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BURKE'S INFLUENCE ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.



U preserve order is no less a service than to create it; the man who preserves the constitution of a state is no less a benefactor than he who frames it. Some of the greatest statesmen the world has seen have served their country, not in establishing principles and rules of government, but in giving stability to those already existing by discovering the latent wisdom of the present order of things, and by making the application of those principles more complete. The ever changing fancies of men tend to destroy solidity of things; the whims of the hour, the delusions of visionaries constantly threaten the continuance of a state and constitute a continual strain upon the props and stays of well proved order. It is difficult to make the yoke of government rest easily and equally on all. Rule supposes submission and with submission there is always more or less consequent chafing of the yoke, hence perennial effort at shifting the burden. To maintain against this changefulness the steadiness of a social system that suited other days, to adapt old forms to new exigencies when possible and to avoid dangerous experiments in great concerns is the mission of the sound statesman. Such was the work of Edmund Burke, England's greatest statesman.

He was no Lycurgus, his state was born before he was; it had its institutions and

laws made venerable with the hoar of centuries, and for them he had the deepest respect. He antagonized British government on many lines but in crushing its abuses he never went beyond the elementary principles of the British constitution. He found within it the remedy for its every evil, and the same principles which served to heal its own sores served as well to barricade it against those who sought to subvert it.

It would be almost impossible to estimate the influence he exerted in creating a healthful public opinion of the real meaning of British law and its true interpretation, or of the power he exercised in preserving the constitution from subversion and in preserving not only the English people but all Europe from the debauchery and degradation of a French Revolution. Burke always held a middle course between liberty and monarchy. "Our constitution," said he, "stands on a nice equipoise with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it." At one time we find him defending the freedom of the people against the arrogance of the Crown and the Parliament, at another rebuking the insolence of an excited people and defending royalty. Yet so firm is he in his convictions that nowhere in the sentiments of his various attitudes can be found a contradiction. Three of the great questions which agitated his mind during his political career will be sufficient to indicate his

consistency, his broad liberality, his healthy conservatism and his universally sound wisdom.

The first question which called forth Burke's energies on entering Parliament was that arising out of the complications with the American colonies. Parliament, counting too much upon the weakness and submissiveness of the colonies, had levied taxes upon them for the purpose of raising a Parliamentary revenue. This measure was so warmly resented that the ministry had, repealed a great part of the tax, still leaving, however, sufficient to maintain the principle that Parliament, being supreme, had a right to tax at will. Then, too, there had arisen in England very imperious ideas concerning the treatment of the colonies. These were regarded as subjects and tributaries. Their trade was monopolized, their internal affairs governed arbitrarily, odious exactions were required of them, and, worst of all, it was sought to intimidate them by the presence of an armed force. Burke immediately grasped the whole aspect of affairs. He saw at once the injustice as well as the imprudence of the course the ministry had taken; he perceived that their arrogance was the wedge that, the farther driven, the wider would make the breach in the unity of the empire. He labored mightily to remove it and his failure was due, not to any defect of his, but to the obstinacy of his hearers.

In this question, as in all, he thought broadly. He aimed at once at justice and the preservation of the empire; the one being secured, he was confident the other would follow. To procure the first he endeavored to obtain the admission of the colonists to equal ground in constitutional liberties with Englishmen. That the colonies should contribute to the common defense he did not deny, but he repudiated taxing them directly, holding that aid should be received from them by grant not by imposition. Parliament persisted and open rupture followed. He then came forward with a proposal of conciliation. He began by laying down the causes of the belligerent spirit displayed by the Americans, chief among which were their love of liberty, their consciousness of equality by birthright with Englishmen, the nature of their religion and the know-

ledge of their own power. Three heads embraced the remedies which had been proposed or were possible for allaying the obstinate spirit of the Americans. The first was the removal of the causes, and this he objected to as inhuman, wanton, and pernicious. It meant the scattering of the towns, the reduction of the colonists to mere shepherds and agriculturists, the destruction of their social institutions, the breaking of their spirit, in fact the spoiling of the thing in the recovery. Another proposal was to prosecute it as criminal, a course equally unjust and impracticable, for, as he rightly divined, the colonists would say: "a government against which a claim of liberty is tantamount to high treason, is a government to which submission is equivalent to slavery." He therefore advised and urged the only other possible means of retaining the empire of the west—conciliation. This, of course, would necessitate concessions, and he was ready to concede to the colonists the repeal of all direct taxes hitherto levied upon them. He did not, like Pitt, debate the question on the abstract principle that taxation entails the right of representation; he pointedly refused—which was characteristic of him—to discuss it on metaphysical grounds; but his conclusions were none the less equitable. Abstractions were odious to him, he would have it only in the concrete. He refused to speculate on what Parliament *might* or *might* not do in regard to their colonies. He was concerned only in what they *ought* to do, and maintained that no prerogatives of a government were abdicated if it exceeded strict justice in its provisions for the welfare of its dependencies. Concord and unity of spirit, he held, were the safeguards of the empire, not domination by physical force; and the secret of harmony, he perceived, was equality in the enjoyment of constitutional privileges. He did not indeed advocate colonial representation in Parliament for the colonies, but instead, assemblies which should administer home rule. In his opinion Parliament had a twofold character—domestic and imperial. It was secondarily the home government of England, but in its primary capacity it was the head and centre of an empire of autonomous states. As the several component states were co-ordinate, they must

all be subordinate to Parliament, which alone, he contended, must therefore be supreme, without, however, destroying the equality of privileges enjoyed by all its people. And hence Americans instead of being held tributary should be placed on the same footing with Englishmen. "Deny them this sole participation of freedom," said Burke to Parliament, "and you break that sole bond which originally made and must still preserve the unity of the empire."

The wise advice offered by Burke at this critical period fell on obstinate ears, and he was powerless to prevent the disaster he prophesied. His words lived nevertheless, and they, together with the object lesson of the American secession have doubtless done much toward the amelioration of British rule and a loftier conception of its duties toward dependencies.

The second great political enterprise to absorb Burke's energies was the correction of abuses in the government of India, a cause to which he was most ardently devoted and which gave him more toil than any other of the herculean labors to which his life was devoted. It was a deep-seated evil and required consummate courage. There were few men in Parliament at the time who dared mention a matter so intimately affecting the personal interests of almost every family in England. Burke, however, had a passion for law and order, and nothing so deeply touched him or provoked mightier efforts from him than the sight of suffering and wrong. He always looked at a question largely; he was a legislator for humanity, and he sought to make the interests of humanity the aim of the constitution. He had a noble conception of the responsibility of power, and the oppression of great power towards a weak people roused his uncontrollable indignation. Here was a great portion of the human race inhabiting the richest land on the globe, once happy, prosperous and free, now plundered and despoiled, degraded and enslaved, naked and in want, subjected to most cruel tyranny, and that at the hands of a government claiming to be the exponent of civilization and humanity. The cause was one just suited to touch Burke's strongest sensibilities and he devoted himself to it passionately. Again

he took the side of outraged liberty against arrogant royalty.

His first effort in this cause was in support of a bill introduced into the Commons by Fox, proposing to place the concerns of the East India Company in the hands of a committee appointed by the Commons, and relieving the Directors and proprietors of all control. It was a hard drive at the crown since it relieved it of a large amount of patronage which would henceforth be vested in the ministry. Burke commanded an immense stock of knowledge of Indian affairs, and was able to afford a deep insight into the abuses in India. He presented in such an odious light the indignities heaped upon the natives, and gave such cogent arguments for the measure proposed, that only the selfish interests of his hearers prevented its passing. The task was impossible. The treasures of India were too widely disseminated among the English aristocracy to allow the East India Company to suffer any ingratitude. In 1784 he brought the matter before Parliament with renewed vehemence and determination. He now began the greatest undertaking of his whole career—the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The leading prosecutor in that trial, it cost him fourteen years tedious work, and was considered by himself his greatest service to his country.

The crimes committed in the East, under the name of British power were enormous. Princes were robbed of their magnificent estates, governments ruthlessly overthrown, whole races exterminated, women and children degraded and outraged, religion abolished, and nothing was inviolate before the rapacity of the usurpers. As an instance of the extortion practiced, Hastings had at one time two hundred and fifty young Englishmen under his patronage, who were expecting soon to return to England with princely fortunes. Hastings himself, having been accused of some abuse by an Indian prince, had the accuser tried for forgery, convicted and hanged. The recital of such monstrosities fairly exasperated Burke. He declared that the wrongs done to the natives in India should be avenged on the perpetrators of them, and denounced the nation that sheltered such outrages. He pleaded in the name of

humanity and the nation's honor, he exposed the full horror and blackness of the crimes, he showed what curses would follow if such monstrous evils were allowed to live, and insisted that "every means effectual to preserve India from oppression is a guard to preserve the British Constitution from its worst corruption."

Notwithstanding his efforts Hastings was acquitted, and all his toil was devoid of direct result. Great causes move slowly, and, though there were no immediate reforms, he had succeeded in setting rolling a vast wave of indignation against those gross wrongs. His fervent denunciation of oppression and his strong appeals to justice gave birth to a healthful public opinion concerning government in India, which ultimately lead to most salutary reforms.

It may not be at once evident how this affair affected the constitution of Great Britain, but, be it remembered, the British constitution consists largely in unwritten law. Ancient custom is its principal sanction, and like other matters the treatment of its dependencies is ordered to a great extent by precedent. In the case of India there was a flagrant breach of justice. The abuse had grown to enormous dimensions and had infected the very vitality of the state. All England was complicated in the robberies committed there; hardly a family but had a member sucking honey from that purloined comb. The monster had benumbed and silenced the public conscience, so that the whole topic was odious to the legislators of the nation. There is no more persistent or noxious weed in government than extortion and oppression on the part of its agents. Corruption in delegated government engenders all sorts of political maladies. Its illgotten gold tempts those who should have destroyed it; it binds the tongues of statesmen in its spell, and eats into the very heart and marrow of all righteousness. Had such evils been left unmolested they would ere this have brought upon England the disruption and decay which naturally and inevitably visit the vessels of long continued corruption. Burke came to a timely rescue. Such precedents were already too numerous; the fabric of British power had already been in many parts punctured by maladministration; each new instance of the vice made the public

conscience more "familiar with her face," and soon it would have made the distance from "to endure" to the "embrace." He struck the evil at the root, and the evil practice destroyed was a defect of the constitution menued.

Burke's greatest mark on the constitution of Great Britain is the barrier he opposed to the inroads of the French Revolutionary spirit. For this work he deserves, not merely a national tribute, but the gratitude of all Europe; to his influence more than to any other is due the honor of preserving the established order of Europe at a time when the whole social edifice was shaken and threatened with subversion by the revolutionary earthquakes in France. His steadying hand supported while the very foundations of society itself threatened to be rent by that explosion of sophistries and false principles which in France leveled to the ground the temples of justice, order, and security. It is not even too much to say that if the resultant of the causes which led to the meeting at Waterloo and to the checking of that bold scheme of a magnificent Caesarism contemplated by Napoleon were analysed, it is not too much to say that Burke's influence would be found the largest component and in the direct line of force. It is impossible to justly estimate the effect of his writings on the public sentiment of the time. He used the loftiest, largest views in combating it, yet without any vagueness; he treated it in the most practical manner, yet without any monotonous common place. He appealed to the deep seated prejudices of English national life and led the English people safely through the most dangerous crisis of their history.

Burke was already an old man when he was called upon to take up his pen against the French Revolution. He had already done service in two revolutions; one by which England, through contempt of his councils, had lost her American possessions; the other by which a new empire was gained in the East. In both these momentous affairs he had stood on the side of freedom, against the arrogance of royalty. Now, actuated by the same motives of justice, humanity and order, he defended the throne against the wild

savagery of misguided mobs. He was not a monarchist as he plainly showed by his energetic anti-royal policy; on the other hand he was not infatuated with abstract ideas of liberty, and the same principles of justice served him unaltered in defending the king of France and the patriots of the American colonies.

The vast powers of comprehension and foresight with which he swept the whole political horizon enabled him to discover at an early stage the cyclone cloud which threatened France. In 1773 he visited that country and had the opportunity of sounding some of the "sophisters, economists and calculators," and immediately scented danger. On his return he gave warning that the foundations of good government were giving away under the corruption of false doctrine; and having discovered the danger afar off, he riveted his gaze upon it with the utmost attention and anxiety. The hurricane struck France with most deplorable consequences and Burke, incensed almost beyond control at the sight of outraged humanity, was further harassed by the dread lest the foul thing should infect England. It was then he published his famous paper—"Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event,"—a paper which might be said to have been the barrier between England and French Revolution. Already there had arisen in England a feeble current of disapprobation of the extravagancies going on across the strait, and this pronouncement by Burke gave that current a strong impetus. The Anglo-Saxon is naturally less impressionable than his subtle neighbor on the continent. Not so ready to conceive, he is likewise not so ready to forget. The past forms a long broad rudder to his ethical bark; its traditions are not readily abandoned. It was this tenacity to established order that Burke used as salt to preserve public sentiment from the putridity of the rationalistic philosophy. He appealed strongly to this sentiment of stability, he pointed out its wisdom and its virtue and drew from it the "milk of human kindness." He exposed the baseness, vulgarity, degradation, impiety, unnaturalness and horror of the new system,

and took occasion to throw unbounded odium on the society of English fanatics who were holding up their voices in blatant sympathy with the revolutionists.

A more powerful rebuff there could not be given to the progress of the new system than his reflections on the proceedings in France. He dwelt at length upon the inhumanity of the doctrine; a doctrine founded not upon the natural tenderness of the human heart, but conceiving each new measure in violence and executing it in blood; a doctrine that never found other means to an end than evil ones. One of his finest bursts of indignation occurs in his reference to the outrages committed upon the king and queen of France. After his splendid vision of Marie Antoinette, he shames the fallen honor of Frenchmen; "I thought," says he, "that ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with dishonor. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever." That chivalry, "the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise" had indeed gone from France, and had been replaced by a mechanical philosophy of government, "the off-spring of cold hearts and muddy understandings" which was to be supported by its own terrors and the selfish concerns of individuals. "Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle."

With still more force and keenness he pointed to the consequent retrogression of civilization itself. Civilization depends upon two things, the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. It was the nobility and the clergy that kept learning in existence through the confusion of the past, and now that the nobility and clergy were being cast into the mire, learning would go along with its natural protectors. Further, commerce, trade, and manufactures grew in the same shade as learning and would also perish with their natural protectors. "All other people," he observed, "had laid the foundation of civil freedom in severer manners and a system of more austere and masculine morality." What must

become of a people who thus plunged at once into the vices which ordinarily attend excess of luxury.

Burke had a profound confidence in moral forces in the determination of the destinies of nations. He had a strong and simple faith in the Divine disposition of earthly powers, and no feature of the new fanaticism shocked him more than its blasphemous defiance of Heaven and its wretched wallowing in paganism. The persecution of religion, the violation of sanctuaries, the setting up of the goddess of liberty, the saying of the encyclopædist Diderot that "submission to kings and belief in God would soon be at an end all over the world," were for Burke the most despicable features of all. He placed in contrast to all this the frame of the English Constitution, "made under the auspices and confirmed by the sanction of religion and piety."

Another consideration upon which he laid great stress was the evil consequences necessarily following the abandonment of all established order. He was deeply impressed with the sacredness of the ancient order of things, and practiced a deep piety towards the constitution. He had grave misgivings of sudden changes, and an absolute aversion to abstract reasoning applied to political questions. He felt that civil institutions could not safely be tested by pure reason. "You were not used to do so from the beginning,—these are the arguments for states and kingdoms," said he: "metaphysical deductions have their place in the schools." In his opinion there were no great discoveries to be made in morality nor in the great principles of government, and he sums up the whole conservative argument for us in these forcible words: "We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that the stock of each man is small and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages." Nothing was more ridiculous or more shameful in his eyes than that these "alchemists and projectors" of the revolutionary idea should

pretend to be legislating for the elevation of humanity, when they were plunging society into such a mire of corruption, and sacrificing the first aims of all society to the experiment of their wild fancies. "People will never look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors."

In his "Letter to a Noble Lord" and "Letters on a Regicide Peace," he continues his attack. In the latter of these he urges war against France as a public nuisance and a menace to the good order of neighboring governments. In France the foundation of government was laid in regicide, in jacobinism, and in atheism, and he maintained that "the influence of such a France is equal to a war, its example more wasting than a hostile irruption."

These are but some of the trunk lines on which Burke's extensive influence worked. We have not followed out their minute ramifications, nor have we spoken of other momentous affairs, such as the freedom of the public press and the Catholic emancipation in Ireland, whose present more amicable disposition is due to him. The subject is enormous and but imperfectly touched upon in this paper. To obtain an adequate idea of the results of his political wisdom one must needs study the texture of all present constitutional government. To obtain a correct idea of his influence on the British Constitution, study the amelioration of English domestic government and of British rule abroad; notice the difference in its tenor in the eighteenth and in the nineteenth century; observe its advance in equity and common justice; compare these with the high handed arrogance and Cæsarean tendencies of the king and Parliament that oppressed Ireland, lost America, wrecked India, and all but drove the people of England into the unnatural vengeance of a French Revolution, and you have, in outline at least, the wholesome influence of Edmund Burke on the British Constitution.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND '96.

A NAPOLEONIC LEGEND.

Translated from the French of George D'Esparbes.



THE English held the crest of the Mountain of Alcoba and overlooked the whole French camp, while we could see but their vanguard perched between the Convent of Busaco and the pass. The position seemed impregnable; yet it must be attacked.

The 27th of September, Ney had the trumpets sounded, and, waving his sword, calm and smiling, led the march to the beating of the drums.

The position commanded the mountain and rose high up against the sky, surrounded by wide chasms and defended by granite fortifications.

An hour afterwards, although no one could think what gigantic wings had borne four thousand men so high, the marshal and two regiments of grenadiers appeared at twenty paces from the English. The cannons thundered and poured their deadly charge into the French ranks. Furious, panting for breath, Ney and his troops rushed forward on the English guns, fell beneath their fire, disappeared in the smoke, rose, and fell again, cut down by the unceasing storm of shot and shell.—Three hundred men had perished during the scaling of the rock; five hundred more in the attack. They fell in large groups, but behind these others followed, who, stepping over the bodies of their companions, dashed into the fray to be in their turn replaced by others . . . At last, the guns were silenced; the enemy's line wavered, and the red-

haired gunners, the tall English carbineers, fled . . .

—Forward, cried the marshal.

The French followed in pursuit,—but, suddenly the mountain was shaken as if by an earthquake. . . . A wide track of land broke asunder and a gaping chasm stood open over the enormous mass of men, a thousand English and four hundred French, who had tumbled down together into this frightful abyss! The remaining combattants heard but a loud clamor, then a low and distant cry . . . and nothing remained on the mountain but a kind of echo of a confused sound,—and the terror and silence of the retreating troops.

* * * *

At three o'clock in the afternoon, an Englishman bearing a flag of truce descended the Alcoba, asked for Ney and told the marshal that Wellington wished to speak to him about the morning's catastrophe.

Then only did Ney seem to awake. Since the battle he had been in a kind of stupor from which he had not yet been aroused. He rose at last and called an officer.

—Reynier, be my escort; order a captain and a company. The officer bowed, and a minute afterwards the troops were climbing the mountains.

Pale and agitated, surrounded by his officers, Wellington stood awaiting his arrival.

—Sir, he said quickly, you must be interested in the fate of the brave men who fell, this morning, over the precipice

of the Alcoba. They are no longer enemies, but unfortunate fellow-creatures who need our assistance.

Ney stepped forward, and the two generals clasped hands.

—We must assist them immediately, said the marshal. We should have done it before this, but terror left me helpless. I trembled for the first time in my life.

While speaking, the generals and their retinue had stopped on the brink of the chasm. An immense funnel of rocks, on whose sides the sun shone fiercely, opened at the surface of the mountain and sank straight in the ground into pitch-dark depths. Ney, Wellington and the officers looked down. . . . From the gaping pit rose a gust of cold wind which struck them in the face.

—Some one must go down, said Ney quietly.

Wellington shivered and a few faces in the English staff turned pale.

Ney looked around.

—Bring ropes, he ordered. Captain, have you a *man*?

The captain surveyed a company, made a sign, and a grenadier stepped out of the ranks.

—He is a Biscayan, said the officer, in presenting him.

The soldier took off his uniform, tied a cord around his body, made a rapid and comical salute to his captain, and bent over the edge of the pit. For a moment he was visible, descending slowly, a strong oaken stick in one hand, and with the other firmly grasping the rope—and he disappeared in the dismal obscurity.—Then the soldiers cried to him,

Are you all right?

—Yes, he replied, slacken the rope.

Then an English soldier wished to descend also. He was a mountaineer. Wellington proposed that he should be allowed.

—No, said the marshal; your Scotchman might rub against my man, who might profit of the occasion to commence an attack. They would fight suspended above the abyss. Instead of getting the information we desire, we might haul up two corpses.

Wellington did not answer. The descent was becoming more difficult; the

rope was now loose and floating with the wind.

—There are trees, rocks that obstruct the passage and stop his progress, said an officer. Bending over the edge, he cried:

—Hello-o-o?

The rope tightened and a voice already distant mounted from the precipice.

—I see nothing; loosen the rope.

The rope quivered like an immense violin string under some fabulous bow. Four officers held it firmly and let it down slowly, little by little. The descent was slow; the man was undoubtedly feeling his way, groping in the dark.

—Hello. . . ., cried the grenadiers, together.

Lower and lower, hollow and confused like an echo, arose a voice to their ears, —Slack-en again.

There was another pause. A few loops of the rope were slackened out and it then again became rigid. A few more feet were let down—But, Wellington turned around impatiently,—Bring the monk here he ordered.

A major started and soon came back, followed by a Capuchin friar.

—Marshal, said Wellington, here is one who can tell us if there exists in the side of the Alcoba a passage by which we might save our men. I arrested him this morning.

—Question him, said Ney.

—Father, said Wellington, do you speak French?

The monk answered 'yes,' by a nod.

—You live in this part of the country; you must know the Alcoba.

The monk nodded again.

At this moment the soldiers who held the rope felt nothing more weighing on their arms. The man had stopped.

—Oh-oh-o-o, shouted twenty throats.

There was a moment of silence, and a voice, a mere whisper, which their attentive ears could hardly perceive, reached the mouth of the opening.

—Slac-ken a-gain.

The monk had heard nothing. Wellington turned again to him.

—Father, he said, a great misfortune has happened to us. This morning four thousand men were fighting on this very spot. Suddenly the ground gave way

under their feet and a multitude of our brave soldiers were precipitated into the abyss.

—Four hundred of mine, said Ney.

—A thousand of ours, sadly added Wellington. Is there a way of finding them, of saving some of them?

With an identical movement both generals approached the friar as if to forestall and seize upon the happy answer of the monk, each for his own men—But they drew back terrified. The monk had fallen on his knees on the edge of the precipice and there, horror-stricken, his eyes riveted to the profoundest of the abyss, was praying and moaning.

—It is then all over with them? said an officer.

Ney frowned, turned around and made a sign

Fifty voices shouted :

—Hello-o-o-o.

They had let down four hundred yards of rope. Ten yards more were left. Everyone listened—and after a moment, five or six words reached the surface.

—I—hear—some—thing—now. More—rope.

A few yards more were slipped down and there was another pause. The soldiers held their breath and the whisper was again heard :

—Hear—Men's voices—but—far—a—way. Al—ways—same—cry.

The last foot of the line was gone ; the soldiers tied the end to a post. Then they bent down over the mouth of the pit and listened. The voice rose up again

—Can't—go—far—ther ; hear—shouting—still. They—cry

A gust of wind drowned the voice. The words of the man were mingled with I know not what other voice, which was that of darkness, of the deep, of the void

Ney shouted in a voice of thunder :

—Grenadier, what do they cry? What do you hear?

A hundred voices repeat in unison : "What do you hear?" The formidable clamour plunged into the abyss. It reverberated from side to side, always lower and lower down, until it seemed like the sound of distant thunder. Then there was a silence ; every head was bent down around the monk, as in a sanctuary when the priest elevates the Sacred Host. That which was to ascend from the abyss was the answer of the infinite, of the inexpressible. The man must have heard, for after a long wait, his sepulchral voice, so far away that it had lost all accent, sent up from the abyss these few words :

—I—hear I hear them cry : "Vive l'Empereur."

RAOUL BELANGER, '97.



PATRIOTIC SPEECHES.



Print with pleasure the four following speeches delivered in reply to the four Irish toasts that had a place on the programme of the St. Patrick's Day Banquet. Every discourse delivered on that occasion deserved reproduction in the pages of *THE OWL*, but lack of space prevents our doing what, under other circumstances, would have been a pleasant duty. We are persuaded that no one will regard our distinction as invidious. — EDITORS.

THE DAY.

Response by John J. Garland '96.

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen—

It is not without much hesitation that I arise to respond to this time-honored yet ever-welcome toast. I perceived, but alas too late, that in accepting this honor I had placed a much too heavy burden on my shoulders, for I am entirely incapable of doing the subject justice; yet I am consoled by the thought that even had my pen the magic beauty of a Tennyson and my expression the resistless eloquence of a Cicero, I could hardly expect to do justice to such a noble and inspiring theme.

Every people and nation from time immemorial have had their feast-days; the Romans had their Saturnalia, England has her Sovereign's birth-day, the United States her Fourth of July, Canada her Dominion Day and Ireland her St. Patrick's Day. We might ask "Who was St. Patrick?" and answer with Americans when asked "Who was George Washington?" After God, "First in the hearts of his countrymen." Where is the Celt whose enthusiasm is not aroused at the mention of Erin's patron, and why not? Was it not, as the poet sings, "St. Patrick

who brought to our mountains, the gift of God's faith, the sweet light of his love!" Was it not St. Patrick who left home and country and everything that was dear to him to convert a pagan people, to toil and suffer, aye even to give up his life if necessary to bring them the true word of Christ?

St. Patrick sacrificed everything but he did not labor in vain, for those whom he addressed eagerly accepted the doctrines of the cross and left to the world a people so imbued with the true faith, that, like the rock on which Christ built His church ages have been unable to shake their constancy. He had civilized a people whose descendants have followed in his footsteps, enlightening the world not only in religion, but also in literature, art and science. Ireland has been termed the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," and not unjustly, for she has produced some of the brightest intellects the world has ever known. Ireland herself has been a kind and tender mother to her offspring; but, as is too often the case, the victor has ill-treated and made a wanderer of the defeated, yet unconquered Celt, and Irishmen have been dispersed like chaff in the wind, to the four corners of the earth. But while Ireland and the Gael suffered, other lands and peoples benefited; history relates innumerable instances of Irish heroes bringing the palm of victory to their adopted country; yet, amidst all such glory they have never ceased to remain faithful to the land of their birth. They have also persevered in their religion although subject to most cruel persecutions; on its account their enemies have oft attempted to destroy the Irish priesthood, the members of which have at times been hunted about like beasts of prey. Yet history tells us that the Irish people and Irish priests have never been disunited; "they lived, loved, and died

together." Is it not fitting then that we should honor him who has been the cause of so much good? To pay this fitting honor to our National Apostle is the reason we are assembled here to-day, this is the reason that every true Irishman displays his bit of green so proudly; this is the reason that this hall is to-day resounding with the praises of St. Patrick; this is the reason that we have heard these good old soul stirring airs, the same which enraptured our forefathers and led them on to glorious deeds. "We love Ireland's music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy; a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves, it soothes." It is a music that will ever appeal to the sympathies of every truly patriotic man. The heart of every Irishman, on this day, throbs with joy and sorrow as he recalls to memory "the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes." These are the thoughts that once more unite Irishmen in spirit and draw them together to-day. Indeed this day is a second Christmas for the Celt, for as Christ redeemed the world, so St. Patrick redeemed Ireland.

As we are here assembled, so the world over Irishmen or their descendants are congregated to celebrate this day. All of Ireland's wrongs will be rehearsed, all her battles fought over and over again, all her glories will be sung. For centuries this has annually occurred, and it has served to enkindle in the bosoms of the sons of Irishmen a feeling of pride in their descent, that makes them ever revere and love that little green isle, "the gem of the sea." In this manner is Ireland's history handed down from father to son and insured a faithful keeping. Let us hope that the future history of Erin will be not less glorious than her past, that the time is not far distant when her hills will re-echo with the glad song of freedom, and that ere many more St. Patrick's Days

have passed we shall see Ireland take her merited position—first among nations,—that her sons may be more closely united in their own their native land, so that instead of saying

"One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gael,"

we may be able to exclaim—

"One in name and in fame
Are the sea-surrounded Gael."

IRELAND'S SAINTS AND SOLDIERS.

Response by John Ryan, '97.

Mr Chairman, Rev. Fathers and Fellow-Students:—

From her earliest history, with the exception of the three centuries that followed St. Patrick's death, we find Ireland's sky darkened by a succession of threatening clouds. And while an old proverb says: "'Tis the darkest hour before the dawn," it would seem, in the case of suffering Ireland, that each dawn ushered in a darker and still more clouded firmament. Yet ages ago one cloud was lifted from Ireland's sky and never again returned to mar the beauty of an Irish day dawn; it was the dark cloud of paganism, swept away by the rays of Christian sunshine and leaving the Irish nation illumined with the light of Catholic Faith.

Arriving in Ireland as its apostle, Patrick immediately engaged in a crusade against the idols of paganism, and so well did he conduct his holy campaign that we soon find pagan temples changed into Catholic sanctuaries and the ceremonies of Druidism giving way to the Sacrifice of the Mass. Patrick's career, as he travelled from end to end of the island, resembled more the triumphant progress of a beloved monarch than the tedious journey of a poor missionary. He found Ireland universally pagan; he left it universally Christian, the future birthplace of Europe's most glorious martyrs, the second home of Christianity, the island of saints.

At the time of Patrick's death churches and convents filled the land; 700 religious houses were founded, where the brave sons and pure daughters of Erin con-

secrated their lives to God in holy retirement, and a line of universities were established from which was graduated a glorious roll of Irish saints, who suffered and died strangers in a strange land after having carried the light of Catholic Faith to the different countries of Europe.

It has frequently been remarked as extraordinary that the annals of the early Irish Church do not record the death of a single martyr. No, such was the gentleness and docility of the pagan Irish, that unlike other countries, Christianity spread throughout the land, without the shedding of one drop of her children's blood. But dark clouds were again gathering on the horizon. A new era dawned, an era marked by a most brutal prosecution of Catholic Ireland. Luther's apostles and admirers flocked over from England, but not all their flattery, not all their bribery, not all their threats could convert Erin's Catholic children to the new fangled, religious notions of the Reformation. But these enemies of Catholicity remembering the old maxim, "Strike off the head and the trunk will soon decay," pursued a new course in their proselytizing. Laws were enacted, which threatened death to him so base as to speak the Irish language. Catholicity became synonymous with treason; hearing mass was made a capital crime and the faithful Soggarth Aroon was outlawed, hunted with British blood-hounds and when captured, subjected to the most cruel indignities and finally hanged, drawn and quartered. Heresy smote where paganism had spared. These were the days when Irish saints—and few among Erin's children but were saints,—had to steal from their homes at midnight, yes, even in the depth of winter, flee to the mountain tops, to subterranean caves, or to sequestered glens that they might secretly assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And even here they were ferreted out by their enemies and mercilessly slaughtered. Then it was that Ireland's pure soil became purpled with the blood of her martyrs, who preferred death and eternal salvation, to apostacy, riches and eternal damnation.

But why dwell longer on this dark page of Irish history? Why unravel the pages of ancient literature to seek Irish saints? Has the Ireland of to-day grown so cold

to the old faith that none of her modern children can be held up as models of Catholicity? Let us see. Sir, it was the proud boast of her enemies that Ireland was deprived of her language, and made to adopt a tongue foreign to her people. But the victory, if it may be called such, was only half a victory. The object of our English friends in abolishing the Irish language, was that they might the more easily turn Ireland's children from the Catholic Faith. Little thought they at the time that instead of gaining their unholy end, they were paving the way for a band of faithful missionaries, who would soon invade their British territory with the holy sword of Gospel Truth; for a band of Irish priests who would implant again on English soil the tree of Catholicity uprooted by the unholy designs of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth; for a band of Erin's anointed sons, who would in God's good time, bring back to the Apostolic fold, a nation whose misguided forefathers were inveigled into heresy by the licentious promises of the Reformation; for a band of Irish Saints whose teachings gave to the Catholics of England the immortal names of Newman and Manning.

Ireland has a mission to perform. Read the history of the English-speaking world, and upon what page will you not find recorded the great zeal of Ireland's saintly missionaries? Is there a country in which her priests have not sown the seeds of Christianity and reaped everywhere a glorious harvest? Wherever the tempest of barbarian invasion had uprooted Christian civilization, there Erin's sons replanted, in the loosened soil, the tree of Christian life. Not content with re-establishing Catholicity in England, these Irish soldiers of Christ have marched to the uttermost bounds of the earth winning victory after victory for the cross of Christ. Find anywhere an Irish family, even in the smallest hut, in the most remote regions, and there you will surely hear, mingled with the gentle murmur of the evening zephyr, the deep toned sounds of the Catholic Angelus. When we see, and Sir, I believe the day is not far distant when we will see a universally Catholic, English-speaking world, then Ireland's mission will have been accomplished.

Then will she rise unchained and unfettered, a nation among nations, the brightest gem in the ring of the world, smiled upon by her saints, martyrs and confessors, whose unseen benediction still accompanies the Irish exiles on their mission of charity.

And now let us review another phase of Irish history. Though Ireland fell an easy prey to the soldiers of Roman Christianity, yet Rome's civil soldiers, in their victorious march throughout the then known world, thought it vain to attempt a conquest of Ireland. Other nations succumbed to the conquering sword of Rome, but the Roman Eagle never flapped its proud wings over Irish soil.

Dazzled by her wealth and beauty, the Danes early determined, by fair means or foul, to become masters of the Emerald Isle. The inveterate enemies of Christianity, these Scandanavian barbarians directed their principal attacks against monasteries, churches and every thing Catholic. They became so powerful that they even proclaimed one of their princes kings of Ireland. But this last act sounded the death-knell of Danish dominion in Erin; a day of retribution was at hand. Brian Boru, the rightful king, marshalled his clans and proceeded to Clontarf where he anxiously awaited the coming of the Danes. It was Good Friday and Brian knowing how much depended on the result of this battle, rode before his followers, drew a crucifix from his breast and held it aloft exclaiming: "Christian soldiers, to-day Christ died for you! Look upon this sacred sign and under its holy shadow you shall conquer as Constantine did of old." The effect was electrical; rushing on the Danes the Irish drove them from the field, and Clontarf was Ireland's Marathon. But the victory was dearly bought. Brian, the victorious hero of fifty battle-fields, fell in the moment of victory pierced by the dagger of a fugitive Dane.

Ireland with a united people feared no enemy, but dissensions arising among her princes caused a weakness in the nation that Henry II, of England was not slow to take advantage of; and the nation, to whom defeat was unknown, fell an easy prey to the English. Then were bound around Ireland those chains that were

drawn tighter and still more tight as time passed on. Noble efforts were indeed made to break the bonds; '98 and '48 are years never-to-be-forgotten in the annals of Irish history. But Ireland's destiny was one of disappointment. In the moment of seeming triumph some unaccountable accident has always turned the tide of victory in favor of her enemies. But the defeat of a brave army commanded by a brave general is no disgrace; and defeat under the circumstances that the Irish labored only adds glory to her military history. Greece honored the memory of Leonidas though Thermopylæ was a defeat; Rome paid public honors to the man who lost Cennæ; France still reveres the name of Napoleon; Saxons treasure the memory of the defeated heroes of Hastings; Scotland points the finger of pride to the name of Sir William Wallace. Shall not Ireland then, even in defeat, sing the praises of her gallant sons whose valor and bravery were unsurpassed on any field of battle?

England, her oppressor, bears the proud title of "Mistress of the Sea." She has won a crown of glory in her continental wars. Yes! England claims all the benefit; England receives all the reward, but Irish soldiers have gained her battles. Yes! these soldiers so fated to defeat at home, amply retrieved their domestic losses in the wars of the continent, and even English red-coats have had to acknowledge the powers of the Irish sword. Fontenoy would have proved another Waterloo had not a brave batallion of Irish exiles rushed on the victorious English and wrested from them the laurels of victory.

But not in France alone does Irish valor shine; the military history of the great powers of Europe records a line of victories in which the valor and skill of Irish soldiers and Irish generals played an important part. This is one of the reasons why I firmly believe we shall never see a bloody conflict between England and the United States, over the Venezuelan or any other dispute. There are too many Irish soldiers in the English forces and too many sons of Erin general the troops of the great Republic to our south. It would be brother against brother and father against son. Too much would be at stake in the loss of so many Irish soldiers

to the two great nations who would be much more appropriately occupied in crushing the oppressors of the Christians in the East than in domestic quarrels.

And this reminds me that our American friends have much to thank Ireland for. In 1774 the Irish exile took up the cry of liberty and hand in hand with other American patriots, fought until the last red-coat was driven from the country. Who was it that first dared to meet a British warship, yes, and even defeat the "Mistress of the Sea" in her own element? Was it not "Saucy Jack Barry, half Irish, have yankee and afraid of nobody"?

And in our own Canada even the sons of the Emerald Isle have participated in a triumph over British tyranny. In 1837-38, we find them, few I will admit, but enough of them to instill Irish pluck and vim into the hearts of their compatriots, we find them shoulder to shoulder with their French and Protestant countrymen fighting against all the abuses of "The Family Compact," yes! and ultimately rejoicing in the final overthrow of irresponsible government.

It is needless to say more. Bravery though silent, pays a much more eloquent tribute to Ireland's soldiers than any words of my humble efforts. In countless fields, in every quarter of the globe, Irish soldiers have written a military history, the chapters of which ancient Greece and ancient Rome in their palmiest days might proudly boast.

IRISH LETTERS.

Response by J. J. Quilty, '07.

There is something which acts inspiringly on the soul of every true Irishman, on the occasion of the annual recurrence of St. Patrick's Day. At no other time do the sons of old Erin so tangibly feel that they belong to a race of a glorious past, of a progressive present, and of a hopeful future. Old Memory in a special manner displays its activity; so much so, that go where you will to-day, enter any Irish banquet hall, and there you will hear recounted the achievements of Irishmen in the past, in all the walks of life—in arms, in art, in science and in litera-

ture. Gentlemen, we too are celebrating St. Patrick's Day; we feel the quickened throbs of the pulse sending new life through us as we contemplate the glories of the Emerald Isle. Already have we heard well-merited praise of the Irish from different standpoints. Inspired by the occasion and profiting of it, I too attempt to express my thoughts on another subject, one which should be of interest to you all—for it is none other than that of Irish Letters. And well may I begin with the poet:

"I would my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me,"

for I am confronted with a galaxy of ancient historians, poets and bards; of later friars and monks, and transcribers; of more recent great and learned men both in Ireland and abroad—orators, statesmen and poets—from which it is difficult to form what must be a brief and at the same time a just appreciation of Irish Letters.

I cannot neglect entirely the claims of ancient Ireland in order to come more quickly to the interesting and brilliant period of her modern learning and literature. For it would be unjust to the character of the Irish as an eminently literary people not to mention the labours of her pagan historians or ollamhs, her shanachys, tale-narrators, or her poets, whose authenticated writings are said to outnumber those which we possess of like sort from ancient Greece and Rome. For the same reason would it be unfair to let pass unnoticed the illustrious facts that the schools of Ireland in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries were asylums of deep learning, filled with saints and scholars whose writings now adorn the most magnificent libraries of Europe; that at one time the monastery of Armagh numbered 7,000 pupils; that the founders of universities in those days placed Irishmen at their head; and finally that Ireland was a land of scholars and saints when the Britons were painted savages, and that valuable books were written there ere the Britons were as far advanced in civilization as are the Blackfeet Indians.

But in the course of a few centuries the scene was changed. Surely no one here would expect to find much evidence of letters in Ireland during the cruel times

following the Reformation, when the Irish were at the mercy of an Elizabeth or a Cromwell. I need not tell you how the Irish were chased from school, how their colleges and churches were ransacked, their libraries destroyed, how their priests were hunted, what unspeakable hardships they then underwent. It is not my office to drain your tears—for truly were I or anyone else to expose the details of those atrocities I cannot conceive of a bosom so flinty as to bear up in the face of the horrible story. And yet even then, against overwhelming disadvantages, there were some who concealed themselves in the huts of the peasantry where they laboured heroically for the preservation of the ancient manuscripts. For from this time date the "Annals of the Four Masters," with which the names of the brothers O'Cleary are inseparably connected, and which are a fund of reference for the British as well as the Irish historian.

This brings me nearer to our own time. A grander spectacle now opens to our view. Beginning with Dean Swift, that immortal humorist, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and leading on up to Aubrey de Vere, in our day, the grand drama of the Irish literary world passes before us, introducing those orators and statesmen, those poets and novelists, those leaders of men, whether secular or religious, many of whom have not only thrown a halo of glory upon Ireland, but have won the admiration of the world. Above all others we recognize Edmund Burke—the greatest philosophical statesman the world has ever seen, and the one orator of modern times whose eloquence has rendered doubtful the long-admitted pre-eminence of Demosthenes. Tom Moore comes next, full of the gleeful spirit of his race—a spirit that enabled him to attune his immortal "Melodies" to those sweet national airs which approach nearer than any others to the soft tones of the angelic choirs. Oliver Goldsmith, in his travels "by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po," with a shirt on his back and a flute in his hand, reminds us of the old wandering bard who sang the ancient glories of Britain. What other nation can present such a noble list of orators as Edmund Burke, Daniel O'Connell, Grattan, Curran, Shields, Sheridan, Emmet and

Father Tom Burke? Besides these, look upon Davis, the second Moore, whose far-famed "Fontenoy" appeals to the legitimate pride of the martial Irishman. Again we have Lever to create fun by his "Handy Andy" or his "Rory O'Moore"; Lover, to show forth Irish wit and humour in "Charles O'Malley" or "Harry Lorrequer"; Carleton to soothe us with genuine, charming Irish tales. We have Gerald Griffin and Denis Florence McCarthy, good Irish names, the former to instruct us with the insinuating morality of "The Collegians," and the latter to temper the soft productions of "The Spanish Shakespeare" with the delicate generosity of an Irish heart. Finally comes Aubrey de Vere, the greatest living writer of English poetry. He is too religious, too Catholic, perhaps too true a poet, else he might be to-day, as he should be, the poet laureate of England.

Turning our eyes to our own continent, we notice that in these comparatively young western nations, the Irish intellect is in the foreground. A thousand-fold have Hibernia's exiled sons repaid this land for the freedom which it gave them. In both the United States and Canada, whenever there was question of intellectual progress, the Irish have been among its foremost promoters. In literary America they have had able representatives. The United States boasts the world-famed poet and patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly; the poet-priest, Father Abram Ryan; Matthew Carey, the great political economist, left dear old Ireland to abide within the hospitable shores of Columbia; the Carrolls were Irish, Bishop Hughes was Irish; and to-day, who are the learned men in Church and State across the border? Their names betray their race. For it seems to me that in the Church there are no more illustrious names than those of Gibbons, Ireland, Ryan and Corrigan; whilst in the State an Irishman, Bourke Corcoran, succeeds another Irishman, Daniel Dougherty, in the possession of the proud title, America's greatest orator.

In Canada, the same thing is repeated. We have had here the great writer, orator and patriot, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Sir John Thompson was proud to say that he had Irish blood in his veins. At the present

time, two of our most able writers are Joseph K. Foran of Montreal, and Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, while Archbishop Walsh in Western Ontario, and Archbishop Cleary in Central, enlighten and guide our people by their wisdom and counsel. One of our best, one of purest politicians and our greatest orator, Hon. Edward Blake, has left us to go and plead a nobler cause, that of Home Rule for the down-trodden land of his forefathers.

And now I think you will admit with me that what I have said throughout the course of these few remarks, sufficiently proves that the Irish are, I repeat it, an eminently literary and learned people. And it is manifest that the basest of calumnies was that which stamped that race as illiterate. Such an epithet might apply with some show of reasonableness in the times when it was a crime to educate an Irishman. But those days, thank Heaven, are about past, and again, as in olden times, Hibernia's children give proof of their genius and vie with the foremost in the possession of the highest possible intellectual attainments.

IRISH NATION BUILDERS.

Response by T. D. McGee, '97.

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen—

The history of Ireland clearly demonstrates that her people have been a race of nation builders, a race whose influence has been felt in the four quarters of the globe, both in religion and society. From the very cradle of her existence it seems that divine Providence had chosen the Emerald Isle of the West to be the land whose offspring was destined to raise up in other climes powerful, wealthy and righteous peoples. Yes, gentlemen, from the time when she exercised the greatest power in human and divine science not only over her own countrymen but over a considerable part of Europe, when for several centuries she held the undisputed intellectual leadership of the Western world, down to the present time, Erin's saints, Erin's missionaries, Erin's scholars, Erin's statesmen, Erin's soldiers have filled the world with

wonder by their great achievements in foreign lands. Whether we go to the tropical climate of Africa or to the beautiful far off land of Australasia, or come across the Atlantic's wide expanse to the land of the free and the brave, or to the snow-covered hills of our own dear Canada, we everywhere learn of the strenuous efforts put forth by Irishmen to raise up peaceful and happy homes, of their fierce yet justified struggles against oppression, of their utmost endeavours to establish and preserve that true Faith, so strongly characteristic of the race. In a word, peace, happiness and prosperity have everywhere followed the advent of Erin's sons.

Impelled to a certain degree by a spirit of adventure, but mainly driven from their native land by the operation of cruel laws, millions of the Irish race braved the dangers of exile and faced the perils of a new existence in a home across the Atlantic. To Canada and the United States did the tide of emigration principally turn. In Canada the exiles first found a home and a refuge from the shameful laws imposed on their oppressed country. From East to West, in the Maritime Provinces, and all along the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence to the great lakes, the exiled children of the Green Isle scattered themselves. In fact they penetrated into every part of Canada and proved themselves in every circumstance bold, self-reliant and patriotic. Throughout the cities and towns of this fair Dominion they have held, and still continue to hold, eminent positions in every profession, in every walk of political and commercial life. We need but point to the names of Baldwin, Hincks, McGee, Blake, Thompson and others, to learn what the Irish have done to make Canada the greatest of the British possessions.

The United States have been and are the refuge of the poor and the oppressed, and we need go no further to seek for a cause that has drawn millions of Irish exiles to their shores. And in return what have they done for their adopted country? When America was struggling to free herself from the Mother Country, tell me, gentlemen, if Erin's sons stood aloof and showed themselves insensible to the cause that stirred the

heart of the nation to its depths? No, the foundation of the United States was sealed with their life blood. From every state, from every city, town and village, wherever the Irish were, they obeyed the summons of the national leaders and rushed to the defense of the common cause. And, gentlemen, since the struggle for independence the Irish have been prominent in all lines of national progress. In every undertaking that has tended to make America the nation she is to-day, Erin's sons have been amongst the foremost. Gentlemen, next to God, America is indebted to Ireland for the stronghold Catholicity has obtained in that country.

If now we turn from America to Australia, what do we find? Who have built up this great British colony of the East? Simultaneously with the great flow of emigration to America, another found its way to Australia. Here also did the poor and oppressed exile find a resting place, free from the sufferings and wretchedness forced upon his native land. The extraordinary progress of the Irish race in Australia bears a twofold aspect, religious and political. Unshaken in their faith they built up a young and vigorous Church, which is daily increasing and whose influence is bound before long to be felt in the Oriental countries. Passing from religious to political considerations, it is the same story of energy and success. The welfare of the country has been in the hands of the Irish ever since they sought its welcome shores. And to-day there is no more respected name in all Australia than that of the renowned Irish patriot, statesman and litterateur, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

Such, gentlemen, has been the case in every country into which representatives of the Irish race have penetrated. For three generations they rendered France the greatest service. Irish soldiers changed the history of the world at Fontenoy and Austerlitz. And as they have fought France's battles, so have they helped to govern her in peace. And hence to-day we find the names of great Irish statesmen and diplomatists inscribed on marble

slabs in her cathedrals. Why, gentlemen, it is only a few years ago since the descendant of a noble Irish family, Marshal McMahon, was elected President of the French Republic. The young blood of Ireland has also deluged the olive groves of Spain. And not only in the army but also in the civil government of that nation have Irishmen been renowned. Important political and diplomatic offices have been entrusted to them, embassies of peace and war, government of provinces and the highest administrative offices in the state. The names of the O'Donnells, the Blakes and the O'Reillys are conspicuous in the history of proud Castile. In England some of the greatest statesmen, orators and military leaders have been Irishmen. The most illustrious orator of modern times, Edmund Burke, was an Irishman. The ablest diplomatist in the United Kingdom of to-day, the Earl of Dufferin, is an Irishman. Sir Charles Russell, the cleverest advocate, is another among the many Irishmen who have largely helped to make England the shaper of the destinies of the world. And, gentlemen, what need is there for me to recount the deeds of Erin's saints and scholars in Norway, in Sweden, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy and in far off Iceland? In a word, the influence of the Irish race has been felt all over the world. Whether they have penetrated into distant and unknown lands or have sought refuge in countries nearer home, success has been the outcome of their efforts, victory the result of their struggles, and peace and happiness the consequence of their wise administration. And now, gentlemen, after having made nations out of colonies, after having poured out their life's blood in defence of the sacred cause of liberty, after having proved themselves to be what is denied them in their own country, able and worthy statesmen, let us hope that when the day comes, which please God is not far distant, for Erin's sons to prove themselves equal to the task of forming a nation of their own, they will stand a united body under the dear old flag of "Erin go Bragh."

DOMBEY AND SON.

A FRAGMENT.



AMONGST the vast array of novels with which the versatile Dickens has delighted the world at large, *Dombey and Son* stands one of the foremost, not merely for its literary beauty and complete naturalness, but especially for its truthful delineation of character.

The tale itself, written in that style which never wearies the reader, presents the picture of a purse-proud merchant whose whole interest is centered in the House, (not of Commons, but of business). Reared in the lap of luxury, rolling in wealth and regarded as the soul of honor, Mr. Dombey but too well exhibits those traits that characterize so many placed in the same position as himself. Pride, terrible pride, is the corner stone of his character. All his other qualities, be they good or bad, are overshadowed by mighty pride, so much so in fact that they are hard to be distinguished, for the shadow is too deep.

The firm of Dombey and Son has been for some time without the senior partner—for he, though very powerful, was but human after all and had to yield to the demands of nature—and in consequence the weight of business is thrown wholly upon Mr. Dombey's shoulders. The latter now lacks nothing but a son to keep up the firm's long established name, a son to carry on the business, to possess the money and to wield the influence of the House of Dombey. In time his home, so long gloomy, is blessed by the arrival of a child, luckily a son, and regardless of the fact that in the birth of a son, has occurred the death of a mother, the father's joy knows no bounds. Little Paul; for that is the scion's name, a sickly creature, grows up under the guidance of

his father and at an early age exhibits a wonderful precocity. Although too weak to take advantage of the blessing of a liberal education, which his father's means would have easily put within his grasp, and so unfortunate as not to possess the priceless privilege of that love which a mother alone can show, the boy nevertheless makes much progress under his sister Florence, for she is, as it were, both mother and teacher.

Florence is the first born child of Mr. Dombey and his only daughter. A daughter did I say, a true daughter? Perhaps I have erred. Then let us call her a daughter in name only. Not in affection, not in love, not in kindness, not in tenderness was Florence a daughter, or even a child of Mr. Dombey's, but a daughter in name only. Mr. Dombey would have but one child, and that—a son.

Now that his desire had been satisfied, Mr. Dombey, though still as attentive to business as formerly, spent much time in his son's company, thinking what was the best method of instilling the business principle into his mind, how soon he would take his place in the House, and what a figure he would cut among the Napoleons of finance. And all the while the child would remain silent; brooding over imaginary cares and troubles. On one of these occasions the father was roused from his worldly reverie by his son asking, "Papa, what's money?"

Astonished by such a strange question proceeding from such a strange source, Mr. Dombey replied that money could do anything. "Why then," said little Paul, "didn't it save me my mamma?"—which goes to show us in what strange directions the mind of the child ran.

W. S. '99.

THE TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.



ONE born to heirship of old Midas' ward,
 On works of beneficence builds his trust ;
 Holding meanwhile, with unrelenting hand,
 A barrier 'tween himself and kindred dust.

One sings in classic strains of love divine,
 (Receiving thereby the laurel crown) ;
 But does not hesitate to pour the wine
 Of bitterness for hearts to that love known.

A polished icicle upon a roof,
 As cold to human sympathies within,
 One holds himself in dignity aloof,
 Courteously chilling whom his grace would win.

Most pitiful of all, the petty pride
 That vaunts itself in mere material forms
 Of outward garb and equipage, decried
 Are those for whom *a la mode* has no charms.

How few they are who bear the simple test,
 The standard set by Christ : " If charity
 For one another ye shall manifest,
 Then all men shall know ye belong to me."

And : " Unless ye as children shall become,
 Gentle and guileless, ye shall not behold
 My face in that fair country where the bloom
 And grace of sunny youth grows never old."

Elected few, who with pure eyes have seen
 And hailed in lowest depths love's sov'reign law !
 Thence mount in triumph to Heaven's empyrean,
 And hear the angels singing " Gloria !"

E. C. M.

A LOST INHERITANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.



WHEN I was a boy I used to go every day after school to watch Jean-Pierre Coustel, the turner, at his work. He lived at the other end of the village. He was an old man, partly bald, with a queue hanging down his back, and his feet encased in old worn-out shoes. He used to love to talk of his campaigns on the Rhine and on the Loire in La Vendée. Then he would look at you and smile to himself. His little wife, Mme. Jeannette, sat spinning in the corner behind him; she had large black eyes, and her hair was so white that it looked like flax. I can see her now. She would sit there listening, and she would stop spinning whenever Jean-Pierre spoke of Nantes; it was there they were married in '93. Yes; I can see all these things as if it was yesterday: the two small windows overgrown with ivy; the three beehives on a board above the old worm-eaten door, the bees fluttering in the sunshine over the roof of the hovel; Jean-Pierre Coustel with his bent back turning bobbins or rods for chairs; the shavings winding themselves into the shape of corkscrews. . . . I can see it all!

And I can also see coming in the evenings Jacques Chatillon, the dealer in wood, with his rule under his arm, and his thick red whiskers; the forest-keeper, Benassis, with his game-bag on his hip and his hunting cap over his ears; M. Nadasi, the bailiff, walking proudly, with his head up, and spectacles on his nose,

his hands in his coat pockets, as if to say: "I am Nadasi, and I carry the citations to the insolvent;" and then my uncle Eustache, who was called "brigadier" because he had served at Chamborau; and many others besides, without counting the wife of the little tailor, Rigodin, who used to come after nine o'clock in search of her husband, in order to be invited to drink half a pint of wine—for, besides his trade as a turner, Jean-Pierre Coustel kept a wayside tavern. The branch of fir hung over the low door, and in winter, when it rained, or when the snow covered the window-panes, many liked to sit under the shelter of the old hut and listen to the crackling of the fire and the humming sound of Jeannette's spinning-wheel, and the wind whistling out of doors through the street of the village.

For my part, I did not stir from my corner until Uncle Eustache, shaking out the ashes of his pipe, would say to me: "Come, François, we must be going. . . . Good night to all! . . ."

Then he would rise, and we would go out together, sometimes in the mud, sometimes in the snow. We would go to sleep at my grandfather's house, and he used to sit up and wait for us. How plainly I can see these far-off things when I think them over!

But what I remember best is the story of the salt marshes which belonged to old Jeannette—the salt marshes she had owned in La Vendée near the sea, and which would have made the fortunes of the Coustels if they had claimed their rights sooner. It appears that, in '93, they drowned a great many people at Nantes, chiefly the aristocracy. They

put them into barks tied together; then they pushed the barks into the Loire, and sank them. It was during the reign of terror, and the peasants of La Vendée also shot down all the republican soldiers they could take; extermination was the rule on both sides; and no mercy was shown by either party. Only, whenever a republican soldier demanded in marriage one of these noble ladies who were about to be drowned, if the unfortunate girl were willing to follow him, she was immediately released. And this was how Mme. Jeannette had become the wife of Coustel.

She was on one of these barks at the age of sixteen—an age when one has a great dread of death! . . . She looked around to see if no one would take pity on her, and just then, at the moment the bark was leaving, Jean-Pierre Coustel was passing by with his musket on his shoulders; he saw the young girl, and called out: "Halt . . . a moment! . . . Citoyenne, wilt thou marry me? I will save thy life!"

And Jeannette fell into his arms as if dead; he carried her away; they went to the mayoralty.

Old Jeannette never spoke of these things. In her youth she had been very happy. She had had domestics, waiting-maids, horses, carriages. Then she had become the wife of a soldier, of a poor republican; she had to cook for him, and to mend his clothes. The old ideas of the château, of the respect of the peasants of La Vendée, had passed away. So goes the world! . . . And sometimes even the bailiff Nadasi in his impertinence would mock at the poor old woman, and call out to her: "Noble lady, a pint of wine! . . . a small glass." He would also make inquiries about her eatables; then she would shut her lips tight, and look at him; a faint colour would come into her pale cheek, and it appeared as if she were going to answer him; but afterwards she would bend down her head and go on spinning in silence.

If Nadasi had not spent money at the tavern, Coustel would have turned him out of doors; but, when one is poor, one is obliged to put up with many affronts, and rascals know this! . . . They never mock at those who would be likely to pull

their ears, as my Uncle Eustache would not have failed to do; they are too prudent for that. How hard it is to put up with creatures like these! . . . Everyone knows there are such beings. We were at the tavern one evening at the end of the autumn of 1830; it was raining in torrents, and about eight o'clock in the evening the keeper Benassis entered, saying: "What weather! . . . If it continues the three ponds will overflow." He shook out his cap and took his blouse off his shoulder to dry it behind the stove. Then he came to seat himself on the end of the bench, saying to Nadasi: "Come, make room, you lazy fellow, and let me sit near the brigadier."

Nadasi moved back.

Notwithstanding the rain, Benassis appeared to be pleased; he said that that day a large swarm of wild geese had arrived from the north; that they had lighted on the ponds of the three saw-mills; that he had spied them afar off, and that the shooting on the marshes was about to begin. Benassis laughed and rubbed his hands as he emptied his glass of brandy and water. Everyone was listening to him. Uncle Eustache said if he went to shoot them he would go in a little skiff, for as to putting on high boots and going into the mire, at the risk of sinking in above his ears, he would not fancy that much. Then every man had his say, and old Jeannette musingly murmured to herself: "I also owned marshes and ponds!"

"Ah!" cried Nadasi, with a mocking air, "listen to that; Dame Jeannette used to own marshes. . . ."

"Certainly," said she, "I did! . . ."

"Where were they, noble lady?"

And as Nadasi shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, The old woman is crazy! Mme. Jeannette ascended the little wooden staircase at the back of the hovel, and then came down again with a basket filled with various articles, needles, thread, bobbing, and yellow parchments, which she deposited on the table.

"Here are our papers," said she; "the ponds, the marshes, and the chateau are there with the other things!" . . . We laid claim to them in the time of Louis XVIII., but my relations denied our rights, because I had married a republican. We would have gone to law, but

we had no money to pay the lawyer. Is it not so, Coustel, is it not true?"

"Yes," said the turner, without moving.

The persons assembled took no interest in the thing, not any more than they would have done in the packages of paper money of the time of the republic, which may still be found in old closets.

Nadasi, still mocking, opened one of the parchments and was raising his head to read it, in order to laugh at Jeannette, when suddenly his countenance became grave; he wiped his spectacles, and turning towards the poor old woman, who sat down again to her spinning, "All these your papers, Mme. Jeannette?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you allow me to look at them a little?"

"You can do as you please with them," said she, "they are of no use to us."

Then Nadasi, who had turned pale, folded up the parchment with several others, saying: "I will see about that. . . It is striking nine o'clock; good night."

He went away, and the rest soon followed him.

Eight days after this, Nadasi set out for La Vendée; he had obtained from Coustel and Dame Jeannette, his wife, their signature which gave to him full power to recover, alienate, and sell all their property, taking upon himself the expenses, with the understanding that he was to be repaid if he obtained the inheritance for them.

Soon after a report was spread in the village that Mme. Jeannette was a noble lady, that she owned a château in La Vendée, and that Coustel would soon receive a large income; but afterwards Nadasi wrote that he had arrived six weeks too late; that the one brother of Mme. Jeannette had shown him papers which made it as clear as day that he had held possession of the marshes for more than thirty years; and that whenever one holds the property of another for more than thirty years it is the same as if he had always held it; so that Jean-Pierre Coustel and his wife, on account of their relations having thus enjoyed their property, had no longer any claim to it.

Those poor people, who had thought themselves so rich, and whom all the

village had congratulated and flattered, when they found they were to have nothing felt their poverty still more keenly than before, and not long afterwards they died within a short time of each other, asking pardon of the Lord for their sins and confident in the hope of eternal life.

Nadasi sold his post of bailiff and did not return to the country; doubtless he had found some employment which suited him better than serving summonses.

Many years had passed; Louis Phillipe had disappeared; then the Republic; the couple Coustel slept on the hillside. I myself had succeeded my grandfather at the post-house. One morning during the gay season at Baden and Hamburg, there happened to me something quite surprising and of which I still think frequently. Several post-chaises had passed during the morning, when, towards eleven o'clock, a courier came to inform me that his master, M. le Baron de Rosélière was approaching. I was at table, but arose at once to superintend the relay of horses. Just as they were being harnessed, a head was put out of the coach window—an old wrinkled face, with hollow cheeks, and gold spectacles on the nose—it was the face of Nadasi, but old, faded, worn out; behind him leaned the head of a young girl; I was all astonishment.

"What is the name of this village?" inquired the old man yawning.

"Laneuville, sir."

He did not recongize me and drew back. Then I saw an old lady also in the coach. The horses were harnessed; they set off.

What a surprise, and how many ideas through my mind! Nadasi was the Baron de Rosélière. May God Forgive me if I am wrong, but I still think that he sold the papers of poor Jeannette and that he assumed a noble name to ward off the questions of the inquisitive. What was there to prevent him? Had he not obtained all the title-deeds, all the papers, all the power of attorney? And now has he not had the thirty years of possession? Poor old Jeannette! What misery we meet within this life! And God permits it all!

THE OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE.

From the Banner of Mary Immaculate.*



OUR origin was humble and insignificant," wrote the founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, in 1853. And indeed was that origin lowly. A quaint old town in romantic Provence, a convent tumbling in ruins, a miserable chamber warmed by a smoking chimney, and furnished with a few rickety chairs and a table consisting of a rough plank supported upon two barrels—such was the Bethlehem of the Congregation dedicated to the Immaculate conception of the Mother of God. The poverty, the misery, the humility of the stable of Bethlehem found there a faithful counterpart; and if mortal ears heard not the harmonies of celestial choirs as did the watching shepherds on the plains of Judea, yet the ears of listening faith might have heard like heavenly strains and a like angelic voice announcing to earth "glad tidings of great joy" on the birth of that new Society: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Glory to God in the highest." Yes, glory be to God on high! there was great joy in store for the nations of the earth; for, the blessing of the Lord fell upon his devoted servants, and He called upon the little community of Aix to contract the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, that thus united to Holy Church, it might live of her life, and grow of her growth, and prosper of her prosperity, until his members should embrace the world in the sphere of their apostolic labors.

All Saints Day 1818, witnessed the first solemn pronouncement of the holy vows

of religion by the Missionaries of Provence, as they were then called. Four years of peaceful mission labors among the poorest and most abandoned classes, followed; but in 1823, an internal strife, fomented and encouraged by jealous enemies, was prevented from utterly annihilating the infant Society, only by the timely appointment to the See of Marseilles, of Mgr. Charles Fortuné de Mazenod, uncle of the founder and friendly benefactor of the Missionaries, and by the solemn approbation of their holy rules and constitutions, signed in 1826 by the infallible hand of Leo XII. "Increase and multiply and fill the earth," were the prophetic words of benediction addressed to the founder by the Sovereign Pontiff, at the close of the ceremony of ratification. Amidst all the storms of the turbulent period immediately preceding and immediately succeeding the Revolution of 1830—storms that exerted all their violence against the venerable pastor and his little flock—the prophetic benediction of the Vicar of Christ advanced slowly but surely to its accomplishment. The little society grew until soon all France felt the reviving influence of its presence. Already the first portion of the blessing of the Holy Father—*increase and multiply*—was accomplished when in 1841, Mgr. de Mazenod beheld in the departure of a handful of his missionaries for the distant missions of Canada, the first fruits of the second: *Fill the earth*. Less than ten years later, his sons zealous with the zeal of their father, had already planted the banner of Mary Immaculate, side by side with the cross, in the very heart of Protest-

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ant England, amidst the trackless forests of Canada, in the prairies of the Northwest, along the wild and rocky coasts of the mighty Pacific, in the plains of Southern Africa, and in the jungles of Ceylon. Let us trace the footsteps of these valiant soldiers of the cross as they march onward to the peaceful conquest of the world.

When the first Oblates arrived at Montreal in 1841, they found not even a place of residence, nor had they the means to procure one, could a suitable house have been found. It was only when a charitable lady presented them with a convenient building that they were enabled to take up again the regular community life of religious Oblates of Mary Immaculate and to recommence the practice of their salutary rules.

A few years later, we find the Oblates at Ottawa, engaged in the exercise of their apostolic ministry. The penury and the misery of that forest mission may be more easily imagined than described. The difficulties, too, were very great. A Catholic population of 5000 souls, without church or regular pastor, in the city; a large number of families scattered here and there and everywhere throughout the surrounding forest—such was the flock entrusted to the Oblate Fathers in 1844 by Mgr. Gaulin, of Kingston. Ignorance, vice, and crime, as may be readily conjectured, were prevalent amidst the Catholics of this neglected region, but in a few years all this was changed by the zeal of the Sons of De Mazenod. The Catholics began to feel their own dignity as children of the Church, and ere long, under the influence of their first bishop, Mgr. Guigues, O. M. I., they became inspired with new sentiments of union and self respect.

In 1845, Father Aubert and Brother Taché, both Oblates of Mary Immaculate, set out for the missions of the Red River Region. Embarking at Lachine, in their frail bark canoe, they mounted the Ottawa ascended its tributary the Mattawa, crossed Lake Temiskaming and, descending the rapid French River, entered the waters of Lake Huron. Across the mighty Superior they continued their voyage, until they arrived at the head-waters of the St. Lawrence, and, at length by a series of

fatiguing portages, succeeded in reaching Lake Winnipeg. Two months after their departure from Lachine, our *voyageurs* landed at St. Boniface, on the banks of the Red River. Immediately on their arrival, the missionaries found themselves face to face with the almost insuperable difficulties of their situation. Before them lay half a continent, unknown, uninhabited, save by the roving tribes of Indians whom they had come to evangelize. The vineyard was large indeed, the harvest rich and ripe; but, alas, how few were the laborers! Two humble Oblates in the sublimity of their faith and confidence, began the mighty task of gathering that abundant harvest. Dangers there were, and trials and afflictions, and fatigues, both of body, mind and soul; but the Master of the vineyard proved himself generous to his zealous laborers, and recompensed their toils by floods of heavenly grace and consolation. Alone, each wandered far and wide, over river, lake and plain, in search of the lost and perishing sheep of Israel. Yet no, not alone; for he walked with God who delights to show Himself to the soul in solitude. All nature spoke so eloquently to him of the mighty Creator, that like the Royal Prophet of Jerusalem, he was forced to call upon heaven and earth to aid him in praising his Maker. "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens. . . . Praise ye the Lord from the earth." And then, the holy sacrifice of the Mass—Mass upon the prairie. Perchance beside some babbling brook, perchance in some secluded nook where

"The Summer sun through wind-kissed leaves
A dazzling golden net-work weaves,"

the missionary erects his humble altar—
his temple,

"The Gardens of the desert. . . .
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful
For which the speech of England has no name;"
its dome, the azure vault of heaven to
which "Diana's marvel" was indeed a cell.
Soon the Eternal Architect of that mighty
temple descends upon the lowly altar,
and, then, oh the joy that fills the heart
of the Man of God as he consummates
that most august of sacrifices!

"From his hands to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path

Still Joing the Father's will ;
 And over the rim of the chalice
 The blood flows forth to fill
 The heart of the man anointed
 With the waves of a wond'rous grace.
 A silence falls on the altar—
 An awe on (the missioner's) face,—
 For the heart that bled on Calvary
 Still beats in that holy place."

Thus strengthened by the heavenly manna of the Eucharist, the two Oblates of Mary Immaculate, continued their solitary labors until their number was augmented by the arrival of other members of their religious family. Gradually, as years rolled by, and the number of laborers increased, the Oblates extended the limits of their mission-field, northward to the Polar Ocean, southward and westwards across the Rocky Mountains into Oregon.

While the Oblates thus marched through the forests and over the prairies in Canada, in search of souls, their brethren were engaged in similar labors in Southern Africa and Ceylon. And here again humility stamped its seal upon their works and drew down the blessings and the consolations of the Most High. Unpromising, indeed, and uninviting was the additional portion of the vineyard of the Lord entrusted to the Oblates in South Africa, but they planted and watered and God gave the increase they awaited in patience and humility.

In Ceylon, too, the difficulties were of a most trying kind. Here it was necessary to repair the ruin caused by fifty years of spiritual laxity under an insufficient and uneducated clergy, and at the same time fight against the Protestant propaganda and to arrest the progress of the Indo-Portugese schism which, having already devastated the neighboring shores of Hindostan, threatened to spread into Ceylon. Such were the difficulties that confronted Mgr. Bettachini, the first Vicar-Apostolic of Jaffna. Such, likewise, was the state of affairs in the island when in 1847, this prelate called to his aid the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Sons of de Mazenod immediately became the objects of persecution and calumny, but they valiantly continued their labors, and by their patience, humility and charity soon won the esteem and love of all ; and with the paternal rule of Mgr. Semeria,

successor of Mgr. Bettachini, and first Oblate Bishop of Jaffna, commenced a new era of religious prosperity for the Catholics of Ceylon.

Fifty years have passed away.

And now let us retrace our steps, and note with rapid glance the progress made by our missionaries in every land. We have already seen Abbé de Mazenod presiding over his little community of three in the ruined convent of Aix. To-day the second successor of the founder, Very Reverend Father Soullier, beholds with holy pride over 1300 devoted Oblates, dispersed throughout the world, "bearing light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." In France, he sees several of the most renowned sanctuaries of that land of shrines entrusted to the care of his sons—Notre Dame de Pontmain, Notre Dame de l'Osir, Notre Dame des Lumières, and that great national monument of piety, Montmatre. He rejoices likewise in the fact that to the care of his children have been confided several of the leading ecclesiastical seminaries of France. In Egypt and Ireland, he finds them engaged in a laborious indeed, but fruitful apostolate, and possessed of several important residences and institutions. In the spring of 1894, Very Reverend Father Soullier visited Canada in order to mark with his own eyes the wonderful progress of this flourishing province. He found the formerly poor and neglected *faubourg de Québec* transformed into one of the most enviable parishes of Montreal, and provided with one of the finest churches in the Canadian metropolis. Ottawa, with its University, its Scholastique, its Juniorate, its magnificent churches of St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart; and Hull with its monumental church of St. Mary, presented to his view perhaps the most striking example of the energy of his sons. Maniwaki, Mattawa and Temiskaming formed but stepping stones to the great North-West, where a truly marvellous change had been wrought. The immense diocese extending from the 49th parallel of latitude northward to the Polar Ocean, and from Hudson Bay westward to the Pacific Ocean which, in 1850, was served by two lonely Oblates, has been divided into three large dioceses and two vicariates—

apostolic, all governed by Oblate Bishops, and numbering among their clergy about 125 Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Oblates of this section of our country have under their care the College of St. Louis, as well as an industrial school and an agricultural school. The missions of Southern Africa boast of similar progress, and support likewise their College of St. Leo. In Ceylon, the Oblates have accomplished a wonderful work, and the missions of this tropical island are in a most prosperous condition. Here, too, the need of an educational institution was felt, and to meet this want St. Patrick's College was founded a few years ago. Within the last fifty years, also, the Oblates have entered into the United States, and with true military instinct, have set about the conquest of that mighty land by piercing its frontier in two diametrically opposite points—in the northeast by way of Massachusetts, and in the southwest by way of Texas. About two years ago, the Sons of de Mazenod, acceding to the request of Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, founded the first house of their Congregation in Australia; and in the summer of 1895, they took possession of

the German Empire, in the name of the Immaculate Queen of the Universe.

Thus have the Oblates of Mary Immaculate multiplied. Thus have they filled the earth. And their letters from every land speak the same consoling story, an echo of the message of the Saviour to his Precursor: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, to the poor the Gospel is preached." Yes, everywhere the Oblates are true to their beautiful motto. "*To preach the Gospel to the poor He hath sent me.*" And of all their missions they may render account in the self-same terms: Behold they that were formerly blind to all things spiritual, have now their eyes opened to the truths of salvation. They that before were deaf to all religious instruction, now listen eagerly to the word of God. They that walked before with halting step in the way of virtue, now march with giant strides on the rugged road to perfection, while they that were polluted by the foul leprosy of sin have been washed in the cleansing bath of penance. In a word, thousands of souls that were cold in the death of sin have arisen to the life of grace and charity.



THE LONDON "TIMES."



Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world has journalism been so important a factor in the forming and directing of public opinion.

The vast amount of work that even one ably-edited newspaper may do in this direction is almost incredible. Napoleon fully realized the power of the press when he said that four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than one hundred thousand bayonets. A great newspaper helps to build up a nation morally and materially. It helps to make and unmake governments. It can create peace or war, and the people possess in it the stern guardian of their rights and interests.

To England belongs the honor of having the greatest newspaper the world has yet seen. None of the other many powerful journals of Europe or America can claim equality with the *Times* of London, England—"the journal of English common sense." James Creelman, in *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1895, writes entertainingly of the *Times*, and to him we are indebted for much of the information contained in our present article.

For more than a hundred and nine years the *Times* has been owned and managed in unbroken succession by the three generations of Walter—father, son and grandson. Its record during all that time of great deeds done, of almost insurmountable obstacles overcome, of the herculean efforts of its proprietors to raise it to the rank it now occupies in the journalistic field would fill volumes. It has had to fight against individuals, against monopolies and combines, against the government of the day; yet it with-

stood the onslaughts of all, and, gaining strength with time, emerged from every struggle with an increased circulation and a more independent tone, till it is to-day "the most unbribable thing in Europe, sober, serene, exasperatingly honest, not to be hurried and not to be delayed, but going its own serious pace more British than Queen Victoria, more ubiquitous than the Vatican."

In 1784, John Walter, a merchant and publisher, bought Printing House Square, and in January of the following year issued the first number of *The Times or Daily Universal Register*. After a few years the latter title was dropped, and the paper was known henceforth as *The Times*. In 1803, Mr. Walter retiring, his eldest son, John, assumed the management of the *Times*, and from this year dates the historic career of the great newspaper. The young Walter brought to his new position all the qualities necessary for the manager of a political organ that was to voice the sentiments of every Englishman, as long as these sentiments did not conflict with what the editor considered to be for the best interests of the British Empire. Besides this, Mr. Walter seemed to inspire every man in the service of the *Times* with his own spirit of enterprise and energy. He neither supported the ministry nor opposed it, but kept aloof from all parties, bestowing praise or censure on those who deserved it independently of their political views. In 1805, the *Times* made an attack on Lord Melville's administration at the Admiralty, and for this the Walter family were deprived of the lucrative post of printers to the Board of Customs, which they had held for eighteen years. The government was determined to crush the independent spirit of the *Times*. At that time Napoleon was aiming at the conquest of Europe and continental news was eagerly

sought for in England. The letters of the *Times*' correspondents abroad were stopped by the government and Mr. Walter was told that he would be supplied as a favor, like the other newspapers, with official information. He declined to accept this offer, and taking special means to secure the early transmission of news for his paper completely defeated the government in its attempts to curb the independence of the *Times*. It was by this means that the *Times* was enabled to announce the capitulation of Flushing two days and the result of the battle of Waterloo some hours before the arrival of the regular despatches. The only limit now to an increased circulation was the inability to throw off a sufficient number of copies by means of the hand-printing press. Accordingly, in 1814, Mr. Walter was the first journalist to introduce the steam-printing press into his office. Under the old method about two hundred and fifty copies could be printed in an hour; but with the new machine it was possible to take a thousand one hundred impressions in the same time. Thus the *Times* had a means of increasing its circulation, not at the command of the other newspapers.

In 1847, John Walter the second died, and his son, John Walter the third, took his place at the head of the paper. He was assisted later on by his son Arthur. These two were represented by Mr. George Earle Buckle, the editor, and Mr. C. E. Moberly Bell, the acting manager. The *Times* is a one man power, there being no formal council or committee working on it. The editor writes nothing himself, but he controls all that is written. The work of all correspondents appears anonymously. There are six permanent editorial writers and five others "on call." In addition to this experts are sometimes employed to write on specialties. Then there is the colonial editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the geographical writer, the dramatic writer, and so on. The legal department has eighteen trained law reporters for the principal civil courts, eight for the assizes and seventeen for the police courts. London is mapped out into nineteen districts and there is in

each district a reporter responsible for all news not covered by departments. There is a labor reporter, a cricket reporter, a yachting reporter, and two racing reporters. There is also a special writer for fires, one for railways, one for astronomical news. The chief parliamentary reporter has eighteen stenographers under him, two of whom are "summary writers." The *Times* has a representative in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain. It has no staff of descriptive reporters or interviewers in waiting, its principal descriptive writing being done by the foreign correspondents. There are eighteen men entitled to the words "our own correspondent." The *Times* maintains a staff of five of these in Paris, two in Berlin, two in Vienna, one in Rome, one in St. Petersburg, one in Odessa, one in Brussels, one in Madrid, two in Constantinople, one in Lisbon, one in Athens, one in Egypt, one in Malta, one in South Africa, one in Zanzibar, three in India, two in China, two in Australia, one in Canada, one in the United States and one in South America, in addition to hundreds of correspondents who write occasional news.

It is said that the *Times* cannot be bought in any way. Its representatives are not allowed to receive favors, they must make no alliances and be free from friendships. On one occasion Mr. Astor, the American millionaire, addressing himself to Mr. Walter, asked, "How much money will it take to buy the *Times*?" "The money never was coined that could buy the *Times*," was the reply. In 1886, the late Lord Randolph Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Salisbury's administration. On the night of December the 22nd, the Chancellor drove to the office of the *Times* and announced to the editor, Mr. Buckle, that he had decided to resign his office as a protest against the Premier, and that the *Times* was to have the privilege of announcing his resignation in its morning's issue. "Of course you will be friendly to me?" said Lord Randolph. "Certainly not," replied the editor. "But there is not another newspaper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news." "That may be true,"

said Mr. Buckle, "but you cannot bribe the *Times*. This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so you can give it to some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns to-morrow." "Surely you will let me see what is written about it editorially to night?" "You cannot see a word of it before it is printed." "Well," said the astonished minister, "the *Times* is the most extraordinary and the most ungrateful newspaper published. You may announce my resignation, but I consider this very harsh treatment." The paper appeared the next morning with the news of the resignation of the Chancellor and an editorial censuring him for deserting his leader.

The *Times* has always been distinguished for a deep-seated hatred towards Ireland. The cause of every other country and people it is ready to uphold as occasion demands, but for Irishmen it has nothing save the bitterest hostility. In 1889 Mr. Parnell, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, inflicted an ignominious defeat on the *Times* aided by the English Government with all the wealth and influence it could command. The history of the *Times* with the Parnell Commission left out would undoubtedly be more brilliant; the friends of the *Times* would fain omit it but the Parnell Commission, like the ghost of Banquo, will never down. On the part of the *Times* it reveals a course of deception, fraud and bribery unparalleled in the world's annals. In April, 1887 the *Times* published a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime" in which Mr. Parnell with several prominent members of the Land League was charged with complicity in agrarian crime in Ireland. The Irish members of Parliament asked for a select committee to enquire into the charges but this the Government refused to grant. After some time Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the House proposed that a commission be constituted with powers to examine witnesses under oath and to compel full disclosures of all facts and documents. Mr. Parnell it seems was not altogether in favor of this but left it for the House to decide. A debate followed and on August the 3rd, the bill was passed under appli-

cation of the closure. Judges Hannen, Smith and Day, were appointed by the Government as members of the Commission. Sir Charles Russell and Henry Asquith appeared for the Parnellites and Mr. Graham and Attorney General Webster for the *Times*. The Commission first met on September 17th and after transacting some business adjourned until October the 22nd.

One of the first acts of the *Times* was to bring a large number of witnesses from Ireland and pay their expenses in London while they were awaiting examination. The Government declared that it would not merely assume an impartial attitude, but had the greatest desire to see the Irish members clear their character. Yet a month after the Commission met, a secret circular was sent to the police all over Ireland directing them to collect information connecting members of the Land League and National League with agrarian crime, and the names of witnesses who could give evidence against them. For this purpose they had access to all the prisons in England and Ireland where they sought from convicts testimony against the Parnellites, inspiring them with hopes of pardon if it should be of the desired nature. No pains were spared by the Government to aid the *Times* in getting up the case against Mr. Parnell and his followers. The secret records of Scotland Yard and filed reports of spies and informers were placed at the disposal of the solicitor for the *Times*, Mr. Soames. The letters bearing the signature of Charles Stuart Parnell, Patrick Egan and others which the *Times* had published in *fac simile* in its series of articles headed "Parnellism and Crime" were traced to their author by Mr. Egan. On examining certain letters which he had by him he found that they resembled those attributed to him by the *Times*. From these letters he recognised certain expressions that he had used some years before in a correspondence with an Irish journalist named Richard Pigott. Pigott, by combining words and phrases and by additions to the genuine correspondence had forged the letters as they appeared in the *Times*. On the proofs of the forgeries being sent to Mr. Labouchere in London, it was found that the Parnell letters were manufactured

out of a correspondence that Mr. Parnell had with the forger Pigott in reference to the purchase of the *United Ireland* newspaper. These forged letters had been offered by Pigott to one, Houston, secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. A member of that organization gave Houston the money to purchase them. The managing editor of the *Times*, Macdonald, then bought them for publication paying three thousand pounds altogether. Pigott, on whose sworn evidence Mr. Parnell and his followers were to be proven a party to crime and outrage, was a notorious blackmailer and forger, who made a trade of purveying false documents and scandalous exposures, yet, strange to say, no enquiries were made regarding the character of this man. In the house of Mr. Labouchere, in London, in presence of Mr. Parnell and his solicitor, Mr. Lewis, Pigott confessed his guilt in a written statement. He then went to the *Times* lawyer and told him that he could give no testimony that would help the case or tend to substantiate the authenticity of the letters. On being threatened and promised with reward and protection by the *Times* he went before the commission with the statement that Mr. Labouchere had offered him a bribe of a thousand pounds if he would swear that the letters were forgeries. But on cross-examination he was once more forced to admit his guilt. Under police protection, secured him by the *Times*, this notorious forger escaped to Spain where in the capital of

that country on March the 1st, 1889, he ended a career of crime by committing suicide.

On February the 27th, 1889, Attorney-General Sir Richard Webster, counsel for the *Times*, withdrew the letters from the consideration of the court. The *Times* condescended to publish an apology saying that it accepted the truth of Mr. Parnell's testimony, that the letters attributed to him were forgeries as well as those it printed under the signature of the other Irish members. Thus did one man win a victory over the powerful *Times* backed by the Government. The revelations of the Parnell Commission were a great blow to the *Times*. Since then it has lost much of its prestige and power.

If for nothing else than the Parnell Commission the *Times* would deserve the condemnation of all righteous-minded men. And Irishmen have had too many proofs of its hatred to regard it otherwise than as an enemy of their race. The *Times* gibing over the Irish Exodus after the famine of 1846-'47, triumphantly exclaimed, "In a short time a Catholic Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." To-day the red man has disappeared from Manhattan's shores. The Catholic Celt is there, still controls his island home as well, and, unlike the London *Times*, can point to a Past unspotted and unstained.

FRANK WHELAN, '99.



ELAINE.



JN the perusal of that gorgeous mediaeval epic to which the late Poet-Laureate of England has chosen to assign the modest title of "Idylls of the King," the reader cannot possibly observe with indifference the dire results evidenced in the sorrow, ruin and desolation that sin has spread over a land where peace joy and contentment had but lately held such full dominion. Indeed, his heart must be of adamant who can contemplate, unmoved, the disastrous failure that befalls a chivalrous king in his endeavors to maintain the ideal realm which his heroism and prudence had succeeded in establishing.

Accompanying this particular instance of the evil consequences of sin, proposed for our consideration, by the literal sense of the poem, is that never-ceasing struggle suggested by the underlying allegorical meaning pervading the whole work—the struggle of Sense at war with Soul, the outcome of which has ever influenced the destinies of nations, has determined the happiness of the fireside, and has regulated the life of the individual.

By making the Idylls as a whole exhibit the downfall of a kingdom, Tennyson points out to us how awful and far-reaching are the effects of wrong-doing, while in allotting a more limited field of action to the conflict between Sense and Soul in each separate Idyl, brings us more within the range of daily experience, and consequently more effectively arouses our sympathy on behalf of the sufferer, and our dislike of the guilty cause of woe; but, probably nowhere in the poem are those two feelings more strikingly contrasted than in the beautiful and pathetic love-story of Elaine, the lily-maid of Astolat.

Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable
Elaine, the lily-maid of Astolat.

Thus briefly does the poet describe his heroine. There is no detailed description of her exterior appearance, such as most writers of to-day are wont to consider essential; but content with applying the term fair to her, Tennyson, leaves the imagination to supply a personality more suited to the action—a more artistic way of bringing before the mind of a reader an image of a beautiful form, than by a long, drawn out pen-picture.—And just as the one word "fair" sufficed to describe her beauty, so the sole epithet "loveable" embraces all the qualities that necessarily accompany a dutiful and affectionate daughter. But Tennyson would feign have us leave these considerations aside while he impresses upon us the purity and lily whiteness of Elaine's soul. She is a lily rooted in an obscure spot and growing up unconscious of its own beauty; she is a lily in modesty and simplicity, she is a lily that the first harsh blast will break. Poor Elaine! had it but been given her to lift for a moment the veil that hides the future, how different might the world have been for her; but with a joyous and merry heart she goes forth to welcome her father's guest and to meet her fate. So do we all on some certain day go forth, and, ere the shades of eve have fallen,

There comes a mist and a weeping,
And life is never the same again.

This guest was Sir Lancelot, King Arthur's greatest knight, who, having forfeited his right to fight openly in the annual tournament held at Camelot, through a falsehood prompted by the sinful love existing between himself and Queen Guinevere, was proceeding on his way to enter the lists in disguise, and,

at the approach of night, being weary and worn-out with hunger, he sought the hospitable shelter of Elaine's home. From this meeting springs one of the most pathetic love tales ever written. Elaine, won by the mellowness of his voice, lifted up her eyes to that face upon which there were traces of sin and glory, "and loved him with that love which was her doom." Thereafter all the world is changed for her; love is to be the mainspring of all her actions and the cause of all her sorrows. As long as the knight remains within the castle she is eager to grasp every word that falls from his lips and to dispel that cloud of melancholy which the remembrance of sin brings at times across his noble brow, but in all her attentions coquetry is never exhibited; for the vain ways of the court and of city life have never reached her rural home to cast their baneful influence over her pure soul. However, she has heard of knights wearing the favor of their lady in the jousts, and she asks Lancelot to wear hers in the coming tournament. She thus unintentionally offers him what will afterwards be the occasion of emphasizing the difference between a fickle, sensual passion and a pure, lasting love.

Lancelot passes on to the tourney, but on his way stops for rest and shelter at an austere hermit's lonesome cell. The beautiful lines, so indicative of peace and tranquility, by which the poet describes the holy man's home, have been taken to represent the quiet and stillness which Tennyson loved and ever associated with his own little country church. The poet's descriptive powers are seen at their best.

Not far from Camelot, now for forty years
A hermit, who had prayed, labored and prayed,
And ever laboring had scooped himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shore-cliff cave,
And cells and chambers: all were fair and dry;
The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs;
And in the meadows tremulous aspen trees
And poplars made a noise of falling shores.

We next find Elaine as an angel of mercy, leaving behind home and father and all that she has hitherto held most dear, to pursue her way over unknown and trackless downs till she arrives at the above-mentioned cave to which Lancelot, who was wounded in the tourney, is

brought, sick well nigh unto death. Here, with that devotedness and self-sacrifice which have won for women the noble title of ministering angels to the sick, Elaine nurses her wounded knight until she brings him back to health. During his sickness a short insight is given us into the character of this greatest of Arthur's knights, and we see him to be possessed of a noble heart; one who full often resolves to return to the ways of righteousness, but lacks the moral courage necessary to sustain him in giving effect to his commendable resolution. With him, as with the majority of men, the vows pronounced in pain are forgotten in ease.

Up to the present all has been fair and bright for the lily. The joyful rays of peace and contentment have continually rested upon it, but now the cold, cruel blast of unrequited love is beginning to blow and ere its fury shall be spent, it will have torn up the lily by the roots and cast it broken and withered upon the earth.

Nowhere in Sir Lancelot's conduct can Elaine detect more than a brotherly affection.

He loved her with all love except the love
Of man and women when they love their best
Closest and sweetest and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And peradventure had he seen her first
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straightened him
His honour rooted in dishonour stood
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Thus the illicit relationship existing between Lancelot and the Queen kept him from the possession and enjoyment of Elaine's pure love. Had he but known that while he rejected her who had so devotedly cared for him, she to whom he remained so falsely true, was branding him as a traitor "to the unhearing wall," it might not yet have been too late to break the sinful bonds that held him in such complete and shameful subjection.

— "She choked
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Past to her chamber, and there flung herself
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed
upon it
And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm
And shriek'd out "Traitor" to the unhearing
wall.

Then flashed into wild tears, and rose again
And moved about her palace proud and pale."

But it was only when there was no longer any hope for Elaine, or peace for Lancelot that he learned the difference between the kind, trusting love he had refused and the sinful affection borne him by the Queen. Guinevere's hot words and jealous anger must have been but a bitter balm for his remorseless conscience. There is more suggested than expressed in the graphic description of the effect of the guilty queen's words upon the great knight. Then

Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge

The blow which has fallen upon our heroine is fatal, nothing is left to her but the power of loving truly and suffering patiently until death. For an instant, a vision of those untroubled days which never more can be recalled rises before her and the difference between the joy and the pleasure of the past and the utter helplessness and hopelessness of the present produces such an effect upon this fragile creature that in every echo she seems to hear death calling upon her and her thoughts whisper she must die. Pursued ever by this dread phantom she sinks upon a bed of sickness from which she will never again arise.

—Whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died,
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

The scenes in which Tennyson pictures the sorrow that has fallen upon the House of Astolat are extremely sad and justify us in calling this tender Idyl one of the most pathetic love tales ever written. For joined to the view of the misfortunes which have fallen upon an undeserving child, is the representation of the unsuccessful endeavours of her father and brothers to alleviate her sorrows and the pathetic manner in which the poet describes their homely attentions must wring a tear from every reader. But as if to exhaust our compassion one drop more is added to the already brimful cup. Elaine, whose every wish is now sacred to them, requests her father to have her dead body taken to the court and there laid before the view of Lancelot and Guinevere, whom time had clearly shown to be the sinful authors of all her misery. The request is granted, and she is brought to the court.

Now it is the turn of the guilty to suffer. The queen has already learned how worthless are the most precious things of this world when purchased by sin. The deep remorse which seizes upon Lancelot almost drives him to despair. But he does not fall altogether into despair, for Tennyson is ever a Christian poet and no matter how grave the offence, he points out that the road to eternal happiness howsoever narrow is still open to the most ruthless of sinners. And so the poem ends with a note of hope:

"So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man."

GEORGE FITZGERALD, '97.



THE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' A, B, C.



BEFORE becoming a master workman or even a journeyman in any trade the aspirant must spend many long years of apprenticeship. During this time he is initiated into the various grades of work a knowledge of which is necessary to the skilled mechanic. So also he who seeks employment in any one of the many branches of railroad work—from that of superintendent down to yard boy—must make himself familiar with the Railroad A, B, C, or signal language, the correct knowledge of which insures the protection of life and property, and facilitates travel and traffic.

Although the general public sees the daily application of this code of signs at every station throughout the country, few travellers indeed understand the meaning and the importance of the numerous signals used by the train hands on the various railroads.

So far as we know, this sign language is the same and is universal throughout the United States and Canada. Be the railroad a main trunk line or only a small, unimportant, almost unknown branch, the same code of signals guides the trains and governs the actions of the employees with regard to the running of these trains. This universality of signals, besides being a necessity to the various railway companies, is also a great convenience to the railroad employees, who so often find themselves, through unforeseen circumstances, strangers in a strange land. To obtain a becoming situation they are not obliged to begin anew and advance again step by step from yard to conductor or from engine-sweeper to engineer, for having once mastered the code of signals they are always in a position to follow up their work no matter what company employs them or how often they change roads.

With thousands of lives depending on them, and thousands of dollars worth of goods and baggage daily under their care,

one can better imagine than describe the results that would almost inevitably follow a wrong or false signal. Unfortunately such mistakes are not entirely delusions of the imagination, for day after day the columns of our newspapers are filled with detailed accounts of fatal accidents that have been brought about by the inattention or neglect of some careless trainman.

Before giving a classification of railroad signals we might state that no engineer is allowed to leave the station he has arrived at without first receiving his order from the train dispatcher, whose office is situated at the end of the divisional line on which that train is running; neither may a conductor allow his train to proceed before receiving instructions to that effect from the divisional operator. The local operator serves copies of these orders on the conductor, who in turn serves the engineer. Where what is known as the "Block System" is in effect, no train leaves a station, when a train ahead is going the same direction, until it is known that the latter has left the next preceding station. This system minimizes the possibility of one train telescoping another, and loss of life and property is greatly guarded against. On each side of every station, and at a distance of between a quarter and half a mile from it, stands a semaphore. No train may pass by when the arm of the semaphore is upraised; it is a sign that a train is in the yard or on the road to the station, and that there is consequently danger ahead.

A general classification divides railway signals into three categories: those given by colors, flags or painted signs in daytime, and by lights at night; sound signals made by whistles, bells or torpedoes; and hand signals.

The last named, being the most important and the most often used, are the first to be learned by trainmen. They are the signals that are regularly employed in starting and stopping trains, and in any case of emergency the hand signal is the first resorted to. By waving his hands in different directions as circumstances may

require, the trainman converses, as it were, with his brother employee, and silently makes known between long intervals of space the wishes of the company with regard to that special train. If the distance is so long that the signal may not be clearly discerned, the signaller waives a flag. Exactly the same signals are employed at night, but they are given with a lantern. The most common signals are made as follows:

Stop.—Swing the hand horizontally in front of the body or across the track.

Go ahead.—Raise and lower the hand vertically.

Back up.—Swing the hand vertically in a circle.

Train parted.—Swing the hand in a circle over the head at full length of the arm.

Track clear, Go ahead.—Extend both arms at full length over the head.

Turn air on the brakes—Hold the arm down.

Day after day the brakeman is seen using these hand signals but very few in a thousand know the meaning of any of them.

Another code of signals comes under the head Colors, and great importance is attached to it. It forms a very essential part in the education of trainmen. A red light or flag tells the engineer to stop as there is some danger ahead. A red light at night or a red painted board in day time, may be seen attached to the roof of a railway station, immediately over the telegraph operator's office. When that light or board faces an incoming train, it informs the engineer and the conductor that they have to cross a train at that station. Green signifies caution and warns the driver to go slowly. White is a sign of safety and tells the engineer to go ahead. If workmen are employed on the track and are not to be interfered with, a blue color is shown.

The explosion of a torpedo commands the engineer to stop immediately; if two torpedoes explode in succession it means to reduce the speed of the train and look out for danger.

The most extensive code is the steam whistles. When the train approaches stations, crossings, bridges or tunnels, one long blast is sounded. One short blast tells the brakeman to apply the brakes

until the train is stopped. Two long blasts call on the same individual to throw off the brakes again. Any signal from the cars is answered by two short blasts from the engine. Before backing from any position three short blasts are given off. A flagman, who has been sent ahead or backward, is called in by four long whistles, while five short ones command him to go back on the track. A succession of short blasts warn people that a number of bovines are in great danger of saving the local butcher many hours of manual labor. The same signal is given when a human being or a dumb animal is on the track in front of a speeding train. One long blast followed by two shorter ones is a signal that the train will not stop at the station ahead. There are many more whistle signals but these given are the most important.

Before a train starts the passengers are warned by the engine bell. This bell is also rung for a quarter of a mile before a grade crossing, as well as during all the time the train is passing through a tunnel or running on, or past the streets of cities, towns or villages.

Should a signal appear imperfect to a trainman, or if no signal appears, where one should be given, engineers are instructed to regard this absence as indicating danger. Some one is at that time neglecting his duty and may be the cause of a very serious accident.

Railroad companies try very hard at all times to implant one very practical rule in the minds of their employees,—when there is the slightest doubt, run no risks in any case, but take the safest course regardless of rule or regulation.

Thus it will be seen that if trainmen use ordinary discretion and caution little danger need be apprehended. Nor can companies be held morally responsible for the many accidents we so often read of. It is a well known fact that as so many risks are resting upon the shoulders of the companies, the man who fails to fulfil his duty, or disregards any one of these signals, or offends against the least of the companies' rules, is soon notified to seek other fields of labor. The reason of this is obvious,—one accident may cost the company the profits of a month.

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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL.

As we anticipated, the *Journal* attempts an answer to our strictures on the outrageous perversion of history and quite gratuitous insult contained in a recent lecture delivered by Professor Marshall of Queen's University. But the reply is so blandly offensive and so innocently false that it is worthy of the pen of the Pro-

fessor himself. In the first place, our information regarding the lecture in question was not derived from the columns of the *Journal*, but of the *Canadian Freeman*; and the same issue of that excellent Catholic weekly contained an exhaustive, brilliant and convincing study on Galileo by Vicar-General Kelly of Kingston. The reverend historian produced unassailable evidence to dissipate the groundless fable that has been woven about the name of Galileo by those whom Professor Marshall and the *Journal* would have us believe are credible authors. But why did Professor Marshall drag the church into his lecture? Surely he must have known that the stale calumny regarding the relations between Galileo and the church no longer does service with serious men—save perhaps in China or Japan.

The *Journal* advises us to consult history, where we shall find "that in the time of Galileo the church did believe in the Ptolemaic theory." History shows nothing of the kind, and we defy the *Journal* to prove its assertion. The church—as understood here—is a teaching body and has ever remained within its own well-defined sphere. Scientific questions, as such, have always been left to scientists, and with them the church does not interfere. And herein lies the fallacy of Professor Marshall's statement. He and the *Journal* attribute to the church a belief which she has never held and which indeed by her very constitution she never could have held.

The *Journal* thinks that our solicitude for the Catholic students of Queen's is uncalled for. They are "reasonable men, and do not object to the statement of a plain historical fact nearly three centuries old." There is no doubt that they are frequently treated to "historical facts" of similar value to the Galileo fiction. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. The Catholic

students of Queen's live in an atmosphere of hostility to their religion, of utter ignorance or ill-disguised contempt of Catholic doctrine. They may be all the *Journal* claims for them, but they stand in imminent danger of losing or at least of weakening what they should hold most precious—their Catholic faith.

In fact, Queen's University is not a fit or proper place for a conscientious Catholic student. That institution was never intended in any sense for Catholics. It was founded by and for Presbyterians, a sect most hostile to Catholicity. Let us quote a few sentences concerning the origin of Queen's. Our authority is "The Universities of Canada," published by the Department of Education for Ontario, and the document cited is none other than the "Queen's College Charter."

"The said corporation (of Queen's College) shall forever have twenty-seven trustees, of whom twelve shall be ministers of the said Presbyterian Church of Canada, and fifteen shall be laymen in full communion with the said church."

"The said trustees shall have full power to elect for the said college a Principal who shall be a minister of the Presbyterian Church."

It was furthermore enacted "that all the professors should be members of the Presbyterian Church." An amendment, passed in 1889, removes the religious test for both trustees and professors, but no act of Parliament will ever be able to make Queen's unsectarian. That college was born of a sectarian controversy; it resulted from the Presbyterian opposition to the old Grammar Schools because their trustees were chosen from "one communion alone" (the Church of England) as the complaint to Parliament set forth.

The *Journal* may or may not be aware of these "historical facts." The Catholic students of Queen's may or may not "love and revere their church as devotedly as their brethren of Ottawa College." In any case we are not responsible for their con-

duct or their conscience. We should be much surprised, however, to find their faith either "reasonable" or robust after they had drunk their intellectual milk during four years from a Presbyterian jug.

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There is another little matter at issue between the *Journal* and the OWL. We ventured to censure Principal Grant of Queen's for his use of the name of Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., in connection with the Manitoba Remedial Bill. To which the *Journal* answers: "As for the attack upon our Principal, no comment is necessary." The oracle at Delphi could not have been more ambiguous. The *Journal* has evidently read the model reply of the preacher who was requested to deliver a discourse at the funeral of a notorious charlatan: "I will not detain you, gentlemen," he said, "by any lengthy remarks. A good life needs no comment, an indifferent life is not improved by comment, and a bad life is made worse by comment." Yet the *Journal* will permit us a little further comment on Principal Grant's interview as printed in the *Montreal Star*. With the Principal's characteristic flippancy we are all more or less acquainted. It was no matter of surprise therefore, that he should publish a final and profound criticism of the Remedial Act almost before the printer's ink was dry upon the official copies of the Bill. But when he asserted that the Act was so useless as to lead to the inference that it was "drawn up by the innocent Father Lacombe" he made an unjustifiable use of a private individual's name. Did he belong to the common herd of mortals it might be said that he fathered a mean insinuation, belied good-breeding and placed himself on a level with the party-hack and the political cartoonist.

OUR LIBRARY.

That a good library is of paramount importance in a college or university no one will deny. There, if anywhere one expects to find such a collection of books as shall reflect credit on the institution to which they belong. Fortunately the day of the book worm is fast drawing to a close. That individual known as the *grind* who confines his whole attention to the text books is quickly disappearing from off the stage of college life. This is matter for rejoicing. We do not wish to be understood as advocating a wholesale system of book-reading to the neglect of all class studies. No; he has misinterpreted the aims and objects of college life and is unworthy the name of student who gives the most of his time to reading matter extraneous to the regular course of studies. Before all else the young man will see to it that the class matter receives his first and most careful consideration. But the present is a reading age. Every one reads. The student should read too. He needs it, for it must be borne in mind that this reading of good books while not in the prescribed course of studies is not altogether foreign to the class; it broadens the views of the scholar, enlarges his mind, gives him a wider and more general knowledge of men and things. Then who has not felt it positively refreshing, when, after having spent hours on difficult passages in Latin or Greek or on the solution of some mathematical problem, he takes up a standard work and drinks from the source of the pure stream of English literature? And this source of the pure stream of our literature is to be found in the Catholic college and university.

We the students of Ottawa University have always prided ourselves in possessing a well furnished library. A few years ago interest in the library decreased and for a time it did not receive the attention to

which it was entitled. Recently, however, this important department of the University attracted special notice and many new books were added to its shelves. But much yet remains to be done before we make our library what it should be—one worthy of our Alma Mater, of her historic past as a seat of learning, and of the bright future we believe is in store for her.

To do this we ask the help of the graduates, former students, and all friends of Ottawa University; confident that our appeal will be listened to and our invitation accepted for contributions to the library, in books or in any other way the donors may deem fit to make them. Double volumes are always useful and desirable, and they, as well as single ones, will be thankfully received. Even one volume donated to our library may be the means of working a vast amount of praiseworthy efforts towards the cultivation of mind and heart not only in present day students but in those of years to come. For who will limit the influence of a good book? Does it not last from generation to generation? Yes, and it follows the author, the reader, and those instrumental in its dissemination even to the life beyond the grave.

ORAL EXAMINATIONS.

The joyful time of Easter is past and the final term of 95-96 is speeding to its close. But the late examinations must yet be fresh in the memory of each student. We at least have been so far impressed with them as to seek a satisfactory answer to that often asked question, Of what use are oral examinations?

Comparing them with written examinations they seem to be inferior to the latter, as criteria whereby to judge a student's knowledge, but far superior as regards practical benefit to the examined. In the first place written examinations cover a larger field; they allow time for

thought and reflection; and leave the writer to his own control. Orals, on the other hand, necessarily do not permit of each student being examined in the whole of any matter; the time allotted for individual recitation is short; and as a consequence quick and ready response without meditation are essential. Again in every subject of study there are parts more difficult to master than others. Now, as we have hinted, each student in an oral examination must, through the necessary brief duration of recitation, be questioned on but some particular part of a matter. On which account we cannot expect a student who is examined on a difficult point, to pass as creditably as another who is fortunate enough to receive a more simple part. This explains also why it is that the clever pupils of a class often pass the least creditable oral examinations. For a poor student on simple matter has as good, if not a better, chance than a good one on difficult matter.

But we have known some persons who failed to answer in oral examinations certain questions with whose bearing they undoubtedly were well acquainted. What then was the cause? Of course we believe in the truth of that old saying, that what is clearly understood is easily expressed; and accordingly we are convinced that the student who is well up in a subject should not have the least difficulty in an oral examination. But in cases such as we have mentioned, there must have been some impediment to the easy expression. And we imagine that those of experience on the point will locate the obstacle in the timidity or bashfulness of the person examined.

And hence arises the discussion of the importance of oral examinations. In these the student of ready response and calm self-control is the one who will succeed. Knowing this, the true

student will strive to attain those acquirements. He will endeavor to bring his knowledge so completely under control of expression as to be prepared at any moment to let it out. Now, as we heard admirably expressed lately by the Reverend Rector, "A man's knowledge nowadays is judged by the use he can make of it before a public audience." And without a doubt oral examinations, more than anything else, put a man's knowledge to the test of publicity. For this reason, if for no other, we claim that such examinations are exceedingly important, nay almost indispensable, in a university course.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the four weeks of its sitting the Catholic Winter School had an attendance of no less than 21,000 pupils, averaging nearly 1,000 a day.

Here is another instance of how surely Anglicanism is drifting back to the Apostolic Fold. Rev. Mr. Black, an Anglican clergyman, states that the number of the Anglican clergy in England and Scotland now engaged in hearing confessions is between 1,200 and 1,500; while the number so engaged fifty years ago might safely be reckoned under a score. God speed the good work.

In a lecture delivered recently in Boston Henry Austin Adams, mentioned incidentally that since his conversion to the Catholic Church, less than three years ago, he had assisted at the reception into the Church of seven clergymen, friends of his, and that 180 of his former flock had followed him into the true fold.

'Twas but a short month ago, we heard in our banquet hall that "Irish and Catholic are synonymous." This was very emphatically instanced not long after in New York, when, at the close of a special term of the supreme court, Justice Pryor, who occupied the bench, said: "It is a singular thing that out of

forty-five divorce suits tried by me this term, in no single instance was either the plaintiff or the defendant an Irishman or Irishwoman." Why should this be a singular thing, has not the doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding marriage been spread broadcast, and where is that doctrine more revered and obeyed than among the children of Erin.

The *Ave Maria* says that the noble career of Father Damien has made it hard for any missionary to the lepers to be a hero; but Don Michael Unia, a priest of the Salesian Society, has shown in a striking way that the mold in which heroes are cast has not yet been broken. Having, not without difficulty, obtained permission to devote his life to the service of the lepers of Columbia, South America, he also "shut with his own hand the door of his own tomb." He had the love of a saint for his soul-trying work, and it was useless to advise prudence. One day being reminded that it was his duty to use every precaution to safeguard his own health Don Unia replied: "Leprosy, you must know renders these people extremely sensitive. Were I to show repugnance in my intercourse with them, they would hate instead of love me. Only yesterday a poor creature embraced me and expired in my arms. Believe me, if we wish to be of any assistance to these poor sufferers, we must love, not loath them for their misfortunes.

Father Ignaz Uerge, a Lazarist missionary and a Hungarian by birth, now living in China, writes concerning the spread of the Catholic religion in that country: "Our religion may be preached freely in any part of China. It is true that the natives do, now and then, destroy and burn our buildings, that they plunder the Christians and drive them away, or even put them to death. But we always prosecute them, and cease not until the injury has, so far as possible, been made good. In almost every part of China churches and chapels are building, some with towers, all with the symbol of the cross rising above them. In many districts we carry the Blessed Sacrament to the sick openly through the streets, and celebrate burial services. Our Christian sea-

captains hold public devotional services on the decks of their ships, and the high-born passengers offer no objections, but sometimes sanction it by their presence. The truth is that upon this gigantic native tree, which we call China, many a noble Christian growth has been already grafted."

Bishop Potter, Episcopalian, speaking to the Young Men's Christian Association of Newburgh, uttered a very Catholic sentiment, and one which we, with our Catholic contemporaries heartily endorse. His Lordship shows clearly that in what appears to be a clash between one's duty to the church and to the state Christians must first of all obey God. "Whether" said the bishop, "we belong to one party or the other, when it comes to an issue in which the foundations of morals are threatened, we are the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. What has that to say as to safety of the state? It is first of all to say this to any man who seeks an office, who holds it or who contributes in any way to put any other man into it, that the question concerning which we want to be satisfied with him is not whether he is loyal to the party whose colors he bears, but whether in the discharge of the duty to which that party may choose him he purposes to put party gain and advantage over and above his duty to the God whose child he is, and to the Master whose sacred name he bears."

A report of the educational work done by the Christian Brothers in France contains some startling facts. According to the last quinquennial report of the Minister of Public Instruction there were 114,439 fewer children being educated in the French primary schools than there were five years before. In the same period the number of children in the schools of the Christian Brothers nearly doubled, and in the year in which the report was issued the Brothers were teaching 1,365,886 children. Considering that the schools of the Brothers receive no aid from the Government and have to compete with schools lavishly supported at the public cost, these results are most significant.

The current number of the *Contem-*

porary Review contains some "Personal Reminiscences" of Manning and Newman, from the pen of Aubrey De Vere, with both of which dignitaries the poet was intimately acquainted. De Vere presents here very pleasant views of the former Cardinal. He claims the Archbishop was a wonderful administrator, even in the minutest details. To preach in the evening, after a long day of hard work, was a relief and a rest to him. He was an ardent advocate of Catholic Education, as all the world knows. If he lacked enthusiasm, it was because nature made him so. Questioned once by an Anglican friend what he had found in the Catholic Church, he answered that his conversion had brought him rest and security. "That answer," says De Vere, "was sharply commented upon. I wrote him, asking whether he had used these words. His reply was that his words were 'Certainty and reality.' In another he wrote, 'I had expected to find in the Church the inexpugnable citadel of faith; but I have found in it no less the home of love.'"

Although politics, either foreign or domestic, is outside of our sphere, yet the following item commends itself to our notice, and for the sake of national peace on this continent at least, we hope this brief paragraph will prove true. The President of the Imperial Board of Trade, who is a member of the British Cabinet, has declared that the Imperial Government has submitted to the United States a proposal for the formation of a permanent tribunal to adjust all disputes that may arise between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is very much to England's credit that such a proposition emanates from her and let us hope that our neighbors to the South will not hesitate in accepting the offer. The formation of such a tribunal would soon be followed by an alliance if not a reunion. Should these two great nations join hands in a league of peace the war columns of our newspapers would soon become bankrupt for want of material to fill that space.

The *Review* of Chicago publishes the

following statistics which have been carefully collected and collated by a German exchange. They show the admirable record of the Teutonic Catholics in the American hierarchy. It appears from the compilation that of the 212 archbishops and bishops who have ruled the Church of God in this country since the days of John Carroll, 29 were of German extraction, 22 were born in Germany, Austria or Switzerland, and 7 in the United States. Six—Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee and Bishops Battes of Alton, Krantbauer of Green Bay, Seidenbusch of St. Cloud, Flasch of La Crosse and Fink of Kansas City, (all of them dead except the last mentioned)—were natives of Bavaria.

"Three of our German bishops hailed from Westphalia, three from Austria and four from Switzerland. Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee was born in Upper Austria, the saintly Bishop Newmann of Philadelphia, who will probably soon be canonized, in Bohemia, and the late Monsignor Melcher of Green Bay, in Vienna. Dr. Luers, of Fort Wayne, came to this country from Munster, Monsignor Borgess of Detroit and the present ordinary of the diocese of Grand Rapids, Dr. Richter, of Oldenburg, The first Metropolitan of Milwaukee, Henni; the present Archbishop of Moccissus, Zardetti, formerly bishop of St. Cloud; Monsignor Messmer of Green Bay, and Dr. Marty of St. Cloud emigrated from Switzerland. Bishops Rese of Detroit and Toebbe of Covington were Hanoverians. The late Bishop Juenger of Nesqually and the present ordinary of Belleville, John Janssen, were born on the Rhine. Monsignor Matz of Denver is an Alsatian by birth, and the late Bishop Junker of Alton came from Lorraine. Dr. Schwebach of La Crosse is a native of Luxemburg.

"The following members of the American hierarchy were born of German-speaking parents in this country: Archbishop Gross of Oregon, Bishop Haid of South Carolina, the late Monsignor Dwenger of Fort Wayne, the present ordinary of the same diocese, Dr. Rademacher; Bishop Wigger of Newark, Monsignor Becker of Savannah and Right Rev. Ignatius Horstmann of Cleveland."

 OBITUARY.

MR. T. L. DOOLEY, C.M.

His fellow-students will learn with unfeigned sorrow of the early death of Mr. Thomas Leo Dooley, who spent several sessions with us some years ago. From the *Niagara Index* we borrow the following obituary notice :

"The members of the Congregation of the Mission of our students of '88-'89 are called upon to mourn the loss of a genial companion and fellow student in the person of Mr. Thomas L. Dooley, C.M. As a son of St. Vincent he was one of the brightest and most promising young students in the novitiate at Germantown, Pa. Mr. Dooley was born at Stamford, N.Y., February 29, 1865. Following out the course of his studies he graduated from the academy of his native place in the year 1886, studied at Ottawa College, Canada, during the years '87-'88, and entered the classical department of Niagara University in September, '88. It was while with us that he heard his call to labor as a priest in the Congregation of the Mission, and accordingly was received as a novice at Germantown, June 8, 1889. He began his philosophy September, 1892, made his Holy Vows June 5th, 1894, and continued with the study of theology on the following year. On the very eve of his elevation to Holy Orders he was taken sick with consumption, and after lingering for nearly two years died on March 4, 1896, at his home in Stamford, N.Y., aged 31 years. His funeral occurred from the mother house of the Congregation of the Mission at Germantown, Pa., on Saturday, March 8.

"Mr. Dooley when here was characterized as an earnest, sincere, and hard working student, was recognized as a prominent and leading member of the Bazilian Literary Society, and cherished as a friend by all who enjoyed his acquaintance. His character was modest and retiring, his talents pronounced. At Germantown he had especially won a reputation for himself in his capacity as professor of English, Greek, French and Literature. Having enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Mr. Dooley at college, we extend our sincerest sympathy to his sorrowing parents, as also to his two classmates and fellow novices now with us, our prefects Revs. Kennedy and Brady."

 OF LOCAL INTEREST.

A welcome visitor recently spent a few days in our midst, the Most Rev. A. Langevin, O.M.I., Archbishop of St. Boniface, Man., who for several years was director of the theological department of

the University. His Grace preached an eloquent sermon in St. Joseph's Church on the 12th instant. Some reference to the all-absorbing school question was expected, and perhaps was the explanation of the presence of Hon. W. Laurier, Mr. Bergeron, M.P., and other prominent politicians. The honorable gentlemen heard a discourse on "Indian missions," but the moving peroration on the nature of the true Catholic's faith offered food for reflection to those who imagine that they may use one set of religious principles in private life and a different set in their capacity as public men.

From the *Northwest Review*, Winnipeg :

"The congregation of St. Mary's Church turned out in large numbers Tuesday morning to witness the elevation of Rev. Mr. Woodcutter to the priesthood. His Grace Archbishop Langevin officiated, attended by Rev. Father Guillet, parish priest of St. Mary's, and the superior of the Trappist order in Manitoba. Fathers Messier, parish priest of St. Boniface; Gravel, O'Dwyer and Blais, of Rat Portage, occupied seats in the sanctuary. Immediately after Mass Father Woodcutter blessed his aged father and mother and other members of the congregation who were invited to the vestery for this purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Woodcutter are old residents of Winnipeg, and have the signal honor of being the first family in this city to furnish a member to the Catholic priesthood. Father Woodcutter made his theological studies at the University of Ottawa, and although a native of Germany, speaks English, French, Hungarian and Italian."

At an ordination service on Easter Monday, Rev. J. Arthur Carrière of Ottawa was raised to the holy order of deaconship. The following members of the Oblate order also took a step in advance in the ecclesiastical state Minor Orders : Rev. Brothers Culierier, Lepine, Meleux and Rouzeau. Tonsure : Rev. Brothers Botrelle, Clerc, Philippot, McKenna, Vezina, Flynn, Droeder, Lebert, O'Boyle, Manuel and Cornell. The ceremony took place in the Basilica, Ottawa, and the ordaining prelate was His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart prints the following paragraph on a matter that interests the large number of students who have begun the devotion of the Nine Fridays :

"The first Friday of May will be the first day of the month. Those who were unable to complete the nine first Fridays on account of Good

Friday falling on the first Friday of April can begin a new series with the dawn of the new month and under the protection of the Mother of God. To begin again is the only way in which those whose series of nine first Fridays was interrupted, can hope to share in the blessing promised by our Lord, for the condition He placed was communion on nine consecutive first Fridays."

Canadians can no longer justly utter the complaint that they have not an illustrated monthly worthy to be compared with the best magazines published in the United States. When the *Cosmopolitan*, *Godey's*, *Munsey's*, and *McClure's* magazines put their price at one dollar a year, it was thought that any similar Canadian publication would be an impossibility. But in *Massey's Magazine*, published in Toronto, we have a periodical that ranks creditably with any of its American competitors. The artistic and literary excellence of the April issue is beyond praise. "English Cathedrals," in style, illustrations and interest, has no superior among the articles of the current magazines. "Horse Shows," "The Migration of Birds" and "A Master of the French School," offer splendid examples of the perfection which our photo engraving art has attained. But the most marked value of *Massey's* is its high moral tone. Nothing in any respect offensive is allowed to appear in its pages. *Massey's Magazine* is worthy of general support.

SOCIETIES.

THE ENGLISH DEBATING SOCIETY.

The English Debating Society closed its season on the evening of the last Sunday in March. Notwithstanding the many debates lost through interruptions by other entertainments, the season was a most successful one.

Only two debates were held during the month of March, two others having been unavoidably postponed. March 22nd, T. Clancy and F. Smith defended, E. Bolger and T. Ryan opposed the question, "Resolved that improvements on land should not be taxed." The defenders urged the affirmative on the grounds of encouraging agriculture and stimulating industry in the improvement of farms. The negative detected in the proposed measure a tendency toward the single tax

theory, and assailed it on those lines.

On the following Sunday a very interesting question was discussed, "Resolved that it is the duty of the state to limit the accumulation of wealth." Affirmative, T. Holland and J. Hanley; negative, J. Garland and T. Fleury. The affirmative based their case on the underlying reasons which justify the right of private property, contending that a comparatively small amount would satisfy these and that wealth beyond this amount was unjustified, and therefore by natural law confiscate to the state. To this the negative opposed the impracticability of the scheme and the consequent injustice of State interference, urging the inviolable right of every man to the fruit of his own labour.

After the close of the debate a vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Fr. Patton, the director, in consideration of his kindness in conducting the debates, and of his energy and whole-souled devotion to the success of the society. In replying, the Rev. Father modestly waived all claim to gratitude for his willing services, and assured the society that any efforts of his in its behalf were but a pleasure to him, and any successes it attained his ample reward. He adverted to the general excellence of the debates both on the part of the appointed speakers and the impromptus. One feature only received his disapprobation, that is, the conspicuous absence on several occasions of many members, notably on that the closing night of the season. He noticed particularly the absence of men of the higher classes, and administered a well deserved rebuke to those students of the higher forms, who had shown so little interest in the debates, desiderating the lack of manliness, public spirit and zeal for the general interest which was notable in some instances.

The Rev. Director certainly spoke very wise words and the society may hope for a full measure of success in the future if it will be actuated by the spirit with which he seeks to inspire it. In regard to absentee members he said none too much. This society is like any other student organization in that it depends for its life on the devotion of its members and that on its senior members. The responsibility—for such it is—of conducting all

such works rests chiefly on the senior students and it reflects no credit on those students who are not only members of higher classes but are under obligation to the student body for positions of honor and trust in other societies, that they shirk their responsibility in this one. It is not very complimentary to the society that certain of its members deign to favor it with their presence perhaps once a session, inflict their speech on the patient listeners and absent themselves thereafter. Nor is it very encouraging for the society that certain other of its members attend during their good pleasure, or so long as it proves entertaining for them, and forsake it when it needs a helping hand or voice to make it entertaining. There are some students in this institution, we are sorry to say, who regard it as an obligation incumbent upon some undefined power to carry on the work of all societies for their convenience and who do a great deal of fault finding if the course of affairs does not conform to their fastidious tastes; yet they never conceive the possibility of a duty on their part to contribute to the common weal. The Debating Society should watch jealously that kind of thing and ostracize all parasites and drones. It should cultivate a spirit of hostility towards this absenteeism and thus enforce attendance, if not through honor at least through shame.

Why there is this indifference on the part of so many to the work of the society we cannot understand, for if there is one society more than another that is deserving of the support and encouragement of students, it is certainly the Debating Society. Everyone knows how almost indispensable it is as a training for the tongue. There are many students, sound, intelligent and generally well informed, who yet fail utterly to impress you, out of sheer inability to deliver themselves of their ideas. They are able perhaps to wield the pen with force and even elegance, yet they could not stand up in a committee of three and express themselves without discomfiture to themselves and their hearers. Knowledge is power only as it can be wielded. This is a talking age, and if we wish to live in it and with it we must learn to talk. Let no one say, however, that the benefits of this work con-

sist wholly in acquiring a glibness of speech; it is preeminently a training for the mind. One learns to be cool, to calculate swiftly, to be alert, keen and logical, and to marshal his powers in the most formidable array. Besides this, it is an incentive to thought. There is nothing more invigorating to the intellect than an intellectual wrestle. Many an alumnus who has since made his mark in the world will tell you that it was in the debating society he first began to really think for himself and to dare to express an independent opinion, and that it was there he first conceived a manly, serious interest in the study of deeper problems. There is certainly no more practical work for the student than that done by the Debating Society. There he receives a foretaste of the cares and strifes of future life, and learns to apply to them the principles with which he is being imbued by a liberal education.

Although the work accomplished this year is very creditable it seems to us there should be something done to give this feature of our college work more prominence. It is too much a matter of routine; there is not that enthusiasm in it that there should be. Can there not be some means devised to revive interest in it? Now we put our football team and our baseball, hockey and lacrosse teams into leagues to compete with outsiders in order that the keenness of competition may arouse and sustain enthusiasm in physical culture. Will not the same principle hold good in the matter of mental culture? In fact the importance of the principle has already been recognized and applied in the Intercollegiate debates which are becoming so popular. There is no reason why we should not take part in these debates. If any are so timid or diffident as to think that because our neighboring universities are larger and richer they produce abler men, let them remember that our students take first places in them, that our graduates are as successful men, and that our college publication, e'en though *THE OWL* do say it, takes second place to none of them. We could without any doubt make a creditable showing. We are already the easy champions of the field in Canada, could we not also become the champions

of the forum? No one can deny that such engagements would put new life into the cultivation of public speaking, which is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. We hope the debaters will ruminate this idea before the opening of the next season.

THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the past month the French Debating Society met but twice. On March 22nd the subject debated was Socialism. Mr. A. Bélanger opened the debate. He was a violent partisan of socialism. In forcible sentences and in a tone of great indignation, he spoke on the present state of society. God, after creating our first parents, gave them the earth with its riches, to be possessed later by their descendants and in equal portions. But did this common justice continue? No; time told the story of man's perverse nature, and of his contempt of the rights established by the Almighty. Observe the effects of this gross injustice. The people, the heart of the nation, live in every country in a state that approaches misery. No happiness for the poor; excessive toil, little pay, and no prospect of ever improving in condition. On the other hand, see the rich; they have acquired their wealth almost invariably by dishonest means; they despise the poor and refuse to succor them. Is it not high time that this monstrous state of affairs should cease? The triumph of Socialism would mean the salvation of society.

Mr. Arthur Barrette then replied to his adversary and utterly condemned his faulty and irreligious principles. What is socialism? An Utopian scheme formulated by Prudhon and accepted by unsuspecting innocents. In fact who are its authors? The vilest of human creatures; men without honor, worth or religion. And thus the poor classes, hearing of this pretended remedy to their sufferings, range themselves beneath the flag of socialism. What purpose have the socialists at heart? To destroy authority and divide wealth equally among all men. But is not authority of divine institution? How can a country prosper when no one

is there to guide it? A state of anarchy, of continuous revolution, would inevitably follow; society could no longer exist. Moreover, how will wealth be divided equally? Socialism is a real Utopia; its principles cannot be reduced to practice; the mere attempt to do so has always resulted disastrously.

After Mr. Barrette, several members were called upon to express their opinion. Messrs. Angers, Payment and Garneau agreed in denouncing socialism; Mr. Bisailon supported it. A vote was then taken and Mr. Bélanger's eloquence was found to have carried the house by twenty to nineteen. Rev. Father Duhaut, director, then summed up the discussion, and pointed out the fallacies of those who upheld the socialistic system. His remarks would have very materially affected the decision had they been delivered before the vote was taken. But such action is contrary to the usages of the society.

Sunday evening, March 29th, saw the closing of the French Debating Society for the year '95-96. The members had spared no effort to make the event successful, and a worthy ending of the interesting discussions that had taken place during the past season. Besides the members of the society, many reverend professors assisted, among whom were Fathers Duhaut, director; Nilles, Froc, Lacoste, Gauvreau, Fallon, Coutlée, Lambert, Hénauld and Lajeunesse. The soirée was opened by the President, Mr. Payment, who in happy terms thanked the visitors for their presence, and then gave a brief outline of the work accomplished during the year. A chorus, under the able direction of Fathers Lambert and Lajeunesse, next elicited loud applause by rendering in a masterly manner the beautiful harmony "Les Champs." Mr. Dumontier then sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." Mr. Réal Angers followed with a stirring patriotic speech on the battle of Carillon. Frequent bursts of applause greeted the young speaker's words. The next piece on the programme was the recitation of Victor Laprade's "Jeanne d'Arc." Mr. DeCelles acquitted himself of his part in a very creditable manner. Faure's "Les Rameaux" was then sung by Mr. Taillefer, after which Mr. Bélanger delivered a discourse on the French language. The

speaker, by justly praising the beauties of his native tongue, the love every French-Canadian should possess for it, and the zeal and ardour that should be displayed in its acquirement, made clear to his auditors how thoroughly he himself had practiced the advice he gave to others. Mr. Léon Garneau next recited a very humorous piece, "La Vie," by Grenet-Darcourt, and for an encore, "Songe d'Athalie," as related by an Englishman. The chorus then rendered Faure's "La Charité," with Mr. Mackie as soloist. Mr. Arthur Barrette had the third speech to deliver, the subject being "French-Canadian Literature." It was an excellent effort. A dialogue, taken from Molière's "l'Avare," was next given by Messrs. H. Bisailon and L. Garneau. The concert was brought to a close with another selection by the chorus, Bernot's "Les Vandengeurs Napolitains." Mr. Payment then moved a vote of thanks to Rev. Father Duhaut for his valuable services during the year. The reverend director rose to reply briefly. He was happy to see the devotedness and the gratitude of those whom he had tried to guide in their first steps in public speaking. To conduct the society had not been a painful task, but a real source of pleasure. The purpose all had at heart was to speak French correctly and elegantly. Referring to the evening's programme, he was proud of the talent displayed by the members in speaking, singing and reciting. He complimented in a very special manner and very deservedly Rev. Fathers Lambert and Lajeunesse for the success they had achieved in the preparation of the beautiful choruses that had been rendered. The director then called upon the reverend professors present to address the audience. Fathers Nilles, Fallon, the latter also speaking in French, and Hénault thanked the members for the rare treat they had been given. They were pleased to find with what zeal the French-Canadians studied their language. In Ottawa University, where the two great languages are always in evidence, where students from different nationalities associate, a spirit of union is soon established which will continue in public life, and for which this institution will receive its just praise. Let the members of the Debating Society

persevere in this noble task, and the future will but emphasize the success of their early efforts. The proceedings then came to a close, and all retired with a pleasant remembrance of the closing exercises of the French Debating Society.

THE IRON MASK.

Sweet music, appropriate scenery, excellent acting, a thrilling play and an appreciative audience fittingly closed the dramatic season at Ottawa University for the year 1895-96 on the evening of April 15th. "The Iron Mask" found itself in difficult position. It had been preceded by two presentations of the strong and popular tragedy, "William Tell" in which the student-actors scored a success not often granted to amateurs and not always even to professionals. The classic style of the language, the patriotic sentiments, the grandeur of the main plot, the many trials and ultimate triumph of the Swiss champion, made of "William Tell" a drama difficult to equal and almost impossible to surpass. Next came the charming and ingenious light French comedy "Tête-Folle," which had proved its merit by satisfying even to enthusiasm a Parisian audience, the most critical, perhaps, in the world. "Tête-Folle" appealed to that faculty in man which delights in sharp and witty sallies, in laughter-provoking situations, in rapid and interesting action. No plays could be more dissimilar in spirit than "William Tell" and "Tête-Folle." And yet they fitted into one another; taken together they appeared to complete the dramatic cycle.

This was the state of affairs when "The Iron Mask" made its first bow before an Ottawa audience. To make a more favorable impression than the preceding dramas seemed a forlorn hope; to fall below them would have been worse than failure. The moment was critical, and it is but the due of the Dramatic Association and of its capable director, Rev. H. Gervais, O. M. I., to say that the success of "The Iron Mask" was complete and highly creditable. Perhaps no audience ever left the Academic Hall better satisfied with the uniform excellence of the entertainment provided. The following was

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Gaston, . . . or The Iron Mask. . . Mr. W. W. Walsh
 D'Aubigny { a nobleman plotting } M. J. McKenna
 { against the Court : }
 St. Mars, . . . an agent of the King, . . . M. J. O'Reilly
 D'Ostanges { a Baron banished from } R. Hughes
 { the Court. }
 Audoine, Gaston's guardian. . . . E. J. Doyle
 Marquis de Louvois, minister to the King, J. Foley
 Philip, son of Baron d'Ostanges, T. Ryan
 Aubrey, a courtier, F. Smith
 Pompignan, { noblemen in league } G. Delany
 Launay, { with d'Aubigny, } M. Conway
 Tony, a fisherman. M. Foley
 Surgeon, E. Gleeson
 Sergeant Evrard, P. Baskesville
 Officer, J. McGlade

Gaston is supposed to be the twin-brother of Louis XIV and to be the rightful King of France. From his earliest youth he has lived in a distant province, unknown and in ignorance, the reputed son of a nobleman whom he never saw and who in reality never existed. D'Aubigny, by a bold conspiracy cleverly planned, conceives the idea of transferring the French crown from Louis to Gaston. A partial measure of success at first rewards his efforts. But through the vigilance and villany of St. Mars, Gaston is made a prisoner and spends the remainder of his life in durance vile. St. Mars experiences the truth of the poetic saying that the poor privilege of turning the key on the condemned is not freedom, for he becomes the jailor of Gaston and will be delivered from his charge only with the death of the imprisoned claimant to the kingship. Ten long years pass by during which Gaston's identity is concealed behind an Iron Mask which he wears day and night. The faithful D'Aubigny redoubles his energy; two deep-laid plots for the deliverance of Gaston are foiled just in the moment of success, and the action ends with the death of the hero. The play, needless to say, is based upon one of the many fables of history; but it is intensely dramatic and arouses the most lively emotions.

Mr. W. W. Walsh, as Gaston, gained the sympathy of the audience from the outset. Distinct articulation, graceful bearing and intelligent interpretation of his lines, distinguished his acting. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of his part, and displayed high elocutionary and histrionic ability. If he had a fault it was

that he did not husband his strength; by sometimes beginning too energetically his climax was consequently, though only relatively, weak, and his work lacked the necessary compass and gradation. In the first act where Gaston is left in cruel uncertainty regarding the legitimacy of his birth, and in the last scene in the Bastille, where the heart-broken prisoner feels awful madness stealing upon him, Mr. Walsh was really powerful and may have forced an unwilling and unnoticed tear from many an eye.

The character of D'Aubigny gave great scope for clever acting. Though not the leading, it was in the opinion of many, the most difficult role in the drama, and it fell into competent hands. Mr. McKenna is the most self-possessed actor in our midst and he knows also a few of the tricks of the trade. His weakness heretofore has been rapid and somewhat indistinct utterance. This defect was noticeably absent in the present instance. We did not like Mr. McKenna's work in the first act; he failed to realize that his plotting had nothing villainous about it, but was a noble attempt to right a cruel wrong. He lent to his conspiracy too much of an evil air; he was Iago where he should have been Brutus; but in his disguise as Father Maurice the fisherman, and as a soldier of the Empire, his acting was perfect and the best of the evening.

Mr. M. J. O'Reilly had already given us a taste of his ability to portray the dark side of human character when he made us hate him as Gesler in "William Tell." As St. Mars, he had another opportunity of showing "how the multiplying villainies of nature do swarm upon him"—at least before the foot-lights. By voice, and look and gesture, in word and act and suggestion, Mr. O'Reilly was a villain, and it would have gone hard with him had he been on trial for his life before a jury chosen from the audience.

The other characters was faithfully and conscientiously represented and from amongst those who took the parts, the dramatic association will draw its strong actors for coming years.

It would be unfair not to notice the music and the scenery. The University band upheld its reputation. Is higher praise possible? We are sure that Rev.

Father Lajeunesse has the best College band in America. And we are sure also that our stage is as well equipped in scenery as any ordinary theatre in the land. The garden scene, the sea curtain, and the Bastille in "The Iron Mask" drew forth warm praise from those present.

The dramatic year is over. It has been a great success. Its pleasant memories will sustain us in the difficulties of the end-of-the-season tragedy in which every student will be called upon to play his little part.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Dr. J. K. Foran, '67, has resigned the editorship of the Montreal *True Witness* to accept a position on the Board of Harbor Commissioners. While expressing our pleasure at the appointment, we cannot but feel that the *True Witness* has sustained a serious loss.

Mr. Charles Murphy, '86, was recently elected president of the Canadian Federation of Liberal Clubs. We quote the following sentence from the sketch of Mr. Murphy's life as given by the Boston *Pilot*:

"He was educated at the Catholic University of Ottawa, where, after a brilliant course, he was graduated with the degree of B.A., and obtained the Papal medal for philosophy."

Amongst those who assisted at the presentation of the "Iron Mask" on the 15th inst., was J. Adelard Ouimet, '88, junior partner in the prominent Montreal legal firm of Ouimet, Emard, Maurault & Ouimet. The senior member is the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Minister of Public Works.

James P. Collins, '92, is one of the faithful friends of the OWL. He has just opened a law office in South Framingham, Mass. In a recent letter—containing, by the way, the ever welcome green back—he says: "I feel a good deal changed since I left Ottawa. I seem to be getting old, and beginning to turn grey, and wear a full black beard." Jimmie's friends here wish him every success.

Some years ago Wilton Lackaye was in

Ottawa, as leading man in the Rose Coghlan Co. We clip the following from the Chicago *Canadian American*:

"Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who has made such a hit as 'Svengali' in the production of 'Trilby' now at the Schiller, is a graduate of the Ottawa (Ont.) University. His many college chums, now residents in Chicago, wish him continued success."

Dr. D. Phelan, M.A., '82, one of Kingston's prominent physicians, was in Ottawa during the recent convention of Young Liberals, and paid us a short but welcome visit.

Our heartiest congratulations to Messrs. T. Tetreau and P. Brunnelle, two of our most worthy representatives at McGill, who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the recent convocation of that institution. May they get lots of legs to saw off.

Varsity, in its issue of March 18th, prints the photograph of Joe McDougall, '94, who last year piloted the Toronto University Football Team to the Rugby championship of Canada.

Mr. Martin Powers, '94, spent the Easter holidays in the city. Martin is upholding the honor of Ottawa at McGill, where in a class of over 100 he took tenth place in the sessional examinations.

Those who were in college here when the OWL first made its appearance will remember Mr. E. J. McKenna, of Pittsburg, Penn. He is now an attorney-at-law in his native city. In his message to our Business Manager, he writes: "I have always felt interested in the welfare of the OWL, and am glad to see that it improves with age. May it long retain its position in the front rank of college periodicals."

James Rigney, '97, and one of our commercial graduates, paid us a brief visit at Easter. He is now engaged in a flourishing business in the Limestone City. His brother, T. J. Rigney, ex-'95, is a registered student in the Ontario Law Society.

ATHLETICS.

At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association, which took place on Monday, April 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President, Mr. T. Clancy ; First Vice-President, Mr. J. Foley ; Second Vice-President, Mr. E. Gleeson ; Record-Secretary, Mr. E. Fleming ; Corresponding-Secretary, Mr. J. Quilty ; Treasurer, Mr. E. Bolger ; Councillors, Messrs. F. Joyce and J. Dulin.

The report of the officers for the past year shows the association to be in a very prosperous condition. Its clubs have distinguished themselves in the various fields of athletics, while its financial standing, although perhaps considerably weakened by the retirement of the Football Team from the Union, yet will enable the association to begin the present year's work upon a more firm basis than has been its lot for some time in the past. To a great extent, this condition of affairs may be attributed to the tact and activity of Messrs. Holland, Fallon and Walsh, whose absence next year will certainly be severely felt by the association and the students at large.

At the general meeting it was proposed that a Spring Field Day should be held this season. The suggestion has since received mature consideration, and we are pleased to say that the idea has not only been considered favorably, but also that it has been decided upon, and that operations are already well advanced for the successful carrying out of an old and enjoyable practice. The Spring Field Day has been sanctioned in Ottawa College both by time and custom, and the officers of the new Executive Committee, deserve no small commendation on account of the energy they have so early shown, in determining to bring to a successful issue a project which requires no small amount of labor, but which has the great advantage of encouraging athletic pursuits in the University, and of affording considerable enjoyment to the whole student body. Valuable prizes will be donated, so that those who take the trouble to train faithfully, may expect not only the honor that is to be derived from the winning of the

events, but also a more tangible remuneration.

In connection with the Field Day, we notice the absence of an event in the programme, which, in other institutions, gives much excitement and amusement to the students. This is the relay race. It is run by teams composed of three or four men who represent certain classes. The length of the race depends upon the number of men in a team. Each man is to run once around the circuit, only one man of each team running at the same time. When the first round is completed the runner drops out, and is succeeded by another of his own team, who, on completing his round, gives place to the third. The class wins, whose representative comes in first in the last round. We would suggest that the relay race be entered upon the programme of sports, as we are sure it would prove one of the most interesting events of the day. As the classes are perhaps too numerous it might be better to pick teams of three men each from the three courses, the commercial, the collegiate and the University.

The following gentlemen were appointed by the Executive to conduct the management of the different teams for the coming season :

FOOTBALL.—Foley, Prudhomme, Fleming and Quilty.

BASE BALL.—Ryan, Manager ; Garland, Captain ; Clancy, O'Rielly and Morin.

LACROSSE.—Dulin, Manager ; Tobin, Gleeson, Leacy.

If you have limbs prepare to use them now. This spring promises to be a very exciting one as far as athletics is concerned. In football, base ball, lacrosse, tennis, and the field day events every person in the yard should be able to find healthy and amusing occupation for part of his spare time. The committees of the different teams are already appointed, and their clubs will soon be organized, so that when the ground is in fit condition each may begin the necessary training. Let those who aspire to places on any of the teams remember that the positions are generally filled by those who attend most faithfully to the practices. Great things are expected from our clubs this year, so

that it is to be hoped that the members shall immediately set to work in order to fully satisfy these sanguine expectations.

Nature smiled serenely on the College campus Wednesday afternoon, when the many aspirants for first team honors were to exhibit their skill as ball players to show reasons why they should be selected as members of the base ball team that would represent "Old Varsity" on the diamond for the coming season. The directors have shown a very laudable spirit this spring in the manner of selecting the ball teams. A series of games will be played between the five ball teams, and after a thorough trial the twenty best players will be chosen. There is no reason why twenty very good players cannot be selected from among the following: --Morin, Delaney, Hughes, Kennedy and Tobin, catchers; Gleeson, Garland, Doyle, and Cush, pitchers; Clancy, M. J. O'Reily, J. J. O'Reily, Cleary, first base; McGee, Fleming, Harvey, second base; Joyce, Copping, E. McDonald, third base; McKenna, Trainor, Millane, short stops; Dulin, Morin, Foley, McDonald, Hayes, Guald, fielders. Efforts will be made to secure games with the city teams, and if possible a league will be formed.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Small, but oh my!

The small yard's latest out: Doran on three strikes from Philips.

Scene: Dormitory. Time 1.30 a. m.

Gus and Angers in consultation. Angers:—"Gus, old man, you press the pillow and I'll do the rest." *Before sleep* Gus was white, *After sleep* Gus is black, *Moral* beware of false friends and burnt corks.

We have heard of Barnum's wonderful headless man; but the "greatest attraction of the greatest show on earth" is simply not in it with the *onion* beds that Paul is cultivating on his toes.

Joseph Shadow Clarke desires to acquaint the public in general and presiding examiners in particular, that it is

hard lines to advise a man to eat everything to increase his proportions and then give him "hail columbia" because *he cheres his words*.

Tim: "Never will a Finnegan destroy his nerves by pounding a battle out of a kettle drum." Yet the very next day the sweet strains of *the cat came back* were wafted to our delighted ears upon the balmy evening breeze.

The Junior Debating Society held its last meeting on March 18th, President Edmund Burke in the chair. Armed with the gracious consent of Generalissimo Paul Kruger Valentine and fortified by the all-powerful protection of the Junior Editor, the society resolved itself into a committee to hear and if possible to eradicate the grievances of its members. The president called upon the powers that be to temper their complaints with a liberal grain of the salt of mutual forbearance.

Romulus Remus Barter forthwith mounted the rostrum and made a desperate attack upon the evil effects of all banquets, and 17th of Ireland banquets in particular. His peroration was magnificent. We quote in full. "Oh! haggard looks; drooping head; small hat; pale cheeks; ye eyes, of yore the fiery furnaces of my soul, now smoky and smouldering; faltering gait; spring-halt knees; especially ye friends of my happier days and partakers of my woe—Barclay and Bawlf—come forth, arise in your might and denounce such institutions so fatal to the peace, quiet and tranquility of the evening's repast." They carried poor Remus out and laid him on ice for repairs.

Todd Barclay, in a neat little speech, moved "that Joe Nevins' ill-mannered foundered, coat-eating cur should be shot not later than March 19th." John C. Philpot Curran Cavanagh contended that it was a good dog and an astronomer to boot, since it barked at the stars on dark nights. Paul brought down the house by slyly remarking that in that case the dog was not likely to bark at its owner. Motion pigeon-holed until September 4th, 1896.

Donovan asked the privilege of the

house to defend himself against Clarke Wallace Campeau who claimed that he was a P.P.A. because he could mix yellow paints. Donovan explained that it was a trick he had learned in his early days whilst sojourning with the Crees. Donovan was declared whitewashed.

Humpty-Dumpty Richards, president of the Push, Pull and Jerk Railway, propounded the following conundrum to the chairman: "Which travels faster, heat or cold?" The chairman, a knowing son of the Green Sod, blandly replied, "Don't know, which is it?" Richards at once triumphantly explained, "Heat, because you can catch cold." Barney could stand it no longer. He jumped up, and with a look that spoke volumes, let drive a bottle of Cassidy's homemade dycs at Richards to color that old joke's grey hairs, and presented each member with six theatrical eggs to stone the joke thief. John Up-the-Creek Euchre Richards is as dismal a failure in Bill Nye's profession as he was between the flags.

Hon. Stubbs Lapointe arose and said: "I desire to call the attention of the chairman to a remarkable Bill authorizing J. B. Charbon—eau to change his name into Geo. Coal-water. I object to the passage of this measure at the present time because it is fraught with great personal danger to Mr. Charbon-eau owing to the inclement state of the weather. I have heard the college engineer say that if Charboneau were decomposed into coal and water, he would immediately confiscate the coal; and I feel certain that during this cold snap the water would be frozen, and as a consequence my friend would be naught but ashes and ice. I move that Mr. Charboneau be embalmed, laid on the shelf until the dog-days of July and labelled "Handle with care."—Carried.

The house was a scene of terrible disorder and terrific excitement when Oliver Wendell Phillips arose, with pale cheek and tears in his eyes: "I denounce this society as a pack of brainless nincompoops. You gave my friend Costello the six months hoist and he has now winged his way through the vast unknown expanse of air." Confusion reigned supreme and the boldest held his breath when it was found to be only too true that Tom had really disappeared. The committee decided to call in Signor Borneo Gosselin, the wizard of Plum Hollow, who has won considerable fame in his communications with Mars and the Moon. The Junior Editor is confident that Tom is spending his days eating milk and honey and listening to the sweet music of the spheres. We possess the talisman that will recall Tom to mother-earth. The OWL will be the first and only paper to publish Costello's reminiscences of his trip through the myriad worlds.

The following held first places in their classes during the month of March:

I GRADE	{	1 Geo. Taillon,
	{	2 Paul Taillon,
	{	3 M. Major,
II GRADE A	{	1 A. Martin,
	{	2 T. Aussant,
	{	3 O. Landriau,
II GRADE B	{	1 R. Lapointe,
	{	2 W. Richards,
	{	3 Chs. Kavanagh,
III GRADE A	{	1 W. Burke,
	{	2 J. Slattery,
	{	3 J. Gleeson,
III GRADE B	{	1 John Sullivan,
	{	2 P. Pitre,
	{	3 E. Foley,
IV GRADE.	{	1 M. O'Brien,
	{	2 Geo. Kelly,
	{	3 J. Coté.

ULULATUS.

Get in trim.

Joe now bears the name of Trilby.

"*Haec est conditio vivendi.*" Ray persists in translating the above phrase thus: Such is life in large universities.

Who carries your tobacco now, Gustave?

The gala day is coming, and the Joker purposes entering the Irish race.

A close shave—Stapie's head.

We notice a slight change in the wording of Tom's favorite ballad; it now runs "Oh, Pesky broke my meercaum pipe."

The students of physics cannot determine what kind of battery Joe and Toby make; but it is stated that for heavy work it is especially adapted; for the resistance is only 2 while the motive force is 22.

Of Aussant, J. Ross, Patry, Cush,

Which is best for centre push?

The oracle, being asked the above question, answered,

"Whether tall or whether short

The best is he who plays with heart."

Niggah—Well, Pete, I think we're going to have warmer weather.

Pete—Oh, yes, I can feel the change in my pocket.

Albert (day after the play)—Vandy was "right in it" last night, wasn't he?

Ray—Yes, for a while, before he took the CAR.

Joe thus describes his pitching in classical (?) terms:—Curves, swift of foot, are to me; and I effect that they circumambulate in batting and kiss the gauntlet of the Man in the Iron Mask.

"I will not believe it," said gentle-natured Sully when Babe told him that Stape had deprived a whole community of innocent little animals of their only means of subsistence.

It seems as if that Washington boy was born to be an athlete. He is now even more proficient at hand-ball than on the diamond, and can hit, on an average, two balls out of every seven he tries.

Though the *all-saintly* featherweight of No. 1 would like to see home before football season opens, he denies that he was ever *blue*, but affirms that he is always *ready* for every task.

Bill Nye lately accounted for the absence of the football by surmising that the shark had devoured it.

Baptiste has been accepted as a heavy comedian owing to the able manner in which he handled scenery in the recent play.

J. O'B. says his great labor is to overcome Anger, which he calls his predominating passion.

The night was past, the day begun

When Eagle visited Eagle's son;

"Arise! arise!" the father said,

"Get up and walk and take thy bed."

We notice by the bulletin board that a few of our baseballers have been released.