ever the blackest of lies.

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.

At last the blow has fallen. The "Calendar of St. Patrick's Church" produces and whirls aloft the rod it has so long held in pickle; and then brings it down with the crushing force of a gad from a gooseberry bush. True this rod has oftentimes before been pressed into private service to frighten guests and show the delicate hospitality of its possessors. It is now exposed to public view.

To prove the utter inefficiency of Ottawa University, the "Calendar" quotes a sentence from our "Prospectus" of four years ago. Here it is:—

"Man is a being, intelligent and free; he does not consequently possess himself of his end by the force of necessity or restraint."—See University of Ottawa Prospectus, 1891-1892.

Behold our shame! We blush and hang our heads. Yet, in modest deprecation, we humbly hold the mirror up to the "Calendar." Here are some literary gems, polished by a hand that is nothing if not "racy of the soil," and whose owner can scarcely be accused of having his "scholastic ideals across the ocean"—or anywhere else.

"The services of a highly-qualified teacher, of long experience, *has* been secured.....To exert a *legitimate* influence in the moulding of the future of our country.....Everyone must gain *their* living.....This error *entirely results* from ignorance.....It *solely consists* of a very great number of outward observances."—See Calendar of St. Patrick's Church, October, 1895.

Does the Calendar feel that it now cuts a very creditable figure beside the exponent of trans-oceanic ideals? When will its presiding genius turn his attention to himself? We do not deny that in respect of many things we live in a glass house. But the Calendar inhabits a Crystal Palace.

LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.

The "Calendar of St. Patrick's Church" is a leaflet that is peddled periodically to various and sundry persons, and, like Sandy's hospitality, is distributed "free, gratis, for nothing." It is gotten up to suit all stages of intellectual development and every condition of life; difficult, indeed, to please must be the palate that can find in it no morsel to its taste. In a phrase not unfamiliar to its conductors, it is alternately "milk for babes and meat for elephants,"—as the following extracts from its November issue amply demonstrate:—

MILK.	MEAT.
The first thing you are to do when you are on your knees, is to shut your eyes, and with short silence, let your soul place itself in the presence of God.	The walls of the University still furnish a refuge for the literary sand-bagger, who, fearing to face those whom he desires to strike, seeks the shelter of a cowardly anonymity.
When it is the truth that hurts a man, there seems to be no remedy for it.	The veil was lifted and a prominent member of the faculty stood revealed as the author of an anonymous attack on his own University in a Catholic journal published outside of Ottawa.
Whoever would go forward in the service of God must begin his life each day anew, must keep himself as much as possible in the presence of God, and in all his actions, must have but one end, the Divine honor.	With the passing of the originator of that clumsy bit of literary Hyde-and-Jekylism, a new order was supposed to have come. But alas! some of the old leaven remains, though its workings have discovered themselves in what appears to be an entirely fresh lump.
"Live in the world," said St. John of the Cross, "as if God and your soul, only, were in it; so shall your heart never be made captive by any earthly thing."	It is not pleasant to have to notice such vile diatribes. But silence is misconstrued by their authors, who evidently fancy they can indulge with impunity in anonymous villification and insult.
Those who abide in obedience to their clergy, inherit honor and glory from God. He exalts them and writes them in the book of His memorial for ever and ever."	The Brothers, on the contrary, have, as a rule, displayed a Bourbonish tenacity in clinging to obsolete methods.
What giant strides the Apostleship would take could it be said of each Associate, "in his mouth was never aught save peace, purity and piety, and that in his heart was naught save Christ alone," — the glorious testimony borne to St. Edmund of Canterbury.	Neither in matters scholastic, nor in the vending of wares, will the High School inpinge upon the privileges of that institution. The designer of the High School has never dreamed of its competing with the University in the pastry, cigarette and candy business.

These selections prove the competency of the "Calendar" to pronounce on all forms of "literary Hyde-and-Jekylism."

QUEER, EH?

On reading the following sentence from the "Calendar," we were thrown into a strangely reminiscent mood. It runs: "The Brothers have as a rule displayed a *Bourbonish* tenacity in clinging to obsolete methods." We were reminded of an Ottawa despatch to the Toronto *Globe* of October 11th, in which occurred a sentence remarkably similar in sense and phraseology, and equally false in fact. Look at it: "The Bishop (Archbishop Duhamel) belongs to that old school of French ecclesiastics known as *Bourbons*, opposed on every point to progressive ideas." We have a please-sir-don't-touch-me-I-didn't-do-it explanation and a batch of interviews to prove that there can be no connection of authorship between the two sentences. Yet the co-incidence is mighty queer. It is, moreover, a safe assertion that there were many things in the above-mentioned despatch that were never dreamt of in the philosophy of the Protestant layman who conducts the Ottawa correspondence of the Toronto *Globe*. He got his informa-

tion from some trouble-makers whose pretentions are greater than their knowledge, and statements more numerous than their proofs.

A FOURTH OFFENCE.

The *Evening Journal*, of October 15th, contains an interview, graciously vouchsafed to that paper by a certain Ottawa barrister. This gentleman, be it known, has views, which, for the benefit of human kind, he airs at fixed intervals. In the present instance he began by giving a few counsels to His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa; he next passed a judgment on "a number of clergymen"; then he proceeded to take his customary fling at Ottawa University; and finally, last step in the descending gradation, he delivered himself of the following:—"THE OWL contains an article written by a member of the faculty, etc." Now with the truth or falsity of this statement we are not concerned—nor was its formulator. He made an assertion that he could not prove, and he made it deliberately, knowing he could not prove it. It may have been true—just as it may be true that certain political heelers and place-hunters basely used their influence with the Minister of Education, to pack the recent School Commissions, and thus deny to the Christian Brothers, the privilege accorded to the commonest criminal, that of being judged by an impartial, unprejudiced jury.

But this is not the first time that this barrister has allowed his tongue to wag too freely. Some years ago, just after the death of Rev. Father Bennett, and before the vacancy could be permanently and fittingly filled, he publicly insulted the faculty of this institution by an attack on the department over which that venerable and learned professor had presided. On another occasion he informed the Irish people of Ottawa, that he—and others—felt it their duty "to revive the drooping spirit of Irish nationality" among them. Again at a banquet held in the College Hall some time ago, he outraged the patriotic sentiments of our Canadian students by his uncalled for remarks on annexation. So this gentleman's fourth offence is neither extraordinary nor unexpected. Yet it gives him a record. In his line he is veritable would-beater.

SOMEBODY'S FOLLY.

Our September editorial, "A Roaring Farce," gave considerable offence to the "Calendar of St. Patrick's Church". Now let us tell the Calendar and its henchmen that we feel no kind of obligation to accommodate our sayings to their likings, and that in our discussion of any question, we will not submit our advance sheets for their judgment. Our former references to the recently organized Catholic High School were veiled for the simple reason that we wished them to be understood by those alone whom they concerned. But now the case has changed.

The Catholic High School is a violation of a contract; it is, therefore, an injustice. It is unnecessary—as unnecessary as a second Collegiate Institute or a second Normal School—and is, therefore, useless. It cannot be supported without an unfair appropriation of the funds of the primary schools, or the imposition of an additional tax on the ratepayers; it is, therefore, a burden. It cannot do the work of a High School; it is, therefore, a sham, a farce and a false pretence. It has no counter part in any other city of Ontario; it is, therefore, an anomaly. It is uncalled for—as much so as would be another church built opposite St. Patrick's, and where

some unfrocked tramp would attempt by pantomine performances to attract the parishioners of that district—and is, therefore, an insult. Finally, it is a standing falsehood, for its presence asserts that the Collegiate department of this institution does not meet the requirements of the Catholics of Ottawa.

Did we feel that the High School filled any want, that it was designed and organized in the best interests of Catholic education, that it was destined to open new avenues of success to our boys, we would extend it the heartiest welcome and hope for its complete success. But as we believe that the High School was not founded in a Catholic spirit, and can work naught but harm to both primary and secondary education amongst us, we have not hesitated to speak our mind concerning it.

Many years ago, in a certain city of Ontario, an Anglican archdeacon, of unbounded ambition, conceived the project of immortalizing his name. Without any other visible motive, he began the erection of an immense stone edifice, whose harmonious proportions and unrivalled beauty were to be the wonder and admiration of posterity. But alas! for the uncertainity of human plans. Funds were not forthcoming for the enterprise, public enthusiasm cooled, and to this day, the unfinished, unsightly structure is known as the Archdeacon's Folly. It is, perhaps, a safe prophecy to assert that the Ottawa Catholic High School will be known to the men of the future as Somebody's Folly.

THE STORY RUNNETH THUS.

It was the weekly exodus of those, who to avoid bluster and brow-beating, forsake the blushing beauty of the primroses, and seek shelter on the desert wastes of Sandy Hill. The multitude poured down Gloucester street, and through Cartier Square, and on towards Maria Street Bridge. But further progress was arrested there, for the bridge was broken and destroyed. Consternation seized upon the fugitives. Before them rolled the raging waters of the Rideau Canal; yet retreat was out of the question. A moment of indecision; then the crowd plunged over the bank of the Canal, and filling skiff and scow and punt, made for the opposite shore. But one poor, hapless wight, jumping just as the last frail craft had left her moorings, misjudged the distance and sank beneath the angry flood. Willing hands and eager eyes watched to see him rise. But alas! In vain the wait. Six hours afterwards the body was found buried in ten feet of mud, and the verdict of the coroner's jury read: "Smothered in slime. The pounds avoirdupois of the article, 'A Meddlesome Body,' in the Calendar, a copy of which was found in his pocket, hurried him to the bottom. All things tend to seek their level."

This article, "A Meddlesome Body," is a denial of our right to express our opinions on matters scholastic. It was put together by a cleverer weaver of phrases than the scribe who ordinarily drives the Calendar's quill. Yet on the whole it is the work of a syndicate, and may be properly classified as a mosaic. The spendthrift squandering of words scarcely hides the Grecian grace worthy of Themistocles; there are not wanting fossiliferous traces of the ponderous Falstaff; Iago also shows his hand; but, of course, the principal part is taken by Bully Bottom, as "with blood-red blameful blade, he bravely bares his boiling, bursting breast.

Now these gentlemen are not going to frighten us. We know them, who they are. They are mostly alumni of this

University, who since their graduation, have been engaged in a quiet campaign of slander, much after the manner of the Hottentots, where a youth, to be raised to the company of men, must prove his manhood by beating his mother. Their weapons have been sneers and insinuations and insults and half truths and mean criticism and cowardly whisperings.

Yet it is a certain sign of merit to be attacked by these individuals. To keep within the sphere of our own province, we have heard them shamefully vituperate two of the three Archbishops of Ontario; we know the mean petty persecution to which the Christian Brothers were subjected at their hands; we could point to excellent educational institutions within the limits of this city which for years have had to bear the high displeasure of these cavilling critics; we might name deserving societies that were made the targets of their refined abuse; we know their work in stirring up sectional bitterness and in fanning the flames of national prejudices. But enough has been said. We have given the record of these gentlemen in its grand outlines; they have received a Roland for their Oliver. Now we bid them good-bye. Mention of them or of their Organ shall never again stain our pages.

OBITUARY.

Rev. John P. Donovan '89.

Sadness and grief always follow the visits of Death, but when he claims as his victim one in the prime of life—a young priest—the cup of our sorrow is filled to overflowing. Rev. J. P. Donovan of the class of '89 died at the General Hospital in Pembroke on Wednesday October 30th at the early age of thirty two. His was a life short, but full of merit.

From an early age he evinced so. decided a vocation for the priesthood that his father determined to give the boy the advantages of a classical and philosophical course. Entering the College here the young student soon distinguished himself by his ability in the class room. Noted throughout his whole college life for steady and preserving application to study, John Donovan was the ideal student; while by his winning ways and cheerful disposition, a favorite among his fellow-students and a cause of joy to his professors he gained the love and respect of all with whom he came in contact. Ordained to the office of the Holy Priesthood December 17th. 1892 he who had been the exemplary student was henceforth to the day of his death the exemplary priest. The Bishop of Pembroke Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain recognising the rare talents of the young priest attached him to the Cathedral of that town where Father Donovan applied himself so diligently to the duties of the Sacred Ministry that his health, never robust, broke down and he was compelled to seek rest and strength away from the cares of parish work. In the fall of '94 he visited Rome in company with Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick '91, in the hope that the sea voyage and change of climate would restore his shattered health. But his stay in the Eternal City proved anything but beneficial to the invalid priest and he returned to Pembroke last July greatly wasted. It was now evident that consumption, that treacherous foe of the human race, had laid fast hold on Father John and that he must eventually succumb to its attack. Taking a room in the General Hospital, resigned to the will of God he waited patiently for the summons which came to him October 30th. when in the small hours of the morning, surrounded by loved ones, his soul fortified by the sacraments of that Church he had served so faithfully, Father Donovan passed peacefully away. At the High Mass of Requiem which was sung in the Pembroke Cathedral by his Lordship Bishop Lorrain, Rev. Father Ryan '84 preached a touching funeral oration. On Thursday evening the body was removed to Eganville where on Saturday morning in St. James' Church, Solemn Requiem High Mass was sung for the soul of the deceased,

Rev. Father French '91 preaching the sermon. The prayers for the dead concluded, sorrowing multitudes followed the remains of the beloved young priest to their last resting place in St. James' Cemetery, there to await the trumpet-call of the Angel to a glorious resurrection. May he rest in peace.

FLORES.

Rev. C. C. Delany; '91, after having completed his theological studies in Paris, France, was ordained priest in the Burlington Cathedral on the 20th ult., and paid us a short visit a few days afterwards. The Rev. gentleman is an ex-editor of the OWL and is well known to its readers by his graceful verses so often contributed to the pages of our journal. Father Delany enters the active ministry in his native diocese, Burlington, Vt., where we wish him long years of success and happiness in the good work.

Rev. Father French, '91, has been transferred from Mount St. Patrick and is now successfully engaged in the duties of the sacred ministry in the parish of Brudenell.

Though Ottawa College dropped football for this season, it is remarkable how many of our players of former years figured prominently on the best Canadian teams. T. J. Rigney managed the Queen's team; Brunelle, Sparrow, Dandurand and Lévêque played on the McGill team, which was coached by Gaudet and Tetreau; Paradis alone represented us among the Montrealers, but we probably derive most glory from the present Canadian Champions of Toronto University. Two members of our last year's team contributed powerfully to Toronto's success. Raoul Belanger, at full-back, played a faultless game all season, while Joe McDougall has the honor of captaining the team that so decisively beat Montreal on Thanksgiving Day.

But not only physically does Ottawa University train its students. A gentleman writing to the Ottawa *Citizen* under date of October 31st, very appropriately calls the attention of the public to our graduates. The correspondent who signs himself, "A Graduate," very truly remarks that an institution like the University of Ottawa is best judged by the standing its graduates take in their professional studies. "What is last year's record?" continues the writer. "At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, nine of the Ottawa University graduates who presented themselves at the annual law examinations were residents of this city. They were all successful. Mr. D'Arcy Scott passed the final examination; Messrs. Martin Griffin, J. P. Smith and F. J. McDougall, the intermediate; and Messrs. J. R. O'Connor, L. J. Kehoe, J. Vincent, J. McDougall and A. Philion, the primary. Mr. Martin Griffin won the second scholarship, and, following the scholarship winners, Mr. J. P. Smith stood second on the honor list. Ottawa University graduates have quite held their own in the matter of scholarships. Two years ago, Mr. R. J. Sims held first place, and only a year or so before him Mr. A. E. Lussier carried off two first scholarships at two successive examinations.

"At McGill University, Montreal, the graduates of our University have ever ranked high. Last year Messrs. T. Tetreau, M. Powers and P. Brunelle took first-class honors in the medical school; Messrs. C. Gaudet and J. Landry stood well in law, and Mr. A. Dufresne was an honor man in civil engineering. Nor is the appreciation in which Ottawa graduates are held by their fellow-students elsewhere, less marked than their success in the class-room. At the recent banquet of the Law Society of McGill, at which Sir C. H. Tupper, Hon. Mr. Hall, the members of the various faculties of McGill and prominent representatives of the Quebec bar were present, Mr. C. J. Gaudet, an Ottawa graduate of 1891, was chosen to preside. Mr. T. Tetreau is the actual president of the McGill Athletic Association, the most important student organization in the University; while Mr. J. R. O'Brien has just been elected class president by the first year medical students, the highest honor in the gift of his classmates."

SOCIETIES.

The Choir.

Too great praise could not be bestowed upon the work that is doing this year by the members of the choir. The energy of its director, Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I., is remarkable. We thought it had reached its utmost bounds last year, but this year's choir will far surpass all its predecessors. It now numbers over sixty members. It was a happy thought to bring in about twenty junior students, whose sweet soprano voices blend and harmonize with the tenors, baritones and basses of the seniors. The programme on St. Cecilia's day was appropriate and well-rendered. At early mass, "Raise Me. Jesus," and Lambillotte's "Hymne à Ste Cécile," were sung by the full choir. In the evening the programme was: Quartette. O Cor, Amoris Victima," (Buhler); "Ave Maria," (Feltz); "Tantum Ergo," (Minard); "Laudate," (Gounod).

The Dramatic Club.

Sheridan Knowles' great drama, "William Tell," will be presented in the Academic Hall, on Wednesday, December 11th. This famous play needs no words of commendation. In literary beauty and dramatic interest, it is one of the masterpieces of the English stage. Several choruses from Rossini's Opera of the same name, have been inserted in appropriate places, and add much to the general effect. "William Tell" promises to be the event of the year.

The Cecilian Society.

Our heartiest congratulations to Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., and the members of the Cecilian Society, for the splendid music they furnished us on the 18th inst. Of all our college societies, this is the most difficult to direct successfully, the obstacles are so numerous and so great. At the beginning of this year, the prospects were by no means bright, yet by energy and perseverance, Rev. Father Lajeunesse has already brought the band up to a high degree of excellence. We may expect great things before the end of the musical season.

ATHLETICS.

The Foot ball Position.

In the history of Ottawa College Athletics the page which will record the events of the season of '95 will be one of peculiar interest. It will be an index to the spirit which quickens the athletic organization of that institution. Distinction and honors on the field, while they have always been the subject of most praiseworthy zeal, have never been considered the bonum ultimum, and have never been sought when attainment no longer lay within the bounds of honor and propriety. It is in accord with such traditions that on account of an unfortunate and very nearly fatal accident to a player, Ottawa College has been, for the latter part of this foot-ball season, an inactive member of the Quebec Rugby Union. It is safe to say that a greater sacrifice, to nobler principles, cannot be found in the annals of any association in the country. The way was open to final victory, championship honors allured, but higher motives denied. Is such a position an inferior one to that which the new-made champions of Canada now hold, or is there in it any sting of reproach?

But while such is the real merit of the matter, it may be well, for the benefit of those who have not followed events closely, and for those as well who have misunderstood affairs, to expose our position in the foot-ball world as matters now stand. In the first place let it be clearly understood that the team did not withdraw from the Union but is still a member. After the accident, advice was sent to the Quebec Rugby Union to the effect that Ottawa College would be unable to meet the engagements remaining to it on the schedule, and giving satisfactory reasons therefor. This was simply a default, or rather a withdrawal from the series. Now there are withdrawals and there are withdrawals. It is one thing to withdraw from a particular series of games, and another to withdraw from a union altogether. The former is what was actually done. The latter was never farther from the minds of the Committee. We shall be in the lists next year as though nothing had happened. The whole thing amounts to merely a temporary suspension of play.

Our Prospects.

Anyone who watched the rapid development of the team that tied Montreal under such unfavourable circumstances, and did not see in them the champions of Canada, was either no seer or one who would not see. The team that lined up that day would easily have won everything had they the chance, and the same team with a few changes for the better is available for next year. In addition, there are plenty of players who will be able to fill positions on the first team. Never before has the College had within its walls so many able-bodied athletic men at one time; never was there so much enthusiasm; seldom if ever has there been so many first team players developed in so short a time; and never was there so much raw material left untried. The deplorable accident which has curtailed this season will only enhance enthusiasm in the game. It has proved the impossibility of doing without foot-ball, its worth has been learned by its absence and it will be pursued with only more zeal than before.

Nor has the championship by any means disappeared from the horizon. Through uncontrollable circumstances it became necessary to forego that satisfaction for the present season—but for the present season only. For be it hereby written that most serious intentions are entertained of reclaiming it next year. We shall take down our shutters and do business at the old stand as usual. We are neither dead nor sleeping.

Other Sports.

And now that foot-ball is a bye, what about other sports? We have too much good brawn and muscle to lie dormant. It should be directed to some other department of athletics. The next thing in order is hockey and the season will soon be opening. Here is a game which opens a brilliant prospect of amusement and delightful exercise to all who desire it, and it is a branch of athletics in which the association has won some laurels in the past. Last season College won the junior championship of the city. Nearly all of last year's players are still with us and there are many new-comers of known proficiency. Last winter's victories did much to enlist interest, and doubtless many will go into it this year who have been content heretofore to be spectators. After such a long fast from foot-ball matches, lovers of sport will have a keen appetite for a contest of some kind, and with the spirit that quickens the crowd this year there will be no difficulty in getting plenty of support. There is one thing however that should be remedied. Of late years the hockey team has been looked upon as something like a private organization independent of the general management. The reason of this is that instead of having a home rink where all could witness and encourage the practices and where an occasional home match could be seen—a match on home grounds is always more keenly enjoyed—the playing has all been done in the city rinks. Now no team will ever get the hearty support of the students, or will ever be a College team proper, unless it makes itself more at home. Why not keep the College rink in better condition and have the practices there, where they can be witnessed by all and shared by more. Hockey will never become popular so long as it is so exclusive. Admiration begets imitation. If the team were made on our own grounds, the heart and soul of the student body would go into the game, everybody would play it, more players would be developed, and the team could be made strong enough to enter the Intermediate series. Let it by all means be a home industry.

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Hockey is a good game, but it is by no means the only amusement for winter. Aside from the benefit to the hockey team, there is much pleasure for less proficient skaters to derive from a skating rink. The rink has not been properly conducted in the past few winters, and that for the lack of a few willing hands to keep it clear. Let the work be carried on more systematically this year. If there was a regular poll tax levied upon every skater, to be worked out on the rink, on demand, the difficulty would be easily settled. A good open-air rink is a grand thing for the winter. Nothing is more conducive to good health, a clear head, and general good spirits than a good spin in the crisp, bracing air.

Then there is snow-shoeing, which has always been a distinctive feature of our winter sports. The Association supplies plenty of snowshoes, and sufficient skill is easily acquired. In years gone by, many a pleasant day has been spent roaming over the deep snows on snow-shoes. After a week's confinement at hard study, a good long tramp of an afternoon puts new vigor into one, makes one appreciate Canadian winter, and feel that "though it nip, 'tis not unkind."

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What about that winter field day?—someone has asked. Yes, a winter field-day. Why not? A shiver is no argument contra, nor is there anything new in the idea. In ye olden time, this was one of the annual fêtes. We have a long winter before us, cannot something of the sort be started to relieve the tedium. Skating races, fast and fancy, snow-shoe races, a polar seige, skye races, ice jacking, a storming, trap racing, hockey, a snow-shoe tramp by torchlight, and a supper—surely it could be made a great day's enjoyment.

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And speaking of field-days, let it not be forgotten that this is the year for a spring field-day. There should have been one last year, but since there was not, all the more reason for holding it this year, and for making it a good one. Magnificient prizes will be offered, and the spectacle will be largely attended. It is an occasion of some moment, and contestants should begin early to prepare for it: the race is to the swiftest, and competition is keen. Let no one who intends to enter, wait for dry ground—the spring is too late. The gymnasium should be the resort of all who covet honors on the great field day. Let everyone prepare, and enter at least one event. More of this later.

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During the past fortnight, a much felt want has been satisfied by the extensive improvements made in the gymnasium, which is now open for public use. And in regard to the gymnasium it may be remarked that it is not used as much as it should be. It seems to be regarded more as an instrument of particular training than a means to regular development and refreshing exercise. All games are good in their own sphere, but there is nothing like the gym for general building up, and for strengthening weak parts of the body. If those who so bemoan the passing of football, would devote themselves to gymnasium training, preparatory for field day, they would find a panacea for the "general deadness" about which there is so much complaint at present.

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It is rather early to begin to talk about spring sports, but it is not a bad thing to keep intentions in view. Among spring sports, baseball should hold first place. It is sad to see how the game has been deteriorating here for the past few years. Has it been from lack of interest, or lack of players, or lack of competition from outside teams? It is not the latter, for ere are victories yet to be won. If it is the two former, they will not hold this year, unless enthusiasm vanishes with the snows, and the prospects of early September prove deceptive. Baseball, like everything else, however, requires practice. The season is too short in these latitude to rely on practice on the sward. The men should be in perfect condition by the time the ground is dry, so that the time otherwise devoted to primary training, may be given to actual baseball. Baseballers, do not let the winter slip by too fast; begin early to practice.

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To those who have just tasted football this season, and are anxious to win a name before the close of the year, it may be a consolation to know that another opportunity will be offered in the spring series.

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What promises to be the most important addition to the Association since its founding is the prospective bicycle club. This would indeed be a valuable accessory and would be an accommodation to many students who have wheels at home and are anxious to use them, and to many others who would get them if there were an organization which would secure privileges for riders. Some forty or fifty students have signified their intention of joining the club, and with this number as a nucleus the membership would rapidly

increase. We number among us some who have already made enviable records on the track, and it is just possible that Ottawa College shall be as renowned for wheelmen as for foot-ballers. Steps should be taken toward organization before Easter so that the matter may be presented in form at the next regular meeting of the Association.

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That athletics in Ottawa College are not deteriorating is evidenced by the fact that not only is renewed interest manifested in all branches existing, but there is a desire for greater diversity. This is as it should be. Why should we be limited to so few kinds of sports? Powers differ as well as tastes. Some who are worthless at football, lacrosse, or baseball, may be brilliant at bicycling or rowing. There is one sort of out-door amusement considered by every athletic association as indispensible, which, unfortunately has never been introduced into our catalogue of sports, and that is rowing. Of course the first reason why it has not been adopted is the supposed inconvenience of a suitable watercourse. This obstacle is not so great as it seems. The Ottawa and Rideau both offer beautiful stretches of straight water, and neither is so far away as to be inaccessible. A rowing club has long been desired and talked of, but little has ever been done to forward the project, else it would already have been carried out. Canoeing is an amusement of universal favor, and to be able to handle a bark skillfully is a valuable accomplishment. What would be more refreshing on a hot May day than a cool sail down through the picturesque islands of the Ottawa? What would make the welkin ring more lustily than to see a garnet and gray crew try for honors in the shell? Is there anything absurd or impossible in the idea? To use a phrase —in the lexicon of Ottawa College athletics there is no such word as impossible. Let's have a rowing club. The Association is now old enough and firmly enough established to ramify, and certainly rowing is a prime requisite in every first-class athletic organization.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Barney's soliloquy:

Time: 1.30 a.m.

Scene: On board the Parry Sound R.R. steam shovel at Maria St. Bridge:—

"I'm awful cold and hungry,
For it's a long time since I ate,
I'm sitting by the water tank,
Waiting for a freight.

It's awful dead and lonesome
Wherever I do roam,
And oft-times I do wonder
Why I never stayed at home."

And the cat came back the very next day. Eh! Barney?

Is the discovery of the Elixir of Life of more vital importance to the human race than the solution of the vexed Chinese puzzle: "Who took Wm. Mills' uncut Magazine?"

All replies to this conundrum should be accompanied by twenty-five cents in old stamps. The funds thus collected will be devoted to the introduction of choice literature into Victoria, B.C. Detective Phillips says that it will be a cold day for the best of them when the perpetrator of this dastardly outrage upon human liberty is discovered.

We were always under the the impression that the main plank in the platform of the P.P.A. constitution was the exclusion of all foreigners. Many a time and oft have former presidents boasted that this association was a strictly Canadian organization. It must have made the bones of its venerable founder rattle in the grave when the new President Angers and the new secretary Fatty were imported from the Senior Department and awarded the highest offices within the gift of the brethren.

The first champion foot-ball match of the season took place Saturday, Oct. 26th, between the second team of the Junior Department and the first team of St. Joseph's School. A terrific gale blew up field as the brawny opponents faced each other at the very moment when the Parliament clock boomed forth the third hour of the afternoon. Scarcely had the ball been in play two minutes when the college quarter Lachance went over the line for what appeared to be a touch-down. The referee called it a safety. When

questioned as to his authority for such a decision, he sagely nodded his head, winked one eye; expanded his chest one inch, and triumphantly remarked "I saw the Montreal match!" The battle went on bravely. but neither side gained any decided advantage. When the referee's whistle announced that the contest was over, the score stood—College, 2; St. Joseph's School, 0.

NOTES.

The referee ruled off Bawlf, the College's best wing, and Doran, St. Joseph's latest acquisition from the all-round Scotland team.

Dupuis and H. Gaul were St. Joseph's best men; while Lachance was the College's bright and only star. Had it not been for his brilliant work, the College would have been disgracefully defeated.

After appointing two royal commissions, we have discovered that Bailly was the umpire; some may doubt the truth of this statement, as he was not to be seen on the field.

Chabot, the College centre always heeled the ball out with his hands.

H. Martin, College half-back, made a a brilliant run after time was up, and might have been in locomotion yet, had he not collided with a crooked rail fence down near Hawkesbury.

Favreau invariably played off.side, but was invariably touched down by Dupuis.

At the first meeting of the Society of The Holy Angels, the following officers were elected:

President—R. Barter.
First Assistant—R. Lapointe.
Second Assistant—J. Cassidy.
Secretary—J. Morin.
Treasurer—Jno. Dowd.

Sacristans { A. Martin. E. Bouchard.

Counsellors { Jno. Neville. P. Taillon.

The following held first places in their classes for the month of October.

First Grade { P. Taillon G. Taillon E. Laverdure

Second Grade A { A. Martin F. Davie L. Pinard.

Second Grade B { Chas. Cavanagh. J. Timbers Wm. Richards.

Third Grade A { F. Houde Wm. Burke J. Neville

Third Grade B { P. Pitre Jno. Sullivan E. Bisson.

Fourt Grade { J. Coté A. McDonald Geo. Kelly

ULULATUS.

Have a game?

A peculiarity among a crowd of students is a lone gosling.

Pope—What are you playing Albert?
Albert—Oh. it is only the scales.
Pope—Well that's pretty fishy, isn't it?

Joe's ankle is again well, and we are glad to see him back, after having taken horizontal refreshments.

Gerling, do you want to buy any figs?

After meeting a bald-headed gentleman a student remarked." He parts his hair in the middle, dosen't he! But contrary to all geometrical *axioms the part is greater than the whole.*"

The present snow is much regretted as Captain Dowling's golf team have to suspend play.

Prof. C-sh purposes opening a kindergarten and with Flemmin's assistance the project will succeed.

Joe's gesticulation is calling forth great applause.

Pete is a failure as a vendor of apples; better try peanuts.

Prof.—Now, Mr. L, what do you mean by a versatile poet?
Mr. L.—A poet who wrote in verse.
What is antithesis, Mr. C.
Antithesis, sir, is the repetition of the initial *consonant.*

The Muck Printing Co. announces a new book by Mr. O'R-l-y on the Use and Abus—ive language.

Prof.—Translate *Manes*, Mr. W W.
Mr. W. W.—Why, *Manes*—that's *Shades*; and the professor couldn't understand the laugh.

Snowed under—The College *Lawn.*

Willie still protests that he has no aunt in Ottawa.

Prof. F-nn-g-n delivers a regular after-dinner lecture to a well-filled *hall.*

We have quite a few who can fight a storm but not one appeared this morning except Fatty.

Spider—Say Tommy there's no pastime I enjoy *more than driving.*
Tom—Well if you come to my room I'll give you a hammer and some nails.