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GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



"A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

RECENT writer in these columns has reviewed the life of Garcia Moreno, and has told the great things accomplished for Church and State by the Liberator of Ecuador. The aim of the present article is to recall, in a manner necessarily brief and imperfect, the deeds of another Catholic hero, whom not one nation alone, but all nations, salute with that grandly distinctive title—*the Liberator*.

Daniel O'Connell was born in 1775, near the little village of Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry. He came of a good old Celtic family, whose members were ever noted for their fierce hatred of the Saxon and their desperate valor in the time of national struggle. His father was not wealthy, yet he possessed sufficient means to support the dignity of his family, and to afford a continental education to his three sons. Daniel received the rudiments of learning from an aged priest, but, removed at an early age from the care of his beloved tutor, he was sent to Louvain, and finally to St. Omers, where, under the guidance of the Jesuits, he acquired those vast treasures of knowledge and that logical training of mind, that afterwards proved of such immense service to the cause of Ireland. Having completed his studies, he returned to his native land and commenced immediately the study of law. He was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1798, just at the moment when the uprising of the United Irishmen threw the country into the throes of war. This revolt of an unarmed peasantry was crushed with the

ruthless barbarity that has always characterized the dealings of England with her unfortunate sister isle. Ireland, bathed in the blood of her heroes, was again prostrate at the feet of her conquerors. Then followed, perhaps the darkest period in the history of the land, and Pitt profited by the hopeless apathy into which their misfortunes had cast the people, to further his scheme for the Legislative Union of England and Ireland. Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, and other noble patriots of their stamp, raised their eloquent voices against this iniquitous scheme, and it was, likewise, to protest against this plan of the English minister that O'Connell first publicly espoused the cause of Erin. At a meeting of Catholics held in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, in 1800, the young barrister arose to address the assembly, and despite the intimidating presence of the infamous Major Sirr, and a body of his brutal soldiers, he voiced his feelings in no uncertain language. "I would rather see the whole Penal Code re enacted," he cried, "than consent to the legislative extinction of Ireland." But the venal crowd that *misrepresented* the population in the Parliament on College Green, were dazzled by the glitter of English gold and for filthy lucre bartered away their independence and their liberties. The Act of Union became law in 1801. The people, despairing of the redress of their grievances, relapsed into their former lassitude and indifference, notwithstanding the efforts of a few noble spirits, (and among them O'Connell,) to keep alive the flame of patriotism. In 1805, the Catholic Committee was formed, but it was fully

three years in existence, before it dared any act of importance. The following year (1809) it was suppressed by the Government. O'Connell saw that the time had come to act, and to act boldly. Henceforward his life was consecrated to the cause of two great reforms—Catholic Emancipation, and Repeal of the Union. But he determined to accomplish his aims by entirely different means from those employed by preceding Irish Leaders. He resolved to obtain by constitutional agitation, what other well-meaning, but imprudent patriots had failed to obtain by force of arms. Not that he was averse to violent means because he lacked the courage of a martial leader, but because he saw and realized the dreadful havoc and unhappy results of unsuccessful rebellion. And must not the rebellion of an unarmed peasantry prove ever unsuccessful against the power of the mightiest of Empires? His first act in pursuance of his policy, was to resuscitate the defunct Catholic Committee, under the name of the Catholic Board. Then going amongst the people he strove to rouse them from their stupor. He appealed to them as only O'Connell could appeal promising them liberty of conscience, liberty of legislation, if only they would do his bidding. At first they refused to listen. With the remembrance of '98 still fresh in their memories, they dared not look even to their Protestant representatives to intercede for them, and to plead their cause; yet here was an Irishman, a Catholic, an alien, like themselves, holding out to them the bright promise of freedom. Was it any wonder they turned a deaf ear to his entreaties? But gradually they allowed themselves to be persuaded, and finally, when they saw foreign lands—France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, the United States, Canada, British India, Australia—not content with honoring his name and proclaiming his praises, but contributing generously towards a fund for the furtherance of his plans, a veritable enthusiasm took possession of their hearts. They recognized what the fear at their hearts had hitherto concealed from their view—the transcendent genius of the man, who, single-handed, dared defy the might and power of England. They arose, and swore that they would be free, that they would

follow their Great Chieftain whithersoever he might lead. Then the Liberator organized his fellow-countrymen with an organization so perfect, as to elicit the admiration of the world. History presents no parallel of a nation being disciplined as he disciplined Ireland. The envy of even Napoleon the Great was provoked at the sight. "I can marshal armies," cried the great Corsican, "but this Irishman marshals a whole nation." But unfortunately the apathy of the people was not the only difficulty O'Connell had to overcome. He had to cope, also, with internal dissensions—that perpetual bane of the Irish cause. In 1813, Canning offered Emancipation under the sole condition that the people should allow the Government the right of vetoing the appointment of bishops to Irish Sees, and although the clergy, and the great mass of the population were uncompromisingly opposed to the acceptance of this condition, yet there were not wanting individuals of the wealthier classes who joined with the aristocracy in proclaiming loudly in favor of the proffered legislation. Fierce debates ensued in the meetings of the Catholic Board. Shiel was the spokesman for the vetoists. O'Connell voiced the sentiments of the anti-vetoists. Day after day, these two intellectual giants struggled for the mastery, "pressing logic, wit, rhetoric and facts" into their several arguments, with a reckless prodigality that would have left bankrupt any other minds of the Empire." The contest ended, as such a contest only could end, in the dissolution of the Catholic Board. Nor were the hereditary enemies of Ireland idle during all these years, for the Government and the Dublin authorities endeavored, by every means, fair or foul, to thwart his plans, and to cripple his power and influence over his compatriots. But O'Connell found means "to drive a coach-and-four," (to use his picturesque figure,) through the decrees of the authorities. As often as he was condemned in one form, he turned up in another, and yet (such was his intimate knowledge of the legal machinery,) his enemies, with all their malignant vigilance, could never succeed in entrapping him into the meshes of the law. As governmental persecution had only served to increase the popularity of the Liberator,

his adversaries determined to rid themselves of him in a summary manner. They induced a noted duellist to espouse their cause, who dogged the footsteps of O'Connell, jeered at him, insulted him, until, from sheer necessity, the Great Chieftain was obliged to arrange a meeting. They met—the Champion of Liberty and the Champion of Oppression—and D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded. Thus was O'Connell, sorely against his will and his conscience, forced to commit an awful crime in the cause of Ireland. The enemies of the Liberator have made much of this act of O'Connell's, and have painted it in the darkest colors. Much, too, has been said and written to justify it, but this is not the place to enter into a discussion of the question. Suffice it to say that however justifiable his action may have been, it sadly grieved the Catholic heart of Daniel O'Connell to have thus violated a commandment of God and of his Church, and that to the moment of his death he rued the hour in which he consented to meet his unfortunate antagonist.

Again O'Connell was alone. The Catholic Board had disappeared. Shiel and his aristocratic friends had deserted him; yet all undaunted he began once more his labors among the people. He travelled, he wrote, he spoke, he neglected the practice of his profession. He cast aside all personal animosity in view of the general good and consented to a reconciliation with Shiel. The immediate result of this repaired friendship was the formation, in 1823, of the Catholic Assembly. In 1826, strengthened by the encouragement received from foreign nations and by the enthusiasm of the people, the Assembly decided to make a bold move and to contest the then vacant seats of Waterford, Louth and Monaghan. In all the constituencies were its candidates successful. Still more emboldened by this triple triumph, the Assembly decreed that no Irish member of Parliament should be supported who would not pledge himself against the Wellington Administration. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald the representative of Clare, despising this pronouncement of the Assembly, ventured to accept office under Wellington, and a new election became necessary. The

Assembly, true to its principles, immediately sought for a suitable candidate to oppose Fitzgerald, but none could be found willing to bear the brunt of the struggle. Then a scheme, almost sublime in its audacity, proposed itself to O'Connell. He himself would contest the seat for Clare. The people stood aghast at the proposal. They called him rash, imprudent, reckless; nay, some did not hesitate to pronounce him mad. But there was a method in his madness. He announced his intention to the electors in an artfully reasoned document, and sent Shiel into the most doubtful portion of the constituency, where this impassioned orator, clothing his eloquence in the fiery Gaelic idiom, turned the tide of affairs against the ascendancy party. On the day of the election the Liberator appeared in person and addressed an immense concourse of his future constituents. He told them of their wrongs, of their despised rights, of their ruined industries, and their deprivation of the benefits of education. He recalled briefly his own services of the past, the injuries he had borne and the dangers he had run for their sakes; then he commanded them to arise in their strength to aid him, promising them, as he had promised before, to remove all their disabilities, civil and religious, to give them liberty of conscience and liberty of legislation if only they would give him their support. When he had finished speaking a mighty cry arose from the multitude: "O'Connell—O'Connell for ever," and marching to the polls, the brave electors of Clare piled up an overwhelming majority for their hero. O'Connell was declared elected, and proceeded at once to London to claim his seat in Parliament. In the meantime, the Government either through fear of another popular uprising, or perhaps through a desire to grant by a seemingly gracious concession what it felt would be inevitably forced from it, introduced a Bill for the removal of the civil disabilities of Catholics, March 5th, 1829. Three times was the Bill presented to the House, and three times did the Commons rally all the forces of bigotry and fanaticism against the measure, but three times, likewise, were they obliged to support the ministry by Wellington's stern, "You must pass

the Bill if you wish to avert civil war." The Lords held out for three days until they, too, found it impossible to disobey that imperative "must." Then Wellington took the Bill to the King to secure his signature. Father Tom Burke has left us a vivid word-picture of that celebrated meeting between the "first black-guard of Europe" and his Prime Minister. "The Bill had passed the Lords and Commons and Wellington took it, on bended knee, and offered it to George IV. The king refused to read it. 'You must read it!' He read it. 'Never!' 'You must do it! It cannot be helped!' He took the pen into his hand,—and he burst into tears! He did not weep when he broke the heart of his wife and declared her to be an adulteress. He did not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him—that was destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch. He did not weep when he left Richard Brinsley Sheridan, his own friend, to die of starvation in a garret in London. He had no tears to weep. He had no heart to feel. The bloated voluptuary!—he was never known to weep in his life, only when he was signing the Bill of Emancipation and then he wept the devil's tears." On April 10th, 1829, the Bill became the Act of Catholic Emancipation, and thus in five short weeks from its inception was passed one of the most important bills ever considered by a British Parliament. When O'Connell arrived at Westminster the right to occupy his seat was denied him. He demanded and obtained a parliamentary enquiry into the validity of his election. The Commission decided that he was entitled to his place in the House upon his taking the oath of Supremacy. Advancing to the Bar, the Liberator asked for a copy of the oath wherein he read "that the sacrifice of the Mass, and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the saints, as practised in the Church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous," and afterwards a reference to the dispensing power of the Pope. Upon reaching the second passage, he drew himself erect and glaring back defiance at the bigots that composed this most Protestant of assemblies "I cannot take this oath," he cried; "part of it I know to be false, part of it I do not believe to be

true." He then withdrew from the House and writs were immediately issued for a new election. O'Connell again presented himself to the electors of Clare, and again was returned with a large majority. He took his seat in the House early in the session of 1830, this time without opposition. One part of his double aim in life had been accomplished by the passage of the Act of '29, and he now turned all his energies to the achievement of the second, Repeal of the Union. In '31, the Ministry endeavored to bribe him by creating him King's Counsel, but little did they know the man with whom they had to deal, if they dreamt that English honors would abate his zeal for Ireland's cause. All the honors of the world could not swerve him from his purpose, as the Ministers soon found to their cost. Indeed, the Premier took occasion, some time later, to complain that the efforts of the government to conciliate O'Connell had not been received in the manner that they had anticipated. The Liberator aided the Scotch Reformers and the English Radicals to secure new privileges for the masses of Britain, hoping thus to enlist their sympathies for the cause of Repeal. These faithless friends, however, deserted him as soon as it became a question of extending the reform to Ireland. Yet far from discouraging him, this desertion seemed to inspire him with greater courage and a sterner resolve. Seeing that he could not count upon the support of the English and Scotch members, and that further delay was dangerous, he determined to bring the question to a decisive issue. Perhaps no scene in all history presents a more inspiring picture for poet or painter than the scene in the British House of Commons on the evening of the 22nd of April, 1834, when O'Connell rose from his place to move his proposition for the Repeal of the Union. As he looked around before commencing his speech, a solemn stillness held the House. Almost every man in his auditory feared him, hated him. Willingly would they have refused him a hearing. Willingly would they have cried him down with shouts of derision. But he overawed them by his superior will, and commanded their attention and respect. Slowly and calmly he proceeded

with his speech until the recital of the sufferings and wrongs of his dear native isle dilated his heart and inspired his imagination; then, a perfect torrent of eloquence burst from his lips to flood the ears of his hearers. All in vain. The influence of three centuries of fanaticism and prejudice had hardened the hearts and warped the judgment of the members of that assembly, and, deaf to that burning appeal to their much-boasted British sense of justice and fair play, by an adverse vote they rejected the just demands of Ireland. The blow was a stunning one for Repeal. Defeat, however, as usual, only seemed to stimulate O'Connell to fresh efforts. Far from abating in vigilance and activity, he became more assiduous in his attention to his duties. He scourged the Ministry and its friends upon every favorable opportunity. The Ministry, on the other hand, both hated and feared him. They feared, indeed, his influence with a great fear, but, much as they held in dread the power he wielded, they dreaded even more his tongue—that terrible organ that bestowed upon them such ridiculous nick-names which clung to them to their dying day. D'Israeli he called "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." To Sugden he referred as "the man with the ugly name." "Spinning-Jenny Peel" became the popular title for the Prime Minister. It is related, too, (but with what truth it is not mine to decide) that on one occasion a priggish supporter of the government proposed a bill providing that the termination *was* in such words as *Christmas*, etc., being a relic of Popery, be replaced by the less Roman and more Saxon affix *tide*. Now it so happened that the would-be reformer rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Mr. Thomas Massey-Massey. O'Connell arose, and looking benignly around the House, said: "The gentleman who is so zealous for the purity of the Anglo-Saxon, should commence by reforming his own name, and call himself henceforward Thotide Tidey-Tidey." Even the friends of the unfortunate member joined in the laugh that ensued, while the individual himself made his exit from the House as quietly and as quickly as possible. As a natural consequence of his irrepressible wit, O'Connell received so many challenges, that had he

accepted all, he would have spent as much time upon the duelling ground as upon the floor of Parliament. Even D'Israeli wanted to fight him, and failing to bring the Liberator to an encounter, challenged his son, Morgan O'Connell. In all these wranglings, however, O'Connell ever kept in view one aim of his later years. As he had organized the people for the grand struggle for Emancipation, so now he re-organized them in the cause of Repeal. It would require volumes to report his journeys, his writings, his speeches and his labors during the nine years succeeding the defeat of his motion in the session of 1834. In 1843 he inaugurated in Dublin the first of the celebrated meetings that have given to that period the historical title of the "repeal year" of Ireland. The movement spread with the utmost rapidity until the whole country was ablaze with excitement. Again we see O'Connell in all his glory—the uncrowned monarch of Ireland, the King Dan, whom an enthusiastic contemporary prophesied to be the coming conqueror of King Arthur (Wellington), and King George. He addressed monster meetings of his countrymen at Dundalk; at Tara, where a quarter of a million Irishmen swayed to every changing tone of his powerful voice, and finally at Clontarf, where the people were dispersed by the militia, and whence the Liberator was carried off to prison, for (to the eternal shame of England be it said) what in other countries would be considered only legitimate popular demonstration, in Ireland was treason. For three months the grey-haired chieftain lay behind the prison bars. When he was released, his health was already impaired, and his hopes for the success of his constitutional agitation shattered. Other counsellors had gained the public ear. Younger and hotter blood flowed in the veins of Ireland's new leaders who determined to return to the policy of their predecessors of '68. To add to the misery of the situation the dreadful famine of '46 swept over the land. The aged father of his country saw his people dying in thousands, yet he could do nothing to aid them. Yes, one means suggested itself by which he could still benefit his wretched compatriots. He dragged himself from his bed, proceeded

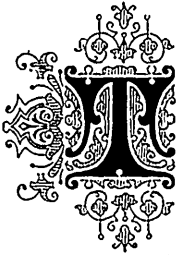
to London, and presented himself before parliament. Weak and feeble, a shadow of his former self, he raised that voice, once so powerful, now reduced to a whisper, in behalf of plague-stricken Ireland. With tears streaming from his eyes, he pleaded in tones so full of pathos that a heart of stone could scarcely resist, but the hearts he sought to move were harder than adamant towards his race. They told him his people might die, that no help would come from England. It was the last blow. O'Connell's heart was broken, and his health declined rapidly. He was ordered abroad by his physicians, and true son of the Church that he was, he directed his steps instinctively towards the Holy City, that he might receive the benediction of the Vicar of Christ before he died. Warm-hearted France welcomed him to her shores, and his passage through her territory was a continuous ovation. At every stoppage along the route he was greeted by cheering crowds. At Paris the eloquent Count de Montalembert expressed the sentiments of his countrymen in a beautiful address to the Liberator. "We are come," he said, "to tender you the affectionate and respectful homage we owe to the man of the age, who has done most for the dignity and liberty of mankind, and especially for the political instruction of Catholic nations. We admire in you the man who has accomplished the noblest achievements that can be given to man to conceive in this world—the man who, without shedding a drop of blood has re-conquered the nationality of his country and the political rights of eight millions of Catholics. You are the man not only of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish,—it is Catholic." At Lyons an enthusiastic populace bared the head and cheered lustily as he passed along. But the Liberator remained unmoved by the extraordinary honors paid him. He felt that he was sinking fast, that his end was near. And so indeed it was. Scarcely had he arrived at Genoa when he expired, May 15th, 1847.

"Your glory is not only Irish—it is Catholic." In all the long list of his beautiful works, Montalembert never wrote truer words than these. O'Connell's life is not for Irishmen alone. It is of

absorbing interest to every true Catholic of every race and every clime. It affords a standing argument against that oft repeated, though never proved assertion, that the triple virtue, love of God, of faith, and of native land, is incompatible with great political genius. O'Connell loved his God and fulfilled with scrupulous exactitude his religious duties. Father Tom Burke tells us that the sight of the gray-haired old Liberator attending regularly morning mass in the little parish church, first aroused and fostered his desire of becoming a priest. Never, even in the greatest turmoil of political agitation, did he relax the practices of piety he learned within the walls of his college. He loved his faith and showed it on all occasions by his great respect for the ministers of the Church, and a beautiful sight it was, indeed, to see the man before whom trembled the British Lion and the Iron Hero of a Hundred Fights, hearken to the voice of his pastor like the most docile lamb of the flock. His love of his native land was the absorbing passion of his soul. Each of these three loves possessed such a hold upon his heart that, during his whole life, a noble strife went on within him as he tried to reconcile their respective demands. Even at death this beautiful combat seems to have been waged upon the battlefield of his heart. And how did he satisfy these separate claims of heaven, faith and native land? His dying words, his last will and testament, as it were, tells us: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to heaven." His life too teaches another lesson, it were well to learn. Why was O'Connell's love for Ireland so pure, so noble, so disinterested? Because it was founded on his love of God and his love of faith. No other Irish political leader has loved Erin as he loved her because no other leader was animated by his spirit of faith. Not that I mean to say that Erin has had no lovers but O'Connell. Far be it from me to make such a statement. Many, I know, have loved Ireland wisely. Many too have loved her well. But none other has loved her at once so wisely and so well as the greatest of her sons—the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

E. J. CORNELL, O.M.I., '96.

THE SPANISH SHAKESPEARE.



THE period of excellence in the dramatic writings of Spain covers the greater part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Cervantes, a great comic writer, dominates the first of these centuries; Lope de Vega connects the two; while Calderon, born in 1600, rules the mind of Spain from the first productions of his teens till his death at the age of eighty-one. The national drama of Spain is the romantic. Such dramas were produced in abundance by Lope de Vega before Calderon's time, but in the latter we find their culmination. Now since the death of Calderon Spain can boast of no great dramatists. Those who have appeared have copied from the French; so that the drama of modern Spain is but an imitation or at most a modification of that of France. Consequently, if we wish to form an idea of the Spanish people, their manners and modes of thought as presented to us in their dramatic productions we cannot be satisfied by the plays of their modern theatres. We will be obliged to go back two centuries, to the time when Spain proper was rolling in wealth, but when her foreign possessions, acquired by the genius of former navigators, were neglected by herself and preyed upon by other nations. At that time lived Calderon, the prince of romantic dramatists. He is called by some the Shakespeare of Spain. Both these writers are in fact the representative poets of their respective nations. But Shakespeare, while the mirror of his own nation, is also by his wonderful portrayal of human nature the poet of all peoples; while Calderon presents to us nothing else than the genuine Spanish nature.

Leaving aside for a time our northern feelings and prejudices let us enter and breathe the atmosphere of gayety and fancy which surrounds the people of sunny Spain. In this spirit only can we

duly appreciate the writings of Calderon. To study this writer we need not undertake the onerous task of translating his works, for the work is already done. Denis Florence McCarthy, an Irish Catholic, has given to English literature an invaluable work in the translation of Calderon's best dramas. His version gives proof of the poetic genius of its executor. It is faithful to the original; the ideas in both are identical and even verse may be compared to verse. The metre of Calderon is preserved throughout, so that on the whole we can get a fair idea of Calderon's style and manner from this brilliant translation. We therefore purpose to glance briefly at this Spanish poet as he is seen through the medium of our own language; before doing which we will recount the main facts of his life.

Madrid, the capital of Spain, has the honor of being the birthplace of Calderon. F. Schlegel tells us that dramatic poetry being the production of the city and society cannot flourish except in a great metropolis. The remark may appear novel on first hearing, but its aptitude is soon manifest, as London and Paris were the scenes of the dramatic development in England and France, so also was Madrid in Spain. Thus, Calderon, brought up midst the turmoil of the great Spanish capital, was in excellent position to study the manners of the people in whose portrayal his dramatic bent was afterwards to be satisfied.

He was the son of noble parents under whose wise guidance the stability of his character was moulded. His full name is Calderon de la Barca, but, presumably for the sake of brevity, he is universally known as Calderon. The future dramatist's early studies were made under the Jesuits and completed in the University of Salamanca. Before he was yet nineteen he had written for the stage. His successful efforts attracted the attention of the nobles of the

capital, with whom, on the completion of his studies, he associated till he left Madrid to follow a soldier's life. He served during the war in the Low Countries, but this pursuit not proving congenial to his tastes he was soon glad to renew his profession of authorship. The plays of the young poet increased in popularity and on the death of Lope de Vega Phillip IV called Calderon to court to write for his theatres. Never had any writer such golden opportunities to show his genius, for everyone knows that Phillip IV., though an imbecile ruler, was inferior to no one as a patron of the liberal arts. For sixteen years Calderon lived at court where his dramas never failed to gain universal applause. "Like the high-souled poet that he was he soared above all that was base, dwelling in a region higher than any one that had gone before him, and farther removed from all taint of evil. Neither the allurements of applause, nor the example of his predecessors tempted him to descend. And having captivated the people by awaking interest in every way, by brilliant spectacle, glowing verse, mystery, and exciting incidents he raised 'he popular mind to still higher things, to such solemn dramas as "Life is a Dream," or the touching story of "The Two Lovers of Heaven.""

In 1651 Calderon entered a religious order, and after a time was ordained priest. Henceforth his writings took another turn. No longer restrained by the necessity of pleasing the tastes of courtiers and "Castilian grandees," he now revealed the true structure of his mind, by giving to the public those wonderful "autos" which have placed him at the head of romantic dramatists. He continued to write till his death, which occurred in May, 1681. For the last eighteen years of his life he had been a priest of the Congregation of St Peter, and fulfilled the office of chaplain to the king. A monument erected over his tomb by his fellow citizens, was, later on, swept away, and his place of burial forgotten. It was only in the middle of the present century that the grave of this famous dramatist was again discovered. His remains were removed to the church of Our Lady of

Atocha, in Madrid, where they still lie.

The works of Calderon may be broadly divided under the two heads of secular and religious. His secular writings include historical dramas, mythological and romantic pieces, together with: comedies of intrigue and some minor productions such as farces and interludes. The religious poems of Calderon comprise his "Religious Dramas," written for the royal theatres; and the "Autos," or Sacred Dramas, exposing some of the truths of religion, and written in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Hence they were commonly called "Autos Sacramentales" Of this latter class, Mr. McCarthy has translated two, "The Divine Philothea," and "Belshazzars Feast." "In the "Divine Philothea" the Soul, the Spouse of Christ, waits for His coming in the castle of the body, having with her the five senses and the virtues. The stronghold is assailed by the army of the demon, but the Prince of Light comes in the ship of the pageant, bringing a heavenly food that will give strength and victory to his spouse. An immense amount of doctrine is involved in all the speeches and action of this allegory." The above description of this play gives us an idea of what these dramas of Calderon really were. The circumstances in which the pieces were presented to the public are worthy of notice. As they were designed to honor the Blessed Sacrament, they were, at first, acted only on the feast of Corpus Christi. Later on, the occasions for presentation became more frequent, till at last they were of rather frequent occurrence. They took place, sometimes, in the open air, but generally in the court of some distinguished person. The king and nobility, as well as the multitude, were in attendance. How sublime a sight must not have been this open profession of belief by king and people in the greatest mystery of the Catholic religion, and how well it shows the warm temperament of these southern people!

"Belshazzar's Feast" the other "auto" mentioned above commemorates the feast of the Babylonian king, the warning of Daniel, and the mysterious writing on the wall. An extract from Mr. McCarthy's translation follows:

King. And can it be,
That you thus so bold have grown,
In Jerusalem the holy
Late a captive, now a lowly
Dweller here in Babylon?
Exiled from that native sod,
Which a home, a shelter gave you;
Poor and wretched, what can save you
From my power?

Daniel. The hand of God.

King. Oh! this potent voice that dares me—
Strong to stop the hearts pulsations—
Makes me wonder at my patience,
From my very anger scares me;
Something strange, mysterious, odd.
Marks us two.
Since I intend thee
Here to die, can aught defend thee?
Speak! say what?

Daniel. The hand of God.

Out of seventy autos written by Calderon we have only two translated. This is regrettable, for of all the works of this poet his autos are the most sublime and refined. They are imbued with that Christian spirit which is the essence of the romantic. The characters in these dramas were always personifications or abstract ideas, thus differing from the old mystery plays which had for characters human beings.

Of the "religious dramas" proper, Mr. McCarthy has given us six: "Life is a Dream," "The Wonder-working Magician" "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," "The Two Lovers of Heaven," "The Constant Prince," and "The Devotion to the Cross." Let us examine briefly the best of them. "Life is a Dream" is founded on the following story. Sigismund, the hero, son of the king of Poland, is borne away from his father's palace to a wilderness, because at his birth it was announced that if the prince should ever rule the kingdom he would bring ruin upon it. After living many years in a dungeon where the dignity of his birth was never made known to him, he is at last sought by the king and taken back to the palace. Meanwhile he is drugged to sleep from which when he awakes he shows an irritable temper. Whereupon the king orders his son to be again drugged and returned to his prison. Here Sigismund wakes and has a faint remembrance of the gorgeous palace, but considers it all a dream. However, he resolves to restrain himself if ever again he should be placed in similar cir-

cumstances. Later on the people come and make the young captive king. When invested with the royal dignity he imagines he is dreaming again and exclaims:—

Fortune, we go forth to reign;
Wake me not if this is vision,
Let me sleep not if 'tis true.
But whichever of them is it,
To act right is what imports me;
If 'tis true, because it is so;
If 'tis not, that when I waken
Friends may welcome and forgive me.

The drama ends with Sigismund king and ruling with wisdom and glory. The story is admirably well conducted, which gives it a place among the best dramas of this writer.

"The Wonder-working Magician" while revealing to us the exemplary life of St. Cyprian, gains our interest by an intricate story of intrigue—the saint's compact with the devil and the latter's final overthrow. The nature-loving Shelley, who was the first to make Calderon known in England, admired the poetry of this drama and translated some of its most beautiful passages.

"The Two Lovers of Heaven," is a story of the conversion of two pagans, Chrysanthus and Daria, who subsequently became saints and martyrs. Chrysanthus is led towards Christianity by reading the Scriptures which he at first regards as mysterious writings. He is however unconsciously drawn towards the deep meaning and wisdom displayed in the volume. Pondering on the Gospel of St. John he prays for light to understand it.

God or Word, whate'er thou beest,
Of Thyself the great beginner,
Of Thyself the end, if, Thou
Being Thyself beyond time's sickle,
Still in the world didst fashion,
If thou'rt life, O living spirit,
If thou'rt life, my darkened senses
With thy life and light enkindle.

Goethe, who lived after Calderon, has a passage in his Faust identical in idea with the above extract; but though the German poet may have used it to greater advantage it is to Calderon we are indebted for the original conception. "Daria" is brought to embrace Christianity in another way. Though a priestess of Diana, she admires the idea of a God crucified for love of man; and expresses

unbounded gratitude for one who would show such an incomparable love.

When of all mankind I knew
 One who felt a love so true,
 As to give his life for me,
 Then until my own life fled,
 Him, with gratitude and pride,
 Were I sure that he so died,
 I would love though he were dead.

The plot of "The Constant Prince" runs thus: Fernando, Prince of Portugal, being captured by the Moors, is given the option of freedom, provided he will surrender the Christian city of Ceuta. Refusing to thus expose his fellow-Christians he is thereupon imprisoned, tortured, and finally killed. The night after his death he appears at the head of the Christian army, with a torch in his hand. The victory won, Fernando disappears. Many passages in this drama are extremely pathetic—the fearlessness and self-devotedness of the hero exciting our compassion for him in his misery.

A few words on Calderon's secular writings and we shall have done. "Love After Death" is an historical drama; "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," is founded on the mythological tale of Ulysses and Circe; "The Secret in Words" and "The Physician of His Own Honor" are dramas based upon tales, popular in Calderon's time. Of the latter's comedies, "The Scarf and the Flower" is the only one translated. However this one suffices to give us an idea of his comedies in general, for they are all alike. "There are the dukes and court gallants, the veiled ladies and serving women, all coming again and again, but under such different circumstances, and with plots so dexterously woven, that interest is always

excited, and kept up to the last scene." All Calderon's secular dramas are true to life in spite of an occasional appearance of study, and a tendency to prolong the speeches. "The chief fault of Calderon" says F. Schlegel, "is, that he, in other respects the best of all romantic dramatists, carries us too quickly to the great denouement of which I have spoken above, (the glorification, or happy ending of the hero); for the effect which this produces on us, would have been very much increased by our being kept longer in doubt, had he more frequently characterized the riddle of human life with the profundity of Skakespeare—had he been less sparing in affording us at the commencement, glimpses of that light which should be preserved and concentrated upon the conclusion of the drama."

In this short article we do not pretend to have done justice to Calderon; we have simply passed in brief review, the life and translated works of that writer, and now our humble efforts will be fully rewarded if they should prompt any of our readers to undertake a deeper examination of an author, whose tender nature and pure sentiments have never been surpassed. No greater encomium can we bestow on the merits of Calderon, than to mention that Molière, Corneille, Le Sage, Boissy, Shelley and Goethe found in his pages, unbounded delight, as well as a rich fund of material for republication. Nor can we reasonably suppose that the learned Denis Florence McCarthy would have taken in hand the immense task of translating Calderon, were he not fully convinced of his intrinsic merit.

JOHN. J. QUILTY, '97.



A WHISPER.

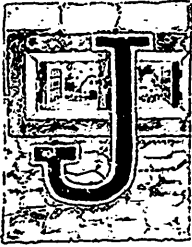


COME while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeams dazzle in thy ways ;
 Come, while sweet thoughts like summer buds unfold-
 Waken rich feelings in thy careless breast, [ing
 While yet thy hand the fancy wreath is holding,
 Come and secure interminable rest.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
 Ere the false phantoms of the world shall die,
 Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
 Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
 Life has but shadows, save a promise given
 Which lights the future with a fadeless ray,
 O touch the sceptre ! win a hope in Heaven ;
 Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

J. D. S.

THE CANADIAN SARATOGA.



JUST as the New Englanders boast of their Newport, and the Empire State its Saratoga, so do our Eastern Canadians exalt to the skies, the scenic grandeur and picturesqueness of their Thousand Isles. Favored though they be with such beautiful and inviting places of retirement during the hot summer months, still they are not the only people on this continent who may boast such havens of enjoyment. For in Western Canada there are watering places rapidly rising in prominence, which bid fair to even surpass in popularity, their better-known eastern rivals.

One need only mention the name of Banff, to conjure up before the imagination, the vision of stupendous cliffs and rocky bluffs, coursed by rushing torrents and leaping cataracts. But the place which I shall endeavor to describe, is one not characterized in the main by nature in her wildest and most uncultivated grandeur, such as one beholds on ascending the noble Saguenay, or the mighty Colorado. But it is a place where numberless isles, scattered in picturesque profusion, stud the placid waters of a lovely lake, making in all, a scene of entrancing beauty, of special interest to the botanist, and captivating to admirers of landscape beauty. The Lake of the Woods, sometimes known by the rather inappropriate name of Rat Portage, compares very favorably with any of the eastern watering places. True, it has not the salt water of Newport, nor the costly summer cottages of the Thousand Islands and Muskoka; still, what is lacking in the aids of art, is more than compensated for by the innumerable beauties of nature, as yet untouched by the hand of man. After all, in seeking a few weeks vacation from the din and toil of business, is it not preferable to "rough it" a little, as the saying goes; for, if one has all the accommodations and luxuries of city life within easy reach,

Does not the romance and novelty of "camping out" soon fade away?

It is only within the last four or five years that this Western Saratoga has been spoken of as a summer resort; but the increasing numbers who annually spend their holidays there, afford eminent proof of its growing popularity. Situated on the boundaries of Ontario and Manitoba, one hundred and thirty-three miles east of Winnipeg, the lake is just far enough away from the western city, to afford visitors an entire change of scenery and occupation. As this splendid resort is very little known, except in the West, a few words about the nature of the surrounding country might not prove uninteresting. It is especially a mining region, and of late, gold has been discovered and extracted in considerable quantities. The most important mines are known as the Sultana Gold Mines, situated some forty miles from Rat Portage. The Lake is reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which passes through the flourishing town of Rat Portage. The mineral wealth of the whole region is virtually unknown, but the prospects of large discoveries are continually becoming more encouraging. The lumber trade alone annually amounts to a large sum, the mills owned in Rat Portage, Kewatin and Norman, being the largest in the Northwest. Judging from the rapid progress the three sister-towns have made within the last few years, there is no doubt that a great future awaits them.

Especially are there reasons for believing that Rat Portage will become an important city, since, besides being a mining and lumbering centre, it is the headquarters for all the tourists and visitors who spend their holidays at the Lake of the Woods.

Once at the Lake, the visitor finds no end of interesting places to visit, among which might be mentioned the Falls, one of the most picturesque cascades a person could wish to look upon. Hedged in by a massive perpendicular wall of rock, on

the one side, and on the other by a gently sloping hill, crowned with luxuriant vegetation; the rushing waters, with continual roar, dash swiftly over the obstructing boulders. There are also numerous small bays and narrow gaps, one of the latter being styled "The Devil's Gap," owing, no doubt, to the fact, that on entering this narrow channel, one would fancy he was sailing the ancient Acheron, bound for regions infernal.

The Lake of the Woods is the most popular resort for Winnipeg pleasure-seekers, yet visitors come from all parts of the North West Territories, and as many as a thousand people have been encamped there at the same time. A custom of organizing private camping parties is, at present, a very popular one. Several young people get together, secure whole camping outfits and set out for a jolly two weeks sojourn among the beautiful islands. One of the party is usually sent ahead to "locate," as it is called, that is, to select some shaded nook in which to pitch the tent. As all tastes do not agree, many who happen to be less enthusiastic over the glories of roughing it, prefer renting a cottage, and thus succeed in doing away with the greater part of the sport. While living in a cottage, with all the kitchen impedimenta close at hand, it is obvious that such so-called campers never find themselves compelled, for want of more convenient utensils, to use strips of birch bark for plates, or to stir the porridge with canoe paddles. However, if some prefer living under canvas and risking the chance of having their tent blown down during a thunder storm, it is altogether unreasonable to contend that all who spend their holidays away from home, should be fond of this unconventional mode of living.

Most of the annual visitors have built comfortable cottages, some of which are of the most unique designs. As one paddles leisurely among the numberless isles, cosy summer-houses of all shapes and dimensions come into view. From the historic and imposing Blarney Castle, to the crude and old fashioned pioneer log house, or from the neat and comfortable Eastern cottage, to the lumberman's shanty, every style of habitation is represented. Even the uncomely, conical-shaped Indian tepees are noticed, pitched among the thick

foliage, in shelter from the wind and rain. Each island has its special name, given on account of some distinguishing characteristics. This Saratoga of the West, as well as the Empire state, has its Coney Island, so called on account of its numerous conical elevations. Other islands to which a large share of campers find their way, are Harris, Virginia, Treaty, Worth and Tippicanoe. There is a legend connected with the naming of the latter, and the story has it, that one summer's eve, not long ago, some of the ladies of a merry picnic party, in their impatience to jump ashore, accidentally tipped their canoe, and hence the significant title. But this is not all; if the canoist hug the shore closely, he will probably notice that each camp bears a title of its own. From the roofs of the cosy and inviting cottages, are seen banners gracefully floating in the breeze, bearing such appropriate names as Bayview, Erin Lodge, Meihven Lodge, The Lone Pine, Buena Vista, and last but not least, the old reliable, Maggie Murphy's Home. But perhaps the most interesting feature connected with life at the Lake of the Woods, is the unlimited sources of amusement for persons of every taste. There is enjoyment for the grave and dignified individual, as well as for the thoughtless and venturesome youth of twenty-one. The loquacious spinster has her escapades as well as the sprightly debutante. Even the stoic and student of human nature, may find witches, medicine-men and other psychological phenomena among the Indians, which will afford him many interesting hours of study. Thus, the old and the young, the serious and the gay, all live in the most happy camaraderie. Among the young people, bonfire fêtes are very popular, and many are the pleasant evenings spent around the blazing logs, relating hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures; fish stories and college yarns not excepted.

But the paradise of the artist is among the pretty islands. While strolling through the woods it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to meet with them, busily engaged in sketching the lovely landscape dotted over with the camper's snow-white tents. And what magnificent studies are everywhere to be found! On one side rises the shelving rocks of a distant isle grand and majestic in the

extreme, while across the bay, the green shore washed by the incoming tide, the dense foliage of the trees and the profusion of wild flowers of every shade and hue, are subjects inspiring and fascinating for every one, and especially for those imbued with admiration for the beautiful.

But the Lake of the Woods offers a novel amusement which perhaps can be afforded by no other summer resort on this continent. That is, a genuine Indian pow-wow held and acted by real red-skins in typical Indian costume. One of the larger islands is occupied usually by some four score of Indians who remain all summer giving their strange dances at short intervals for the entertainment of the numerous visitors. Steamers are chartered by the proprietors of the hotels and placed at the disposal of their guests, and the party sets out for the war dance. Crowds of campers in canoes, sail-boats and small craft of every description have already assembled from all parts. Then the Indian dance commences, and to those who have never witnessed one before it is a sight both strange and fascinating. As seen by the light of a huge bonfire from the boats on the calm lake, the dusky forms look not unlike weird phantoms, as they go gliding to and fro, now in circles, now in squares, accompanied by the solemn tum-tum of the Indian drum. After assisting at one of these entertainments, the impression left on the mind of a stranger, due no doubt to the circumstances under which they are held, is one of awe and wonder, and it is only after some time that he can fully persuade himself that he has not visited another world. These pow-wows, though held less frequently of late years, are still enjoyed by the majority of the campers. But these are not the only occasions upon

which the Indians make their appearance. They paddle around to the camps in their birch-bark canoes each morning bringing fresh fish and blueberries. Rat Portage is the most remarkable place in the world for blueberries. They are found in such quantities that whole carloads are shipped away to all the large centres in the West. Very few of the Indians who come around can speak English and it is very amusing to watch their gesticulations in their endeavors to make themselves understood. The only currency they have is that of "bits." When they ask two bits for a pail of blueberries they mean fifty cents, one bit being twenty-five cents. In many cases it is useless to offer them, say thirty-five or forty-five cents, for you might as well try to cheat a Hebrew as to persuade them to accept a sum that cannot be expressed in "bits." But with all these peculiarities the campers are always glad to have them call. Anyone who has had the pleasure of spending a couple of weeks at the Lake of the Woods will readily admit that Westerners have reason to feel proud of possessing such a delightful retreat. Nor can it be doubted that within the near future this Saratoga of the West may prove a dangerous rival to the better known Eastern resorts. For if tourists and pleasure seekers from both Eastern Canada and the United States have not paid visits to this beautiful spot, it is because they have not as yet heard its praises sung.

It will be surprising if this ideal watering place does not become one of the most popular summer resorts on the continent, possessing as it does most of the splendid features of a Newport, a Saratoga, or a Thousand Island Park.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96.



JAEI'S FATE.

(SELECTED.)



IT was a sultry summer day under the emigrant sheds at Kingston; and Jael stood wiping the perspiration from her homely face and gazing sadly on the blue shining waters of Lake Ontario and the green islands beyond the harbor. It does not matter what her surname was. The crowd of people with whom she had been associated in a long voyage across the Atlantic know her only as Jael, the tallest, homeliest, and most feared woman in the ship. She was entered on the ship's books as Jael, aged nineteen; but her tall, gaunt form, long, coarse features, and sad, stern eyes made her appear a woman of thirty. Speculation was rife concerning her, but Jael tolerated no enquiries into her past history, and when they had reached Quebec all evidence of her well-known traits disappeared on a sudden. She sang, prayed, scolded no more, preserving a rigid coldness and reserve of manner up to the moment when she stands looking sadly out on the waters of the great inland sea.

Poor Jael! Alone in a strange land, without a friend to aid her in her need! She had been the daughter of a preaching cobbler, who left his bench to hammer Bethel pulpits and clothe the spiritual feet of men with the leather of Scripture, and as her father's clerk for eight years she had served him faithfully and so far as to take up the office herself when too much beer had prostrated him. She loved the hymns, the Bible stories and the majestic psalms. But the filth and uncertainty and meanness of her life tired her at last. Her father made her heavy life heavier by his abuse and his senseless beatings of a too faithful child, and one night she left him in the streets of Liverpool and set out in a vague yet hopeful way to see what a new world had to offer her.

And here were all its offerings around and before her—the quaint, lively city with its red-coated soldiers, the emigrant sheds, the great lake, and the awful loneliness.

The day was long and hung so heavily that a few enterprising spirits among the immigrants arranged an entertainment, and invited Jael to display any of her accomplishments for the amusement of the crowd. When it came to her turn she recited in her broad dialect, yet with a tenderness inconceivable in so coarse-looking a woman, the poem of "Bingen on the Rhine," and drew tears from the sympathetic immigrants at the thought of homes they would never see again.

Luke Bolger, standing in the background with an official of the place, studied her curiously.

"She is only nineteen," said the official, "and about the style of girl you would want."

"Jes' about said Luke. He stood watching her still, untill the official thought fit to arouse him.

"I have an idea," said Luke, "what's the use of hiring a girl and paying her a dollar a week for a hull summer, when by marrying her you wouldn't have to pay nawthin' at all? See?

"I see," said the official, "and I wish you luck! There's the girl for you, if you're not afraid to take a strange critter in hand."

"Trust me to manage the female critter," said Luke, as he snapped the old whip suggestively.

"Come along then," said the official, "and take everything as it goes, for by all accounts she's a queer one."

He led Luke to where Jael sat with moistened eyes.

"Jael," said he, "this is Luke Bolger, who wants to speak with you. You can believe whatever he tells you about himself. It's a pretty safe thing, because he

never says more of himself than he can help."

Luke laughed, but checked himself when he saw from Jael's manner that she resented his familiarity. She was studying him in her usual frank way, her great eyes reading his hard face, his stout limbs, serviceable clothes, and general well-to-do air. He stood coolly while she inspected him.

"I hope you like the boy," he said with good humor, "because I must say I like the girl. I want a wife, a good working woman who's fond of a home and able to keep one. I have a farm big enough to support a dozen or more, no debts, no children, and my first wife is dead three months. Do you want to take her place?"

There was a dead silence in the shed. She was certainly a strange woman. Without taking a moment's thought she answered in her solemn way that she would be his wife.

The marriage was there and then celebrated in the hasty business fashion which is characteristic of the time and was peculiar to Luke Bolger. Then they started for home.

The Bolger farm lay forty miles north of Kingston, in the heart of the wilderness. It was a respectable possession for a man of Luke's age, but the soil was of a sort that did not bode well for the future, and the loneliness of the place was a mighty weight on the spirit of Jael. Luke did all the talking. Jael was silent and did her work faithfully. Her marvellous voice never broke the primeval solitude in song. Even the mother's croon was never heard in the cabin. Her babies were stolid, silent beings, who never cried, and they grew up dark, slow, wild-eyed animals, with scant speech, coarse, morose, and entirely wanting in their mother's enthusiasm or their father's shrewdness.

There was one exception, however. They had four boys and no girl. The last born of the family two days after his birth surprised his mother by a bit of terrible screaming. His red face grew purple with passion and his blue eyes seemed to flash with rage. Jael had some difficulty in quieting him and it astonished her that he should repeat the

performance day after day during a period of two years. After a time Luke and she became convinced that there was something superior about this child. His skin was white and fair, his eyes were blue as the sky, and his silky hair was almost red. In his moments of good humor he laughed at his mother while she worked. When he came to be named, Jael dreamed a great deal of that Jewish King whose Psalms had been her delight and consolation, and finally called him David. He was the wonder of his brothers, who could never look at him too long. As he grew to years and understanding, he wrought a marvellous change in the household and Jael's deep nature began to respond slowly but richly to the influence of heaven. She would sit for hours watching and entertaining her child, teaching him to sing the old ballads and hymns of her missionary days.

The year which saw finished the second decade of Jael's married life, did not find the family more prosperous than on the day of her marriage. The bank account, small as it was, had dwindled slowly in spite of the strenuous efforts of stingy Luke, and then crept up a corresponding debt of two hundred dollars, which drove him almost to suicide, as he felt the impossibility of paying it. Occasionally he drove to Kingston, but his moroseness so increased with each visit that he wisely avoided it altogether, and his last visit was made only at the suggestion of a friendly trapper, who, one day whispered to him some news of mysterious though agreeable import. When he returned, his spirits seemed to have revived for the moment. He was extremely talkative with the boys, and began to dilate extravagantly on the beauties of the world, and the advantages of setting forth to win a fortune. The soldiers at the barracks were his special theme.

"Jes' see them once," said Luke, as they ate dinner under a tree in the meadow, "Oh! it's fine, boys, an' they're jes' the laziest fellows in the whole world."

"That's where we ought to be," said Dab, with a yawn and a laugh, but David's eye flashed in scorn.

"Them's not sogers," said he wrathfully; "anyone could do that much. Where's

the fightin', where's the guns, where's the killin' an' stabbin' an' glory? I would'nt be a woman soger."

The three dolts opened their eyes wider at this outburst, as if to take in the full magnitude of the idea.

"Dave's right," said the father approvingly; "they're only women sogers, after all, but some know how to fight too, I reckon, an' they're only takin' a rest now. The fightin's goin' on in the States. They're havin' a mighty hot time of it, too, an' crowds of boys are leavin' Kingston every day to join in."

Dave's face kindled, and he looked down the Kingston road as far as the horizon, as if he would like to burst the bars of distance and leap headlong into the battles.

"We ought to go, too," said Dab, boldly, and David, still bolder, ventured on the more daring remark:

"This place is too small for such a gang as we be. We could make somethin' fightin' and send it home to mam an' dad, instead o' starvin' here on 'taters and' corn."

There was a gasp from each of the boys at this bold opinion, and an expectation of seeing David laid senseless at their feet; but the father only laughed scornfully and started to his feet.

"Enough o' nonsense," said he, "an' off to yer work! It's well enough to talk, but the idea o' you lads earnin' yer own livin', or standin' up to fight alongside o' men! G'long, ye babies."

The boys accepted this estimate of their abilities with the meekness natural to them, but David grumbled all the afternoon in secret, and managed to communicate his own defiant spirit to his brothers before nightfall. It was impossible that the fever which had seized hold on these young hearts should escape the notice of the mother, but she did not see any evil consequences from it, and it troubled her not at all.

The stray hunter who had once brought important news to Luke, stopped one morning, on his way through the woods, to exchange a word of friendly greeting with Jael.

"Family all together yet," he said, "an' all well?"

"Yes," said Jael.

"Yer very slow in takin' up a good

chance, ma'am. 'Spose the war shet down on a suddint, whar'd ye be?"

"Four strappin' boys," continued he sadly, "growin' up useless in this hole, when they might be earning piles o' money for ye down South fightin' with the Yanks."

Every nerve in Jael's body tingled suddenly with a new, unknown pain, and a strange fear shook her strong body like an ague. Was this the key to the excitement which had seized upon her boys?

"Don't you go puttin' such thoughts into them chicks o' mine," she said, with repressed passion; "don't you do it, master George, or it'll be the worse for ye."

"Oh! it's done," said George laughing, "but I reckon they have'nt got spunk enough to face gun music. I told Luke two weeks ago, he could git two hundred dollars apiece for the boys in Kingston, an' he's a fool if he does'nt take it up."

He went away and left Jael standing bear-headed in the sun, yet chilly as if the winter's snow lay on the ground. What blackness was this coming over her dark life? What new sorrow was threatening her, who had suffered so much? They might have heard her loud cry of agony had they been less wrapped up in the subject of their going into the world, or seen her as she fled across the fields. They were too excited to notice her standing a few yards in their rear, but talked on until the whole story was burned into her heart and Luke himself had pronounced her sentence, when he said gaily:

"Well boys, we'll try it anyhow; to-morrow ye shall start for Kingston, an' if yer courage does'nt fizzle before ye get there, ye shall start for the war in soldiers' clothes in two days."

A shout of rapture from the boys, and the opening verse of a hymn from David, were rudely interrupted by the stern, wild figure which strode in among them silently. All but David and her husband shrank from her.

"Why, Jael," said Luke in surprise, "what's the matter with you, woman, be you gone crazy?"

"Naw," said Jael, flinging out the word like a bullet from a gun, "you and the boys are clean, stark mad though! What is't you would do with'em, Luke?"

"I s'pose," said Luke with a swagger, "you may as well know one time as another. The boys are going to see the world, Jael, jes' as you an' I did years ago—goin' to the States to do for themselves.

"They would never have thought of it on'y for you," Jael said in such a hoarse voice—"on'y for you, Luke Bolger, on'y for you."

"They won't go if you say so; tell me you'll keep 'em, Luke, or I'll go mad—I surely will."

"Nonsense, woman!" said Luke, "they ain't no use here, and we'll clear eight hundred by lettin' 'em go."

"Boys," she cried sharply, "you won't go, will you? You won't leave Jael?"—so they always called her—"I was always good to you, an' I'd die without you."

With the exception of David, the great coarse sons did not understand nor appreciate this appeal, but felt inclined to grin at her strange look and words and manner.

David was struggling with his ever-ready tears.

"Now don't try any of that stuff on 'em," said Luke, angrily and fearful of her influence, "they're sot, I tell ye, an' they'll stay so."

Jael turned on him her angry eyes.

"You're a bad man," she said slowly, "worse nor I ever thought ye. You'd sell your boys for gold. You ought to be cursed for it. P'raps you are. You wanted the blood money. What do you care if 'Dab is smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball? What do you care if the birds eat Dave's eyes out, an' he never gets buried? Only the money for you! If you do this thing Luke Bolger," and she sank on her knees to the ground, "may all the curses that were since the world begun fall on you."

The last word came out in a scream of rage and madness, and immediately, true to her old habit, she broke out into a fierce hymn of denunciation and ran, shouting it, back to the house. Luke was not at all affected, except by the dread of losing the bounty money, and he turned to them with a hearty laugh of mirth and scorn.

"You needn't laugh," said Dave sharply; "that settles it! We'll not leave Jael since she takes it so bad. We'll stay with her till she dies."

"It'll be a mighty quick death, then," Luke thought, with a murderous gleam in his eyes, but he was politic enough to say nothing more at that moment. Once or twice, however, he spoke with David alone.

"It's one of Jael's freaks," said he, "to cut up as she did. When I fetch back the bounty-money she'll feel even, an' it's mighty hard for you young fellows to miss so good a chance, anyhow."

Dave was suspicious, however, and reluctant to enter upon the scheme again with the impression of his mother's agony so fresh in his mind. But the temptation to go was strong enough to prevent him offering any remonstrance to his father's inquiry. Before they quitted the field, another change had taken place in Dave. He came to look at the matter as his father did, and considered that, as the separation of the family was merely a question of time, the agony might as well be endured now as later; and his brothers agreed with him, so that father and sons presented themselves at the cabin in a very cheerful frame of mind.

Supper was ready for them, and Jael had resumed her ordinary dull manner, but her face was seamed with a most pitiful anguish. Dave did not dare to look at her, and Luke pretended to be afraid of her present mood, so much so that he went with the boys to their loft that night to sleep, and Jael was left to walk about the cabin, in the open air, wringing her hands and weeping, and trying vainly to plan for the safety of her children.

When Luke came out at daylight to hitch up the horses for the day's labor, he found her still there, and he guessed that if the boys were to get away without a scene a stratagem must be used.

"Up early," said Luke cordially, "well, old woman, you've got your way this time, but I'll have mine later. The boys have decided not to go till you are dead."

"You'll murder me, then," said Jael, plainly expressing her distrust and suspicion, "I'd be glad of it."

"There are better ways o' doin' things than that," he answered with a laugh, "let me tell you Jael, you're a foolish woman. Eight hundred dollars is a big thing. Why can't you be sensible an' let the boys go?"

She turned away from him in disdainful silence. "Oh! let us make a bargain to your likin' as well as mine," he persisted, "you keep Dave an' let the other three go." "They are all mine," she said proudly, "you can't have one." "That settles it," he snorted with an oath, "but I'll be even with you yet."

At that moment David came sleepily out from the house. The mother looked from his father to him as if trying to read their hearts, and so hungry and bitter and sad was the glance, that Dave had work to keep from crying and giving up the attempt altogether. Jael stopped him and caught his arm—

"You're not goin' away, Dave?" said she, "you're not goin' to leave Jael? I'd die if I lost my boys; and to the war. Dave, to be shot an' torn, an' die alone away from mammy—you're not goin' to do it, are you?"

"Not if you say so, Jael," said the boy, trembling, while his father laughed silently at a distance to reassure him.

"I would curse him a thousand times if he took you away," she went on. "I'll die soon enough, an' you can all go then. But, wait a little, Dave, hold 'em back just a little. Time isn't long to young folks. If you go I'll kill him an' myself. I would like to kill him now, the bad, bad father! Promise me, Dave, my boy—promise Jael you'll not go away."

"Now, see here," said Luke, angrily, "if you don't let that boy go to his work right off, an' shet down on yer nonsense, I'll take the hull crowd straight to Kingston."

She let him go at this rough command, and stood watching him as he hitched up his team and drove away.

"You'd better get us somethin' to eat," said Luke, "the boys are jest gettin' up."

But his words were unheeded until Dave, having loaded his wagon, was returning; then, more assured, she entered the cabin and began her preparations for the meal, while her sleepy sons washed themselves and snarled at one another, according to custom, at the front door. It was the fatal moment for Jael. When she came out into the open air again Dave

and the horses had disappeared, and, before she could scream out her terror and despair, Luke and Dab had thrown a cloth securely over her head, thrown her on the ground, and bound her hand and foot with pitiless severity.

"It's hard, old woman," said Luke, "but you must allow you're the cause of it. Dave had to be got off, an' your shines were too much for him."

Jael made no useless resistance. The thongs on wrist and arm were strong and the gag perfect, but the agony eating her heart was stronger and left her weaker than a child. They placed her on a bed, locked the doors, and ran gleefully down the road to join Dave, waiting for them two miles away.

"How did she take it?" he asked with tender curiosity, "Jes as I said," Luke answered, "like a kitten. When a thing's got to be, it's got to be, an' that's all about it. She kicked while she could. When it warn't no more use she sat down without a tear. Give my love to Dave," says she, "an' don't get drunk an' lose your money. Oh! I know the women, boys, an' you'll know 'em in time."

The boys felt that his knowledge of the opposite sex gave him an advantage over them which not even their bold flight into the world could equal, and during the drive to Kingston, Luke "showed off" and gave them much advice as to the general management of females.

And Jael? Poor mother, so ruthlessly deprived of her beloved! When Luke returned with his blood-money she was still lying where they had left her. He unbound her hands and feet, loosened the gag, and flourished the dollars before her, but Jael neither spoke nor stirred. He felt the cold, rigid limbs, and passed his hands over the clammy features, then stole secretly and swiftly from the spot and the neighborhood. Death had bound Jael in bonds which he could not loosen, and had closed at the same time the gaping, aching wound so cruelly inflicted. Only the coarse face showed what bitter suffering she had endured before her pulses had ceased to beat.

AT HOLY COMMUNION.



KNOW Thou art near me, I feel Thou art there,
 By the throb at my heart, by the thrill in the air;
 And my soul leaps within me, as billows of ocean
 Heave brightening into the glory of morning.
 Till, grown to a spring-tide of mighty emotion,
 Its prayer-belted surge of the Day-Star gives warning.

O Dawn-Light of Love, my heart blushes before Thee,
 And the soul through my blood rises up to adore Thee.
 O Circle of Beauty! O Mystery tender!
 O white Sun of Glory, Thy living Light veiling
 In tenderest show of yon silver-soft Splendour!
 How how shall it hold thee—this heartful of failing?

He cometh! He cometh! He glides 'twixt my lips,
 The King of the angels, in wondrous eclipse!
 He lieth—O awful in sweetness!—a Lover,
 Here, here, heart to heart, in the finite He turns to,
 Not heaven, not Godhead, sufficing to cover
 Love's fullness, without the earth-image He burns to!

O, whelm thee, my soul, in the deeps of devotion!
 O, melt thee, my heart, in the Infinite Ocean!
 Through all my life's tide-ways the pulses beat, throbbing,
 Of Godhead Incarnate—a mystic outpouring.
 O mine, I am Thine! And my heart falls a-sobbing
 On Thine, and my spirit kneels down, Love-adoring.

FRANK WATERS.

I.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN HISTORICAL WRITING.

"History treats for the most part of the cumbersome and unwieldy masses of things, the empty cases in which the affairs of the world are packed, under the heads of intrigue or war, in different states and from century to century."

—HAZLITT.



IF Mr. Hazlitt thus belittles history it is that he may uplift poetry and the higher forms of literature. It is too long ago since historical writing gained the approval and sanction of the learned to be depreciated by writers at this late period. Profound scholars in all ages and countries have given their time and talent to the study of history; and in looking over the past we invariably find that in those ages which have been most prolific in great men historians are found side by side with orators, poets, sculptors, and painters. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus and Sallust are names that have given to historical writing a high place in the world of letters, a place which it has since kept and which it will retain for all time.

History is essentially a grave study for its first and chief end is to record truth for the instruction of mankind. To the historian falls the necessity of relating past events with impartiality, fidelity, and accuracy. He writes to impart wisdom to his fellow men; and to point out to nations and individuals the road to prosperity and happiness. A deep scholar and a man of varied attainments, the true historian will always seek his knowledge of events at the fountain head, representing facts in connection with their causes, tracing them to their effects, and unfolding them in clear and distinct order. He does not make history subordinate to his theories on God, man, and society, nor does he use it as a means of insinuating them into the mind of the unsuspecting reader. No doubt every historian worthy of the name has a theory in regard to the

facts which he narrates, but the theory itself must be historical, not speculative. Besides being fully acquainted with the different forms of government and the various shades of politics the writer of history will prove himself to have been a persevering student of human nature. Not only does he chronicle the rise and fall of institutions, governments, states, and empires; but his mission is still more sublime. The human heart is shown in all workings, and man—the noblest work of God's hand—is the constant theme of the historian's pen. Though being the simple narration of events his work should have all the charm of an effective romance or novel, and though nothing that he writes is the creation of his own imaginative brain, yet much must really appear so in order that he may please and interest his readers, but all the while sustaining the character of a wise man, because he writes for posterity and his works are to be handed down along the line of time from generation to generation.

History is eminently a practical study. It is designed to supply the place of experience. It enforces not its instructions with the same authority, yet it furnishes us with a greater variety of instructions than it is possible for experience to afford in the course of the longest life. A knowledge of the past is necessary that we may know and profit by the mistakes of those who trod this earth before us. As we turn the pages of history and learn the lessons borne to us on the wings of the past we are taught how to live in the present and the future. Though it is sometimes advisable and we may try to forget the past, yet occasionally our thoughts will wander back and in

spirit we walk amid the ruins of a by-gone glory, or behold those who have long since passed away enter on the stage and once more play their part in the great drama of life. And this is a reason why history is one of the most pleasing studies that it is possible to pursue. We are cheered by rays from the past when we behold the renewed life of empires and states and everywhere see the finger of Providence shaping the destinies of individuals and nations. "Institutions may crumble and governments may fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth and mount upwards like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither that fruit may form."

Historical writing calling for a high order of genius and so many varied attainments, it might be supposed that historians would be late arrivals in a new country. Yet such is not the case with regard to America. Rarely, if ever, have so many distinguished historical writers shone together in the literary firmament of any country, as we find in America in the present century. It is all the more to America's credit when we say that she was then but nation in its infancy, whose sons would be expected to follow pursuits far different than the study of historical writing. Nevertheless American historical writing is of a high order. Prescott, Parkman, Bancroft and Shea are names that hold a high rank in English literature, and of which any country might well feel proud. I have said that the study of history is a practical study and here, perhaps, we find a reason for the eminence to which historical writing has attained in America, where everything that is practical, draws the attention and captivates the energies of the people.

William H. Prescott is justly looked upon as the first of America's historians. He takes his stand beside the very best historians of modern Europe, a position to which he has been exalted both by the popular voice and by the suffrages of the learned. His works have been translated into Spanish, German, French and Italian. His fame is as great at London, Paris and Berlin as at Boston or New York. To the superficial reader, the difficulties which Mr. Prescott has surmounted in the search after and the arrangement of his materials

are not noticeable. It is only the trained mind that can see in Prescott's works, evidences of deep study, painful researches and especially the artistic skill he shows in the handling of his materials. It would seem that Prescott was to be an historian. While yet a student at college, an accident he met with by which his sight was impaired for life, determined his calling, and thus were verified the words of the poet when he said that

"The massive gates of circumstance,
Oft turn upon the smallest hinge ;
And that some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after tinge."

Prescott was now to be an historian and he spent ten years in preparation for the task. After a second term of ten years appeared his *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*. The historian was happy in the choice of his subject, he did it full justice, and in return it brought him a name and fame. It was a subject fraught with interest both for the American and the European. It was in this reign that Spain reached the zenith of her power and glory. She gave a new world to mankind, and by the union of Castile and Aragon, the subsequent conquests of Granada, Navarre and Naples, and the marriage of the heiress of the Spanish Dominion, with the son of the Emperor Maximilian, Spain, under the House of Austria, became the most important power in Europe. The subject matter of this work, and the attractive but brilliant style in which it was written, made people as eager to read it as they would the latest novel or romance. Through friends abroad and at home, he was able to collect almost everything, both in printed and manuscript form, which could illustrate the period, including chronicles, memoirs, private correspondence, legal codes and official documents. Then occurred an untoward circumstance when soon after his arrangements were made, early in 1826, for obtaining the necessary materials from Madrid. "I was deprived," says he, "of the use of my eyes for all purposes of reading and writing, and had no prospect of again recovering it." After some years his eyes recovered sufficient strength to allow him to use them for a few hours every day in the prosecution of his labors and the revision of all he had previously

written. In the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, we have a luminous survey of all those manners, customs and institutions which represent national life and character; and the reader is at once placed among the people of Spain, as they were in the fifteenth century. Mr. Prescott has all the qualities necessary for a true historian, and he deserves the undying gratitude of mankind for the manner in which he has applied these qualities to his works in the face of obstacles and reverses, well nigh unconquerable to a will less firm than that of the author of the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The History of the Conquest of Mexico, Prescott's second work, appeared six years after the first. In this work we have the result of the author's years of labor, research, deep thought and composition, clothed with that unity, variety and interest, and exhibiting such a vast deal of historical imagination, as gives the reader the facts of history, possessing all the charm of a magnificent poem. Hernando Cortés stands out above all the other characters of the work, the man without fear and without reproach, marching at the head of his five hundred warriors, preceded by a banner on which was wrought in gold, a beautiful cross on a black field, and beneath the cross these memorable words: "Friends, let us follow the cross." The most extensively popular of Prescott's works, is the History of the Conquest of Peru, though the book has been charged with giving more importance to the subject than its relative position in history will warrant. However, the characteristic merits of the author are here displayed in their best aspect, showing the effects of time and experience in giving more intensity to his conceptions and more certainty to his language. No one can read the work without being struck by the central figure of the group—Francis Pizarro—a man than whom none braver ever lived; the Spaniard who knew not fear, and who had faced death time and again in its most terrible forms. Perhaps the best insight we get into the character of this man is from an incident connected with his death. Alone in his palace and attacked by a crowd of assassins, Pizarro defends himself with his accustomed valor, but is overpowered by numbers and re-

ceives several terrible wounds. "Jesu!" he exclaimed in that dying moment, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence." Thus died Francis Pizarro, one of Spain's most illustrious sons.

Francis Parkman is a name familiar to every student of American literature. Contemporary with Prescott, the life of Parkman presents such a picture of patient suffering, adherence to the task he had set himself, and complete conquest of self as would seem incredible, were not the facts vouched for from authentic sources. These two writers possessed much in common. Both had early determined to enter the field of history. They had a true historical genius, and both were bound by the bonds of a common misfortune, for Parkman was, for years, deprived of the use of his eyesight. But if Prescott suffered much Parkman suffered still more. Moreover, the former's misfortunes helped the appreciation of his writings, while of the latter's sufferings the public knew nothing. He believed that the personal history of an author had nothing to do with his works, and he lived up to this conviction; though not a line of his histories was written without physical strain, his style is as clear, and joyous and serene as if his work had been done with the greatest ease. It is richer, more animated and varied than Prescott's; less artificial and more flexible as well as more dignified than Bancroft's. At the age of eighteen he had conceived the design of writing the story of France and England in North America. Henceforth this was to be the occupation of his life. He threw his whole soul into the undertaking and we find him spending the summer of 1846 among a tribe of Dakota Indians, living this side of the Rocky Mountains. While here his constitution broke down, and troubles came on threatening congestion of the brain. His physicians told him that mental work would prove fatal, but they could not prevail on the historian to abandon his undertakings. With his brain in such a condition that he could not use it, his eyesight failed him, and for three years he was obliged to suspend all intellectual work and to live the quietest of lives. Shattered in health, Parkman

set to work and told the story for the first time from original materials scattered here and there in the archives of the three nations, gathering up the traditions of savage life, and of the old French conquest, and of those settlers upon the border, weaving them all into one consistent and artistic story. The work was completed in 1892. For a great part of the fifty years during which the undertaking occupied the historian's time, he could not use his eyes continuously for more than five minutes. It has been truly said that no other author of the period has laboured under greater difficulties than Mr. Parkman. He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. Once when a friend visited him and asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, the historian replied "I have none." The Oregon Trail was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press. For half a century he lived a life of "repressed activity," saving his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit on penalty of having it taken away from him. The narrative is composed of a series of histories. The first of these is "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." It is a history of one of the greatest and most distinguished Indian chiefs who ever warred against the English in North America, and of the best concerted and most formidable Indian war recorded in American annals. It shows the last desperate effort made by the Indian tribes to check the advance of the English colonists and to preserve them from utter extinction before the continued aggressions of the Anglo-Saxons. This has been pronounced one of the most truly historical volumes which has issued from the American press. In "The Pioneers of France in the New World" the author portrays the men who laid the foundations for France in Canada, Champlain and his companions, in such a manner that it seems as if the reader attended them in their discoveries. "The Jesuits of North America" is a story of wonderful interest and fascination and shows that the author must have had free access to the Jesuit "Relations."

"Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." shows "how valiantly, and for a time how successfully New France battled against a fate which her own organic fault made inevitable." The next volume in the series is "Montcalm and Wolte," in which the historian comes to deal with the subject which had attracted his attention when his mind was first drawn to the history of the French occupation of the continent. What strikes one in particular in this work is the author's grasp of the situations, holding the main lines of the story while the English gradually win in their contest with the French and complete their conquests on the heights of Abraham.

Born and bred a Unitarian he could hardly be expected of Parkman that he would always write of the Catholic Church as one reared within her fold; he has little or no religious bigotry when we consider that he wrote from the humanitarian point of view. I have given a few of the volumes which constitute the story of the French and English in North America. In spite of numerous obstacles Parkman completed the series and thus realized the dream of his youth. His works remain as evidences of his own untiring industry and genius and of his country's greatness.

Geo. Bancroft holds an honored place in the hearts of the American people, and justly so, for he wrote the history of their country, the history of a great nation, the history of the United States. At first consisting of ten volumes, but afterwards revised and printed in six, the work proves the author to have been an accomplished scholar, and a man of a high order of intellect. Bancroft is a brilliant and fascinating writer, enthusiastic in the cause he espouses, devoted to his principles and ready to sacrifice himself with the zeal of a missionary for their dissemination. His style is elegant and his work elaborately and strongly written. Parts of his history are regarded as among the most splendid in all historical literature. Mr. Bancroft has been charged with grave faults as an historian. He has been accused with leaving the heights of impartiality (whence every historian with a cool and dispassionate eye should view the combat between classes), and of coming down among the participants

where, holding the pen in one hand, with the other he wielded the sword in favor of one of the contending parties. But the faults of the historian do not loosen the hold he has taken on the American heart any more than do the spots on the sun affect its brilliancy. Space forbids us from dwelling at any length on the "History of the United States" and following the author through the different volumes that compose his great work. Suffice it to say that the history is genuinely American in the best sense of that word as applied to literature. It is the first and most accurate accounts of the events that have happened from the discovery of the country up to the date of Independence. George Bancroft is by right the historian of America, and his fellow countrymen of all classes owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the work he has accomplished.

Not the least of American historians is John Gilmory Shea—a man of remarkable and varied ability. If truth, impartiality, fidelity and accuracy constitute a historian then Shea is an ideal writer of history. The first object of history is truth, and this was the one quality ever uppermost in Shea's mind. In reading the life of this author it is evident that Providence had designed him to be a thorough historian, and he, on his part, complied with those designs in a manner that left nothing to be desired, and when death overtook him he had consummated his life work. To the historian a knowledge of languages is indispensable, and at the early age of fourteen years Shea had so mastered Spanish history that his first literary venture published in the Young People's Catholic Magazine was an account of the heroic services of the soldier-cardinal Gil Alvarez Corillo de Albornoz, to his country and to his church. Shea was to be a Catholic historian and we find him spending six years of his life at Fordham College under the habit of the humble scholastic of the Society of Jesus. Then we find him in the world again and at the study of law. The distinguishing trait of this writer's character was his love for the Church. In 1854 he published his History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States from 1529 to 1824. This work he dedicated "To His Holiness Pius IX.,

Supreme Head of the Catholic Church," as a "history of a portion of his fold." Not only was Shea acquainted with most European languages but his deep interest in Catholic Indians led him to devote a great deal of his time to the study of their languages. By a recognized authority on this subject he was pronounced to be the best informed man in America on everything pertaining to the aborigines. Dr. Shea's pen once set in motion was never idle, but the work for which he is chiefly known is "The Catholic Church in the United States." It covers a period in American history from the first attempted colonization to the year 1892. This work, he himself tells us, he had often cause to regret having undertaken because of its magnitude, and it "cost him more labor and anxiety than any book he ever wrote." This was Shea's last work. It remains as an evidence of the author's own great genius, his unflinching faith in the Catholic Church, and his patriotic affection for the land of his birth; it will keep his memory green in the hearts of American Catholics, and is the monument that will perpetuate his name in time to come. In the death of John Gilmory Shea history and general literature lost a most accomplished and conscientious student, and the Catholic Church one of her brightest ornaments among the laity. "Others may have made her memory more renowned, none have labored to make her more beloved."

There are lesser lights in the field of American Historical Writing such as Washington Irving, Palfrey, Sparks, Winsor, Harris and others, but an enumeration of their works does not come within the scope of this article. Prescott, Parkman, Bancroft and Shea have taken their place in American literature as permanent authors. It is no small honor to the Republic that she produced such men when but in her infancy. They performed their task with a zeal and untiring energy that would have done honor to the most illustrious heroes the world has ever produced; they are the surest guarantee of America's greatness in the world of letters when she shall have attained the full strength of her maturity.

FRANK WHELAN,
3rd Form.

THE CANADIAN SHANTYMAN.



ANY columns of The OWL have already been devoted to articles dealing with various phases of our great national industry, the manufacture of lumber; "Lumbering" itself formed one of the interesting essays on this subject; "Boom Philosophy" a serio-comic dissertation also appeared in one of the numbers of this year's volume; while "A Trip to the Shanties" was the title of a clever sketch written in the early days of The Owl's existence. So that a brief description of the daily life of those engaged in the lumbering industry may not be out of place.

Should, then, the title of this essay lead the reader to expect some wonderful romance, in connection with the clearing away of the Canadian forest, a recital of some thrilling escapade or hair-breadth escape of one of those forest workers, or even a resumé of, "Crack and three Indians bit the dust," literature; he will most assuredly be disappointed. The everyday routine of the simple, rough, yet often much abused shantyman is all that these lines will aim at describing.

The shantyman, indeed, is not that low, vulgar being that most people believe him to be; he may be rough in manner and address; ignorant of the very rudiments of education; even his written name may be a perfect stranger to him, yet his many good points are worthy of attention, and on the whole he will be found a practical christain, a steadfast friend, and a man thoroughly reliable and honest in all his dealings. Of course we do not pretend that all shanty-men thus follow the straightforward path, but, considering the number employed in lumber-

ing, those who stray from the narrow way will be found to form but a small minority.

Towards the end of August, when the familiar strains of *En roulant ma boule*, or "*A la claire fontaine*," sound through the streets of rural towns, along the country roads and highways, or from railroad carriages, it is sure indication that the shanty year has begun and that the shantyman is again *en route* for the scene of his winter's operations. With his turkey (1) on his shoulder he merrily bids good-bye to civilization and is "off to the bush."

Arrived at the camping ground the men begin the erection of a shanty and stable. These buildings are made of unhewn logs, the roofs formed of scoops, or logs split up the centre and scooped out. These scoops fit into each other convex and concave, and incline towards the back of the building in such a manner as to be storm-proof and effectually prevent the entrance of even a drop of water.

This work finished, shantying begins in real earnest. The men are divided into gangs of two or three, called "log cutters;" these fell the trees and cut them up into logs. To each of these gangs are attached two or more road-cutters; these latter clear the way to the logs for the Pilers who pile the logs on the Rollway. Each Piler has a Chainer, whose duty it is to hitch the chain to the log which is drawn by the Piler's team to the Rollway.

Another gang, under the supervision of a Head Cutter, cut all the roads leading to the river where the logs are taken for the Drive. Main-Road cutters is the name given to this crowd. All these roads lead past the Rollway, so that in comparison with other work, loading is a very easy matter.

Loading is done by two men, with the aid of a pulley. The pulley is fastened to a tree directly opposite the Rollway,

(1) Turkey—The bag the shantyman packs his clothes into; he also uses it for a pillow in his shanty bed.

through the pulley wheel is passed a chain to which a team of horses are hitched, the ends of the chain, fork-shaped, are attached to a log and this is driven by the team to the sleigh; when the sleigh is loaded the logs are taken to the river. Those who drive the loaded sleighs to the water are known as Haulers and the first team is called the Lead. This gang starts out earliest to work and returns for meals before the rest of the men.

Over all these gangs is the Foreman, who assigns to each man his particular occupation. He is supposed to visit all the works each day; he acts as Civil Engineer and Surveyor to the road cutters, that is, he *blazes* or *marks* all the roads that are needed during the season. Besides this, he discharges drones, hires new men, makes all bargains and settles wages.

The culler, in his monthly or semi-monthly visits, measures all the logs cut since his previous official visit, and is responsible to the government for the work done at each of the different shanties.

An indispensable official is the clerk, who keeps the books at his particular shanty, and acts as time-keeper for the men. He must also account for all supplies received and work done for the shanty, such as blacksmithing, repairs, etc. He is supposed to accompany the teams to the nearest depot, and there weigh and make an exact account of all the provisions carried back to the shanty. In addition, he must assist the culler in measuring the logs.

The last, but not least important functionary is the cook, whose name implies the duty he has to perform. Outside of the ordinary work he must sing out *leve*, *leve* shortly after three o'clock every morning in order to rouse the men for breakfast. *Leve, leve*, is the shanty term for *Benedicamus Domino*, an expression with which every student is very familiar. The cook has an assistant known as the cook's mate.

As has been said in the preceding paragraph, the men rise shortly after 3, a.m.; they breakfast immediately, then march out to work. If their work is near the shanty, they come in for lunch between 9 and 11; if not, they carry their lunch to the woods. They are constantly employed in their various labors until dark, when they re-

turn for supper. In some shanties a second lunch is served during the course of the afternoon. Hard as is the work the men have to perform, they seem to enjoy it, and hours before we think of rising from our slumbers, the shanty men are hurrying in gangs to the scene of their labor; jolly crowds, singing, laughing or recalling reminiscences of years of shanty life. Again, while we, wrapped from head to foot in heavy furs, keep continually grumbling of wintry storms and severe frosts, the shanty man is out under a tree, up to his knees in snow, chopping and hacking as if very life depended on his work; soon he drops coat, vest and mittens, while great beads of perspiration stand out upon his brow, then he welcomes the biting frosts and bitter winds to cool his heated blood and dry his clothing, damp from his perspiring body. Here, also, a man must be very accurate in the wielding of an axe, as the least miscalculated measurement, even one false stroke, may cause the tree to fall in a contrary direction, probably in the direction in which the chopper seeks safety from the fall. It is in this way that the unwary woodman is caught beneath the weight of a heavy tree, and in almost all cases the accident ends fatally.

The year's cut closes with the advent of spring. The teams have all left, and a new season opens for the shantyman. The logs have all been drawn to the nearest river, rolled onto the ice, and are ready for the "drive." This term almost explains itself; it is the driving or floating of the logs down the small streams until they meet the main river, when they are driven to some centre where they are collected into a boom. They are then towed down the river by tugs and steamers, and left at saw mills or lumber markets. Most of the logs from the Ottawa district are taken by the water route to Quebec; so that they pass through many different hands from the time of their cutting until their sale on the market. The hewn timber is made into small cribs; when these arrive at a large sheet or stretch of water, they are bound together into one grand crib, and towed to the next dam or chute. Then they are unbound, and each crib is driven separately over the chute. It is a most interesting sight to watch the men guide

these cribs over a swift current, steer them most accurately into and through the chute, that spans from 100 to 200 feet the waters of formidable rapids. Sometimes the square or hewn timber is carried over the railroads to lumber markets.

The work on the "drive" differs greatly from the winter's operations. The men rise and quit work at the same hour, but the axe is superseded by the pike-pole and the hand spike, with which the logs are shoved into the boom, kept from running ashore, and from becoming jammed up in narrow streams, bridges and slides. A "jam" occurs when a log sticks crosswise in a stream and prevents the oncoming logs from passing; the consequence is a piling of logs upon each other. The opening of these jams in a sluggish stream is but child's play to the shantyman, but in a deep channel or swift current, the opening is often attended by serious accidents and even loss of life. Here again, the shantyman must use great judgment in his movements: one false push or step may cast him into the seething waters, when immediately a score or more of logs close over him, and the poor fellow's chances of life are indeed very uncertain. In low water, the driving of logs is no easy matter. Sometimes the logs have to be pushed for long distances, the lower parts touching the bed of the stream. But in most cases the water may be made to rise a few inches by closing a dam some miles in advance of the logs, or even by the construction of a temporary dam. When it is impossible to raise the water high enough to work—which often happens in the case of a late drive—the logs are left over until the following summer, and collected with that season's drive. Working against the wind, very little headway is made with the logs; but with a favorable wind, the distance advanced in one day is somewhat surprising. This constant moving down the river necessitates a removal of the camp once or twice a week, so that often, after a long and hard day's labor, the exhausted shantyman must seek, near the camp fire, a comfortable spot to pitch his tent.

This part of shanty life, however, has its pleasant side. Many a loud laugh is raised at the expense of an unfortunate comrade, suddenly immersed up to the

neck in the water; nor is the laugh less hearty should the temperature be still uncomfortably close to zero. Yet let the least danger threaten the unfortunate victim, and immediately a score or more of fellow laborers fly to his rescue. Another very pleasant feature, when nearing a more thickly inhabited territory, is the welcome news of a marriage, a dance, a raffle or a rural concert; supper once finished, watch the shantyman make what he calls a "bee line" for the scene of festivities. Distance to him is nothing when a little amusement is at hand. He will walk from three to ten miles, remain out all night, and return to camp in time to start out to work with the earliest. The spring nights are often spent in singing, dancing and story telling. In all these arts, especially the last named, the shantyman is an accomplished graduate. This season ends when the logs are driven into the head boom. The men are then given their time, sent to headquarters for wages, and discharged.

Closely following the drive, comes the "sweep," made up of a gang from each shanty firm, or sometimes a separate gang altogether, who sail down the stream and loose from the shore any logs that may have missed the eye of the driver, or those that would have delayed the drive had he stopped to roll them into the water. These logs are driven indiscriminately into a main boom, and afterwards sorted out and delivered to the firm whose mark they bear.

After his discharge, the shantyman sets about procuring himself a complete outfit of new clothing. In his bargains the poor fellow is often swindled by dishonest dealers, who regard him as their legitimate prey, and hesitate not to deprive him most shamefully of his hard earned wages.

Once fitted out, he is ready to put in the time between the drive and the opening of the next shanty year. During the interval many roam about, visiting friends and relatives; others lounge around hotels, where their winter's wages are soon stored away in the saloon treasury. When the shantyman's money is gone, the hotelkeeper has no more use for him. This occurs generally about the time the latter must think of hieing again to the bush. Yet most of these same shantymen are really thrifty fellows. Few indeed but carry a bank-book with a

substantial amount to their credit. Others again have a family, depending for their support on the shantyman's work. These indeed, are the model shantymen; once free, they return home, leave their earnings in the hands of an expectant mother or wife, and immediately seek other employment, which occupies them until the winter work again begins. These men may be found in rural districts, from early morn until late at night, reaping grain, mowing and forking hay, or clearing lands on the farms around which they live. More, again, are as busily engaged in the various departments of large lumber mills.

One class of shantymen work in shanties during the winter months only. These are farm owners, who leave when the roads begin to break up, in order to put home affairs in readiness for spring ploughing and sowing. From spring until late in autumn they are industriously employed with the numerous duties of the farm.

In one of the opening paragraphs of this article it was said that shantymen are regarded by some people as altogether ignorant and illiterate. It would indeed be unjust to these hard working people to allow this opinion to pass without comment. While some are without education of any kind, yet there are but few who can neither read nor write. Many really clever fellows will be found among them who, through adverse circumstances, have been obliged to cast in their lot with the shantyman. Others, who to-day fill offices of trust and importance, look back without a blush to the time when they hauled, chopped or drove logs in the Canadian forests. They have risen step by step from the ranks of the shanty and think it not a shame to have once been engaged in hard, honest labor.

Superstition is rife amongst some shantymen; among this class few could be found to enter or leave a shanty on certain days of the week; a dream, a rabbit crossing the path, birds flying near the ground, and such like, are all regarded as ill omens; and men whose courage amounts to almost recklessness in the face of death, would retire to a very sleepless couch after the recital of a ghost story.

Sunday in a shanty is the only day the men can call their own. Some part of the morning is devoted by most of the

men to the reading of the Bible, Prayer Book or some other religious work. After this the day is spent in washing, sewing and mending clothes, and general cleaning up. The evening is passed in singing songs and hymns, and is generally signalized by an early retirement.

In the old days, salt pork, beans and bread formed the only shanty food. But the modern shantyman is frequently dieted in a manner that would do credit to a city restaurant; of course pork and beans still form the staple article of food, yet a skillful cook can easily find many ways of garnishing the shanty table. The "grub" depends to a certain extent on the skill and management of the cook, and as there are numerous tastes to satisfy, this important functionary often comes in for a good deal of abuse.

Religion and shantymen are, according to current opinion, as remote from each other as the north and south poles; yet watch these men, morning and evening, and you will find that few fail to offer on bended knee, one short prayer to their Heavenly Father. He who would neglect this duty would be considered as a dangerous character by his brother shantymen. But there are other ways in which the shantyman proclaims his religious principles. Seldom does a season pass without a visit from a clergyman. Then will the shantyman teach an object lesson which is not soon forgotten. Father S——— drove up to our shanty one evening in January; work was suspended after supper, at least by the Catholics, and preparation for Confession at once began. Not one of the forty-seven Catholics present missed this opportunity of receiving absolution. Confession finished, a temporary altar was prepared by the priest for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which was to be offered up next morning. The remainder of the evening was spent by the Reverend Father in renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones. Before retiring the beads were recited in common, under the priest's leadership. On this, as on previous visits, the best apartment was reserved for his Reverence. Next morning the Catholics were up an hour earlier than usual, in order to attend Mass at which they were all to receive Holy Communion. After a few cheering

words from the priest and a short meditation, the men were ready at the usual hour for breakfast, and so their work was in no way impeded. After Mass the priest took leave of all and departed for the next shanty, where the day's proceedings would be repeated. During his visit a collection was taken up and presented to him before his departure. Not one of these hard working fellows would think of offering less than a dollar to the collection, some indeed doubling that amount, and a "V" is not unfrequently dropped into the hat. Other shanties make out a subscription list, the amount of which is collected at headquarters. Clergymen of other denominations are received with the same respect and hospitality.

The shantyman is never behind with a donation when a church is being erected near the scene of his winter or spring work. The foundation stone of many an edifice lying along the shanty route would be long delayed from filling its position were it not for the material aid rendered by the "drive" donation. During lent, in many shanties, the Catholics assemble

before retiring and recite the rosary in common.

Few visitors, outside of those directly connected with the lumber firms, visit the shanty during the winter season. Should any one of these be kind enough to leave behind a book or newspaper, it is literally devoured, read and re-read until everyone is familiar with its contents. But during the "drive," seldom a day passes, but one or more visitors come to partake of the cook's hospitality. These visitors are treated most kindly and return from the camp none the worse for the few hours spent in the company of the rough shanty-men.

Thus runs the year for perhaps the hardest worked class of laborers. Constantly employed from morning till night, with short intervals of sleep and few pleasant scenes to change the monotony of the daily routine, laboring under hot suns and drenching showers, exposed to biting frosts, beating snows, raging storms and bleak winds, it can easily be concluded that the shantyman's life is no "bed of roses."

J. RYAN, '97.



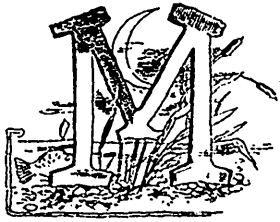
PRAYER.

Pray ! though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
 May never repay your pleadings ;
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
 An answer, not that you long for,
 But diviner, will come one day ;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

—MISS PROCTER.



AMERICAN ORATORY.



Y subject would appear much more appropriate upon the cover of a ponderous volume, than at the head of this short article. But, if it fail to give it as much notice as its importance requires, the only excuse I need offer for my deficiency is that I am following the example of the generality of Americans. For, forming so important a factor as oratory does in American literature, the slight attention it receives is really surprising and shows the general inclination of Americans to exclude this branch from those intellectual productions termed their national literature. Ask any citizen of the United States for some notable passages of truly American composition. Immediately the works of Longfellow, Bryant, Buchanan and Cooper are proudly held up for our attention, and if the list be continued there are ten chances to one that the names of Whittier and Holmes will be mentioned before a single thought is given to Webster or Clay. The fact is strange indeed, and its singularity is strikingly emphasized when we consider that although America has made no small progress in the different branches of literature, yet in no branch has she reached a higher excellence than in that of oratory. With those few considerations in mind it may not be out of place to take a hurried glance over the history of oratory in the United States and to see to what extent it is deserving of this lack of attention.

American literature in general has been divided into three periods, the Colonial Era, the Revolutionary Era, and the Present Century. So far as oratory is concerned this division is particularly happy, for it shows three important developments, marked by distinct characters, and occasionally by the different circumstances in which the country happened to be placed.

The first of these, the Colonial Era, is included between the years 1607 and 1761. Barrenness in literary genius is the general characteristic. Its scholars dealt mostly and succeeded best in poetry and the different forms of religious disputation. It speaks but poorly for the oratory of this epoch, that its best poetic specimens exhibit a no more extraordinary display of genius than do many of the similar efforts which fill the pages of our ordinary magazines. However, this condition of things is not exceedingly surprising, as a slight knowledge of the adverse circumstances under which the people labored will lead us to admit. It must be remembered that America was a colony, and a young one. The child is naturally guided by the parent and accordingly in literature America became a servile imitator of England. Besides, a great many of its inhabitants at that time were emigrants from Europe, and as a general rule, those who leave their fatherland, in order to cast their lot amidst the necessities of a colony like America, could hardly be expected to be such as would adorn any country by remarkable exhibitions of genius. However, even if the talent was not wanting, the nature of the occupations of the colonists did not allow them to give sufficient attention to its development. Schools were scanty. The country had to be opened up. Lands were to be cleared; forests to be felled. Those necessities, along with a hundred others, allowed little time and perhaps less inclination for the luxury of literature. Still we find that even under those difficulties some of them "tried to sing," and if their voices were not of the finest quality, they could at least offer a better excuse for their lack of excellence than the common defence of a "bad cold."

The above reasons apply to literature in general as well as to oratory, but the latter can give other excuses for its comparative backwardness. It has been an established fact, even among the ancients,

that great orators are to be found only where freedom reigns, and if this rule contains anything of truth, it must have had a particular bearing upon America, the welfare or ruin of which depended entirely upon the will of England. We know that Cicero continually vaunted his country's liberty. Demosthenes lived in a time particularly favorable, that of freedom threatened with destruction. In fact a glance into the past will give a clear conviction that oratory flourished or sank into obscurity according to the degree in which liberty prevailed. The most notable exception to this rule is to be found in the land of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan and Curran ; its most striking exemplification is seen in America, for while the Colonial Era does not contain one name worthy of remembrance, the subsequent periods boast of a number of names which compare favorably with the present orators of any nation.

The oratorical imperfection of the Colonial Era, I think, has been sufficiently accounted for. Under the circumstances it was nothing more or less than should have been expected. So, fully exonerating it from all blame on account of its deficiency, but at the same time allowing it no extravagant praise, let us turn our attention to the study of later years, a study which gives the student, if more labor, eventually more satisfaction.

The Revolutionary Era, extending from the year 1761 to the year 1800, followed, and received its name from the war of Independence. At this time the country was in a state of feverish excitement. England, unable to force by threats, an unjust tax upon the Americans, decided to do so by force of arms. This occasioned an intense indignation among the colonists, and the feeling which at this time animated the breast of every true American, found favorable utterance in the passionate and patriotic speeches of Otis whose words were described as flames of fire ; Adams, who "moved his hearers from their seats ;" and Patrick Henry, who in no small degree was instrumental in bringing about the war of Independence. Those names are undoubtedly the foremost of the Revolutionary Era, but at the same time they incur no humiliation whatever by being associated with others

such as Rutledge, Pinkney, Hamilton and Fisher Ames.

As is but natural to expect, its literature, and especially the oratory of this period, was greatly influenced by the disturbed state of the country. An ardent love for liberty, a loathing and detestation of injustice and ignoble dependency was the chief character of this time, and, as a result, those sentiments are plainly exhibited in every page of its productions. Along with those qualities, the orators possessed an unswerving firmness and a sincerity which went further than anything else in persuading their audiences. Demosthenes, the prince of orators, with the tongue of an angel is said to have had the heart of a coward. But the straightforward, vehement, and indignant assertion of their national rights, which was the theme of the revolutionary speakers, showed them to be men who, fearing no personal danger, were ready to act if necessary, as well as to speak in opposition to injustice.

Unhappily, we are not able to fully appreciate their work. Many of their best efforts, by some regrettable neglect, have failed to come down to us. Still, if we form a judgement of their excellence from the stray fragments we still possess, or by the remarkable results they are known to have produced, we shall be obliged to admit that the want of speeches is no inconsiderable loss to the literature of the world, and particularly to that of America.

Thus we see, American oratory of the second period shows a decided improvement on the first. But during the nineteenth century, the progress of the United States as a nation, immense as it has been, exhibits no more marked development than its advancement in oratory. The first twenty-five years after the Revolution were naturally unfavorable to literature. The national mind was necessarily turned to a hundred different occupations, and, as literature prospers most where most time is given to its study, little, indeed, could be expected of America. Its exertions were turned towards developing the young Government and the federal constitution, founding cities and establishing great public works. Under those circumstances, what wonder was it that for a while the muses slept?

But, as years rolled on, as the evil effects of the Revolution diminished and its benefits increased, literature began to again claim attention. Circumstances were now more favorable for its study. Cities were numerous. Education could be easily acquired. A closer intercourse was established with foreign nations and foreign literature. All those advantages had most beneficial results, and their influence soon became abundantly manifest. Poets historians, novelists sprung up, many gaining world-wide and lasting popularity. But it was not in those branches that America most excelled. Freedom was now no longer wanting, nor—as might be expected—were her orators. Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Everett is a brilliant array of names, of which any country might well be proud. Those men became eminent in the different forms of oratory, with the exception, of course, of pulpit oratory.

In this branch, America seems to be somewhat deficient, for, although it has innumerable examples of truly eloquent and learned preachers, yet we do not find any of them that could compare, for instance, with Bossuet, Bourdaloue, or Massillon, of France. For this lack of excellence in pulpit oratory, the explanation has been given that the American character is of such a nature as not to require extraordinary efforts on the part of their clergy. It is unnecessary to consider whether the reason is satisfactory or otherwise, as its merits or defects will be plainly visible to anyone who has occasion to read the daily newspapers.

American literature in general, has, with some reason, been accused of being provincial and feeble. But, in describing that particular branch, termed oratory, no two words could be more inappropriately applied. The speeches of Calhoun, Clay and Webster, especially the last, manifest such a strength of intellect and force of expression, as are to be found only in the highest masters. Moreover, judged by the qualities that should be found in any great orator, namely, extensive knowledge, sound sense, keen sensibility, solid judgment and a wide command of language. American orators rank little inferior to the world's greatest.

To one name alone shall I direct particular attention. Any sketch, however

cursory of American oratory that did not notice the acknowledged pre-eminence of Daniel Webster, could scarcely serve any good purpose whatsoever. Born, in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, in the year 1782, Webster, the peer of Burke and prince of American orators, received his first rudiment of learning from his mother and afterwards completed his education at Dartmouth College. Choosing law for a profession he applied himself diligently to its study and after practising at the bar for eight years, with unusual success, he was elected to Congress. His maiden speech was a surprise to the nation and became the subject of universal admiration. Henceforward he rapidly arose to distinction until eventually he became one of the giants of Congress. His consummate oratorical ability soon was recognized through the length and breadth of the land, so that he was repeatedly called upon to exercise his skill before meetings other than those assembled within the walls of parliament. He delivered the Plymouth oration, on the first settlement of New England, as well as two Bunker Hill speeches, one in 1825, at the laying of the corner stone and the other eighteen years afterwards, when the monument was completed. In 1826, he spoke in commemoration of Jefferson and Adams, and on the following year was elected to the senate, the scene of his celebrated reply to Hayne, "which for genuine oratorical powers is probably the greatest speech that has been delivered since the oration of Demosthenes on the crown." Of the three preceding orations "their spirit is that of the broadest patriotism, enlightened by a clear perception of the fundamental importance of the Federal union between the states, and an ever present consciousness of the mighty future of the United States, and its moral significance in the history of the world. Such topics have often been treated as commonplace and made the theme of vapid rhetoric, but under Daniel Webster's treatment, they acquired a philosophical value, and were fraught with most serious and earnest meaning. These discourses were conceived in a spirit of religious devotion to the union, and contributed powerfully towards awakening such a sen-

timent in those who read them, while upon those who heard them from the lips of the majestic speaker the impression was such as could never be effaced." These speeches, along with a large number of others, delivered in Congress and at the bar, form a volume which for its true literary merit has not been surpassed by any American production. Like Henry Clay, Webster aspired to the presidency of the United States, but like him also, his desires were never realized. He made his last great speech to the men of Boston in 1851, and died at the end of the same year. His death was considered as a national calamity, and brought forth more eulogy from the press than was produced by the death of any other man since the time of Washington.

Webster's speeches show him to have been possessed of reasoning powers, capable of grasping even the details of the most gigantic questions. This is his most marked characteristic, but added to it is an imagination, not of such a development as would be expected to be found in the poet, but of such a character as is most serviceable to the purposes of the orator. At all times common sense rules and imagination is its subordinate. His sensibility was deep, and whenever awakened by false imputations it brought forth a reply crushing the accusation, and at the same time pitilessly levelling the accuser. On such an occasion his passion was not extravagant, for it was not unreasonably aroused, and even in its greatest intensity was ever guided by an unerring judgment. Webster's style was peculiar to himself, although it evinced an attentive study of Burke. Vigor, clearness and compression are its chief qualities. His expressions were straightforward and forcible, devoid of tautology or ambiguity, so that in treating the most complicated question of politics or law his hearers were never obliged to tax their attention in order to understand his meaning. He possessed, also, the peculiar ability of making his mere assertions appear to have all the qualities of conclusive demonstration. Moreover, he is thoroughly national. An intense sentiment of patriotism, springing from a love

for his own country and not from any blind prejudice towards other nations, permeated all his speeches.

As a constitutional lawyer or as a politician, although placed among numerous contemporaries of uncommon merit, Webster had no superior; as an orator he had, undoubtedly, no equal. It was, therefore, with great propriety that an eminent critic, speaking of him, said, "We feel assured, when the animosities of party have been stilled at the tomb, and the great men of this generation have passed from the present feverish sphere of excitement into the calm of history, that it will be with feelings of unalloyed pride and admiration that the scholar, the lawyer, the statesman, the orator, the American will ponder over the writings of Daniel Webster."

Thus we have made a short study of American oratory from its birth. I hope not to—its death. But, incomplete as our study has been, I think it sufficient to show that in the past the United States has had no small representation in the body of the world's illustrious orators, and that on this account that branch of its literature is deserving of more attention than it has been accustomed to receive.

As to the present, the prospect is, to say the least, rather dim. I have spoken before of an orator who, by his eloquence, was able to "move his hearers from their seats." Perhaps such an expression would be as appropriate as could be found to qualify the general run of speakers at the present day—but in quite a different sense. Of the orators that the United States now possesses none, at least of their past productions, will be remembered in the near future. The reason of this inferiority is that the American mind is wholly occupied in pursuit of wealth, individual as well as national. As to the future of oratory we can only conjecture. But we may be assured that so long as ambition is influenced by no higher sentiment than a greed for gold, upon such nourishment eloquence can hardly be expected to live, much less to prosper.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

JEAN-FRANCOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS COPPÉE.



HE was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested the first time for vagrancy. With a boldness not often found in a child, he told the judges his simply story: My name is Jean-Francois Leturc, and for six months past I have been with the old fiddler, who sings, between two lamp-posts, on the Bastille Square. I sing the chorus with him and then I cry out: "Buy the new song book, only one penny." He was always tipsy, and took delight in beating me. That's how it comes that the policeman found me in the rubbish the other night. My mother was a washerwoman; her name was Adèle. Formerly, a man had set her up in business in a basement at Montmartre. She was a good workwoman, and was very fond of me. On Sundays she would put me to bed early, and go to the ball. On week days she used to send me to the Christian Brothers', where I learned to read. The policeman who was stationed on our street, always stopped at our window to speak to her. A fine looking man with the Crimean medal. They were married and everything went wrong. He took a dislike to me and turned mother against me. Everybody would slap me, so I made up my mind to leave home. I passed most of the time on the "Place de Clichy," with the gamblers. My stepfather lost his place, mother her customers; and she was obliged to work in a laundry to support her husband. There she became consumptive. One day I read about her death in the papers. Poor mother! And so good to me. Then I met the fiddler and lived with him. Are you going to send me to jail?

He spoke this frankly, in an impudent way, like a man. He was a bold little rogue, dressed in tatters, and was scarcely four feet high. Nobody claiming him, he was sent to the reformatory for seven years.

Of slight intelligence, lazy, and especially awkward, he could learn but a poor trade, that of mending chairs.

Happily, he did not become very corrupt in that school of vice. But when he was again thrown on the sidewalks of Paris, he found friends, who to his great disadvantage, were far worse than he. He lived as well as he could for a few months, when again he was arrested for robbery; he was sent to jail for one year, at Ste. Pelagie. Having served his term he came back to Paris, where, though closely followed by the police, he managed to keep clear of them for two years.

It happened that he was not chosen for the army. It might have been that military life would have changed him altogether, and turned his energies against the enemies of his country.

How unlucky he was!

A few weeks after the departure of the recruits, he was again caught, with a few others, for robbery. He denied having taken part in it. Perhaps it was so; but his former conduct proved against him and he was sent to Poissy for three years.

Six weeks after his liberation from Poissy he was arrested for breaking into a house. A very serious affair, this. His complicity appeared evident, and he was condemned to the galleys for five years.

At Toulon, he carried a ball and chain attached to his leg, during five broiling summers and five stormy winters.

He came out of there base, corrupt, brutish, and went back to Paris. He had, in his purse, fifty-six francs, enough to give him a breathing spell.

During his long absence, Paris had been delivered from his old disreputable companions. They had also been transported either to Toulon or Brest.

He slept in a loft, and a few words of harbor slang, learnt on the docks of Toulon

helped him in his disguise of a sailor tired of the sea.

One day as he was passing on one of the streets of Montmartre, the suburb where he was born, he happened to look inside the Christian Brothers' school.

Nothing was changed in the old study hall; the crucifix, the maps, the desks, all were as when he had left them.

Without reflection, his eyes happened to fall on the blackboard, where a learned hand had traced this counsel of the Gospel: "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who does penance, than over ninety-nine just who need not penance." It was the noon hour, and the brother had left his desk and seemed to be relating some story to the little fellows who were gathered around him.

Jean-Francois looked at him for a moment in silence, and, for the first time in his life, there was awakened in his little savage nature, a tender and mysterious emotion. In the face of this sight, where he contemplated anew his early life, he was filled with sadness, and unable to bear his anguish, he hurried away.

The words that were written on the blackboard then returned to his mind. "If it were not too late after all," he murmured to himself. "If I could only, like others, eat my brown bread and live without remorse. The detective who would recognize me would need to be very wide awake. I think I had better try. Houses are building all around here. The masons need help. Three francs a day, I never earned so much. All I ask is that they forget me. He followed his courageous resolution. Three months after he was another man. He worked all day in the sun, and when he came back at night to eat his scanty supper, he was weary of limb, and worn out with fatigue, but happy, in a good conscience, in the possession of his honestly earned money, carefully tied up in the corner of his handkerchief.

Nobody seemed to remember him, and besides he noticed that the police never bothers the real laborer. And then came the crowning reward. He found a friend. It was another young mason like himself, named Savinien, who avoided the wine shop and went to mass on Sundays.

Jean-Francois loved him for his honesty,

for his frankness, for these qualities which he himself had lost so long ago.

They dwelled together, but their limited means forced them to re-let a part of their modest home to an old, sullen, grasping Auvergnat whose sole object was to amass sufficient money to buy a property in his native province.

Jean-Francois and Savinien were always together. On their holidays they took long walks in the country and learned to know and appreciate each other.

Jean Francois, however, was not free from a certain dread lest Savinien would not always remain the innocent little peasant he was on his arrival to Paris.

When spring came Savinien would stay out late in the evening at the gates of public ball rooms.

On a gay Sunday evening when the music seemed most enchanting and the dancers were gently gliding on the waxed floor he crossed the threshold of the fatal room. The gradual change in his conduct was noticed little by little by Jean Francois.

Savinien became proud and reckless; often he would borrow from the savings of his friend and forget to return it. Jean-Francois felt bad over it, but suffered patiently.

The ex-convict did not feel that he had the right to address any reproaches, but his far-seeing friendship caused him to spend many unhappy moments.

One night as he was going up to his miserable room after a hard-day's work he heard an angry dialogue and recognized the voice of the old Auvergnat, his roommate.

A certain habit of suspicion caused to stop and listen.

Yes! savagely exclaimed the Auvergnat I am sure some one has taken the three louis which I had safely hidden in my old box; no one but one of my two room-mates has committed the deed unless it is the servant girl Maria. My poor little treasure! I even looked yesterday to see if it was safe and it was there. I will bring you to justice if you do not let me look into the trunks of my comrades. I could pick out my money from a hundred coins. There is one dated 1806 and stamped with the image of the great

Emperor. The second one is so well worn that you cannot see anything on it. The third represents Philipp. I marked it with my teeth. Now you will not accuse me of lying if we find them. Come on! I am going to examine those trunks, or I will call the police. All right! said the proprietor of the lodgings. Let us look for them with Maria. So much the worse for you if you find nothing and the young masons get angry. You have forced me to do it.

Jean-Francois was filled with fear. The rack and anguish of Savinien, the little sums of money Jean Francois had lent him, the sad look on the young man's face all these passed in quick succession in the ex-convicts mind while he heard the old Auvergnat panting in the ardor of his search.

Here they are! suddenly roared the miser. See! they are just as I said they were. Here is the Napoleon; here the worn out one and this the one I marked with my teeth. Look at the notch. And in the Sunday clothes of this little hypocrit. Ah! the little scoundrel. I would rather have suspected the other. Ah! the villain. He will have to go to jail.

At this moment Jean Francois heard Savinien who was slowly coming up the stairs. He will betray himself thought Jean-Francois. There are still three flights. I have time—and pushing the door he entered the room as pale as a ghost. He saw the proprietor and the servant in a corner and in front of him surrounded by clothes of all kinds the old Auvergnat lovingly kissing his gold coins.

"This is enough" said Jean-Francois in a low voice. I stole the money and hid it in my friends trunk. But I am a robber and not a Judas. Go get the police. I will not run away; only I want to see Savinien privately.

The young mason had just come in and seeing his crime discovered stood aghast in the doorway.

Jean-Francois threw his arms around Savinien's neck as if to kiss him and whispered in a low and earnest tone: Say nothing. And turning around towards

the rest: Leave me alone with him, he said. Lock the doors if you wish, but leave us alone; and with an imperious gesture he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien frightened and despairing had dropped on the bed.

Listen, said Jean-Francois; I understand you took the money. It would have cost you six months in jail. But one comes out of there only to go in again and you would have become a regular criminal.

I know what I am talking about. I have spent seven years in Jeunes Détenus, one year at Ste. Pélagie, three years at Poissy and five at Toulon. Don't be afraid. All is settled. I have taken the job in hand.

What! cried Savinien. But a spark of hope was already kindled in his cowardly bosom.

When the elder brother is at the army the younger does not go away, replied Jean-Francois. I am replacing you; that is all. You love me a little do you not? I am satisfied. Don't be a child. Don't refuse me. I should soon have been caught again at any rate. Whilst I have lived with you I have been happy. Alas! I would have always been so if like you I had had a father and mother to lead me into the path of virtue. My only sorrow is to have deceived you regarding my former life. To-day I tear off the mask in saving you. Good-bye—do not cry—. I hear the big boots on the stairs. We must not appear to know each other so well in their presence.

He pressed Savinien to his bosom and pushed him away when the door opened. The proprietor and the old Auvergnat followed by four constables stood in the entrance.

Jean-Francois rushed at them and presenting his arms to be hand-cuffed laughingly said: All right now. I am ready. Go on!

To-day he is at Cayenne condemned for life as incorrigible.

HECTOR BISAILLON.
3rd Form.

A SUMMER MORNING.

IGH^T springs in might, a gay victor o'er night
 Birds sing, each wing brushes mist in its flight
 Kine low and wend in lines to shallows bright,
 Where the lilies lie fair in the morning.

Winds rise, each tries with a gust to surprise,
 The heat a weight on the earth's bosom lies ;
 All sentient creatures gladden new oped eyes,
 And the dew jewels make for the morning.

Streams glow and beam, molten silver they seem,
 Poured down the brown shaggy mountains that gleam
 Reared high o'er valleys which still sleep and dream,
 Set too deep for the touch of the morning.

Each rod of sod speaks the goodness of God ;
 Green trees, bright streams, the fresh flowers that nod
 And shine, where youths stride fast and elders plod
 Through the freshness and freedom of morning.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.



HER Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen added another to the many eminent services she has rendered the Irish race at home and abroad by her lecture on "The present Irish Literary revival" before the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association of Toronto.

Her Excellency sketched briefly the rise and development of Irish literature, pointing out its beauties and the inducements it holds out to the patient student. The picture was bright enough to fill even the most exacting Irishman with enthusiasm. But it was in that portion of the address which treated of the actual condition of Irish letters, that Her Excellency was especially happy. We give this part of the lecture in full as it treats of a subject already somewhat familiar to readers of the OWL and of no secondary importance in the literary activity of the century.

Fifty years ago a company of young men banded themselves together, and were busy digging up the buried relics of Irish history, to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past. But the famine of 1847-48 came, and it and its results brought the attempt to an end for the time. But within the last few years a revival has grown up which bids fair to endure. Irish literary societies have been springing up everywhere, Dublin taking the lead in 1888, as was her right. The Irish Literary Society in London has been organized under the Presidency of Sir Charles Duffy, who had been one of the chief workers of the earlier movement 50 years ago, and is composed of members of all politics and all religions, there being but one object—the fostering of Irish literature, both ancient and modern. Commodious rooms have now been established in London for the use of the members, a library begun, and most interesting monthly lectures delivered. The opening addresses of Sir Charles Duffy, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Sigerson and Mr. Hyde, showing what a field of work lay before the society, both in the direction of translating the old Gaelic literature and reproducing it worthily in English, in the collection and publication of the scattered work of Irish authors, and in the education and direction of readers, have been collected in a

volume, and are well worthy of your attention; they present the subject as I cannot hope to be able to do. But there is one piece of work which was the outcome of the formation of this society, to which I wish to draw your special attention. A project very dear to Sir Charles Duffy's heart was taken up, and arrangements made with Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, to bring out a new Irish library, collecting works which had hitherto been unattainable by the general public, and presenting them at a cheap price. The beginning, which has been made with the first six volumes, shows how well worth the attempt was making; the continuance of the library must depend on the support given it.

I have here the very first copy of the first book printed, sent to me by the publisher as I was embarking at Liverpool, "The Patriot Parliament," a deeply interesting fragment of history, by Thomas Davis, preceded by an introduction by Sir Charles Duffy, clearing up much concerning James II. Irish Parliament in 1689, a region sufficiently removed from present-day politics to be able to be judged dispassionately.

Then come a collection of tales of the sixteenth century, presented to us in modern dress by Mr. Standish O'Grady.

Two volumes of Irish verse are included in the series, one a collection of the poems which appeared in *The Nation* newspaper some forty years ago, and which deeply stirred the hearts of the country at the time, and the other a much needed and charmingly edited song book, the words being accompanied by the airs, the whole being chosen and edited by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, who is not only the author of "Father O'Flynn," but an authority on and earnest worker in matters of this kind.

Alongside of the Irish Literary Society in London and that of Dublin, others are prospering in Liverpool, Cork, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and elsewhere, at home and abroad. Not only can they point to definite results from their own immediate work, but they are creating an atmosphere favorable to the general revival of Irish literature quite apart from anything that any society might accomplish. A magazine called "The New Ireland Review," itself a proof of what I am saying, and ably edited by Father Finlay of Dublin, points out in the current number how many distinctly Irish volumes have been issued during the last two years outside the new Irish Library, and many of these are books which have claimed wide attention outside Ireland, although the subject matter is Ireland. Mr. Rolleston asks what is meant by Irish literature, and he answers this by saying that it is literature written by Irishmen under Irish influences, whether these influences be of the past or of the present, and that all this stir about Irish literature means that the Irish imagi-

nation is endeavoring to do what is always the highest function of the imagination to do, namely, to idealize and ennoble what is dear and familiar to it, idealizing these old stories of by-gone times, of which we have spoken this evening, idealizing the scenes of everyday life in Ireland by giving them historical associations such as will haunt us if we hear April in Ireland thus described by Miss Hopper :—

"She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown in the winter's
edge
The golden loom of Tir-neim-Og moves all the winter
through.
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue."

Those exquisite Irish idylls of Miss Jane Barlow, bringing out the pathetic beauty, the patient courage and devotion of Irish peasantry, the fascinating though tragic story of "Crania," by Miss Lawless, not to speak of her "Hurrish" and "Maelcho," and the delightful sketches of Irish character in Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's "Cluster of Nuts," are all books which should be in the hands of every Irishman and Irishwoman, though I would fain see them also in the hands of every other English-speaking man and woman. They can only make us love Ireland better and make us wish to work for its welfare in some way or another.

I must not, however, be tempted to quote more from our modern Irish writers, but merely tell you of one result of the present Irish literary revival, which may be of use to you personally. Reading circles have been formed, with a view of promoting and directing the reading of those who wish to study Irish history and Irish literature consecutively. Lists of books have been made out for certain periods, and a little magazine published for the help of the readers. Those at the head undertake that no over-controversial books shall be introduced, and that the politics of none need be offended. It might be of interest to your society to inquire into the course of reading recommended, or you at least could recommend lists of the best Irish books to be easily obtained. It is well that every encouragement should be given to make the love of country an intelligent love, and what can conduce more to this object

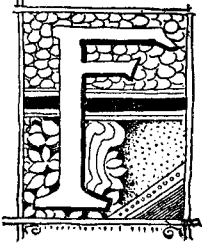
than the study of all that is best in its literature and history, so that we also may be stirred to be worthy of those who have gone before. The pre-eminence of English literature and the love which is felt for it has been one of the great strengths of England.

You, young ladies of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, are doing a noble work in fostering this love of reading and study. Those who have never formed this habit in youth little know the riches they lose by its neglect; and if this love is to be of the highest use to us, it must be trained and directed. We have reason to fear that there are many young people in our time who only use their education for the purpose of devouring the worse than empty literature with which all countries are flooded, and which can do nothing but deteriorate. If you can meet the young girls leaving school, and encourage them in habits of self-culture, of disciplined reading, you will not only be benefitting their own lives and conferring on them a source of truest happiness and blessing, but you will be blessing the homes of the future by cultivating and developing the thought-intelligence of our future wives and mothers."

Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, have shown, in the fulfilment of the duties of their high station, an energy and an enthusiasm beyond all praise. They have not restricted their sphere of influence to the round of social functions attached to their position, but have given generous aid and encouragement to every project that made for the moral and intellectual betterment of the Canadian people. They have displayed a praiseworthy impartiality in the distribution of their favors, allowing neither creed nor race distinctions to sway them. They are destined to gain the same loving esteem and discriminating popularity in Canada as they did in Ireland.



POEMS AND LYRICS.*



FIFTY-ONE years ago there was born in Green Park, near Aylmer, P. Q., a man whose name will be ever associated with the growth of Catholic literature in this country, Mr. Joseph K. Foran, Lit.D., LL.B., the scholarly editor of the Montreal "True Witness." At the early age of thirteen, young Foran entered the University College of Ottawa, where he remained for ten years, graduating with highest honors in 1877. The same year he went to Laval University, Quebec, to study law. Already possessed of wide and accurate scholarly attainments, he distinguished himself in this institution as a man of superior intellect. After taking his degree of LL.B., he practiced the profession for a few years, when, through failing health, he was obliged to retire. For the benefit of his health he betook himself to the primeval forests of the North, where he spent two years among the Indian tribes of that region. Here he gained much information that was afterwards of benefit to him in writing the history of the early Indian missions in that desolate country.

For this purpose, as well as to while away the time, a diary was kept, "which contains full and ample descriptions of the lumber operations, the shanties, the *modus operandi et vivendi* of the real backwoodsman, the habits and names of the wandering Indian bands that prowl around, the timber-maker's little forest home and finally, of the physical aspects of the country." Here he also devoted himself to the study of Indian poetry, some of which he translated into English. After his return from the forest regions of the north, Mr. Foran was appointed secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, which position he held for five years. This office he relinquished in 1891, when he

accepted a position more suitable to his literary attainments, the editorship of the Montreal "True Witness." As a prose writer, Dr. Foran occupies a very high rank. His writings are characterized by their true spirit of Catholic devotion, by a wonderful wealth of fancy and imagination, by ease and purity of style, as well as by luxuriance and elegance of diction.

But it is not alone as a prose writer that Dr. Foran is favorably known to his countrymen. His "Poems and Lyrics," a work which has lately appeared before the public, is the best collection of the kind yet produced in the English language by any Catholic poet of this country. His muse is, in turn, patriotic, descriptive, religious, humorous and pathetic. Among his patriotic poems, "Canada, Our Country," possesses a particular charm. Grand and noble sentiments are enshrined in smooth, easy and flowing verses.

"From where Atlantic's billows lave
Our country's noble rugged shore,
To where Pacific spreads its wave,
Our country's banner long must soar!
Triumphant must she ever rise

Her emblem spreading to the skies
"While mineral wealth her mountains fill
While grandly all her rivers flow,
While noble forests clothe each hill
And drape the valleys far below,
While freedom on her sheds its ray
She'll hold her powerful western sway.

* * * * *

Her heroes sleep beneath the sod,
Of many nations proud were they
Who knelt unto one common God,
Although at divers shrines to pray;
And she will ever love each name
That's writ upon her scroll of fame.

* * * * *

Her future is beyond the scan
Of all devoid of prophet power;
And yet within the reach of man.
The tolling of her golden hour,
When ever powerful, ever blest,
She'll rise the mistress of the West.

*By Dr. J. K. Foran, LL.B., author of the Spirit of the Age—Irish Canadian Representatives—Simon the Abenakis—Canadian Essays, etc.—and Editor of the Montreal "True Witness." D. and J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, 1895.

Let each his duty well fulfil—
 Let each his real labor know—
 And Canada, despite all ill,
 Will flourish, triumph, live and grow,
 Until her destiny is done,
 And then may rest her gorgeous sun."

The 'Manchester Martyrs' is overflowing with patriotism and pathos. No one can read this beautiful poem without feeling every tender chord of his heart vibrating in unison with it. The metre is perfectly suited to the character of the poem. The opening stanza bursts forth with a flood of poetic eloquence.

"Like the billows of Atlantic
 Wakened from their troubled sleep,
 When the dark-winged tempest
 Wildly ploughs the surface of the deep
 Like the roar of mountain torrents
 Leaping down an Alpine height ;
 Like the thundering avalanches
 In all their gathered might,
 Swells the multitudinous murmur,
 Growing louder and more loud,
 Of a vengeance-seeking concourse,
 Of a blood-thirsting crowd ;
 Pale the features, in their passion,
 Deadly hatred in each eye ;
 Fierce the shout of human tigers,
 "We are here to see them die." "

Among his descriptive poems "Reflections at Sun-Set" deserves particular mention, though not on account of exquisite finish, or any pompous ostentation of art. Poetic genius is not manifested by outward ornamentation or efforescence of language. Simplicity is the soul of poetry, for that art which is most captivating is always the simplest. In this charming poem are happily blended loftiness of thought, the passionate utterance of the heart, welling forth by the inspirations of the muse, purity and gracefulness of language, and a harmonious display of numbers.

"Slow the summer sun was sinking
 O'er Laurentine's purple height,
 Swift the mountain stream was leaping,
 Neath the ray of fading light,
 Fairy pencils tipped the cloudlets
 With a deep'ning crimson glow,
 Casting shadows ever shifting
 On the woodland hill below.

Life is but a day of sorrow,
 Though its choicest beauties blend,
 All its splendors, all its lurings,
 Toward the coming evening tend,
 Though the morn be rich and radiant,
 Though the noon be warm and bright,

Yet the hours are swiftly moving
 Towards the darking shades of night ;
 Let the day be traced by Duby's
 All enchanting magic wand,
 And the evening lingering charms
 By devotion's sacred hand ;
 Let the close be calm and holy—
 And its sun will sink to rest,
 Passing through the wary portals
 To "mansions of the blest,"
 Fleeting phantoms, bright illusion,
 Gleaming ever on our way,
 Fiery pillar in the night time,
 Cloud of splendor in the day,
 Followed through the sandy desert
 Of this vexed and troubled life,
 Pointing out some land of promise—
 Guiding onward in the strife—"

His memorial and pathetic poems are all of a high order. In this department the gifted poet displays his power to greatest perfection. The thought in these poems is always high and ennobling. The language is rich, graceful, and full of charming pathos. One poem, in particular, cannot be read without feeling that thrill of emotion, which only poetic sentiment, happily expressed, can produce. The poem is entitled "The Dead Child." We will quote the following :

"I thought how the sun in the grand west was
 sinking,
 His couch lit with hues, like the painting of
 dreams ;
 I thought how his steeds at its fountain were
 drinking,
 To refresh and invigor when a new morning
 beams.
 And I thought how the soul that had left us did
 borrow
 New strength, like the sun, when the dark clouds
 of sorrow
 Had fled from its face, and it shone on the
 morrow,
 In the realms of glory that immortally gleams !

And I wept then no tear, for I know that the
 maiden,
 So lovely and pure, and so glowing and fair,
 In the rich light of heaven, at present was laden
 With the beauties that die not, eternally rare.
 We shall see thee no more, fairest Minnie, at
 morning,
 At eve, or at noon, thy own beauty adorning.
 But we think not on thee with the sad thoughts of
 mourning,
 We know we shall meet thee in happiness there."

On the whole, "Poems and Lyrics," though, as the author himself allows, by no means a perfect work, is a production

of genuine merit, and an earnest of greater things to come. With a few poets like Dr Foran contributing to our literature, there is a bright future for Canadian Catholic poetry. The poet displays throughout, a wonderful versatility of poetic powers. And yet "Poems and Lyrics" is not sectional. It is a volume in which, "no matter what his creed, or what his nationality may be, the reader will find some string vibrating in accord with his heart and feeling." A volume in which there is "inspiration for every fancy, and music for every mood," which will live in the hearts of its readers

—and may they be many— to inflame the fire of patriotism, to disperse the gloom of sorrow, to teach and encourage virtue, and to show its moral excellence. It is a volume, also, of peculiar worth for those in whose veins flows Irish blood. It is a reminiscence and a promise, and we who live beyond the sea, may prize it as no mean evidence of the spirit of Erin's song.

"Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away, and on that name
The tears and praises of all time." [attend

M., '96.



GOD'S PRIEST.

Ah ! Wondrous is the lot of him who stands
A Christian priest within a Christian fane,
And binds, with pure and consecrated hands,
Round earth and heaven, a festal, fiery chain ;
Even as between the blue arch and the main,
A circling western ring of golden light
Weds the two worlds, or as the sunny rain
Of April makes the clouds and clay unite,
Thus links the priest of God the dark world and the bright.

—D. F. MCCARTHY.



COLLEGE ALUMNI MEETING, 1895.*

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR,



HE smiles and the tears have the vanished years,
 Like sunbeams and shadows let fall,
 We've gathered to-night 'neath the glittering light,
 In the midst of festivity's hall.

There are smiles from each friend, as gladly we blend,
 In union this eve, as of old :
 There are tears to be shed for the absent and dead,
 Whose memories can never grow cold.

With the myrtle and vine, the cypress we twine,
 And the wreath that we weave is approved :
 In the songs that we sing, there's a tribute we bring
 To the name of that one whom we loved.

From the land of the free old companions we see,
 Like flocks that were scattered come home ;
 From the East and the West, to this haven of rest,
 Tired travellers, how gladly they come !

From the sanctu'ry's shrine where with the Divine,
 Communion the holiest they hold,
 Come the bishop, the priest, to affection's own feast,
 To this banquet of memories untold.

From the halls of the state where on glory they wait,
 While their country's cause they proclaim,
 Come the sons of our soil, who unceasingly toil
 To win for our Nation a name.

*From "Poems and Lyrics," by J. K. Foran, '67, Lit.D., '94.

Thus united to-night, neath the splendour of light
Round a board where such happiness glows,
Oh, friends, it is meet that a moment we greet,
Though mirth, like a cataract flows,

The name of that one, to eternity gone,
There to reap the reward he has won ;
Let us pause for a while, change a tear for a smile,
Contemplate the work he has done !

Though deep in the gloom that encircles the tomb,
He slumbers the sleep of the just,
But we cherish his fame, let us carve that dear name
On some monument, altar, or bust !

From the regions on high, beyond the blue sky,
His spirit smiles down on us here,
Then while joy is aglow, and our merriments flow,
Let us keep for that father a tear.

This banquet shall end and each well wishing friend
To his home and his labours shall go ;
Let us never forget how this evening we met,
For each heart recollection should glow.

We must promise to-night, in the festival light,
To follow the pathway he trod ;
There is glory ahead, if that highway we tread,
A glory that endeth in God !



FICTION IN AMERICA



AMONGST a certain class of people whose gravity has been received as the appropriate garment of sense, there is a strong and unreasoning prejudice against works of fiction. It is nothing unusual to go into many well regulated families and find several volumes of excellent reading matter lying untouched on the bookshelves. Inquire the reason and the answer is ready. They are novels and hence evil. They are emanations from the pit. Lord Bacon, perhaps the most comprehensive and powerful of modern intellects, differs in opinion from this class of critics. Speaking of Bacon's views on novels and novel-reading, Blair says: "He takes notice of our taste for fictitious history as a proof of the greatness and dignity of the human mind. He observes very ingeniously that the objects of this world, and the common train of affairs which we behold going on in it, do not fill the mind or give it entire satisfaction. We seek for something that shall expand the mind in a greater degree; we seek for more heroic and illustrious deeds, for more diversified and surprising events, for a more splendid order of things, a more regular and just distribution of rewards and punishments than we find here: because we meet not with these in true history, we have recourse to the fictitious. We create worlds according to our fancy in order to gratify our capricious desires. "*Accomodando*" says that great philosopher "*rerum simulacra ad animi desideria non submitiendo animum rebus quod ratio facit et historia.*" Accommodating the appearances of things to the desires of the mind, not bringing down the mind, as history and philosophy do, to the common course of events."

There would seem to be no sound objection against novels in which the representation of life, character and manners is not distorted. This department of literature is, however, as wide and deep

as man and nature and within its borders have encamped the hosts of folly, stupidity and immorality. Yet it must not be thought that novels are wholly bad. There are here two extremes to be avoided. 1st. The too rigorous exclusion of novels from the family library—a course that is sure to tempt young people to read them. 2nd. The indiscriminate reading of fiction—by some people considered an intellectual pastime, but generally nothing more than empty dissipation and not more conducive to the wholesome exercise of the mental faculties than is opium eating to the healthy development of the body. In this matter as in many other the golden mean must be followed. Yet it can scarcely be denied that the general effect of fiction on the character, mental faculties and literary tastes is far from favorable, and very little exception can be taken to the sweeping condemnation given in Reed's Cyclopædia in its article on novels.

"From a view of some of the best authors in the highest class of novel writers it will be abundantly evident that the perusal of these works is more calculated and apt to be prejudicial than advantageous, unless the mind is previously fortified with sound principles and the passions and feelings are completely under the mastery of the judgment. Even then their claim must rest rather on the interest which they excite than on the instruction which they afford. Whoever draws his opinion of the world, of the manners, characters and pursuits of mankind from novels will enter on real life to great disadvantage; the personages of novels, especially of those which teem from the modern press, either bear no resemblance to mankind or that resemblance consists in such a narrow peculiarity of features as renders it rather an individual than a general picture. But the strongest and most undoubted objection to novels arises from the effects which the perusal of them produces on the mental faculties and the literary taste. During it the mind is

nearly passive ; a lounging desultory habit of reading is acquired so that when works are to be perused which require close and regular attention and a judgment constantly on the alert to follow and comprehend the author's observations and arguments, the mind is unequal to the task. The literary taste will suffer equally if the reading is not confined to a very few select novels. Unless, therefore, the habits of close, active and vigorous attention are of a very powerful and predominating nature and the taste has been modelled to correctness and purity by long and regular discipline, novels ought to be avoided."

But if this be true in general it is especially so of American fiction, which narrowly escapes the reproach of being utterly worthless. Many people, it is true, may place a high estimate on the novels of America, but such critics can scarcely be credited with a very large share of correct literary judgment. They are deceived by the make-shift and passing literary fashions and popularities of the age, and they tack the epithet "immortal" to authors that live but a day. Such a course is in the works of Dr. Hudson to place the giants and the pigmies, the big guns and the pop-guns of literature on a footing of equality. Yet because the taste of the multitude does not direct us according to the merits of the various writers, it by no means follows that we are to pass a sweeping and general condemnation. There are writers in American fiction who deserve to be remembered and their writings approved.

The *Colonial Period*, however, furnishes us with none of these names. It was an age of sterility, of servile imitation and low ideals. If every writer of that period were to permanently disappear from the field of American literature no appreciable loss would be sustained. And among the works that were then written there is scarce a trace of original and praiseworthy fiction.

Not much better, in this respect, was the *Revolutionary Period*, though in this case any backwardness in imaginative composition was more than compensated by the very creditable development of the higher branches of intellectual effort. At a time of so momentous a struggle, it would have been little less than criminal

to have attempted the perfection of those kinds of writing which suppose the easy quiet of times of peace. The glorious effects of the oratory of this age, the high standing of its philosophers, statesmen and jurists, are sufficient to immortalize those who planned and carried to successful completion, the establishment of a new and powerful state amongst the nations of the world. An age that can boast of such names as James Otis, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, need have no fear of being accused of intellectual barrenness.

But it was only with the advent of the present century, that American fiction began to creditably develop and become an important factor of national letters. If we consider quantity alone, this development has been very great. But for him who looks to quality as well, who judges of the merits of every literary work, not alone by the elegance or its style, or even by the wealth of imagination displayed therein, but who expects to find rational views on human life and its problems, and who approves of no literature that does not tend to the ennobling of our nature, present-day American fiction is sadly deficient. It is not that the number of authors is small or their efforts inconstant, but very few of them seem to have any higher aim than the production of the largest possible number of books in the shortest possible time. It would perhaps be difficult to name more than two American novelists who have attained anything more than an ephemeral reputation, or whose works are destined to occupy a permanent place in their country's literature.

The first of these in the order of time is James Fenimore Cooper. This writer has distinguished himself in two fields of fiction, and in both he is not only strictly original, but also eminently successful. His sea stories are such as "land-lubbers" can read with pleasure, while seamen could not expect anything more realistic or truer to nature. The six years of Mr. Cooper's life spent before the mast, admirably fitted him for the production of his sea novels, and in this field he stands, perhaps, without a rival. The *Pilot*, the *Red Rover*, the *Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing*, form a series of nautical novels that are not surpassed by any similar works in any

language. There is very little descriptive writing in any literature that surpasses the battle scenes of the Two Admirals.

The early years of Mr. Cooper's life had been spent on a frontier homestead, amidst grand natural scenery, and a population made up largely of adventurous settlers and the remnants of the original Indian tribes. To these influences we doubtless owe those charming tales known as the Leather-stocking Series, and which comprise, the Spy, the Prairie, the Last of the Mohicans, the Pathfinder, and the Deer Slayer. In these stories Mr. Cooper lays before us all the vast grandeur of the solitary wilderness, and displays striking originality in the creation of his characters. He gives an astonishing reality to the scenes he describes. His work has its basis, not in imitation, but in experience and observation.

A fact worthy of notice is that Cooper was the first American novelist that attracted the attention of Europeans. His merits were recognized by English critics long before he was received in favor by the literary clique of Boston. These incompetent judges lost no opportunity of decrying Cooper's genius and attainments, until they saw that his reputation was not to be abased by their opposition: then they became his most ardent admirers. Another point worthy of notice is the ardor and success with which he defended his country and its institutions, against the sneers and attacks of Europeans. He was a great traveller, and everywhere received the respect due his genius: and during his life there were places in Europe where the United States was known not as the land of Washington, but as the land of Cooper.

The second name which raises American fiction above the level of mediocrity is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The hold that he has on the feelings of a large portion of his countrymen is to be referred to quite a different cause from that of the popularity of Cooper. There is a rugged grandeur and a haughty indifference to details in the works of the latter, while the former has the tastes and abilities of a consummate artist in words. The one is more original in conception and bolder in execution, and, while he does not reject the ornaments of style if they come in his

way, he displays no anxiety in the search of them. The other adds to the gifts of a lively imagination and correct judgement, a style of great delicacy, simplicity and purity. But unfortunately he is too speculative, and his speculations do not always conduce to the happiness of either himself, his characters, or his readers. While the Marble Faun, the Scarlet Letter, and the House of Seven Gables, are studded with poetic imagery, and are sometimes in a high degree dramatic, they possess no moral aim, no high and ennobling influence. There is little in them that can offer true consolation to the afflicted, or relieve the hopeless. This vein of melancholy, so characteristic of Hawthorne, is in striking contrast with the exuberant joyousness of Cooper's novels. With all their shortcomings, Cooper and Hawthorne are the two representative novelists of America. The praise may be equivocal, but it is theirs, that they had no equals, and have left no successors.

When the poems of William Cullen Bryant were first published in England, they elicited the following remarks from Christopher North: "Many of the most delightful poems in this volume," he says, "have been inspired with a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love which is the support and solace of the heart in all duty and distresses of this life, is sometimes painted by Mr. Bryant in its purest form and brightest colors, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being from the faces of his own family, he transfers into the heart of the creatures of his imagination as they wander through the woods or sit singing in front of their forest bowers. Remote as these creatures are from the haunts and habits of our civilized life they rise before us at once with the strange beauty of visionary phantoms and with a human loveliness that touch with a mingled charm our fancy and our heart. Our poetic and human sensibilities are awakened together." There are many things in these remarks that can justly be applied to American fiction. It possesses all the qualities named. It is imbued with the independent spirit and youthful hopes incident to a new, a free and a rising country. In no land is there a broader

field opened to the delineator of character and manners than in the western world. Still, the present outlook is not very encouraging. It is true we have novelists in great abundance. Some of them deserve praise for the artistic manner in which they prepare a dish of fiction by a mixture of the horrible and the sentimental, and some there are whose talents lead us to expect work of the very highest order. Yet, who will conscientiously say that the last twenty-five years has given us a single great novel? There is, perhaps, not a name among the actual story writers of America that will live much longer than its owner.

Matthew Arnold says that in the production of a master work in literature two powers must concur: "the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment. The creative power has for its happy exercise appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control." As far as can be seen at present the power of the author and the power of the moment have not concurred, so we still wait the appearance of the great contemporary American novelist. And that time does not seem to be approaching, nor can it be said to be within measurable distance, unless the actual aspirants

for literary greatness can be induced to change their methods and ideals.

John Boyle O'Rielly, in one of his poems, tells the story of two brothers who, in the same circumstances and with the same opportunities, became one a poet and the other a ploughman.

" 'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present
need,

But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-
same mill;

You may bind them, heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plough."

It would be a great boon if the majority of the present-day novelists could be induced to follow the plough; yet, so long as they can find admirers and purchasers for their trash, it is scarcely to be expected that they will give up their trade. The instinct of self-preservation is strong in the human breast, and there is many a man making a living on the weakness of his fellows who would starve were he to turn his hand to honest labor.

P. LAWN,
3rd Form.



LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

————— I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona

54—When one sends a stone through a hornet's nest one should be prepared for what Truthful James would call "the subsequent proceedings." I do not deny that when I made up my mind to tell the truth about the "Catholic" press, I was aware that I should have a stinging host of noxious insects about my devoured head so soon as the criticism got abroad. But the anticipated pleasure of being able to crush their small souls between the finger and thumb of honest criticism, fully reconciled me to the prescience of a personal inconvenience, which could prove only momentary. A word spoken in due season, how good it is! I was quite prepared to hear the beneficiaries of the Catholic press wax fiery in defence of their trade. They could not have done less. It is very human to speak eloquently of the means whereby our bread is buttered. Even that truly Christian public functionary who presides over executions, would, if taxed with the barbaric unseemliness of his calling, deliver himself loud and long in deprecation of the judgment. The gross personalities showered upon myself by the "Catholic" editors, only serve as indisputable indices to the innate baseness of their formulators. Me they cannot injure; for their hysterics are lost on the wind, and their unmanly outbursts of wailing anger are like the guns of Trumbull's McFingal, which,

"Well aimed at Plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over."

55—The *Catholic Record* pays its respects to me in a manner which leaves something to be desired, as I would fain have it on my side of the barricade in this emergency. It cannot possibly determine, it seems, whether I am very young or very old, but it inclines somewhat toward the former opinion; quite forgetting that there is a middle ground, the denizens of which seldom play at leap-frog, owing to

stiff joints, and find a difficulty in obtaining life insurance without strict medical examination. I wish the *Record* would consign me to this tranquil central zone, and avoid extremes. The *Record* is also troubled at heart because it fears that I have not studied philosophy. I "write verses" (*United Canada* echoed by *Antigonish Casket*); I am "very young," (*The Catholic Register*); I have "not studied philosophy" (*The Catholic Record*);—what a grisly monster I must be! One whose estimate of philosophy should count for something, if we may believe the ablest critics, and in view of the numerous quotations made from his immortal works, by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in *Our Christian Heritage*, wrote: "First follow nature, and your judgement frame by her just standard," and much more to the same effect. If philosophy be the arid and sluggish stuff over which I am wont to double up and sleep when it is spread before me "like a bed of drowsy poppies" in the somnolent pages of more than one weekly newspaper which I could name, Olympian Jove eternally defend me from Philosophy, with a big P, and all its works and pomps. Whether I have or have not studied philosophy is not pertinent to the present discussion withal. A man scarcely requires to exhaust Aristotle and learn St. Thomas by rote, to deplore in a newspaper, the lack of almost every quality that gives value to such publications. If all Catholics were versed in philosophy, the present race of Catholic editors would have to go out with the June bug. My remarks on the "Catholic" press were sustained and confirmed by an overwhelming array of the most experienced and trustworthy authorities, a fact which my carping journalistic critics find it convenient to overlook. *The Record* will scarcely consider such men as Dr. Pallen,

Professor Egan, the Rev. Talbot Smith, and the editor of *The Calendar*, lacking in a knowledge of philosophy? I am a constant and careful reader of *The Record*, and surely the marked literary predilection which this statement implies, should serve as a sterling guarantee of love of solid wisdom. But I suspect just where the shoe pinches, and I hasten to assure *The Record* that when I next make use of what *The Register* elegantly terms "nick-names," I shall choose them with such care as to render them not susceptible of giving out a harsh application which their inventor did not intend them to convey. Now, *Record*, let us cry quits.

56—It would be ungenerous and even unfair to deny the Catholic editors the pleasure and advantage of shaking their skirts clear of *United Canada*, although for the rest,

"The little dogs and all
Tray, Blanch and Sweet-heart, see they bark at me"

The unanimous condemnation of *United Canada* forms as charming an example of what Shakespeare would call "damnable iteration" as the heart could desire. It is surprising somebody among them did not make it a matter of duty to utter some of those truths before being forced to commit himself by the criticism in those columns. Probably the editors were moved to refrain by the force of a mistaken charity, forgetting that charity misplaced assumes the appearance of a very ugly vice.

The editor of the *Catholic Register* for example, while smarting under a sense of purely imaginary offence, could yet forgive me for very adverse remarks which he thought pointed to *United Canada*. The *Antigonish Casket*, referring to the just and truthful remarks of *The Calendar* of St. Patrick's Church (Ottawa) on the Catholic press, pays its respects to *United Canada* after the following manner:

"It is to be feared that the editor of the *Calendar* has been carried away by a just feeling of indignation against a certain journal published at less than a thousand miles distance from St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa. But he should be careful not to generalize too hastily from particular facts." The editor of *United Canada* published a portion of the comments from which my citation is taken, but he somehow overlooked this passage. The *North-*

west Review, the sturdy young champion of the Winnipeg Catholics, brands the editor of the *United Canada* as a brazen speaker of the thing which is not.

Under the classical heading which our local guide, philosopher and friend said he found in a letter sent him by a bishop, "Treat THEM Winnipeg Hirelings with Contempt," our Winnipeg contemporary proves the *United Canada* a prevaricator, and a most dangerous one at that, in as much as it makes the bishops and archbishops of Ontario the sponsors of its falsehood.

This extract may be safely accepted as conclusive. It exposes one of the methods most used by the individual responsible for the appearance of *United Canada*; that is, when he is struck hard to run whining behind a soutane. It is the trick which was practiced only the other day in connection with the comments of this Journal. If *United Canada* is not effectually called down for its outrageously slanderous words, people will suppose that it enjoys a special immunity. In fact, the freedom and safety with which it from time to time attacks exemplary priests and respectable Catholic laymen, has already planted that idea in the minds of this community.

57—A rapid review of the last fifty years of Irish literature goes far to prove that despite years of political turmoil the inventive genius of the Irish people still burns with great brilliancy. The names of Goldsmith and Moore are written in letters of gold in the Temple of Fame. In order to find scope for his talents the former was compelled to pass much of his time out of Ireland and the requirements of the London publisher prompted him, as a rule, to choose themes which were not Irish. But the beautiful poem, *The Deserted Village*, to say nothing of many of his shorter essays, is in evidence as to the love he bore his native land, Ireland. Thomas Moore, also, constrained by the necessity of earning his bread by his pen, had to take up his abode where his literary wares would find a market and outside of his own country. He was an Irish thrush in an English cage, and his strains pulsated with every feeling that sways the Irish heart. The reader who will deny that

Moore was a representative poet of Ireland must have overlooked his matchless "Melodies" and misunderstood that vigorous chapter of Lallah Rookh, "The Fire Worshipers." Francis Mahony, "Father Prout," that clever ecclesiastic, acute critic and versatile writer of poetry, caused Moore many a bad quarter of an hour by his roguish assumption that the Melodies were plagiarized from ancient manuscript in his accuser's possession, but the renowned author of "The Bells of Shandon" was only diverting himself at the expense of his famous countryman. William Maginn, L.L.D., one of the chief promoters of Fraser's Magazine, like Father Prout, combined wit with learning and his work deserves more attention than it has received from Irish students.

Nearly half a century has passed since the death of Thomas Davis. He has been described as "the greatest of the patriot-poets of Ireland." Much of his literary life was crowded into three short years, during which time he performed well several difficult tasks. His spirit is excellent but his form lacks the artistic proportion and polish of Moore's. James Clarence Mangan was, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has observed, "as truly born to sing deathless songs as Shelley or Keats." His poetry is of a weird, melancholy description. It is tinged with much of the sombre suggestiveness of Heine, but it has a distinct originality and depth of feeling which entitles this ill-fated Irish singer to take rank beside Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Baudelaire, and others whose favorite themes have been doubt, despair, and death. The "Young Ireland" group were each a star of resplendent brightness. Charles Gavan Duffy was a struggling journalist, possessed of organizing power, and reined by practical common-sense. As editor of the "Nation" he did splendid work. His ballad, "The Muster of the North," is as forceful as the River Shannon. His later prose-works are examples of pure and scholarly English. Lady Wilde struck many a bold note and her muse is still remembered. Thomas Francis Meagher was an orator rather than a poet; but he wrote some capital verses. An English critic says of Meagher: "Like Davis, he was a pure-souled enthusiast, but he lacked Davis's profound thought-

fulness and philosophic mode of dealing with national topics." The great opponent of the Young Irelanders, the intellectual Hercules, Daniel O'Connell, was an orator and a leader of men, whose speeches read like essays, so that his name may be set down here. The mention of O'Connell recalls the name of Shiel. The dramatic work and antobiographical and descriptive sketches of Shiel possess a charm which lapse of time does not decrease. John Mitchell, the "noblest Roman of them all," was an Irish Thomas Carlyle. As a writer—witness the "Jail Journal"—he exhibited powers, which under happier auspices, to use the words of an English critic, might have given him a rank in literature equal to that of Thomas Carlyle himself. Smith O'Brien, though he was the nominal leader of the "Young Ireland" party, was both a feeble writer and an indifferent speaker. Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote meritorious Irish poetry, and prose which was far otherwise. Doheny, who was one of the poets of "Young Ireland," wrote some touching and beautiful songs, in which he referred to his country, like Montrose to his, in the language of a devoted lover. He lacks the gloomy intensity of Mangan, but he is as natural as Robert Burns, and some of his lyrics are almost as melodious as those of Thomas Moore. Mac Nevin produced much useful work illustrative of Irish history, as his volume on the "Irish Volunteers" abundantly shows. The literature of "Young Ireland," with all its artistic shortcomings, was the reflex of Irish national life, in the period which it covers. To claim more for it would be going further than Thomas Davis went—a very hazardous proceeding.

Turn we now away from song to story. Ireland still awaits her Walter Scott to embody in fiction all the lights and shadows of her national life. Gerald Griffin she has had, and this delightful creator of beautiful fiction has left her, among others, the peerless novel of "The Collegians." Gerald Griffin is all too little read in these days. The stories of the two Banims are of varying merit, but much power dwells in each of them. "The Croppy" by Michael Banim, is a thrilling tale, well related. "The Boyne Water," by John Banim, while a manifest imitation of Scott,

is, in the essentials, thoroughly original. "Crahore," the "Miser," and "Father Donnell," by one or other of the two Banims, are tales of great dramatic power and merit. William Carleton paints Irish character much as Dickens painted English character. His weakness is exaggeration in the humorous and ludicrous scenes. He has a roughness from which Griffin and Branim are happily exempt. Two other Irish writers of fiction must not be passed over without a word of mention. They are Charles Lever and Joseph Sheridan Lefann. The former is well known and widely read; the latter is not nearly as well known or extensively read as he deserves. Samuel Lover is a novelist of less creative genius than Lever, but as a writer of sentimental songs, he ranks next to Thomas Moore. Strange to say, Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Richard Dowling have not even attempted to deal with any theme taken from Irish history. Charles J. Kickham, in "Sally Cavanagh," and its companion novels, held the mirror up to nature and drew scenes true to the life. Willie O'Brien's "When We Were Boys," is an appetizing foretaste of the feast the author will spread before the Irish readers when his next story appears. Miss Emily Lawless has written original and striking Irish stories, and fresh and vivid historical sketches. Much more fiction has been written by Irish novelists, but the chief writers are those mentioned above.

Irish history is teeming with romance. But Irish history is scarcely explored with sufficient minuteness to be available for the novelist. In fact, it has hardly been touched. Moore's history is valuable for its sketches of bardic times. McGee's narrative is interesting but incomplete. The Abbé J. Mac-Geoghegan's history is, all things considered, the most serviceable volume which the Irish student can handle. But it is a trifle unequal and more than a trifle arid. The continuation of Mac-Geoghegan by Mitchel, is in the author's best style. The Land League agitation has drawn forth much useful historical effort, as a sample of which I may mention T. P. O'Connor's "The Parnell Movement."

Irish poetry has been at rather a low ebb of late. William Allingham wrote

much that will live. Aubrey de Vere has produced some fine work in verse. T. D. Sullivan can write a trim ballad, and Sir James Ferguson left excellent verses which are too little known. Miss Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) is now continuing the work of the Irish poets in a manner worthy of the renown of her predecessors.

In the splendid lecture on Irish Literature, which her unbounded kindness led one, who, were she a beggar, would still be, in the noblest sense of the phrase, "first lady of the land," to deliver, the other day at Toronto, in behalf of a struggling Irish Catholic society, there appears a suggestive allusion to some of the present school of Irish writers, which my readers will be glad to find copied here, those are the words of Lady Aberdeen: "Those exquisite Irish idylls of Miss Jane Barlow, bringing out the pathetic beauty, the patient courage and devotion of the Irish peasantry, the fascinating, though tragic, story of Grania, by Miss Lawless, not to speak of her "Hurrish" and "Maelcho," and the delightful sketches of Irish character in Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's "Cluster of Nuts," are all books which should be in the hands of every Irishman and Irishwoman, though I would fain see them also in the hands of every other English speaking man and woman. They can only make us love Ireland better, and make us wish to work for its welfare in some way or another."

As for the Irish drama, I have left myself no space to more than mention it. This is pardonable, however, when it is remembered that this important branch of literature has been less affected by Irishmen of the present day than either fiction or history.

58 --Novels form so large a portion of the literature now published, and hold so wide a circulation among all classes of society, that a sweeping condemnation of novelists and their works would be at variance with the pronounced verdict of the literary world. In truth, all writers have considered fiction as one of the most appropriate methods of imparting to mankind great principles and important moral lessons. The reason is obvious. The writer of fiction has at his command many charming illusions in which to drape the most unpalatable truths of religion or

morality, and thus present them in a form attractive to the most fastidious. Seeds of good are thus easily sown broadcast in the world, and as the novelist can play largely on the softer passions, he may, by a judicious management, so warm the heart as to produce an artificial hot-bed in which the germs of virtue fructify, strike root and develop into the finest exotics that the garden of our soul is capable of producing.

But fiction has another advantage, which, as it is less generally known, deserves to be more carefully considered. On studying the psychological constitution of man, we find that his education, especially his earlier education, depends very much on the power of the phantasy, or imagination. It is this faculty which receives, aids to reproduce, separate and combine those sensible pictures, (*phantasmata*) on the fecundity, clearness, and brilliancy of which, the success of intellectual operations greatly depends. Without a rich and strong imagination, the orator would be feeble and the artist barren; the author would fail to write with graphic lucidity, and the poet would no longer charm us with the beauties of fancy; the philosopher would be unable to ascend to the heights of speculation, and the inventor would never produce his marvels of skill

and ingenuity; in a word, all the politer arts would be paralyzed, and the lower branches of industry would suffer in proportion. It is therefore easy to understand how great is the necessity that the imagination should be cultivated and perfected while it still retains the flexibility of youth. To this end fiction is eminently suited. Its characteristics are animation of language, brilliancy of description, richness of coloring, excitement of incident, and play of passion; all of which powerfully excite the imagination and urge it to take that exercise which is necessary to its development and perfection. The novelist causes the young reader to wander through the wildest plains of romance, such as can be crossed only by the springs and flights of fancy, and thereby supplies to the mind what physical exercise gives to the body.

The object, therefore, which the writer of fiction should always hold in view, is to exercise the phantasy in pleasant but lawful subjects, to fill it with novel and happy images, and by this indirect, as well as by a direct, appeal to the heart, so to temper and control the passions, as may be most suitable to the formation of virtue, and the extirpation of vice. For this reason, his representation should be chaste, his sentiments pure, and his leading characters noble-minded and virtuous.



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THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Yes. That will be more interesting and probably more instructive than any mere valedictory of the Owl's staff. Valedictories are so common at this season of the year—and besides the OWL will figure in the summing up. There may be friends of the college at a distance who will be pleased to hear of her position and progress—and there may be others here at home who will not be injured by a consideration of the same facts. It is only by taking in the whole view, after examining

the details, both relatively and absolutely, that a clear idea may be had of the state of affairs.

Let us begin at the beginning, and with matters the least important, though should anyone imagine them to be useless or of no importance in the development of the student, he is either deplorably narrow-minded or extremely ill-informed. The present scholastic year has seen the students of Ottawa University regain their former eminent position in athletics, and particularly in football, where they stand without a rival—champions of Canada. The dramatic and musical clubs of the college never reached a higher degree of excellence. When had we a choir to equal that of '94-'95? Need the "Upstart," or the Cecilian Society fear comparison with the best efforts of former years in similar lines? If we turn to the debating societies we find that their proceedings were characterized by energy, enthusiasm and order, and that the discussions gave evidence of careful preparation, deep scholarship, and considerable proficiency in the art of oratory. Of THE OWL, it perhaps does not become us to speak. Yet we may say that there has been no very visible deterioration either in size or matter. It has been our constant desire to fulfil the aim of those who founded THE OWL and gave it for object "to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater."

So much for the accidentals of college prosperity. The essentials present no less pleasing indications. The past two or three years have put a severe strain on the strongest colleges. The great Leland Stanford University is scarcely able to keep its classes going; McGill reports "the deficit for the present year is over

\$13,000;" Upper Canada College must go the wall unless the government comes to its assistance; and the last issue of the King's College (N.S.) *Record*, contains an appeal for funds on behalf of the "oldest University in Canada," and declares that "either help must be promptly and liberally afforded, or our University must close her doors."

What is the story from Ottawa University? Briefly, it is satisfactory and full of promise. An institution with almost four hundred and seventy five students on the register in its various faculties, can look the future in the face with well-founded hope. Though it receives not a cent of government aid in any way, and is an absolute stranger to the luxury of a bequest, it has weathered the period of financial stress, not only without a deficit, but with a handsome surplus. Careful management and strict attention to business are the secret of success. On the other hand, the class-work of the year just coming to a close has been quite up to the average, and in every way equal to that done elsewhere. Ottawa College graduates rank with the best in the law, medical and theological schools of the country. Taken all in all, the past was kind to us and the future augurs well—croakers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

A VOICE FROM THE EAST.

The *Antigonish Casket* is a weekly journal hailing from Nova Scotia, and—as such journals go—is above the average. It has other original matter than its editorials, and if it print no poetry, it steals none. The *Casket* takes lengthy objection to certain critical remarks that appeared recently in THE OWL on some shortcomings of the Catholic press. Now THE OWL is not given to controversy; we get so much of it in our weeklies—even

in the *Casket*. But in the present case we have a word to say.

The *Casket* remarks that if our contributor had approached the question in a friendly spirit, some service might have been done Catholic journalism. With two corrections, this statement may be allowed to pass; first, the subject was approached in a friendly spirit and in none other; secondly, our criticism has already done some good, and will do much more.

The *Casket* next finds fault with our contributor's inexperience; "time out of mind" it says "it has been settled that those who have had least experience in conducting a paper know most about how to do it." Now, "if we are rightly informed," the editor of the *Casket* is a man who has given some years to the study of logic. He should, therefore, have seen that his objection was quite beside the question. Our criticism was written, not from the editor's standpoint, but from the subscriber's, who knows what he pays for and has a vague idea of what he ought to, but often does not, receive. A man may have neither aptitude nor desire to conduct a paper, but for all that it is poor logic to deny him the right of expressing what he reasonably expects of those who have undertaken the task and who look to him for support. Is it unreasonable for even the humblest subscriber to insist, for example, that this paper be legibly printed—not always the case, by the way, with the *Casket*—or that it occasionally contain something original besides platitudes called editorials, and columns of stale controversy?

But the *Casket* is either strangely forgetful or fatally inconsistent. It lectures our contributor for having "extracted all the precious drops of gall" from a symposium on Catholic journalism written for *The American Ecclesiastical Review* by some of

the ablest and most experienced journalists in America. Our contributor, unfortunately, wrote too soon. Had he waited just ten days, he would have been spared the trouble of extracting drops of gall; he would have found an ocean of it in the *Antigonish Casket* of May 9th, 1895. Here it is:

"In the current number of the *Rosary* the editor, referring to the proposal to establish a new Catholic magazine in the United States, puts *very mildly* a truth which is strongly felt by all *enlightened and broad minded friends of Catholic intellectual progress*.

"It is a serious question whether entering a new periodical in the literary race will serve the best interests of the faith in our Catholic homes. From considerable experience we are disposed to deplore growth in numbers, and to pray for an increase in merit and quality of already existing publications."

No one acquainted with the *generality of Catholic papers and periodicals on this continent*, and really interested in Catholic literature, but will say amen to this prayer. One finds a *score of weaklings* attempting to do the work that ought to be done by one strong paper that could do it. And still the word is multiplication. Scarcely a month passes that some new venture in Catholic journalism, *made up more than half of odious, "boiler-plate" or nauseating "patent insides,"* does not reach our office with a request to exchange. This is the *Catholic name discredited and Catholic interests sacrificed* to the supposed business prospects of selfish individuals. There is scarcely a greater enemy of Catholic journalism than this selfishness. What we want is not a *dozen papers without standing or influence*, but one, and that one a power."

The italics are ours. The condemnation is far more sweeping and perhaps much less disinterested than what appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review* or THE OWL. We request the editor of the *Casket* to note "the calm judicial tone, nice discrimination, elevation of thought and chastity of diction" of some of the underlined phrases. Does he still stand by this "wholesale indiscriminate denunciation" of the Catholic press, not of Canada alone, but of the whole continent?

The *Casket* concludes its criticism by a piece of boasting and self-gratulation that is almost insular—that is, it is peninsular. The editor "modestly ventures to remark" that his journal having "won the praise of many of the best judges of Catholic

journalistic work on the continent" has "no need to feel particularly alarmed." No better proof could be desired of the folly of the present system by which sugar-coated advice does duty for fearless criticism among our leading journals. Each editor licks off the sweet for himself and passes the bitter along to his neighbor. When will he learn to do more than "deplore" his inferiority? When will he perceive that a neat rivulet of sentiment meandering through a meadow of commonplace is not the ideal of Catholic journalism—or of any other?

THE CROWDED PROFESSIONS.

About this time of the year, when the medical and law schools are busy bestowing degrees upon their numerous graduates, we frequently hear the query, "How do all the doctors and lawyers make a living?" and if we are to judge from the proportion between the supply and the demand, the present overcrowded condition of the learned professions is a much more serious problem than it is commonly thought to be, and one which, if not soon disposed of, will prove extremely perplexing in its solution.

One of the questions now forcing itself upon the attention of educationists is the desertion of other fields of labor for law and medicine and the necessity of steps being taken in order to prevent the ever increasing influx of young men into these professions. It is now becoming somewhat common, and perhaps to this may be traced the source of the present difficulty, that students with little more than an ordinary common school education, and as yet little prepared to cope with the difficulties which they must necessarily encounter, enter upon the arduous studies that lead to professional life. As a result of the leniency shown at examinations for admis-

sion into many of our law and medical schools, other courses of life are abandoned and many, deceived by the illusion that a few years of study is all that is necessary to ensure early riches and a life of ease, embrace a profession. And to add still more to this lamentable state of affairs, youths of less than ordinary intellectual ability whose labors might be more appreciated in an occupation requiring less mental energy are to be found studying, especially medicine, or rather "attending the lectures" in some celebrated medical school from which, after the expiration of the prescribed time, they hope to be graduated prodigious M.D's.

Thus professional life is becoming overcrowded, and it is but a fair inference that the practitioner who desires not only to gain fame, but even to make his profession the means of securing for him a livelihood, must enter it thoroughly prepared for keen competition. This of course supposes a high degree of proficiency which cannot be attained except by assiduous study in the matters pertaining to his profession. For this purpose and in order to be able to master the difficulties which may present themselves, it is necessary that a firm foundation be laid by a thorough course of studies as a basis of future work.

We would therefore urge upon every aspirant to the learned professions the advisability, in fact the necessity, of first taking a university course. The utility of degrees is often undervalued on account of the abuses to which they sometimes give rise, but it cannot be denied by those most strenuously opposed to them, that they have been to many a student a powerful incentive to work. Indeed he is an exceptional student who, without being spurred on by a coming examination, will work as seriously as if the fear of being plucked were continually harassing him ;

the preparation for degrees encourages habits of application and diligence, the value of which in after life cannot be overestimated ; they teach the student how to study and how to apply himself—the main objects of a college education. And these qualities are indispensable to a successful doctor or lawyer. If a B.A. were demanded of everyone who enters upon the study of the learned professions, the difficulty would not only be overcome, but unworthy practitioners would be replaced by competent and intelligent men.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

More people speak English than any other language now in use in the civilized world. At the beginning of the present century French stood at the head of languages in general use. Then 20 per cent of the people of Europe and America spoke French. French was the language of treaties, of fashion, of international correspondence, and, to a considerable extent, of commerce. Colonization in America and Australia, and particularly the enormous increase of population in the United States, favored the extension of English. One reason of the rapid and general extension of the English language has been that colonization from Great Britain has been very much larger than from other countries, and the English have made their influence felt more decisively than have the people of other nations and colonies. As a consequence of the changes through colonization and otherwise, 110,000,000 people now speak English, instead of 20,000,000 as at the beginning of the century. German has held its own without variance for nearly 100 years, and is still spoken by 18 per cent. of those speaking any European language. Russian has fallen off a little, not in numbers, but in percentage, and so have all the Latin languages. The number of persons speaking French at the beginning of the century was 31,000,000, and it is now 51,000,000. In Europe today, German stands at the head. It is the language of 68,000,000 people. Russian follows with 60,000,000. French with 45,000,000. English with

38,000,000. Italian with 31,000,000, and Spanish with 17,000,000. In the United States the growth of English has been, and continues to be most rapid, and the two countries which are gaining most by the increase of population, the United States and Australia, are both English speaking countries, and bid fair to keep English at the head.

We clip the following from the Birmingham, (Eng.) *Post* :

"It is certain that the conversions to Catholicism which have taken place of late surpass both in number and importance those of any preceding epoch."

It is stated that a daughter of Mrs. Besant, the high-priestess of theosophy, has become a Catholic, and editor Stead of London declares that her mother will eventually find her way into the Catholic fold.

In the western transept of St. James Cathedral, Montreal, there has been placed a large fresco painting commemorative of the Canadian Papal Zouaves, who died while defending the cause of Pius IX. against the Italian armies under Garibaldi. The fresco is a fac-simile of the monument which was erected to their memory in the cemetery of San Lorenzo, Rome.

Chaucer's first attempt at poetry was a poem on the Blessed Virgin one stanza of which—spelling changed—runs thus:

Glorious maid and mother, thou that never
Wert bitter on the earth or on the sea,
But full of sweetness and of mercy ever,
Help that my father be not wroth with me!

An exchange commenting on the above says: Many a poet since Chaucer has tuned his lyric to the praises of the "glorious maid and mother." Even those nurtured in a faith that bans all devotion to the Virgin have been drawn by poetic instinct for the true and beautiful into sympathy with it. What can be more Catholic in tone, or more tender and trustful than the prayer which Scott puts in the mouth of his heroine in the *Lady of the Lake* :

Ave Maria, maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear, though from the wild;
Thou canst save amidst despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

The following figures, taken from the *Rock*, an English Church newspaper, show how Ritualistic that Church has become in a few years, notwithstanding bitter opposition. These figures also show how surely the Church of England is drifting Romeward, in spite of the assertion of the London *Times*, and the declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that there can be no such approach on the part of the Church of England. Here are the figures: From 1882 to 1892 the number of churches which used these (Ritualistic) practices increased from 2,381 to 5,043. Vestments are worn in 1,029 as against 336 in 1882. Incense is now used in 2,048 as against 581 in the former year. The *Rock* says also that in 1893 there were 7,000 clergymen who favored the Romeward movement.

At the Missouri Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held a few days ago at St. Louis, a vigorous attack was made on the Common Schools. In concluding its report, the committee on Christian education, of which Rev. D. B. D. Millar was chairman, said:—"The fact is, Christian people throughout the land have yet to take hold more seriously of the whole question of church and Christian education. There is growing dissatisfaction on all hands with our public school system, and especially on two points: first, that it is a big, heartless machine, which either turns out automaton boys and girls of the same pattern, or grinds to powder those that fail to fit into the mould. At present it seems a hopeless task to get them out of politics, or to introduce into them the idea that Christian morals is a part of education of a human being. Therefore, the only recourse we have is to pay more attention to Church, private and parish schools.

The following clipping from the *Independent* is an evidence of the decline of anti-Catholic prejudice on this continent: "We are gratified to observe constant evidence of a change in the tone of many

Protestants towards the Roman Catholic Church. There was a time when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon it with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as though it were an evil thing, and the only evil. This great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope that the time is at hand when this prejudice shall be dissipated so that Catholics may come to understand their Protestant fellow-Christians and appreciate them for what they are, and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians by Protestants. *Zion's Herald* publishes a very interesting series of short articles by Methodist ministers on the question, "What should be the attitude of Methodism towards the Roman Catholic Church?" We observe but one in the half-dozen contributions that breathes the spirit of uncompromising hostility."

The following paragraph, taken from Dr. Rashin's A. P. A. speech, delivered at Stockton, Cal., is indeed very remarkable, while abuse of everything Catholic, to our surprise, is conspicuous by its absence: "True A. P. Aism is the complete secularization of the government. As to the Catholic priests they would compare well in morality with the Protestant preachers. I have been in the ministry thirty years, and know how it is from an inside view, and, man for man, I believe the priests might challenge comparison with the ministers. As for the sisters, no body of women of like numbers could be found more pure, and I don't believe a like number so brave and self-sacrificing could be found. As to toleration, if Rome were dead and Protestants had their way, they would burn the free thinkers or banish them." The remainder of the Doctor's speech was in the same strain, and, as a result, the bigots have cancelled all his engagements as a speaker.

Some interesting statistics have just been published in Rome relative to the spread of Catholicism in Japan. In 1891 Leo XIII established the Catholic hierarchy in Japan consisting of an archbishop and three bishops. At present there are 75 Catholic districts, 206 churches, chapels

or public oratories, a seminary at Nagoski containing 44 students, two colleges at Tokyo and Nagasaki, with 164 students, three boarding schools for young ladies with 130 inmates, 17 orphanages with 1,892 children, 18 workshops with 303 artisans, 13 pharmacies, three hospitals and a home for lepers. The number of Catholics in Japan is about 50,000. There are 94 European missionaries, 20 native priests, 17 clerks, 207 catechists, 22 European, 9 Japanese nuns, and 19 Japanese novices.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to announce the death of another old student—Mr. Ernest McElhinney, of Ottawa. He was a student of civil engineering here in '90 and '91, and after leaving the college began practical work in his profession. He had obtained a position which opened up for him a bright future. The performance of his duties required him to be very much in the open air and sometimes exposed to the inclemency of the weather. On one occasion he unfortunately contracted a very severe cold which finally resulted in a fatal attack of inflammation of the lungs. Mr. McElhinney, during his stay amongst us, made himself a general favorite with students and professors, who admired him for his gentle, amiable disposition and unfailing good humor. THE OWL respectfully offers the bereaved family the deep sympathy of the student and Faculty of the University.

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Three times almost within a month have students been called from our midst by a summons informing them of the serious illness or death of a beloved parent. The first was Mr. H. Keilty, of Toronto, the death of whose mother followed very closely his arrival home. Then Mr. John Lacey, of Renfrew, had to mourn the loss of his father. And finally Mr. Thomas Ryan, of Clinton, Mass., was surprised in the midst of his examinations by the news of the death of his father. The only tribute we can offer to those our fellow-students in their severe

trial is our sincere sympathy for themselves and our prayers for the eternal rest of their departed parents.

THE TRINITY ORDINATIONS.

In the various seminaries of the country many old students of Ottawa College have had the happiness to be advanced a step in their sacred calling. We have by no means the complete list, but the following are the names that have been brought to our notice :

At Montreal.—Minor Orders: Mr. H. Coyne. Tonsure: Messrs. M. Abbott, E. O'Malley, J. McGarry.

At Niagara.—Priesthood: Rev. J. C. Moriarity and Rev. J. F. Kelly.

At Rome.—Sub-deaconship: Rev. T. Curran.

A very large ordination took place in the Basilica. The following theological students of the University, received the different orders:—

Priests: Rev. Bros. Henault, O.M.I., Lejeunesse, O.M.I., Lelouet, O.M.I., Beaudry, O.M.I., Charlebois, O.M.I., Picotte, O.M.I., Bousquet, O.M.I., Delmas, O.M.I.

Deacons: Revs. A. Lemonde, J. Duffy, O.M.I., L. Beaupre, O.M.I., H. Giroux, O.M.I., C. Sloan, O.M.I., P. Gagne, O.M.I., A. McGowan, O.M.I., J. Magnan, O.M.I., F. Euze, O.M.I., J. Kalen, O.M.I.

Sub-deacons: Revs. A. E. Carriere, P. Plamondon, O.M.I., A. Pepin, O.M.I., M. Hermite, O.M.I., P. Lechesne, O.M.I., L. Fauvre, O.M.I., C. Kruse, O.M.I., L. Tighe, O.M.I., J. Villeneuve, O.M.I., A. VanHecke, O.M.I., R. Chatillon, O.M.I., P. Bernier, O.M.I., J. Benoit, O.M.I., A. Daroluy, O.M.I., J. Thibodeau, O.M.I.

Minor Orders: A. E. Newman, L. Raymond, W. E. Cavanagh, J. B. Bazinet, C. Najette, O.M.I., A. Stuve, O.M.I., J. Shang, O.M.I., C. Zepchen, O.M.I., J. Tavernier, O.M.I.

Tonsure: A. Seguin, A. Genier, A. Laffamme, A. Belanger, J. Gillis, A. Kulavy, O.M.I.

The following day, Sunday, June 9th, Rev. John B. Routhier was raised to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood, by His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa, in the

church at Vankleek Hill, in which he was baptised a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Routhier spent but two years among us, but in that short space of time, gained the esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

We wish all these reverend gentlemen many years of fruitful labor in the Lord's Vineyard.

TWO NEW PRIESTS.

Among the recent ordinations at the Basilica, two were of special interest to the students. Brothers Henault and Lajeunesse who made their studies in part in the University, and who have been for some time connected with the house, were ordained to the priesthood. On the evening of the ordination Fr. Lajeunesse gave solemn benediction in the chapel. The chapel was beautifully illuminated in honor of the occasion, thanks to the good taste of Fr. Coutlée. A striking feature of the decorations was a colored motto above the altar presenting the significant scriptural passage "Tu es sacerdos in aeternum." The singing was even better than on former occasions. On Sunday Fr. Henault, officiating for the first time in his new functions, celebrated grand high mass, assisted by Rev. Brother Duffy, as deacon; and Rev. Mr. Carrière as sub-deacon. The choir rendered their Easter mass very effectively, and even with some improvement, and they certainly deserve high praise not only for this but for all their efforts this year. They have not only furnished good music on all ordinary occasions but have made special preparation for every special occasion. It is the verdict of the oldest inhabitants that the singing this year surpasses anything within their memory in the college chapel. The student body is indebted to them and especially to their energetic preceptor, Fr. Lambert.

A pleasant incident took place Sunday afternoon which testifies to the high esteem in which the two new priests are held. They were invited to the senior study hall where addresses were prepared to be read to each of them. Unfortunately, however, we were deprived of the presence of Fr. Lejeunesse, who was unavoidably absent much to the regret of all. Mr. John Gar-

land addressed Fr. Henault in English, and Mr. Joseph Leveque in French, congratulating him on his new dignity and tendering him the heartiest good wishes of the whole student body. Fr. Henault replied very graciously thanking them kindly for the honor paid him and for the good wishes expressed in his behalf. He referred very delicately to his long and intimate relations with them as prefect of discipline, and said that he owed it to them that his duties in that respect had been so agreeable.

Both Fr. Henault and Fr. Lejeunesse have been familiar figures among the boys for some time past, and it is with the greatest sincerity we express our hopes for their future success and happiness in the high estate to which they have been called.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Dr. D. Phelan, M.A., '82, one of Kingston's foremost physicians, paid us a short visit on the Queen's birthday.

Several of our graduates came to Ottawa as delegates to the recent convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Among others, Rev. D. R. Macdonald, of Alexandria, and Messrs. F. M. Devine, Renfrew, J. J. Kehoc, Sault Ste. Marie, and John Harvey, Amprior. Mr. A. Seguin, another of our old students, was elected Provincial Treasurer by acclamation.

Mr. James Hanley, medallist of the commercial graduating class of '87, visited the University on the 24th of May. He is now a prominent and successful merchant of Belleville, Ont.

Rev. J. J. Dacey, O.M.I., has returned to Lowell, Mass., after a brief stay amongst us. His sermons in St. Joseph's Church and the College chapel were highly appreciated.

Mr. Jobson E. H. Parad's, ex-'91, is meeting with marked success in his art studies. Five of his pictures were accepted by the Paris salon of 1895. The OWL feels proud of him. He was our

second business manager and his first artistic work was done for our pages.

The Royal Canadian Humane Association has published in a pamphlet of eight pages "The Method for Resuscitation from an Electric Shock" of one of our graduates, Dr. P. J. Gibbons, M.A., '94, of Syracuse. Our readers will remember that Dr. Gibbons contributed an excellent essay, "How to win the race," to the September and October numbers of the present volume of *The Owl*.

Dr. J. K. Foran had an interesting article in the Catholic Ward for May under the heading "In the Footprints of Canadian Missionaries." The missionaries referred to are the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and Maniwaki, or the Town of Mary, the scene of the article.

Congratulations are in order for Dr. S. J. McNally. He was married at his home in Calumet last week. Simon's old college friends will rejoice at this new evidence of his prosperity.

ATHLETICS.

Field sports have been looking up somewhat lately—in quantity, if not always in quality. We have had some close and exciting games of baseball—notably those with the Printing Bureau and the 2nd Nationals. The Emerald's proved rather easy prey, as the score shows. On Saturday, June 1st, a team made up of four of the 1st nine and five of the 2nd, played the baseballers of the Printing Bureau. The game was very closely contested throughout. It was only in the 9th innings that the College team made the winning run. The score was 10 to 9.

The following Wednesday the Emerald's fell victims to the 2nd team by the one-sided score of 33 to 4.

Probably the most interesting game of the season was that of Saturday, June 8th between the 2nd Nationals and the 2nd College. The former were pretty big, old and lusty-looking fellows to be travelling as a 2nd team, but we have become pretty well accustomed to that sort of thing. At the end of seven innings the score stood

College 2nd, 9; Nationals 2nd, 8. The following was the College team: Copping, c., Mortelle, p., Joyce, 1st b., Leveque, 2nd b., Linden 3rd b., Garland, ss., McDonald, l.f., Harvey, r.f., Riley, c.f. The fielding was very ragged at times, while the batting and throwing on the part of two or three were simply shameful. We hope to see the 2nd Nationals decisively beaten before the close of the year.

COLLEGE	POSITION	ZEPHYRS
Smith	Catcher	Mooney
Fletcher	Pitcher	Michleson
Hayes	1st. Base	Clarke
McMahon	2nd Base	Codd
McDonald	3rd Base	T. Hulton
Belanger	Short-stop	B. Hulton
Roger	Centre Field	Greenfield
Clarke	Rt. Field	Leclerc
Tobin	Lt. Field	Burns

Another excellent exhibition of baseball was given when the Juniors met and defeated the Augustas, a city team, by a score of 23 to 10. Leclerc, McMahon, and Fletcher, did very effective playing for the Juniors.

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The lacrosse team has also arisen from its slumbers and treated us to two games, where if there were no strikingly new combinations, there was at least victory for the college colors. The first opponents were the Young Capitals, but their name was really the only formidable thing about them. They went down easily, 3 goals to 1. A few days later St. Patrick's Literary Association met defeat by the same score. As this latter club expects to win the city league, it looks as if we might have had a lacrosse championship also had we desired. The following players represented College: goal, MacDonald; point, Tobin; c. point, Quilty; defence field, Casey, Belanger, Leclerc; centre, McDonald; home field, Smith, Copping, Baskerville; outside home, Lacey; inside home, Gleeson.

The P. P. A. will give a closing entertainment on Thursday the 20th inst. at 2.30 p.m. in the Society's hall under the verandah. Only a small number of invitations have been issued, as the affair is to be restricted to the select few. The following programme, prepared under the careful direction of Hon. T. F. Finnegan, J. Cincinnatus Dempsey, and Dalton McCarthy Gosselin, was handed in, under the seal of secrecy, by our assistant Junior Editor:

- Overture on the mouth-organ, Hon. T. F. Finnegan
- Song, "Way down 'mong de pickaninnies," G. Wash. Fletcher
- Tug of War Bis Jr. vs. Valentine
- Scientific sparring. . . Minister of Agriculture vs. Lachance
- Duet, "Where, oh where are our little pipes gone?" P. Waterford Toohey and L. Knickerbockers Roger
- Valedictory Lord Sholto Smith
- Music and Refreshments.
- C. Kading and J. B. Smith have consented to act as ushers.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The near approach of the mid-summer examinations has not tended to dampen the athletic ardor of the juniors, and as a consequence the sporting events of the past few weeks have been more numerous than usual. The most interesting events have been several baseball matches played with city teams. On Thursday, May 23rd a game was played with the Zephyrs which resulted in a victory for the Juniors by a score of 21 to 11. Two home runs were made for the Juniors by J. McMahon and Raoul Belanger. The playing, all around, was good, with the exception of McDonald of the home team, who was somewhat weak on 3rd base. The personnel of the teams was as follows:

The following announcement for the holiday season is official:

Fishing party to Chelsea—J. Cowan, President; C. Kading, Secretary; J. McMahon, Treasurer—with power to add to their number.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of May:—

- First Grade { 1. J. P. Patry
- { 2. A. Martin
- { 3. H. Bissonnette.

Second Grade } 1. J. Neville
 } 2. H. Denis
 } 3. J. Twohey

Third Grade B } 1. J. Coté
 } 2. M. O'Brien
 } 3. J. Murphy

Third Grade A } 1. B. Girard
 } 2. J. Cassidy
 } 3. E. Giusta

Fourth Grade } 1. H. Desrosiers
 } 2. P. Turcotte
 } 3. L. Pigeon.

ULULATUS.

Bonne Santé! Bon jour! Bon voyage! Merci!

Many readers found this column sadly out of joint last month because it contained no reference to Vandy. Yielding to the general remonstrance, we have consented to give him a mention or two in the present issue.

Vandy (leaving St. Joseph's church)—Fine singing, Sir Adolphe, eh? old boy!

Sir Adolphe (staggered)—Yes, (aside) who's that fellow?

There was an ould man and he had a wooden leg,
 No tebaccy had he nor tebaccy could he beg;
 There was another ould man just as cunning as a
fox,

And he'd plenty of tebaccy in ould tebaccy box,
 And the ould man's name was Austin.

Oh yes, Austin, you're a roguish fellow. But you surpassed yourself in the choice of a profession. To become an undertaker because you have a brother a doctor is too clearly a case of brothers playing into each other's hands.

Vanderbilt is busy on an article for the July Owl.

McI—and John F.—l—y admit they had a rather lame excuse for remaining a month in the infirmary.

Bis—When I write I pay great attention to euphony.

Prof. - Indeed! I suppose that's why everyone finds you *teuphony*.

IN MEMORIAM.

In a dark and silent room,
 Filled to faintness with perfume,
 A student lay at point of doom,
 For stealing John the Dutchman's broom.
 Full length he lay upon the floor,
 His eyes were dim, his head was sore,
 And with his dying breath he cried,
 "Come, Hardy, friend; come to my side."
 And Hardy came and raised the head
 Of noble Murf who slowly said:
 "Dear Hardy, this advice I give
 In order that our tribe may live,
 Shun Johnny as we did the Greek
 That we have failed in every week.
 Oh Johnny! Johnny!" poor Murf cried,
 Then turned in Hardy's arms and died.
 This happened many moons ago
 And Johnny still prides in the blow.
 A blood-red sign now marks the room
 Where Murf was killed by Johnny's broom.

Students who are not trying matriculation should keep away from the *Lawn*.

Are you going up for the matric, Pat?

I? Going up for the matric? Well! I would not give it trunk-room! Going up for the matric! Ugh! Oh, I am getting mad! May the quartan ague snatch the matric! To the demon with the matric! A plague take the detestable matric! If ever—eh, eh, eh. (Pat falls speechless in a paroxysm of fury and is carried off on a plank.)

It is rumored that the Hon. Wolf H—, Sir John Louis V—m—t, Chief Justice All—n and Arthur M—K—e, Esq., have accepted an offer to join Sousa's band. The same offer was declined by Charlie H—s, Jimmie M—t—l and company for the reason that they already belong to Susan's band.

DIMPSEY'S PULL.

When Dimpsey walked down Sparks shtrate,
 Wid patent leathers on his fate,
 A shtovepipe hat so broight an' nate,
 An' his shkin three-quarthers lull,
 Min shtood and looked in mild surprise,
 The ladies ate him wid their eyes,
 An' big an' little aich wan cries :
 "Jack Dimpsey has a pull !"

He wore a figgered caliky shirt,
 A necktie that your eyes would hurt,
 A yard of collar did he firt,
 His pants creased be-yu-ti-ful.
 Yez ought t'hev seen him shwing his cane,
 It made his goold ring show off plain,
 His dog-skin gloves would give yez pain,
 Whin Dimpsey had a pull.

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The ground wint up and the shky kim down,
 The universe sphun aroun' and roun',
 The very sunlight turned sale-brown,
 The shtars were cowl and dull,
 His whiskey wake as wather grew.,
 His cigars shmoked loike five for two,
 His very goat bucked at him too,
 Whin Dimpsey lost his pull.

They say that now in Rideau Park,
 An hour an' foive quarthers after dark,
 A monstrous spectre, cowl and shtark,
 An' bout three-quartheis full,
 Will grope an' feel about the ground,
 Widout a visible sign or sound,
 They say 'tis Dimpsey huntin' round,
 To find that vanished pull.

Prof.—Where does the camel carry his provisions for a long journey in the desert, Mr. O'B.

Joe—In his thrunk, sor.

Hon. Willie Doncon has temporarily interrupted his classical studies owing to his having been entrusted with very important legal business. He has applied to Parliament for letters patent, incorporating the "Kitchen Mechanics' Stock Co'y, (Limited), for the manufacture and sale of pots, kettles, pans, boilers, ladles, spoons, knives, forks, china and porcelain ware, and each and every species of kitchen utensil." The charter-members

are: Noc Kneelo, Pres.; Alderman Lanquin, Vice-Pres.; J. Tellmore, Sec'y; H. Mancas, Treas.; and C. Seyah, Mascot. The general offices of the Co'y are in the East End of the Grand Stand. Several branch offices are to be opened immediately.

We have much pleasure in giving to our readers the following extract from the minutes of the last meeting of the J.D.S., better known as the T.D's: "The closing meeting of the year was held on April 1st. In the absence of the Pres., the chair was occupied by Chief Justice Saul Rinmo. Prominent among those present were: the Count de Nawl, Sir Flibbertigibbert Mancas, Sir Hopdance Phymur, the Dook Mamanouchi, Hon. Strawberry Mamachon, and Messrs. Hardtobeatty Austinfoxye, Lifeboat Lanquin, Tulip Vanderbilt and Silas Lephax Artymori. Signor Domenico Italiano was on hand with his violin and played the accompaniment for the principal speakers of the evening. Letters, regretting their inability to attend, were read from Hon. George Washington Fletcher and Lord Sholto Smith. The former incidently touched upon the question of the evening's debate, viz: The Validity of Anglican Orders. He stated that since his promotion to the 2nd grade, he had given the question of Anglican Orders his deepest thought. He expressed his utter disbelief in their validity, stability or utility. After original researches extending over a long period, he had come to the conclusion that Barlow was not a bishop. He inclined, in fact, to the opinion that the said gentleman was none other than the senior partner in Barlow & West's minstrels. This view was greeted with uproarious applause, and the society by unanimous vote, ordered the letter to be inscribed in the proceedings of the year as a valuable contribution to the literature of a vexed question. The chairman then read the subject of debate, "Resolved that Barlow was not a bishop," and called upon Hon. Dan McWind to present his case. The hon. and learned gentleman spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, (loud applause and uproar) and gentleman (cheers, and a voice "ladies and gentlemen." Laughter) I am here this evening (Hisses. A voice "So are we." Laughter) to discuss and settle a most difficult and momentous question (Hear, hear!) and I mean to do it. (Bravo! from the Italian contingent.) I cannot agree with the opinion of the Hon. G. W.

Fletcher (Shouts of "oh, oh!" hisses and hooting. A voice from the back of the hall "Sit down." Another voice "Put him out." Cries of order). Gentlemen, ("Yah, yah!" from the passage outside the hall, and loud laughter.) Barlow was not a bishop (Terrific cheering. A voice "or any other man." Laughter). Neither did he belong to Barlow and West's minstrels. (Murmurs of dissent. Applause, laughter and uproar in the back of the hall.) I have another theory. (Intense excitement and suspense.) Yes, gentlemen, Barlow was none other than the hero of the old song "Billy Barlow." (Tremendous applause, the whole audience rising and rushing around the hall, stamping and shouting and carrying Dan on their shoulders. In the midst of the confusion, a messenger entered with a request from the Faculty that stamping, hooting and chair-breaking be as far as possible avoided and that the meeting adjourn as early as convenient after midnight. In a moment Tulip Vanderbilt was on top of a desk; he was pale and breathless and his classic features were flushed with anger. In a shrill and sonorous voice he protested against this tyrannical assumption of authority, this unjust invasion of the rights of individuals, this iniquitous restriction of the liberty of debate. He moved that the messenger be given the six months' hoist and the request be laid under the table. The motion was carried with enthusiasm, and Mr. Tulip Vanderbilt was made a life mem-

ber of the society. Four hours later the meeting adjourned singing "Billy Barlow," Mr. Dan McWind taking the solo and the audience joining in the chorus.

Johnnie Han Lee and Fo Lee Myke, the Chinese Ambassadors from the Tennis Court, are becoming regular sports. Johnnie likee footee ballee and Mykee likee basee ballee.

The astronomer from Manitoba, (not Vaully but W.W.W.W.W.W., the Wondrous Westerner from Winnipeg,) has made a remarkable discovery. He calls it 'The Mosquito Tormentor, Catcher and Killer.' The process is very simple. The little animals light on you and insert their stings; you hold your breath and thereby prevent them from escaping. They finally die of suffocation and starvation.

J. H-r-v-y was recently up before a local justice of the peace, on the charge of assault and battery. Several witnesses swore that the prisoner had, on three several occasions, struck three times at a certain city Taylor. The defence proved that though H. did strike, he did not hit. The judge found the point well taken and the prisoner was discharged. At the same sitting Joe C-pp-g was accused of larcency for having stolen a base. It was proved that he was incapable of such a crime and he was dismissed:



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