

THE OWL.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, APRIL, 1894.

No. 8.

SONNET TO HOPE.



HEAVENLY Hope, a song-thrush of the morn
Art thou, up-perchèd high 'mid ruins gray,
And bidding echo their old walls forlorn
With thy heart's matins to the dawning day.
Thou art the glory of the orient ray,
Filling with light their shadowy solitude,
As sunny billows pave some rocky bay
With the sheen level of the luminous flood.
Thou art that strong and philosophic flower
Which taketh root amid the stones of care,
And draweth beauty, fragrance, life, and power,
From wrecks o'erseamed with many a season's wear.
And thou art constant ivy, most of all,
Propping life's rugged walls, slow crumbling to their fall.

FRANK WATERS.

A TRIO OF WOMEN NOVELISTS.



IN the realm of fiction England has done ample justice to herself by the variety and extent of her contributions to the world's literature.

Nor is it true, that the chief and most popular novels have been written exclusively by men, those beings who according to a general opinion are to be looked upon as the originators in all important works of high genius and noble art. Woman has clearly vindicated her right to speak on her own behalf and has shown by no uncertain signs that she is fully capable of treating successfully the complex problems of human life and presenting the results plainly and forcibly in books remarkable alike for depth and beauty.

To evidence this fact it would suffice to mention but the names of three novelists who have left their impress on the reading public of the age: George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen are without doubt justly entitled to be ranked among those who have wielded strong influence in attaching to the novel the widespread significance and power of which it is the acknowledged bearer.

The three worked on different lines, but each chose the sphere best suited to her special talents and aptitudes. George Eliot is unquestionably the greatest artist on account of the fertility of her genius and deep insight into human character and its affections. In the painting of character we are not concerned so much about the special tastes and moods and foibles of the personage portrayed but rather desire to view the general depth of human nature in them; its grasp and breadth, its capacity for love and trust and its scope of action under the influence of humanizing elements. Writers of skill do not present pictures of small men and women, but describe characters of stable worth and depth. For this reason possibly it is, that George Eliot indulges little in painting life in the high class English

drawing-rooms, where sham assumes such prominence, but seems to prefer delineating from the lower or middle classes, from among those, who, keenly alive to the perception of life's reality and import, speak their minds with fervor and directness rather than by suggestion. Hence the pages of her works are not the reportorial sketches of the doings and sayings of fashionable life as is largely the case with "society novels" whose principal and almost sole interest perhaps, for many of their readers, centres around those paragraphs adorned with quotation marks.

In George Eliot, to a brilliant imagination were added the essential qualities of a profound thinker. Her works possess the marks of striking individuality; they breathe forth a large spirit and are strong with the strength of one who appreciates the intricate nature and workings of the human heart. Her pen is especially facile in the delineation of actual life and conditions, all wrought with artistic skill. She is, in a marked degree, to be regarded as an objective writer, since in a large portion of her works the actors are drawn from real life; though in other parts it is clearly made evident that she possesses the power of subjective analysis by the clear-cut creations evolved from her prolific mind. In much the same manner as Goethe, she may be called objective. The characters presented are those of varied types complete and distinct in themselves. Throughout her stories the novelist takes occasion to ease her mind in the outpouring of self thought and moralizing reflections. And these constitute a prime merit of the artist's worth. They are never commonplace, and, though our views may not coincide with the sentiments often expressed, we must acknowledge that they display in the author the power of learned psychological knowledge.

Much has been said and written ament the philosophical principles which underlie the writings of George Eliot and the serious moral dangers which perusal of them is likely to effect. And indeed there is

ample ground for fear on this score. In her youth, being an admirer and devotee of the false German philosophical system as represented by Feuerbach, and later favoring the evolutionary theory of Spencer, it is little wonder that, unaided by the light of revelation, her mind was led into the channels of untrue morality. Still it were difficult to deny her the praise, at least, of being actuated by a high moral purpose. Candor seems to be present, and the false views held were perhaps rather the result of untoward circumstances than of any personal desire to wander from the true and safe path. Any person deserves credit for acting up to his convictions. If possessed of no settled religious views herself, the author of *Romola* was not prevented by prejudice from treating respectfully of religious topics in the lives of her characters, and according to these a conscientious and deep-rooted desire to search after and attain the truth. She realizes the important place which religion occupies in the lives of men and the benignity of its influence. Hence some of her finest characters especially in *Romola* and *Adam Bede* are persons strongly imbued with religious sentiments. Throughout her works the qualities of the artist are combined with those of the thinker, the philosopher. The light flows equally over her picture whilst her poetic inclination gave a charm and glow to her prose novels which those of others probably do not possess. And all are marked by subtle touches peculiarly her own.

As to whether the novels of this gifted artist should be placed in the hands of the general reader wise minds would probably advise "No." For the false doctrines contained therein are clothed in such enticing garb that they are like to insinuate themselves into the favor of the thoughtless reader and produce a deleterious effect upon the untrained mind. But for him who is firmly grounded in his religious convictions and who is enabled by the light of experience and philosophical training to distinguish the true from the false and the real from the fantastic, George Eliot provides a large fund for highly moral reflection, and regales him with an intellectual treat which scarcely another English writer of fiction to the same degree affords.

Coming to consider the qualities and beauties to be found in the novels of Charlotte Brontë we find ourselves on a different, a lower plane. Yet, withal, we are conscious that the works could not have come from the hands of an ordinary story-teller. They bear the imprint of one who is an enthusiast in the work undertaken and who is seriously alive to the importance of the task. Charlotte Brontë was the daughter of a country clergyman, of Yorkshire. Consequently being removed from the busy haunts of men she was afforded slight opportunity of gaining knowledge and experience of human nature as exhibited in its various phases in the actual life of real persons. From this however it is by no means to be inferred that her works do not offer examples of close character study. Books are a prolific source of information, and when studied with the aid of a vivid imagination and a quick intelligence, much may be gleaned from their pages to supply for a lack of experience. Brontë must have understood this, for otherwise how could we account for the composition, on the part of a country maiden, of works noted for their charm and vigor. She is primarily a subjective writer as her characters are largely the creatures of her own mind. Her life was not altogether a path of roses, as she found difficulties to contend with and obstacles to overcome. Persons of sensitive and passionate natures are more keen in the perception of affronts. And Brontë is said to have been highly passionate. Indeed her works point to this. They are apt to convey the idea that she labored under feelings of repression and injustice from early years. Hence sentiments of pessimism and even despair find their way into her novels. A tone of bitterness seems to run through all. All of which goes to prove how great is the influence exerted by early impressions.

Jane Eyre is probably to be regarded as her greatest work. By some it is recognized as one of the mile-stones in English literature. In it are given vent to those feelings of bitterness of spirit and those strange notions of life which were the outbursts of her intense nature. The chief interest in it centres around the figure of a little governess, and the strifes which she is forced to encounter in contact with the

small world in which she is placed. The book is an impressive one, and calculated to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of imaginative readers. In the analysis of scenes and characters much originality is displayed, and the existence of a superior intellect is revealed. Besides *Jane Eyre* Brontë has written *Shirley* and *Villette*. In the former she has drawn a kindly picture of her sister Emily, herself an artist of no mean distinction. The character is strongly portrayed and executed with intense tenderness. In thoroughness and force Brontë is perhaps not inferior to George Eliot. But the authoress of *Jane Eyre* is not capable of the same largeness of view and understanding of the inspiring motives of human actors.

In the works of Brontë there is shown lack of experience and proportion and at times morbid fatality seems to cast its shadow over the perspective. They are books that may always be read with pleasure and interest. They are destined to retain their popularity on account of their intrinsic worth against the test of time and efforts of the hosts of novelists who every year make their appeal for public favor.

Jane Austen was probably the earliest writer to furnish in England the so-called domestic novel. And though she wrote when the century was young it is questionable if, within her own limits, she has since been equalled. The value of this praise can only be realized when we contemplate the number who have been her imitators. Jane Austen was endowed by nature with the faculty for story-telling. For it is related of her that with children she was an especial favorite, delighting them with her improvised tales. Her father afforded her every means of improving her natural gifts by way of reading and instruction. In fact her education which embraced a knowledge of French and Italian, was superior to that of the ordinary girl of that period. Thus well provided with the all required for a literary career, she did not fail to reach distinction. *Sense and Sensi-*

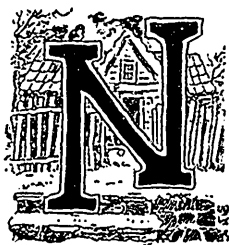
bility appeared in 1811, *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813, and *Mansfield Park* was published a year later. The works were favorably received, although their authorship was not divulged till some years afterwards. The stories deal principally with the gentry of England. Their merit lay in that hard-to-be-acquired but delightful quality—simplicity. They showed the author to be intelligently acquainted with the conditions which characterized English home life. The pictures drawn were felicitous and above all true to nature. In the introduction of suitable personages a happy selection obtained. There could be no doubt that a new light had risen in the literary firmament, one destined to shed rays of hope and comfort for years to come. History, since, has proved the correctness of this view.

In Jane Austen there were no morbid feelings of unrest or dissatisfaction at existing conditions, nothing to draw her apart from the rest of mankind. Her's was a buoyant nature, and the sentiments expressed in her several novels were the simple outbursts of a cheerful heart. The stories themselves may belong to a past age, but not so with the characters. They represent human nature so well that they might belong to any period. Jane Austen, though not as passionate as Brontë, nor as philosophic as Eliot, possesses in an eminent degree those qualities which appeal strongly to the average reader,—simplicity and cheerfulness. Her touch is delicate and refined. If there is no decided analysis of human nature to its roots the result is perhaps not rendered less attractive. Its striking features are well brought out, its strength faithfully represented, while its weaknesses and follies are playfully satirized.

If we wish to experience real and wholesome enjoyment from reading, when cares press heavy upon us, we may turn to the pages of Miss Austen's novels with a reasonable hope of seeing things assume a brighter hue.

LOUIS J. KEHOE, '94.

WORDS.



NOTHING is more interesting and at the same time more instructive than tracing words to their origin and noting the various changes in meaning which time has wrought in them.

Language is not a mere invention of human skill. It is not something wholly accidental to human nature, otherwise we should not be surprised to find human beings devoid of this means of interchanging thought. If such a people exist, they are surely less than human, for language like reason, flows from God, and the former as a consequence of the latter. But man did not receive this divine gift, which alone renders social intercourse possible, in all its fulness and perfection, for from the words of Moses as recorded in the second chapter of Genesis, we learn, that what Adam named the living creatures placed by God in his presence, such was the name thereof. So that we are safe in concluding, and daily experience proves, that in addition to the gift of an imperfect language, man has moreover received the "power of naming things," which power, he has been using from the days of Adam to the present time as occasion or necessity demanded. It shall be the object of this brief essay to show, by examples drawn from various sources, how names once given by our ancestors, have entirely changed in meaning, and how words, whether given by the users or accepted as the legacy of others, are faithful histories of the past as well as the present. We seem to forget that our language is a composite one, containing in itself, thoughts, images, and feelings of different nations. The present alone absorbs our attention, otherwise we would not be content to skim the surface, knowing full well, that beneath lay volumes of history, concentrated powers, and numberless moral lessons, taught by other men of other times. So true is it that language is the

"pedigree of nations," that Archbishop Trench in his excellent work on the hidden meanings of words, proves beyond all doubt, that from a close examination of the English language, the early conquest of England by the Normans, might be shown were every line penned by historians on this subject lost to the present generation. He has very reasonably concluded, that the Normans were the ruling race, from the very evident fact, that all our words denoting dignity, state, honor, and pre-eminence, with the exception of the word king, which is Saxon, are of Norman French origin. Duke, prince, throne, royalty, sovereign, palace, castle, hall, etc., all bear the same stamp, and speak of authority and opulence. Contrast these with our Saxon words, house, man, son, plough, spade, wheat, hay, etc., and the facts narrated in history become more evident. But by carrying the comparison a little farther we shall see, that not only were the Saxons considered an inferior people by their Norman conquerors, but that they were actually oppressed by them. Thus while ox, steer, and cow are Saxon, *beef*, the dressed and prepared food from these animals becomes Norman. The same is true of calf and veal, sheep and mutton, swine and pork, deer and venison. These are not chance words which we have adopted for convenience sake; but silent records of England's past history. Not less significant is the simple and oft used word *frank*. It too carries us back many centuries and discloses a remarkable epoch in the history of Gaul, when the Franks, an association of German tribes established themselves by force of arms in that land. Despising the Gauls and the poor remnant of a degenerate Roman army, they boldly proclaimed themselves true lovers of freedom, honesty and independence. And so it came to pass that the word *frank* indicated not only a national, but also a moral distinction. *Franchise* comes to us in the same manner, and means nothing more than the exercise of civil liberties. Again *tribulation*, when traced to its origin displays a remarkable history. It comes to

us from *tribulum* a species of flail used by the old pagan Romans, to separate the corn from the husks, the process of separation being called *tribulatio*. But the early Christian writers, knowing full well, that suffering and sorrow in this life, are divinely appointed means of gaining an eternity of happiness, by separating in man that which is trivial and vile from the pure and solid virtues, have given to this word its deeper religious meaning. This is but one example of the many words upon which Christianity has left her impress, by elevating, purifying and ennobling them. All are acquainted with the word *pagan* as meaning a worshipper of false gods, but how few recognize in its present signification the great work of the early Christian church! *Pagan* meant nothing more than a village, the inhabitants of which were called *pagani*, but these being the last to be visited, by the soldiers of Christ, for the large towns and cities of the immense Roman Empire were first besieged, were therefore the last to embrace the true religion. Hence *pagani* instead of meaning villagers came to be applied to all believers in heathen superstitions and idolatries. *Heathen* too has run a similar course, for the inhabitants of the wild German heaths, like the Roman *pagani*, were deprived of the light of Christian doctrine, till long after the rest of Germany had been converted. From the words explained and from many more of a like nature, bearing the indelible stamp of Christianity, Archbishop Trench draws two very practical conclusions, namely:—

1st. That the Church first planted itself in the haunts of learning and intelligence. 2nd. That it did not shun discussion, feared not to encounter the wit and wisdom of this world, nor to expose its claims to the searching examination of educated men, but on the contrary had its claims first recognized by them, and in the great cities of the world made first a complete victory over all opposing powers.

We said at the outset, following the definition of Dr. Johnson, that language is the "pedigree of nations." This we will endeavor to show to be true. History may be false, inspired by prejudice, written in ignorance or with carelessness, but the language of a people can never deceive. It is a monument older than

books, more lasting than nations. "Genus dicendi," says Seneca, "imitatur publicos mores." As the disordered mind and corrupted heart, are betrayed by speech, in the case of the individual, so also national degradation is proclaimed by its language. It is a moral barometer, marking with precision the rise and fall of national life. As our condition, whether moral or material, changes, as our seats of learning, whether public or private, advance or recede, all is necessarily portrayed in our language. Circumstances and needs are the ruling forces of a nation's language. How many of the words familiar to us in this age of telegraphs, telephones, phonographs and electricity, would be totally unintelligible even to the most learned man of a century ago, were he to arise from his grave and live among us! But notwithstanding the fact, that the language of every nation has its own organic growth, its own characteristic ideas and opinions, which have more or less molded its constitution and modes of religious worship, still Prof. Marsh would have us to believe that the hopeless depravity of a people must not be inferred from the baseness of a tongue they have inherited, not chosen. This may be true to a limited extent of a language ruthlessly forced upon a people, but which by constant employment has succeeded in dragging its unwilling users to its own mean level. But it would be folly to excuse the immorality of a nation on the ground of an inherited language, even though they had not chosen it. True it is that bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Converse familiarly and carelessly on any vice, however mean and sensual, and your moral sense is sure to suffer. You lose the horror you once felt at the mere thought of such a crime, and should temptation ever assail you to commit such an act, you will find resistance difficult, if not impossible. With Shakespeare we might say:—

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
make ill deeds done."

Many a man, without ever thinking of the future results, has talked himself into sensuality, crime and ruin. But setting aside the language so characteristic of the decidedly vulgar, and which of necessity leads those who embrace it to moral depravity, there is in society a growing

tendency to gloss over man's faults by giving them honorable names, or at least names which rob them of their iniquity. The use of ugly names for ugly actions and habits may be considered coarse, even impolite, but it were better far to designate vice, in every form, by names which bring out its loathsomeness and vileness than to palliate or excuse it by coined terms which poison the spring from which all must drink. Such devices, are decoys, cloaks for sin, the devil's vocabulary. We cannot estimate the injury done to society by robbing words of this kind of their natural sting.

Men never get *drunk* in our day. Oh, no! this word is too severe. They may be *tight* or *tipsy*, or *top-heavy* or even *glorious*, but never drunk. They still remain *gentlemen*. Oh, to what depths has this grand old word fallen! Webster himself were he with us now, would be puzzled to define it, so indiscriminately is it used. The most contemptible wretch that ever belied the human form divine, is styled in our good-natured age a gentleman. We have no such beings as rebels or traitors to frighten us, they are only *secessionists*. The most daring bank robbers are mere *defaulters*. Those who have read Dickens cannot forget Samuel Weller's definition of theft. "When a poor fellow takes a piece of goods from a shop, it is called *theft*, but, if a wealthy lady does the same thing it is called *monomania*." Even the Romans with their soft *fur* like name for him who steals, could not surpass this. But why multiply examples? Our language abounds with softened, varnished expressions for sinful deeds. Nor do we stand alone in this respect. Does the absence from the French language of any precise term with which to express our word *bribe*, prove that as a nation they are above anything so heinous as bribery? Is their "*celui qui écoute*" a proper equivalent for our word *listener*? As well might we say that the Greeks, the most arrogant and insolent of nations, were right in boasting that their language contained no such word as humility, while they felt no shame in possessing a word, which designated the pleasure that one man takes in the misfortunes and calamities of another. The practical conclusion to be drawn from all this is, that where vice exists we must have distinct and de-

finite words by which it may be known, and the greater the disgust and horror which such words excite within us the greater is the hope of avoiding the evils they represent. So far we have treated of the history and morality often bound up in the words of every day use. Let us now turn for a few moments to what Mathews would call "common words with curious derivations;" and the first we shall notice is *bankrupt*. This we have received from two Italian words, *banco rotto*, which means broken-bench, the custom being at one time among the Lombard merchants, who exposed their wares on benches, placed in the market, to seize upon and break the benches of their fellow-vendors who through mishap or negligence had failed. From the same source the French derive *bouqueroute*. *Saunterers* from "*la Sainte Terre*," reminds us of the pilgrimages, so frequently made in former days to the Holy Land. *Quandry* is a corrupted form of the French phrase "*qu'en dirai (je)*" or what shall I say of it. *Helter skelter* a colloquialism is from the Latin *hilariter et celeriter*—gaily and quickly. *Abominable* is not derived, as its present meaning would lead us to suppose, from *ab* and *homo*, but from *ab* and *omen*. The origin of *bumper* is still disputed, though most probably we receive it from the French *le bon père*, the custom being on former feast-days to drink the first toast to the Holy Father. *Humbug* a word which long remained on the threshold of our language before gaining admission, is most probably of Scotch origin, from Hume of the Bog, a laird of other days celebrated for his matchless skill in spinning out long yarns. *Salary* from the Latin *sal* meaning salt, accounts for a very common expression "he is not worth his salt." *Negotiate* is a compound from *ne ego otior* or I am not idle. *By-laws* is a hybrid, partly Danish and partly Anglo Saxon, which at first were the laws of towns or villages as distinguished from national law. *Quiz* is derived from no language living or dead. It originated many years ago in Dublin, where a certain Mr. Daly, manager of a theatre, lay a wager, in true Irish fashion, with some of his friends, that before a certain hour next day, Sunday, he would have half the people of Dublin speaking a word never

before uttered by the tongue of man. The wager was accepted, whereupon, Daly repaired to his theatre and dispatched his servants, and as many others as he could engage, to every quarter of the city, with injunctions to write the word "quiz" on every door, post, fence and window they passed. Now as the great majority of the citizens of Dublin are church-goers, they could not fail to see and read this strange word, and so before noon, nothing was heard throughout Dublin but, quiz, quiz, quiz. Whoever has noticed the peculiar actions of goats, now suddenly and unexpectedly they bound, now forward, now sideward, now upward, will have no difficulty in explaining the English word *caprice*, coming as it does from *capra* the Latin for this strangely acting animal. Desultory from *de* and *salto*, to leap from one thing to another has a similar signification, but in this case man takes the place of the goat. The Dominicans, one of the greatest bodies of men in the Catholic Church, were not in the least displeased on learning that their name had been contorted into "Domini Canes," the Lord's watchdogs. English pronunciation is often the cause of deception as to the origin of many of our words. For instance lieutenant,

pronounced lieutenant, has no connection with left or right, but comes to us directly from the French *lieu*—tenant, one who holds the place of another. Neither has *wiseacre*, pronounced *wisé a-ker*, any connection with acre, being a corruption of the German *weissager*, a sayer of wise maxims. Surname is not, as the word seems to imply the name of one's sire, but comes from the French *surnom*, meaning an additional name. *Retaliate*, from *res* and *talis* should not mean, the paying of injuries, more than favors were it not that the latter when compared with the former is seldomer practised. *Prejudice*, too, should not mean an unfavorable, rather than a favorable judgment, if man's nature was not so prone to harsh and unjust criticism. Were we to attempt to enumerate the English words, which time and necessity have thus changed from their original meanings, it would take a good sized dictionary to contain them. The reader may search them out for himself, and we can assure him that his pains will be amply rewarded, by the more precise expression his language will assume, to say nothing of the satisfaction which necessarily arises from such a knowledge.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.



The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven :
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—SHAKESPEARE.



CYRUS WEST FIELD AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE.



It is narrated of an old philosopher that in one of his flights of prophetic fancy, he saw many wonderful things that were to come to pass, and which his prophetic soul told him would one day be actually consummated; prodigies, the mere mention of which caused a smile of derision to play about the lips of the knowing ones. Among those marvels, however, even the wildest flights of imagination never carried him to the impossible feat of annihilating space and time, and the most extravagant metamorphosis of Ovid would have been more readily believed than that, two persons at a distance of a few miles from each other could have instantaneous communication with one another. Truth, however, has again outdone fiction and not only can neighboring cities converse with one another, but across the depths of the mighty ocean, has the wonderful mind of man devised a plan to harness the winged electrical messenger, and the events of Europe can be served up in the American papers with the same speediness with which the London *Times* regales its readers with the events of the previous day and night.

The history of the then utopian attempt to connect the two continents by electricity reads like a piece of fiction, and in going over the life of its intrepid promoter and chief organizer, Cyrus West Field, we cannot but marvel, not only at the daring conception, but also at the dogged perseverance with which he fought against disappointments sufficient to dishearten any but a Napoleon of enterprise.

In the limited space of an article in the OWL it is not for a moment to be presumed that much justice can be done to a subject of such import, and in place of starting at the beginning, we must content ourselves with commencing in "medias res," in supposing that the Owl's readers are familiar with the origin and development of electricity in its first mercantile

adaptation; that they know how it became a transmitter of news by means of the telegraph, under the skilful manipulation of Morse and other experts, after the discovery of constant batteries by Volta and Galvani. All of this do we take for granted that our readers know, and we at once proceed to treat of the subject of this article, submarine telegraphy, with special reference to the promoter of the scheme, Cyrus West Field.

The idea of sending messages under water is said to have first been proposed by Salva in 1797 between Barcelona and Palma in Majorca; in 1839 Dr. O'Shaughnessy tried it in India. Morse successfully laid a copper wire from Governor's Island in New York Bay to New York City, and Samuel Colt did likewise from Coney Island to the city. In Europe the first cable was laid across the Rhine at Cologne by Siemens, who used gutta-percha as an insulator.

The success of all these attempts justified the British, always the first promoters of commercial projects, to attempt the laying of a cable across the Channel, and accordingly in 1850 a single copper wire was laid from Dover to Calais. The success of this venture, however, was short-lived, but in 1851 four wires were laid with complete satisfaction.

The Channel cable was submerged by a British vessel by fastening one end to the coast and slowly paying out the rest across the Channel. The success soon induced attempts in other directions and between 1850 and 1860 many miles of cable were laid.

But although all these minor attempts were successful, not even the most sanguine thought of connecting the continents. The nearest approach was to cable the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Irish Sea and to have a fast line of steamers ply between Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland and thus put the continents within five days of each other. But in 1857 some experiments attempted in wires two thousand miles long brought the hope of connecting the continents more within the

limits of possibilities, and it only required the energy of the indomitable Cyrus W. Field, an American from New York, to perfect the arrangement, place the continents within almost instant communication of one another, and earn the everlasting gratitude of the world. Morse, the famed electrician, had thought of this before, but Field was the practical man of business with whom to think was to act. He was a retired merchant of New York who had made a fortune in the paper-making business, and, at the early age of thirty-five, had withdrawn from business, intending to live at ease for the rest of his life and die "unwept, unhonored and unknown." His plan, however, was changed, and he was not long in idleness before his ever busy brain became interested in the new telegraphic scheme, brought to his notice by Mr. Gisborne, the indefatigable superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph. In thinking about the short service to Europe above referred to, the idea occurred to him, why not connect the continents by wire? He immediately wrote asking Lieut. Maury, of the U. S. survey, if a wire could be stretched across the ocean, and received a favorable reply in the shape of the report of Lieut. Berryman on observations and soundings taken between Ireland and Newfoundland, a distance of 1,600 miles. The bottom was found to be a plateau, stretching from shore to shore, not too deep, yet deep enough to protect a wire from all dangers from anchors and icebergs. The nature of the shells brought up by the sounding apparatus too, showed that nothing was to be feared from currents. Morse and Field became staunch friends, and the enterprising Field, now fully convinced of the feasibility of the scheme, at once formed a company to carry out the plan, and going to Newfoundland there obtained a charter from the Colonial government to work his scheme. The first thing was the building of a land line and the connection with Cape Breton and a land line to New York. Two years it took to do this, and then Mr. Field went to England to interest British capital in the enterprise, for so far the expenses were stooed by Field and his associates, Cooper, Taylor, Roberts, White and Hunt.

For half a year he lived in London

consulting, influencing, persuading engineers, scientists and statesmen of the feasibility of the scheme. After having, with infinite trouble, succeeded in forming an English joint stock company with a quarter of the stock to be reserved for American capital, he repaired to Washington, there to find new fields for perseverance in the shape of warring political factions, who made the granting of the charter a new subject for debate and objections. To show by what a narrow margin the bill of incorporation finally did pass, it is only necessary to quote the speech of Mr. Seward made in 1858: "The President and Secretary of State individually favored the proposition, but the jealousies of parties and sections in Congress forbade them to lend it their official patronage. He appealed to me; I drew the necessary bill, with the generous aid of others, northern representatives, and the indispensable aid of the late Thomas J. Rusk, a Senator from Texas, that bill, after a severe contest and long delay, was carried through the Senate of the United States by the majority, if I remember rightly, of one vote and escaped defeat in the House of Representatives with equal difficulty." The bill having been signed by the President, Mr. Field started to work. The cable which had been in course of construction in England, was shipped aboard the American vessel Niagara and the British Agamemnon, and attended by an escort they started paying out the cable from the Irish shore, intending to splice the ends in mid-ocean and then continue to Newfoundland. Then started that series of mishaps, which, continuing for ten years, so sorely tried his patience and perseverance, but which terminated in the complete mastery of the elements and of circumstances. The Niagara had gone but five miles from the Irish coast when the wire parted. It put back, the wire was "under-run" and the next day a new start was made. They safely passed the dividing line between the continent and the deep sea, where a dip of twelve hundred fathoms took place, and were beginning to breathe easily, and were about two hundred miles off the Irish coast when the current from the shore, which hitherto had been constant, suddenly ceased. Professors Morse:

and Santy gave up hope and were about to abandon the enterprise when the current as suddenly reappeared and for a while all went well. The mysterious cease was never satisfactorily explained. The next day, when about one hundred miles further, the brakes were applied too suddenly to the paying out cable, the vessel gave a lurch and the wire parted. The experiment had failed and more than one bronzed cheek, for the first time probably in years, felt a tear trickle down as the vessel was put about and headed for Ireland. Mr. Field, however, was not at all discouraged. On the contrary a letter written by him to the directors showed him still to be full of that strong faith that is sure to conquer all obstacles.

In 1852, after more cautious preparation had been made, a second expedition started, this time to start in mid-ocean and pay out to either shore. After paying out five miles the wire parted and they started over again; forty miles more had been completed when the flow mysteriously ceased. Again they started and after two hundred miles the cable again parted. They returned to Queenstown with Field, the only man of the party still hopeful, if not confident. He again made use of that subtle persuasion for which he seems to have been so famous, to persuade his colleagues in the great scheme to once more allow him to repair to mid-ocean there to try again. Not a cheer followed them as they put forth on the 17th of July, on what some went so far as to call a fool's errand. This third time they were more successful and on August 5th they safely stretched the cable to the Newfoundland and a strong current was sent from shore to shore. The success of the venture gave rise to great rejoicing and the intrepid Field was the hero of the hour. The glory was short-lived however, and after a few messages had been sent, the first of which was the canticle "Glory be to God on the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will," the current suddenly ceased. The last message sent was one of ninety-nine words from Queen Victoria to the President, which it took sixty-seven minutes to transmit, when it became silent. The failure of the scheme almost overwhelmed its promoter and "the

many headed monster" mob which had been so profuse in its adulation of him in his brief moment of triumph, cruelly turned on him, and some even went so far as to say the whole thing was a hoax. Civil war and trouble abroad prevented Field from immediately attempting to revive interest in his plans, but in the interim, he was studying the construction and the faults of the cable in order if possible to remedy them and be better prepared for the next attempt.

In 1865, as a government enterprise, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable Company became a living reality. The Great Eastern was chartered and with a much improved cable, the start was once more made. Twice did the current stop on this trip but was remedied after the exercise of some time and patience; in fact it was afterwards found out that the stop was caused by the insertion of a small piece of iron into the covering of the wire thereby destroying the insulation and introducing so much resistance into the current as to practically make it useless. This insertion it was found was the work of a dastardly sailor who afterwards confessed the crime. After paying out about half of the cable, a flaw was discovered by Mr. Field and before he could remedy it the wire had passed overboard and a moment later the cable again broke. So many disappointments would certainly have stopped any ordinary man, but Cyrus W. Field was not to be balked by any such, and after a fruitless attempt to grapple for the lost wire, the vessel returned to London.

After a delay of two years, during which a lighter wire was constructed, the Great Eastern again set sail on the 13th of July, 1866, and the enterprise was this time destined to be crowned with success. On Sunday the 29th the cable was landed and a message was sent to London as follows: "All well, thank God, the cable is laid and in perfect working order."

After a few days spent in repairing the gulf line which had been neglected by ten years of enforced idleness, the line was opened for messages and has worked without a hitch ever since. After coaling up the Great Eastern again set out for mid-ocean, where the other cable had parted, and after a search of a month,

fished it up and completed the laying of it without further trouble.

Mr. Field was made the recipient of the greatest recognitions the country could bestow on him for his great services to the world at large. The Paris Exposition of 1867 presented him with its greatest honor and the Prime Minister of England said that it was only the fact of his being a foreigner that prevented his receiving the highest of British honors. John Bright, the great commoner pronounced him the "Columbus of modern times, who by his cable had moored the new world alongside the old."

Since the completion of Field's cable two others have been successfully submerged, the Bennett-Mackay private cable for the use of the *New York Herald*, and the French cable from Brest to St. Pierre.

Many cables have since been laid in other parts of the world, the principal of which is the Lisbon, Madeira and South American one by which London has control of the South American news supply.

In the scope of a short historical account of the laying of the great cable and hence a scientific description of the many modes of signals are quite out of place.

Mr. Field after the successful termination of his life work became interested in the Manhattan Elevated road and the Suez canal. In 1880 he toured around the world and attempted to exploit a transpacific cable. His closing days were spent at his home in New York and were embittered by financial trouble and domestic sorrow.

FRANK MCDUGAL, '93.



Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renowned for chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honey-comb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stung.

—SHAKESPEARE.



ANGELS OF ST. SULPICE.



RE Morn draws back the heavy folds of night
 That screen her crimson couch, and, dazzling bright,
 Her golden head unveils ; whilst still in rest
 The weary sleeper's pillow's fondly press'd,
 Your music swells,
 Harmonious bells,—
 Angelic chimes of St. Sulpice—
 Even like heav'nly notes descending
 From the high court where the seraph dwells,
 And, with our dream-land figures blending,
 Gives, in the hour of slumber's ending,
 A foretaste of the bode of bliss.

Then are ye mute ; but when the god-like Sun,
 In all his splendor, rests his foot upon
 The heights of his domain, adown the square,
 Your sweet vibrations thrill the mid-day air ;
 Each silver tongue,
 Again unstrung,
 Carols its native melody ;
 Voices, before unheard, awaking,
 Thunder their numbers the strains among,
 E'en to their base the great towers shaking,
 Then, in enchanting wildness breaking
 Into a storm of symphony.

Again ye're silent till yon neigh'ring tower,
 With thrice three strokes, proclaims the vesper hour,
 When high above the din of clatt'ring feet,
 Of flying vehicles that throng the street,
 Your measures roll,
 And raise the soul
 From things of earth to thoughts divine ;
 Into the heart's recesses stealing,
 Flood it with hopes of the brighter goal,
 And, in their depths, its charms revealing,
 Stir ev'ry chord that wakes a feeling
 Of love for its unfading shine.

THE OWL.

Thus, magic Bell, at morn, at noon, at night,
Your richly varied harmonies delight
The ravish'd ear; and Shandon's blazon'd chime,
And those extoll'd in Whittier's song sublime,
Whose echoes still
With sweetness fill
The airy halls of fantasy,
Seem by your impulse set in motion,
And in your union to send a thrill
Of unmix'd, primitive devotion
Down thro' this ever-surgin' ocean
That breaks upon Eternity.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

PARIS, January, 1891.



MODERN PLASTIC ART.



IN its wider acceptance the term plastic is applied to architecture, painting and sculpture. Generally, however, by plastic art is meant sculpture only. It is in this latter sense that we here use the word though much of what we are to say might be said with equal propriety of architecture and painting.

Though separated by a well defined line of demarcation plastic and dramatic art have much in common. The dramatist holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. If he be a true artist, his delineation of the character of the different personages he introduces on the stage will be not partial but complete. The sculptor and the painter likewise depict character, but their delineation of it is necessarily incomplete. They present to us only one phase of the human being, but that phase may be, and in fact generally is, the most important, typical and character-embodiment in the whole existence of the creature represented. This the artist is able to fix forever in marble or bronze or on canvas for the admiration of generations yet unborn. It would seem, then, that plastic art in its effects is the least complete, but the most enduring of all the arts, except perhaps poetry.

The abstract relation between the dramatic and the plastic art often becomes a concrete one, in other words the sculptor often chisels out a character for the conception of which he is indebted to the dramatist. As an instance of this fact we may cite the statue of Niobe, commonly attributed to Scopas. Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, was married to Amphion, and gave birth to seven sons and seven daughters. So proud was she of her offspring, that she refused to offer at the altars of Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, declaring that she herself had a better claim to worship than one who was the mother of only two children. To avenge this insult Apollo and Diana

slaughtered with their arrows Niobe's progeny. This legend was dramatized by Aeschylus and Sophocles. It has also been immortalized by the chisel of Scopas, one of the greatest of ancient sculptors. His work consists of a series, rather than a group of figures of both sexes, in all the disorder and agony of present or expected suffering. Foyerbach, the great German critic, has proved as satisfactorily as such things can be proved that the sculptor attempted to reproduce in stone not the original legend but its dramatization.

The dramatist depends on action for the unfolding of character. The creatures of his mind are not mere abstract beings, they live, act and speak. So too plastic art is essentially pragmatic. All the great masters of sculpture have regarded action, or the expression of the ethical life of man, as the essential object of this art. Thus, what has won the admiration of all ages for Scopas' representation of Niobe is the wonderful success achieved by him in imprinting an indescribable expression of woe and supplication on the countenances of the mother and her children. The renowned statue of Apollo Belvidere is not a cold, lifeless type of perfect manhood in stone. So clearly is conscious superiority expressed on the beautiful God's countenance that the very statue seems alive and ready for action. The remarkable group of Laocoon and his two sons is another apt illustration of the fact that the sculptor deals with the heart and mind rather than with the body of those whose likeness he attempts to transmit to posterity. This group represents the agonized father and his youthful sons, one on each side of him, writhing and expiring in the complicated folds of the serpent. In Anthon's words "intense *mental suffering* is portrayed in the countenances of these figures." Again, "The father, Laocoon himself, is mighty in his sufferings * * * suffering is faithfully and strongly depicted on his countenance, but it is rather the exhibition of *mental anguish* than of the repulsive and undignified contortions of mere

physical pain." So grand and awe-inspiring was the statue of Jupiter Olympus, wrought by Phidias, that it is reported to have caused the Greeks who beheld it to shed tears. Phidias himself declared that in this statue he had attempted to embody Homer's conception of Jupiter in the act of giving his famous nod. The sculptor's object, then, was to reproduce in marble the mighty inherent power and majesty of the father of the gods'. Michael Angelo placed on the forehead of his world-renowned Moses two distinct prominences. This he did for the purpose of making those who beheld the statue conscious of the Jewish Teacher's transcendent power of intellect.

These examples show that sculpture properly so called, is essentially a pragmatic art, and that its masterpieces have at all times embodied forth not mere beauty of body but rather beauty of mind and heart.

According to competent critics the flaw in modern plastic art lies in the fact that its whole energy is exhausted in the production of exaggerated beauty of body whilst mental beauty is entirely neglected. Ruskin, who is universally recognized as an authority on the subject, thus expresses himself: "When the entire purpose of art was moral teaching, it naturally took truth for its first object, and beauty and the pleasure resulting from beauty, only for its second. But when it lost all purpose of moral teaching, it as naturally took beauty for its first object. That is to say, in all they did, the old artists endeavored in one way or another, to express the real facts of the subject or event, this being their chief business: and the question they first asked themselves was always, how would this thing, or that, actually have occurred? What would this person or that have done under the circumstances? And then, having formed this conception, they work it out with only a secondary regard to grace, or beauty, while a modern artist invariably thinks of the grace and beauty of his work first and unites afterwards as much truth as he can with its conventional graces."

The majority of modern critics maintain that the sculptor is altogether out of his proper sphere of action when attempt-

ing to deal with anything but beauty of form. The great German authority, Lessing, is the father of this school. He declares that true sculpture is nothing more or less than the embodiment of massive grandeur and quiet repose. He has written a very noted work entitled "Laocoon" in which he attempts to prove that beauty of body is the formal object of all plastic art. His opinion has been refuted, 1st, on logical grounds, and 2nd, on historical grounds. The following underlying syllogism is the corner stone on which he bases the superstructure of his contention. The formal object of plastic art can only be that which it is able to produce without extraneous help. But it can produce and does produce bodily beauty without extraneous help. Consequently bodily beauty is its formal object. In support of this argument its author contends—and rightly too—that the other fine arts poetry, music, etc., are incapable of vividly depicting to our minds bodily beauty. The premises of his arguments are correct, but they are merely problematic and hence his conclusion can be but problematic. Because plastic art can without extraneous help produce beauty of body we are by no means justified in concluding that this is its formal object. It can also, without extraneous help, produce the edification of him who beholds it, or again it can, in consequence of its lewdness, be productive of immorality. Would Lessing be willing to admit that these are its formal objects?

In art discussions we rely not merely on abstract reasoning, but also on historical facts. We shall therefore now examine whether or not, when at its sublimest height, plastic art regarded beauty of body as its formal object. If the principle enunciated by Lessing be true, that art which most faithfully represents the human body must needs be superior to all other. Whence springs the conclusion that the nude is the form *par excellence* of art. Lessing's followers, as well as he himself agree that such is the case and even maintain that their opinion is borne out by history. Lessing defends the group Laocoon against those who regard its nudity as censurable and contends that, on the contrary, this is a high beauty in the production. Let us now attempt to dis-

cover the true opinion of the grand old Greek artists on this subject.

Even supposing that the ancients did act up to Lessing's theory in their art productions, our proposition condemning it would nevertheless hold good. The ancients were pagans and consequently could hardly be expected to have as correct a notion of art and of beauty as we Christians have. But facts bear out the assertion that the Greeks did not regard mere beauty of body as the only object of plastic art. Even in the group Laocoon, which Lessing uses as a proof that the ancients were of his opinion, there appears much which is detrimental to beauty of form. The countenances of the different figures are, as we have already seen, distorted with agonizing pain. We regard this distortion as beautiful because it is truthful, and admirably reflects the sentiments with which the souls of Laocoon and his sons are filled. But Lessing, if true to his principles, must regard such characteristic expression of countenance as a blemish.

History and the remains of Grecian art evidence the fact that, during the period of development and highest perfection, neither in sculpture nor in painting was the nude in vogue except on mural reliefs in secondary figures where the features were not very clearly drawn. Grecian plastic art attained the zenith of its glory during the life of Phidias who died in 432, B.C.; after his time it began to decline. It has been proved by antiquarians that not until fifty years after the death of Phidias was the nude introduced into Grecian art. Even after its introduction it was not by any means universally in vogue. At first it was used only in statues of inferior deities such as Bacchus, Pan and Venus, not the heavenly Venus but rather the earthly personification of sensuality. The nobler deities Jupiter, Neptune, Minerva, Juno, Proserpine, Diana, etc., were at all times represented draped. Praxiteles, born in 395 B.C., is said to have been the first sculptor who represented Venus nude. As mentioned above, Grecian art at this time was on the wane. Praxiteles produced two remarkable statues of Venus, one draped the other nude. It is recorded in history that the people of Cos preferred the draped

statue to the nude for the adornment of their temple.

The fact that ancient writers allude with emphasis to Praxiteles' innovation proves that it was in truth an *innovation*. We are told that the thinking minds of the ancient world regarded this innovation with austerity. Certain it is that in the palmy days of Grecian art physical beauty was made subservient to mental beauty. In a collection made by an ancient collector of fine sayings the following words are attributed to Euripides: "The mind must needs be considered. Of what use is beauty of body when one has a beautiful mind." In Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, Socrates, the father of Grecian ethics, asks the celebrated painter Parthesius whether it is not the object of his art to represent beauty in man by different means, i.e. light, shade, coloring, etc. Being answered in the affirmative he wishes to know whether it is the object of painting to portray only beauty of body. "No," replies Parthesius. "Can you represent a man angry, sorrowful, hopeful, magnanimous, etc.?" "Yes." "And is not this representation of the mind more important than that of the body." "It is." Hence we see Xenophon entertained the very opinion which we uphold.

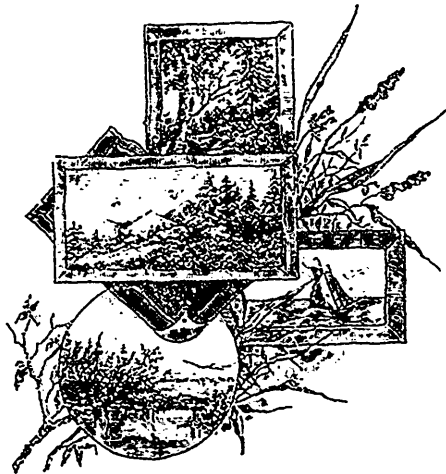
The ancients always represented Hercules nude because in him muscle and brawn predominated. But as has been proved, fairly satisfactorily, the Greeks did not as a rule practice the nude and consequently must not have believed in it. Moreover the historians of the time tell us that it was not regard for art, but other considerations which prompted Praxiteles to introduce the nude. Its introduction was the offspring of a change of mental disposition through which, instead of higher beauty, intellectual beauty, sense-stirring outward appearance was deified. This altered view was produced by altered manners. The Greeks of Thormopylae and Plataea were now dead and many of their descendants had already fallen victims of effeminacy and sensuality. And these nude statues, says Crates, were the emblems of Hellenic lust.

Ruskin is perhaps the greatest authority of modern times on this subject. His opinions are diametrically opposed to those of Lessing. He divides the whole range of art into

Classicalism, extending to the fall of the Roman Empire; Mediaevalism, extending from that fall to the close of the fifteenth century; and Modernism thenceforward to our days. "I say that Classicalism began wherever civilization began with Pagan faith; Mediaevalism began and continued wherever civilization began and continued to *confess* Christ; and, lastly, Modernism began and continues wherever civilization began and continues to *deny* Christ." Again speaking of the modern pre-Raphaelite artists he says: "You perceive that the principal resistance they have to make is to that spurious beauty, whose attractiveness had tempted men to forget, or to despise, the more noble quality of sincerity; and in order at once to put them beyond the power of temptation from this beauty, they are, as a body,

characterized by a total absence of sensibility to the ordinary and popular forms of artistic gracefulness. * * * * * This character is absolutely necessary to them at the present time." Let us close with the hope expressed by the same author in these terms: "The 'magna est veritas' was never more sure of accomplishment than by these men (Pre-Raphaelites). Their adversaries have no chance with them. They will gradually unite their influence with whatever is true or powerful in the reactionary art of other countries; and on their works such a school will be founded as shall justify the third age of the 'world's civilization, and render it as great in creation as it has been in discovery."

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



AN UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

(Translated from the French.)

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of this century Dieppe had, as a city, lost much of its importance, its maritime expeditions were on a grander scale than its limited commerce

to-day would lead us to suppose. The era of fabulous fortunes had not so long passed by, but, that occasionally there came from distant lands some of those unexpected millionaires whom the theatres have so much abused; so that without being at all simple-minded, one might easily believe in "uncles from America."

The widow Mauvaire, who lived some four miles from Dieppe, had experienced sad afflictions. Her eldest son and the only support of the family, had been shipwrecked, leaving his four children to her care. This misfortune had likewise interfered with—perhaps rendered impossible—the marriage of her daughter Clémence. At the same time it had entirely deranged the prospects of her son Martin, who had been obliged to relinquish his studies, and reassume his part in the work of the farm.

But, in the midst of the uneasiness and dejection of the poor family, a ray of hope seemed to dawn for them. A letter from Dieppe announced the return of the brother-in-law of the widow, who had left there twenty years before, with, according to his own account, "some curiosities from the New World," and with the intention of establishing himself at Dieppe.

This letter, received the day before, now completely occupied them, and, although it contained nothing precise, the son Martin, who had some little learning, declared he recognized in it the style of a man so good-natured and liberal that he could not fail to have enriched himself.

Once started, imagination travels fast. Each one added his supposition to that of Martin. "Ah!" said the widow, sighing, "if my poor son Didier had only lived till

now. Who knows what his uncle would do for him!"

"But there are his children, god-mother, and Miss Clémence, who shall not refuse a legacy," said Julienne an adopted god-daughter.

"What use have I for it," said Clémence, hanging her head sadly.

"What use?" replied Julienne; "why, then the parents of M. Marc would have nothing to say."

"And if he did not propose you could easily find another. With an uncle from America, any one can make a good match."

"What there is hurry about is a place for your brother, Martin," said the widow, in a sad tone. "Well the count gives me some hope," replied Martin.

"But he never decides" said the mother, "and, meanwhile, time passes and the corn is eaten. Great men never think of that; their time is given to pleasure, and when they remember the morsel of bread they have promised, one is almost dead with hunger."

"Never mind; with uncle Bruno's friendship we shall have no more to fear," said Martin.

"He should be on his way now," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive at any moment. Is everything made ready for him Clémence?" The young girl rose and showed her mother the sideboard, loaded with unusual abundance. Near a leg of mutton, just taken from the oven, was an enormous quarter of smoked bacon, flanked by two plates of wheaten buns, and a porringer of sweet cream. Several jars of sweet cider completed the bill of fare. Julienne spoke, besides, of some apple-sauce and short-cake, which were before the fire.

Suddenly, one of the children, keeping watch outside, rushed into the house, crying—"Here he is!" "Here he is!"

"Who is it?" cried they all in one voice.

"Why, it's uncle Bruno," replied a strong and jovial voice.

The entire family approached the door. A sailor rested on the door step and looked

up at them. On his right hand he held a green parrot, on his left a little monkey.

The children, frightened at his appearance, took refuge at their grandmother's side, while she herself was unable to restrain a cry. Martin, Clémence, and the servant looked on as if stupefied.

"Why, what's the matter? Are you afraid of my menagerie?" said Bruno, laughing.

Martin noticed for the first time that the shoes of the sailor were covered with mud.

"Did you come on foot, uncle Bruno?" asked he, with an air of astonishment.

"Why, man, did you expect me to come over your corn-fields in a canoe?" replied the sailor gayly.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man; "but, after reading uncle's letter, I had supposed"—

"Well, what? you thought I would arrive with a three-decker, did you?"

"No," replied Martin, trying to laugh agreeably; "but with your trunks to stay some time; for you gave us to understand you would remain with us."

"Did I?"

"Yes! for you said you would come with all you possessed."

"Well! here is all I possess!" said Bruno, "my monkey and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" cried the family simultaneously.

"Yes, but! excuse me sister-in-law; I see here some cider and the dozen miles I have walked have made my throat rather dry."

The sailor, in the meantime, had helped himself to something to drink. The family looked on in consternation. Whether they liked it or not, they had to serve the apple-sauce and the smoked bacon, because they had been seen; but the widow Mauvaire contrived to shut up the rest of the side-board.

Beyond doubt, at the end of an hour, it appeared that uncle Bruno's only fortune was good humor and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, but displayed itself differently, according to the character of each one. Clémence said nothing, but left with Julienne to attend to the household affairs, while the widow resumed her wheel outside the door.

Left alone with his nephew, uncle Bruno

quietly set down his glass, then, placing both elbows on the table looked Martin steadily in the face. "Do you know, my boy," said he, quietly, "this is not the way to receive a relative whom you have not seen for twenty years?"

Martin replied briskly that his reception had been as good as it could be, and that it did not depend upon them to offer him better cheer.

"But it depends upon you to offer me pleasanter faces," replied Bruno. "But we have said enough on that subject, my boy, and I don't like family quarrels. Only remember, some day you may be sorry for such behavior; that's all I have to say."

Martin, struck by his words, began to suspect that uncle Bruno would not have spoken in this way if he possessed only a monkey and a parrot! We have been duped, thought he. He wanted to prove us.

He ran to his mother and sister to make known his discovery. Both hastened to enter. The widow pretended to be astonished at the empty appearance of the table.

"Why! where is the short-cake?" said she; "where are the buns and cream I put away for Bruno? Clémence see if there are not some nuts in the sideboard."

Clémence obeyed, and when all was over sat down smiling near the sailor. The latter regarded her with kind complacency.

"I am glad to see you" he said, "this is not the first day I have known you, my little one,—some one spoke to me long ago of you."

"Who was it?" said the young girl, astonished. Before the sailor had time to reply, a sharp, quick voice called loudly, "Clémence."

The latter, surprised, turned, but saw no one.

"Ah! you can't tell who calls you!" said the sailor, laughing.

"Clémence! Clémence!" repeated the voice.

"It's the parrot!" said Martin.

"The parrot!" exclaimed the young girl; "why, who taught him my name!"

"One who has not forgotten it," said Bruno, twinkling his eye.

"Was it you, uncle?"

"No, child; but a young sailor from Omonville"

"Marc!"

"I believe that was his name."

"Have you seen him, then, uncle?"

"Occasionally, as I returned on the same vessel with him."

"Has he returned?"

"With sufficient after his voyage to enable him to marry, without any need of his parents giving him a house-warming."

"And he has spoken to you"——

"Of you," said the sailor, "and so often that Jake has learned the name as you see."

"Everyone rejoiced, but Clémence especially, who kissed her uncle in a transport of gratitude. "You have made one happy, brother Bruno," said the widow with tears in her eyes.

"I hope she will not be the only one," said the sailor, looking serious as he spoke. "To you also, sister, I would like to offer something; but I fear to awaken many sad remembrances."

"You would speak of my son Didier" replied the old woman with the natural promptness of a mother

"Yes, precisely," said Bruno.

She had given her hand to the sailor. He pressed it in both of his.

"When our ship arrived in India, his had been there two weeks. All I could do was to find out where he was buried, and put over his grave a simple cross of bamboo."

"And you did that for him?" cried the widow, bathed in tears. "Oh! a thousand thanks, Bruno! a thousand thanks."

"I have not told you all" continued Bruno, who was affected in spite of himself. "Those beggarly Lascars stole everything belonging to him; but I managed to find his watch, which I brought back to you, sister. Here it is."

While speaking, he showed her a large silver watch, suspended by a cord made of yarn. The widow seized it and kissed it over and over again. All the women wept, and even Martin seemed moved; Bruno coughed, and tried to drink to smother his emotion.

When the widow found words again, she pressed to her heart the worthy sailor, and thanked him again and again.

The "Uncle from America" had come back as poor as he went away. In telling

his nephew that he might some day repent their unkindness, he had only had in mind the regret they would sooner or later experience for having misunderstood a good relative. The rest was his nephew's own inference.

Martin, who had gone out but a moment before, suddenly returned to ask Bruno if he would be willing to sell his monkey.

"Rochambeau? Jove! I would not," said he, "I would not take ten times his value for him. But who wants to buy him?"

"The Count," replied the young man. "He just passed by, saw the monkey, and was so taken up with it that he asked me to sell it to him at my own price."

"Well! you may answer we prefer keeping him," said Bruno, puffing away at his pipe. Martin looked woeful.

"This is an unlucky day," said he; "the Count told me he recollected his promise; and that if I would bring him the monkey he would see if he could let me have the appointment of receiver of rents"

Bruno made him explain the whole affair.

"Well, then!" said the sailor brusquely, "I won't sell the monkey, but I will give it to him. You will make him a present of it, and then he will be obliged to recognize your politeness."

A general concert of thanks arose around Bruno, which he could cut short only by despatching his nephew to the castle with Rochambeau. Martin was received most graciously by the Count, who talked with him a long time, assured him he could well fill the office which he had asked, and which he granted him.

The widow wishing to repair the wrong she had done, confessed to the sailor the interested hopes which his reappearance among them had excited. Bruno burst out laughing.

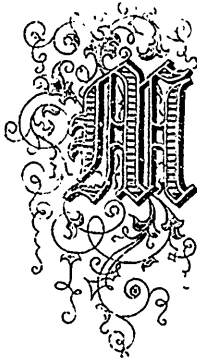
"By Neptune!" cried he, "I have played you a good trick. You hoped for millions, and I have only brought you two good-for-nothing animals."

"Oh! no, uncle," said Clémence gently; "you have brought us three priceless treasures. Thanks to you, my mother has now a souvenir, my brother employment, and I

—I have hope!"

MAY AFRICA BE CIVILIZED?

By Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.



AY Africa be civilized? Why not? Were not the nations of Europe, and, among the rest, our British forefathers civilized? Who will say that, in their early days, they were not as much barbarians as the tribes of Africa are now?

That eminent British statesman, Pitt, was a believer in the possibility of civilizing Africa. Mr. Windham told Mr. Wilberforce that Fox and Grey with whom he walked home after the debate on the African slave trade, "agreed with him in thinking Pitt's speech one of the most extraordinary displays of eloquence they had ever heard. For the last twenty minutes he really seemed to be inspired. He was dilating upon the future prospects of civilizing Africa." Says the historian: "There are certainly few things in the whole compass of oratory more magnificent than his retrospect of the early condition of the Britons as slaves exported to the Roman market and his report of those who contended that Africa was incapable of civilization." "Why," said the great statesman, "might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to British barbarians, have predicted with equal coldness. There is a people that will never rise to civilization; there is a people destined never to be free; a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful art, depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species, and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world. Might not this have been said in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of

the inhabitants of Africa?" The cause of civilization proceeds favourably in Africa except when interrupted by the noxious interference of individuals and societies which claim to be Christian and promoters of Christian civilization. Of such interference we have a notable instance in Uganda, a kingdom of three millions of inhabitants under the government of a native king who was aided by a council of state and a representative assembly. In addition to this a Catholic mission had been at work for several years and was very successful. Many of the natives and the king himself had become Christians. The chief elements of civilization were in successful operation and would have so continued but for hostile interference that cannot be too severely condemned. An Anglican bishop who was at the head of a newly begun Protestant mission, finding himself powerless to produce any such results as he desired, repaired to England and favoured by the patronage of the authorities of the time, succeeded in raising an army of fifteen thousand men and in collecting fourteen thousand pounds sterling, in aid of the mission of which he was the chief. Returning to Africa in concert with the East Africa Company, a trading concern, he found a pretext for waging war on the native king and his people. British soldiers could not fail to conquer in such a war. A cruel massacre of the defenceless natives followed. A great number were shot down remorselessly under the direction *horresco referens* of two British captains, when trying to escape. One of these captains has paid the penalty of his crimes, having fallen a victim to native vengeance in South Africa. The Catholic mission was utterly destroyed, its members dispersed, and their buildings, the labour of years, leveled with the ground. The king was

deprived of his authority and his admirably regulated system of government overthrown, and it was ordained that all cases and causes should be heard and tried at a place where the East Africa Trading Company enjoyed complete control.

After so much bloodshed and destruction of property the members of the East Africa Company and their abettors appear to have had some remorse. The Catholic mission was so far restored as to have its church and house renewed; but it was compelled to confine its missionary labours to a small portion of the kingdom, while the rest, the greater part, was allotted to Protestants and Mahomedans. As regards the king, little was done for him except that he was allowed to retain his title.

Meanwhile there came a change in the British government, and the East Africa Company was no longer to be encouraged or countenanced by the queen's ministers. On the contrary a commissioner was despatched to Africa with full power to regulate the affairs of Uganda—to see right and justice done. Soon after his arrival we read with pleasure that the native king was reinstated in his sovereign rights, together with the government

which was established so far on constitutional principles; and that the Catholic mission was thoroughly re-established, its properties restored and its right secured to extend its labours to all parts of Uganda. It has been reported that the East Africa Company was obliged to withdraw. Be this as it may its influence for evil is at an end. It can no longer wage war on the natives and enrich itself by robbing them of their rights and properties.

The same commissioner is now at work in South Africa, and it is hoped he will succeed in putting an end, on terms equitable to the natives, to the wars which the merchant prime minister of South Africa is waging against a native tribe.

In concluding we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that mercantile concerns ought never to have anything to do in the government of countries or colonies that are subject to Great Britain, or under the protection of British power. The past and present state of India abundantly proves the soundness of this view. A trading company governed India, and there came "the mutiny" with all its horrors. It is now ruled over by British statesmen, and there is order, peace and contentment.



Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The sun comes forth, and like a god,
Rides through rejoicing heaven.

—SOUTHEY.



ULTRAMUNDANE VISITORS.

Incensed with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a *comet* burned
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid brow
 Shakes pestilence and war.

—Milton.



IN the childhood of those who are middle-aged, astronomy could only say of comets that they came from great distances, in all directions, and in calculable orbits.

We have not to go back many centuries to find them—in the popular belief—shaking pestilence and war from their horrid heads. Even at the present time, though much definite knowledge regarding comets has been obtained, their infrequent appearance and mysterious aspect, never fail to make a strong impression on the mind of man.

Nearly all the ancient astronomers regarded comets as mere meteorological phenomena, and this was the general belief until the invention of the telescope in the sixteenth century. With the aid of this instrument, and afterwards by means of the spectroscope scientists were enabled to discover much regarding the motions and nature of those celestial bodies, so long objects of terror.

Tycho-Brahe, the famed Swedish astronomer who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was the first to ascertain that comets are bodies extraneous to our atmosphere, and from observations made on the comet of 1577 he concluded that the paths of comets should be circular. This, however, was considered as a mere opinion till about one hundred years later when Newton published his method of determining the orbit of comets. Fifteen hundred years before, Seneca, the Roman philosopher, argued against the theories of his contemporaries, and held that comets were bodies moving in paths prescribed by nature, and foretold that posterity would wonder that scientists of his time were ignorant of a truth so evident. To Newton, however, belongs the honor of having demonstrated from observations on the great comet of 1680, that comets are guided in their orbit by

the same principle which governs the motions of the planets. Being convinced that the law of gravitation held for comets and that their paths in the heavens were on open curves, he tried, with his friend Halley, to mathematically represent these orbits. The success they obtained encouraged Halley to devote his time to that branch of astronomy, and before his death he had computed the orbits of several comets. His successors continued the work he had begun, and at the present time the orbits of hundreds of comets have been calculated.

These orbits present every variety of eccentricity, some being ellipses, others parabolas, others hyperbolas. It is evident from the nature of the parabola and the hyperbola, that those comets which have an hyperbolic or parabolic orbit visit the sun but once and then return to ultramundane spaces never more to be seen. They come from the infinite and return to the infinite. As to those whose orbit is elliptical, some come back to us at regular intervals, while others have so long a period that it is doubtful if they will ever be seen again.

The origin of comets belongs yet to the unknown. Where they were created or how they were launched in their eccentric paths is merely hypothetical. The fact that their planes cut that of the ecliptic in every direction, and that most of their orbits are parabolic tends to indicate that they had not the same origin as the planets, and that they do not belong to the solar system. They are mere visitors from interstellar space, and, when remote from the sun, they have the shape of a round, bright spot, and lack the nebulousity and tail they display on approaching the centre of our planetary system. The length of the tail is seldom less than 10,000,000 miles, and in several cases has been known to exceed 100,000,000. With their tail and head comets are the bulkiest bodies known, having sometimes

a volume almost beyond conception.

Though the volume of comets be immense, we have every reason to believe that their mass must be insignificant. Being strangers in our planetary system, these celestial bodies when they visit the sun, would, from the law of universal attraction, be a new attracting force acting on the planets, if their density at all approached that of the latter. They have never been observed, however, to cause any sensible disturbance of the planetary motions, though some of them have come so near, that, according to calculation made, if their mass had been $\frac{1}{100000}$ that of the earth's, they would have produced very appreciable effects. On the contrary, they themselves have sometimes been so much affected as to quite change their orbits. Moreover, we know that the composition of the tails must be of almost inconceivable tenuity, from the fact that stars seen through them suffer no diminution of brightness, though the light has sometimes to traverse millions of miles of cometary atmosphere.

A question which has been much discussed is whether the comets shine by light reflected or intrinsic. On observing a comet coming from the infinite, we remark that as it approaches the sun, it becomes more and more brilliant until it reaches its perihelion; then as it recedes it gradually loses its brightness, and finally disappears on account of its faintness, though still of considerable apparent size. This phenomenon strongly bears out the hypothesis that comets merely reflect light from the sun, and this was the general belief of astronomers up to the year 1864 when for the first time the spectroscope was used to investigate the nature of comets. The spectrum given by the comet of that year was different from that of the sun, thus showing that its light did not consist solely of reflected sunlight. Observations made since have given the same results; and thus is proved the fact that a part, at least, of the light of comets is not obtained from the sun.

Astronomers estimate at about seven hundred the number of comets seen since the beginning of our era. This number may appear small, but it must be remembered that up to the seventeenth century only those comets were noticed which were

visible to the naked eye; if we consider that out of two hundred and nine comets observed during the present century only nineteen could be seen without the aid of the telescope, we may well conclude that had the sky been swept by this instrument during the last twenty centuries thousands of comets would have been seen.

More comets have been observed during this century than during any preceding one. This is in great part due to comet-hunters who make a specialty of searching for them. The father of this branch of astronomy was Messier, a French astronomer, who lived in the last century; he himself discovered sixteen comets. The enthusiastic comet-hunter sweeps as much of the sky with his telescope as his leisure and fair weather permit, and so numerous have such amateurs become that it is now rare for a comet to be seen by the naked eye ere it has been detected by the telescope.

Among the periodic comets i.e. those which move in elliptical orbits and return to the sun at regular intervals and which on account of their short period have been studied in a special manner, Halley's Comet and Encke's Comet are the most important. Halley's Comet, so called in memory of the astronomer of that name, was the first periodic comet whose return was predicted. A short time after Newton had published his method for determining a comet's orbit, Halley, basing on observations made respectively by Kepler and Apian on the comet of 1607 and 1531, found that the two orbits were identical with the orbit of the comet of 1682. He concluded that these three were different appearances of the same comet, having a period of seventy-six years; he predicted its return for the year 1759, and it actually reappeared about the date predicted. Its first recorded appearance was in the year 12 B.C., and since then it has been seen twenty-four times. Of the short periodic comets it is the only one visible to the naked eye, and on account of its immense size it was often in the ages, when comets were dreaded, an object of terror. The chroniclers of the Middle Ages always describe it in the most awful colors. Its appearance in the year 1456, three years after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, while all Chris-

tian Europe was yet under the emotions of awe this event had produced, was regarded with particular dread. Science has since changed men's opinions regarding our brilliant visitor, and it is now ever looked forward to with great interest after its long journey through space. The last time it was seen was in the year 1835, and it is next expected in the year 1911.

Encke's comet is interesting as offering an exception to the other comets in the period of its revolution around the sun. It was discovered in 1818 by Pons, and its periodicity was computed in the year following. From calculations made, Encke, a German astronomer, after whom the comet has taken its name, concluded from the identity of orbit that it appeared in the year 1795 and 1815 and that it had a period of about three years and a half. Since then it has always come back to perihelion within the calculated time. So it has been continually shortening its period, and at the rate of two hours and a half in each revolution. When its periodicity was first calculated it was 1212 days, and the last time it was seen, it had completed its revolution around the sun in 1209 days. It is thus continually approaching the sun, and if this diminution of its orbit continues it will finally fall into it. Several theories have been advanced by scientists to explain this acceleration, but none explain it in a perfectly satisfactory way. A plausible hypothesis is that this comet on account of its great lightness, being the least dense of known comets, has its motion retarded by the resistance of an interplanetary medium. This resistance would, at first sight, seem to lengthen the periodicity rather than to shorten it, but it must be remembered that from the law of universal attraction, the comet is at the same time acted upon by the attracting force of the sun, which varies with the velocity of the body attracted. When therefore the velocity of this comet is diminished by the resisting medium, the attracting force of the sun increases and draws it inward.

The old superstitious dread of comets has passed away, and the discoveries science has made concerning them indicate that there is no reason why these celestial bodies should exercise the influ-

ence on human events, once commonly ascribed to them. But on the other hand, these discoveries have led to the discussion among astronomers of the possibility for a comet: materially affecting our planet. It is urged that a comet might do us harm in two ways, either by actually striking the earth, or by falling into the sun, thus causing a great increase of heat in that body.

With regard to a collision between the earth and a comet, it seems possible, even probable, that such an event has already taken place, since the orbits of comets cut the ecliptic in all directions. The result may be judged to be of little consequence, for the comets seem to be of such slight density that they cannot pierce the earth's atmosphere. This is specially true of a collision between the earth and a comet's tail. The consequence, in case the head of a comet and the earth would meet, might be a subject of some apprehension. Everything would depend on the mass and density of the nucleus. If the nucleus were composed of rocks weighing tons, there is no doubt that, with the velocity comets generally have in their course, the shock the earth would receive would be a very serious matter, the destruction of our planet perhaps. Most astronomers however, unite in saying that the head of the comet is composed of particles of matter excessively light, and consequently that the effect of such meetings would not amount to more than a shower of meteors.

Although our ultramundane visitors be no cause of danger for us, yet when we consider their peculiar appearance, their immense size, and the speed with which they fly through space, we cannot fail to experience some of the awe which they caused in olden times. Science has indeed revealed many of their characteristics, but they still remain objects of wonder and mystery. Astonishing discoveries have lately been made concerning them. Who knows what is reserved for the future? In the meanwhile let us welcome these visitors from distant quarters of our vast universe, and strive to make them a means of bringing our minds and hearts nearer to that Supreme Ruler who in a boundless creation has showered marvelously great favors on the inhabitants of our tiny world.

THE VERNAL MONTHS.



ALE April,—showing smiles or tears,
 And both almost together;
 Her robes are manifold, she fears
 The chill, unsettled weather.

Blithe May,—filled buds and sweet wild flowers
 Among her flowing tresses,
 The birds sing welcome, beany hours
 Awake as she progresses.

Bright June,—a queen in youthful prime
 Whose eyes can laugh or lighten,
 The deptful vasts of sky and clime
 Her emanations brighten.

Oh, sunny ray and soft south wind!
 While swollen rain-clouds lower,
 Through buried seeds your quickening send,
 That bloom may cheer the sower.

MAURICK W. CASEY.

GENUINE GEMS.



REVENGE and wrong
bring forth their
kind,
The foul cubs like
their parents are;
Their den is in the
the guilty mind,
And conscience fills
them with despair.
—Shelley.

Each after all learns only what he can;
Who grasps the moment as it flies.
He is the real man.
—Goethe.

Show me the man you honor; I know by
that symptom better than by any other
what kind of a man you are yourself; for
you show me what your ideal of mankind
is, what kind of a man you long to be.
—Curlye.

Circumstances are the rulers of the
weak; they are but the instruments of the
wise.
—Sam'l. Lover.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind
A blemish in another's fame to find;
Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
Nor deem a rival's merits make yours less.
—Cowper.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's
mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy
bringeth men's minds about to religion.
—Bacon.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—Shakespeare.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
soul.
—Pope.

Where vice prevails, and impious men bear
sway,
The post of honor is the private station.
—Addison.

When a man has not good reason for
doing a thing he has one good reason for
letting it alone.
—Scott.

For every sort of suffering there is sleep
provided by a gracious Providence save
that of sin.
—Southey.

How much pain have cost us the evils
that have never happened!
—Jefferson.

Go wing thy flight from star to star.
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all.
—Moore.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
—Gray.

No fountain is so small but that heaven
may be imagined in its bosom.
—Hartthorne.

Words are like leaves; and where they
most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
found.
—Pope.

If I blush it is to see a nobleman want
manners.
—Shakespeare.

One smile of friendship, nay, of cold
esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit.
—Moore.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm
for something that makes life worth look-
ing at.
—Holmes

Fear is the white-lipped sire of subter-
fuge and treachery.
—Mrs. Sigourney.

THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS.



WELL-NIGH nineteen centuries have come and gone since the Church of Christ unfurled her banner and went forth to fight the battles of her Founder, against a depraved, sensual, pagan world. Century after century has glided by, proud monarchies have risen, shone in their ephemeral splendor, and disappeared. The Church alone has survived the crash and ruin of earthly dynasties because she alone has ever been under the leadership of the eternal, unchangeable God.

The self-same drama of the first three centuries is still being enacted in the nineteenth century; the actors have been changed, the martyrs of blood have been superseded by the martyrs of duty. Yes, even in this prosaic, materialistic, nineteenth century, consecrated to the cult of steam and electricity, the Church produces martyrs who force an unbelieving age to pay its tribute of honor and respect to these noble heroes. Among the most prominent of those, who during our time, have laid down their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of fraternal charity, is the heroic, saintly Father Joseph Damien de Venster, the apostle of the lepers of Molokai.

Father Damien, as he is commonly called, was born at Tremeloo, in Belgium, and received his education at the famous University of Louvain. Responding to the call of conscience which summoned him to the missionary life, he cheerfully bade adieu to country, friends and parents, that he might the more unreservedly devote his all to the service of his God.

He set sail for the Sandwich Islands, and shortly after reaching his destination was raised to the priesthood by Bishop Maigret. Father Damien had been on ordinary mission work for only a few years when he heard his Bishop lamenting the sad condition of the lepers isolated on Molokai Island, and deprived of the consolation of the sacraments in their dying

hours. Father Damien immediately presented himself before the Bishop and said "Monseigneur remembering that I have already lain under the funeral pall at my religious profession, to learn that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life, I am here ready to enter a living tomb with those afflicted ones, many of whom I am already acquainted with." The good Bishop was only too glad to accede to Father Damien's request and accompanied his young disciple to his voluntary Van Diemen's Land, to which, as far as earthly considerations were concerned, might well be applied the words inscribed upon the entrance to Dante's hell. "Ye who enter here leave all hope behind." The entire leper settlement turned out to greet the welcome visitors. The Bishop in his address to them said: "Since you have written me so often that you have no priest,—I leave you one for a little time." Father Damien landed, perfectly assured that it was only a question of time when he himself would become a victim to that dread disease so loathsome and disgusting "that corruption can go no further, nor flesh suffer deeper dishonor, this side of the grave."

Let us, for a moment, turn aside from the immediate subject of this sketch, to cast a cursory glance upon the terrible scourge of leprosy, and the sad condition of these poor, unfortunate human beings, at the time when Father Damien came to their rescue.

To us who have been born on American soil, the Gospel accounts of cleansed lepers, the pictures of these outcast creatures cursed with a foul disease from which all turn with horror and disgust, have been oft-repeated; yet we have but a very faint idea of their dread import. Not one of us has ever watched in fearful suspense the approach of this fell scourge, stealthily in the beginning yet slowly but surely tightening its deadly grasp upon the beloved form of a near and dear relation.

It is indeed heart-rending to bid a final farewell to the cold form of a friend that has been rudely snatched away by death;

but it is a thousandfold more bitter to sob a last "good-bye" to the living presence of a tried and trusty friend doomed to eke out a miserable existence far from home and kindred, and to await in awful uncertainty the disfiguration and loathsomeness that must eventually deform those beloved features, and condemn that cherished one to a lonely forsaken death-bed, and consign him to a grave "Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

An eye-witness gives us the following description of the plague: "When leprosy is fully developed it is characterized by the presence of dusky red or livid tubercles of different sizes upon the face, lips, nose, eyebrows, ears, and extremities of the body. The skin of the tuberculated face is at the same time thickened, wrinkled, and shining, and the features are very greatly distorted. The hair of the eyebrows, eyelashes, and head falls off; the eyes are often injected, and the conjunctiva swelled; the pupil of the eye contracts, giving the organ a weird, cat-like expression; the voice becomes hoarse and nasal; the sense of smell is impaired or lost, and that of touch is strangely altered. The tuberculated parts, which are, in the first instance, sometimes supersensitive, latterly in the course of the disease become paralyzed or anaesthetic. As the malady progresses, the tubercles soften and open; ulcerations of similar mucous tubercles appear in the nose and throat, rendering the breath extremely offensive; tubercular masses, or leprous tubercles, as shown by dissection, begin to form internally upon various numerous membranes, and on the surface of the kidneys, lungs, etc., cracks, fissures, and circular ulcers appear on the fingers, toes, and extremities, and joint after joint drops off by a kind of spontaneous gangrene. Sometimes the upper and sometimes the lower extremities are specially afflicted by this mortification and mutilation of parts."

Dr. Halbeck, a celebrated eastern traveller relates that he once saw two lepers sowing peas in a field. "The one had no hands, the other had no feet,—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other who wanted feet, on his back; and he again carried in his hands a bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and

then, which the other pressed into the ground with his feet." Another visitor writes that as he passed through a hospital ward, he found a little heap of humanity in a bed and entirely concealed by a red woollen blanket. An attendant happened to draw back the covering and disclosed to view a withered face; the sufferer's eyes could not open; the eyelids, which resembled thick films, quivered feebly; the flesh of the only arm that remained was eaten away and appeared as though it had been eaten by rats but it was only the fangs of the fell destroyer that had fastened there. The writer goes on to say that this miserable sufferer was fanned by a friend who smiled and laughingly remarked that the old man was on his death-bed. The poor, unfortunate sufferer lay there a heap of hideous corruption awaiting the tardy summons to another and a better world. His companions did not seem the least disconcerted; some slept on the neighboring couches, others played cards, and others more gloomy than their fellow-lepers communed with themselves in sullen calmness, as though awaiting their part in the terrible drama, and noting its slow but deadly approach in the putrefying bodies of their comrades.

This dreadful plague was introduced into the Sandwich Islands by the Chinese, in 1853, and has been diffused throughout the whole kingdom with wonderful rapidity. The government was forced to set aside the island of Molokai for the use of the lepers, and there are now almost two thousand unfortunate human beings incarcerated in this living tomb. But, worse than all this, moral leprosy once stalked there side by side with its corporal attendant; children were corrupted even before they attained their tenth year; concubinage was so common that marriage was almost unknown. Such was the sad plight of the lepers of Molokai, when Father Damien appeared in their midst as an angel of mercy and hope.

No words of ours could give so graphic a description of Father Damien's trials and tribulations, as the following extract taken from a letter written by this saintly priest to a friend: "I found on my arrival a little chapel dedicated to St. Philomena, but that was all. No house

to shelter me ; I lived a long time under the shelter of a tree. Later on the whites of Honolulu having assisted me with their subscriptions, I was able to build myself a hut, sixteen feet long and ten feet wide, where I am now writing these lines." Referring to leprosy he writes : "The flesh is eaten away and gives out a fetid odor ; even the breath of the leper becomes so foul that the air around is poisoned by it. One day at Mass I found myself so stifled, that I thought I must leave the altar, to breathe a little of the open air, but I restrained myself, thinking of our Lord when he commanded them to open the grave of Lazarus, notwithstanding Martha's words, *jam foetet*

Sometimes indeed, I feel some repugnance when I have to hear the confessions of those near their end, whose wounds are full of maggots. Often also I scarce know how to administer Extreme Unction, when both hands and feet are nothing but raw wounds. This may give you some idea of my daily work."

Father Damien was indefatigable in his labors for his lepers. Their spiritual physician, he applied to their moral leprosy the sweet balm of Calvary ; the healer of their corporal leprosy, he endeavored to procure the best remedies known to modern science.

After the young disciple had spent only a few months amongst the lepers he visited the President of the Board of Health at Honolulu, but was rudely informed that he was absolutely forbidden to leave the leproserie. Thus he suddenly found himself a prisoner confined on a small island whose sole inhabitants were eight hundred lepers. Fortunately a new king allowed travellers to inspect the leproserie at their discretion. When this proclamation was issued, the heroic priest was visited by many persons who made known to the outer world the painful labors and entire devotedness of Father Damien.

His energy was proverbial amongst the natives who said that he was "ardent and swift like the wind or fire." Prior to his advent amongst the lepers, men, women, and children were huddled together, regardless of age or sex. The weaker of the poor sufferers were dying at an alarming rate ; the stronger and more robust crazed by misfortune and

over-indulgence in ki-root beer, ran almost naked over the island.' Through Father Damien's heroic efforts all this was soon changed.

Drunkenness, despair, squalid poverty, wretchedness, concubinage gave place to temperance, hope, contentment, simple happiness, and lawful wedlock. Father Damien worked as a carpenter in the construction of huts for the poor ; he dressed the sores of the dying and afforded them sweet consolation in their last agony ; he made coffins ; every year he dug almost two hundred graves ; he built a school and taught a class of about sixty. Chapels were constructed and decorated, vestments were made by the women lepers whose disfigured and maimed hands allowed them to take part in such work ; a choir was formed and all the ceremonies prescribed by the Church for the various festivals of the year were accurately performed. Societies for boys, girls, men, and women were established ; the confessional was crowded, and the baptism of converts was a daily occurrence. Visitors were enthusiastic in their praise of the manner in which the ceremonies of the Church were performed by a congregation "amongst which there was perhaps not a single human form which one could look upon without horror. The fetid odor which filled the church made it like the gate of Pluto's Kingdom." Father Damien founded societies to nurse the sick, the perpetual adoration, the devotion of the month of May, in short he introduced everything calculated to enkindle an ardent faith in the hearts of the lepers.

A subscription amounting to fifteen hundred dollars, was at one time raised by Henry Labouchere and forwarded to Father Damien by the late Cardinal Manning, and five thousand dollars were once remitted to him by Rev. Hugh Chapman, an English Episcopal clergyman.

Though Father Damien ever exerted a powerful influence upon the lepers, it was only when he himself became one of their number, that he obtained a complete and enduring ascendancy over the most obstinate of the exiled colony. It was surely a scene never to be forgotten to behold the brave leper-priest ascend the altar and address his congregation as

"Fellow-lepers," that heroic servant who had bade adieu to a happy home and devoted himself to the service of his Master in what was then called a "living hell."

Early in 1884 Father Damien knew that his fate was sealed. That he bore his misfortunes with the heroism of a true martyr, is quite evident from the following extract taken from a letter to a friend:—"People pity me, and think me unfortunate but I think myself the happiest of missionaries." It has often been remarked that religious who make the greatest sacrifices are the most sensitive with regard to earthly ties and kindred. So it was with Father Damien. In his last moments Catholics and Protestants vied with one another in transmitting to him expressions of esteem and sympathy, but as though he were doomed by Providence to drain the bitter cup of misfortune to the very dregs, no letter came from those beloved ones at home to console him in his agony.

He had "fought the good fight," he had persevered unto the end, and the crown of everlasting happiness was all but won. Shortly before his death he remarked to

Father Wendelin who attended him during his last illness: "Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but the good God is calling me to celebrate Easter with himself. May God be blessed for it." On Saturday, April 13th, 1889, he breathed forth his pure soul almost without a struggle. It is impossible to describe the wail of sorrow which burst from the hearts of the orphaned lepers when they learned that their noble young martyr-priest had gone to meet his Creator. In fact the whole civilized world united in doing honor to the memory of this devoted child of the Sacred Heart.

His own congregation has established the "Institut Damien," which is a college designed to prepare young men to continue his mission amongst the lepers. The most prominent men of England, with the Prince of Wales as president, organized a memorial fund by means of which they erected a monument to his memory at Molokai and endowed a ward in one of the London hospitals for the study of leprosy.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.



ATHLETES AND THEIR WAYS.



ONE of the characteristics of our times, in the New World at least, is the wide-spread interest taken in athletic contests; witness the eagerness with which hundreds and thousands look for accounts of the prospects of each side in a university boat-race, a football, lacrosse or hockey match, or a fistic encounter, and the feverish expectancy with which the results of such events are awaited. The writer counts on this general interest in sporting matters as an assurance that a page or two on the methods of training followed by athletes, amateur or professional, will not be unwelcome to the average reader; the more so, as this element in athletic events, the most important in determining their results, is seldom closely considered by any but the contestants themselves, and those near them. Some readers, it is hoped may avail themselves of certain exercises and measures described as a means of securing the much to be desired *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Throughout the different countries of Europe and America enthusiasts in physical culture have been zealous in providing institutions for its advancement. Calisthenic exercises have been introduced to promote strength and grace of movement. Gymnasiums have been established to obtain increase of bodily activity and muscular development. The adoption of calisthenics is to promote grace of movement and simplicity of action; strength is by no means neglected but cultivated in an imperfect degree. In the gymnasium, the scope is more extensive, and a greater variety of work is accessible.

A gymnasium properly fitted up with the appliances of modern invention, contains all the apparatus requisite for developing any part of the body. All the muscles are brought into vigorous and constant action, and rendered hard and strong. Depth of lung and capacity of endurance are increased, and the human body is fully adapted for all its possible exertions. The

most essential appliances in a gymnasium are the horizontal bar, parallel bars, pulleys, weight-lifting, rowing-machine, trapezes and flying rings. Gymnasiums are under the control and direct supervision of competent trainers who direct the participants in their work, permitting no more than the strength of the individual will allow, and not beyond the innate capacity, since in that case the misapplication of a principle will have serious results.

After a thorough practical course in those institutions we can conceive a true gymnast developed in form, in muscular activity and bodily strength, in increase of lung power and capacity for endurance. One who aims at making the athletic performances a profession, next usually directs his exertions to becoming proficient in one or probably two branches, for excellence in one branch, such as running, leaping or lifting, is usually preferable to deficiency in several. Although the athlete is fully qualified in bodily strength by his gymnastic preparation to enter this new arena, yet it must be remembered that he has only passed from one sphere to another. His work is far from being terminated; it is only in an early stage. When he has decided on the branch of athletics to which his inclination leads, practice, the only possible means of reaching proficiency, is indulged in regularly and methodically. The work to be done is varied both as regards quality and quantity. Each day has its allotment of work. Many reasons may be advanced for variety in the kind and amount of daily work; an important object is to prevent the practice from becoming monotonous and wearisome, which would tend to produce inattention, listlessness and indifference. The particular thoroughness required in the branch in which he seeks to excel must be kept in view. Athletes, training for a foot-race for instance, pursue a method regulated by the distance of the race and the strength of the individual. For a long race, a plan is drawn up and a certain amount of work for each day is specified. The athlete does not run the same distance every day

and rarely runs the whole distance at full speed more than twice a week.

In connection with practice, proper diet is an auxiliary which experience and the medical profession have proved to be indispensable, if one wishes to reach and retain good form and condition. As to the best kind of diet it is impossible to lay down particular rules. It is a matter for scientists to agree on, or to disagree on, as they usually do in such matters, and a practical athlete can only judge of it empirically. Fortunately, however, scientists and practical athletes are of one opinion in their denunciation of a diet which requires a daily course of physic. Physic, no doubt, is often necessary to remedy mistakes made in diet, but it should be used as a purgative, not as a part of the diet. Here it may be noted that young men often begin training for a race, handicapped by the traditional belief in the efficacy of a particular and restricted diet, daily sweating, and the rigid abstinence from every drop of liquid that can possibly be dispensed with.

Another and greater difficulty in laying down any regimen of training is the indubitable fact that no two men are alike in their internal economy any more than they are in their external features, and proverbial philosophy informs us one man's food is another man's poison. Consequently to speak merely from practical experience with absolute confidence becomes impossible. An athlete in training should lead a natural life and take an ordinary natural diet. Let that diet be plain and simple, however. The quantity of food should receive strict attention and be regulated by the increased amount of exercise. Some articles of food are more digestible and nutritious than others. Variety in food is pleasing and when any food, however healthy, begins to pall, it should be changed for something which, although less digestible, will please and consequently invigorate the trainée. One re-

quisite for a healthy diet is that a person should like it. Porridge makes an admirable dish for breakfast, but not to a man who does not like it.

As to drink it is absurd to prescribe the same amount of liquid for everyone. The old theory which tended to reduce the quantity to a minimum is now entirely obsolete. The athlete should never drink between meals unless he is absolutely thirsty. He may then drink to assuage his thirst, not for pleasure. At meals he may drink as he feels a craving for it. Too much drink does more to make the body fat and heavy than too much solid food. A man in training requires more liquid than he does at other times, but should take less than he is in the habit of taking unless he is more temperate than the majority of his fellowmen. The time for meals is non-essential. Modern athletes pursue the following rule, viz: A good breakfast, a light lunch and a moderate dinner after the day's work. Bathing is another powerful auxiliary in training which should receive consideration. Its effect in reviving the athlete is indubitable. By its work of ablution, it is most beneficially adapted in reinvigorating. The body is cleansed from all refuse with which it has come in contact, and as the pores are more active at this period, all the refuse material that escapes through them, to adhere to the skin, is driven off. Negligence in bathing is quickly perceived. Modern athletes indulge in a daily bath, taken immediately after a practice.

Thus the athlete's course is outlined and such are the plans adopted and the methods pursued whereby they who have aptitudes for their profession and perseverance are enabled to approach, if not reach, the summit of athletic ambition. This summit, which appears at first inaccessible, is rendered approachable by docility to instructors and by regular and faithful work.

WM. LEE, '96.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

33—We sometimes meet with, or hear of very good people, who profess a great admiration for English prose, but affirm that English verse is beyond their comprehension. Undoubtedly there are intelligences so completely practical or commonplace—the reader may choose between the terms—as to be entirely adverse to the products of the fancy. There are also persons who find their pet antipathy and chief antagonism in the very object which the bulk of mankind agrees in regarding as calling for unbounded praise and glorification. Those people are, almost invariably, quite wrong. All else being equal, it is safer to believe that the individual is wrong and the crowd is right. Those people are a class apart. They are exceptional and anomalous. Their leading incentive is vanity. Their idiosyncrasies are frequently described and satirized in common parlance by a little word which signifies a crooked utensil in mechanics. In a word, they are cranks. It was of them somebody has said that their minds would serve to wind a clock, or to pull a cork. They are the Johmaels of Society and their intellectual forces are used against all men. To argue with such people on the conspicuous unwisdom of their way, would be to waste words. As well strive to extract sunbeams from cucumbers as to convince them. It is much better to leave them “alone in their glory,” like the late lamented Sir John Moore. They form the doughty phalanx of that useful moiety of mankind which seems to have been destined by Heaven to keep the other moiety in good humor.

I must not be understood as declaring that all who confess to an inability to like or understand poetry are cranks. To say so would be more than wrong, it would be impolite. It would be to reflect upon individuals who deserve no reproof. As I have already hinted, there are people,

good, honest citizens for the most part, who cannot regard with favor

Poets making earth aware
Of its wealth in good and fair,

and those personages can not prevail upon themselves to subscribe to a poetic creed like the following, for which, I believe, no less a high-priest of prosody than Leigh Hunt is responsible:—

“Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man piecer-out; the art of Nature,
Painting her landscapes twice, the spirit of fact,
As matter is the body; the pure gift
Of heaven to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man
In all things fitting else, is most a man
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.”

If I were to ask myself why such people feel so, I should have to take refuge in the “woman's reason,” and answer, Because they feel so. It is their nature. They were born with it. They are only following its dictates. As well ask Towser why he bays the moon. Instead of finding fault with people for defects which are natural to them, and which they cannot help, I shall follow a contrary course and concede that their flaws and failings are easily explicable. To like poetry one must become accustomed to it. A taste for poetry, especially that of the highest order, is to a great extent, the product of special culture. So far the anti-poetics stand excused. This fact furnishes everyone with a working reason for their distaste for and aversion to a gentle art. It is also true, however, that an ear for verse and an eye for bold and brilliant imagery are natural to all men, and that children, even in their earliest years are charmed with any measured refrain that sets forth a stirring or plaintive story. I believe the latter of those statements is as deserving of attention as the former, and, consequently, do not hesitate to assert its logical consequences.

On the contrary, I hasten to put the conviction on record that the number of people who congenitally dislike poetry is small and not at all to be taken as corresponding with the number who say that poetry is a language which they cannot appreciate or even comprehend. To many, poetry is a foreign tongue, simply because they never gave it either their heed or their observation. In the same way, many will aver they find no charm in music, solely because they never learned a note nor much hearkened to the musician. The whole list of the arts and sciences might be exhausted in the same manner—there are people, very good people, as I have said before, who will cry out on the impulse of the moment, without reflection, and principally because the subject matter is outside of their ordinary knowledge, that this or that science has no attraction for them, but when questioned, fortunately it will be found in very many instances that their assumed want of harmony has its origin in a total ignorance of the denounced accomplishments.

While little can be done with people who delight to sit in the social Opposition—to borrow a parliamentary phrase—and absolutely nothing with the dullards who were born so, the remaining class, composed as it is of personages who only think they dislike poetry because the poets works have ever been to them as “sealed books,” but, who, mayhap, hold a wealth of nascent music in their hearts as the rough and weather-beaten rock hides golden ore, may, by means of advice, which as here given is meant to be sincere and friendly though not patronizing, be induced to conquer and cast away an error which must otherwise work to their serious disadvantage.

To begin, then, it will be necessary to adopt some means of briefly obtaining an adequate idea of the gigantic importance of English poetry to the English speaking world. As an effort towards this end, let us reflect that verse constitutes one-half of our whole literature. This half is characterized by concentration and condensation of thought, superiority of diction, and freshness and beauty of imagery. Therefore, when a person affirms that he dislikes poetry, or has no acquaintance with it, he,

in effect, avows he is uncongenial to or ignorant of one-half of the national literature, and the half, too, which possesses an abundance of those qualities whence literature derives its rarest and most stationary and abiding charms. What a confession is this to make in cold blood! “Poetry,” says Matthew Arnold, in memorable words, “is simply the most beautiful, impressive and widely effective mode of saying things and hence its importance.” There is surely nothing repellent in the results of this analysis. And Arnold does not claim too much for the art, nor does Wordsworth when he says: “Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science; emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, ‘he looks before and after!’ He is the rock of defence for human nature: an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time.” No student of literature can dispense with the brain-work of such surpassing beings. No lover of letters can reasonably say he has no need of verse. A person is said to possess a highly poetic mind when his thoughts and emotions are intensely ideal and imaginative. The poet speaks to the heart of man as man; and he must, therefore, speak from his own heart as that of a man; uttering only those thoughts and sentiments to which all other men will respond, and leaving unexpressed much that is peculiar to his race, his time, his civilization, or even his religion, except so far as this answers to what is common to the race, the time, the civilization of another, and thus addresses the intelligence and inlists the sympathies of all human kind. The truth with which the poet deals is common and universal, in the sense of being accessible to all men who have attained that degree of culture and of thought which is supposed in the use of the simple diction that poetry requires. It is, moreover, truth in an attractive form,—that truth which is worthy to be draped with the

"singing robes" of poetry. Pleasure as truly as reflection, delight as truly as impression, are ends which poetry may never lose sight of. The man who turns away from poetry as too frivolous or who shuns it as worthless must first deny all of those universally accepted facts before his decision looms justified. After he has fully established the justice of his disclaimer, but not till then, will he be at liberty wisely to belittle, asperse and condemn the division of literature which, when genuine and at its best, has more than any other portion of our national letters, raised the tone of the popular mind; formed or purified the popular taste; opened sources of exalted and unfailing enjoyment; blended with daily pursuits a grace and softness they would otherwise have wanted; were often a cheering interposition in the hours of labor; served to keep intellect alive when it might have been dissipated in mere enjoyment; soothed and comforted in times of sickness and despondency; and spread a light and a beauty over life, penetrating into its darkness, softening the faith of its rough accent, and giving to the inhabitants of the cottage and farm-house in common with those of the palatial piles of the city, the means of possessing themselves of a durable treasure compared with which the gold of Croesus were as base and valueless as the hoof-beaten soil of the highway.

Let us glance at the subject from another standpoint. I place here in almost unbroken sequence some few striking opinions, culled from a great number I have read, expressed of great poets by other great poets, or by great writers of prose, or eminent men of thought and learning in their generation. Pope writes of Homer, that "it seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of the arts, and the whole compass of nature," to produce the work which he produced. Sismond writes of Dante, "that great genius conceived in his vast imagination the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world." Johnson said of Milton, that "he had considered creation in its whole extent." Dryden affirmed of Shakespeare, that he "of all modern and perhaps ancient authors had the largest and most comprehensive mind." Now, I desire to ask

my good friend who dislikes poetry, or who fancies he does, which is virtually the same thing, a single question relating to those quotations. Could they be truthfully applied to any class of men except poets? The reply must be in the negative. Yet, it is the work of those excellent literary craftsmen which he professes to despise. Surely my good friend is better than his words. He must rise above them in reality. It would be cruel to deny him the compliment of believing that he does not mean quite all that he says.

If the poets possess the excellencies attributed to them at all times and in every country by the great scholars and profound thinkers it must be admitted that their works are deserving of careful examination and should be put to extensive practical use. Before this conclusion can be successfully assailed it must be proved that the poets were a race of "idle singers of an empty day," to use a famous refrain of William Morris. Surely none of my readers will undertake this herculean and hopeless task. To do so would be unconscionably to overset the whole body of the best literary criticism and to set at naught the matured judgments of men of undeniable light and leading. In such a case, even the most ambitious and quixotic reader will not be the first to cast the stone at the Muses. Rather will he say with Lord Bacon, that "Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnimity, and to delectation." So there will, I hope, be heard no dissentient voice when I allege, as I do now, that we should all pay much attention to the reading and study of poetry. Read the best poetic authors and the most admirable portions of the British poetic classics. Read the best poets of America from Longfellow to Lampman, and from Bryant to Roberts, and from Whittier and Holmes to Bliss, Carman and Louis Frechette. Take the author himself in each instance in preference to his critic no matter how clever the latter may be. Form an exact taste and make that the umpire and arbiter of your reading. In other words, make yourself your own critic. Let prose be given due care, that is to say close and continued attention, but whatever else is overlooked, let not poetry be forgotten. Why? The question is already in great part answered

by the foregoing. If it is not, I have been writing to no purpose. For the rest it is only necessary to remember that poetry is valuable for the peculiarly delicate and elevated pleasure which it gives; that its study and reading exercise and cultivate the imagination and in this manner impart intellectual power; and finally that, the poetry which elevates, excites and refines the imagination naturally, is also highly favorable to devout aspiration, devotional contemplation, and religious faith.

34—The brief but pithy tales in prose of the Duchess of Newcastle, who died in the year 1673, are amongst our earliest novels of English manufacture. Twelvesfolio volumes of miscellaneous writings were issued by the industrious Marquis of Newcastle and his wife, but their aggregate value is not great. The department of English literature which has been cultivated from the latter part of the last century down to the present time with the greatest assiduity, and success is undoubtedly that of prose fiction—the romance and the novel. The father of the modern English novel—I beg pardon, I should have said, the mother of the modern English novel, is really Mrs. Aphra Behn, who died in the year 1689, and who was celebrated in her day under the poetical appellation of "Astraea." She was no better than she should have been, but her career was striking and notable. Aphra, Aphara, Apharra, or Afra (for the name is to be found spelt in all four ways) Behn was a daughter of a gentleman of good family. Her maiden name was Johnson; and Canterbury has the honor of being her birth-place; but the year of her birth is unknown, and it is better so, as we have it on sufficient authority that women and music should not be dated. Her father secured the post of Lieutenant-General of Surinam and thirty-six West Indian isles and immediately quitted England for the New World, taking with him his wife and children. The Lieutenant-General was so unfortunate as to die on board ship, during the passage to America. Aphara was then quite a child, too young to experience any passion save the usual infantine one for bread and butter, but her rare beauty had, even in those tender years, gained her many admirers, and her quickness of intellect was the wonder and amazement of all her acquaintances.

Left to shift for themselves, Aphara and her mother landed at Surinam and took possession of a house most picturesquely situated, a full description of which was afterwards given by the former in her novel of "*Oronoko*." In fact Aphara and the country suited each other to a dot. She is said to have had very delicate health, and was subject to fits of melancholy and sudden fainting. But indisposition did not hinder her from joining in the fierce sport of hunting, and she made expeditions far up the country for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the native tribes. The knowledge of the natives thus gathered was subsequently put to extensive use in her stories. Thus her youth was passed in Surinam, but in her early womanhood she and her mother returned to England, made her appearance at court, and told Charles the Second the story of her adventures. This tale seems to have lost nothing in the telling. She assured the "Merry Monarch" that America contained snakes three-score yards long, and I know not what else. In truth, Miss Johnson was not only the creator of the inventive modern novel but also the pioneer of the relaters of modern snake stories. Immediately Aphara returned to England, she was besieged by lovers of all degrees in rank and age, from among which she prudently selected a Mr. Behn, a rich London merchant of Dutch extraction, concerning whom history does not say much, except to lead us to believe that he did not live long after the marriage.

About the year 1666 we find Aphara much mixed up in the obscurer intrigues of the Restoration, and assuming one of those naughtily equivocal characters, half literary, half political adventurers, who naturally appear in times of public agitation. The English conflict with the Dutch was then, as everybody knows, at a most interesting crisis, and Aphara was sent to Antwerp as a spy on the enemy's movements. But Aphara does not seem to have been as well adapted for the business of such ignoble employment as that illustrious knight of the nineteenth century, M. Henri Le Caron, of Clan-na-Gael fame. Anyway the English Court only laughed at her warning when she appraised the king of what was the fact—that an expedition

was in contemplation to sail up the Thames and destroy the English shipping. While at Antwerp the fair Aphara was, as usual, besieged by lovers, bulky personages for the most part, but she would not capitulate. She never married again. On quitting Antwerp, Aphara went to Ostend; and from that place she proceeded to Dunkirk, where she took ship for England.

From this date she devoted much of her time to the production of poems, among which an occasional good song like her "Scots' Song" is to be found; of congratulatory odes to royal personages; of novels, some taken straight from the French without a profession of alteration, and some the productions of Scarrow and other French writers of that date served up with slightly different and perchance stronger spices; of plays, chiefly comedies, which are best described by saying that the age liked them. With the exception of the Duchess of Newcastle, England had never seen so voluminous a female writer as Aphara Behn.

Against her novels the charge of immorality has been brought, and with justice. "The only defence that can be made for them is to be found in the fact that they did not run against the taste of the times in which they were written," says the author of *Novels and Novelists*. This is a lame defence. Nor does it serve much to affirm that when compared with the indecencies of the Italian, Spanish and French novels, which were the models of Mrs. Behn's productions, the worst of those latter are very trivial offences. Steele passed sentence on her as one "who understood the practick part of love better than the speculative." Her personal morality was above reproach withal. She was gentle and refined in all her acts, and many of her biographers give her credit for rare generosity of heart, but they adduce no convincing proof of this quality. But as her novels were immoral so her comedies were positively ribald. Pope lashed the offender—"The stage how loosely does Astrea tread, etc." Astrea, as already explained, was the favorite *nom de plume* of Aphra. Indeed, as her literary works multiplied the number of her accusers became numerous. She fought a valiant fight with her critics, returning

blow for blow with the best of them. Her leading principle which was—"Whatever it is right for you men to do it is right for me to attempt"—must endear her memory to the advocates of Woman's Rights. Perhaps we have dwelt too long on Aphara Behn and her works—works now fortunately all but forgotten. Her dust, we are told, is mingled with the ashes of kings, bards and patriots, in that noble temple, that gem of Catholic art and taste, in which Byron does not rest but wherein Tennyson was laid the other day, Westminster Abbey.

It was at the request of King Charles that Mrs. Behn wrote "*The History of Oronoko; or, the Royal Slave.*" This is, by far, the best of her novels,—full of feeling and generosity, because the effections of the writer were warmly interested in the subject of her story. The work deals with the colonial scenes of her childhood and with the atrocities of the slave trade. It had a great success, perhaps greater for that day than Mrs. Stowe's famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in a later age. The world went mad on the enormities of slavery. Southerne put the great novel on the stage, to score a second success. The Merry Monarch desired only fine descriptions of foreign scenes. These he got combined with a powerful defence of the Negro race and a scathing condemnation of the awful treatment which the black man received at the merciless hands of his white brother. While Aphara Behn's many imperfections are kept before the mind, let it also not be forgotten that she spoke a powerful word for human freedom at a period when such divine expression was seldom heard.

35 Without attempting any technical definition of the phrase, literary style, I may say I understand by the terms, first of all, such a choice and arrangement of words as shall convey the author's meaning most clearly and exactly, in the logical order of the ideas; secondly, such a balance of clause and structural grace of sentence as shall satisfy the sense of beauty; and, lastly, such a propriety, economy, and elegance of expression, as shall combine businesslike brevity with artistic beauty. Those qualities, all of which enter into the styles of the highest order seldom come by intuition and are extremely diffi-

cult of attainment. Two descriptions of this latter process have recently come under my observation, and will not be out of place if given here. The first instance is from the famous author of *Utopia*, the great Catholic chancellor of England, whose writings are all tinged with the most brilliant colors. Writing to his daughters, Sir Thomas More tells them what they must do to acquire a good literary style: "One thing, however, I admonish you; whether you write serious matter or the merest trifles, it is my wish that you write everything diligently and thoughtfully I strictly enjoin you that, whatever you have composed, you carefully examine before writing it out clean: and in this examination, first scrutinize the whole sentence, and then every part of it. Thus, if any solecisms have escaped you, you will easily detect them. Correct them, write out the whole letter again, and even then examine it once more, for sometimes, in re-writing, faults slip in again that one had expunged. By this diligence your little trifles will become serious matters; for, while there is nothing so neat and witty that will not be made insipid by silly and inconsiderate loquacity, so also there is nothing in itself so insipid that you cannot season with grace and wit, if you give a little thought to it." In this last sentence the writer deftly describes his own power of treating everything with grace and wit. It is probable, though, that the receipt which he gave to his daughters was used by himself when he was forming his style. So true is it that literary style is in a great measure a matter of blotting, erasing and altering. "The secret of all good writing," says the poet Cowper, "is to touch and to retouch." In a letter on style, written in 1869, and to be found in his lately published letters and correspondence, Cardinal Newman, who wrote golden sentences on all occasions, states it as a simple fact, that he had been obliged to take great pains with everything he had written: "I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interliner additions My one and single desire has been to do what is so difficult, viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had

written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself, that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't do any better by practise. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write, as I was thirty years ago." What a confession from one whose exquisitely easy style is admired by all sorts and conditions of men. I may add to those notable examples the additional one of William Corbett, born, apparently in 1762, was the son of a small farmer, and at a tender age, after having merely learned his letters, was obliged to make his own living, and set out to obtain a situation in the King's garden. Let Mr. Lesley Stephen tell the remainder of the story:

"Corbett, however, had learnt his letters, and to some purpose. When he was eleven years old, someone told him of the King's garden at Kew, still finer than the Bishop's garden at Farnham. He started at once with thirteen halfpence in his pocket. Passing through Richmond, he saw in a shop window 'Swift's Tale of a Tub,' price threepence. He had already spent threepence on bread and cheese, but decided to devote threepence more to literature instead of to supper. He lay a day under a haystack, read Swift till he fell asleep, and learnt a lesson of style which was to last him for life. Next morning, Corbett was engaged by a good-natured gardener at Kew; but he soon gave this up, and, after some further adventures, found himself when just of age, a recruit in a regiment at Chatham. The British soldier of these days had his virtues, as Frenchmen and Americans found out; but was not remarkable for sobriety or literary taste. Corbett, however, was an exception. He taught himself grammar while a private, on sixpence a day. The edge of his berth was his seat; his knapsack, his bookcase; a bit of board his desk; he had to wait for light till he could take his turn at the fireplace; half a score of thoughtless soldiers were laughing and brawling around him. He was so poor that when by great shifts he had saved a halfpenny to buy a red herring, and lost it by accident, he cried like a child. Corbett soon became a model soldier; his stalwart frame probably recommended him as well as his industry and sobriety; and he was soon not only a sergeant, but especially trusted with all the regimental

accounts, and even with the conduct of a survey in Canada."

That was the way William Cobbett learned style. His method, it will be observed, differed from the methods of More and Newman. They depended upon their pens, while he imbibed direct from the text. Personally I lean towards the former manner. I believe style is best and soonest got by thoughtful practice. In one sense there can be no model style, since originality admits of no leading-strings. It has been well remarked that as in painting, the manner which we admire in Albano would be misplaced in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, so it is only relatively, not absolutely, that any literary style can be said to be the best. But this broadening of the subject is leading me too far afield. Suffice it, then, to say that besides practice much depends upon the personality both in culture and expression; for, to use a saying of Erasmus, "*qualis homo, talis oratio*;" as is the man, so is his speech; a maxim which, by the way, applies to a great number of other things as well as to language.

36—The robust Americanism of Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives a flavor to all his writings which separate them from and raise them above a great deal of what comes from the American magazine press. One's first duty is to love one's own country. Higginson loves his country, and he has, by his manly and polished utterances led many people—some of whom have never seen the United States—to respect what is best in American laws and customs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born in the shadow of Harvard College, of which his father was steward, in 1823, on the 22nd of December. He graduated from the college in 1841, and from the divinity school six years later. In the few weeks following this latter event he was placed in charge of a church in Newburyport, and after leaving there owing to his abolition sentiments, accepted the pastorate of a free church in Worcester, where he remained from 1852 to 1858, when he left the ministry and devoted himself to literature. He was a personal friend of John Brown, and after he went to the front in 1862 was made colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves in the Federal army. An essay by Higginson serves the purpose of an intellectual tonic

better than the writings to any other American.

37—The essays which the late Cardinal Manning, during the later years of his illustrious and eventful life, contributed to the pages of *Merry England* are now published separately and may be had of the book-sellers. Those papers one and all are as brilliant as burnished steel, and sparkle like diamonds. In them is enshrined great wisdom and broad and profound reading. To those last fruits of a healthy tree even the best of his *Miscellanies* must give way. And this notwithstanding that the latter publication in diction and interest rival the best that Macaulay has written. Yet Manning's life-work partook to a considerable extent of the social-religious character. He was the man of action as well as of thought—a statesman ecclesiastic. His was never a merely literary or theological influence. His writings are a distinctly valuable addition to the logical and religious literature of England. But his books do not enshrine his deeds, for he always aimed to act on the life of the common people; and not merely with the world of ideas but with the world of men. The charming essays which I have just mentioned, exhibit a great knowledge of the world. The wealth of illustration used in them was gleaned from the wide regions of history and philosophy. The direction in which they are couched is magnificent and every period is perfectly rounded. The new volume, we may be sure, will forthwith obtain a place among the most interesting and instructive works in our literature.

38—In the verses from the poems of William Watson, cited by me in the previous issue of those Notes an error crept in.

The last line of the second stanza should read:

"Rise radiant in clarity,"

and not:

"Rise radiant in charity."

as the version in question puts it. Taken with the context the word "charity" is entirely out of place. Indeed, thoughts that lie deep might as naturally rise in butter-milk as in charity, but they run a good chance of being expressed clearly, on account of the reflection naturally bestowed upon them; which is, if I understand the poem, precisely what William Watson asserts.

“THE SUCCESS OF PATRICK DESMOND.”

By Maurice Francis Egan The “Ave Maria” Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.



THIS is a good novel, and unlike too many stories which deserve the foregoing epithet, it is not dull. On the contrary, I found it so much more than ordinarily interesting that having read it with pleasure from cover to cover, I forthwith turned back to repeat the process, only to find that my delight was actually doubled thereby. Professor Egan will I hope, forgive the familiarity if I apply to him Sydney Smith's description of Thomas Moore, and say that, “he is a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honorable and just.” Born in Philadelphia on May 24th, 1852, Mr. Egan has, I most sincerely trust, the better half of his life to live. In any event, he has crowded a large amount of miscellaneous literary work into the years of his past: for, besides his bulky editorial writings, while connected with the press, he has produced a number of anonymous novels, such as, “That Girl of Mine,” a series of shorter stories and sketches, such as those contained in the popular volumes, “Stories of Duty” and “The Life Around Us,” besides brilliant critical essays, and, last though by no means least, four volumes of fresh and charming verse. This list of productions bespeaks the author an industrious man, though I have not yet mentioned that Mr. Egan is a Professor of English in the splendid University of Notre Dame. Professor Egan's work is not only abundant, but mainly, and in fact, almost altogether, excellent as well. To no layman in America do the Catholic Church and the Irish race owe more, and to very few so much, as to the gifted author of the works which I have just named, or indicated.

The novel under review is, perhaps, the best fiction which Mr. Egan has yet produced. At any rate, it is the cleverest

work of his in prose, which I have perused. It is a novel “with a purpose” yet the latter is not obtruded upon the reader, but rather deftly packed away between the lines of a sufficiently lively and thrilling tale, like the meat in the sandwich. Patrick Desmond, the hero of the story (that is, if the story really has a hero) is human—very human, indeed. His mother, Mrs. Desmond, is a fine, homely figure tenderly and truly colored: one of those plain, upright people, whose daily actions best teach what a wide disconnection exists between knowledge and wisdom. Judge Redwood, who is allowed to leave the stage too early in the drama, is a dignified conception, and his daughter Eleanor Redwood, who has, I think, a better claim to the title of heroine, than Patrick Desmond has to that of hero, is a skillful portrayal of a very fine type of American womanhood. The Judge's trusty domestic Belinda, who tyrannizes over her employers, entertains the highest opinion of her own ability and importance, hates “Romanists” with the vim which is born of utter ignorance of them and their venerable creed, and is ever occupied with some sapient church effort, having for object the purchase and exportation of fur winter robes for African chiefs, or other article equally useful and fitted for the clime—Belinda, I say, we have all encountered and—dreaded. The Hon. Miles Galligan is a study of the vulgar Irish American politician, a trifle overdrawn in general, I venture to think, and most assuredly so in the repulsive scene wherein Miles in his cups is represented as beating his wife. Now, the race of Miles Galligan may be at times overdressed and under bred, they may pull wires at Washington and elsewhere, they may reside in a glittering hotel or live in equally radiant homes, they may even enclose their epistles in “a large Nile green envelope, heavily scented with heliotrope, and ornamented with a monogram of red and gold”; they may do all those things.

may they do them every day, and a thousand other actions equally in bad taste; but the race of Miles Galligan most emphatically do not beat their wives. Had an enemy of Miles Galligan, who would also very likely be not over friendly to Maurice F. Egan, made such a statement the author of "The Success of Patrick Desmond" would, I feel sure, be among the first to hurl back the base accusation in the teeth of the false accuser.

The worldly Laura Bayard and her contemptible husband are drawn true to the life. The Bayards, male and female, are outcomes of that prevailing materialistic philosophy which inculcates that it is high wisdom to centre our gaze on the clay under our feet instead of lifting it up to the cerulean sky. If the Tribe Bayard were to prevail in this world (the which may Heaven forefend!) what would become of honor, honesty, homelies and philanthropy? Father Jackson is a Catholic priest with a somewhat practical turn of mind, who is represented as going about doing good and molding character without being made to repeat his rosary in the market-place. The minor figures in this book are throughout as carefully finished as the leading characters. The author has bestowed so much care on the details as to make this conscientious solicitude in itself, the most delicate compliment which he could pay his constantly increasing readers.

The plot of the story is adequate, well constructed, and artistically balanced. Its

movement is brisk, and its catastrophe but, sooth to say, it has no catastrophe, as it does not wind up with the usual wedding. But the closing scenes deep down in the Fly-Away Mines, are nevertheless, impressive and drawn with a bold and masterly hand. The scenes of the action are so distributed between village and city as to enable the author to describe urban and suburban localities and communities, and he is equally at home in both places and among all the classes with which he deals. When Patrick Desmond is at length brought face to face with a momentous question of duty, and compelled to make choice between a right and a wrong, the reader instinctively feels that in his decision is contained the profound and useful moral of the whole story. And so it is. This result is reached in a manner which sufficiently proves that Professor Egan has not much to learn of the captivating art in which Scott and Thackeray were masters. Some of my young friends may ask at this point what was Patrick Desmond's decision? Buy the book, my friend, and find out for yourself.

"Patrick Desmond" will live in all communities where bright stories are relished, and his work gives ample assurance that if its author so desires he can produce a master-piece of fiction.

The binding and typography of this volume are such as we naturally expect from the Notre Dame printers and bookbinders: in other words, they are each the very best of its sort.

M.



The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

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

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

BOARD OF EDITORS:

J. MURPHY, '94.

L. J. KEHOE, '94.

J. McDUGALL, '94.

M. POWERS, '94.

C. MEA, '95.

J. R. O'BRIEN, '95.

J. P. FALLON, '96.

Business Manager:

E. BOLGER, '97.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA
UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1894.

No. 8.

EDITORS.

Looking down from the perch at the lordly elms and maples that grace the campus and fields which tempt weary editors as they turn for inspiration toward the sanctum window, the Wise Bird thinks of the buds and chirping tenants which spring is soon to bring them. Then he turns, almost sadly, and wonders what faces he will see around the sanctum table when autumn winds have left trees and fields as bare as they now are.

The Owl feels he has done his duty.

Six months ago he determined to secure worthy colleagues for the very few members of the present staff who will be with us in September. Almost every student in the University course, to whom rumor, good standing in class or professors' recommendations pointed as a likely contributor, has been canvassed and urged to do something for the college journal. The editors, as well as several ex-editors, have ever been ready to lend aid by suggestion and by securing data from the University library and the Parliament library on any subject chosen for an article.

The result has been somewhat disappointing. True our table of contents shows more articles furnished by new contributors this year than ever before; some of these are really creditable; others, let no one be offended, are certainly much inferior to what the management would have obtained from editors and old writers had it had no thought of the future or of encouraging earnest effort. Diffidence, real or assumed, has prevented many from attempting anything, and the amount of rejected matter has been very great. Several causes suggest themselves to explain this rather unsatisfactory state of affairs, but it is not proposed to dwell on them here, suffice it to say that the number of efficient candidates for next year's board of editors seems at present very small.

The Owl disclaims any convictions which can give rise to gloomy forebodings. We believe that when, at the end of the academic year, four of our editors and the present managing editor lay down their quills, their places will be taken by men who will deserve the confidence of the Wise Bird's friends. We only pen these lines with the view of tendering a little friendly advice. Let no one be discouraged by past failures. Most of those who have at any time contributed its

brightest pages to the Owl., can look back to the day when their articles were rejected or accepted only after being re-written again and again. Do not count on getting the *grâce d'état* when your name will figure on the list of editors: assure success now by persistent effort. Do something, and do it well, for the two numbers of Vol. VII. which have yet to appear.

◆ ◆ ◆

DISCRETION IN INTERPRE-
TATION.

Sometimes it seems a pity that we are not gifted with that absolute penetration which is characteristic solely of the Omniscient Deity. It may perhaps be admitted that a certain amount of trouble and annoyance might be eliminated by such a wonderful insight into the affairs of this world and into the doings and thoughts of our neighbor; but, fortunately or unfortunately, man has not been thus endowed. He can not see everything; he does not know everything. His life leads him on a course that is often uncertain and frequently disturbed with the eddies of a Charybdis and of a Scylla. He should therefore advance with caution, and carefully avoid the shoals which can not beget anything but wreck. One of the greatest dangers which beset him arises from his imperfect knowledge and from his liability, his propensity to misjudge. This disadvantage may be offset by prudence.

Too much discretion can not be used in the interpretation of facts, of doings, of sayings, of writings. There are some individuals who imagine that every applause that is given is meant for them. Such people wallow in their own conceit. They are guilty of gross misrepresentation; they distort facts; they flatter themselves that they are universally admired, whereas, in reality, they are often the laughing-stock of the masses who delight in ridiculing

them. Yet, as if to constitute a direct antithesis, there are others who persuade themselves that every ill-spoken word, that every unfavorable action, that every uncertain sign, that every adverse criticism has been pointedly aimed at them. Such people create for themselves an endless amount of misery. If a criticism is not openly declared to be meant for you, pursue the sensible course of letting it pass by. If it should contain anything which really seems to strike home, do not immediately bluster up and fly into a rage and passion. That is not wise. The better policy were to be calm and controlled. There are many other people in the world besides yourself. If the article written, or the criticism spoken, be not formulated by disinterestedness, if, indeed, it be aimed at some particular individual, are there not many others to whom it might apply?

Be reasonable! That is the resolve of a wise man. If something has struck you as reaching at yourself, then examine carefully, cautiously, discreetly, to see if there do not exist within you some defect, some fault, the eradication of which will tend to your perfection. In most cases you will find that you will not be loser by the bargain, but you will find that you have been offered an opportunity of becoming a more perfect man. For, if an article, a criticism, tend to offend you, it is more than probable that it has touched a tender spot; otherwise, it would not have caused you pain. It is, indeed, true that nothing hurts so much as Truth. And really—what is the use of becoming enraged! While you are with yourself, you can afford to investigate deeply in order to find out what you really are. In fact your only consideration should be to become a better man, a perfect gentleman. Rage is always out of place and never appears to the advantage of him whom it

controls. If, after you have entered into communion with yourself, you still feel bitterly that the attack was made on you, then go to the party concerned and, in a quiet, and composed manner inquire if you have really been the object of the satire. If the answer you receive be negative rest satisfied that it is true. The words which offend you often emanate from one who, to you, is a complete stranger. You see, therefore, that the offense you have taken often turns out to be but an unhealthy excuse against the truth which has loomed up before you in blinding brilliancy.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 APPRECIATION.

Horace says: "Under a poor roof, we may outstrip kings and the favorites of kings in a happy life." The great principle underlying this happiness, consists in a correct appreciation of the advantages with which Providence has surrounded us. Away with your discontented juvenile, who in his sorry endeavors to reform even professors and faculty, jeers at those who do most for his own welfare! A pygmy in truth he is, but he goes about striving to take the strut of a giant, attempting to sweep away the barriers of authority, and making sport of the honest endeavors of his friends. He is always the man who has little or nothing to do with any meritorious project; he stands by, loading with abuse and sarcasm, those of his comrades who, though for instance not perfect musicians nor perfect actors, yet do what they can, and are infinitely above the contemptible specimen of humanity who attacks them. Let a student make some progress in histrionic art, in music or in anything else, our puny critic immediately says of him that he is "putting on airs," "struck on himself," etc., etc. "Live and let live." If such men would only

reflect on how contemptible they make themselves, they would, supposing they have a whit of common sense, forbear such unhealthy criticism. When a student manifests special interest in a worthy object, let our motto be "encourage him." Those who sacrifice time for the Glee Club, the Dramatic Society, the Orchestra, etc., should meet with approval on all sides. If we want to see these organizations flourish, let our appreciation and encouragement, tend to insure their success.

OBITUARY

REV. J. A. LEONARD, O.S.A.

With feelings of deep sorrow we chronicle the demise of Rev. J. A. Leonard, O.S.A. The sad event occurred at Cambridge, N. Y., on the 22nd of March. Deceased was a student in the University of Ottawa from '77 to '80, and will be favorably remembered by all who had the privilege of knowing him. On the completion of his classical studies, he entered the novitiate of the Augustinian Order. He was sent to Rome to pursue his theological studies, and on Holy Saturday, 1887, was raised to the priesthood. He shortly afterwards returned to America, and labored untiringly, first at Philadelphia, afterwards at Hoosic Falls, N. Y. and lastly at Cambridge. He was ever a firm friend of Alma Mater, and several times have articles from his gifted pen appeared in the Owl. To his bereaved family, the Owl extends the heart-felt sympathy of the faculty and the students of the University.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 THE CLASS OF '93.

In our September number we gladly acknowledged our indebtedness to the members of the class of '93 to the efforts of several of whom, the present standing of our College Journal is in great measure

due. In the encouragement and support of all our organizations, literary, scientific, and athletic, the men of '93 also set an example worthy of imitation by their successors. It will no doubt be of interest to most of our readers to know the paths they have chosen in the battle of life.

Several have enlisted in the "army of the cross," and will we are sure, faithfully serve Mother Church, and add new honor to Alma Mater, Messrs. H. J. Canning, I. French, J. J. Meagher and H. Coyne are pursuing their Theological studies in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. In the Seminary of the University of Ottawa, are Messrs. A. E. Newman, L. Raymond and W. E. Cavanagh. Owen Clarke, the peerless quarter-back and captain of last year's foot ball team is attending St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Mr. J. P. Smith, last year's editor-in-chief and the class valedictorian is a member of the Law Society of Canada. Associated with him in the study of law is Mr. F. McDougal. Mr. L. Phillion has also chosen the legal profession, and with Mr. Smith and Mr. McDougal, is connected with one of the leading law firms of the Capital. Mr. T. A. White who filled the position of business-manager for several years, and to whom the Owl, is indebted for many hours of labor generously spent in its behalf, will apply for admission to the Law Society this year.

Mr. P. Cullen over whose name appeared some of the Owl's best articles during the two years he spent in the University is at present engaged in teaching, in Detroit, Michigan. Mr. W. S. Proderick is following the course in the McGill Medical School, and we learn has successfully got through his first year's work. Mr. A. McKenna will make the study of chemistry his specialty. Mr. F. Owens is studying medicine in New York.

The Owl extends to the class of '93 its best wishes for success in the walks of life they have chosen, and predicts for most of them that recognition which true merit invariably wins.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ontario school teachers work harder than those of other provinces, with one

exception, for the proportion of teachers to population is 1 in 250; in Quebec, 1 in 169; Nova Scotia, 1 in 199; New Brunswick, 1 in 192; P. E. Island, 1 in 203; Manitoba, 1 in 171, and British Columbia, 1 in 407. In New York the rate is 1 in 187, and in Massachusetts 1 in 219.

A very eminent authority gives the following figures as the result of his calculations regarding the death-rate of the world, 67 per minute; 4,020 per hour, and 96,480 per day. The rate of births slightly exceeds the death rate and is calculated to be 70 per minute; 4,200 per hour; 100,800 per day.

A visitor, on seeing His Holiness Leo XIII., is struck with a notable feature, that there is an ague in the hands; this is not, however, from age, but merely the effect of a fever from which His Holiness suffered some twenty years ago. The ague has now become so bad that the Pope has had to give up writing. Born in 1810 His Holiness is now 84 years old, and has occupied the chair of St. Peter sixteen years. Only six of the last fifty-three pontiffs have reigned over sixteen years, and but six have lived beyond the age which Leo XIII has attained.

One of the latest schemes in connection with electricity is its employment for cooking, and for heating private houses. It is said that ninety meals for a family of ordinary size can be cooked in this way, at a cost of \$6.57. For house heating, four machines, each doing the work of an ordinary stove, can be maintained for about \$6.46 per month, making \$13 per month for cooking and heating.

A bell weighing 55,000 pounds is to be placed on the Sacred Heart Church, which is being erected near Paris, France. The bell is ten feet high with a diameter of about ten feet at the base. Though the bell is considerably larger than any other bell in France, it is not by any means the largest in the world. The great bell at Moscow weighs 500,000 pounds. Next in weight is the bell of Protzkoy, 350,000

pounds, that of Pekin weighs 125,000 and St. Ivan's in Moscow weighs 115,000. Those of lesser weight are Nankin, weighing 50,000 pounds; Lisbon, 45,000, and the great bell at St. Peter's in Rome weighs 40,000 pounds.

The N. P. Coburn library of Colorado College at Colorado Springs, Col., was inaugurated about the middle of March in the presence of a large audience. Governor Waite and many distinguished educators were present. The address of the day was delivered by President Harper, of the Chicago University. The library cost \$50,000, is the gift of N. P. Coburn, and was built by Boston architects. It is a handsome building, designed to contain 100,000 volumes, and is to be the greatest reference library in the west. The man who made the gift has never seen Colorado Springs, and the donation was obtained through the efforts of President Slocum of Colorado College. Mr. Coburn's conduct in connection with this college is an object lesson that might be studied with profit by many of our Catholic friends.

The Catholic Church, in the United States, has spent more than a million dollars in building schools for the purpose of educating Indian children. On the first Sunday of Lent each year a collection is taken up in every diocese for the prosecution of the work among the Indians and colored people. Last year this collection amounted to \$66,401.13. The *Church News*, writing on the subject, says: "The church does a thousand times more than these professed friends of the Indians to bring the latter into the pale of civilization. She not only teaches the minds of the Indian children, but also trains their hearts that they may become good citizens and good Christians. Her name has been written in the blood of her martyrs on almost every foot of the wilderness of the west, and it is an insult to the intelligence of the age for those who have done so little for the Indians to slander the priests and religious, whose lives have been freely given that our Indians may be Christianized and civilized."

ENTERTAINMENT.

For some time past, members of the Dramatic Society have been busily engaged preparing the drama "A Celebrated Case," which they presented on the evening of the 2nd of April. Nothing was left undone to make the affair a success, and judging from the manner in which the play was appreciated by the large and select gathering which assembled in the Academic Hall, the desired end was reached.

The plot of the play is an excellent one, well designed to show that the stage may have a very moral tendency; that vice is despicable, and that very often the most shrewd of culprits is brought to justice through his own daring schemes, when he least expects it; and that virtue is admirable, and in the end gains the victory.

The acting was of a high order and reflects great credit upon the participants. In fact so well were some of the characters personated, that we do not hesitate in saying that many more experienced performers might have been honored by it. It would be unjust to praise anyone in particular, for every actor, by the able manner in which he performed his part, no matter how insignificant, added to the general success of the undertaking. A pleasing feature of the play was the exhibition of drill given by the University Cadet Corps, between the first and second parts of the prologue. It is the opinion of all that the play may well be classed among the most successful that the students have ever presented. Thanks are due especially to Rev. H. A. Constantineau through whose efforts success was chiefly attained; and to those who took the different parts, for the deep interest they displayed, and for the willing manner in which they gave their time to the preparation of the play.

Seeing that the drama was attended with success upon its first appearance, it is with pleasure that we learn that the directors have determined to present it in several of the neighboring towns and to have it played in the Ottawa Opera House on the 26th of the present month.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Jean Renaud. E. O'Malley.
Adrien Renaud.

C. Vernon (prologue); J. Clarke (play.)

Martin Renaud	P. Reddy.
Count D'Aubeterre, (prologue)	
Duke D'Aubeterre (play)	T. Holland.
Lazare (prologue) Count de Mornay (play)	J. McDougal.
Denis O'Rourke	M. J. McKenna.
The Corporal	T. Clancy.
The Sceneschal	J. Foley.
Captain	J. O'Brien.
Auguste (prologue) The Sergeant (play)	O. Laplante.
Pierre	E. Donegan.
Charles de Mornay	T. Ryan.
Marquis	A. Keho.
Director of the College of Hyère's	L. Payment.
Viscount Raoul de Langey.	W. Collins
Joseph	J. Quinlan.

Excellent music was rendered by the Cecilian Society under the direction of Rev. Father Gervais.

SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

The visit of the students in arts to our Scholasticate last month, encourages us in an idea which had occurred to us several times before, namely, to ask the privilege of sending to the Owl, from this department of the University a few humble notes to complete, so to speak, the items of college news. We are obliged to ask for a little indulgence, if these notes should not always be as interesting as University notes generally are.

The spring ordination took place on Holy Saturday, in the Scholasticate chapel. His Lordship Bishop Grandin, O.M.I., of Prince Albert, N.W.T. officiated. The following were ordained: *Deacons*, Sirois, Gschwind, Campeau, Boyer, Laferrière; *Sub-deacons*, LeTouet, Beaudry, Charlebois; *Minor Orders*, Picotte, Beaupré, Giroux, Sloan, Delmas, Gagné, MacGowan; *Tonsure*, Plamondon, Pepin, Hermitte, Leschésne, Faure, Bruck, Kruse, Fletcher, A. Fletcher, B. Tighe, Villeneuve, Sullivan, Van Hecke, Blanchin.

A distinguished party of visitors from Montreal, including His Lordship Bishop Clut, O.M.I., of Athabaska-MacKenzie, who is at present sojourning in Montreal for his health, Rev. N. Piché, P.P., of Lachine, Rev. E. Forbes, P.P. of Caughna-

waga, and Rev. Father Tourangeau, O.M.I., Master of Novices at Lachine called at the Scholasticate, Tuesday the 3rd inst. Bishop Clut, who is greatly attached to the institution which has furnished his missions with many priests, decided to remain and pass a few days in our midst. The others left during the course of the afternoon.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., we celebrated the feast of the glorious patron of the Scholasticate, St. Joseph. The festival was more solemn than usual, being by a happy coincidence the feast of Bishop Clut, O.M.I., whom we had the privilege of having in our midst. We had the usual grand *congé* which was spent in various ways, many profiting by the opportunity to spend some time on the placid waters of the Rideau. In the evening we had a very interesting musical and literary entertainment. The opening address by Bro. LeTouet, entitled "Homage to St. Joseph," was a happy tribute to our holy patron. A cantata on the Scholasticate, composed for the occasion by Bro. Gagné entitled "*Vive ce Sanctuaire*" was executed in a very efficient manner. "The reminiscences of the Scholasticate" which were brief notices of all those who have passed through this house and are now occupied in various parts of Canada and the United States, were read by Bro. Beaupré and awoke pleasant memories for those who have spent a part of their Scholasticate with these alumni. The rest of the programme consisted of selections by the band, violin duet, singing, recitations and readings.

The visit of the students in arts on St. Patrick's Day, brought quite a little change in our quiet celebration of the festival, and was for us, as we have no doubts it was also for them, a very pleasant affair. We hope that we shall see them here again occasionally.

It goes without saying that it was with great pleasure that we accepted the kind invitation of the students to attend the presentation of the "Celebrated Case." We wish to unite with the public in congratulating the actors on the great success which they achieved, and to extend hearty thanks for the kindness shown us.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE: Amongst the many excellent contributions that make the April number of this magazine a decided success, we notice a little gem from the gifted pen of Charles Gordon Rogers. "Futility" expresses in graceful flowing numbers, the unaccountable feeling of sadness that the human heart often experiences when awakened to a contemplation of some of the undying sorrows encountered in the stern battle of life. The beauty and sweetness of the poem would, we believe, be much enhanced if the poet were to shade his picture of sorrow and dread with a few diffused rays from the beacon-light of hope.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO, for the year 1893. Published by Rowsell & Hutchison.

The object of the society, which is to foster an interest in astronomical and physical research amongst Canadians, is certainly a very laudable one. The society has corresponding members in all the principal centres of science throughout the world, who make known to the society the result of their delving into nature's secrets. Such a society is of incalculable advantage to those who desire to keep pace with the giant strides of science in our country. Those who wish "to sift the golden grains of TRUTH from the sands of ERROR" would do well to carefully peruse such excellent papers as: "Polarization of Light," "Solar Heat," "Pythagorean Projection," and "The Luminiferous Ether." We would be pleased to see this pamphlet in the hands of every student of our University.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. PHILADELPHIA, edited by EDMUND J. JAMES.

This periodical in the lengthy and diversified articles of its March number deals with social and political problems in a most methodical and masterly manner. An essay on "Justice in Political Economy" is especially worthy of note. A just distribution of economic goods is not the question which the author proposes to discuss; his object is only to

account for the fact that justice is taken as the criterion by which all transactions, whether economic or social, are judged. In doing so he gives proof of keen observation, and a thorough knowledge of the true principals on which society is based. The essay is a minute inquiry into the origin of our idea of justice, and the different standards according to which we apply it. "The Classification of Law," contained in another paper, is simple and truly philosophical, and should offer advantages for a comprehensive study of that subject, in its relation to the manifold matters which the science of law embraces. The reader, interested in the different modes of life insurance, will find an interesting article on "American Life Insurance Methods." An article entitled "Relation of Taxation to Monopolies," discusses at length various theories of taxation and points out, with clearness and precision, the important practical bearings of each. Other minor contributions and notes contain much useful information on economic and social questions.

With this number of the *Academic Annals* appears a short treatise on the History of Political Economy, a translation from the German of the historical part of Professor Cohn's well known work on "Economies and Finance." Since political economy has risen to so high a rank amongst sciences, and exerts so great an influence over the minds and legislations of the present age, the sources whence it sprung, its first products and the men who contributed to its development, must possess deep interest for the student who desires to follow the gradual progress of human thought. The need of such a work in the English language is much felt—a work delineating how measures, adopted by legislators and statesmen to meet the wants of the hour, are subject to certain principles and controlled by certain laws, which, when formulated, constitute a science. No doubt many valuable monographs have appeared on the subject, but their aim was rather to point out the causes of certain social evils or the policies that led to some national prominence, than to trace the antecedents, rise and progress of political science. The author of the present work, in the few chapters he has given us on the subject, does not intend

to supply this want: A more extended and minute treatment than was in keeping with the aim he proposed would be necessary. But he lays down the plan on which a history of Political Economy should be written, points out the underlying principles of different political systems and gives some just and instructive appreciations of the principal originators of political investigation. The progress of economic science in Germany, where, of late years, the most active and intellectual work has been done in that department, has received its due. Nor have the labors done in England and France been overlooked; the services of Adam Smith, often overestimated, are acknowledged with the discrimination of a critic, and the influence of the Physiocrats the French founders of economic liberalism to whom Political Economy owes, in great part, its origin and present scientific form, is clearly traced. In short space the author passes in review the aerial projects of modern Socialists, and gives much instructive and interesting information concerning the system and its enthusiastic propagators. The brief sketch, rendered into English, is, on the whole, a valuable contribution to other works in our language, dealing with economic sciences.

EXCHANGES.

During the present term several copies of the *Brown Magazine* have reached us. In the issue before us "Storm" and "From Memory" are two choice bits of poetry. "An Unforgotten Love" is a fairly interesting story. In our opinion, "Matthew Arnold and the Art of Criticism" is the best article in the whole number. We are one with its author in the following sentences: "Arnold was a poet and had a poet's sensibilities; he could *feel* what true poetry really is and could read the innermost heart of the poet himself. Truth and deep seriousness—to Arnold fundamental characteristics of true poetry—we must all admit are found in some passages of Arnold's work, and in every line we feel that he is striving, even if he does not always attain his end, to reach the high ideal that he has established for poetry."

The *Acadia Athenaeum* generally contains something of literary worth. "Some Canadian Authors," a continued essay, proves both interesting and instructive. We were not a little amused with the article entitled: "The First Patient."

The *Queen's College Journal* has assumed a more pretentious appearance than of yore, and we are pleased to say that its contents have likewise gone up a notch on the scale of merit.

The *Niagara Index* for April contains two first-class articles: "Longfellow" and "Shakespeare and Duty."

Our old friend, the *Fordham Monthly*, after a prolonged absence, called in the other day. We are glad to find its contents as interesting as ever.

SOCIETIES.

It is remarkable that, as the debating season drew to a close, the debates became more and more interesting. "Resolved, that Gladstone is a greater statesman than Blaine," was perhaps the most keenly contested question before the Senior Society this year. Messrs. Lee and Kehoe spoke for the affirmative, Messrs. Cooney and Larocque for the negative. A number of lively speeches were made by members from the house, and all kept unusually well to the subject under discussion. A majority of two sympathized with the defenders of the Home Rule patriot.

At the closing meeting of the Society, which occurred on the 9th of April, the committee, following the example set before it last year, instituted in the place of the regular debate a mock parliament. The newly elected representatives of all Canada, which had recently severed its connection with England, were now supposed to be assembled at the capital, Ottawa, to determine upon what course to pursue. Three proposals were made. It was moved by Mr. Gillis, seconded by Mr. Carrigan, that Canada adopt a republican form of government. Mr. Walter Walsh, thinking a monarchy better suited to the wants of his country, proposed that form

of government. His motion was seconded by Mr. O'Malley. The third party represented the annexation element of which the leading lights were Messrs. Abbott and Fleming. They advocated annexation to the United States, but found few adherents. After a lengthy debate, during which about fifteen speeches were delivered, a division was reached which decided that Canada should henceforth be a republic. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Wm. Paddon, O.M.I., who so kindly consented to act as director, and to whom is due the great success of the Society this year.

In the Junior Society on the evening of the 18th of March, Messrs. Laplante and Smith upheld the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, that summer sports are more beneficial than those of winter." The defenders of the negative, Messrs. Hanley and Lacaille, were defeated by a small majority.

SPORTING NOTES.

It is usual, at the close of the foot-ball season, to tender to the gallant wearers of the garnet and grey a sumptuous banquet. Other departments are making this pleasant feature a part of their programme. The Owl staff and the Dramatic Club have in turn sat at the festive board. The hockey players deserved a similar treat, for in the keen competition for the city championship they won an honorable rank after having narrowly missed reaching first place. On the evening of the 27th of March, then, our skaters, including the hockey players and those who generously helped the team in practices, sat down to a bountiful spread. After justice had been done to the good things, toasts, speeches and songs were in order. Hockey was of course the great topic and it was discussed from every point of view. The past of the University team was recalled with pride. Much satisfaction was expressed over the results of the present season's work. There were six games played in the city series. 'Varsity, though beset from the start with serious drawbacks, easily secured a close second with the victorious champions of the

Quebec Junior League, the Electricians. After a chorus and cheers for the director and captain the pleasing festivity broke up.

The fact that the Quebec Rugby Union regards with favor the admission of the two Ottawa clubs into their series next year causes genuine satisfaction in the Capital. The advantages of such a proposition are manifest. The proximity of the two cities is a forcible plea. Long expensive trips will be rendered unnecessary. A greater number of games may be played with much more interest. Every fall exciting contests take place between the different teams of both Ottawa and Montreal. At the last annual meeting of the Montreal Rugby Football Club the matter was taken up and discussed favorably. The annual report of this meeting contained references to the game put up by 'Varsity against the Montreal team last fall describing it as a "hard, fast, clean game from start to finish." A hope was expressed that the men in garnet and grey would be found working the interests of good Rugby in the Quebec series during the coming year. The report insisted upon the necessity of more first-class teams in the Quebec senior series and points out that they are to be found in Ottawa. Nothing seems to stand in the way of the step advocated.

The annual meeting of the O.U.A.A. took place on the 26th of March. After the reading of the Report Committee, the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with. The following were declared elected by the unanimous voice of the assembly:—

C. Mea, *President*.
 T. Clancy, *1st Vice-President*.
 T. Leveque, *2nd* " "
 E. Fleming, *Recording Secretary*.
 W. Walsh, *Corresponding Secretary*.
 W. Lee, *Treasurer*.
 J. Foley, } *Councillors*.
 E. Gleason, }

A vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring management. After the usual speeches from the newly elected, the meeting adjourned.

In a meeting of the new council, a resolution to push on the spring games with

the utmost vigor, was adopted. Special attention will be paid to football. It is universally felt that 'Varsity must regain her old position. There is no need of saying that material is wanting; we have enough of it, more than enough. It is pluck which decides. Pluck won the battle before, it will win once more. Pluck has for maxim "win or die," it scarcely takes strength or trim of opponents into account except to dispose its batteries more effectively. If our young players keep this in mind, no success is beyond their reach.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Within a week at the most, from present indications, the Junior campus will be in a condition suitable for summer sports. As the time between now and the end of the term is comparatively short the officers of the Junior Association will, no doubt, begin the outside games proper to this season as quickly as possible. The prospects of having a first class base-ball team this year, are equally as good as the prospects of former years, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed during the fall months, the present season will be, in this branch of athletics at least, a most interesting one.

It is regrettable that the interest in our national game which formerly was so lively among the Juniors, has considerably lessened during the past two years. Lacrosse when played as it should be, and not as it was played in some of our cities last season, is a most interesting game to spectators as well as to those taking part in it; moreover, more than any other game perhaps, lacrosse develops the various parts of the body. The one participating in this branch of athletics acquires a quickness of action combined with a gracefulness of movement, and coolness of temperament hardly attainable in any other. The membership of the Junior Athletic Association is, we think, sufficiently large to permit of carrying on successfully lacrosse as well as base-ball, and we trust that some of the old players who are now here will bestir themselves and endeavor to revive the old-time interest in our national game.

The rank in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of March is as follows:—

First Grade	{	1. P. Augier and C. Kavanagh.
		2. J. Kane.
		3. C. Chabot.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Coté.
		2. J. Tobin.
		3. W. Stapleton.
Third Grade B.	{	1. P. Turcotte.
		2. H. Desrosiers.
		3. H. Leclerc.
Third Grade A.	{	1. J. Stuber.
		2. F. O'Connor.
		3. F. Stringer.
Fourth Grade	{	1. D. Kearns.
		2. W. Whissell.
		3. E. Donegan.

SUBRIDENDO.

An English bishop of type terrene,
A social leader, keen for great men's cranks,
Who oft relieved the purple's dull routine
With glimpses of gay dance and kettle-drums.

Meeting, upon his visitation round,
A country vicar who was said to be
A famous shot—fonder of horse and hound
Than of the duties of his ministry.

Was minded to rebuke this grey-hair'd sport,
Just come from bagging game on mount and moor.
"Twere more becoming to his cloth to court
His desk and books, his pulpit and his poor."

"Ah! well, my lord!" the parson made reply,
"These are the sole diversions of my life.
I'm never seen at teas or dinners:
I don't even go to dances with my wife!"

The Bishop's ears grew red. "If you allude,"
He stilly said, "to Lady Tynsel's ball,
The gossip's were at fault. I only viewed
The dance from the adjoining supper-hall!"

"Just so, your lordship," laughed the vicar bold.
"With growing years some joys we all must yield.
Since my good horse and I are waxing old,
I merely watch 'the death' from the next field!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY in *Donahoe's Magazine*.

SKIN SIDE INSIDE.

He killed the noble Mudjokevis,
 With the skin he made his mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside ;
 Made them with the skin side outside ;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside ;
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside.
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

—*Western Journalist.*

—♦—
 ULULATUS.

Charlić, togged up in his best, went out on Saturday night
 To see the game of hockey and to hold up blue and white.
 He came back late that evening, and without much ado,
 For his white ribbon was out of sight and he felt awfully blue.

The Cambridge boy got out of his financial difficulties by writing the poem entitled: "An Ode (owed) to My Tailor."

Found a peanut, found a peanut just now.

The echo from the hand-ball alley is "Oh, nail it grizzly."

This lower town joker whose initials are K. C. doubtless reads the almanacs.

Shortie was the pillar of the cave.

The crowd had waited at the cave
 To see him make a start.
 He stammered at the door awhile,
 But soon he made a dart.
 The crooked passage was so long
 He was quite turned about.
 When he saw light he said with might,
Ah! but, now I'm out.

HANS MEIKLENBERG'S EXPERIENCE.

Hans Meiklenberg, dot man vos me,
 Mit rosy sheeks und happy soul,
 Who loves, from Bruch's contcherto
 To tender shtrains of "Schlaffe Wohl."

Dis mighty love von music, frients,
 It leads me to distraction nigh ;
 For, if I hear some musics blay,
 Hans Meiklenberg can not pass by.

I walked me out von odder eve
 On Vilbrot shstreet before de College ;
 I hear a bass, a cornet's notes,
 So ender I dot seat of knowledge.

I lishened to de tones confused
 Dot issued from de leetle shtage :—
 Mein Gott ! de dings vos frufeful !
 I nearly goes into a rage.

Yooost tink, mein frients, vot ass moost be
 To make sooch a selection !
 I never seed such lack of taste
 In all mein recollection.

For shtrings, dere vos four fiddles,
 Und all de rest vos vint alone,
 A cornet und a clarinet,
 An alto, bass, und barytone.

Now, if you tink you hear de fiddles,
 Your ear moost be a microphone.
 De only dings dot reach mein ear
 Vos cornet, bass, und barytone.

But dot vos not de funniest ding.
 Mein Gott ! it vos de mann vich lead,
 Dot shstretch mein mout from ear to ear
 Till I vos 'fraid dot it mide pleed.

He shtung him on a roshtrum up,
 To show his very heels I guess.
 I heard some giggling urchins ask :
 "How long it take dot mann to dress ?"

He lets de blayers all come in ;
 Den, ven dey all vos seated vell,
 He enders mit an air dot tries
 To prove dot he's a music-shwell.

He takes his time so dot you see
 He tink de beeples moost admire.
 De boys dey clap, und hiss und yell,
 You'd tink it vood oxcide his ire.

But no ! he tink it all applause,
 Und takes his place upon de shtant,
 Und raises churlishly his lip
 Und signals to his bulldozed bant.

Hans Meiklenberg could shtant no more.
 Now can you blame me, shentle reader ?
 Vood not an honest mann be sick
 To see a bant mit sooch a leader ?

Respectfully,

HANS MEIKLENBERG.