

GOUNOD AT HIS ORGAN.

# THE OWL.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MARCH, 1894.

No. 7.

## CHARLES GOUNOD.



THE eighteenth of October last, brought deep sorrow and mourning to the musical world; for on that day an artist whose harmonious strains have been heard in theatre and cathedral, a musician whose works are spread from Europe to Australia, the genius

who has given *Krist* the dress which has rendered Goethe's poem so acceptable to all civilized nations; Charles Gounod, the eminent French composer, passed away, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Charles Gounod was born on the 7th of June, 1818. His mother, who was an excellent musician, became a widow when Charles was but five years old, and being without means she had to give lessons on the piano. Madame Gounod did not neglect the musical education of her son, who had inherited great aptitudes from her. He profited so well by her lessons, that professors and composers who chanced to meet him, wondered at the great facility with which the boy could master any piece. When at college, even in elementary classes, young Gounod would busy himself with composing airs and writing melodies. He was often scolded and even punished by his teacher for covering his books with notes and staves. Though a diligent student in all the branches he had to apply himself to, Charles felt that he was born to be a musician; he desired above all things to make a serious study of music. Madame Gounod yielding to her son's entreaties, though not without

reluctance, for the musical career was not then, it appears, very remunerative, took him to the celebrated professor, Antony Reicha, who was then giving a course of harmony in Paris, and whose lessons were sought by all the musicians of that time. This, however did not prevent young Gounod from pursuing his literary studies at the Collège St. Louis. After two years, Reicha had nothing more to teach his pupil in the science of harmony. The German professor, formed by the great masters of his native land, naturally imparted to his pupils the taste and tendencies of the German school. Charles Gounod who was a great admirer of the German composers, did not fail to avail himself of this opportunity to make a special study of their works.

The subject of our sketch having completed his literary studies, and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, entered the Conservatory when eighteen years of age. Few pupils of the Conservatory apply themselves to literature, but Gounod was one of these few, his writings prove that besides musical genius, he did not lack talent in other respects. In the Paris Conservatory Gounod studied under Halévy, the author of the famous opera *La Juive*, and under Lesueur, better known from his sacred compositions. Shortly after, Paër, whose tendencies were toward the Italian school, was appointed professor of composition; so that at the age of twenty, our young musician was already familiar with the three leading schools of music, besides the special study he made of sacred composition with Lesueur. In 1837 Gounod obtained

the second prize in the contest at the *Institut*, and in the same year one of his symphonies appeared on the programme of the *Athénée Musical*. This symphony, the first of Gounod's compositions ever performed in public, was highly praised by the musical papers of the day. Two years later, the "Prix de Rome" was awarded him, our artist having to compete with such musicians as François Bazin, Charles Dancla and other renowned composers.

In compliance with the regulations of the *Institut*, Gounod visited Rome shortly after. Here he became acquainted with Lacordaire whose *conférences* he had heard in Paris, during the lenten season of the preceding year. The celebrated preacher made quite an impression on the young man's mind. He resolved to study for the Church, and with that view passed some time in the Seminary of Rome. He profited by his stay in the Eternal City, to make sacred music the special object of his attention and to store up precious material, which he afterwards used most advantageously. Moreover, he wrote several religious compositions and some delightful melodies, as: *Jésus de Nazareth*, which alone would suffice to bring a musician renown.

After spending two years in Italy, Gounod had to travel one year in Germany; such was the regulation then in force. The end proposed in these obligatory journeys, was to afford musicians the opportunity of hearing in foreign countries, masterpieces which were either unknown or imperfectly known in France. In Germany, Gounod studied the compositions of Mendelssohn, he often said that he found in this great master, a model and a guide; Mozart, however, is the musician he always admired most.

When Gounod returned to France, not being able to find an editor who would publish his compositions, though many of them were masterpieces, and having no other means of gaining his living, he became organist and leader of the choir in the Church of Foreign Missions. For several years he worked there as he had done in Rome, giving most of his time to sacred and profane music. He also studied theology, having been admitted to follow this course in the Seminary. The rumor spread that

Gounod had been ordained; but the truth is that, though for a time considered as a novice in the Seminary of Foreign Missions, he never received even Minor Orders.

Though Gounod could find no editor, his compositions were heard at the Church of Foreign Missions, and he easily made his way to some of the "salons" of Paris, which were the rendez-vous of the best musicians in the French capital. Here he met the famous artist, Madame Viardot, who, in her admiration for him, used her influence to open for him the doors of the theatre. He then gave up altogether the notion of becoming a missionary; this was probably most fortunate, both for himself and for musical art. Gounod was not of such a disposition as would submit to all the exigencies of ecclesiastical life. Can one, for a moment, imagine our artist leaving his organ and an unfinished melody to attend to his priestly duties? No; had the author of *Faust* and of *Roméo et Juliette* become a priest, those masterpieces would never have been produced.

*Sapho*, with Madame Viardot to interpret the principal part, is the first opera which Gounod presented to the public. Being a new-comer, his work was awaited with the greatest interest; many eminent musicians were present at the performance. Such musical authorities as Adam and Berlioz found much to admire in the composition of *Sapho*; the latter even said that he would hear it as often as he would have the opportunity of doing so, but for some cause the opera did not take with the public. The true reason may be that Gounod's style was too different from that of the other French composers, and that the public was not as yet prepared to appreciate it.

The fact that *Sapho* had not created the favorable impression which it might have, did not discourage Gounod, and a year after, in 1852, he produced *Ulysses*, considered by all the critics as a composition of high order. For the first time the title of "Maestro" was given Gounod, and deservedly, for *Ulysses* is the work of a great artist; but the libretto was so poor that the music could not save the poem. *Sapho* had not been a success; *Ulysses* for the reason given above was a complete

failure, and *La Nourie Sanglante*, which followed shared the same fate.

Besides the above mentioned operas, Gounod had already written several other vocal and instrumental compositions, which contributed in no small degree to win him a certain reputation, both in France and abroad. Among these may be mentioned his well known *Meditation on the First Prelude of Bach*, which was universally applauded. Gounod dedicated his *Meditation* to the celebrated professor Zimmermann, whose daughter he married and thereby acquired for himself a powerful protector in the person of his father-in-law.

Though at this period of his life, Gounod already enjoyed the reputation of being no ordinary musician, he had not as yet displayed his wonderful talent in all its strength. The time now arrived for him to produce his masterpiece, the touchstone of his genius, the immortal *Faust* which gave its author a prominent place in the foremost rank of modern composers. The young laureate had read Goethe's poem on leaving the *Institut*. Then *Faust* became the dream of his life. It was not till sixteen years afterwards that Gounod could obtain a suitable libretto, then he immediately began his favorite work. In less than a year, more than half of the partition was completed; the great master called this the honeymoon of his *Faust*. He might well have called it so, for soon he met with difficulties which almost prevented the great work from ever being finished. At last, all obstacles being removed, *Faust* was completed, rehearsed, and performed for the first time in 1859, at the *Théâtre Lyrique*. Many renowned musicians had already treated the same subject; among these, Spohr had been the most successful and his opera was highly considered in Germany; but Gounod left the German composer far behind. *Faust* quickly spread throughout Europe, and the success with which its author met, at least equalled that which greeted Goethe's poem. And we may say that by this masterpiece, Gounod's name will be transmitted to posterity.

Strange to say, *Faust*, one of the masterpieces of modern compositions, was not at first, received by the French public as it deserved to be. It was only

when Germany and Italy had given it the sanction of their applause, conferring at the same time upon its author the greatest honors, that the doors of the *Grand Opéra* were thrown open to the distinguished artist. Gounod had now given *Faust* the form it has at present. Then France refused the eminent musician neither applause nor honors; everyone wished to see the great master; the people would even cheer him as he passed along the streets. *Faust* became a common topic of conversation and the *Grand Opéra* was too small to hold the enthusiastic audience. Within the space of eighteen years *Faust* appears five hundred times on the programme of the *Grand Opéra*. Gounod's musical fame was now at its highest. *La Reine de Saba*, *Mireille* and *Roméo et Juliette* followed *Faust*. These three operas did not obtain the same success, though all worthy of their author. In the order of merit *Roméo et Juliette* comes next to *Faust*.

In 1870 we find Gounod in London. England already knew and admired the works of the French artist, so that he was cordially welcomed in that country. The author of *Faust*, as might be expected, soon made the acquaintance of the leading English musicians. During his stay in England he produced, among other works, *Galla* which he undertook at the request of the administration of the International Exposition. It was there also that he composed most of his *Polyeucte*. This opera happened to fall into the hands of Mrs. Weldon, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Gounod succeeded in getting it back from her. In fact he had lost all hope of ever seeing it returned when it was sent him, after he had written almost the whole score a second time. We have mentioned the name of Mrs. Weldon. The relations of the author of *Faust* with the Weldon family were most friendly for three years, but ended by a lawsuit, and the condemnation of Gounod to pay ten thousand pounds for pecuniary losses, which calm examination at this distance scarcely shows him to have caused to the eccentric Mrs. Weldon. The esteem in which the French artist was held in England, is attested by the following telegram which the Queen sent Madame Gounod through

Lord Dufferin, when Her Majesty was informed of the distinguished musician's death:—

"The news has just reached me of M. Gounod's death. Pray convey to Madame Gounod and her family, my sympathy and deep regret. It is an irreparable loss. I entertain the greatest admiration for the works of this great master."

(Signed,) VICTORIA R. ET I.

During the interval between his return from England and the year 1881, *Cinq Mars*, *Polyeucte* and *Le Tribut de Zamora*, Gounod's last operas, were given to the public. *Polyeucte* seems to have been the object of his special liking; when his friends visited him in his home, the grey-haired artist would sit at the organ or at the piano, and play for them with delight ever new, passages from this opera. To be complete we should mention a number of other compositions, as: *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, *Phlémon et Baucis*, and *La Colombe*. Space, however, does not permit us to notice them as they deserve.

Though Gounod will always be best known as the author of *Faust*, we cannot forget that he is also the composer of *St. Cecilia's Mass*, which, in its own sphere, is by no means inferior to any of his profane compositions. The theatre claims the great artist, but, by his musical works, Gounod belongs first to the Church, since he wrote for the Church before writing for the theatre. Gounod's sacred compositions are remarkable, both as regards number and musical excellence. All of them have the great merit of being truly religious, and in conformity with ecclesiastical liturgy; which quality is by no means common, even among good musicians. Many seem to think that it is sufficient to set music to liturgical words to produce religious music. Lesueur, Gounod's professor at the Conservatory, never thought so, and his pupil, in whom a deep religious sense was inborn, profited by the lessons of his instructor. Gounod knew well, what many musicians seem not to know, the difference there should be between Church music and theatrical music; he never forgets that there is a difference between divine love and profane love, and that in

the Church, the choir, the organ, and the orchestra, must pray with the priest and the faithful. If theatrical music expresses the relations of man with his fellow creatures, or with inanimate beings, religious music is the expression of the relations of man with his Creator; therefore the style of the latter must necessarily differ from that of the former. That Gounod understood this perfectly, his sacred compositions give abundant proof.

The author of *Faust* has written several masses. Among the most noted are his *Messe des Orphionistes*, *Mass of the Sacred Heart*, and *Messe de Jeanne d'Arc*, but none of them equals that of *St. Cecilia*. Here the composer displayed the superiority of his talent as regards sacred music. From the "Kyrie" to the "Agnus Dei," the "Instrumental Offertory" included, all the parts of this mass are perfect, and it would be difficult to tell which one if any, is to be preferred to the others. It may be mentioned, however, that the "Credo" and the "Sanctus" of this mass have more than once been brought from the church to the concert-hall. A judicious critic has rightly said, that no one but a true Christian could write such a mass. Musical genius guided by faith and a thorough knowledge of the Divine Office were truly necessary to produce the *Mass of St. Cecilia*, the *Ave Verum in C Major*, as well as most of Gounod's sacred compositions, some of which are considered among the best of modern times, and will ever be held by the Church as models to be imitated.

We cannot pass without mention, the great master's two beautiful oratorios *Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*. Both the text and the music are Gounod's work. *Redemption*, dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was performed for the first time in 1882, at the Birmingham Festival, the author himself leading the performance. This work, as Gounod says in his preface, is intended to be the expression of the three great events on which depends the existence of Christian society, namely: the Passion and Death of the Saviour, His glorious Life here below and the Diffusion of Christianity. *Redemption* has been translated into English, but in the original the music is adapted to French words. *Mors et Vita*, heard for the first

time in 1886, in Paris, was written for a Latin text taken from the Scripture, and the Catholic liturgy. It is divided into three parts: Death, Judgment, and Life. With Gounod's natural talent for sacred music, he could not fail to succeed in treating subjects which are so expressive of religious sentiments. The distinguished musician availed himself of all the resources afforded by the orchestra, and had not the author of *Faust* proved long before that he was a thorough master in adapting the orchestral parts to the different subjects he had to treat, his two great oratorios would give ample evidence of that fact.

The works mentioned above can by no means give an adequate idea of Gounod's musical fecundity. This wonderful genius composed continually for more than half-a-century, and the catalogue of his works would cover several pages. Now that this celebrated artist has passed to the tomb, biographers will no doubt make known interesting details relating to his private life, which could not be published while he was still living. Much has been said, for and against Gounod's music, for he, as well as other artists, has had admirers and detractors, and this among prominent musicians. He has been accused of too often using the same formulas; of having had recourse to every means to obtain the desired effects. The author of *Tanhauser*, the great Wagner, never found much to admire in Gounod's works.

What motive prompted him to be so severe with the author of *Faust* is not apparent. Did he look upon Gounod as a rival? This may be; for it is a fact that the German theatres rang with enthusiastic applause at the performance of the French artist's operas. Whatever Gounod's adversaries may say, numerous unprejudiced critics have found in his music, both sacred and profane, the stamp of originality which distinguishes it from the music of any other composer; and this, if I mistake not, is one of the chief marks of true genius. One day, Haydn being asked to write a composition after the style of a given musician, answered that he could not do so: "I can only write music," said he, "after Haydn's style." Gounod might well have said the same thing. The fact that a passage in an opera has some analogy with another work previously written, does not necessarily lessen the merit of a composer. There is something about Gounod, and this cannot be too often repeated, there is something about this great master, which makes him ever himself. Let modern Germany be proud of Wagner, let Italy boast of having given the world the immortal Verdi; but *Faust*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Mors et Vita* and *Redemption* will ever adorn French musical art, and our Catholic Cathedrals will long reëcho the pure melodies and heavenly harmony of Gounod's *Mass of St. Cecilia*.

L. H. GERVAIS, O.M.I., '85.



Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones,  
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.

—BYRON.



## THE DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH.



AS it at morning, when the day was breaking  
 In glory on the hills round Na'areth,  
 And delicate clouds with rosy fire were flaking  
 The dappled east? Or was it on the death  
 Of the glad day, when deeper heavens 'gan waking,  
 And Nature, ware of change, with bated breath  
 Waited the issue? Or at hush of noon?  
 Or 'neath the silver light of stars and moon?

We know not.—But we know that Mary, weeping,  
 Knelt near him, gazing on his placid face,  
 O'er which that hush, beyond all hush of sleeping,  
 Stole with its strange and spiritual grace.  
 We know that He was there, into Whose keeping  
 The aged guardian, meekly changing place,  
 Rendered again the glorious life bestowed  
 That he might shield the childhood of his God.

They thought of by-gone years—the Son and Mother—  
 And looked into the Future from the Past.  
 Their hearts were mortal, even like all other,  
 Since first o'er man the Tree of Knowledge cast  
 Its fateful shadow; and they might not smother  
 That pain which clings to every hour *the last*.  
 Earth's sunset may be heaven's morning-prime:  
 To earth it ushers darkness—for a time.

They thought of loving service sweetly rendered;  
 Of patient toil, held dear, because for them;  
 Of daily, mute attentions, simply tendered,  
 Each wrought with skill of heart, a finished gem.  
 Life, like a ravelled garment rudely sundered  
 As at its very basis, reft of hem,  
 With less of smoothness would hereafter wear,  
 Once he, the household bond, no more was there

And in that hour, I ween, on Them fell nigher  
 Than e'er before, the shadow of the Cross,  
 Now looming nearer, and exalted higher,  
 Above the deep depression of their loss.  
 Pain, the heart-searcher, the soul-purifier,  
 Which melts the gold and burns to ash the dross,  
 Glowed here with heat intense a thousandfold,  
 Where naught was dross, but all of virgin gold.

Other the hour to him with head reclining  
 Upon the bosom of his Foster-Son,  
 His labours o'er, his soul indeed divining  
 The wordless sorrow of the Holy One,  
 And of that Sinless Spouse whose hand-clasp, twining  
 Within his own, said mutely,—“O, well done,  
 Thou good and faithful, and farewell to thee ;”  
 But seeing this as souls unbodied see.

Feeling, perchance, the mortal pang of parting,  
 As the last price of bliss eternal-great ;  
 But so as one from heavy dreams upstarting  
 To perfect joy at waking ; bound to wait  
 A breathing space, but free from further smarting,  
 Ere he do pass beyond some golden gate  
 Shutting ill dreams behind him evermore.—  
 God, guide our footsteps to that Golden Door.

FRANK WATERS.





## FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN.

## VISION OF THE FUTURE OF CANADA.



USING on the hillside the coming fortunes of Canada fell asleep.

## I.

—I saw the whole country as far as the eye could reach one dark forest.—I thought I heard the roaring of wild beasts everywhere.—Birds few but beautiful.—Sometimes heard the shouts of men approaching, and then retiring till their voices were quite lost to my ear.—At last human forms came in view.—A whole multitude of men and women with children passed before me. A tribe of natives moving forward in quest of new settlements, or on a hunting expedition—Then silence ensued and the scene changed.

## II.

I saw the forest gradually grow less extensive, and rivers hitherto hidden, now rolled on majestically, and human beings employed on the banks of these rivers, some felling trees and cultivating the ground, others on the rivers fishing, while others were engaged building wooden huts. The wild beasts were heard no more. Where the forests had been, the ground appeared green and fertile, the whole country became dotted with comfortable human habitations.—In many places I saw villages, towns and cities rise on the banks of the rivers.—Then vessels going and coming from city to city.—The whole face of the country was covered with all the appearances of cultivation; the mountains alone rising up in their native ruggedness, and forming a grand background for the lovely landscapes at their bases—I seemed to be looking on a boundless garden in which industry, taste and wealth had exhausted their resources.

## III.

My eyes now rested on a scene of heavenly beauty, and my ears were feasted with angelic harmony. Near the spot where I lay, a long procession issued from a cathedral. Priests and religious theologians from the schools, canons from the cathedral walked in due precedence.

## A SINCERE ADDRESS.

January the first, 1845.

We the undersigned of your Sunday and week day scholars do Beg leave to present you with A current loaf for your kind exertions to us Sir we hope you will excuse our statement. Teresa Doyle, Nancy Boylen, Fanny Kerr, Mary Boylen, James Doyle, James Roach.

Sir i hope if this Be the first it will not be the last.

Sincerity is in that present. I love the good will of those of whom is the kingdom of heaven. Oh that I could make these poor creatures happy, who are dying in poverty and disease! More good is done by conversing with the poor creatures in their houses than by preaching. They are proud and content to see a priest in their house; oh my soul see how good God has been to you, to make you the means of so much happiness among men! *Divinorum omnium divinissimum est cooperari &c.*

## REGULARITY.

Regularity is the soul of industry. Nothing is more precious than time, and as a proper use of time secures success in the pursuits of every department of life, so the loss of it causes the greatest failures and misfortunes. Now no man can save his time unless he regulates his hours, and gives each duty to its own precise hour: for want of attention to this point causes our various occupations to be confounded together, and a duty once deferred is either entirely omitted or it takes the place of some other. Put each duty in its own place and order, regularity and success will be the result.

## IRISH LITTERATEURS IN LONDON.



I HAVE met many, very many indeed of Ireland's gifted sons and daughters in the Saxon land, toiling in the literary fields from the Tyne to the Thames, for the living denied them in their own poor country, and keeping pace in the great struggle with their more favoured English brethren—a fact which proves the truth of the old saying—"Give the Irish but half a chance and they'll show they are second in nothing to the children of any other land." In every department of literature—history, fiction, poetry—the drama—Irish writers have come well to the front. In the great, modern Babylon, the maelstrom which attracts so much of the talent of the world, the children of Ireland are not behind in the swift race for fame. Many of them have made names which shall go echoing down thro' the aisles of time, till MacCaulay's New Zealanders shall stand on Westminster Bridge, and sigh for the glories of departed greatness.

Foremost among Irish literary men in London I place William Edward Hartpole Lecky, whom the press of the world has acknowledged the greatest living historian. His "England in the Eighteenth Century," is a masterpiece of its kind, written in a calm, philosophical and unbiased spirit, which the most captious critic cannot carp at. Mr. Lecky, unlike most of our modern historians whose chief aim in history compilation is to pander to the bigoted tastes of a prejudiced public, presents events to the reader, not in an ideal way from his own standpoint, but as they really happened, without exaggeration or diminution. Truth is the impelling motor which seems to guide Mr. Lecky's pen. Although in sympathy with his native land, in what she has suffered at the hands of her Saxon taskmasters, he is not in accord with the majority of his countrymen in the present Home Rule struggle they are waging.

W. E. H. Lecky was born in Dublin about fifty-six years ago, and is an alumnus

of Trinity College, or "Old Trinity" as it is called,—that time-honoured institution which has been the *Alma Mater* of so many of Ireland's distinguished sons. In figure he is a striking personality among men; he stands about six feet four inches in his stockings, is stooped in the shoulders owing to his giant stature, and walks with a rapid shuffling gait. I have met him often in the halls of the British Museum. He always carries a lot of books, school-boy fashion, under his arm, and has that far-away look about him, as if his thoughts soared back from his present surroundings to the dim and dark old times of which he writes. A Cockney will point him out and tell you:—"There goes 'Lanky Lecky,' the great Irish historian."

The present Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party—Justin McCarthy is also an historian as well as a novelist. He is too well known at this time of day for me to say much about him here. Personally Mr. McCarthy is one of Nature's gentlemen,—bland, suave, quiet and no more fitted to lead a turbulent party, which counts in its ranks such mischief-brewers as Tim Healy and Dr. Tanner, than what he is suited to take the place of Garnet Wolsley, and lead the Queen's troops on the tented field. Undoubtedly Justin McCarthy has made a great name as a literary man, and to one work alone may he attribute his fame. His "History of Our Own Times" has been a noted success. A little story hangs around that work. When it was first written its author brought the manuscript to Mr. Cassell, of the firm of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., of Paternoster Row and offered him the copyright, but Mr. Cassell was only willing to give him a nominal sum of £600, which Mr. McCarthy would not accept. Taking the manuscript under his arm he trudged onwards to Chatto and Windus, of Piccadilly. Mr. Chatto suggested a change in the title page. McCarthy had named it "The Victorian Era." With quick perception he saw the wisdom of Mr. Chatto's

suggestion, and the book came out, not as "The Victorian Era" but as the "History of Our Own Times." In six months Justin McCarthy netted £6,000 by the speculation.

I must acknowledge that as a novelist, Justin McCarthy is a complete failure. In style and sentiment he has tried to emulate the scribes of Cockneydom, and in subject he has endeavoured to cater to the vitiated tastes of the English public. Read all his novels and you'll not find a single line which could lead you to infer the author an Irishman. This is where McCarthy made the great mistake—eschewing his own country. Lever, Banim, Kickham, Carleton and Griffin will live in the hearts of the Irish people long after the evanescent vapourings of Justin McCarthy are lost in the clouds of oblivion.

Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the preceding, is more of a student than a writer. He has made metrical translations of many of the Oriental tales and legends, and has been a fair success. He has also tried his hand at the drama, but in this respect he has achieved nothing to speak of. However, he is a young man and may give us something worth preserving in the future.

In the fiction line, Mr. Richard Dowling—a Waterford man, is I should say, the leader of the Irish novelists in London. Fifteen years ago he was using the tape and yardstick behind his uncle's counter in Clonmel;—to-day he is lionized in London drawing-rooms. His "Mystery of Killard," is full of plot and sentiment. When it was issued from the press, about a dozen years ago, the plot—that of a deaf mute casting off his son, because that son could hear and speak, and thereby might reveal the secrets of his father,—was so original, that it immediately stamped young Dowling's reputation as a literary man, and from this time onwards, his pen has been sought by not alone the press of London but the universal world.

They say that genius runs in the blood. It would seem so in the case of Dowling's first cousin, Mr. Edmond Downey, better known as "F. M. Allen," the author of "Thro' Green Glasses," etc. Though not as great a delineator of character or

originator of plot as his kinsman—Downey has earned a good reputation for himself in Babylon.

George Henry Moore, son of an ex-M. P. for Galway County, is head of what may be called the realistic school of fiction. His style so resembles M. Zola—the brilliant but lax Frenchman, that his novels may be said to be nothing more or less than a transposition of Zola's. I must admit, however, that they are free from those gross immoralities which have given to the French Romancer an universal notoriety.

In the journalistic world we have many Irish lights whose genius has reflected a lustre, not alone on their native land, but on London itself.

Of course Dr. William Howard Russell, the veteran war-correspondent whose brilliant letters during the Crimean campaign, attracted so much attention throughout Europe, may be placed at the head. Dr. Russell is now an old man—grey and timeworn, but he still woos his first love by editing "*The Army and Navy Gazette*."

John Augustus O'Sha the "Irish Bohemian," is another son of the Emerald Isle, that has made a great name for himself as a war correspondent. He has travelled the world over. In furs and mocassins he skimmed the Canadian snows, following the broken fortunes of Louis Riel. He has had to burrow, like a rabbit, with the bushranger in African jungles, and has had to don paint and warfeather, with the Indian "braves" on the American prairie. He has hobnobbed with Hindoo princes beneath the cocoanuts of India, and quaffed a flagon to the health of His Imperial Majesty—the Czar of all the Russias, 'mid the wilds of Siberian wastes. He has stood in sandalled feet beneath the towers of Mahomedan Mosques, and plunged himself in the holy waters of the Hoogly, beneath the walls of Calcutta.

Few indeed in the dapper little Irishman now reposing serenely in the bosom of his family in a lovely London suburb, would recognize the daring and invincible war correspondent, who braved death and danger a thousand times, by land and sea.

O'Shea is a son of gallant Tipperary, a fact of which he is justly proud. He will sit with you hours, talking about boyhood days, he spent in Ireland's premier county. In the company of a charming wife and a lovely daughter of seventeen summers, whom he almost idolizes, O'Shea forgets the dangers he has passed through, and as you listen to his ceaseless flow of wit and humour and brilliant repartee, the time flies away on lightning wings before you realize, "the clock has struck the hour for retiring." O'Shea is now editor and part proprietor of the London "*Universe*." Besides journalism, he has written several books of history and travel, one of which—"Romantic Spain"—has been quite a success.

There is another brilliant Irishman, who has also made an immortal name for himself, though in a different domain of journalism from that in which "The Irish Bohemian" won his laurels—I mean Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., or as his colleagues love to call him "T. P."

As a political journalist, O'Connor is second to none in London. Indeed, the only rival he may be said to have is Mr. W. T. Stead, formerly of "The Pall Mall Gazette," now of "The Review of Reviews." "T. P." is an Athlone man, and was born there about forty-seven years ago. He is a graduate of the old Queen's College, Galway. In addition to journalism, he has found time to write several historical biographies and semi-political volumes. He is the author of "Gladstone's House of Commons," "Life of Beaconsfield," "The Parnell Movement," etc. His style is heavy and ponderous and forcibly reminds one of the sledge-hammer sentences of Carlisle.

David J. O'Donoghue, M.A., F.R.S.A., has the reputation of being the most indefatigable labourer in the literary fields of Babylon. It is scarcely necessary for me to say more than a passing word of the gigantic literary enterprise which he has successfully brought to a close during the past year—viz—the compilation of the "Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Irish Poets." Of this great work, the Press of Great Britain and America has spoken in the highest terms, and the public of both countries have been loud in its praise. By none has it

been accorded a warmer welcome, than the distinguished Hierarchy of the United States. To give an idea of the immense labour bestowed on this work, I may mention that Mr. O'Donoghue has searched the libraries of not alone London but Europe, and has buried himself among the dusty tomes and faded manuscripts of forgotten ages, in order to rescue from oblivion, the names of Ireland's gifted children and present a store of accurate information to the reader, regarding their lives and times and works. From "early morn till dewy eve" you will find this pale-faced litterateur, bent over his desk in the British Museum, exhuming from the grave of bye-gone years and enduing with a breathing vitality the literary dust of buried centuries. "How one man"—says His Eminence Cardinal Logue—"and a young man too, has succeeded in accumulating such stores of information, and traversing so vast a field, is a secret unknown to any save himself."

"A Literary Hercules born to wrestle with whole Libraries" exclaims Standish O'Grady the eminent historian and controversialist, in the words of Dr. Johnson. There is not an Irishman on earth to-day that does not owe a debt of gratitude to David J. O'Donoghue, let him acknowledge it or not. His books (he has written many volumes of essays and poetry besides the work I have referred to) should find an honoured place in every Irish and Irish American home; they should be placed in the hands of our boys and girls in order to instil into their youthful minds a love for the grand old land of their fathers, and also to stimulate them to try and emulate the greatness of the gifted children that land has produced in every age.

Mr. O'Donoghue, although he has achieved much in the domain of literature, is yet a very young man; however, his gigantic labours have been heavily against him. His pale *spirituelle* face and waxen hands tell sad stories of busy days in the dusty halls of the British Museum, and weary nights o'er the midnight oil.

Apart from literature he is a popular personality in the world of London. No re-union of his countrymen—no gathering of the Gaels would be complete without his presence. He is the heart and soul of

that gifted coterie known as "The Irish Southwark Literary Club." I have the honour of his intimate acquaintanceship and I can honestly say that personally he possesses every attribute of the true gentleman; a nobler type of manhood does not walk the earth to-day, than David J. O'Donoghue. Let us hope he may be long spared to devote his brilliant talents and indomitable perseverance to the sacred cause of fatherland.

Alfred Percival Graves, M.A., LL.D., son to the present Protestant Bishop of Limerick and the illustrious author of "Father O'Flynn," easily leads the van in the domain of Poetry. Mr. Graves at present is one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

That aesthetic philosopher "whom men call" Oscar Wilde has a wayward genius entirely his own, but whether that genius will benefit the world much, is a question which posterity must decide. Talking of Oscar Wilde, calls to memory his illustrious mother, Lady Wilde.—"Speranza" of the old "Nation"—she who almost sang the Irish people to Freedom in '48. In late years she has been engaged in editing fairy tales, her latest production being a series of Scandinavian legends, treating of the ancient Skalds. Her love for Ireland and the Irish has not lessened. The last time I saw "Speranza," she was old and gray, but, the fire of genius and patriotism still blazed in her Italian eyes—she is half Italian. "Tell me" said she "are

Ireland's sons and daughters sleeping or have they become degenerate? Tell me, are there none to follow in the footsteps of Davis, Duffy, or Williams, of "Mary," "Eva," or "Speranza," and sing your land to Freedom?"

I met another Irish lady in London whose worth and services—and I blush to say it—seem to be forgotten by the Irish people. I refer to Miss Elizabeth Owens Blackburne Casey, a lady who brightened the pages of our Irish and Irish-American Journals, some twenty years ago with the rarest gems of song and story. She is the author of several volumes of poetry and about a score of novels, the poorest of which is infinitely superior to anything ever Justin M'Carthy penned. At present she is living in a London garret, in indigent circumstances. Often 'tis the lot of the child of genius, to be trampled on and scorned while living, then almost deified when dead. Poor "Nolly" Goldsmith died of hunger and a broken heart: to-day his statue meets your gaze everywhere you go in the English speaking world. I suppose Miss Casey will share the same fate. Ireland will let her die in a London garret, and then send over some of her wealthy sons to unveil a costly monument to perpetuate her memory and preach a funeral panegyric over her bier. My Countrymen! hang your heads and blush for shame.

JOSEPH DEVLIN, '95.



## AGENTS OF SANITATION.

By Walter A. Herckenrath, M.A., C.E.



THE consideration of the relation of animal life to the evolved products, leads to another topic, which consists in the discussion of what is to be done with sewage, as it has been defined in one of the foregoing numbers of the OWL. All those constructions and appliances which take charge of sewage immediately upon its production, constitute a system of Sewerage; and from considerations already made in this paper, it is easy to see that the excellence of such a system depends upon the effectiveness, expediency, dispatch, and economy with which it will effect the drainage and purification of the subsoil and accomplish the removal of house refuse of every description. This article will still confine itself to generalities, leaving particularities of system and theory for subsequent investigation.

Among the first of the essential requisites of good sewerage is the removal, before putrefaction sets in, of all offal, refuse, and dejecta, not only from the house, but from any neighborhood where infection or disgust might spread to atmosphere or water, which serve for the sustenance of life. This requisition arises from the knowledge acquired of the production and propagation of disease, and from the experience we have of the spreading of contagion and epidemics due to a neglect of such expeditious action. And even though no detriment to health were experienced, yet this law should be stringently enforced, from the very fact that such matter as that of which we treat, is exceedingly disgusting and revolting to all the senses. It is in the interest of social and moral development that the mind and the intellect enjoy the possession of the exquisite qualities of purity and clearness; and such a delightful state in the moral order cannot exist where the senses and the physical being are dwarfed, con-

taminated by contact with vile existences. Such matter should be kept not only out of sight, not only away from the reach of any of the senses, but even so effectually away, that it can in no possible manner even reach any part of the human organization until it has been so transformed by nature, that is by the elements, that it has finally assumed a condition of comparative purity. This last statement tends to frustrate every design which is likely to antagonize human health and life; for none of the deleterious effects of sewage should be able to spread its havoc in any way or form. If, however, putrescible matter be indiscriminately mixed with vegetable germs and thrown over plants and grasses, it is evident that a keen source of disease propagation is encouraged. The vegetable kingdom should be maintained in an unquestionable degree of excellency, since it is directly the food of man and since it nourishes and develops the animal tissue upon which he satisfies his carnivorous tastes. The air, the water too, are daily, hourly, momentary food, which should possess qualities of indisputable excellence. The soil, also, should be dry and uncontaminated, and no water should be allowed in it within three or four feet of the cellar floor. No pains should be spared in securing perfect drainage; and attention should be paid, not only to the ground directly under and immediately surrounding the dwelling, but also to the adjacent land, as its condition might have a weighty influence in connection with the sanitation of sites occupied by residences. However beautifully a villa may be drained and sewered, yet its healthfulness will never come up to ordinary expectations as long as damp marshes and stagnant pools abound in the vicinity. Such a condition of affairs recalls the admonition of Virgil, *Ecl. iii, 92* :—

“ Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fragra,  
Frigidus, O pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in  
herba.”

The drains required in sandy and gravelly soil, need neither be numerous nor close together, but those in clayey ground should be placed at frequent intervals and in such positions as are best adapted to collect and draw off the water which is liable under ordinary conditions to remain. According to investigations made relatively to the retentive powers of different soils, it has been found that soils composed of sand, gravel, and clay, will discharge through underdrains, an average of seventy per cent. of the water which falls upon them, whereas the established discharge from soils of clay reached scarcely twenty-six per cent. Since the structure of the land bears such an important relation to sanitary welfare, it follows that a knowledge of the geological configuration of a proposed site is indispensable. The sandy and gravelly soils at the summit of a hill where no treacherous springs lie hid, form a most salubrious site for habitations, and strongly contrast with the lowlands which possess no drainage valleys and which allow their accumulated waters to stagnate.

Among other requisites for good sewerage, should be mentioned the proper cleansing and paving of streets, their subsoil drainage, and the complete removal of their surface water. And whatever may be the system of sewerage adopted, there should always exist facilities for inspection and for repairs. Where the eye of the master does not reach, there can be no prosperity; and in matters of this nature, such a saying as "Out of sight, out of mind," is only too true. And since among all the outputs of human industry, there has never been found one that could boast of perpetual durability and infinite perfection, it is not in the least derogatory to any kind of workmanship that there should be included such an adjunct as "possibility of repairs."

Whatever is at all obnoxious or even in the least discomforting, should ever meet with human disapprobation; and under this negative head may be considered the evils which are to be avoided by a system of sewage which is submitted for approval. In the first place cesspools and privy-vaults, where deposits are collected without any attempt at disinfection or deodorization, should by no means be tolerated. The

accumulation of excretal filth without any adjuncts, is an abomination which requires no words in explanation. Cesspools and vaults are likewise disgusting in as much as they pollute the surrounding ground within a radius which is limited only by the extent of time which the material has had to percolate. The capillary attraction of the earth is ever in active service, and an idea of its power may be had from the knowledge that ground, which contains water within it, is generally wet at least one foot above the level of its water line. The avoidance of this evil is really comprised in the affirmative requisition of keeping the soil pure and clean.

Estuaries and harbors should not be defiled, since ships and boats are continually traveling on their waters; and, on water as well as on land, men have the selfsame privilege of being protected from disgust, and very particularly from the slimy filth which is liable to float around them when improper sanitary precautions have been taken. Rivers should be even still more preserved from contamination, as their volumes are generally inconsiderable, especially in comparison with the ocean, and as their depths support the fish which every human endeavor should protect. And as we approach the neighborhood of the dwelling, the necessity of its preservation from every abomination, forces upon us the conclusion that no sewer should be laid under its foundations. A mere accident might be the cause of a loss of many lives; and accidents should *always* be guarded against by prevention. Other points might arise in this connection but it is not our intention to sacrifice logical order by introducing into a general discussion, particularities which will have a place when the different systems are individually considered.

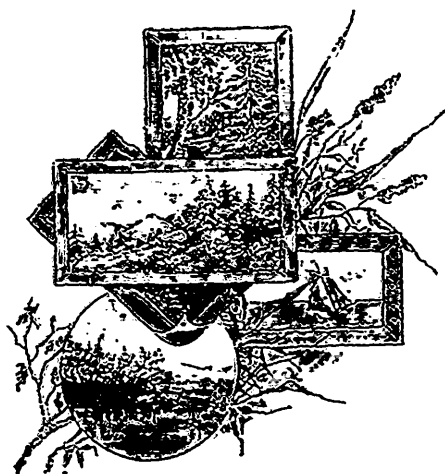
Debate on debate, fraught with more or less animosity, has taken place during the greater part of this nineteenth century, concerning the superiority of one device over another. But it is good to remember that a search after a universal panacea is decidedly fruitless and an extremely ungrateful undertaking. In fact, so varied are the contingencies in connection with individual cases that different problems require different solutions. The result

depends greatly on the given data. The area of the land to be seweraged and the compactness of dwellings and the density of population, are matters of prime importance; while the geological nature of the underlying strata and the configuration of the land combined with other physical characteristics, are decidedly influential factors in the solution of a sewerage problem. The rainfall, the nature of the surface, the covering of the streets, the character and extent of the water supply, have no mean weight in determining the adoption of one system in preference to another. The final disposal, too, forms an important item for consideration, while a great distinction must be made between the various sites which offer their individual peculiarities. Towns which border on the sea coast or on tidal estuaries, have different requirements from those that are inland. And among inland

towns, some are situated near rivers or lakes, while others are far removed from any source of water. Some grounds are level, some are undulating; some form the summits of hills, while others lie in the basins of valleys. It is as absurd to pronounce identically in these various cases as it would be for a physician to prescribe similarly for all diseases and for all patients.

In conclusion we may say that sewerage is the adaptation of means to the removal of sewage and to the prevention of any ill effects from its crassitude. And a sewerage system comprises all the appliances which are needed to concur in effecting this removal and in preventing any evil consequences: and we might require it to possess the following four qualities of the same initial:—Effectiveness, Expediency, Expedition, and Economy.

W. A. H., '88.





## KING ROBERT BRUCE.

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

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Insignem pietate virum tot alie labores.*—VIRGIL.

Bruce arrives in Kintyre,—at the cottage of a crofter,—repairs to the Castle of the Island Prince,—hears of the victories, betrayal and cruel murder of Sir William Wallace; all Scotland roused,—Bruce raises an army of thirty thousand men,—advances towards Stirling,—comes in sight of the English army, one hundred thousand strong,—resolves to attack,—Bannockburn,—Bruce rewards his Barons, the Island Prince, and the crofter of Kintyre.



N these wild and rugged shores so rock-bound  
 Safety with grateful peace at length is found.  
 But what fortunate chances are there now  
 To pluck my stolen Royalty from Edward's brow!  
 Few they are; yet on my own Garrick shore  
 Are loyal men; in Mona's isle some more  
 And Arran's mountains; brave men leal and true  
 O'er Scotland all glad would the fight renew,  
 Tyrants and hated foreigners drive far  
 By noble feats of a successful war.  
 With such bright hopes I chase my cares away  
 Pleased if in some lone cottage I could stay.  
 Lo! such at hand! sweet welcome I may find.  
 I'll enter in. The host is passing kind."  
 "You're welcome stranger; and you'll liberal share  
 In this our home, our hard won scanty fare.  
 Wasted with care you look; much toil you've borne  
 As if an Exile from your country torn  
 All lonely, sadly desolate, forlorn."  
 "Forlorn, indeed, but what those towers afar?  
 Some fortress held for fierce King Edward's war?"  
 "Not so; though it incredible appears,  
 Our Prince's home for twice five hundred years  
 Those walls. Still firm holds he independence.  
 A brave and loyal People his defence."  
 "By your kind care I'am well refreshed good friend,  
 To your Chief's mansion now my steps I'll bend.  
 If ever prosperous days to me return,  
 And you appear, my thoughts to thee I'll turn,  
 And joy to see you at my much loved home,

Remembering well whence and to whom you come :  
But ere I leave tell me your chief desire."

"No use to wish. However we aspire  
Stern fate appoints with power the only way  
Our lot be cast, nor suffers us to stay."

"Speak out your wish, meanwhile. If it bring no gain  
No loss it is your will not to obtain."

"S. You insist, and only friendship show,  
It's surely meet that such a friend should know :  
I fain would own the land I cultivate.  
And so the Laird be of a poor Estate."

"Adieu ! my friend ! I leave you on your land  
In care of Him who loveth poor and grand."  
Both stronghold and pleasant mansion, far famed,  
Was Donald's home. Dunavertie 'twas named.  
Therein security with needed rest

King Robert found, so long with toil oppress.  
Much converse held they on affairs of state,  
Bewailing sore their Scotia's hard fate.

With rare delight of deeds by Wallace done  
They often heard, and battles bravely won ;  
How oft beneath his conquering sword lay low  
The best and bravest, noblest of the foe.

But oh ! Sad turn of fate ! A traitor knave  
Betrays our Wallace, long so strong and brave.

No mercy shown ; no generous friend to light  
His pain ; No enemy that knew his might  
To pity him when down ; but to the knife  
He's given of murderous men he quelled in strife.  
Still here, at least, loved liberty prevails  
'Gainst arms and darkest treason. Nought avails  
Proud Edward's hosts o'er this our land to spread.

Most hopeful augury ! May yet be free  
Fair Scotland all, since here is Liberty  
So vast a land throughout, and Islands all  
That ne'er will basely own King Edward's thrall,  
O'erthrown our Wallace, bravest of the brave,  
And doomed to fill a patriot martyr's grave,  
Was roused all warlike Scotland's bitter pain.  
The watchword, "Scotland wronged and Wallace slain,"  
Wide o'er the injured lands loud warning gave,  
From Solway to the far off Northern wave,  
And warriors rose all burning for the fight, —  
Brave Barons, Knights and Lords of greatest might.

The Standard Royal floats upon the breeze,  
 Anxious each man the favouring chance to seize  
 For Liberty and vengeance on the foe,  
 Hastening the Regions all their force to show.  
 Thus Scotia's stalwart sons, in war array,  
 Come hurrying fast a hopeful war to wage,  
 And England's powers for Scotland's wrongs engage ;—  
 The men of Lanark, hardy, brave and true,  
 With those of Teviotdale, so fair to view ;  
 Of Ettrick wild each stern and valiant son.  
 They of the north were not to be outdone ,  
 And Scotchmen all from Solway's rushing wave  
 To Northern Isles afar their pledges gave,  
 The Power usurping fiercely to engage,  
 And never cease the Patriot war to wage,  
 Till once more conquering Scotland shall be free,  
 Her Lion Flag aloft from sea to sea.

England, meanwhile, sends forth her veteran Powers  
 To save from Scotland's siege old Stirling's Towers.  
 In vain prepare they fiercely to attack ;  
 The warlike Randolph promptly turns them back.  
 Hopeful the Bruce 'gainst odds to win the day,  
 Would now the fate of awful war essay.  
 But first, each warrior kneeling on the sod,  
 His prayer uplifts to the Patriot's God.  
 " For homes and country, mighty Lord we fight,  
 For Liberty and our loved nation's right."  
 " The rebels," Edward cries, " for pardon sue."  
 " But, your Grace, to another King than you."

The strength of England in her archers lies.  
 On them relies she and all foes defies.  
 Scattered these archers,—such a feat once done  
 Sure we may claim the worst of battle won.  
 Thine ardour, Edward Bruce, timely restrain,  
 The shock of arrows patiently sustain ;  
 Then ere anew they draw the fatal bow  
 Rush with thy horsemen headlong on the foe.

Wavers the English host,—a panic's spread,  
 So great of warlike Scotland's arms the dread.  
 The valiant Englishmen still show their might,  
 Their choice to die or conquer in the fight.  
 Thus Bruce: " Brave Donald, firm's my trust in thee,  
 Charge home with all thy well known chivalry."  
 Succeeds the charge ; the crowning work is done,

And Scotland's free, the Patriot battle won,  
 Meanwhile this glory not for her alone.  
 Great Liberty and right the world o'er  
 Much ground obtained, in after times a Power,  
 Greater than ever mightiest monarch knew,  
 This seed of right with growing time e'er grew.  
 Its march no man could stay or fix its bourne,  
 Its destiny was read at Bannockburn.

Now to the Sacred Altar hastes with speed,  
 The victor king, his first and greatest need,  
 That thanks be given to HIM who oft denies  
 The battle to the strong. Most earnest rise  
 Thanksgiving Psalms re-echoed o'er the plain  
 Joining each warrior in the holy strain.  
 Thanks first; and then that Scotia long may be  
 A land of Virtue, Truth and Liberty!

With victory and peace came cares of State,  
 Much joy and feasting crowned the Royal fate;  
 His Barons to reward the king applies,  
 Assigns to each a noble victor's prize.  
 Needs not the Island Prince much landed store;  
 But highest privilege and honours more,  
 That on the army's right wing he should fight  
 Was henceforth ruled to be his honoured right.

Nor was the crofter of Kintyre forgot;  
 A wondrous change came o'er his humble lot.  
 Our cottager at Bruce's Court scarce knows  
 His former guest, so greatly changed he shows.  
 But still his privilege our ploughman claims,  
 And as of right the Captain Robert names.  
 De Bruce, well known to be of generous mind,  
 The needed service, all so good and kind,  
 The crofter gave, most liberal would repay;  
 And ere the good man sought to move away,  
 The wish he once expressed was realized;  
 And he, greatly delighted and surprised,  
 His croft by deed received, and several more,  
 A fine estate now added to his store.  
 The only due as from old deeds appears,  
 He ever paid in course of coming years;  
 An apple was that always richly grew,  
 On land he laboured yearly to renew.

## AN INDIAN PLANT.



It is a remarkable fact that tobacco, a plant which is now so extensively cultivated, and which forms such an important article of commerce, was unknown to Europeans before the discovery of America. Some authorities believe that it was used in China previous to this time, giving as their reason that many Chinese monuments of the greatest antiquity contain carvings whose outline answers to that of the modern tobacco-pipe. This is certainly not a very convincing proof; hardly strong enough indeed to make us believe that the use of tobacco as a narcotic was known in the Old World before the time of Columbus.

We learn from historic records that upon the first voyage of Columbus to the New World, the custom of smoking existed among the Indians, the tobacco being rolled into a cylinder, not unlike the modern cigarette, but covered with maize-leaf. In later times when America was visited by various explorers, smoking seemed everywhere to be a favorite pastime among the Indians. The smoking of the calumet, was a prominent feature in all religious festivals, and was above all indispensable in the ratification of a treaty. When any favor was desired of the Great Spirit, they invariably smoked the calumet with the utmost solemnity, thinking that Manitou would refuse them nothing which was wafted to his ears upon the smoke of their sacred pipe. When friends were departing for distant regions, the tribe assembled and performed the same ceremony, and this was considered the greatest possible proof of love and friendship. Father Marquette, when leaving the Illinois, received from them a calumet which he smoked as his bark drew out from the shore. This act, he wrote, did more than anything else to secure the good will and attachment of the savages.

Tobacco was first introduced into Europe by a Spaniard, but it was used only as an ornamental plant. Later on it became celebrated for its supposed medi-

cal properties, and was finally used as a narcotic. Its use first became somewhat general in Spain, and shortly afterwards it spread into France, Italy, and other European countries. It must not, however, have been used much in England previous to the reign of Elizabeth, for we are told that when Walter Raleigh visited the New World in the reign of that Queen, he brought back with him to England some tobacco, which then seemed to be a great novelty. Of Raleigh it is said, whether truthfully or not, that one of his servants having perceived him smoking, threw a vessel of wine in his face and ran to inform the household that he was on fire. On account of the fact that the cultivation of the plant was given but little attention upon its first appearance in the Old World, it was exceedingly expensive and thus limited to the use of the higher class only. Its production, however, was soon undertaken with much success, and it was placed within the reach of the poorest. Seville in Spain, whence comes the famous Spanish snuff, was among the first places in Europe to begin the growth of tobacco.

As the habit of smoking kept spreading, it was met by attacks from many of the sovereigns of Europe, and in some countries those who made use of the plant were subjected to most severe punishments. James I, of England, forbade smoking, and in Turkey and Russia it was a serious offence. Notwithstanding the legislation against it, however, the habit continued to spread with lightning rapidity, and it is no worthy that those countries which were the last to receive it, and which inflicted upon the smoker severe punishments, are now the homes of the most inveterate smokers.

Among the many species of tobacco, there are three to the cultivation of which more attention is given than to others. These are, Virginian tobacco, cultivated in the New England States, of which there are several varieties; the Green or English tobacco, so called because it was the first to be introduced into England; and the Persian tobacco, from which is made

the much prized shiraz. There are various other species but these are the principal. The plant grows to a height of from three to six feet. The leaves are from six to eighteen inches long, and generally of an oblong shape, but these as well as the height of the plant vary greatly in the different species.

In the state of Virginia, which is considered one of the most favorable districts in the world for the production of tobacco, about the month of January the seed is sown in hot-beds; in June the plant is transplanted in the fields, where it is placed in small hills at a distance of from two to three feet apart. As with all other plants the labor of the producer is much increased by the ravages of insects which greatly retard its growth. To destroy these enemies, each plantation is provided with a large flock of turkeys. As soon as the flower appears it is cut off, to prevent the rest of the stalk from being deprived of any nourishment. In some countries, however, especially in parts of Europe the flower is allowed to grow and is utilized in the manufacturing process. When the proper stage of maturity has been reached, which is generally indicated by a discoloring of the leaves, the plant is cut and brought into sheds to be dried. It is then manufactured and prepared for the market. Over the growth and preparation of tobacco the government of the United States exercises a strict surveillance and the severest laws exist with regard to it.

The use of tobacco is becoming year after year, more general throughout all the countries of the earth, and notwithstanding that some governments have passed laws making it illegal for persons under a certain age to use tobacco, the habit which has now become so common among men, will likely never be discontinued. Looking over the statistics of the countries which produce it, we see that the production and exportation of this narcotic has increased almost incredibly during the past few decades. In Europe and Asia, smoking is fast gaining ground; and in Japan it is indulged in by both sexes. In England and Ireland, tobacco can enter only at certain ports, and in the southern parts of these islands where the plant might be successfully grown, laws exist

prohibiting its cultivation. The extremely high duties which are levied upon it, seem not in the least to lessen its universal consumption.

Physiologists in general condemn the use of tobacco as a most injurious practice. There are many organs of the body upon which it seldom fails to have an evil effect. The stomach is injured by it; the action of the heart is rendered irregular; vision is impaired, and equally bad are the results upon the brain, the nervous system, the lining membrane of the mouth and that of the lungs. It is a habit "most deleterious to the young." Of the different modes of using it, snuffing is without doubt the least injurious, though it produces evil effects upon the sense of smell and the voice. Smoking and chewing are much more harmful. The poisonous substances with which the tobacco of cigarettes is adulterated, make them doubly dangerous to the health. In the first place as with cigars, the tobacco comes in direct contact with the mouth, and the nicotine has a greater effect than if a pipe were used; in the second place, the inhalation of those poisons into the lungs cannot be otherwise than extremely injurious. Chronic diseases, however, seldom result from the use of tobacco, and if the habit be discontinued the health is again restored.

Physiologists recommend the use of a long stemmed pipe, composed of some absorbing material such as clay or meerschauam. The object of this is to collect certain injurious oily substances which exude from tobacco. To destroy the effect of the poisons, it is also advisable that a small piece of cotton saturated with a strong solution of tannic acid be placed in the stem of the pipe.

It would not be just to exaggerate the dangers of tobacco. Richardson an authority on the subject says,—“It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea; and by the side of high living altogether, it contrasts most favorably.” But it must be remembered that this does not disprove what Ruskin said of it,—that it is the greatest natural curse of modern society.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL, F.R.S., LL.D.



DEATH has recently robbed the world of science, of one of its foremost men, the late John Tyndall. To all who have made any study of science, the name of Tyndall will sound not unfamiliar. On account of his long and prominent connection

with the Royal Institution, he is usually thought to have been an Englishman but as a matter of fact he was an Irishman. Leighlin Bridge in Carlow was his birthplace. Tyndall's father gave him as good an education as he could, but that was only a common school education.

It may perhaps be a slight consolation to some students to know that Tyndall was not remarkable in his youth for studious habits. He was fond of outdoor sports and in the pursuit thereof developed a strong constitution that was afterwards able to bear the strain of hard work. Though not a remarkably studious youth, he, however, made great progress in mathematics, being especially proficient in algebra and geometry. He is said to have had the faculty of picturing to himself solid forms in geometry and of being able to deal with them as easily as other students could with the models. In 1839, Tyndall joined the Ordinance Survey. The survey was then under General George Gwynne, who soon took a liking for Tyndall, a liking which ripened into strong friendship. For a while Tyndall was a draughtsman but having, in his spare moments, mastered the vernier and tangent screws of the theodolite, he was soon permitted to handle that instrument. When the Ordinance Survey work was finished, Tyndall contemplated emigration to America, but the railway craze was then prevalent in England, and a man of Tyndall's surveying experience found abundant work without crossing the Atlantic. For a while the country was afflicted with railway mania. Railway

stocks and railway lines were the subjects of conversation among all classes. High and low, rich and poor, merchant and clerk, master and servant were alike absorbed in the new lines and the stock markets. The surveying of the projected lines was pushed forward with great rapidity, and the work was so arduous that many strong men were broken down. Tyndall himself tells of the "refreshment occasionally derived from five minutes sleep on a deal table with Babbage and Callets Logarithms under my head for a pillow." He had three weeks' experience as a stock gambler. He bought a few shares in a projected line, but the thought of the possible fluctuations of the stock market so worried him that at the end of three weeks he rushed to his broker and got rid of his stock, neither gaining nor losing anything on his first and last attempt at stock gambling.

The railway fever being allayed, Tyndall accepted a position as professor in Queenland College, an institution that was founded by Robert Owen, the social reformer, and which was known as Harmony Hall. On the corner stone were inscribed the letters C.O.M., commencement of the millenium. It was in Queenland college that Tyndall met Dr. Frankland the first of that afterwards numerous group of scientists with whom he was intimately acquainted. While there, Tyndall spent much of his time in the chemical laboratory with Dr. Frankland. The two afterwards went to the University of Marburg in Hesse Cassel. The famous Bunsen was professor of chemistry in that institution. He was as is well known, a great physicist. Under Bunsen, Tyndall worked hard and made great progress in chemistry. Tyndall's admiration for Bunsen was unbounded. Speaking of him, he says, "Bunsen was a man of fine presence, tall, handsome, courteous and without a trace of affectation or pedantry. He merged himself into his subject; his expression was lucid and his language pure; he spoke the clear Hanoverian

accent, which is so pleasant to English ears; he was every inch a gentleman. After some experience of my own, I still look back on Bunsen as the nearest approach to my ideal of a university teacher. He sometimes seemed absent-minded, as he gazed through the window at the massive Elizabethen Kirche, and appeared to be thinking of it rather than of his lecture. But there was no interruption, no halting or stammering, to indicate that he had been for a single moment forgetful."

Stegmann was Tyndall's professor of mathematics. After graduating from Marburg, Tyndall took a course in Berlin, studying physics under the renowned Professor Magnus. During these years spent in Germany, Tyndall was a hard and painstaking student. He tells how he dined sparingly to keep himself in proper condition to work sixteen hours per day. Ludwig, Fick, Waitz, Hessel, Knoblauch, Dr. Debus, Dove, the Rose brothers Du Bois Raymond, Poggenдорff and Humboldt are some of the famous scientists Tyndall met while in Germany. Returning from Berlin in 1851, he resumed his duties as professor in Queenland College. In that year began his acquaintance with Huxley, with whom he afterwards became so inseparably connected in the public mind. They became acquainted with one another on their way to Ipswich to attend the meeting of the British Association, that distinguished body of scientists of which Tyndall afterwards became President. Shortly after this, he and Huxley gave Canada a chance to have two afterwards famous men. Tyndall applied for the professorship of physics in Toronto University, and Huxley was an applicant for the Chair of natural history in the same institution, "but," says Tyndall himself in "Faraday as a Discoverer," "possibly guided by a prophetic instinct, the University authorities declined having anything to do with either of us."

In 1853 Tyndall became connected with the Royal Institution, London. Friday evening lectures were given in the institution by prominent scientists. Tyndall's reputation had reached the Royal Institution from Berlin, and he was invited to give a Friday evening lecture. The views advanced by Tyndall were directly

opposed to those of Faraday, but the latter was so well pleased with Tyndall's delivery and exposition, that he was the first to congratulate him on his maiden lecture at the Royal. His success brought him an offer of the Chair of natural philosophy, which he accepted and filled for years. Huxley also settled down in London, and the two continued as fellow-workers and warm friends, until Tyndall's death severed the bond that held them together. One of the bones of contention among scientists at that time was the question of diamagnetism. Tyndall contended that magnetism and diamagnetism were alike polar forces. Faraday dissented. By a series of experiments Tyndall proved his theory.

In 1856 Tyndall gave a lecture on the Cleavage of Slate Rocks. Huxley, who was present, afterwards suggested to him the possibility of glaciers being constructed in the same way as slate. That was enough for Tyndall. An expedition was organized, and Tyndall, Huxley and Hooker were off to the Grindelwald glacier. In 1857 Tyndall and Hirst made measurements of the Mer de Glace, and the following year the similarity between the lamination of the glacier and the cleavage of slate rocks was firmly established. Between that time and 1860 Tyndall made about twenty-three visits to the Alps.

In 1872 he came to America on a lecturing tour. He was so successful that his net receipts amounted to about \$13,000, which sum he donated as a fund for defraying the expenses of two students a year from Harvard and Columbia Colleges, who would wish to pursue a scientific course in the German Universities. On his return to England, Tyndall experimented and worked on the "transmission of sound, and the atmospheric conditions that affect it." The results of his work were reported to a committee of the House of Commons, that had been appointed for the purpose of improving the fog signals, and were likewise published in the "*Philosophical Magazine*." The following are also some of his contributions to scientific literature: *The Glaciers of the Alps*, 1860; *Mountaineering*, 1861; *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, 1863; *On Radiation*, 1865; *On Light*, 1870; *On Sound*, 1865; *Faraday as a Discoverer*;



*Forms of Water in Clouds, Rivers, Ice, etc.; Hours of Exercise in the Alps; Fragments of Science; Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air, 1861; New Fragments, 1862; Researches on Diamagnetism and Magnet Crystalline Action, 1870; Fermentation, 1877; Floating Matter in the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection, 1881.* In all these writings Professor Tyndall has done much to popularize science. In fact it was as a popularizer of science that he became so famous. His style is free and pleasing. When one considers the probable effect of a purely mathematical and scientific training, it is wonderful how gracefully he writes. And not only by writing was he successful in making science popular, but likewise by speaking. He was a popular and successful lecturer. His name has been linked with those of Spencer and Huxley. These three are widely known as the disciples of Darwin. They were all three possessed of different abilities and fitted for different portions of the same work. Spencer was the philosopher of the trio. He dealt with principles. His work was in the domain of philosophy, and philosophers alone could understand him. Huxley was at his best when in the field of biology, and Tyndall completed the circuit between them and the people. His writings and his lectures, the latter supplemented by experiments, were intelligible to all. While at Queenland, he learnt that besides wide knowledge of the matter in hand, there was required, to be a successful lecturer or professor, the rare power of commanding and retaining the attention of one's hearers and of stimulating in them a thirst for knowledge. Influenced also, no doubt, by the example and success of his ideal, Bunsen, he made every effort to become a successful lecturer and his efforts were not in vain. He was naturally a fluent speaker and by practice and attention he developed into an entertaining lecturer. Huxley tells us that he made most careful preparation for every lecture he delivered. When he gave one, he wanted it to be the very best.

A great deal has been written about Tyndall's philosophical and religious views. He was a reader and great admirer of Emerson, Fichte and Carlyle, whom he pronounces to be great men, and warns

his readers to allow no one to persuade them that they were not great men. Some will tell you Tyndall was a materialist. Others, as for instance, Grant Allen in the *Review of Reviews*, will tell you that he was not. And so it would be if he were put under any other category. There would be "pro" and "con" for every "ist" that you might apply to him. In view of which fact, it would be a great economy of study and controversy, if a commission were appointed, whose work it would be to have eminent men tell us, before they leave us, what they really are.

As regards religion, it is somewhat different. His father was an Orangeman, and bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church. The son was imbued with some of the father's spirit. And it was but natural that he should be. Our fathers, and not our own researches, are sometimes responsible for many of our views on politics and religion. Tyndall and his father used to carry on discussions on religion, the son occasionally taking the side of Catholicism. Thus he acquired from his father a complete stock in trade of North of Ireland hate and North of Ireland argument for the Church of Rome. This was his attitude towards one form of religion, an attitude that was due to the circumstances of his birth and early training. As regards religion in general, whatever he may have thought in his early day, his subsequently formed opinions were set forth in his Belfast address to the British Association in 1874. Therein he seems to say, or to intimate, that the inroads on religion are directly proportionate to the progress of science. As the latter progressed the former lost its hold on the minds of the people. The two are insociable. His address was characterized by great tact. Every charge against religion was followed by a compliment to the usefulness but never the necessity of religion. There was a sip of honey after every bitter pill. Harsh criticism followed this address. Among the critics was Dr. Martineau, a Huguenot divine, who was the only one, or at any rate, one of the few that Tyndall deemed worthy of a reply.

*The London Saturday Review* of August 1874, furnishes in short form an idea of the tenor of the address, and from it one

is forced to conclude that Tyndall was a materialist. The *Review* says that to the question "Are we still to leave to the domain of special creation the origin of life and conscience?" Mr. Tyndall's reply, judging from his address, is that he is "in favor of the theory that life arose from the automatic action of matter." This is the *Review's* interpretation of the main idea of his address, and to substantiate this interpretation it cites the following from the address itself. "Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our confessed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." If discerning in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life" is not materialism, a very large portion of mankind is deplorably ignorant of the true meaning of the word. And so anxious is he to establish this doctrine that he "prolongs the vision backwards across the boundary of experimental evidence," which prolonging must impede the propagation of his doctrines for he thereby admits that he discerns that which lacks "experimental evidence." According to Huxley, Tyndall had "a profound distrust of all long chains of deductive reasoning (outside mathematics) unless the links could be experimentally or observationally tested at no long intervals." Of anything that could not withstand such a test, he had, says Huxley, a "profound distrust." Had he a "profound distrust" of the doctrine he himself so emphatically proclaimed?

In politics, Tyndall was a Tory of the old school and consequently an anti-Home Ruler. Gladstone, he termed, a "hoary rhetorician." As a man, Tyndall was evidently of a very high calibre. Huxley, who was closely connected with him for over forty years, expresses unbounded admiration of him. He was a man of great honor and integrity, a man of strong personality and force of character. He would cling to his convictions in the face of the strongest opposition, and would stand by a friend with equal firmness. He formed the closest friendship with some of England's greatest scientists. Huxley relates an amusing reminiscence of a club that was formed by a scientific coterie. The organizers were Frankland, Busk, Hirst, Hooker, Spencer, Spottiswoode, Tyndall and Huxley.

They were at a loss for a name; and at the suggestion of the mathematicians, the club was called the X Club. The only rule of the club was the unwritten rule that there would be no rules. Later on however, a deviation was made from this for the purpose of restricting the membership. No new member was to be admitted unless his name contained all the consonants that were not contained in the names of the then members. To these, his associates in science and in social life, and to many others who had learned his true merit, there came sorrow deep and sincere, when, in December last, the news went forth to the world, that, owing to the mistake of a loving hand, the scientist and man that is the subject of this sketch, had gone forth to that "bourne whence no traveller returns."

J. P. SMITH, '93.



## A FREAK OF FORTUNE.



AMUEL Duhobret was a disciple of the famous engraver Albert Dürer, admitted into the art school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse dapestry then used in Germany. As he was about forty years of age, small, ugly, and hump-backed, he was the butt of ill jokes among his fellow-pupils, and selected as a special object of dislike by Madame Durer, who tormented the scholars and domestics as well as the master, by her Xantippical temper. Poor Duhobret had not a spice of malice in his heart, and not only bore all his trials with patience, eating without complaint the scanty crusts given for dinner, while his companions fared better, but always showed himself ready to assist and serve those who scoffed at him. His industry was unremitting. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and worked till sunset. During three years, he plodded thus, and said nothing of the paintings he had produced in his lonely chamber by the light of his lamp. His bodily energies wasted under incessant toil. No one cared enough for him to notice the feverish color in his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing meagreness of his misshapen frame. No one observed that the poor pittance set aside for his midday meal remained untouched for several days. The poor artist made his appearance as usual, and as mockly bore the gibes of the students or the taunts of the lady: working with the same assiduity, though his hands trembled and his eyes were often suffused with tears.

One morning he was missing from the scene of his labors, and, though jokes were passed about his disappearance, no one thought of going to his lodgings to see if he were ill or dead. He was indeed prostrated by a low fever that had been lurking in his veins and slowly sapping his strength. He was half-delirious and

muttered incoherent words, fancying his bed surrounded by mocking demons, taunting him with his inability to call a priest to administer the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world.

From exhausted slumbers he awoke, faint and with parched lips; it was the fifth day he had lain in his cell neglected. Feebly he stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, and found that it contained not a drop of water. Slowly and with difficulty he arose, for he knew that he must procure sustenance or die of want. He went to the other end of the room, took up the picture he had painted last, and resolved to carry it to a dealer, who might give him for it enough to furnish necessaries a week longer. On his way he passed a house before which there was a great crowd. There was to be a sale, he learned, of many specimens of art, collected during thirty years by an amateur. The wearied Duhobret thought he might here find a market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and found the auctioneer, a busy little man, holding a handful of papers, and inclined to be rough with the lean, sallow hunchback who so eagerly implored his attention.

"What do you call your picture?" he asked. "It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with the village and landscape," replied the trembling artist.

The auctioneer looked at it, hummed contemptuously, and asked its price. "Whatever you please; whatever it will bring," was the anxious reply.

"Hem!"—with an unfavorable criticism—"I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Duhobret had spent the nights of many months on that piece! But he was starving, and the pittance offered would buy him bread. He nodded to the auctioneer, and retired to a corner.

After many paintings and engravings had been sold, Duhobret's was exhibited. "Who bids? Three thalers! Who bids?"

was the cry. The poor artist held his breath; no response was heard. Suppose it should not find a purchaser! He dared not look up; he thought everybody was laughing at the folly of offering so worthless a piece at public sale. "It is certainly my best work!" he murmured piteously to himself. He ventured to glance at the picture as the auctioneer held it in a favorable light. There was certainly a beautiful freshness in the rich foliage, a transparency in the water, a freedom and life in the animals. The steeple, the trees, the whole landscape, showed the genius of an artist. Alas! he felt the last throeb of an artist's vanity. The dead silence continued, and, turning away, he buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty one thalers!" a faint voice called out. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy, and looked to see who had uttered those blessed words. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first meant to go.

"Fifty thalers!" called the sonorous voice of a tall man in black.

There was a moment's silence.

"One hundred thalers!" at length cried the picture-dealer, evidently piqued and anxious.

"Two hundred!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"One thousand thalers!"

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents who stood opposite to each other with flushed and angry faces.

The tall stranger bid fifteen hundred thalers.

"Two thousand thalers!" thundered the picture-dealer, glancing around him triumphantly.

"Ten Thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew pale, his frame shook with agitation.

His voice was hoarse; but after two or three efforts he cried out.

"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent bid forty thousand. The dealer hesitated. His adversary laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and the crowd gave a murmur of admiration. The picture dealer felt his peace at stake, and called out in sheer desperation:

"Fifty thousand!"

The tall man hesitated: the crowd was breathless.

At length, tossing his arms in defiance he shouted:

"One hundred thousand!" adding an impatient execration against his adversary. The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew. The tall victor bore away the prize. He passed through the wondering people, went out and was going along the street when a decrepit, lame, humpback wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. The stranger threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as if dispensing with thanks. "May it please your honor," persisted the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture." He rubbed his eyes, for he had hardly yet been able to persuade himself that he had not been dreaming.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, and questioned the artist. Being convinced of the truth of his statement, he took out his pocket book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend" he said. "It is a check for your money. Good morning."

Duhobret invested his money, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, cultivating painting as a pastime. His picture had long an honored place in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsbach, and the curious instance of its purchase was often related. It afterward passed into the possession of the king of Bavaria.



## GLADSTONE AND CATHOLICITY.



**N**ETHER learning, nor experience, can be considered proof against prejudice. Yet, without expecting any man to be perfect, we might hope at least, that those chosen mortals

who have been called to occupy the highest positions in an empire, and who wield a mighty influence for good or evil, should be more removed from this defect, than others in less exalted stations. But our hopes meet many disappointments. Indeed it would seem that in most such cases we rather find an inverse ratio,—the greater the talents, the less candor in discussing religious questions. The reason is not deeply hidden. Great minds are liable to be too positive; they are right in their own estimation beyond a doubt; hence they are very prone to discover errors and deduce false conclusions in the doctrines of those who differ from them. Our statements are well exemplified in Prince Bismark and Mr. Gladstone, both of whom have occupied for more than half-a-century high positions in their respective countries.

We shall refer to Mr. Gladstone only; and in speaking of him it shall not be our object to parade the just renown of one, whose greatness as a statesman, orator, litterateur, and as one of the most outspoken upholders of justice to all men, is universally acknowledged and needs no comment. Amid close and untiring attention to the national affairs of a great empire, he has found time to fill many pages of the leading magazines, and to publish pamphlets on the vital questions of the day. He has, by his long experience, acquired a certain authority on the subjects which he discusses, and men of letters look with great interest for his views on topics which agitate the literary world. Everything seems to be within his grasp. From his beautiful tributes to the earliest and best of poets, the immortal Homer, to his refutation of the arguments of those false scientists, who endeavor to show that

the truths of Christianity are opposed to conclusions of their own, all his principles are logical and justly deserve the highest commendation.

With all his erudition, however, there is one domain which Mr. Gladstone entered with his usual confidence, and instead of enlightening his readers he did manifest and unpardonable injury. We refer to the domain of the Roman Catholic religion. He seems to have viewed all her doctrines through a thick mist of prejudice, which became more impenetrable the more he tried to dispel it. It would seem almost incredible, that such a man could fall into the glaring mistakes which characterize his treatment of Catholics and their faith. Were his statements marked by any depth of study, which we might naturally expect, judging by the care he takes on other questions, then would he be less open to censure. For we could credit him with being conscientious and logical. But gross misstatements concerning the fundamental doctrines of a religion, which counts among its members many of his best friends and sincerest admirers, cannot be otherwise explained than by saying that Mr. Gladstone either departed from his golden rule of carefully inquiring into the nature of the subject discussed, or that he was led to his conclusions by blind prejudice. And in either case the reason is unworthy of a great mind.

There is nothing short of an open contradiction between the ideas contained in some of his pamphlets or so called "Expostulations," and his general attitude towards Catholics. Mr. Gladstone will always be kindly remembered as a champion of the rights of Catholics as citizens: his identification with the cause of justice to the oppressed majority in Ireland will immortalize his name. According to his exterior conduct, Catholics are worthy and honorable men, who deserve the fullest confidence. Yet, strange to say, the great statesman has asserted, among other equally unjust statements, that "No one can become a convert of the Church of Rome without renouncing his moral and

mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another." And again, that "Rome has equally repudiated modern thought and history." Such assertions smack very strongly of the old English prejudice, which held that no Catholic could be a good citizen. Like all Protestants, Mr. Gladstone, logically enough, has seen the necessity of disproving the infallibility of the Successor of St. Peter; that once having been overthrown all authority shares its downfall, and Protestantism being a revolt against this same authority, is necessarily justified. He seems to be under the impression that the neophytes received into the Church are different Catholics from those who have been brought up within her pale. He also seems to have never heard that when speaking *ex Cathedra* within the sphere of faith and morals, the Pope was only giving voice to the *sententia communissima et certissima* of Catholic theologians. The Church asks her new converts to believe what all her children have ever believed. The Pope has symbolized in all ages the law of God upon earth; and his infallible authority has been proved by the incontestible authority of nearly all the master-minds, that have belonged to the church over which he presides. Mr. Gladstone has said that there was very strong opposition to papal power in the Middle Ages. But this proves nothing against the righteousness of that power. Suppose we applied the same principle to the great cause upheld by the veteran statesman; it would follow that because it has met with violent and persistent opposition it was fundamentally wrong. He also attempts to show that the definition of this doctrine in 1870 was inconsistent, and that it was brought about by a policy of violence and change. He forgets at the same time, that for the past three hundred years the Catholic Church has endured storms of calumny and abuse, which wholly sprang from false principles being carried to their ultimate end. Why then, we ask, had she not the right at any moment, during these critical times, to reassert with emphasis, that authority in faith and morals, which had always been admitted as hers, and to show man where he could find truth, unsullied by errors rampant among her enemies. It was

reserved to our own days to see the fulfillment of this necessity. If the Church did not speak with infallible authority she would sink below the lowest sects, for unlike them she claims to have absolute and divine foundation for her belief. Moreover, the Reformation has carried with it at all times and in all countries, the effects of the wrong principles on which it was founded; it has associated itself with the false ideas of Ockham, and Descartes; and to-day men after having undermined the Pope's temporal power, are trying to introduce anarchism and socialism, as substitutes for kings and queens, who, strange to say, after lending themselves as agents in destroying religious authority, had the consolation of seeing their own destroyed. Hence the urgent necessity of the Church vindicating herself as the guardian of those blessed principles, which Christ himself gave for man's temporal and spiritual welfare. Mr. Gladstone tried hard to disprove the historical continuity of the infallibility of the Pope; but Cardinal Newman has amply shown what are the tests of a true development. The Church believes nothing and teaches nothing that has not positive foundation on historical evidence. Let no man declare her doctrines false, unless he can substantiate his assertions.

His other statement, that "Rome has equally repudiated modern thought and history," shows a great ignorance of the real principles which govern the Church. He ignores the law of continual development,—of growth from within, outwards. Even Lord Macaulay with all his rash assertions against Catholicism, had the grace to acknowledge that she kept better pace with the marvellous developments of modern times than did Protestantism. Speaking of this growth, he says: "Yet we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has been in favor of the Church of Rome." And in speaking of Lord Macaulay, we are reminded of another passage in his works, where he shows plainly the strange mistakes, under which Mr. Gladstone labors at times. Without putting much faith in the essayist's authority as an historian, we adduce this particular case as an example of how

great men err. Lord Macaulay's words are: "Unity, Mr. Gladstone says, is essential to truth. And this is most unquestionable. But when he goes on to tell us that this unity is the characteristic of the Church of England, that she is one in body and spirit, we are compelled to differ from him widely. It is a matter of perfect notoriety, that her formularies are framed in such a manner as to admit to her highest offices, men who differ from each other, more widely than a very high churchman differs from a Catholic, or a very low churchman from a Presbyterian." It is evident from the foregoing, that the views of Mr. Gladstone on religious subjects require to be carefully weighed before they are given much credence. If he meant that the church repudiated modern thought and history by declaring the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the least we can say is, that although the doctrine may have appeared absurd to the great Englishman, yet it was given forth with the fervent and united approval of the Catholic world. No declaration of faith was ever more universally, more joyfully accepted. The devotion to the Mother of God has always been, and ever will be one of the greatest consolations to good Catholics. Even the Koran of Mahomet, testifies that everyone coming into this world is tainted with sins, Mary and her Son alone accepted.

Two other propositions given to the world in general, but to Catholics in particular, and by way of "expostulation," make it evident that Mr. Gladstone had for his object, to foster in the English mind a long-existing abhorrence of Catholicity. He declares, that "Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem*, a policy of violence and change of faith; she had rebrunished and paraded anew, every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused." This Church after several centuries of exile, had returned, and was making astonishing progress in England. She had succeeded in winning over by the truth and oneness of her essence, some of his most learned countrymen. It was time to check, by any means, this progress towards Rome. But it would seem that Providence, though subjecting the faithful to many trials, had followed the old rule of raising some

master-mind to substantiate their faith and conquer their enemies. Cardinal Newman's vindication of Catholicity was triumphant. He had been at one time a shining light in the Anglican Church; and his words have always had great influence on the English people. The delicacy with which he has treated subjects somewhat repugnant to Englishmen, is astonishing. In his lecture on the "Position of Catholics," he had to treat of miracles; he defended the Immaculate Conception against Dr. Pusey; he showed the necessity of an Infallible Guide in faith and morals; his statements are brief but conclusive, and this together with his masterly English has done immeasurable good to the Catholic cause.

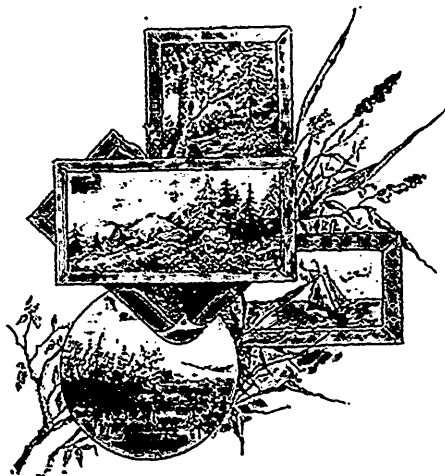
There is a curious inconsistency in Mr. Gladstone's assertions. After launching the two thunderbolts above mentioned against "Rome," he meekly desires, "to eschew not only religious bigotry, but likewise theological controversy." A very strange way, indeed, of softening the feelings of Catholics, after attacking the fundamental doctrines of their belief, without adducing arguments to sustain those statements; and what is worse, to declare that such sweeping assertions were made by way of "expostulation." But Catholics knew how to accept the olive-branch of good will, tempered with these words. When they want articles of faith explained, they will keep clear of Mr. Gladstone; for a man may be a great statesman, and a very poor theologian. Apelles' advice to the cobbler was just. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" has been and will always be true. What does he really adduce in support of these assertions? Merely that in his opinion the Church has concocted a new doctrine in the Infallibility of St. Peter's successor, and a new devotion to the Mother of God in the Immaculate Conception. The Church simply emphasized those principles which in all ages have been the centre of her exertions. It would not take much ingenuity to see another contradiction in these two propositions. If she has as he declares "paraded anew every rusty tool that she was thought to have disused," then at least the Church is *semper ead. m.* since she has never acted on any principle she cares to disown. But enough. It

has been truly remarked that very little good was ever done by controverting religious topics in print. It is sufficient to say that had the great Englishman devoted as much time and attention to study the Church of Rome in the depth of her origin and history, as he has to other great questions, far different would be the tone of his remarks. It is wonderful what a diversity in motives actuates men. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and others were brought to Catholicity after deep and conscientious study; after removing themselves from all worldly consideration, and searching for Truth, they were forced to admit that it was to be found only within that Church, in which Mr. Gladstone has tried to discover so much confusion. On the other hand the great statesman sees many perfections in the Church of England, which Lord Macaulay plainly shows she does not possess. And certainly Lord Macaulay never intended to say anything derogatory to that Church.

Mr. Gladstone possesses great fixity of purpose, and moral courage; his aims are as dear if not dearer than life; nothing can shake his convictions, provided he thinks he is right. Prejudice against a

religion has kept him from going any depth into her principles. It was necessary to show the English people that "the alarm at the aggressive activity and imagined growth of the Roman Church in their country was groundless." He undertook the task, and in order to accomplish it, the justice or injustice of the means was not to be considered, provided that the end was won. That he has succeeded is very doubtful; that he has inflicted gross injury on Catholics and their Church is beyond doubt. He has quieted the fears of a great many, who were in distress lest he himself should join the other great minds of England in the march towards Rome. Yet in the end much good has come to the cause which was to be injured. His misrepresentations have led to a thorough and forcible exposition of Catholic doctrine by its leading upholders throughout the world. Among whom Cardinal Newman stands pre-eminent and whose masterly reply though given forth nearly twenty years ago, has effectually kept Mr. Gladstone from risking any more hostile incursions into a domain in which he was so far from being at home.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.





## SNOWSHOER'S SONG.

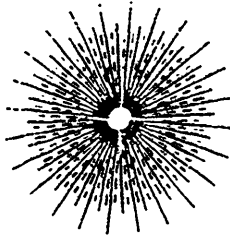


THE snow on the earth lies gleaming,  
 The stars in the sky shine bright,  
 And the pale moonbeams  
 Fall in silver streams  
 On the crystals glittering white  
 A glorious winter's even  
 Entices us off to stray  
 On our snowshoes swift  
 Over plain and drift,  
 While we shout in chorus gay—  
  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, oh sing as we march along,  
 While the winds tunc blow  
 And the fleecy snow  
 Inspire our joyous song.  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, we plod an unbeaten way,  
 But the miles slip by,  
 And our goal draws nigh,  
 As we sing our merry lay.  
  
 Oh, where is the hill so lofty,  
 Oh, where is the vale so deep,  
 Or the gale so strong,  
 Or the road so long,  
 As to from us its secret keep?  
 We level with towering mountain,  
 The valley we raise on high,  
 Through the forest glade  
 Is our pathway made,  
 And this is our jolly cry—  
  
 Tramp, tramp, etc.

With echoless tread we follow  
    The Ottawa's winding way,  
Where the light flakes fly,  
And the drifts pile high,  
    And the winds about us play.  
We love the frolicking snowflakes,  
    The breezes so bold and free,  
And we love such tramps  
'Neath the heaven's lamps  
    So we sing right merrily--

Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.



## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

26—So much has been said to dissuade young persons from taking up literature as a profession, that if anyone should now make the mistake of clutching the pen with a hand which Nature meant for some other instrument, it will not be through want of ample warning. Indeed, it is an open question whether or not those well-meaning premonitions have not been carried too far. The choice of any avocation is in all instances a most serious matter which should be given long and earnest reflection. But no reason suggests itself why literature should be singled out, except, perhaps, the glimmer of romance in which this comparatively mysterious walk of life frequently presents itself to the mind of the young and inexperienced. The sanguine Ulysses who sails the golden sea of youth, should beware not to be too easily attracted by the sweet voice of the Siren called literature. The sooner a young man, or a young woman, learns that literature means art, and that art means effort, pains and disappointment, the better for all concerned. What is too frequently forgotten is that correct writing seldom "comes by nature—to use a phrase of Dogberry—but is almost invariably the result of deep thinking, wide reading, and long and laborious experiment. The fluent style which we admire in the work of some celebrated author is the fruit, not of days or weeks, but of years, for easy writing comes only of much labor and incessant practice. From a great number of examples let us recall a few. "Romola," by no means her best novel, took George Eliot two years to write; Charles Reade before beginning a new story was in the habit of devoting an immense amount of time to its preparation; Scott spent long years practicing his pen; Dickens corrected his manuscript and even his proof, until they were scarcely decipherable; Newman changed, re-wrote and interlined until his folio resembled a folded cobweb; Moore and Campbell changed until the printers pro-

tested; Macaulay wrote most of his work several times before he was satisfied with it; in a word, even literary ability of the highest degree cannot dispense with taking pains. There is a prevalent fallacy that all works of genius are dashed off at a white heat. The beginner must disabuse himself of this dangerously erroneous idea before he dreams of putting pen to paper. Apt expression is born of Logic and Trial. "Art is long and life is brief," is a wholesome old aphorism, which I might have expressed in Latin, by the help of my dictionary (I mean the appendix of course) only I believe it sounds as well and looks as good in English.

Because Anthony Trollope has said, in what the Hon. George E. Foster would call "a moment of weakness" that, "if a man can command a table a chair, pen, ink, and paper, he can commence his trade as a literary man," every young person—but chiefly the female young person—who can string together a few sentences fancies he, or she, can make money by writing for the Magazines. Household utensils and stationery are all very well, but Anthony Trollope omitted one indispensable item from his list. An individual requires not only a chair to sit upon, and a table to support his manuscript, and a pen to make characters thereon, but also a brain behind the pen, before he can progress as a literary man. Trollope himself possessed literary aptitude, and had in his mother a helpful literary adviser, and yet neither she nor his own qualities could enable him to turn his early efforts into money. So make sure about your ability before you look to literature for a living, and do not blindly trust yourself to the paper, chair and table theory.

The question of ability settled, so far as such a question can be settled without actual trial, other considerations should receive careful thought. Has the youth a turn for dry research, and is he willing to work long and arduously without

remuneration? If so let him begin his martyrdom forthwith, and some day he may become a historian. Does the youth entertain a profound veneration for "the courtly days of old" and the dried bones of the buried past? Let him nurse his bent and the remote future may hail him as a historical novelist. Does the youth reside in a realm which is not of "heaven or earth" but rather of his own imagination compact? Why let him dream on, if his stomach can stand the foodless ordeal, and betimes he may present the world with a stately epic or a soul-stirring lyric. It is my firm conviction that people are born to be novelists and poets as well as to be blacksmiths and shoemakers. Only let them question Dame Nature at the outset. Let them make sure of their vocations, that is, of her intentions towards them, before they begin the journey of life.

Let us not forget though that we Catholics in America have need of the Artist be his mode of expression what it may. This statement will be denied by none, nor the additional one, that it carries with it its obligations; for if we require the Artist, all legitimate and wholesome yearning for the artistic on the part of our young should be respected, encouraged and promoted. It were a truism to state that the great nations of antiquity owe most of their lasting fame not to the sword, but to the chisel, the brush and the stylus; and yet this frequently discussed fact is the precise one which we too frequently entirely leave out of our minds. Consequently, the youth who shows the least indications of artistic genius, or of any sort of genius—that rare sixth sense which is always found combined with large common-sense—should be the pet of the community. He may have been born to make his people immortal. He may have been intended by Nature to fill a noble rôle. In any case, as a devotee of the higher manifestations of human intellect he deserves well of his people. The things which are dear to him should be properly appraised by the other members of his community or commonwealth. The arts of each kind exercise a direct influence, both on individuals and on nations; and are essential to each for the perfect attain-

ment of civilization, and the elevation and refinement of the mind.

According to Mr. James Payne, the scholarly editor of the Cornhill Magazine, "there are hundreds of clever young men, who are now living at home and doing nothing, who might be earning very tolerable incomes by their pens if only they knew how." In this statement he might fairly have included clever young women. But remember, it applies only to those of both sexes who are doing nothing. In no circumstance should a boy or girl who is obliged to support himself or herself think of doing so by literature. It is, as Sir Walter Scott said, all very well as a stick, but it makes an exceedingly poor crutch. Probably not one author in ten could, for the first two or three years, support himself by his pen alone, and even after that period of apprenticeship many may find it most difficult, if not actually impossible.

Notwithstanding all those obstacles, I would have the young man try his luck, especially if he has sufficient reasons to believe that he possesses a fair share of talent, pluck and endurance. By all means let the youthful Hercules go forth to grapple with the wild beasts on his path; perhaps he will become a full-grown athlete, and bear on his shoulders the spoils of all the lions that have stood in his way. But let him make no mistake about the nature and extent of his intellectual endowments before he greatly commits himself, and let him also have some means of his own before he puts his ability to the test. Those who are living with parents or friends, or who have independent incomes, are in a position to essay their strength. They can try their 'prentice hands as much as they please, and if they fail nobody will be "a cent the worse" except the editors who have had to read their pureilities. If they succeed they can then go forward feeling their way as they advance. Until "the crutch" is strong enough to bear them they will not lean heavily upon it, there will be no need. This is the class that can safely take to writing, but it is the only class

Once an aspirant for literary honors has honestly and humbly convinced himself that he possesses talent and is willing to

take pains, the best thing for him to do is not to court at once the Joves and Venuses of the great magazines, but rather to enter the fairyland of literature through the humble portal of a local newspaper. Let him contribute in prose or verse, or in both, until he can determine what the editor and the subscribers think of his performances. If they are meritorious, he may learn the fact—sometime before he dies. If they are worthless he need take no trouble to inquire; for his friends will not fail to let him know. Should he prove himself a deft hand at turning off a good leader, he deserves unbounded congratulation, because the number of clever editors is not incalculable. Then he runs no great danger of being overlooked. The editors of newspapers are as everyone knows, an observant and sagacious brotherhood, all of whom keep a wary eye for budding genius, and are tolerably sure to notify a youthful contributor of his excellencies and their appreciation, more especially if the young person has the disinterested liberality of his want of years, and is ready to string a rosary of verses or to indite a column or two of fresh and striking prose merely to discover how the articles will look in shapely print and without a grovelling thought of pecuniary reward.

Right or wrong I shall not pause to determine, but I have instinctively such a high regard for the Artist, whether he works in language, oil, or marble, that I have little patience with those who are everlastingly warning the youth of their country away from the artistic occupations. As I have stated and reiterated in the previous paragraphs, if a young man honestly believes that he possesses rare powers, or even more than average powers, of expression for a department of the fine arts, and has the wherewithal to support himself, during the effort, why should he be hindered from giving his nation the benefits of his gifts? All I would insist upon is that he truly appraises his intellectual equipments, and that he is ready to wait, toil and suffer in order to realize his aspirations.

27—That persevering apostle of materialism, M. Zola, is having a varied experience. In Paris, the "Immortals" of the French Academy can not be prevailed upon to

make him one of themselves, but the rabble of the boulevards idolize the man and his writings. In London, his publisher, is arraigned for disseminating immoral literature while the author himself is feasted and lionized on all occasions. Certes! M. Zola has two sides to his shield. The novels of Zola are immoral in the better meaning of the word, and in that alone. There is probably more sin in a page of Sterne than in half a volume of the Frenchman. Byron compresses more base suggestion into six short stanzas than Zola expresses in as many volumes. Nevertheless the works of Zola are of the earth earthly. In them their author preaches the gospel of a hopeless and soul-deadening belief which scoffs at the idea of the existence of a spiritual world. They question the spiritual nature of man, and maintain that we, in common with the rest of nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe. They teach that a time will come when the sun will lose his heat and all life on earth necessarily cease, and that man shall absolutely vanish from here and hereafter and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." All this is more dangerous than mere literary uncleanness. Many who would turn from foulness in disgust will dwell in rapture on a materialistic theory artistically expounded. Yet, between filth and materialism there is small choice; at least the one leads to the other. Zola and his imitators appeal to the animal in man, but their language is well and cunningly chosen. Those who admit their interpretation of human events—events which give history its foundation and the philosophy of life its vitality—will be forced to believe that there is no eternal hereafter, and will be compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race-struggle toward a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts toward justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the well-being of humanity, all the prayers and mortifications of the sanctimonious are only so much energy expended to no purpose.

28—The following verses are from the

poems of William Watson, who wrote the best ode on the death of Fennyson, and it was thought might succeed him as Laureate. The stanzas are called "Art Maxims," and contain more sound wisdom in connection with their subject than many a ponderous one: The young student might find it not a bad thing to clip the verses and paste them in his hat. Here they are:

Oftener ornateness  
Goes with greatness:  
Oftener felicity  
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that's cheapest  
Affects singularity:  
Thoughts that dive deepest  
Rise radiant in charity.

Life is rough;  
Sing smoothly, O Bard!  
Enough, enough,  
To have *found* life hard.

No record Art keeps  
Of her travail and throes.  
There is toil on the steeps,—  
On the summits repose.

29—It is seldom that the Catholic Church honors herself in honoring any single one of her sons, so much does the body of the faithful and the hierarchy surpass in merit the individual of either divisions, but when, last October her prelates, priests and people vied with each other in paying tribute to the ability and worth of Cardinal Gibbons, I think it might be averred of Mother Church that she honored herself by honoring him. The occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election to the episcopate of His Eminence. What a long, brilliant and useful life was thus crowned! The Cardinal thoroughly understands the Protestant American, and heartily sympathizes with all that is good in the institutions of America. It is this knowledge and this sympathy which opens for him the inner sanctuary of the American heart. When the Cardinal would explain our beautiful and satisfying faith to his dissentient countrymen he never for a moment forgets that the Yankee loves common sense even as a Hindoo loves bathing. It is this that gives strength to his exposition and renders his book original among its sort. This characteristic was not so evident in his first work, the immortal "Faith of Our

Fathers," as it is in the companion volume, the eloquent treatise, "Our Christian Heritage." But it is present in both volumes and is, indeed, their chief charm. The two books just named are, to my mind, the most consummately composed, eloquently written and logically reasoned works on the Roman Catholic religion ever written. It is said the Cardinal will, in the course of a few months, publish a learned and comprehensive essay in controversy.

30—Bjornsjerne Bjorson, the Norwegian Apostle of Peace, is one of the most combative of men, says Professor C. Collin in a recent magazine article. One would think that he must have been meant for a warrior; his head, his figure, are those of a chieftain. When his grey eyes flash under jutting brows, and his bushy hair looks bewildered, as if startled by some earthquake of passion beneath, then, with his nether lip slightly pouting, and his broad shoulders drawn back, he makes one think of some old Norse Viking bent on battle and ready for the fray. But Mother Nature seems to have made sport of this her gifted child, for she had planted him, a parson's son, amid the most peaceful surroundings.

Beginning with hymns as his first poetical outburst, he rapidly passed through the Saga period, which culminated in 1857 in "Synnove Solbakken," which, the Professor says, will live as long as the Norwegian language. The year before he became a leader of men, in a small way, when he led "the theatre war," a movement which resulted in remedying many evils of the stage. Latterly he has become a driving political force, being not only an eloquent interpreter of public opinion, but often a creator of it. He has become an ardent apostle of peace, which manifestation some of his countrymen think is an involuntary joke; but it is not so, he wants peace in order to carry on a new and higher welfare.

31—The new Irish literary movement finds no more steadfast and gifted friend than Douglas Hyde, L.L.D. Dr. Hyde is the son of the Rev. Arthur Hyde of Frenchpark, County Roscommon, Ireland. He is probably thirty-two years old, but appears much younger. He was born near Kilmactranny, County Sligo, but is a direct

descendant of the once noted Castle Hyde family, of the County Cork. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he had an exceedingly brilliant career, seemingly carrying all before him, and gaining honors, medals and scholarships with amazing rapidity and ease. In 1880 he was elected a life member of the Royal Irish Academy, and in 1887 was made honorary member of the College (Trinity) Historical Society—the old debating assembly wherein Robert Emmet, and a host of other orators first made themselves heard. He has spent most of his life in Connaught, and in 1891, paid a lengthy visit to Canada, where, owing to his unassuming and retiring disposition, he was suffered to remain almost unnoticed by his Canadian countrymen. He is one of the most distinguished Irish scholars of the day, and composes as well in the ancient language as in English. In fact, he has written more and better poems in Irish than in English. He has published two valuable collections of folk-lore, a department of national literature which has recently received great and deserved attention from Irish scholars and writers. His poems written in English, breathe a high and disinterested patriotism. His "Songs of the Connaught Bards" now appearing in a Dublin newspaper are to be sent to press next month. The collection under this title is made up of a large number of hitherto unpublished poems, and anecdotes, with verses and tales relating to Carolan and his contemporaries, chiefly collected from the peasantry. Much as I admire Dr. Hyde's gifts and love of country, truth will have me confess to a desire for a little more music in the "Songs" at times.

32—William Thomas Stead may not have made "a new Journalism," as is claimed for him by his friends, but in any case he is a remarkable personage. He went to Rome to convert the Pope. He visited Chicago, and boldly informed the women of the city that they were not angels exactly. A man who would hazard two such exploits in the evening of our unromantic century, deserves to live in biogra-

phy. Mr. Stead was born in 1849, and is the son of a Congregational minister. Leaving school at fourteen, he entered, first, a mercantile office, and then the Russian Vice-Consulate at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He began his editorial career at twenty-two, on a daily newspaper at Darlington. In 1880 he became the assistant of Mr. John Morley on the "Pall Mall Gazette," and in this relation made that intimate study of Mr. Morley which found record in an early number of the "Review of Reviews."

When Mr. Morley retired from the chief editorship to enter Parliament, in the spring of 1883, Mr. Stead succeeded him. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was then what most emphatically it is not now, a great organ of Liberal thought. To its uncompromising Liberalism Mr. Stead super-added a strong desire to expose political and social abuses, thus making his journal distinctly different from anything in the way of a newspaper theretofore seen in England. In 1890, Mr. Stead, having previously retired from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, founded the *Review of Reviews*, with which popular magazine he is still connected. Few men in England despatch more work than Mr. Stead in the narrow limits of a day. In 1886, he published a book on the everlasting Irish question, "No Reduction, no Rent," wherein he expressed opinions which if voiced by an Irishman in Ireland would be punished with imprisonment. In 1888, "Truth about Russia," wherein Mr. Stead is original at some little cost to the cause of liberty. In 1889, came a volume on the Vatican, full of suggestions for His Holiness. Mr. Stead's active life has been fraught with novel experiences, and of these perhaps the most notable is his residence for three days as an ordinary criminal in Coldbath prison, and three months in the same place but in better quarters and companionship. Mr. Stead suffered for a good cause, although his "plan of campaign" was unruly, two things by no means unusual with the subject of this sketch.

## FROM ROME.



FEW weeks ago Very Reverend Father Soullier, Superior General of the Oblate Order, had an interview with the Sovereign Pontiff. His Holiness was lavish of his praise of the good and great work which is being done by the Oblates in different parts of Europe, America, Asia and Africa.

The Very Rev'd Superior General, whilst in Rome, was also the recipient of a letter addressed to him by Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, so eulogistic of the Oblates, that it is with the greatest pleasure that we give it space in the OWL:

VERY REVEREND FATHER:—On the very day on which I was informed of your election as Superior General in the General Chapter of your Congregation, held in Paris a few months ago, I proposed to address to you special letters in which, while congratulating you upon your elevation to such a high dignity, I would also avail myself of this happy occasion to give to all the Fathers of the Society of Oblates of Mary Immaculate an unequivocal proof of my esteem and good will.

Having been, up to the present, prevented by circumstances from realizing this desire, I now the more readily hasten to fulfil it, because I have had, on the occasion of your visit to the Holy City, the opportunity of seeing more closely and by myself, the eminent qualities which, as a matter of course, have led you to the heavy charge of supreme moderator of your Congregation.

Another motive that urges me to express to you herein my sentiments, is my firm hope that your administration will be most profitable to the very illustrious Society of the Oblate Fathers, and, as a consequence, that the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, more and more intent upon the diffusion of the Christian name, can in the future, as it has in the past, rejoice at valuable and efficacious help offered by the said Society.

That this is not a vain trust we have as a guarantee the zeal with which all the religious under your guidance acquit themselves of the duties of evangelical laborers, and the rare prudence that guides them in all the undertakings which,

in one manner or another, are conducive to the glory of the Divine Name.

It is indeed a well known fact to-day that your religious family, from the time it was ranked with the orders which have never ceased to flourish in the Church of Christ, has so earnestly devoted itself to the salvation of souls and to the progress of the faith, that it has, for this two fold end, undertaken and endeavored to complete, works both numerous and varied.

This Sacred Congregation is well aware of all that the pious Society of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate has accomplished in the remotest countries of the earth, whither its missionaries have hastened, eager to gain over to Jesus Christ the most wretched of men, and relying solely on the help from above. Nor were their labors in vain, as is amply proved by the spiritual prosperity of the Vicariates Apostolic which this Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has confided to you in Asia, Africa and America, and, as is clearly shown also, by your numerous works in the immense region of Canada. There, not content with spreading the truth of the Gospel, you give your special care to the education of youth in the University of Ottawa, where, thanks to your efforts, both divine and human studies are in a flourishing condition.

Not less noteworthy is the zeal of your Fathers displayed in Ceylon, where, in spite of great obstacles and regardless of numberless dangers, they have during the last fifty years, labored for the conversion of infidel nations. This Sacred Congregation, which has from time to time, as behooves its mission, endeavored to inflame your zeal still more and to strengthen you by its counsels, does not ignore the pains you have suffered and how many souls you have gained, with God's grace, by your indefatigable labors.

Therefore, Very Reverend Father, I cherish the hope that you will continue to devote yourself to ever increasing labors for the Church of Jesus Christ and, that it may be so, I insist on one request only. Keep faithfully the spirit of Jesus Christ which animates you now, and be ever zealous to abide in the obedience and the love that you have always shown to the Holy See and to this Sacred Congregation.

In this hope, I ask the Almighty to keep you in His holy care.

I am your devoted servant,

M. CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI.

*Prof.*



# The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

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

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

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VOL. VII.      MARCH, 1894.      No. 7.

## WAIT NOT ON CHANCE.

"It is better to be born lucky than rich," is a proverb to the truth of which the vast majority of men give unqualified assent. The old pagan notion about fate is not dead, it lives, aye and exercises a mighty influence over many a man's life. Who has not met members of that vast army of pessimists, who are loud in their denunciation of the world, who declare in bitter tones of gloomy despair, that fate has always been against them, that they have never had a fair chance in the battle

of life, etc. Again do we not daily meet that light-hearted and light-headed optimist who is idling away the golden hours of youth—"just waiting for something good to turn up," as he expresses it. Popular opinion and tradition has it, that all great discoveries have been made by mere chance. To the same cause is attributed the success or failure of human undertakings of whatsoever kind. Such is this mania for attributing things to chance that some men, seemingly of sane minds on other points, have come to regard the universe and all its belongings, the product of chance.

This imbecile notion about chance, fate, luck, etc., is the cause of many failures in life. "All successful men have agreed in one thing," says Emerson,—"they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck but by law. A belief in causality, or strict connection between every trifle and the principle of being, and, in consequence, belief in compensation, or, that nothing is got for nothing,—characterizes all valuable minds, and must control every effort that is made by an industrious one." These stories about great discoveries, great fortunes, great names, being made by chance, are purely apocryphal. Persistency in effort and concentration of energy are the weapons with which the crown of success is to be obtained. When asked how he had been able to achieve his discoveries, Newton replied: "By always intending my mind." Yet, if we were to believe popular tradition, he discovered the law of gravitation by accidentally seeing an apple fall. "All the great captains," said Bonaparte, "have performed vast achievements by conforming with the rules of the art—by adjusting effort to obstacles." It is not given to many to go to bed unknown and wake up famous. A man usually reaps what he sows, nothing more, nothing less, and well has Hafiz said: "On the neck of the

young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise." Energy—the spirit of do and dare—creates a "chance" for its possessor; then spiritless pigmies around him cry out: "Oh, who could'nt do well with such a chance." Great Shakespeare wrote: "'Tis said best men are moulded of their faults." Any one who has seriously attempted to correct a fault however trifling is well aware of what an amount of individual effort such a correction implies. The moral of these remarks is: In the battle of life rely not on chance or circumstances, or friends but on yourself.

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#### *AGE QUOD AGIS.*

"Under the whole heaven there is nothing difficult, it is only that men's minds are not determined." To the student susceptible to the seductive sunshine of spring, and across whose mental horizon lie the gloomy shadows of the approaching "exams" magnifying each page of unreviewed matter into a volume, these words of a Chinese ode may seem to contain more of boldness than of veracity. Nevertheless, upon a second thought, he will find in them an old truth often preached, but less frequently practised.

Daily experience teaches us that he who views the task before him only in the mass and wants to remove all at once seldom accomplishes his desire. While success attends him who views it in detail and deliberately overcomes it piece by piece.

The impatient student who sees the mountain of his labors only in the bulk is disheartened at the formidable task of removing it. Whereas the man of patience considers it as an aggregate of minute parts, and, by attempting to gradually remove it, sees his work prosper and ultimately crowned with success.

Agam, the first is forever changing his

plan of operations and consequently never acquires that skill which is achieved by frequent repetition. The other perseveres in his original plan, and, as "all things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed," he soon converts into a pleasant task what before seemed dull and cumbersome.

Apart from achieving satisfaction from the fulfilment of present duties the student who cultivates the habit of perseverance lays the foundation of almost certain success in after life. Man, being endowed with a free will, is, from his nature, a creature of habit. The will which actuates and rules man, is itself actuated and ruled by habit. That which a person is accustomed to, he likes best, and that which he likes best his choice will impel him to do.

In the business world of to-day there is no such thing as standing still. Stagnation in a young man's career is but a synonym for failure. He who does not keep abreast of the possibilities of his position, recedes constantly through perhaps unconsciously. Success attends him who masters the details of his business, and this mastery is obtained only after close and persevering application. How well soever any undertaking may have commenced, if it be not pursued with patience and constancy it must needs end in disastrous failure.

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#### *TOUCHINESS.*

Touchiness is a quality which invariably accompanies conceit. It is a quality whereby disinterested advice is rejected, and given acknowledgment merely by an unwarranted surliness. It is a quality which unmistakably manifests an unquestionable ignorance. A man who is at all familiar with the character and phases of human nature knows very well that perfection in humanity does not exist beyond the realms of dreams and revercy. How-

ever cultured one may be, however intelligent and refined, yet he is sure to possess some slight defect which is bound to offer objection. The fault may lie within himself. Sometimes it is merely in the mind of him who plays the pedantic critic. The satisfaction which a person may give and the impression which he may make, is undoubtedly relative, as it depends upon the tastes and inclinations and education of him who receives the impression. The qualities which may elicit admiration in one mind, may leave only indifference in another. But, apart from the opinion of the world, character may be considered entirely in itself. The best way to make this absolute investigation and to arrive at some certain conclusion is to question separately each single individual. There is surely no one so foolhardy as to claim absolute perfection. The conclusion is therefore proper that one always possesses something which may be bettered by correction. It is every one's duty, and also a matter of honor, to perfect one's self, by eradicating the germs of iniquity and of imperfection, and by implanting the seeds of solidity, of gentility, of virtue and of true wisdom. And as others can better detect faults than the individual concerned, it stands to reason that extraneous advice is exceedingly valuable. If it is at all advanced, it is given by a friend, as an indifferent person would not sufficiently trouble himself. Should the advice be regarded as a comment, it might perhaps be rightly imputed to an enemy. If the adviser be a friend, could our words add anything to the inferences which the reader himself may draw? How often wise words are spoken which are ruthlessly resented but which, if well received and rightly heeded, would be a source of many blessings! Why should one be angered at a friendly suggestion or a well intended remark? This

is not wisdom. It displays ignorance inasmuch as one would imagine that there could exist a perfect being on this earth, which supposition is absurd. It denotes a lack of penetration and wise consideration. If a person who is not your avowed enemy should venture advice, take it sensibly and do not figure to yourself that it has been given you with an intent to wound. There are so many things in us which need amendment that we should be only too glad to receive suggestions. The man who is touchy always lacks refinement; whereas he who submits gracefully to correction, acquires a delicacy of character which renders him universally amiable.

However, should the commenter be an enemy, act towards him according to the allowances of your religion or of your *god's* sense and conscience, yet carefully harbor his words. His unfeelingness in offering an insult may make him utter truths which are unpleasant to hear; perhaps they may be greatly exaggerated: often they are not truths but mere conceptions of his wicked fancy; yet consider them carefully and, in the intimacy of communion with your own soul, examine if there be not some defect which this unfortunate antagonism may have divulged.

If you wish to resent a comment as an insult be sure first that your commenter is an insulter and your enemy. Then boldly and openly manifest your antagonism. Do not sneak and skulk and satisfy yourself by hellish back-biting. Be a man and *frank* and bold. Do not be so contemptible as to blabber fiendishly behind a man's back while you smile pleasantly when in his presence.

If, however, you have no reason to believe that the person in question is your enemy, then be manly enough to examine into the truth of his remarks: do not let a disgusting touchiness render you

surly and make you speak sourly, perhaps fiendishly, of one who was influenced by kindest intentions. In every case you will derive benefit from docility. Remember the wise words: "Would that we could see ourselves as others see us."

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THE BAND.

It may not be inappropriate to say a few words of encouragement to the members of the band, and to add a few words of commendation and appreciation. An idea may be had of the work which they have achieved this year, under Father Gervais' careful training, by reviewing the programmes of this year's entertainments. The masterly way in which Father Gervais' selection from William Tell was rendered, truly deserves praise. Mullet's overture, "Cybèle," and Donard's "Bertha," constitute music of a superior order, while Suppé's "Poet and Peasant" is ever sweet and entrancing. Among the waltzes, "Les Jours d'Automne," of Beaucourt, and Buot's "Lorraine," offer a suave and enrapturing melody. Marie's polka, "La Jeunesse Française," joins the quiet harmony of its introduction to the succeeding brilliant strains. The difficulty of the music attempted and its successful interpretation by the band, speaks well for its members and for its director. The perfection attained is due to the regular and assiduous attendance to the tri-weekly practices, and each individual member is deserving of unstinted praise and of encouragement.

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VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, who was recently in Ottawa taking part in the dedication of St. Ann's Church, paid a visit to the University. After celebrating mass in our chapel, His Grace proceeded to the Academic Hall where an address was read to him. In

his reply, the Archbishop thanked the students for the sentiments expressed in the address and wished them all success in their studies. To show that he was well pleased with their cordial reception he desired the faculty to accord a holiday. The request was granted and the congé thoroughly enjoyed.

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ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas was celebrated in the University this year much in the usual manner. During High Mass His Grace Archbishop Duhamel delivered an eloquent sermon on the great saint whose depth of thought has never been surpassed, and whose labors have been of inestimable value both to theology and to philosophy. Though a man of great attainments he was humble and from his earliest years submissive to the teachings of the Church to which fact, perhaps more than to anything else, can be attributed his greatness.

In the evening a philosophical play was presented entitled, "Philosophy in a Sea of Troubles." As the curtain rose for the first time Mr. Jas. Murphy stepped forward and briefly explained the object of the play,—that it endeavored to show the disastrous consequences of false philosophy and theology on society. This was followed by a quartette by Messrs. W. Herckenrath, J. Clarke, T. Holland and A. Keho. Then began the principal event of the evening,—the play. Those who took the leading parts were Messrs. J. Clarke, L. Kehoe, M. McKenna, J. McDougall, E. O'Malley, T. Holland and A. Kehoe. At the conclusion of the first act Mr. A. Gagnon read a short essay on philosophy and at the interval between the second and third acts Mr. S. Choquette delivered a declamation in French. The evening's proceedings were closed by a song given by the glee club.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

By the death of Mr. Peter Redpath, which occurred some weeks ago, McGill University lost one of its noblest benefactors. The deceased gentleman took a

foremost part in many schemes which had for object charity or education. In 1880 Mr. Redpath presented McGill with the Redpath museum, and has since expended over \$10,000 to place it on a firm basis. In October, 1892, he donated a magnificent library referred to in the Christmas number of *THE OWL*. Besides these gifts Mr. Redpath, in 1871, endowed a chair of natural philosophy in McGill with the sum of \$20,000.

Here is an example of the success obtained in Indian Industrial Schools in the Northwest. In 1885 an Indian Industrial school was established near Fort Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., and placed under the direction of Rev. Father Hugounard. Notwithstanding the aversion of parents to parting with their children, by the energetic efforts of the Rev. Director the school was so well attended that after one year the building had to be enlarged to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of pupils. In 1889 a further addition was added for the education of young Indian girls. The building now accommodates 150 pupils. Carpenter, blacksmith and shoemaker shops, with competent instructors, are provided for the boys, the girls are taught the different branches of housework, under the supervision of the nuns. Visitors at the Winnipeg Exhibition, of 1891, were surprised, at the skill shown by the Indian pupils in the various trades taught them. Four first and two second prizes were awarded to exhibits from the school. Agriculture and horticulture form two of the principal industries of the school.

Edmond Thery, a French economist, has published some voluminous statistics to show the enormous increase in all the countries of Europe of the amount raised each year for military and naval purposes. From his numerous calculations the following table may be taken, contrasting the amount spent on the army and navy in different countries in 1869-70 with that spent in 1892-83 :

Countries.	1869-70.	1892-83.
England.....	£24,220,000	£33,296,000
France.....	21,992,000	35,600,000
Russia.....	24,624,000	44,284,000
Germany.....	13,833,000	32,908,000

Austria-Hungary	9,211,000	16,856,006
Italy.....	7,376,000	14,204,000
Belgium.....	1,472,000	1,880,000
Spain.....	5,112,000	6,813,000
Holland.....	2,020,000	3,012,000
Switzerland...	190,000	1,468,000
	109,932,000	190,320,000

There is thus an increase in 25 years of £80,388,000. The increase per cent. has been : In Germany, 137; Italy, 92; Austria, 85; Russia, 79; France, 62; England, 37, and Belgium, 28.

"Within the last year," says a writer in a recent number of *Once a Week*, "remarkable developments have been made in some of the gold-bearing ores of Ontario. The Ophir mines, situated about 16 miles north of Bruce mines in the district of Algoma, are being worked by the Ophir Mining Company, with an authorized capital of \$3,000,000. The quartz vein is from 30 to 40 feet wide, showing free gold and a small percentage of sulphur, copper, iron and galena. It is for the most part free milling, and can be mined and milled for \$2.50 per ton. The vein outcrops for a length of 450 feet, and has been developed by several cuts showing a quarry of gold-bearing quartz. An inclined shaft, sunk 80 feet on the vein shows extremely rich quartz all the way down. The amount of quartz in sight is estimated at 200,000 tons, which at the average yield per ton, would pay a handsome dividend on the full capital."

## ENTERTAINMENT.

### LE VOL D'UN JUIF.

A large and appreciative audience assembled in the Academic Hall on the evening of the 19th of February, it being the occasion on which the French students presented their annual drama. The plot of the play was an excellent one and the able manner in which the different parts were played reflects great credit on those who took part. The following is the cast of characters :

Thierrot.....	R. Bélanger
Trichardon.....	J. Philon
De Chevremont.....	H. Prénoveau

Jonathas.....A. Chevrier  
 Marcou.....H. Bisailon  
 Samuel.....A. Chabot  
 Bengali.....W. Doran  
 Le Pere Lamusette.....E. Te-sier  
 Bernard.....L. Dandurand  
 Le Bailli.....A. Charlebois  
 Le Chef Du Guet.....L. Charlebois

Between acts the audience was treated to some choice selections by the College Band. The play was in every way a success, pleasing alike to the audience and to those who participated.

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE TECHNICAL WORLD is published monthly at No. 1410 G street, Washington, D.C. The aim of this magazine "will be to seek for every bit of chemical information which may be of value in practical work, and to put this information into as concise a form as clearness and accuracy will permit." In short, the editors of the TECHNICAL WORLD propose to make it a "review of reviews" in matters pertaining to science. The magazine has undoubtedly a vast and almost entirely unoccupied field before it; and if the managers fulfill the promises made in their specimen pages they will meet with success.

THE ROSARY. A magazine, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, New York. Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P., has again assumed the editorial management. In the March number the interests of both the old and the young are consulted; the former can derive as much profit from a careful perusal of "The Sorrows of Mary," "Henryk Sienkiewicz," and the "Rosary in Art," whilst the latter will be instructed and edified by those two exquisite little stories "Claudius Easter Lilies" and "Daisy's Vocation." The make-up of the magazine is rendered very attractive by illustrations.

THE CENTURY. The March number of this magazine contains two articles of special interest to Catholics: "The Anti-Catholic Crusade," and "A Pilgrimage to Lourdes." Though there are a few statements made in "The Anti-Catholic Crusade" to which Catholics would take exception, yet the writer of the article must

be congratulated for the broad, manly, liberal stand which he has taken upon this vexed question. He contends that it is truly a national misfortune that the year of the "Parliament of Religions" should witness such a discouraging outbreak of religious rancor in the United States. He denounces in scathing terms these bigoted, unprincipled fanatics who seek to drag forth the repulsive skeleton of the old Know-nothingism from the infernal shades and intrude it into party politics. Referring to the pseudo-encyclical of Leo XIII, in 1891, he quotes as follows from the "Christian Advocate" of New York, which even the most ignorant of ignor-amuses will scarcely accuse of being in league with Rome: "We do not know of a more transparent fraud. We are astonished that any human being acquainted with the methods of the Roman Catholic Church could have believed either the Pope or his advisers such dull idiots as this document would prove them to be. It is the work of someone whose mendacity has intoxicated his own mind to such a degree that, though he obviously wanted to lie, he could not do it shrewdly."

A Pilgrimage to Lourdes. Every Catholic should read this charming description of a pilgrimage to Lourdes, by one who is not of the Catholic faith. The value of the article is much enhanced by excellent engravings of the most striking features of the world-renowned shrine. The writer deserves great credit for his choice of words; pure, elevated diction; felicity of description, and the appreciative spirit which characterizes the whole. The opening paragraphs of the paper would lead us to conclude that we were communing with one of our own religious conviction. So real and vivid is the word-picture penned by Mr. Bonsal that in mind we cross the broad Atlantic to the sacred valley of the Pyrenees, gaze in wonder upon the grand majestic cathedral; we see the thousands fall upon their knees as the "Lord of Lords" passes by. The deafening cheer of twenty-five thousand voices breaks upon our ear, we are wrapt in admiration for that poor, aged, tottering woman who makes the stations of the cross, or we are dazzled by the blaze of thousands of *veilleuses* as they flash forth the words: "I am the Immaculate Concep-

tion." Unfortunately, there are a few statements which we cannot allow to pass unchallenged. In one place the writer says that the pilgrim curés "rushed wildly about" in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. This, as every Catholic knows, is absolutely improbable. Then, again, he states that there were some priests at Lourdes "whose retreat was an ecclesiastical punishment." The very idea of a priest being punished in such a manner is ridiculous.

#### EXCHANGES.

The ex-man of the *Villanova Monthly* is somewhat hypercritical. Will he please inform us who publishes the Owl, if not the students of Ottawa University.

The *University Courier* is regular in its visits to our sanctum. The wit and humor with which it abounds is not mere buffoonery and slang, but is sparkling and elevated.

The *Niagara Rainbow*, of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, is just making its debut on the stage of college journalism. Its first number is very promising. We were much pleased with the article entitled "The Music of the Mass," by Rev. Henry A. Brand, D.D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York.

"The Trend of Modern Thought" in the *Geneva Cabinet* is a production of no mean merit. Its author points out without fear or hesitation the weak point in the American social order. He says: "The present easy and secret means of separation make the bond of marriage as one of clay, broken at will, and for the slightest reason. In our own enlightened land the rate of increase of divorces is three times the rate of increase in population. This means more homes destroyed, a larger portion of society corrupted, a greater impetus given to the force by which the true foundation of the state is undermined."

The *Georgetown College Journal* is filled with the speeches delivered at a banquet given by the Alumni of Georgetown

University. Those of the speeches we read are good, exceptionally so. However, we should prefer to see in the *Journal* more original work by the student body proper.

#### SOCIETIES.

The meeting room of the Senior Debating Society was the scene of a very exciting debate when the subject "Resolved that a republican form of government is better suited to the wants of modern society than a monarchical form," was discussed. The supporters of the republic were: Messrs. A. Burke and A. Barrett. Messrs. A. Bedard and G. Leyden extolled the merits of the monarchical form of government. The vote at the conclusion decided in favor of the negative.

A happy departure was made from the regular order of things on the evening of the 25th of Feb., when the Senior and Junior Societies assembled together for the purpose of giving an entertainment. Mr. J. Murphy, president of the Senior Society, took the chair. The new Glee Club made its first appearance and delighted all present. Among those who contributed to make the evening enjoyable were: Messrs. L. Kehoe, A. Kehoe, J. McDougall, E. O'Malley, W. Walsh, and M. McKenna. The declamations, songs and speeches were excellent.

At a meeting of the Senior Society which took place a week later, the subject under discussion was, "Resolved that the elective system is preferable to the obligatory system in the University," Messrs. Payment and Kealy showed the advantages to be derived from an elective system, while Messrs. Ryan and Prudhomme defended the system which prescribes the matters to be studied. Several speeches from the house were made, and after one of the longest debates that the society has had this year the members upheld the negative, but, by a majority of only two votes.

"Resolved that the House of Lords should be abolished," was the subject of the most spirited and enthusiastic debate that the Senior Society has had for some

time. The Lords were upheld by Messrs. Powers and McDougall while Messrs. Devlin and J. Walsh advocated their abolition. The question seemed to be most interesting to the members of the society at large, several of whom delivered addresses for the side with which they sympathized. The vote, by a small majority favored the negative.

The Junior society broke the monotony of debate by a concert at its meeting which took place on the 18th of Feb'y. Songs, speeches and recitations took the place of the regular debate. Among those who did much to make the entertainment a success were: Messrs. McCabe, McCarthy, Clarke, Looney, Ryan, Proulx and several others.

Its debate the week following was on the subject, "Resolved that personal effort has more to do with success in life than circumstances," for the affirmative, Messrs. Hackett and Foley; for the negative, Messrs. Tessier and Greenfield. Thirty-six votes were recorded for each side. The chairman gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

At the meeting of the Junior Society which took place on the 11th of March, the question discussed was, "Resolved that the Crusades were beneficial to Europe." Though the debating seemed very close, the vote gave the victory, by a majority of twenty-two, to Messrs. Clancy and Reynolds, who endeavored to show the beneficial results of those holy wars. Their opponents were Messrs. W. McDonald and O'Brien.

A very successful entertainment was given on the eve of St. Patrick's day under the direction of the above society. Mr. McCabe, president, occupied the chair. The programme consisted of speeches, songs and declamations in which the following took part: Messrs. Devlin, Whelan, Laplante, McCarthy, Looney, O'Malley, Donegan, McGee, Carrigan, Payment, Bolger, McKenna and O'Neil. The Glee Club and Orchestra also added much to the entertainment's success.

### SPORTING NOTES.

A few years ago the brisk game of hockey was scarcely known. Now, wherever a clear sheet of ice is to be found, this exhilarating sport flourishes. During the winter months, it supplies a long-felt want for pleasant, physical exercise. Its many splendid qualities and great advantages have been ably set forth in *Outing* for February, by our friend, Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers, of Ottawa. Here are a few lines from Mr. Rogers' spirited description of our two great Canadian games: "And oh, what a grand game this is! We in Canada have the two swiftest, simplest and most beautiful and exciting games in the world. Next to a boat race, I do not think there is anything so blood-stirring as a first-class lacrosse match, and next to that a hockey match. These two sports are so speedy, the embodiment of so much that is thrilling, that the ordinary observer stands spell-bound, entranced, amazed. There is no idle moment; that is the beauty of them. They are the epitome of swift and perpetual motion that only ceases when time shuts off the steam."

### 'VARSITY VERSUS ABERDEENS.

The 'Varsity Hockey team played its last match this winter on the 16th of February. The Aberdeens were the opposing team. They had considerably strengthened their line since their contest with the Electrics. Clever and even playing, fast skating and close checking enabled them to score twice. The forwards of the 'Varsity combination did grand work and twice rushed the puck through their opponents' goals. The match, one of the best of the season, in the city series, thus ended by a draw.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The beautiful spring weather of the past couple of weeks has played sad havoc with the Junior's hockey rink. It is now crossed and recrossed with miniature canals, along which the water flows until it finds an exit in the sewer. W. P. R., the Junior Joker, with whom our Assist-



ant Junior Editor is on terms of intimacy, informs us that the first morning on which the arrival of the vernal season was plainly manifest, Sherman, standing on the veranda steps, his eyes in sadness fixed, was seen to drop a tear. He further tells us that S's feelings were of mingled regret and pain; regret at the loss of that which had afforded so much pleasant pastime during the past two months, and pain at the prospect of his having to contribute his share of bodily energy towards the speedy bringing about of the fitness of the campus for summer games.

On the contrary, Felix and Tim, conscious of the fact that, at this particular season, a Junior's popularity is measured by the amount of ice he helps to dispose of, viewed the ruins with evident satisfaction. Besides, they would be afforded an opportunity of removing by means of manual implements that semi-liquid mass, which, in its more solid days, had stubbornly resisted their attempts to operate upon its surface with pedal appendages.

The Knights of the Pick have been re-organized under the management of Messrs. McMahon and Constantineau, and are at present actively engaged in clearing away the remains of the hockey rink.

Owing to the condition of the athletic grounds all outside sports have been abandoned, and the attention of the Juniors is now taken up with indoor attractions. Boxing finds its ablest exponents in Tim and Texas, under the direction of Prof. Angers.

The American students of the Third Grade are intensely patriotic; so much so that they wanted the Washington's birthday festivities extended over an octave.

The following is the rank in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of February:—

First Grade	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. V. Groulx. \\ 2. J. Kane. \\ 3. C. Kavanagh. \end{array} \right.$
Second Grade	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. J. Coté. \\ 2. J. Tobin. \\ 3. W. Burke. \end{array} \right.$

Third Grade B  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. H. Desrosiers. \\ 2. P. Turcotte. \\ 3. H. Leclerc. \end{array} \right.$

Third Grade A  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. J. Stuber. \\ 2. F. Stringer. \\ 3. F. O'Connor. \end{array} \right.$

Fourth Grade  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. D. Kearns. \\ 2. E. Donegan. \\ 3. J. Jacques. \end{array} \right.$

### ULULATUS.

Hats!

Don't get sunburnt.

Asparagus is now at a premium.

Maple juice is quite abundant also trunks filled with goodies.

On Wednesday eve. the little country in the German Ocean, was well represented, by a pleasing actor bearing her name alias common sense.

To be a hockey player it is essential to have a bald-head.

And he said, "I have it." "Well if he has it he got it, and if he got it he has it."

George and Pete lead the series in hand-ball followed closely by Harry.

Monsieur Le Comte de Lawrence, late of France, is instructing a class in the art of fencing.

After the Quebec match he pitifully exclaimed: "Gosh, Mac! I am disqualified, sixteen to zero."

SUGGESTED BY A LATE FAD.

Nothing new under the sun—not even chameleons.

Est aliquid, quocumque loco  
Quocumque recessu  
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.

—*Juvenal Satires.*

"It is something to be able, in any spot, in any retreat, to have made oneself proprietor even of a single lizard." (Chameleon.)

We announce with regret that anti-fat has severed his connection with the Glee Club, owing to the periodical accumulation of *Phlegm* in his throat. He is now conducting the orchestra. "Ad multo-annos."