

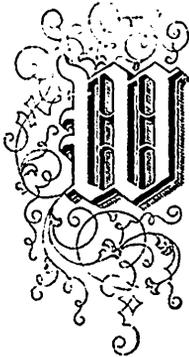
THE OWL.

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PEACE IS BEST.



WHEN shall I lay these arms aside ?
For I am weary of the war ;
And, though I make it point of pride
To hold the field I battle for,
Much toil it is and weariness
To stand against the battle-press.

From morn to night, from night to morn,
A storm of blows, in thunderous hail,
Rained by the hosts of evil born,
Rings a full hell-chime on my mail ;
That scantily, whiles, I clear a space
Wherein to breathe the calm of grace.

Yet deem not, Prince and Brother fair,
That—though I feel a weariness,
And, sometimes, in the stormy air
Of battle, and its hurtling stress,
Yearn for the rest a victory yields
After the toil of foughten fields—

I therefore shrink and give away ;
For well I know my Captain stands
With all His legions to the fray,
And all the Manhood of His hands,
Backed by the Godhead thereunto,
Shining their wounds in glory through.

THE OWL.

Nay , for I hold a man should take
 A joy in war, when this must be ;
 Not for the war's sake, but for sake
 Of doing therein manlily,
 And making good, with heart and might,
 The trust assigned him in the fight.

And well I ween that well it is
 To feel a soldier's proper joy
 In meeting blows, and quitting these
 In coinage of a like alloy,
 Putting a will into the blow
 Wherewith we pay our Prince's foe.

But war for war's sake is a thing
 For mere barbarians : and if *they*
 Grow tired, at times, of warfaring,
 Much more the soul whose case of clay
 Weighs for the foeman. Peace is best !
 I stand, I fight, that I may rest.

FRANK WATERS.



THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

"The Christian Brothers stand
To-day within old Mother Church, a brave devoted band,—
The Virgin Knights of Mary's love, the Galahads of heaven,
The wealth of all their loyal hearts to Christ and Peter given!
Lancaster, Uhland, Jacotot, and Pestalozzi—all
Have had their day;—the world hath watched their systems rise and fall,
But the grand method of LaSalle, still in its mellow prime,
For two long centuries hath stood the crucial test of time."

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



Every age and in every land, the Church has proved herself the *Alma Mater* of education. Even in the so-called "Dark Ages," Popes and Bishops, Councils and Synods, strenuously endeavored to promote the instruction of youth, by exhorting the secular princes to foster letters within their dominions and by commanding the clergy not only to establish primary schools in every parish, but also to teach therein whenever necessary. Thus by untiring efforts, the Church at length succeeded in providing for the instruction of her youth by the multiplication of elementary schools and of higher institutions of learning, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. But there was one essential of a Christian education that she seemed unable to provide. Try as she might, she could not procure good efficient teachers to whom she might fearlessly entrust the innocent ones of her fold. The clergy were unable to respond to the call of the bishops to teach in the parish schools, for it was impossible for a priest to remain all day in the school-room and at the same time to attend to his numerous and pressing duties as pastor. The priest-teacher had to neglect either his school or his parish, and naturally he chose to perform properly his priestly office and to entrust the school to lay-masters. Unfortunately these lay-teachers were not always men of a good, moral character; indeed, too frequently were they but unprincipled "gamesters, drunkards, profligates, ignorant and brutal."

This state of affairs, despite all the solicitude of the Church, grew worse and worse until finally the situation became so alarming that, in 1649, there was formed in France a pious association whose members pledged themselves to pour forth unceasing prayers that Almighty God might give to France good Christian teachers. Two years later was born John Baptist de LaSalle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

From earliest childhood, La Salle evinced a marked predilection for the ecclesiastical state. When yet but eleven years of age, he received the tonsure and five years later was made Canon of the Cathedral of his native city of Rheims. In his nineteenth year he took his degree of M. A. at the University of Rheims, and then proceeded to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, where for two years he edified his condisciples by his exact observance of the rule and by his unostentatious piety. The deaths of his father and mother in 1762 necessitated his return to the bosom of his family in order to take charge of his younger brothers and sisters; but he still continued his theological studies, and in 1678, was raised to the sublime dignity of "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." From the time of his ordination may be said to date his labors and sacrifices in the cause of Christian education. His fellow canon and spiritual director, Father Roland, had some time previously founded a religious sisterhood for the education of poor girls. Before his death, which occurred a few weeks after LaSalle's elevation to the priesthood, the aged

priest bequeathed to his young brother-canon the care of this rising institution. La Salle, out of gratitude to his old and tried friend, generously accepted the charge and so successful was his administration that he was soon requested to establish similar institutions for poor boys. He hesitated for some time to undertake this second project but finally, in 1679, he opened at Rheims the first free school for boys. Thus far LaSalle had taken an active part in the infant work. Now, however, that it was established, he thought that his connection with it was at end. But the superior, or rather the nominal superior of the school-masters engaged in this charitable labor of free-education, continued to consult the gifted young canon in all matters of importance concerning the schools. In this manner La Salle was led almost unconsciously to take an interest in the daily life of the teachers. At first his visits to them were confined to short business calls upon the Superior. Gradually these visits began to multiply until at length not a day passed that did not see him in the midst of the masters, encouraging, advising, reprimanding them. It was but a step further to bring them into his own house where he could supervise them to greater advantage and form them with greater facility to the duties of their new station; for La Salle considered their state of life to be not merely a profession but a religious vocation. Finally he took the sublime resolution to enroll himself in this humble militia and he, the noble abbé, the wealthy Canon, the Doctor of Divinity, he upon whom the world had smiled from his very birth, and upon whom it still wished to bestow its smiles, sacrificed his patrimony, renounced the world and all its works and pomps, to embrace the obscure profession of his followers, and to share their unpaid toil. After a year of probation and preparation, the founder of this new religious family and the twelve disciples that still remained faithful to him, drew up a rule, donned that coarse black habit so familiar to the eyes of our urban populations, and adopted the name still borne by their successors—the Brothers of the Christian Schools. A few months later they pronounced the fourfold vow of poverty, chastity, obedience and perseverance.

Thus formed by their venerable founder to the practice of religious virtues, and trained by him in improved methods of teaching, the Christian Brothers soon became renowned throughout France, and ere long they were to be found at the head of schools in nearly all the dioceses of the land. But La Salle did not confine his labors to the mere direction of his disciples. He engaged personally in the work of teaching, and this practical experience in the school room opened his eyes to the deficiencies of the methods of instruction then in use. To supply these deficiencies, or rather to cast aside entirely the old systems of education, and to replace them by one more perfect, more rational, became now the object of his indefatigable labors. Not only did he accomplish his end by substituting the mutual-simultaneous method for the individual method, but he also anticipated many other educational "ideas that are popularly regarded as the product of modern thought." He opened the first Normal School at Rheims in 1684. Technical schools, schools of design, boarding institutions, academies and reformatory schools, all owe their origin to him. The Sunday school is likewise the offspring of his genius. In a word, a new era in the history of education begins with the life of this wonderful man, at whose "bidding the whole modern educational system leaped into existence." Of course such a radical reform raised violent opposition, and La Salle was persecuted until the very hour of his death in 1719. His disciples, too, have had to suffer frequent persecution, worry, and trial during the two hundred years of the existence of their religious family, but Heaven has confounded their enemies by its visible protection. In 1684, twelve humble school-masters knelt at the feet of their common father in Christ to dedicate themselves irrevocably to the sacred cause of free education. To-day these numbers have increased a thousand-fold, and the children of La Salle embrace the world in the sphere of their labors.

"Where'er the banner of the Cross is lifted to the
light,
There may the Christian School be found—a fair
and goodly sight.
From shore to shore, by sea or stream—where'er
religion smiles,

From mountain-crest or land-locked vale, or
ocean's misty isles—

In Indian or Australian wilds, in China or Japan,
Yea, in the Madagascar swamps, the Brothers
lead the van;

The while, within their classic halls pure Faith
and Science meet,

The New World brings her myriad sons to study
at their feet."

Everywhere the brothers have borne with them the methods of teaching bequeathed to them by their venerable founder, and in every land the leading educators have bestowed the highest encomiums upon that grand old system of public instruction that for two long centuries has seemed to stand "the crucial test of time." I say *seemed* because of late, three very enlightened men of the very enlightened Province of Ontario, have discovered and made known to the world, that "as regards the purpose of education and the means of securing it, the Brothers are not familiar with modern methods of teaching." Just how the Commissioners have arrived at this conclusion is a mystery to every logical mind. That the Brothers' schools in Ottawa were not up to the standard, that some of the teachers were inefficient, may or may not be true. But granted for the sake of argument, that the facts were exactly as represented in the report; were the Commissioners authorized to formulate therefrom a sweeping condemnation of the educational methods of La Salle? Not in the least. A system of education is not a press-the-button-and-I'll-do-the-rest machine that may be set in motion equally well by the initiated or the uninitiated, but a union of principles to be applied in teaching, to be translated into practice by individual teachers. These teachers will be more or less faithful in their translation according as they are more or less imbued with the spirit of the system that they profess, and hence a teacher may prove himself altogether inefficient even under the best system of education, simply because he happens to be a bad translator of the principles given for his guidance. Consequently, the inefficiency of several teachers or of a whole set of teachers is not sufficient in itself to prove the inefficiency of the system they profess; nay, even if several schools of the *same locality* in charge of several separate communities of a world-embracing Society

like that of the Christian Brothers, should fall below the required standard, this fact does not furnish sufficient data upon which to base a general, unrestricted, absolute condemnation of the Brothers and their methods. But the judgment passed by the Commissioners is not only an illogical sequence from doubtful premises. It is a conclusion false in itself as I shall endeavor to show in the following pages. And lest it may seem to savor of presumption, nay of temerity, on my part, that I should dare to question the truth of the accusations formulated by such a competent body as the Ontario Commission against the Christian Brothers, let me here disclaim any presumptuous pretensions of what kind-soever, for

I speak not to disprove what (the Commission) spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know,

to speak what every man not wholly ignorant of the history of education should know, in regard to the Brothers of the Christian Schools and their methods of imparting knowledge to the young.

And in the first place what are the deficiencies implicitly imputed to the system of La Salle by the general condemnation pronounced by the Commissioners, that "as regards the purpose of education and the means of securing it, the Brothers are not familiar with modern methods of teaching"? Two principally, as may be gleaned from the report: (1) that under the system of La Salle, the pupils are not taught to reason, and (2) that the said system is behind the present age.

"The reasoning powers are not exercised." So says Mr. Scott. So, likewise, say his fellow Commissioners. And yet nothing is more frequently repeated, nothing more seriously inculcated in the writings of La Salle, than the necessity of developing the reasoning powers of the young. His repetition of this essential point of education recurs so often in his *Meditations* for the Brothers and in his *Government of Christian Schools*, as to become almost monotonous. He lays down, for instance, as fundamental principles of his system: * (1) "We should

* The following quotations are taken from "De La Salle and his Methods" by a Director of a Normal School. Paris, *passim*.

cultivate the senses which ordinarily play a large part in the workings of the spirit, but it is necessary especially to develop the intelligence, rectify the judgment, discipline the will, and form the heart to piety."

(2) "From the intellectual point of view they (the pupils) should become accustomed, little by little, to spontaneous work, which they can fulfil when they have no master to supervise them."

(3) The teacher must "accustom him (the pupil) to take the initiative in intellectual work in proportion to his ability."

(4) The teacher must, likewise, apply the pupil "to the study of truth by obliging him to conform always to the laws of logic."

(5) "The master should be careful to question the pupils in order to assure himself that they are attentive to the lesson given and that they understand it thoroughly" and "he should exercise them by well-connected questions, either concerning the truths that he wishes to teach them or to draw the logical consequences of those with which they are already familiar."

(6) "The chief intellectual habits that the teacher should cause the pupils to contract are attention, reflection, constancy in following the chain of ideas without omitting one of the links, promptitude in discovering, especially in religious questions, the vices of a false reasoning . . ."

(7) The intelligence should be exercised in the youngest pupils from the first lesson that they receive."

Evidently, then, the system of La Salle is not to blame, if it be true as the Commissioners say it is, that "the distinguishing characteristic" of the teaching of the Brothers in the Ontario Separate School "was the readiness to accept mere memory answers without examining whether these were understood or not," that "the whole work was largely a mechanical repetition of words" and that "the reasoning powers were not exercised."

But now arises a question. Are the Christian Brothers of to-day as thoroughly convinced of the importance of cultivating the reasoning powers as was their first father? Let the Brothers answer for themselves. "They (the Christian Brothers) do not look upon education," says the

Annual Catalogue of the Brothers' College at Memphis, Tennessee, "as a mere automaton by which a certain complement of moral truths or scientific facts may be crammed into the memory without, at the same time, a strenuous effort being made on the part of instructors to induce the reasoning faculties of their pupils to form a clear conception of the knowledge acquired. It is their conviction deduced from long experience in teaching and from the writings of the most eminent instructors in past ages, that the intellect should be conducted to the discovery of truth by the pure efforts of its own innate activity and that no scientific fact should be received into the mental capacities without being distinctly perceived by the understanding. Therefore they regard the communication of knowledge as only of subordinate importance when compared to the intellectual exertion made in the endeavor to acquire clear distinct and adequate notions of all facts submitted to the mind for reflection. They are finally persuaded that each successive step towards advancement in scientific knowledge must result from the student's own efforts, aided and directed by methodical text-books and experienced teachers. In accordance with these convictions, their whole endeavor is to bring the minds of their pupils to a full command and ready employment of all their intellectual powers. But the great difficulty experienced by all instructors is how to induce each individual pupil to go through a course of mental training, at first slow and imperfect in its results, but finally rapid and complete, fitting the mind for any emergency encountered in the practical walks of life. Hence the Christian Brothers agree with all profound theorists on education that to secure ultimate success, the mind of the student must be accustomed to efforts of self-activity and nothing must be done for him that he is capable of doing for himself." Could there be a stronger profession of faith in the necessity of developing the reasoning faculties of pupils than the above quotation contains? Every line affords an unequivocal contradiction to the gratuitous assertion that the Brothers pay undue attention to the development of the memory to the detriment of the reasoning powers. And mark that in this passage,

extracted from their prospectus, the professors of the College of Memphis speak not in their own name but in the name of the whole teaching body of which they are members. They say not *we agree*, but "*the Christian Brothers agree with all profound theorists on education, that the mind of the student must be accustomed to self-activity.*" It may be safely concluded then that such are the sentiments that animate the whole society—a conclusion that is confirmed by similar professions in the catalogues, and prospectuses of the various and widely separated institutions of this world-wide Religious order of Teachers.

The system of La Salle, then is based upon the principle that the child must be taught to reason, even from his first lesson; the Brothers of to-day proclaim in terms clear and distinct, their strict adherence to this fundamental principle—but do the Brothers put this principle into practical execution? That the teachers in the Ottawa Separate Schools lost sight of it, I am prepared neither to concede nor deny, but this I will affirm, despite these exceptions, if they be exceptions: the characteristic feature of the Brothers' teaching is their strenuous endeavor to cultivate the reasoning faculties of their pupils. This statement will be found indirectly proved in the following pages by the arguments there adduced to prove that the methods of the Christian Brothers are not behind the age. For the present let me select but three of the innumerable witnesses that might be brought forward in support of my assertion. They are all three from the Great Republic to the south, and men whose probity, whose knowledge whereof they speak cannot be called in question. My first witness is John O'Kane Murray, the gifted author of *A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*. Listen to the testimony of Mr. Murray:* "We cannot better conclude this chapter (on Catholic common schools) than by a glance at the interior of a representative American Catholic school in this Centennial year. The facts given are from personal knowledge. St. James' Cathedral

Free School is situated in Jay street, Brooklyn, N.Y. For a quarter of a century it has been under the management of the Christian Brothers. * * * Everything moves with the utmost harmony, with the regularity of clockwork. * * * Here nothing is studied by rote. Every effort is made to develop the judgment and to strengthen the memory of the pupils. The brilliant public examinations show the thoroughness of the work done." Now lend the ear to the evidence of Reverend Father Elliott, C. S. P.: "They knew how to teach," says this distinguished Paulist in speaking of the Brothers of his school days, "and they taught us well. Their system was intelligent, their discipline strict—almost military—their affection for us deep and religious. * * * I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the fact that I spent those years of my boyhood in the Brothers' school has been the main reason why I have remained a Catholic, and have valid hopes of finally saving my soul. I will also bear testimony that in the study of theology in later years, and in acquiring the principles of Christian perfection, their instruction laid the foundation for my whole course, or rather gave to my mind distinct outlines which had but to be completed and filled out in a more elaborate course of study." This testimony of Father Elliott is of peculiar value; for theology demands of the student, reasoning powers of a far higher order than does any other science, and how could the Christian Brothers have laid the foundations of their young pupil's after-course in this Queen of Sciences, if they taught him not to reason in his early years? Right Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the University of Washington, glories in the fact that his infant steps on the rugged road to learning were supported by the Sons of La Salle. "One of those things in my life," he said, speaking in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in 1888, "that I am especially thankful for is that I am one of the boys of the Christian Brothers' training, that I had the happiness of being their pupil in St. Vincent's school, and Calvert Hall in Baltimore. There are Christian Brothers in this noble edifice to-day, from whose lips I learned words of eternal wisdom, and to

*Vide A Pop. Hist. of Cath. Church in U.S., page 429.

recall whose memory is bliss without alloy. The first thing that I am thankful for is the privilege of paying this tribute to the glorious and blessed Founder of the Christian Schools. The second thing for which I am thankful is the privilege which I enjoy as Rector of the Catholic University of America, of coupling that memory and its living fruits with the great work of higher Catholic education which now specially engages me. The Christian Brothers are working at the foundation and the walls of the educational structure; the University aims at putting on its roof. Let no man start the foolish inquiry which is the more important labor. As the roof however graceful, however pleasing to the eye, would speedily fall to the ground, unless it rested on walls that are solid and ample, and unless all reposed on foundations that were laid deep and broad, so, also, would the walls and foundations gradually crumble unless protected by a solid and well-knit roof." These are significant words indeed, coming as they do from the head of the leading Catholic institution of learning in the United States. Would Bishop Keane, think you, be thankful to the Christian Brothers had they neglected to develop his intelligence in the precious years of his youth? Would it be a bliss without alloy for him to recall the memory of teachers that had failed to equip him for an independent career? Could the Christian Brothers lay "foundations deep and broad, walls solid and ample," for the educational edifice, if they failed to cultivate the mental faculties of the youth entrusted to their care?

But let us turn from this aspect of the question to study the system of La Salle from another point of view. Mr. Scott says that the Christian Brothers belong to a past age. So, likewise, say his fellow-commissioners. If the Brothers be really behind the age, it were, indeed, a grievous fault. But let us accord them a little British fair play. Let us not condemn them unheard. Let us examine their side of the question and listen to the witnesses in their behalf; for perhaps, after all, they may be able to say something in their own defence. And, indeed, the evidence in their favor is so voluminous, the witnesses so numerous that I know not where to begin nor where to end, having once

begun to quote the testimonies on behalf of the followers of La Salle and their methods. It would require volumes to collate all these authorities, and there are placed at my disposal but a few short columns of a monthly magazine. The following sketch, therefore, of the triumphs of the Christian Brothers in the arena of education must necessarily be brief and incomplete.

In France, the land of *Savants*, where there exists a system of education so perfect as to call forth the admiration of the world, the superiority of the Brothers' methods has been time and again attested by competent and disinterested judges. From 1848 to 1878, in the public competitions for scholarships, established by the French Government, the pupils of the Brothers carried off over thirteen hundred of the seventeen hundred and forty granted. In Ireland up to the year 1893, they received no State aid, "yet they entered the lists with the most pampered and opulent academies in the Kingdom, and carried off the lion's share of the spoils at the Intermediate and Royal University examinations." The same success attends their efforts still. It is, likewise, a matter of history, that the methods of the Brothers, their educational appliances, and the class-work of their pupils have been awarded the highest honors at nearly all the World's Fairs and International Expositions: at Paris, 1867; Amsterdam, 1869; Geographical Congress, Belgium, 1871; Paris, 1872; Paris, 1875 and 1879; Lyons, 1880; Brussels, Belgium, 1882; Brazil, South America, 1883. The Prince of Wales, hearing of this remarkable success invited the Brothers to take part in the International Health Exposition held at London in 1884. The Brothers acceded to the wishes of His Royal Highness, and prepared an exhibit representing the schools of Europe, Africa, India, Canada, the United States and South America. The Brothers display attracted so much attention, that the Chief of the London School Inspectors wrote an open letter to the teachers of England, advising them to visit this wonderful exhibit, and a leading journal of education declared that no school-master who had his heart in his profession, should let such an opportunity slip. Here, too, the

exhibit of the Christian Brothers fell under the eyes of the Hon. John Eaton, then Commissioner of Education for the United States, who requested its transfer to the New Orleans Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition which was to open the following year, (1885). The Brothers were obliged to disappoint the hopes of the American Commissioner, but they prepared another exhibit from the schools of the United States for the New Orleans Centennial. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and delight of the leading American educators in viewing the extraordinary showing made by this hitherto unknown religious body of teachers. The judges seemed unable to give adequate expression to their admiration. The press was almost extravagant in its praise. Dr. Newell, President of the State Normal School of Maryland, was appointed to write a special report of the Brothers' Exhibit for the Educational Congress that was to be convened at Saratoga a few months later. The New Orleans *Daily Picayune* March 19th, 1895, in an article on the Brothers display, thus speaks of the disciples of La Salle and their methods: "The Brothers are, above all things, systematic, clear and plain. They desire not to cram, but to expand the mind, make it thoroughly receptive, and put the pupil in possession of the fundamentals, so that in after years he can 'hoe his own row' without fear or anxiety as to opposition or competition. If the boy is to become a civil engineer, he is taken step by step along the difficult road, and is held firmly under direction and control until he feels and knows himself to be equal to any task within the limits of his line. And so it is with the boy who desires to be an architect, a lawyer, a physician, a book keeper or a business man. The ground work of all these professions is laid broad, and according to methods of instruction that are being more and more simplified every year." Mr. Thomas W. Bicknell, Chairman of the Committee on Education, and Hon. John Hancock, a member of the same committee, in their respective reports to the United States Bureau of Education, also made the most flattering references to the Christian Brothers. At the close of the Exhibition, the Judges made to the

Brothers, sixty-seven awards, among which was the Grand Diploma of Honor, the highest award for collective exhibit.

But perhaps, reader, you will object that all this is ancient history. This is the century of progress, and education has taken rapid strides since 1885. No doubt the Brothers belong to the century. They may even have occupied the front rank in the eighties, but they don't belong to the nineties. As you will—but you must admit, at least, that the Great Columbian Exposition opened at Chicago in 1892, was up to date. The Directors of the World's Fair invited the advocates of all educational systems to take part in the Exhibition. The Christian Brothers, confident in the superiority of their methods, responded with alacrity to this invitation, and promptly prepared an exhibit representing not only their institutions of America, but those of France, England, Ireland, Belgium, Spain, and even of the little antipodal Isle of Mauritius. The advocates of the Public School system, on the contrary, seemed loath to enter into the competition. They fought shy of the trial, and when they did place the fruits of their system on exhibition, they seemed animated by an excessive spirit of modesty, inasmuch as they tried to make their exhibit occupy as little space as possible. And this remark applies not only to the apostles of the Public School system in general, but to the upholders of the Public School system of Ontario in particular, as may be easily shown by a single comparison. The display of the Catholic Schools of Quebec covered an area of 1,700 square feet, while from nearly 5,900 Public Schools in Ontario, was sent the paltry aggregate of 375 exhibits. And if this were only the worst. But what is infinitely more humiliating is the fact that after all our loud-mouthed boasting, our Public Schools were not merely overshadowed, but simply eclipsed by those inefficient schools taught according to the out-of-date system of La Salle.

The Brothers, I say, fearlessly placed on exhibition the fruits of their methods in competition with the world at this Columbian Exposition, and never did the system of La Salle score a greater victory than that won at Chicago in the full blaze of

this Century of Light, in the year of Our Lord, 1893. Not only did impartial judges award the palm to the Brothers, but the American Press generously accorded to those humble teachers the unstinted praise that they merited, while it lauded in enthusiastic terms the methods that they follow. In an article by a non-Catholic writer, the Chicago *Staats-Zeitung*, a secular journal, contrast as follows, the Public School displays with that of the Catholic Institutions, among which the schools of the Christian Brothers are pre-eminently conspicuous: "Pettied by the State, raised up as something sacred, and a *noli m̄ tangere* furnished with all that money can procure, beautiful buildings, airy class-rooms, apparatus, methods, teachers enjoying fine salaries, these American Schools, the pride of the country, should they not have taken advantage of the presence of the assembled teachers and pedagogues of the world, and of an opportunity seized by every country of the globe to exhibit their work, to prove to their admirers their excellence, which they boast of in theory but do not show in practice? They do not, we say, and we ask, could they have done it? * * * The weakness of the Public schools shows all the more forcibly the strength of the Catholic Educational Institutions at the Exposition. Instead of beautiful buildings, models, and costly methods, they have exhibited the practical results of their schools. And these are great results."

The Chicago Daily *Inter-Ocean* of Sept. 6th, 1893 speaks of the Brothers and their methods in terms even more eulogistic. It says: "(La Salle) completely reversed the methods then in use by educators. He spoke and the world listened. Another Columbus, he led the way to shores unknown. Beneath the magic of his genius the clockwork of a complete educational system was set together. It has been running for the past two centuries. Yesterday added nothing to it. To-day looks on it in admiration. To-morrow will cherish it as heaven's fairest gift to man." The writer of the above lines then proceeds to describe the exhibit of the Brothers and having enumerated and classified the various articles, he continues: "Such a display is simply astounding.

Rest assured not a copy-book not a sheet of drawing, not a specimen in this exhibit would have been sent were it not creditable. That one hundred institutions would be able to heap together such an immense mass of matter, which they fearlessly set before the eyes of the world, is indeed marvelous. Had such a thing been done at a time when education was narrowed to a few we might have attributed the boldness of the exhibitors to the consciousness that the great mass would be unable to criticise. But in this latter day when everybody has been to school, behold the convincing evidence of an untrammelled triumph. There is no denying the silent evidence of those thousands of copy-books, those hundreds of volumes. Impossible that a few bright students could have done it all. The entire coterie of students in each school must have been grand. The method which these men have pursued must be the best, and that method is bright with its two centuries of use. Those 5086 copy-books and those 79 volumes of class-work cover the entire scope of a liberal education. * * * * These copy-books are not material prepared for the fair. Just the plain, every-day class-work of the students. Some contain the dictation exercises with the corrections in red ink. Others contain the synopsis of various lessons actually given in the class-room. Thus not only do these teachers display the actual work of their pupils but they use the work in demonstrating the methods pursued in instructing their charge." Evidently this writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* does not believe that the system of La Salle is behind the age.

The hierarchy of the Catholic church has been no less emphatic in the expression of its admiration for the methods employed by the Christian Brothers. The Bishops of France, England and Ireland, have honored these humble religious with the most flattering testimonials. The Bishops of the Province of Quebec not satisfied with the individual expression of their favor, united their voices in encouraging the efforts of these self-sacrificing sons of La Salle. The illustrious Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, the Archbishops of New York, St. Louis, and New Orleans, sent joint letters to invite the Brothers to found the Colleges now established in

these cities. Mgr. Fatolli, himself one of the leading educators of the day, and a man who in matters educational certainly knows whereof he speaks, does not hesitate to state that "this system of education (La Salle's) is found to be the most suitable here in America and is that which is followed by nearly all schools, whether public or private. And so the sons of La Salle are equally at home in Rome, in Paris, and in Washington." And again he states as a matter of experience: "I have observed in many countries that whilst the Christian Brothers are faithful in the care of the moral and religious education of their children, they are competent to keep up the scholastic standard established by the civil authorities." The illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII, has likewise raised his voice in unison with those of the bishops to approve the Institution of the Christian Brothers, and has manifested his appreciation of the labors of this religious body of lay teachers, by the frequent repetition of his fervent prayer that the Sons of La Salle may increase in number, and that their schools may multiply. To accuse, then, the Christian Brothers of being ignorant of modern methods of teaching, is to accuse Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Logue, Mgr. Satolli, and even Leo XIII, of want of foresight, of being animated by a retrogressive spirit—an accusation that will bring a smile to the lips of every thinking man.

Reader, I have filled the preceding pages not with my own opinions nor my own words, but with the opinions and words of others. And I have done so advisedly, for my poor judgment would have no weight with you, nor could my far from facile pen hope to move you by its eloquence. I have placed before you the principles laid down by La Salle, the pro-

fession of faith of the Christian Brothers in these principles, and the testimony of competent witnesses that the Brothers are faithful in practice to the principles they profess in theory. I have shown that time and again, the superiority of the methods of the Brothers has been attested by impartial judges of various lands, and that finally at the Columbian Exposition of 1892-93, the system of La Salle triumphed gloriously over all rival methods. I have quoted, too, at some length the almost extravagant expressions of praise and admiration recorded to the Brothers and their methods by the American Press.

Were the Ontario Commissioners, before passing their condemnatory judgment, thoroughly acquainted with the system of La Salle in itself? Were they aware of the excellent fruits which that system has produced in other lands outside the narrow limits of our own Mesopotamian Province? Were they in possession of even the few historical facts that I have adduced in these pages? If a negative answer must be given to each of these questions, then the Commissioners must stand convicted of lamentable ignorance of the history of education. If the answer to each of the preceding questions be affirmative then the Commissioners have acted with malice aforethought in condemning the Brothers and their methods. For in the face of such undeniable proofs of the perfection of the system of La Salle, there are but two classes of persons that could seriously declare that "as regards the purpose of education, and the means for securing it, the Brothers are not familiar with modern methods of teaching;" and these two classes are the invincibly ignorant and the wilfully malicious. Let the Commissioners choose for themselves the category that they prefer.

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

POPE'S PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM.



It is probable that the works of no poet have been the object of so widely different criticisms as those of Alexander Pope and his contemporaries.

Some eminent critics have placed them on a level with the works of poets such as Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton, while many others scarcely deem them worthy of a favorable remark. Any of us, I would think, who has read at least a part of Pope's works, will be at variance with both these classes of critics. For as other poets are remarkable for their originality and sublimity, in correctness and beauty of style Pope is surpassed but by a few. In reading his works, therefore, we should not expect to find many new ideas or sublime passages, but we meet with many old thoughts put in such a striking manner that we begin to think Pope a great poet. He was not, however, a great poet, but he probably thought he was, and could tolerate almost anything but unfavorable criticism. It was undoubtedly on account of this that he wrote his *Essay on Criticism*. This may be plainly seen from the very beginning of the poem, for it commences with the following lines :

" 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

He then speaks of the great number of critics and their utter ignorance of true criticism. He admits, nevertheless, that "most have the seeds of judgment in their mind." Many of them, he says, are men who have failed in other kinds of writing, and to escape derision, have become critics.

" In search of wit these lose their common sense
And then turn critics in their own defence.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

These last two lines expose a well known principle; for we always see that those

who should not laugh, are always the most eager to do so.

After mentioning a few more kinds of literary men, Pope begins to lay down the rules which, in his opinion, we should follow if we would become true critics.

" Be sure yourself and your own reach to know
How far your genius, taste and learning go."

By this is meant that we must know how much genius we have, and what we can do, lest we should get beyond our depth. Nature, moreover, has given knowledge but sparingly to men. When this is accomplished, then our first care is to follow Nature.

" First follow Nature and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same."

For in all works of art, Nature is the standard, and the nearer the artist approaches nature the more perfect his work becomes.

The poet now calls our attention to Greece, who has encouraged her sons to become famous. Men were not then afraid to write, for critics were not disposed, as they are now, to cavil.

" The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire."

Therefore if we wish to excel in any species of composition, we must first prepare ourselves by a thorough acquaintance with the ancient authors.

" Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day and meditate by night."

This is undoubtedly what Pope has done himself, since he has written a translation of Homer's works. Virgil, he says, imitated Homer because he found Homer and nature the same.

" Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy Nature is to copy them."

This is giving very high praise to the ancients. It is, however, nothing less than we can expect from Pope, since he and the writers of his time are especially noted for their imitation of the ancient

classics. We must therefore not follow out this rule to its full extent, since we must devote much of our time to modern writers also.

We now come to a very remarkable passage of this poem. It says,

"Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care."

By this Pope means that there are certain beauties in poetry, which rules cannot teach, and which are but the offspring of true genius. These beauties generally carry with them a slight defect, to correct or remove which would destroy the whole thing. How many of these do we find in the works of the great poets, and especially in those of Shakespeare. Of them Pope says :

"Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend,
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

The last line is one very frequently quoted, for it beautifully expresses what those beauties or graces are. They are graces snatched from beyond the reach of art. No rules can teach us how to form these graces since they must be supplied by our genius alone.

A true critic sees but the beauty of the thought and let the ideas "gain the heart without passing through the judgment." Cavillers on the contrary, with eyes so sharp, see not the grand excellence but seizing the small fault, destroy all. These critics consider nothing but their rules: they look upon a work without proper consideration and thus many beauties seem faults just as,

"Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear
Considered singly or beheld too near,
Which but proportioned to their light and place
Due distance reconciles to form and grace."

This is but a comparison, but by its aid we can fully understand how some beauties in poetry may sometimes seem faults.

Pope again turns back to the Ancients, praises them highly and ends the first part of the poem by an invocation.

"Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last the meanest of your sons inspire
To teach vain wits a science little known
To admire superior sense and doubt their own."

—The second part of the poem begins with some very just reflections on pride

which he calls the "never-failing vice of fools :

"Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride."

Such was the case when Pope lived, so it is now and ever shall be. For we all know that the proudest are the most worthless.

"Pride where wit fails steps in to our defence
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

We will all admit that the ignorant are often the proudest. However large minds which have received but little learning have plenty of room for pride in large quantities. On account of this Pope wrote the following well known lines.

A little learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
And drinking largely sobers us again."

By this is meant that a person with a little knowledge does not know how much there is to be learnt but he who has a good education fully understands how much more there is to be learned and that he knows comparatively nothing. Pope beautifully expresses this in the following oft-repeated lines.

"But more advanced beholds with strange
surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise.
The increasing prospect tries our wandering eyes
Hills peep o'er hill and Alps on Alps arise."

There are some critics, who without any consideration whatever search only for trivial faults, overlooking the greater beauties. But

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit as its author writ."

For, just as in other works of art, it is not one single part that shows the beauty but the whole joined together

Moreover, there is no work of man that is perfect and,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ne'er shall be.

We should therefore examine the work in general and not look for trivial faults for

"As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit
To avoid great errors must the less commit."

Pope now ridicules those critics, who if they do not find every single part correct condemn the whole.

Some people follow their own erring judgment too closely and consequently fall into grave errors ; probably

"Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit,"
they often forget that

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed."

When examining a work we must give our attention to the language but at the same time must not disregard the sense

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

Some persons are in the habit of using newly-coined words or obsolete ones. That we may guard against this, Pope gives us the following advice

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Most critics, says Pope, judge poetry by the verse alone. They are satisfied if the metre and rhyme are perfect.

"While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

This is a very good instance of precept and example. In the first line we find the expletive "do" which certainly enfeebles the line and the second verse contains the "ten low words."

However a true critic must not be satisfied with the smoothness of the verse alone

"Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

Again we have an example following

"Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent
roar."

The first two lines seem to move as smoothly as the zephyr or the stream, while in the two last we imagine we hear "the surges lash the sounding shore"

We must try not to be among those who never give their own judgment, but are ready to catch and believe anybody's opinion.

"Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town."

How many persons do we see who never give an original notion, but are always looking for that of someone else. Anybody can convince them.

It is often the case that great works have been censured for a time, but after-

wards their true worth is seen. For there are always those who are willing to blame, "Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead."

This Zoilus was a minor poet whose name would never now be mentioned had he not criticised Homer very severely, for which he was called "chastiser of Homer." As an example of this hasty criticism Pope gives Dryden's works. But Milton's "Paradise Lost," is a remarkable example. This famous work was not appreciated until long after it was written.

Pope ends his second part with a severe but very just criticism on those writers who try to injure an author's reputation. Of these he says :

"All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

At first sight, it would seem that a judge needs knowledge only. However, to use Pope's words,

"Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join,
In all you speak let truth and candor shine.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

The next few lines are very satirical. Pope ridicules poor writers and severe critics. He says it is better to leave this class of men alone.

"Tis best, sometimes, your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain."

Such men are found everywhere.

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Pope now turns to the ancients and gives them high praise. Of course it is natural for him to praise those whom he imitated ; still, what he says is very true.

"Such once were critics ; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew."

In the latter part of the poem Pope traces literature through its variations from the time Roman learning was at its height until his own days, and ends the poem by praising some inferior poets and critics to whom he was considerably indebted.

If we take Pope's advice and consider the poem as a whole, at the same time regarding its end, we cannot but praise it. Though we cannot deny that he pays too much attention to the Ancients, yet we must confess that many just rules and sound principles are laid down, which, if followed, would prevent many blunders, not only in writing, but also in every day life.

MY BEST FRIEND.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE A. DROLET.



HAVE just been making a sojourn of eight months in America," began M——, of N——, and have travelled over the United States and Canada in all directions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Hudson's Bay to Florida. I left Paris provided with letters of

recommendation of all kinds, official and personal, which I increased again at Washington by letters from our consul for the Governors of the different States of the Union.

Destined for a diplomatic career in the East, I had studied especially German, Russian and Italian, but I knew very little English.

I had hardly set foot on the wharf at New York when I regretted having neglected the study of the language of Shakespeare. I was with difficulty defending myself against a custom-house officer, who could not understand me, when a gentleman of about my age, tall, fair, with blue eyes, and elegantly dressed, came towards us, and raising his hat, addressed me in excellent French: "Forgive me, sir, if I interfere in your discussion, but I see that you cannot succeed in making this man understand you; perhaps I could help you."

I thanked him cordially and stated my case. The amiable American said a few words in English to the officer examining the baggage. The latter immediately marked my goods, and turning away, went in search of another victim.

My deliverer called a carriage and gave the driver the address of Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was to stop; he then saluted me politely and went away, without giving me time to thank him for his timely assistance, which, he told me,

he would himself have been glad to receive had he been in my place.

On my way to the hotel, I said to myself: "Decidedly, if all Americans are as charming as the gentleman I have just met, I shall not fail to make a delightful tour of America."

The next morning I met this same stranger in the hall of the hotel. He smilingly bowed to me and passed on without speaking.

A few days afterwards, coming back from Washington, I went as far as Boston. There I inscribed my name in the register of the Parker House. The first person whom I met was my obliging American of the New York wharf. I stepped quickly up to him and expressed my thanks once more for the service he had rendered me on the day of my arrival.

The gentleman, begging me to forget that trifling incident, handed me his card, on which I read: "John Smith, Insurance Inspector, New York." We were talking on different topics, when suddenly Mr. Smith proposed to cement our acquaintance, in the American fashion, by drinking to my health. I accepted, and he ordered a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot* and biscuits.

An hour afterwards all restraint between us had disappeared, and we were fast friends. Mr. Smith told me that having finished the inspection of his agencies, he would deem it a pleasure to be allowed to pilot me through Boston. I again accepted, and during the following days, we visited the universities, the museums, the places of interest and the monuments of this Athens of America. All doors were open to him, all hands stretched out to greet him. He was an old student of Harvard University, he told me. Mr. Smith discoursed with the professors and the directors of all these institutions with an ease and a masterfulness that gave me a high opinion of his profound knowledge.

On separating we bade each other *au revoir*.

I came back to New York fifteen days afterwards. One afternoon I was riding about Central Park when I saw Mr. Smith driving a thoroughbred stepper, harnessed to an elegant phaeton. As soon as he saw me he stopped short, and throwing the lines to his coachman, jumped down and came to me. After exchanging the ordinary salutations, he asked me to accept a place in his carriage. I thanked him and mounted beside him.

The afternoon passed away very pleasantly. I learned through Mr. Smith, who, by the way, seemed to know everything, all the European news that could be of interest to me. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Smith, with the most exquisite delicacy, invited me to dine with him at Delmonico's.

I must confess that I felt myself drawn towards this man, though I had taken the resolution on leaving Paris of making no familiarity with chance acquaintances.

But my mind felt the want of relaxation; my heart had need of sympathy. I was getting tired of the pleasures and studies of travelling; I wanted a friend, and a true one.

This John Smith, rich, at least he seemed to be, learned, discreet, modest, of an affable and eminently sympathetic character, I had found everywhere in my way on twenty different occasions since my arrival in this strange land. The temptation was too great and I accepted his invitation. He proved to be as agreeable a host as he was a charming companion. He particularly interested me in relating the political history of the United States during the last twenty years. I was greatly surprised to see this elegant clubman so familiar with the intricacies of the constitution of the great Republic.

Mr. Smith told me that he had already been twice elected to high offices, and that he still occupied an important position in the political organization called "Tammany Hall."

After dinner we went out on Union Square to breathe the fresh sea air, brought in by a light breeze from the east.

It was a beautiful evening. We stopped to look at the brilliant equipages of New

York Society. Thousands of electric lights, reflected by the glasses, the wheels and varnished panels, made the carriages resemble so many luminous meteors carried away in their rapid course.

My companion informed me that in the neighborhood of the hotel there was a famous gambling house. He quickly assured me that, without being a frequenter of the house, he often went there with agents of his company visiting New York.

My curiosity being excited, I asked him if we could not go in for half an hour. "Certainly," he answered. And a few minutes afterwards we were ushered into the gambling rooms.

The entrance of John Smith was very much remarked. Several of the players rose, shook hands with him, and murmured mysterious words in his ears. I encouraged him to play. He sat down at a baccarat table, and he had hardly been there two hours when he rose up, a winner of \$11,000.00.

We then separated for the night. Later on I visited, in his company, Philadelphia and other cities. Business affairs then called my friend away, but before leaving he fixed a date on which he should meet me in Chicago.

One day, in a parlor of the Palmer House, I sat reading the details of the attack on a train going from Sante Fe to Fuengo, by a band of robbers. It had resulted in the murder of the conductor, and of several other men employed on the train. The matter interested me, because, as I intended visiting New Mexico, I would have to travel over the same road on which the crime had been committed.

I was suddenly interrupted by a joyful "Hello! How are you my dear friend?" It was Smith, standing before me, smiling and seeming very happy to meet me again.

His eyes, falling on the journal I was reading: "Ah!" said he, "you were reading the account of the attack on the train from Sante Fe? You do not know that I was on that train, coming back from the Far West. I have even kept a souvenir of it," he added, and he showed me a wound on his left hand, and which had been caused, he said, by the ball of a

revolver, fired by a masked man at the conductor of the train.

Smith overwhelmed me with kind services and delicate attentions during the whole day. The next week we visited, together, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Every day I congratulated myself on my good fortune in the discovery of such a friend, so good, so amiable, so delicate.

Our views were identical on nearly all subjects. Smith was a fervent believer, and of a severity of principles which made me ashamed of myself. We discussed social, moral, political and economical questions. One night we began to talk about capital punishment.

Smith was opposed to this, and warmly protested against such punishment being inflicted on criminals. What pleased me most in him was his great sensibility. He could not bear to see anyone suffer without trying to succor him in some way. His charity was inexhaustible. He was a true philanthropist.

Smith told me one morning, that, having been called to the West, he was forced to leave Chicago. Our next meeting was arranged for Denver, Colorado.

One night, coming from Milwaukee, I dined with an alderman of Chicago. He offered to have me accompanied by an agent of the secret police if I wished to visit what he termed the slums of the city, the places where all the bad characters of this great Babylon assembled.

At ten o'clock a detective came for me, and in his company I began a tour of inspection which filled me with terror and disgust. My companion finally proposed to me to visit a gambling-house, frequented by the greatest criminals in the world. We were admitted on the presentation of the officer's badge. The rooms were full of players.

What was my surprise to see before me my friend, John Smith. The upper part of his face was shaded by a large, soft hat, his eyes were hidden behind blue glasses, and he was sitting at a table with a heap of gold and bank notes before him. As soon as he saw me he arose, and, pocketing the money, left the table.

"How is it you are here?" I exclaimed, without trying to hide my surprise.

Come," he answered, "let us leave this place. Not knowing what to do nor

where to meet you, I was led in here. Come," he repeated impatiently, "this place is not fit for you." I followed him out, and paid no more attention to this little incident.

A few days later Smith started for New Mexico. We were to meet again in two months at Los Angeles, and he promised to write to me, directing his letters in care of the French Consul, at New York.

I visited Canada from one end to the other, and finally started for California. On the date fixed I was at Los Angeles, but Smith was not there. He had written to me twice immediately after our separation, but for two long months I had been without news of him.

I was beginning to feel lonesome; my friend's absence grieved me.

After travelling over Arizona, Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, I finally halted in the capital of one of those picturesque Western States. My first visit was to the Governor, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

He received me with great cordiality. He regretted, he said good-naturedly, that he had not any historical monuments or imposing ruins to show me, his capital not dating further back than thirty years. "But," he said, "since you are travelling to gain experience, have you ever assisted at the hanging of a man?" "No," I answered, "I have seen men guillotined in France, beheaded in Morocco, impaled in China, but I have never seen a man hanged."

"Well, if you desire it, I will have you admitted to the state prison, where, to-morrow, one of the greatest villains of modern times, robber, murderer, incendiary and forger will pay the penalty of his crimes.

He is a curious character; you would take him for a true gentleman, incapable of injuring anyone. And yet he is none other than the famous Billy Gunn, leader of several secret associations regularly organized to practice robbery, incendiary and forgery in all the states of the Union. His band, under his command, must have committed at least fifteen murders during the past five years, and stolen more than a million dollars. It was in the attack on the night express of the Missouri Company that Billy Gunn was captured after having

shot the conductor of the train. The trial did not last long, and I had the greatest difficulty in guarding my prisoner against the angry citizens who wanted to lynch him. Billy was condemned to be hanged and tomorrow you will see the most notorious highway man of the States dangling at the end of a stout rope." On the morning of the execution I arrived at the state prison, where two companies of soldiers stood on guard.

In a room of the prison about fifty persons were waiting. There were the Sheriffs, the clergymen, the members of the press and a few others; suddenly I found myself face to face with John Smith, the friend whom I had not seen for several months.

I was so happy at finding my best friend that I would have folded him in my arms, had it not been for two clergymen to whom he seemed to be listening religiously.

"What, I exclaimed, John Smith here! you here! How happy I am to have found you at last. I thought you were sick or gone to Europe, or rather I did not know what to think of your obstinate silence and of your prolonged absence. Why did you leave me so long without news?"

"Pardon me, said Smith, for not having answered your letters and for breaking my engagement with you at Los Angeles. Recently I have not been master of my actions nor of my time."

We shook hands affectionately. The two clergymen on seeing us exchanging marks of friendship, had retreated a few steps.

My dear Smith, said I, do you remember our discussions on capital punishment?"

"Oh! yes, he answered heaving a sigh, I remember them." "Then to explain your presence here, you must have come over to my sentiment on the legitimacy of its application to great criminals."

"I!" said John Smith, "on the contrary, I am more opposed to it than ever. I find it horrible to deprive a man of the life which God gave him. Man should not have the right to interfere in the designs of the Creator.

"Well then, if you have not changed your views, I, on my side, have great repugnance to see a man hanged. If you wish dear friend, let us go away from here, is it agreed?"

"Alas, my dear friend," answered John Smith, with a deep sigh, "I would most willingly do it, but I cannot go; *It is I who am to be hanged!* I am Billy Gunn!!"

* * * * *

When I recovered from the shock which these words had given me, I was alone in the small room of the prison. Reeling like an intoxicated man, I started towards the door. The fresh morning air revived me. A sharp click followed by the fall of a body through space, caught my attention. There in front of me, I saw John Smith hanging by the neck, balancing at the end of a rope, his mouth contracted into a horrible grimace, his projecting eyes fixed on me. He had died looking at me!! I had lost *my best friend.*

RAOUL BÉLANGER '97.



A MASTERLY LECTURE.



ARDINAL Newman holds a foremost rank among English prose writers; and yet, strange to say, in many of our school text books of literature we find him either not mentioned at all or passed over with the briefest notice. Even the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which boasts of its completeness, forgets or refuses to name the beautifier of the language in which it is written. But this negligence is not so very difficult to explain. We all know whither the Oxford movement led Newman, and we are aware also of the brilliancy of conduct displayed in his new-found situation. To a writer then whose cherished traditions would be injured by outspoken truth, silence is the golden rule. The critic Austin, however, stated the case correctly when he stamped Newman as "the man in the working of whose individual mind, the intelligent portion of the English public is more interested than in that of any other living person." But whatever may have been Newman's personal influence at home, as a writer he commands the recognition of the whole English speaking world. He is the author of thirty-four volumes, written mainly on subjects of personal, philosophical, historical and religious interest. His attempt at novel-writing has resulted, as admitted by the *Saturday Review*, in the production of some of the finest prose passages in the English language. Poetry was not his field—though a couple of poetic gems have fallen from his pen. Strength and beauty and attractive harmony of style are in general the characteristics of Newman's writings. But even were the style not the best, the deep thought and communicative sentiment that underlie the language would remedy all defect. Though of an ascetic turn of mind, Newman was not a stranger to wit and humor, which occasionally creep in to brighten

up a prospect that otherwise might appear too severe.

We have seen sufficient to warrant our saying that Newman's writings deserve more than a mere cursory glance. However, we cannot here review all his works; but we intend to spend some little time on one of his lectures, which we believe shows Newman at his best. It is the first of nine delivered by the Cardinal on *The Present Position of Catholics in England*. Exeter Hall, in London, was at the time the scene of turbulent meetings, held for the purpose of crying down Catholicity. Newman delivered his lectures to counterbalance the effect produced by these meetings. He addressed them to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory, but they were in reality listened to by many Protestants and friends of the Hall.

The first lecture is entitled "Protestant View of the Catholic Church." The title might lead some to think we are about to write a religious essay. But such is not the case: we have here a work which happens to be on a religious subject; but we shall not consider it in that relation. To examine its literary and argumenative worth is our sole purpose. And our remarks will be better understood by those who have read or shall read the lecture.

The introduction first claims consideration. Newman, we must remember, is beginning a series of lectures. He comes before his audience for the first time. And the latter being partly prejudiced, it does not escape his mind that his first duty is to dispose his hearers to listen to him. How he does so we see in his very first sentence, namely, by declaring that he is going to recall to their minds a "well known fable." Now among men, there are few who reject a story. And we can picture the effect of Newman's opening words. His hearers would shuffle in their seats to gain a position favorable for hearing the story-teller. But here the speaker makes an artful turn. Assured of attention, he leaves aside the fable, and pours into

ready ears some of the severest things he has to say. He declares openly his intention in giving the lectures, which is an inquiry into the reasons why Protestants hold such incomprehensibly strange ideas of Catholics and their religion. He gives in strong terms and comprehensive language a striking picture of the views entertained. His preliminary remarks, though brief, are a standing testimony of what a wonderful instrument language is in the hands of a master. They form, as we have heard said, "a masterpiece of special pleading." The beautiful climaxes, the interesting allusions, and the omnipresent vein of irony, make of the piece a mine, rich on the surface indeed, but far more so underneath.

Now we come to the first lecture proper. It is divided into three parts each of which we shall consider separately. In the first part Newman relates the fable to which he called attention in the beginning of his discourse. It runs thus. A man once invited a lion to his palace and showed him through its various departments. These were gorgeously decorated and possessed of "many fine specimens of painting and sculpture," several of which represented the noble lion, but always as inferior to man. Not only that but in some cases he was depicted as "the very creation of man," adorning the table-legs, door-knobs, and even the mantel-piece. When ultimately asked his opinion of the palace, the animal answered that he thought it splendid, but that "Lions would have fared better had lions been the artists." Newman wishes the man to be understood as Protestantism, and the lion as Catholicity. The latter without having a chance to defend itself, is at the mercy of the former. But this usurpation of opinion does not prove that no defence can be brought forward, and thus Newman illustrates what he wishes to prove in this his first lecture, viz., that there are two sides to a question. To further illustrate this principle he brings forward in the remainder of the first part several incidental circumstances and similar ideas which greatly heighten the effect of his argument. He reminds us of the old story of the two knights who meeting on the opposite side of a warrior's monument, came to open combat as a result of a dispute about the

material covering the shield of the warrior. But during the fight a change of position showed the combatants that each side of the shield was covered with different material. They then recognized their mistake; and so, by inference, would Protestants in regard to their opinion of Catholicism, if they would but see that the question has another side. "Anything," says Newman, "will become plausible if you read all that can be said in its favor and exclude all that can be said against it." So a lawyer makes his criminal client an injured man, and writers sometimes win sympathy for vice. Each man lives in his own little world which differs from that of all others; which fact has led novel-writers to make their works interesting by placing in opposition the different moulds of character of the personages. As a result of all these considerations Newman gives out the maxim that "no conclusion is trustworthy that has not been tried by enemy as well as friend; no traditions have a claim upon us which shrink from criticism and dare not look a rival in the face." And applying this principle to the Protestant view, he argues that it cannot be trustworthy for the reason that it does not and will not regard the opposite bearing of the question. I have endeavored to trace briefly Newman's train of argument in the first division of this lecture; but no words of mine can be as convincing of its argumentative force as a simple perusal would be. The lecturer's style is simple and clear throughout and near the end where he speaks of the manner in which Catholicity is trampled down by some Protestants, his language assumes a pathetic tone, his thought becomes sublime, and a passage of true eloquence is the result.

The second part of the lecture aims at proving that ignorance of the Catholic Church, her history, institutions, and practices is the cause of the violent opinions entertained against her by the general body of Protestants. As proof of this declaration he takes three points that are especially scoffed at by the enemies of Catholicism. The first is the Church in the middle ages, the second is the Jesuit body, and the third, the monks. He states the severe opinions generally held of those matters, and then for each point in

particular he produces testimony which contradicts the common opinion and is made the more forcible as being given by Protestants who have taken the trouble to study both sides. The writers quoted not only depart from the common opinion of their co-religionists, but in their praises of the points in question they rival Catholics themselves. Newman says that of course these testimonies will not prove the general belief wrong, but that they will prove that there are two sides to a question. His argument is strong and reasonable. But as to the literary merit of this second division of his lecture, it is not equal to that of the other two. Not that there is any remarkable difference between the styles of this and the other divisions but we have not so much of Newman himself as of others whose words are quoted. However, one feature is here note-worthy. The beauty of Newman's own words as brought out by juxtaposition with those of the writers quoted evidence how far above the ordinary class of writers he stands.

The third part of the lecture is most worthy of attention. Therein Newman shows his deep learning and wonderful command of language. For such an accumulation of daring invention, cutting sarcasm, covert allusion, wit and humor, all clothed in a most harmonious language, is seldom met with in any tongue. Newman might, as he says himself, have concluded his lecture after the second part. And well he might, for he had proved with effect what he had set out to prove. But he felt within him the existence of greater powers. He wished to drive his argument home. And he takes a very peculiar and interesting way of doing so. He goes on "to try whether something of a monster indictment, similarly rightful and similarly fantastical to that which is got up against Catholicism, might not be framed against some other institution or power of parallel greatness and excellence in its degree and place to the communion of Rome." So the renowned prelate takes what he justly calls a great institution, viz, the British Constitution; and after comparing it to other wonderful creations of human genius—to such works as the Pyramids or the Apollo Belvedere—he proceeds to

show how the magnificent Constitution of England might be misconstrued and maligned by those who know it not. For this purpose he supposes a party of "John-Bullists" in the city of Moscow, who were introducing British ideas in their foreign dwelling-place. To stem the torrent, the Emperor calls a great public meeting. Many mighty harangues were made, but one in particular outshone all the others in its terrible invective against the English Constitution. The speaker was an old soldier who had been fighting in the Caucasus. He had never seen England knew nothing of it; and his audience knew much less. His attack, then, is simply a wordy one. But Newman's purpose was not to show what bombast he could compose. Each accusation that the Russian orator brings against the British Constitution finds its parallel in one or other charge made by Protestantism against Catholicity. The speaker in Moscow calls the Constitution of England a perfidious power; the same epithet is applied to Catholicity by the advocates of No-Popery. England is declared to be at the back-gate of the world; so is Rome termed an isolated government. England's Constitution, says the supposed orator, "is an eye-sore in the nineteenth century"; in like manner the Church is stamped as "behind the times." The tenets of John-Bullism are atheistical and its maxims fiendish; exactly similar words are used against the Church by her enemies. John Bull himself is Anti-Christ; the Pope receives the same appellation. A book written by an English gentleman on the Laws of England is terribly misconstrued and falsely explained. Similarly do Protestants treat the works of Catholic doctors. Someone among the audience objects to the utterances of the Russian declaimer, and is immediately cried down and branded as an "emissary of a foreign potentate." Is not this the identical accusation preferred against the dignitaries of the Church? Our speaker continues with such surging ebullition and such infinite increase of epithets, that his audience becomes fairly frantic, and at last, with one emotion, they dash towards the orator, carry him off in triumph, and burn before him an effigy of John Bull. The same scenes are

enacted in the ordinary meeting-houses ; and while the Pope prays in peace before his God, his image is burnt with solemn joy in some distant land.

But after all, according to Newman, that great oration had not much effect ; for, says our author, "by ten o'clock at night the streets were profoundly still, and the silver moon looked down in untroubled lustre on the city of the Czars." Nor in the parallel does our moon lose any of its lustre from the turbulent meetings we have mentioned.

Newman, before closing, says that the parallel he has drawn might appear exaggerated, but as one who has had experience of both sides, he declares that no absurdities can equal those which well-meaning Protestants believe of Catholics. The concluding sentence of his lecture

shows what an able logician he was. Ever keeping in mind what his discourse was intended to prove, he ends by saying : "Such is the consequence of having looked at things all on one side, and shutting the eyes to the other." The language Newman uses while voicing the sentiments of the supposed speaker, shows his extensive vocabulary and wide-spread knowledge, while that used in his own thoughtfulness, is characterized by a facility of expression which is truly admirable.

Having thus viewed this lecture of Newman's, our regret is the consciousness of not having done it justice. Still, how can a meagre mind hope to view with exactitude and completeness, the emanations of such a mind as that of Newman?

J. J. QUILTY, '97.



THREE GREAT SATIRISTS.



THE history of English Literature is adorned with the names of three great men, certain of whose writings have such a marked similarity, that they have been grouped into one class, known as the English satirists. The names of Dryden, Pope, and Byron will live as long as the English language is used as an instrument to convey the ideas of man to man. Like those of Shakespeare and Milton, they will endure forever. There are other satirists in English literature, but these three stand out clearly distinguished above their fellows for the vigor of their attack and the perfect mastery of their subjects, and of the art of versification. In treating of these writers it will be more convenient to deal with each of them separately, and in the order of succession. It is not the intention to give biographical sketches of these authors; only such facts of their lives as bore a direct influence on the motives which impelled them to write their satires will be noted. Though Dryden, Pope, and Byron all chose the same style of writing for their masterpieces, yet each was governed by very different motives, just as, for example, Lingard and Froude, though both engaged in writing history, were not moved by the same spirit of truthfulness.

John Dryden, born in 1631, was a Cromwellian till the accession of James II to the throne of England, when a remarkable change took place in his life. He had been a Presbyterian, he now became a Catholic; he wrote a panegyric on the death of the Protector, and hailed the coming of Charles II to the throne of England in his poem, *Astræa Redux*. He wrote many poems and plays, but his fame rests on his two satires: "*Absalom and Achitophel*," and "*The Hind and Panther*." The latter is a controversial poem in which he defends the Catholic Church, represented as the "Hind,"

against the Anglican Church, represented as the spotted "Panther." It is, however, with the former satire only that we have to deal in this essay, since it is in this poem, particularly, that he shows his great power as a satirist. It is said that Dryden "could not keep himself from argument and satire on a subject that would have induced most youthful poets to luxuriate in elegiac complaints, and to indulge themselves in florid descriptions of departed excellence." His style is much praised by Pope, Byron, and Scott. He shows great facility in conducting argument and close reasoning in a rapid succession of condensed thought in verse.

Absalom and Achitophel appeared in favor of the Monarchists in England, and spread consternation in the ranks of the Whig party, who favored the pretensions of the young Earl of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of the reigning king, and of which the Earl of Shaftesbury was leader. It was written in mockery of the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill, and bitterly attacked the Earl of Shaftesbury as *Achitophel*, while it pitied the Earl of Monmouth as *Absalom*, the good but misguided son, not the hardened reprobate which it pictured Shaftesbury to be. The Earl of Shaftesbury is thus described in the poem:

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs and crooked councils fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power displeas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.

* * * * *

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,
And all to leave, what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son.

The English people, during the period in which Dryden lived, had shown themselves of a very changeable mind. They had executed Charles I, raised Cromwell to the Protectorate, a position analogous to that which Napoleon I occupied later on, in France; and soon after the death of Cromwell, they hailed with enthusiasm the restoration of royalty in the person of Charles II. In his poem, Dryden calls the English *Jews*, and England *Israel*. He gives the following description of the *Jews* :

"The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern, nor no god could please.
* * * * *

The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars
They curst the memory of civil wars."

There were many seditious writers who attempted to turn the tide against James II, as successor to Charles, on account of his Catholic faith. They concocted vicious lies about him, and under the patronage of Shaftesbury, circulated them throughout the country. One of these writers, Samuel Johnston, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Julian*, in which he drew a parallel between that apostate and James II. In all probability it is from such documents as these that come to us the stories of Catholic plots and seditions during those stormy times, and which have no other foundation than in the fertile imaginations of those disreputable writers. Samuel Johnston, a minister, under the name of *Ben-Jochanan* is thus delineated by Dryden :

"But leaving famished Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay, let Hell produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan;
A Jew of humble pedigree was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree.
* * * * *

Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, so changed his master;
Inspired by want, was made a factious tool—
They got a villian, and we lost a fool."

Of *Og*, who represents Shadwell, another writer, Dryden says :

* * * * *
"With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue."

As defender of the newly re-established monarchy, Dryden revealed his sentiments for the reigning king, Charles, whom he calls *David*, in the following words :

"The God-like David spoke; with awful fear
His train their maker in their master hear.
* * * * *

Oh, that my power to saving were confined,
Why am I forced, like heaven, against my mind
To make examples of another kind?
Must I, at length, the sword of justice draw?
How ill, my fear, they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man!"

We shall now pass on to Alexander Pope who was twelve years old at the time of Dryden's death in 1700. Of Pope, the world has given its verdict. As poet and satirist, his name stands in the highest niche of fame. He has written very many poems besides the one singled in this article. The *Essay on Man* is as widely known as the English tongue, and well repays careful study. Pope is the greatest master of English didactic poetry, but as a satirist only, do we deal with him here. His great achievement in this line is the *Dunciad*, the nature of which is expressed in its very title.

Pope was a cripple, a dyspeptic, and a victim of anti-Catholic prejudices, and hence it was but natural that he should revenge himself on something or somebody for the misfortunes which the world had heaped upon him. Swift, whose friend he was, encouraged him to write satire, to give the world "one more lash;" yet even Swift blamed him for his misanthropy. The latter, himself, wrote without affectation, and confessed that he hated the world. He had some particular friends, but in general he hated that animal, man. Pope was the open enemy of vice, and attacked it with terrible effect wherever he found it. The following lines show the stand taken by Pope towards pride :

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
* * * * *

Pride, where Wit fails, steps into our defence
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Arbuthnot in a beautiful letter written shortly before he died, encouraged Pope

in his noble disdain and abhorrence of vice and exhorted him more to correct it than to punish it. As a conductor of argument in poetry Pope is said to have no equal and no second. As a poet he had not the all-embracing genius of Shakespeare, nor could he sweep the eternal realms of light, and darkness and chaos with Milton, but as a portrayor of artificial manners, and the frailties and foibles of man, none surpasses him. He wielded a double-edged weapon and when roused he struck telling blows, like one knowing all the weak points in the enemy's mail; the wound inflicted was deep and never closed. His loves and his hates were strong. Those who were so fortunate as to possess his friendship could rely upon it—he was constant; but those who stirred up his ire felt the vigor of his powerful pen, and the depth of the wrath within him. He did nothing by halves, so that those who incurred his anger were punished to the full extent: he showed no mercy. Pope had one love—his mother—whom he cherished with all the ardor of his noble heart. He lived with her, even denying himself the pleasure of travelling to be at her side.

His poem the *Dunciad*, which, as the name indicates, is a treatise on *dunces*, was written to satirize those who had criticized his writings or himself. This poem was written twice, the second time very much enlarged. As it appears at present the goddess *Dulness* is represented as entertaining the poets, assigning to each one his work, and creating new ones. In the following selection James Moore Smith, according to Curl, is referred to:—

"A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid rope adust and thin,
In a dun night gown of his own skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-feel and fair
She formed this image of well-bodied air;
With pert, flat eyes she window'd well his head,
A brain of feathers and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless, idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit
A fool so just a copy of a wit.
So like that critics said, and courtiers swore
A wit it was and called the phantom Moore."

Pope makes the following appeal to those who scoffed at religion:

"Yet, O my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
But Oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense!
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Persist by all divine in man unawed,
But, "Learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God."

He represents the baneful influence of the scribblers of his time in the following graphic description. Dulness is shown sitting on a throne and

"Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in chains,
And *Wit* dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foamed rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There stripp'd, fair *Rhetoric* languish'd on the
ground;
His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are borne,
And shameless *Billingsgate* her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane, in furs, and *Casuistry* in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when dulness gives her Page the word*"

Pope had been forty-seven years dead when, in 1788, was born one who was destined to shine gloriously in the firmament of English literature. Lord Byron is, in order of time, the last of the great English satirists. Like Pope, Byron was a cripple, and probably this along with not being able to support the rank to which he was born, made him of an irritable disposition. He was also extremely shy and sensitive, and the least reflection on his infirmity or circumstances drew forth from him a terrible castigation upon the offender. It was this sensitiveness which led him to launch out into that cutting satire: "*Ye English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." He was incensed at the criticism which his "Hours of Idleness" received at the hands of his contemporary writers, and particularly at the way in which the *Edinburgh Review* mocked him for his juvenile poetry. He says himself: "This critique was a masterpiece of low wit and scurrilous abuse." The young poet seemed to have suddenly developed into a man when in that bitterest of satires he answered the *Review*. His fame was immediate; he was recog-

*Page, the name of a judge who condemned many persons to be hanged.

nized as the leading poet of the age, and though he is not a great master of versification, his poems are well worth reading for the matter, if not for the form.

Byron was unhappy in his marriage and his life in general was full of that sadness which is characteristic of most of his poems. His temper which was fierce, found in his answer to the *Review* ample means of displaying itself.

The motive which prompted Dryden to write his famous satire was his interest for the Monarchical party, that which prompted Pope was his abhorrence of vice and immorality; but Byron was moved by a spirit of vindictiveness as is easily seen in his opening lines:

"Still must I hear? shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern-hall
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Shall dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish right or wrong,
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

Byron criticised Scott with great severity, especially because the latter wrote for money. Of *Marmion* he had a very poor opinion which he thus expressed:

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan
The golden-crested, haughty Marmion
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field, prepared to grace
A mighty mixture of the great and base.

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame.
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!"

He finishes a long satirical address to Southey in the following words:

"God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too!"

Of Hayley he writes:

Behold! ye tarts! one moment spare the text,
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
Forever feeble and forever tame.

Amos Cottle, who had in his earlier days been a tailor, but who afterwards adopted the profession of a man of letters, came under Byron's notice. In consequence he found a place in the satire, which never missed so good a chance as

this. Byron makes the following appeal to him:

O, Amos Cottle, for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink,
When thus devoted to poetic dreams.
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh, pen perverted, paper misapplied!
Had Cottle still adorned the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty
limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him."

Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, could not but come in for a large share of Byron's scathing criticism. Neither had ever seen the other, yet Byron hated Jeffrey for the criticism he received from his paper, and rightly held the editor responsible. The lines which follow were inserted in the satire:

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, so just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters as he sentenced men,
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the court betimes, though all that law
As yet has taught him is to find a flaw."

Lord Byron, however, in later life, repented having been so severe in his review of men of letters. "The greatest part of the satire I most sincerely wish had never been written—not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal parts of it—but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve," are words which he himself wrote concerning his satire, and indeed, a reading of it shows the terrible desire of revenge which must have inflamed his heart as he was writing.

A study of these three poets cannot but be profitable to the reader. They are all masters of the English language and their subjects are not without interest. Indeed no student of English should be ignorant of, or even unfamiliar with their writings; and though bitter sentiments are found at times, there are gems of thought and expression in their writings which, like the hidden jewel, reward those a thousand-fold who will trouble themselves to search for them.

L. E. O. PAYMENT.

PROSE AND POETRY.

ROSE is an ample river
 Bearing a nation's fleet ;
 Poetry, a brook that ever
 Babbles in music sweet.

Prose is the ripened corn,
 Freighted with its rich dower ;
 Poetry, a pansy born
 To amuse an idle hour.

Prose is re-sounding thunder,
 Clamoring overhead ;
 Poetry, the soft breeze under,
 Whispering thro' the shade.

Prose is a great bell ringing
 Imperious and loud ;
 Poetry, a small bird singing,
 Far from the noi-y crowd

Prose is of iron, and tools
 For the world's workmen are shown ;
 Poetry is gold and jewels
 In an Imperial crown.

E. C. M.

THE DEATH OF DOCTOR MARKS.

SELECTED.



OME one at our camp-fire had chanced to mention Dr. Marks, which called forth the comment that the doctor had died of heart disease—been found dead in his bed.

Major Arnold lifted his large, bright eyes from dreaming over the coals, and looked steadily at the last speaker. "Died of heart disease?" he repeated with a slight

sceptical inflection.

"Yes, sir!"—very positively.

The major looked into the fire again, and thoughtfully thriddled his beard through his fingers, while he appeared to weigh the pros and cons of some impulse in his mind. The pros tilted the beam and the major spoke. But he first drew his hand down across his eyes, and swept away, with that pass, the present scene of myriad tents, ghastly white in the moonlight, or shining crimson in the light of scattered fires; of closely-crowding, shadow-haunted southern crags and forests that lifted themselves from our feet to the horizon, their black and ragged edges standing out against a sky that was flooded with the mellow radiance of the full moon, all its stars and all its purple swamped in that silent and melancholy tide

"Poor Anne Atherton!" I had not thought that our rough major could speak so softly. I had been going to the door every day, for weeks, to ask how she was, hoping in spite of the doctors. But one morning, when I reached the steps, I saw a strip of crape tied around the bell-knob. No need of questions that day. Poor little Anne was gone! I call her little; but she was eighteen, and well grown. It is only a fond way of intimating that she crept into all our hearts. People liked her for her honest beauty, her ready smile, and her cheerful voice. Anne was not one of your bilious-

sublime sort, but a strong, sweet, sensible girl, with an apple-blossom complexion and a clear conscience. Her family were old friends of mine, and Anne was engaged and about to be married to my particular crony—John Sharon,—one of the best fellows that ever trod shoe-leather. Poor John! My heart ached for him as I went down town that day.

'That evening I went up to the house with my arms full of white flowers. Minnie Atherton wanted me to go in to see her sister; but I hesitated. I had always disliked to look at a corpse, and I hated to lose from my mind the picture it held of that rosy-cheeked girl, and take in its place ever so fair an image of death.

"'She looks very peaceful' Minnie said tearfully, seeing my unwillingness. And you may be able to comfort John. We can't get him away from her." "I never was much at comforting people. All that I know how to say to a crying woman is 'now, don't my dear!' and to a crying man I couldn't utter a word. Since then I have marched up to a battery with less shaking of the nerves than I felt on that day, when I went into the darkened room where Anne Atherton lay dead, and John Sharon sat looking at her. There were no tears in his eyes, there was no trembling in his lip or voice, he looked as though he had so long gazed upon and studied that face of hers that his own had learned the secret of its frozen calm. I could not tell which of the two was whiter.

"How beautiful she was! There was still a faint pink in her lips; but where that marvelous rich color had bloomed in the cheeks, and a fainter tint in the small ears and rounded chin, there was only pure white. But that pallor revealed many an exquisite outline which had been unnoted when her color dazzled the eyes. Her head was turned aside, with one hand under the cheek, and her long fair hair was put back from the face, and lay in shining ripples down her shoulders and back. She wore her bridal dress and

veil, some filmy, frosty stuff that looked as though it might melt, being so near the cluster of candles that burned at her head. There was no light in the room but from these candles. Minnie scattered my flowers over her sister's hair and dress; I am glad that you brought tuberoses, she said, 'Anne always loved them.'

"A long slow sigh heaved John Sharon's breast. He carefully took up one of the blossoms and looked it all over—the flower that Anne had loved! Then he laid it tenderly back again. Not all the blooms of earth, could, for any other reason, have won a glance from him at that moment; but I know that he has a tuberose engraved as sharply upon his memory as you ever saw any white flower cut upon a tombstone.

Presently Minnie left the room, glancing at me as she went. I ventured to lay my hand on John's shoulder. 'I know it, Arnold,' he said quietly. 'You would help me if you could, but there is no help on earth. Don't worry about me, I can't leave while she is above ground. There will be time enough, by and by, for rest.'

'I have no word of consolation to offer,' I said. But I have a thought that consoles me,' he replied, leaning forward with tender passion to lay his hand on hers; 'I have not altogether lost her, I shall meet her again, my darling! I shall meet her again!'

"I turned away and left them there hand in hand. When I went up the next morning I found John trembling with excitement. 'I have just restrained myself from taking Dr. Marks' life!' he said, his teeth fairly chattering. 'What do you think the brute dared to propose to me? He wanted to make a post-mortem examination of Anne! That young form that the hand of man has never touched, to be cut up for the gratification of a mere professional curiosity! I told him to run for his life, or I would strangle him;

Telling this, John panted like a man out of breath. I tried to soothe him. 'These doctors get used to everything, I said. 'Marks could have no idea how you feel about it.'

'He wrung his hands, still shivering with loathing of the thought that had been forced upon him. I can't get over it' he said. 'I am sorry that he was

called in at the consultation. If I had known in season, he should not have come. He is a coarse-grained fellow, who for the sake of gratifying his curiosity about a disease, would outrage all the decencies of life, 'I believe, Arnold—, here John choked with the words he would have uttered. "My dear fellow, try to forget it," I said. 'He has asked and you have refused, and there's an end of the matter.'

"I don't believe that it is ended, John said, looking at me strangely.

'You don't mean —' I began.

"But he lifted his hands as though he could not bear to have the thought put into words. 'I shall watch her grave every day for a week,' he said. 'Will you watch with me to-night, Arnold?'

I promised, and we parted.

"Anne Atherton's case was a peculiar one. They had called it quick consumption, for want of a better name. She always persisted in saying that she had swallowed something sharp like a pin, and that it had entered her left lung; but of all her physicians, Doctor Marks was the only one who believed it possible that she might be right. On the strength of this half agreement he proposed the examination.

"The South cemetery just outside the city, used to be the paradise of body-snatchers. It was in a lonesome neighborhood, and two sides bordered on the open country. Many a grave in that cemetery had given up its dead to the dissecting-knife, while the bereaved ones at home little dreamed that its sacred rest had been disturbed. The Athertons had a lot there and Anne was buried in it. We covered the new-made grave with evergreens, wreath linked in wreath, the whole besprinkled with white flowers—a pretty counterpane for the fair sleeper below.

"It was five minutes past nine in the evening when I vaulted over the stone wall, and walked down the central avenue.

The Atherton lot was not far from the entrance, and instead of a high fence, with gate and lock like the others, it was surrounded only by a low rim of granite. As I approached, I saw the tall, white monument in the centre and John Sharon leaning against it, and looking down on

the wreath-covered mound at his feet. He started when he heard my step, and came to meet me, taking my hand in a strong, cold clasp.

"We'll sit here," he said, leading me to a shady nook at the other side of the avenue.

The place he had selected was a grove of Norway spruces, which formed a half circle, the open side facing the Atherton lot, and not more than two rods distant from it. Thoughtful for my comfort, though indifferent to his own, John had thrown a shawl over the horizontal slab of marble in the centre of this grave, and on that we seated ourselves. He had brought, too, a little flask of brandy which he pressed into my hand, but would not taste himself. It did not come amiss, for the season was the last of October, and the night chilly, though clear and calm.

I asked John what he should do if the doctor made his appearance.

"I shall frighten him," he said. "I have my pistol here, and mean to fire it. I couldn't bear to have a fight over her grave."

"We sat there and waited in silence, John with his eyes fixed on the mound across the way. The last rays of the setting sun touched with a white lustre its wreaths and every little ghost of a flower, then slipped up the shaft of marble near by, pointed with a luminous finger to the "Rest in Peace," engraven there, showed name after name, and date after date, stole up the cross at the top, lingered an instant at its summit, then melted into the air. Following its flight with my glance, I saw that the sky was of a pale, transparent grey, with a few large stars in it. Clearly out against the background stood the roofs and spires of that sleeping city that breathed while it slept, and more clearly yet the monuments, and a fine tracery of the bare trees, branch, and twig showing delicate as lace-work, of that nearer city which slept in awful, breathless silence, never stirring for sunrise or sunset, never starting at any alarm, nor opening its eyes, let who would go by. The evening had been calm, but as it grew towards midnight, a faint and fitful breeze came now and then, like a sigh, setting the network of branches in a shiver, and sweeping the dry leaves about

with a low and mournful rustling. The place and time, the silence that was only broken by that spirit-like wind, and yet more the face of my companion, affected me strongly. John sat leaning slightly forward, his hands clasped on his knees, his gaze fixed on that grave he had come to watch, and as motionless as any stone about us. The frozen look on his face chilled me. I could not see nor hear that he breathed; and there was no move of an eyelid even. I would have spoken to him had I dared. I longed for some sound to startle him out of that trance; but there he sat, motionless, apparently lifeless. I took a swallow of brandy and tried to occupy my thoughts otherwise. I looked through the interstices of the trees near me and counted grave stones. Close by were two old sunken graves, with slate stones leaning awry at their heads, where lay, or had lain, grandfather or grandmother Sawyer—a later John Anderson and his wife—who had gone, hand in hand, up and down the hill, and now slept together at the foot. I say they had lain there, for in the fifty odd years of their burial, it was most probable that their dust had left its place beneath those tumble down slate stones and gone about other business, rising, maybe, in grasses and flowers. Not much of the old couple left in their coffins, be sure. Perhaps the children had carried the last of them away in violets and mayweed that very summer. Possibly the birds had pecked them up in one shape or another.

Would John Sharon never move?

I turned and peered back to where a small white cross stood, looking like a child in its night-gown, with arms extended. I could fancy some dear little frightened thing coming to me in that lonely place, silent from fear, or only faintly whispering, all of a tremor, poor babe, till I should reach and clasp it safe. The rustling of the leaves was its little bare feet in them, the sigh of air was its sobbing breath. I gave myself a shake. Well, to be sure! a white marble cross to mark where a child had been buried a year or two before. I remembered having seen, in June, a red-ripe strawberry on that grave, looking as though the little creature's mouth were put up through the sod to be kissed.

I turned to John Sharon again. He had not stirred. I looked at the grave to be watched, and wondered if, with that steadfast gaze, he could pierce the sod, as clairvoyants tell, and see Annie lying, cold and lovely, far below, with one hand under her cheek and the other on her breast, her hair flowing down unbound, never again to float on any breeze; to toss with any light motion of hers, to be twisted about his fingers.

I turned, quickly, to touch him, but as I raised my hand, he started. A sigh of air had arisen, faint but far-reaching; the leaves rustled and crept all about the many graves; and through that sound I heard a step.

John's form came erect as though stiffened by a galvanic shock, and he sharply turned his head aside to listen. For one moment there was silence again, then a sound of feet carefully treading down the avenue towards us. I heard the breath shiver through John's teeth, and saw him take something from his breast. Then two men came stealing across our view, their forms, as we sat low, defined against the sky. One was unknown to me, but the other was easy to recognize—Dr. Marks's large, athletic form loomed against the stars. Both men carried spades, and the doctor, a sack hanging over his arm. They went directly to the Atherton lot, and after whispering together for a moment, the smaller man stooped to pull away the wreaths from the grave, and Dr. Mark set his spade to the earth and his foot to the spade. "We must make haste," I heard him say, "our time is short."

His was shorter than he knew.

Without looking directly at John, I had seen him come forward, with his knee to the ground, and raise his hand level with his eyes, and I was aware of a flicker

before his face, as of a light on polished metal. There was a faint sound of the spade thrust through loose gravel, and, as he heard it, John started and cried out as if the thrust had been through his heart. At the same instant a flame leaped out from the gloom wherein we lurked, the silence cracked with a sharp report, and both men dropped their spades and ran.

John started to his feet, hastened to the grave which he saved from profanation, and after having removed from it, with loving care, every sign of disturbance, threw himself upon it, and sobbed as though his heart would break."

The major paused, brushed his hand across his eyes, and gazed a moment longer into the coals in which he had seemed to read that story. Then he looked up quickly, straightened himself, and became aware again of the southern night, the many tents, and the fire-lighted faces of soldiers listening towards him.

"I had my suspicions," he resumed in a changed voice, "that John's shot was not so harmless as he intended it to be; but I said nothing to him, and when he told me to go home, I went. When I reached the street I saw two men walking slowly away, one supporting the other. The next day I heard that Dr. Marks was dead. Strangely enough, we were obliged to keep the knowledge from John. He never left the house, except at night, till after a week, when we joined our regiments; and since then he has had enough to think of and to do without inquiring after Dr. Marks's health.

The doctor's family said he died of heart disease; and I don't blame them for putting the best face they could on the affair. The hearts of most people, when they die, have something the matter with them—they are likely to stop.



HOW PEOPLE LAUGH.



IT and humor with some men can be used as powerful instruments to further their own ends, either for good or for evil. The speaker who first brings his audience into a pleasant mood by his witty and humorous sayings, and sustains this pleasure by introducing a few appropriate 'puns' or 'bulls,' is almost certain of a patient and favorable hearing from the common class of audiences. Some may say that since wit can be a powerful aid to evil, its use should be discountenanced; but such people should remember that anything, if it be misused, will lead men into error. They should rather look to the good side of wit, and thus hold to the opinion of Sydney Smith who says that, "when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; —wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."

There are different kinds of wit and humor which produce laughter, and consequently pleasure, to a greater or less degree. We shall, for convenience, consider them under three heads, viz., the laughable, the ludicrous, and the ridiculous. The first of these is caused by the transition from one impression to another which we did not expect. In the second class we not only have the unexpected transition from one impression to another, as in the first, but at the same time what happens is contrary to custom. The third or the ridiculous, which is the highest, not only includes the second, but the transition is to something contrary not only to custom but also to common

sense. The principle involved in each of these species is the same, but the effect is more complete the greater the contrast seems to us, and the more unexpected is this transition.

A few examples of the many varieties of circumstances which cause laughter, may not be out of place, but may serve to illustrate the principle. Children will laugh when a mask is suddenly removed. If we see a dwarf standing beside a giant our first impulse will be to laugh. The peculiarities in the dress of foreigners will cause us to laugh, and the peculiarities in our dress will cause foreigners to laugh; for instance, three chimney sweepers and three Chinese meeting in London, they laughed at one another until there was some danger of them 'splitting' their sides from laughter. A dude with a huge cane in his hand and a penny in his pocket, or a beggar with two large patches in his trousers and a nickel in his pocket, is indeed laughable in the extreme. But perhaps the awfullest laugh of all is the laugh of women who laugh at their lovers, poor fools. We laugh at fools and such as pretend to be wise, but we never laugh at ourselves.

Shakespeare's genius does not tend only to the dramatic or tragic side of nature, but for comedy also the palm must be given to him in preference to any other English writer; therefore we shall first say a few words about Shakespeare as a writer of comedy. As Shakespeare has taken all his characters from nature, so it is to nature we must look to find the source of his comic characters. He paints them in such a manner that although we are forced to laugh in spite of ourselves, still we would rather pity them than laugh at them. Shakespeare's comedies always teach some high moral lesson, and after we have read and laughed at his comic characters, we are forced to think of the morals they teach concerning human nature. Shakespeare's wit differs from that of other comic writers, in that it is good-natured

and inagnumous, rather than mean and ridiculous.

The comedy of Ben Jonson differs from that of Shakespeare, in that the characters of the former are artificial, and those of the latter find their source in nature. The comedy of both these writers works upon the same principle, but Shakespeare's greater genius enabled him to form his characters with more freedom and correctness to nature. Jonson's comedy seems forced, and consequently the reader quickly tires of it; whereas the more we read Shakespeare the more pleasure we receive from it.

We shall make mention of but one more comic writer and the one we have chosen is Congreve, not because he excels all others, but because his comedy is distinct from the comedy of others and belongs more particularly to himself. With Congreve everything is wit, almost every word that he says is witty, and when, after reading some of his works, we turn to look upon the ordinary course of life, we are bewildered by the great and sudden change. The comedy of this last author is, perhaps, the kind that gives the greatest pleasure to the average reader.

But quiet of another order, and differing altogether from the wit of any of those mentioned above, is the wit of Sir Boyle Roche who was as famous in his time, as was the late Father Healy, Pastor of Bray, in our days. There is, however, a marked difference between the wit of Roche and that of Father Healy. Roche's wit consists mainly in the blunders which he made; but whether he was conscious or unconscious of them we do not know. Father Healy's wit on the other hand was always deliberate, and was rather sharp retort, or clever characterization. As an example of the wit of the latter we shall insert a story which is very often told about him. He was one day present at a banquet, and among many others of very high degree, there was present also Lord B——, at that time Chief Secretary of Ireland. The Chief Secretary, having asked Father Healy whether it was true that the Irish people hated him (the Chief Secretary) as much as it was commonly believed they did, received the characteristic reply, that if they hated the devil one half as much, there would be no need for priests in the Island.

Sir Boyle Roche was an Irish Baronet and had a seat in the Irish House of Parliament. His fame rests upon his bulls or blunders, which, although they seem to be absurd, however sometimes express sound sense under the covering of wit. In the House of Commons the government party being unable to oppose the eloquence of such men as Grattan on the opposition, with equal eloquence from their own side, endeavored to throw ridicule on their opinions by means of these 'bulls,' and Roche was of great assistance to them in this kind of petty party warfare. It may seem to many that this would be altogether out of place among such an august assemblage as would be found in an Irish House of Parliament, but then it is an acknowledged fact that

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

A member having complained of the injustice of burdening posterity with a debt incurred to benefit the present generation, Roche arose and said, "Why should we beggar ourselves to benefit posterity? What has posterity done for us?" Being surprised at the laugh which followed he explained by saying: "Sir by posterity I do not mean our ancestors, but those who come immediately after them." Speaking in favor of a harsh government measure, he argued that it would be better to give up not only a part, but even the whole of the constitution, to preserve the remainder. Complaining of the smallness of wine-bottles, he wished a bill to be passed enacting that every quart-bottle should hold a quart. When there was question of the Union of Ireland with England, he said that, "there was no Levitical degrees between nations, and he saw neither sin nor shame in marrying our own sister." As a free translation of "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito," he gave "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." In preparing a bill to provide for the erection of a new jail in Dublin, he said that the new jail should be build on the site and with the materials of the old one, and that the prisoners should continue to reside in the old prison until the new one was completed. The Dublin police being in the habit of sleeping at their post at night, Sir Boyle Roche introduced a bill which

contained a clause to the effect that 'every watchman should be compelled to sleep in the daytime.' Another member thereupon rose up and asked to be included in that bill, by name, "because he was troubled with the gout and sometimes could not sleep by night or day." When the revolutionary fever was at its height, the blundering baronet drew a frightful picture of the future, and said that the House of Commons might some day be visited by a mob of ruffians who "would cut us to mince meat, and throw our bleeding heads on that table, to stare us in the face." Young Burke, wishing to present a petition to the Irish Parliament, and being either ignorant or regardless of the rules of the House of Commons, determined to present the petition himself, and in the body, not at the bar of the House. He was not perceived until he had reached the Treasury bench, and instantly cries of "privilege," and "a stranger in the House," arose. The speaker called on the Sergeant-at-Arms to do his duty, whereupon Burke ran towards the bar, but was intercepted by the drawn sword of the Sergeant; returning he was stopped at the table by the Clerk. In the chase which followed, Burke escaped behind the Speaker's chair. Some of the members then began to blame the Sergeant for not having arrested Burke at the back door. Sir Boyle rose up and asked, "How could the officer stop him in the rear, while he was catching him in the front?" and emphati-

cally declared that "no man could be in two places at one time—barring he was a bird." Another member, Mr. Toler, increased the mirth by saying that a few days before he had observed an article in a newspaper which said that "Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire and the villain ran off." Some of our English scholars may find as great objection to Sir Boyle in his celebrated example of mixed metaphor; "Mr. Speaker I smell a rat, I see him brewing in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

In these 'bulls' the speaker may be said to argue wrongly from right premises, and the following, which is sometimes attributed to Roche, may illustrate this. A friend having met Sir Boyle was inquiring after the health of a third, and received the following reply, "Oh, he's been ill. He's had the fever. It has worn him down, as thin as a thread paper. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together." Here the meaning intended by the speaker, is plain; but there is a flaw in the conclusion.

These 'bulls' or blunders have had a marked influence on public opinion and have often turned the scale in a close contest. They are looked upon as the peculiar possession of the Irish; in fact it has come to be a proverb that an Irishman is allowed to speak twice.

R. D. McDONALD, '98.



THE SISTERS.



THE other day a certain professor was seated at his desk, attentively forcing his way through a pile of work that lay before him as the inevitable accompaniment of his calling. A gentle knock sounded at the door, and a young man entered. He came on one of those multifarious errands which students are apt to regard as the "absolute necessities" of college life, but which the worried and weary professor is sometimes tempted to look upon in quite a different light. Approaching good-naturedly to where the teacher sat, the youth, before making known the import of his visit, picked up, from one of the lore-laden shelves, in a very make-yourself-at-home fashion, a volume entitled "Songs of Ireland." "Do not the Irish," said he, "write such sweet poetry because they are tender-hearted?" Who knows, perhaps the student was trying to reach a tender spot in the professor's own heart? Perhaps he did not fully understand the significance of what he said. Be that as it may, his remark is certainly worthy of careful consideration; aye, we deem it fitting for a prominent place in our present essay.

Is not poetry, as Hill says, "Emotive ideas in emotive language?" It leads us on to persuasion, not by that pain resorted to in the flights of oratory, nor yet by that dry conviction which characterizes science, but, reaching down into our inmost hearts, it stirs up pleasurable emotions, and leads us onward to noble, great and holy actions. Hence we may say in the words of Aubrey De Vere himself: "The two great homes of authentic poetry are man's heart and the Universe of God." It is not without reason, then, that we classify tender-heartedness as the very foundation of poetic genius. True it is that all tender-hearted people are not poets; something more is required. Nevertheless it is evident that every poet must be endowed

with some of those kinder feelings and emotions which make men amiable.

It is this trend of gentle, kindly thought, enlivened by a lofty and generous spirit of Faith, which strikes us most forcibly in perusing the poem that now lies before us. In these lines, one of Aubrey De Vere's most charming efforts is handed down to posterity. In that effort we see, clothed with the most beautiful, romantic wording of the Celt, those tender emotions and faith-born hopes of which old Erin's sons may well be proud. The author has proved himself a worthy son of a poetic race, but, like many another of his countrymen, is made the victim of that old saying: "Out of Galilee a prophet riseth not." Had he only been born just across the Channel, his genius would long ago have been proverbial wherever the English tongue finds utterance. But, coupled with the triumph of his down-trodden land, his fame rests in the future.

In our opinion, this poem entitled "The Sisters," is one of the finest written by De Vere. The heroine, Mary McCarthy, is a character drawn from life. In her every act we see mirrored the veritable daughter of Erin. The delineation is carried out in a true and elevated manner. That disgusting and absurd caricature, so often resorted to in picturing Irish character, is scrupulously avoided. As De Vere himself says: "All true poetry makes her study, not of the tavern, but of the hill-side chapel, and of the cottage hearth without stain and faithful to the departed. She ponders the tear-blotted letter and the lip-worn rosary." The Irish character is not to be a subject for ridicule. "That character is generous where love is not curdled into hate by wrong."

In this poem the mode of introduction is peculiarly happy. An English friend,

"A youth just entering on his broad domains,
A senator in prorogation time
Travelling for knowledge, Oxford's accurate scholar,
A perfect rider, clean in all his ways,
But by traditions narrowed,"

is our poet's guest. Like most English visitors to Ireland, he finds fault with everything he sees. The lands are marshy and overgrown with weeds; the gates are broken from their hinges; the houses are poorly thatched; the roads rest unrepaired.

"Your people never for the future plan;
They live but for the moment."

But it is the feasts, and fasts, and stations, and holy wells that arouse, especially, the visitor's ire.

"Look up! the proof is round you written large!
Your faith is, in the balance, wanting found:
Your shipless seas confess it; bridgeless streams;
Your wasted wealth of ore, and moor, and bay!
Beneath the Upas shade of Faith depraved,
All things lie dead—wealth, comfort, freedom,
All that great nations boast!" [power—

Here it is that De Vere brings in so charmingly that time-surpassing spirit of Faith with which he is imbued. In a few glowing words he shows that the Irish peasant possesses the only true prescience of Christianity, in which prescience, he argues, "earth is the foreground only." As to the wealth, comfort, freedom, power, the boast of mighty nations,

"Such things
The Gentiles seek; and you new texts have found:
'Ecclesiae stantis vel cadentis,' friend;—
'Blessed the rich; blessed whom all men praise;'
New Scriptures, these; the Irish keep the old!"

Yes, mighty is the power, and wealth, and influence, and majesty of England; glorious her freedom, unchanging her comfort. Proudly she stands among nations, all-worthy of respect and admiration. But Ireland's wealth, magnificence and costly apparel are of another kind. They are laid aside in safety in the impenetrable vaults of God's eternity, where, "neither moth nor rust can eat away, nor thieves break through and steal." Her glory and renown is withheld for other and greater times. When the mighty day of reckoning has dawned, when all nations stand trembling in presence of the One Universal King, when the mysterious seals that hold hidden the secrets of realms are broken, then will the once despised Irish peasantry come forth from their 'poorly thatched hovels' holding proudly aloft, immaculate and unchanged, the glorious banner of Faith long ago received from Patrick's hands. Then will Ireland

have glory among the nations of the earth; then will she be exalted who for centuries had been degraded; then will the brilliant sunburst of her liberty dazzle and confuse the once haughty British lion; then will the many sainted prophesies of her future happiness and prosperity be fully and unchangeably verified. Such are the thoughts the poet briefly suggests as he talks with his English friend. The dose is a bitter one and needs a soothing mixture. This the poet sees, and attends to, with all the skill of an able rhetorician. He administers a pleasing remedy in the form of a magnificent eulogy of England. Never did poet, even of English birth, wield the pen with more marked effect in praise of that greatest of nations. The wonder is, how such beautiful lines could be written on such a subject, by a son of that down-trodden and oppressed victim of English cruelty and mismanagement, the tearful queen, Hibernia. But De Vere was not prejudiced. Although wrung with anguish at the thought of a seven-century misgovernment, still he knew how to praise where praise was due.

He now leads his guest to the summit of a noble mountain,

"The lion's head of all those feebler hills
That cowering slunk behind it."

From its shaggy heights a magnificent and extensive view is obtainable. The scenery around them is described in glowing, poetic word-pictures. The ruin and desolation that have followed in the wake of seven hundred years' misgovernment, are soon brought under the Englishman's notice.

"The scene weigh'd on him like a prophet's
scroll
Troubling some unjust city."

In silence the stranger gazes upon the far-reaching ruins; in silence he listens to the tale of woe which every roofless pile suggests; tales of woe in which, alas! his countrymen figure so disgracefully. "Time's dread confession" does its work, for

"When at last he spake,
The spirit of the man in part was changed;
The things but heard of, he had seen; the truths
Coldly conceded now he realized:
Justice at last with terrible recoil,
Leap'd up full-arm'd, a strong man after sleep,
And dash'd itself against the wrong!"

Then as his guest becomes more and more convinced of Ireland's innocence and England's misdeeds, the poet unfolds his simple yet touching story. He very aptly introduces it by referring to a lonely tomb in the churchyard hard by which contains the ashes of his heroine. Witness the depth of Faith and flashes of true poetic beauty in the following lines of transition.

"The history of a Soul holds in it more
Than doth a nation's! In its every chance
Eternity lies hid: from every step
Branch forth two paths piercing infinity."

The story, he tells us, is made up of fragments from a "noteless Irish life, not looked upon as strange" It was a sad life with glimpses of joy in parts, and, as the poet hints, the heroine is but a hidden image of his country.

Margaret McCarthy and her sister Mary are left orphans at an early age;

"The man
Who, in that narrow spot to them the world,
Stood up and seem'd as God;—that gentler one
Who overhung like Heaven their earliest thought,
And in the bosom of whose sleepless love
Reborn they seem'd each morning—both were
dead."

The sisters' grief at the double loss at first is great, unbounded; but in course of time it gradually wanes, then vanishes like morning mists, and "the past becomes a dream." Fatherless, motherless and alone Margaret and Mary go to live with their grandmother, and make her house their home. The divergences of character between the two sisters are well brought out. Margaret, the elder, is more practical in her manners. Quick, serviceable and a good housekeeper, she becomes the grandmother's favorite.

"Hers was the rosier cheek, the livelier mind,
The smile of readier cheer."

Mary is of a rather pathetic and visionary nature. A little of a day-dreamer, she is wont to sit on grassy banks, twisting osiers, or meditatively watching the cloud shadows as they silently glide along the glens and hill-sides. Since she is his heroine, the poet portrays in a masterly manner, her various traits of character. He speaks very touchingly of a school-day friendship between her and a little maiden-comrade. Unfortunately the comrade untimely dies,

"To Mary leaving what she valued most,
A rosary, strung with beads from Olivet."

The friendship, however, is not one that fades from separation, for the poet tells us that in after years, even in company, Mary sat alone,

"And heard, 'mid sighing pines and murmuring
streams
The voice of the departed."

Then the poet very elegantly describes the diverging tastes and traits of character in the two sisters as they approach maturity. Both hold captive within their respective personalities, all that is lovely and endearing in peasant nobleness. Margaret is given to habits of industry; not so, however, Mary.

"Indolence her fault,
And self indulgence, not that coarser sort
Which seeks delight, but that which slurs annoy."

This might lead us to form a rather unfavorable impression of the heroine, did not the poet immediately add:

"And yet she did her best."

The rustic daily occupations of the two are beautifully referred to in the lines which follow. The quiet unpretending happiness of peasant life is touched upon with such delicacy and refinement that the description cannot possibly fall short of pleasing.

"Margaret ruled serene,
A wire-fenced empire smiling through soft glooms,
The pure health-breathing dairy, Softer hand
Than Mary's ne'er let loose the wool; no eye
Finer pursued the on-flying line: her wheel
Murmur'd complacent joy, like kitten pleased."

But alas! we are still on earth subject to the strange vicissitudes of time. With us such days of peaceful happiness abide not. The terrible famine scourge spreads its ghostly shadow over the Green Isle, changing all rejoicing to deepest sorrow. It is the old, old story of enriched landlords, and impoverished peasantry. The sweat-earned price of toil, instead of feeding those starving children of a once princely race, is flowing freely through robber and adulterous hands, either in gamblers' dens, or beneath gilded palatial roofs in England or on the Continent. The accumulated shillings, each one of which has cost many a sigh and heart-ache in the fastnesses of Connemara or Gweedore, become the purchase money

for iniquities that would put the Sodomites to shame. And yet, the Irish people are starving and are told it is their own fault! Yes, as De Vere remarks, famine is never long absent from our country, and the reason, though oft denied, is not hard to find. The lines which, with pathetic cadence, describe this dire calamity, are worth transcribing at length.

"It shrank—the daily dole ;
The oatmeal trickled from a tighter grasp ;
Hunger grew wild through panic ; infant cries
Madden'd, at times, the gentle into wrong :
Death's gentleness more oft for death made way ;
And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth,
The sacrificial people, fillot-bound,
Stood up to die. Amid inviolate herds,
Thousands the sacraments of death received,
Then waited God's decree. These things are
known :
Strangers have witness'd to them ; strangers writ
The epitaph again and yet again.
The nettles and the weeds by the wayside
Men ate : from sharpening features and sunk eyes
Hunger glared forth, a wolf more lean each hour ;
Children seem'd pigmies, shrivell'd to sudden
age ;
And the deserted babe, too weak to wail,
But shock if hands, pitying or curious, raised
The rag across him thrown. In England, alms
From many a private hearth were largely sent,
As oft times they have been. 'Twas vain. The
land
Wept while her sons sank back into her graves
Like downers 'mid still seas."

Then comes the emigrant vessel with its "ghost-thronged deck," so oft described by Irish writers in both prose and verse. Mary McCarthy stands among those who are bound for a foreign shore. She stands

"Amid such cries
As from the battle-field ascend at night
When stumbling widows grope o'er heaps of slain."

At Liverpool a fierce fever breaks out and Mary is amongst the stricken. For a considerable time she lies in an hospital, but at length recovers. As she roams around she chances to meet an old priest, a relative of her own by the mother's side. With lively pictures of the dangers accompanying emigrant life beyond the seas, her aged priestly relative easily persuades her to abandon the proposed voyage to America. She remains in England, not in Liverpool, however, but outside the city, occupied at the humble work of gardening, with others from her native land. The poet here says a few words as to how the Irish exiles are

generally looked upon by the "liberty-loving" sons of *generous* England.

"Their strength was prized ;
Themselves were so esteem'd as that sad tribe
Beside the Babyionian streams that wept,
By those that loved not Sion."

The comparison must seem just in the eyes of anyone who has had an opportunity of judging for himself.

Whilst attending to her garden, Mary's hand is sought by a young man of the wealthier class. Everything is ready for the marriage ; even

"The wedding-day is fixed, the ring brought
home,"

But alas ! the fickleness of the human heart when swayed by the chances of future wealth ! The young man is offered worldly possessions in case he marry a wife of his uncle's choosing. He is not proof against such a temptation, for loyalty in his heart is dead.

"His was a superficial nature, vain,
And hard, to good impressions sensitive,
And most admiring virtues least his own ;
A mirror that took in a seeming world,
And yet remain'd blank surface."

He applies to his betrothed for 'counsel' in the apparent difficulty, and Mary whose heart is used to none but generous actions, scornfully sets him free. She even returns unopened his letters of explanation ; but afterwards, when some untold misfortune comes upon him, she bewails her pride and harshness towards one once loved.

Then there arises in Mary's heart a vehement desire to continue her long abandoned voyage across the seas. Constantly watching the great ships on the river only makes of her desire a craving.

"What keeps thee here ?
'Twas for a farther bourne thou had'st farewell
To those at home, and here thou art as one
That hangs between two callings."

Thus she reasons as gazing towards the magnificent West she seems to see that happiness so long and vainly sought. She crosses the great sea, doubtless casting a tender and tear-stained look of recognition and love upon the Green Isle as she speeds along its rocky coasts. At length she reaches in safety that mighty realm "which wears the future's glory." Wandering around from place to place, the exiled daughter of Erin vainly seeks contentment until in fine she reaches a

Southern City. There she is struck with illness so severe that "the end she thought was coming." But Mary's course has not yet reached the limits of the allotted span; she gets well, and one evening whilst standing weeping upon the forlorn quay and thinking of other lands beyond the foam, a gentle nun accosts her :

"You lack a home : our convent is hard by."

It is the divine vocation spoken through a creature, for in its heaven-sent tones the heroine finds at last relief. Without the least delay she begins a life of happiness unalloyed, as lay Sister in the convent.

"A rapturous life of Christian freedom, mask'd
In what but servitude had been to one
Lacking vocation true."

There follows a magnificently worded eulogy on the religious state. The same subject has never received a more lovely tribute of praise in the English tongue. The poet tells us that.

"The Life Divine,
"Hidden with God" is hidden from the world,
Lest Virtue should be dimm'd by Virtue's praise."

In every part of the poem, but especially here, De Vere shows his deep religious convictions. Beneath the costly drapery we can see glittering, the diamond thoughts of one acting under the wholesome influence of an ever-guiding power. As our poet proceeds he pays a noble tribute of praise to those bright guardian angels of humanity, the Sisterhood. Where in any volume can there be found lines more beautiful than these ?

"The poor were fed,
The orphan nursed ; around the sick man's couch
Gentle as light, hover'd the healing hand ;
And beautiful seem'd, on mountain-tops of truth,
The foot that brought good tidings !"

The elegance of both thought and diction induces us to make one further extract from the same passage.

"From the Vow
Which bound the Will's infinitude to God,
Upwell'd that peaceful strength whose fount was
God :

From Him behind His sacramental veil
In holy passion for long hours adored,
Came that great Love which made the bonds of
earth

Necessless, thence irksome. Wondering, there
she learn'd

The creature was not for the creature made
But for the sole Creator ; that His kingdom,
Glorious hereafter, lies around us here,
Its visible splendor painfully suppressing,
And waiting its transfiguration."

The heroine's life in the Sisterhood continues to be one of unbounded happiness. She feels as if she is now at rest with nothing more to fear.

"One hand touched Calvary, one the Eternal
Gates :

The present nothing seem'd"

But all this tranquil joy is not to remain unruffled. Even to the sacred precincts of the cloister a temporal care intrudes to rob her of all most dear. O ! why not ward off from the peaceful spouse of Christ, that loud harsh summons to the outward world. Mary's sister has got married in distant Ireland, and now the poor old grandmother is left alone ; there is nobody to smoothe for her age-worn feet the last few paces of that perilous road into eternity. Duty calls aloud across the ocean. Mary resolves to obey, but not without a pang. She gives up the quiet convent home and returns once more to the land of her childhood.

Then comes what we may justly call the most beautiful passage in the poem. It describes the change brought about in Mary by her years of convent life. We do not remember ever having read anything that more honestly merits the name of poetry. Here is a short extract that speaks for itself.

"The grandmother preferr'd
To her, that dreamful girl of old, the woman
Who from the mystic precinct first had learn'd
Humanity, yet seem'd a human creature
By some angelic guest o'er-ruled. At heart
Ever a nun, she minister'd with looks
That healed the sick. The newly-widow'd door
Its gloom remitted when she pass'd ; stern foes
Down trod their legend of old wrongs. To her
Sacred were those that grieved ;—those tearless
yet

Sacred scarce less because they smiled, nor knew
The ambush'd fate before them."

But Mary's days of life are decreed to be of short duration. Too good for earth, in a very short while she has lived her time. As to her eventful career,

"Sorrow had o'er it hung a gentle cloud ;
But like an autumn-mocking day in spring,
Dewy and dim, yet ending in pure gold,
The sweets were sweeter for the rain, the growth
Stronger for shadow."

At length the dread messenger of death approaches slowly but surely. He brings not with him his usual terrors, for all is sweetness supernatural. Great are Mary's pains, but, like a faithful servant of her

Master, she bears them so resignedly that her consolations are greater still. The many trials and sufferings of her life have worn away all the irregularities of her being till now, in the searching Heavenly Vision, it

“Shines like the feet of some old crucifix
Kiss'd into smoothness.”

The poor old grandmother now acts the part of nurse. She, who a short time ago was ministered unto, now in the eagerness of her 'wintry strength' is ministering. The character so well sustained throughout all the vicissitudes of life, loses none of its truthfulness as the last great act draws nigh. Mary McCarthy preserves her Irish faith unchanged until, having passed the eternal gates, she presents it to her Lord and Judge.

“More pain if such Thy Will, and patience more,”
This was her prayer; or wiping from moist eyes
The trembling tear, she whisper'd, “Give me,
On earth Thy cleansing fire that I may see [Lord,
Sooner Thy Face, death past.”

The poem seems to increase in elegance as it nears the end. What act of a heroine is more solemn and more pathetic than her death? It is fitting then that every effort should be made to surround this final scene with becoming grandeur. Splendidly indeed has the poet succeeded in his task.

The end comes peacefully on Christmas Day; happily and well-planned is the coincidence.

“Her eyelids closed;
Into a sleep as quiet as a babe's,
Gradual she sank; and while the ascending sun
Shot 'gainst the western hill its earliest beam,
In sleep, without a sigh, her spirit pass'd.”

A few poetic flashes describe the funeral rite, the dark procession through the fields and farms, the awe-inspiring *keens*. Then

At eve we reach'd
The graveyard; slowly, as to-day, the sun
Behind a tomb-like bank of leaden cloud
Dropt while the coffin sank, and died away
The latest Miserere—

So as the poet ends his gentle story of a soul, he and his guest, warned by the falling shadows of on-coming night, descend the mountain slope. It is St. John's Eve, and the festal fires are burning all along the hill-sides. From the encircling fires, the poet once more takes occasion to call attention to the unconquerable Irish Faith.

“Lo! said I,
Man's life as view'd by Ireland's sons; a vale
With many a pitfall throng'd, and shade, and
Yet over-blown by angel-haunted airs, [briar,
And by the Light Eternal girdled round.”

No wonder is it now that the Englishman's voice, when speaking of the Green Isle, “is softer than it used to be.” He sees in brighter light the place where blame is found, where innocence holds sway.

Beautiful as is the opening of the poem, even more harmonious still, its close. Taken as a whole it is complete in every part, remarkable alike for imagery and excellence of execution. Some may object, and say that the poem is altogether too religious, superstitious perhaps; that we praise it for its Catholicity and patriotism, not because of its true poetic excellence. Such an assertion lacks sufficient grounds. We write, not as Catholics only, but as Catholic critics who wish to see the members of our race and creed treated with proper fairness. Every-one of unprejudiced mind, who reads and studies this work as we have done, will, we are confident, side with our opinion.

Poetry must be judged, not by the mere jingling of high-sounding words, but by the depth and nobleness of thought these words are used to clothe. What thoughts can be more emotive than those which pierce eternity? What language can be more emotive than that which our poet has used to give these thoughts expression? Taking faith and patriotism as the mainsprings of his action, De Vere has been eminently successful. The chief theatres of his present effort have been the heart of innocent Irish maidenhood, God's Universe, and the mystic depths of eternity. Taken as a whole, the poem embodies the effort of a genius. In it there is nothing pedantic; none of that sensual-sensationalism which the author himself so severely criticizes. He has not attempted to deify the mud and dirt of our city back-alleys. On the contrary, he has taken noble considerations and made them loftier still. The delineation of character is real, without a fault. Leading his heroine through a life of Christian holiness, the gentle-hearted poet accompanies her even to the golden gates of Paradise.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The idea has somehow or other got abroad that the OWL is in some way the organ of the Faculty of Ottawa University. It would be difficult for anything to be farther from the truth. Neither directly nor indirectly does the Faculty inspire, guide or mould the opinions expressed in our columns. It is, therefore, entirely unfair to hold it in any way responsible for our course. A gentleman of some local prominence made the assertion in an Ottawa newspaper that a member of

the Faculty had written a certain article in the September Owl. On being pressed for a more explicit statement, he was found to be in the position of the man who did not know what he was talking about, who had made an assertion that he could not prove, and had made it deliberately, knowing that he could not prove it. Such testimony might be dangerous were the accused on trial for his life and unable to prove an *alibi*. In the present case it is simply contemptible. Those who read our articles henceforth will kindly take them at their face value and prudently refrain from all fanciful conjectures regarding their authorship.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

The English speaking world may rest at ease; all danger is past. For a moment things looked blue and dire disaster threatened us. From every quarter went up wails of woe and murmurs of discontent, that the noble language of the great Empire on whose dominions the Sun never sets, was being neglected and degraded. The Principal of Queen's University declared that the teaching of English in the schools of the province was shameful; a correspondent wrote to a great newspaper, that "at the present time, rough, uncouth manners and glaringly bad English, seem to be prominent features of nearly all the public schools throughout the country." Nor do matters seem to have gone much better with our neighbors across the line. The Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point found occasion to lament "the lack of facility of expression" on the part of many of the cadets. The Committee on Discipline were "painfully impressed" by the English examination. The Visiting Committee on Composition and Rhetoric of Harvard University made similar criticism with regard to that institution in

1892, and again in 1894. And finally comes Professor Goodwin of Harvard, who stigmatizes the little knowledge of English found among students, as a "disgrace" to his own and other similar institutions, and who refers to the "Egyptian darkness (so far as English is concerned) in which no small portion of our undergraduates are sitting."

Evidently there was need of a reform. And whence could it more fittingly come than from the Canadian Capital? Have we not already Wentworth Monk, the great advocate of Imperial Federation and authority on Hebrew antiquities? Has not Professor Wiggins made Ottawa the astronomical centre of this Western Hemisphere? Becoming, then, it was that this favored spot should also shelter the great High protector of the English tongue. In this "new department of Collegiate work," we are informed that "the services of a highly qualified teacher, of long experience, HAS been secured, and the best possible provision has been made for the teaching of English, which, unfortunately is much neglected in more pretentious institutions." We may now expect "to exert a *legitimate* influence in the moulding of the future of our country." We are told by the same authority that "everyone must gain *their* living," and are warned against the common error—which "*entirely results* from ignorance"—that religion "*solely consists* of a very great number of outward observances."

It is clear that the "new department" will insist on correct English rather by precept than example, but it is resolved that there shall be no lack of the former. Its motto is "When it is the truth that hurts a man there seems to be no remedy for it," and of course it cannot reasonably object to being judged by its own standards.

FURL THE FLAG.

Not in defeat or dishonor do we furl our flag; not before any human foe do we lower our colors. The "Garnet and Gray" banner, which floated long and triumphantly, has come down to half-mast, and what opponent on the field never could accomplish, has been done by the awful menace of an almost fatal accident. Football is finished with the Champions of Canada for this year; the struggles and strivings of the present are over, and naught remains but the glory of the past and the hopes of the future. Yet never amidst our most brilliant victories did the fame of the "Garnet and Gray" shine with a purer lustre. At the bed-side of a noble, suffering comrade, spontaneously, without a word directly or indirectly from those in authority, the football committee came to the decision to abandon the game for the present, and at once declared all our matches defaulted. It was a generous resolution, a touching tribute of sympathy and affection towards a fellow student and a brother whom we had all learned to esteem and love. Yet anything less would have been cruelty. Any attempt to fulfil our engagements in the championship series while our injured class-mate was hovering between life and death would have put a blot on our banner that no victory would have been able to efface. Let us hope that the consoling reward for our act of self-denial may be the rapid and complete recovery of Tobias Morin and his early return to our midst.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There is no doubt that the public schools are a fetish for some people, though it is just as certain that those who admire them most, know least about them. The most enthusiastic advocate of the

public schools that the writer ever met—one who was continually ranting about “our magnificent system” and “the admirable school laws of Ontario” was a man who never sat a day of his life in a public school nor ever learned a lesson from a public school teacher. The testimony of those who are in a position to pronounce an impartial judgment is not quite so flattering. It was a Protestant minister, a graduate of the public schools, who declared at a public meeting held not long since, that the public schools were hotbeds of immorality and indecency and that he had proved to the Minister of Education that what he said was true. It was the *Mail and Empire* that spoke of the need of a “refining process” for the public school teachers of the province. It was a correspondent of the same journal that referred to “children correcting their teachers’ lamentable pronunciation of words and violation of the simplest rules of grammar,” while he bewailed the fact that refined pupils took up “the accepted dialect of the toughs” within a month after their entrance in the public schools.

But why remain in general terms? We are not unacquainted with the public schools in the concrete. Is it so many years ago since the schools of London, Ontario, were proved inefficient? Was it not only last July that out of sixteen candidates from the Pembroke High School who wrote at the Primary Examinations for teachers’ certificates, fifteen failed? The writer spent eight years in the public and high schools of the province. He has no overwhelming conviction of the transcendent excellence of either system, schools or teachers. One thing he can affirm—that during the whole course of these eight years he was never once asked to write an English composition. He has a friend beside him to whom during his three years in another High School,

English Composition was absolutely unknown.

These are but a few facts culled from a multitude of similar ones. It is good for our readers to realize that there are two sides to every question. While we do not deny that the public schools have their bright side, we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that, if we be allowed to name a Commission to inquire into their working, we shall be able to prove them inefficient, dangerous to the general welfare and altogether unworthy of support.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sunday, the 13th inst., saw the opening of our annual retreat. Study, games and several of our little privileges were to be laid aside for a few days and our hearts converted to man’s most important concern—peace with his Creator. If a retreat is necessary to any class, it is especially so to college students. In the tumult of hundreds working and playing together there is every probability of a student quite forgetting his higher aim. But the holy time of retreat solemnly draws near and commands the alteration of forgetful minds. And the task is more easy if its preachers are men whose sincerity is manifested by zealous exertions and whose oratory is of the kind that touches the heart and wins the will. In this respect the students of Ottawa University have always been well favored. Those who in past years have preached our retreats were of excellent ability and went away leaving seeds of good behind them. But this year the two priests who carried on our retreat were particularly well chosen. Rev. Father Dacey, O.M.I., of Lowell, Mass., was once a resident within our walls, as was also the Rev. Father Dozois, O.M.I., who conducted the retreat for French students. Both were acquainted with college life and were therefore well prepared to suggest remedies for its defects. And truly the retreat passed off satisfactorily to all both students and fathers. The instructions were eagerly listened to, the

exercises were marked with fervour, and free time was well employed in reading pious books or visits in the chapel. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were thus spent.

On Thursday morning, the 17th inst., the students received Holy Communion in a body, having on the two previous evenings prepared themselves by confession. THE OWL cannot let this opportunity go by without sincerely congratulating Fathers Dacey and Dozois on the edification it was to all, and tenders to them the heartfelt thanks of the student body.

The movement for the re-union of Christendom has certainly taken a stronger foothold in England than was at first imagined. In many of our exchanges we have read that circulars have been sent around to many prominent members of English Protestant churches, asking their opinion on the matter, and as a result, a deputation is to ask an audience with Cardinal Vaughan, with a view to a friendly discussion.

Right Rev. J. J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, very recently made the following statement: "Color will be no bar to the admission of students to the University." His Grace's words were soon verified by the registration of two colored men. The first to register, J. H. Love, is a student in the law course; the other whose name is Jackson, will pursue a course in social science.

It is always a pleasure to note the onward strides of Christianity, and surely it is a great encouragement to missionaries the world over, to know that of all the principal religious beliefs in the world, Christianity is far in advance of all others, as the following figures prove:

Christianity.....	407,000,000
Judaism.....	7,000,000
Brahminism.....	175,000,000
Buddhism.....	340,000,000
Mahomedism....	200,000,000
Confucianism....	80,000,000
Others.....	174,000,000

Of the Christian population of the world, 200,339,390 are assigned to Roman Catholicism, 76,390,040 to Oriental Churches, and 131,007,448 to Protestantism of all sects. In North and South America Roman Catholics are in the majority, having nearly 60,000,000, while Protestants of all sects number only about 57,000,000.

Leo XIII is becoming renowned, as an arbitrator between nations, who are unable themselves to debate peaceably upon matters concerning their internal and external affairs. Already has the Holy Father brought about amicable settlements of some knotty European affairs and now he is called upon to decide a national problem between two Republics on our own side of the Globe. He has recently received an autograph letter from General Hyppolite, president of the Republic of Hayti, and from General Heureau, president of the Republic of San Domingo, in which their excellencies respectfully beg the Holy Father to accept the arbitration to which by mutual consent they have agreed to defer the long existing controversy between the two Republics, with regard to the delineation of their respective confines. The Holy Father willingly accepted the office.

The Irish Industrial schools, are under the charge of the *Christian Brothers* and nuns, and while the report of the work in these schools may not be a very pleasant pill, for some of our Canadian trustees to swallow, yet nevertheless THE OWL must give it due space. The number of boys in these institutions is 3,703, and there are 1,100 more inmates in the female schools. The inspector speaks in the highest terms of the training in the schools in charge of the *Christian Brothers* and nuns. He points out that the Artane Schools obtained the highest possible note at the recent examinations by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington. It would now be in order for the Ottawa Commission, to pass judgment on the Brothers Department of these schools, and report at the next meeting of the School Board.

The following statistics throw a significant light on the position of Catholicity in the French Republic. In 1887, the number of children attending the secular schools was 4,505,109; and in 1892 this number fell to 4,281,183; that is, 223,926 less. In the "free" or Catholic schools the number of children in 1887 amounted to 916,253, which amount increased to 1,127,550 in 1892, showing an addition of 211,307 children. Of the 81,511 primary schools at present existing more than 14,000, are conducted on denominational lines, and of these at least 87 per. cent. are managed by religious communities. The state spends 60,000,000 francs on the secular schools. From 1887 to 1893, 595,000,000 francs of the public money were assigned by the state for the erection of scholastic institutions. These figures show that secularism is on the wane in France, and it is a significant index to the direction of which public opinion is taking when it has to be recorded that the religious schools now educate 211,307 more children than they did a few years back.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I. whose self-sacrifice and untiring zeal is well known throughout Catholic Canada, has obtained from the Ottawa Government, for his people the half-breeds and Indians of the Canadian North West, a perpetual grant of land 15,000 square miles in extent. The lots are to be each forty acres, and 2,500 homes are to be erected on the grant. This reservation situated on the Saskatchewan, between Fort Pitt and Edmonton, consists of lakes, woods and beautiful lands.

Mgr. O'Reilly, rector of the college at Rome, though in his 72th year, has undertaken the task of writing a history of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Some years ago Mgr. O'Reilly wrote the life of the Pontiff from documents provided by the Pope himself. His book was translated into five European languages.

South Carolina is an honor to the American Union. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," this text has been emblazoned across the pages of the Constitution of that State, and now no Civil Court or Judge of South

Carolina can dissolve the sacred bond of marriage. Here is the welcome item as it appears in an exchange: "The Constitutional Convention of South Carolina, by a vote of 86 to 49, has adopted a clause for its new fundamental law forbidding the granting of divorces for any cause whatever, and the recognition of divorces allowed in other States. What a happy day for America when the sister States of the Union, yes, and even our own Canadian Federation see fit to amend their constitutions by the addition of such a clause. While a future generation will bless the wise legislators of South Carolina, the names of these 86 men, who stood up so nobly for unity of marriage against what is really polygamy, will be enshrined on the heart of every true Christian parent.

An American Episcopal Bishop, Mr. Potter, wishes to change the name of his denomination from Protestant Episcopal to "the Holy Catholic Church." For his Lordship's peace of mind, we would advise him to begin a study of his religion again, and at the same time compare his studies with the work of some good *Catholic* author Newman for instance—and then the name of his Lordship's religious denomination will never need a change. For his Lordship should know that there is only *one* Holy Catholic Church, the one that has come down from the Apostles in an unbroken succession, from Peter to Leo XIII. In answer to the Bishop's wish, a Catholic exchange says: "It is rather late now to baptise this child of Henry VIII."

The "Decadence of the Irish Play" is the subject of an able article, in the current number of Donahoe's Magazine, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. Father Smith says: "The money-making Irish plays of recent date were written by men unacquainted with Irish life, and acted by American graduates of the variety stage, mostly Irish Americans with a knack for the brogue and the break-down, and some acquaintance with the Irish colony in this country. They are mere imitators of Boucicault, all wit and repartee, ready with dance and song, pathetic only to give wit more pugnency and inspired with the music-hall ambition to keep their audi-

ences laughing. As a result of this gradual descent during fifty years, the Irish play is on its last legs in this country and has but a poor place in England; and the Irish character has become the clown of the dramatic circus, an absurdity in the variety stage and a genteel fun maker in the polite drama." The writer blames Boucicault for this decline of the Irish play. For had he made a constant study of Irish character and the traditions of the Irish drama, his plays would have been something better than picturesque, his characters more varied and virile, his development upward rather than into the ditch, and after him his school would have been original workers, rather than imitators.

Here is a paragraph from Mrs. Ballington Booth's speech, lately delivered in New York at one of the meetings of the Salvation Army. She denounces the coming masculine woman in pointed and well-measured terms. She said: "If I could get hold of the so-called New Woman, I would make her change her dress the first thing. I would take her big sleeves and make them into dresses for the children of the slums. As for some of her other garments * * * * I would take them away and give them to the sex to which they belong. Then I would collect the *books* the New Woman reads—books that any God-fearing, right-feeling woman would blush to have about her; disgusting treatises on realism and kindred topics. I would pile these books together and burn them—burn them along with her cigarettes and chewing gum." Though not in accord with many of the views of our separated brethren of the Army, we must admit that such common sense words show an ardent sincerity and an earnest purpose among the leaders of the movement, whatever may be the feelings of its followers.

"The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" is a new volume from the pen of Coventry Patmore. Religiousness as in the works of Aubrey De Vere, is the dominant flavor of Mr. Patmore's writings. Unlike their contemporaries, who have surrendered all the traditions of faith and art, these two Catholic poets cling steadfastly to the old

ideal of art and the eternal verities of religion. So marked is this spirit in Patmore's compositions, that he has been said to have been born three centuries too late. In view then of this new volume of Patmore's the following pen picture of the author, by a recent visitor to his home should be interesting: "Where is the portrait-painter who could reproduce or even suggest all the characterization of such a face,—give us the varying moods saturnine, playful, cynical, seraphic—that change it twenty times during a brief conversation? Meditative, sombre, as is often this strange countenance, none more suddenly or completely irradiated with 'the lightning of the angelic smile.' Coventry Patmore's smile is like a lightning flash illuminating a dusky heaven, or the after-glow of a sun setting amid storm and wind. Some figures have as much character, one might almost say expression, as faces, and his is one. Of gigantic stature, attenuated, erect, that singular form, clad in black velvet, and that medieval head, would seldom pass unnoticed in a crowd. Coventry Patmore has, it is to be hoped, a Boswell or an Eckermann at hand to jot down his brilliant table-talk. You have only to start him with a suggestive question, and his remarks flow on in an unbroken stream. He is an inimitable story-teller, and as excellent a listener to the clever things of others. A good story makes him your debtor forever."

On the 26th of September, a tablet was dedicated in St. Patrick's church, in this city, to perpetuate the memory of the late Very Rev. Aeneas McD. Dawson, V.G., LL.D., F.R.S., whose demise was chronicled in the last Volume of THE OWL. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Francis Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. Taking for his text, "Behold the great Priest, who in his life pleased God and was found just, and in time was made a reconciliation," Father Ryan first paid a glowing tribute to the saintly priest, sixty years of whose life had been devoted to the service of his church. The reverend preacher, in describing the religious life, said: "The priest ascends the altar as the representative of the people. He is neither ordained nor elected by the people, nor dependent on

them for his power. But he is from the people, for the people, and his most appropriate place is with the people; their servant pleading their rights, and gently leading them to their heavenly destination." In conclusion Father Ryan said: "Those who knew Dr. Dawson best like to speak of him as a splendid type of what is called the old school of Catholic priests. A friend and admirer of his, who wrote a graceful and sympathetic obituary notice, says: 'He was a true Scot, and a loyal, brave, good man, loving life well, as Daniel did of old, but loving God much better. Above all, he could claim the grand title of gentleman, because with manhood and gentleness he combined that frank and winning courtesy which seems to have been inborn in the man of his day and generation.' His friend was right, but I confess I like to think of Father Dawson rather as the priest and friend of the poor, the man of good kind heart, overflowing with love for his fellow men, always open to the cry of sorrow, and ready for any work of mercy for either the bodies or souls of men. Not so much a type of the old school as a model for the new. In all, he did only what a good Catholic is bound to do. But while we erect a tablet to his memory, let us all, of every class and creed, take to heart the lesson of his life,

'To live like brothers, side by side,
In Canada our home.'

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.

The Standard Dictionary has reached us and is truly a gigantic work. American literature of the Nineteenth Century has taken a vast stride forward thanks to the efforts of Isaac K. Funk, D.D., New York, and his able band of assistants. The press at home and abroad has been lavish in praising the work. And yet its merits are so great and numerous that one has only to turn over a few pages to find something that has never yet met its due need of praise.

This is a work of which Americans may well feel proud. It is truly national.

Every page bears the impress of American genius and shows the practical turn of the American mind. Thus, the most common meaning of a word is given first, by this means doing away with the old custom of putting the "historic order" before the "order of usage;" and the etymology of the word is placed last so that it has been well said that the ordinary man can find the meaning of a word in the Standard in half the time it takes him to do so in any other dictionary. Over 400 words relating to electricity have been collected and defined. Many new words connected with the trades, arts, and sciences are here introduced for the first time into a work of this nature. The editor-in-chief and his colleagues showed their farsightedness in the treatment of slang and phrases on the ground that the slang words of one generation is often the correct English of the next. Disputed spellings and pronunciations were referred to an advisory committee of 50 philologists in American, English, Canadian, Australian, and East Indian universities. The differences in pronunciation are found in the appendix, each member of the committee expressing his own views on the pronunciation or spelling of the disputed word. The appendix also contains a list of 47,468 proper names in Biography, History, Mythology, Fiction, the Bible, the Classics, etc., all given in one alphabetical order.

For the first time in the history of the art of lexicography, the Catholic Church, as a matter of simple justice, had a representative to define the terms peculiar to that creed. An important feature of the work is the large number of quotations used. The editor-in-chief in speaking of these says, "It has been a Herculean task to select, locate, and verify exactly all the quotations. Practically all English literature has been ransacked for this purpose, scores of thousands of volumes having been read, hundreds of readers in different parts of the world participating in the labor." More than that, it is most satisfactory to find that along with the quotation is invariably given the chapter and verse.

What makes the Dictionary of the Funk and Wagnall Company most attractive is the beauty of the illustrations. Besides

numerous wood-cuts there are several full-page plates, masterpieces of lithographic art. Under the word "decoration" for instance there are two pages of colored illustrations of badges and emblems of honor of use in various countries; and under "Coin" is a complete list of coins, old and new. There are also representations of dogs, birds, cattle and horses, flags of all nations, gems decorations, signal flags and State seals. A noteworthy feature is the exact definition of the six primary colors of the spectrum accompanied by a table containing the analysis of several hundred shades of tints; and under "element" there is a tabulation showing all the known chemical elements with their symbols, atomic weights, and many other particulars. But to relate all the merits of the Dictionary would require many pages. It does not need a very careful perusal of the work to see that it is nothing less than a whole library in itself and the means of a liberal education. No one claims perfection for the book, but taken altogether all agree in saying that it comes nearer the ideal dictionary than anything yet produced. The Funk and Wagnall Company of New York deserves to be congratulated on bringing the work to so successful an issue and let us hope that it will meet with a wide circulation.

"How Canada is governed" by J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., L.L.D., Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

Dr. Bourinot's name is not unknown in Canadian literary annals. His "Manual of Constitutional History" and his "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada" are among the most favorably known and generally read of his contributions to our literature. In this new volume "How Canada is Governed" the learned author has given another proof of his devotion to Canadian interests and of his ever-active desire to aid in the formation of a national spirit. As its sub-title tells us, "How Canada is Governed" is "a short account of its executive, legislative, judicial and municipal institutions with an historical outline of their origin and development." The order preserved throughout the work is excellent and the

information valuable and necessary to every young Canadian. Dr. Bourinot first devotes a chapter to the growth of the Constitution. He then passes in review the Imperial, Dominion and Provincial governments, outlining their respective limits in the harmonious carrying out of the Canadian Constitution. Important features of the work are the chapters on "School Government in the Provinces." "How Canada is Governed" should find a place as a regular text-book in every school in our country; it is eminently well-calculated to foster true patriotism and arouse a spirit of Canadian nationality.

FLORES.

It is with pleasure we announce the accession of the Hon. J. J. Curran Q. C. M. P. as judge of the Superior Court in the Province of Quebec. The Hon. Member for Montreal Centre graduated at Ottawa College in its youthful days and has been a member of the Law Faculty of the University for the past four years. *The Owl* begs to extend its congratulations and wishes the honorable gentleman many years of service in the eminent position for which his learning and abilities so well fit him.

Rev. Father Macaulay '90 who for the past year has been assistant in St. Patrick's Church of this city, has lately been transferred to the parish of Osgoode. *The Owl* joins with his numerous friends of the Capital in wishing Father Macaulay every success in his new field of labor.

Rev. Father O'Malley, who graduated here and captained the 'Varsity fifteen in its palmyest days was with us for a short time this month and saw the match with Montreal on Saturday October 12th. The reverend gentleman is now assistant priest in the parish of Webster Mass., and is as much of a success in the vineyard of the Lord as he was on the football campus in days of yore.

Mr. Charles S. Vadner who studied chemistry here married Miss Agnes Reardon of North Adams Mass. on October the first, and a few days afterward

did us the honor of visiting his Alma Mater in company with his young bride. Congratulations Charlie.

Rev. Fathers D. R. Macdonald '89 and D. McDonald '91., were interested spectators at the Montreal-College game. The former is still at work in the parish of Alexandria while the latter who figured so prominently on the football field in former days is stationed at Glen Sanfield.

Mr. Charles McCarthy '92 of Prescott Ont., and Mr. T. A. White '92 were also among those who saw the contest between Montreal and Varsity. The latter who for years was Business Manager of the OWL is now studying Law in his native town of Arnprior.

H. M. Frey '85 is at present a druggist in Chicago Ill., where he carries on an extensive business on the corner of Van. Buren and Sangammon Sts.

Mr. J. R. O'Brien '95, an ex-editor of the OWL has been elected president of his class in McGill—the first year medical students.

We regret to have to announce the death of a former student of Ottawa College in the person of Dr. J. C. E. Godin, who died at Holyoke, Mass., on the 20th inst. The deceased was a fellow-student of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel. A distinguished doctor and always a fervent Christian, he had ever at heart the interests of his Alma Mater, and was a warm admirer of the late lamented Father Tabaret.

SOCIETIES.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The dramatic season has already opened and promises to be most successful. Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I., its director, has given out the parts in two plays—one English, the other French. Sheridan Knowles' masterpiece, "William Tell," with choruses from Rossini's great opera will be presented by the English speaking

students. "L'Argent du Diable" will afford scope for our French friends to exercise their histrionic ability. There will be at least two or three other dramas during the course of the year, so that the Academic Hall promises to furnish more than the usual amount of enjoyment for the student body.

ST. THOMAS ACADEMY.

On Friday, the 20th September, the members of the St. Thomas Society, composed of the Senior and Junior Philosophers, under the directorship of Rev. Dr. Goheit, O.M.I., met and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Walter Walsh; Vice-Pres., Geo. Fitzgerald; Sec., Lawrence Nevins; Councillors, John Quilty and Arthur Barrette. The following were elected honorary members: Rev. Fathers Lacoste, Antoine, Patton and Nilles.

ATHLETICS.

COLLEGE VS. BRITANNIA.

The football season was ushered in on Saturday, Oct. 5, when the initial matches were played in both Western and Eastern leagues. The Garnet and Grey had for opponents the doughty Britannias of Montreal, who, though they were as usual defeated, yet played such a game as taxed the strength of the defenders, and proved themselves worthy members of the senior league. Throughout the game they displayed a true sportsmanlike spirit, manifested that their ambition was not merely championship honors, but football, and, above all, accepted their defeat graciously. They played pluckily, but toward the end of the game their lack of training was evident. The teams took their places as follows:

COLLEGE		BRITANNIA
Morin	Full-back	Acer
Powers		Saunderson
Gleeson, Capt	Halves	McKay
Murphy		Jones
Proudhomme	Quarter	Linton
McCredie		Crowley
Clancy	Scrimmage	Carter
Boucher		Brown

Lee	Barry
James	Gorden
Brennan	Barclay
Bolger	Wings
Ross	Withern, Capt
Tobin	Lighthouse
Lafleur	McRobie
	Vipond

Referee, G. Drinkwater; umpire, H. Morrison.

The College team contained seven new men, three of whom were new at the game. The change did not, however, produce the effect of a disappointment on supporters who anxiously surveyed the new team, for although they have not reached the degree of perfection which practice will give, the material is there awaiting development to make the best team that ever represented old Garnet and Grey. The forward line is remarkably swift, the backs equally sure. Proudhomme played a good game at quarter; for energy in forcing the scrimmage, swiftness in following and rapacity in capturing the ball, he has no peer. Powers was an ingenious experiment at half. Morin at full has no defect.

The Britannias won the kick off and started at a rapid pace. Some nervousness on the part of the College backs was the cause of a rouge, which was repeated immediately after the kick-out. College here pulled together, the scrimmage enacted the irrestable, carried the ball steadily down field to a convenient distance, when a neat pass by Lee and a run by James ended in a touch down, converted by Gleeson. A rouge and two touch-downs ended the first half with the score—College 8; Opponents 2.

During this halt Brennan was hurt and Quilty took his place.

The play was considerably improved in the second half. The College forwards rushed, and Quilty, by a touch-down, made the College score 19. From the 25-yard line the Brits, dribbled and followed up field until they had College in close quarters. Here a misdirected kick from behind goal, by Murphy, gave the opponents a free kick within the quarter line. The ball was punted high, the forwards followed and swept over the line; the goal was kicked, completing the score for Britannia at 8 points. The

College made three touch-downs after this, one by Gleeson and two by Lafleur. One of these Gleeson failed to convert; Murphy another; the third was kicked by Proudhomme. The scoring ended, College 33, Britannia 8.

There was a good deal of rough play on both sides, which rather marred the game, and the referee was justified in ruling off four wings for too vigorous covering.

The boys were not too well satisfied with the game, and left the field with the resolve to make the best use of the week intervening before meeting Montreal.

COLLEGE VS. MONTREAL.

By the common consent of all local foot-ball connoisseurs, the best match seen on the college grounds this many a year was that which took place Oct. 12, between the home team and Montreal. The weather, though not all that could be desired for the convenience of spectators, was quite satisfactory for playing. Notwithstanding the cold, the clouds and the rain, over a thousand people turned out to see what is always a sight, a match between College and Montreal. About a hundred Montreal rooters accompanied the Red and Black and gave their favorites lusty support from the grand stand. They were of course out-cheered by the students and the numerous other admirers of the college team who were unable to suppress their feelings while the battle raged. Agreeably to the expectations of those who had seen the Britannia game, as well as to the determination of the players themselves, the Collegians put up a far superior quality of playing to that of the preceding Saturday. The team was strengthened by several important changes, notably by the installment of Quilty, the return of Foley to the scrimmage, and of Shea to half. But if they were no disappointment to well-wishers, neither were the opponents. They were for the most part in prim. condition, the scrimmage alone showing signs of flagging towards the end. They were stalwart athletic men, far superior in stature and weight to the students and well skilled in all the patent tricks of the game. Their back division was the equal of ours in speed,

passing, and accuracy of catching, but inferior in tackling.

The teams played as follows :

COLLEGE		MONTREAL
Morin	Full-back	McDougall
Shea		McDougall
Gleeson, Capt	Halves	Savage, Capt
Murphy		Fry
Prudhomme	Quarter	Masse
Boucher		White
Clancy	Scrim'age	Browne
McCredie		Redpath
Lee		Murphy
James		Branch
Quilty		Armstrong
Foley	Wings	Rankin
Powers		James
Tobin		Markwell
LaFleur		Paradis

Referee, Donahue, McGill; Umpire, Ferguson, McGill.

College won the toss and gave Montreal the ball. A long kick landed it in Gleeson's hands who returned to Frye on a catch, whence it went into touch in Montreal territory. College pursued hotly and forced their opponents to rouge. After kick out it was returned to quarter line for a scrimmage. Prudhomme passed to Gleeson who again sent it over the goal line where McDougall very prudently rouged, making score, College 2, Montreal 0. The ball still hovered on Montreal side of the field showing a great liking for their goal line. Powers collared it from a throw in and in the van of a massed rush, went over for a touch-down. Referee however granted but two points, College 4, Montreal 0.

Fry kicked short into Quilty's hands who dashed through the rush line and was heading for goal when he slipped and was brought down. Soon after a bad pass by College quarter lost forty yards. The play was now in College territory but outside the quarter line, and from this distance Montreal scored their once by a neat goal from the field by Savage. College 4, Montreal 5.

The ball was kicked off from centre by College, returned to Gleeson, who now tried his shot at goal and missed by about two feet. McDougall was again forced to rouge ending the scoring after only twelve minutes play. The remainder of time was characterized chiefly by the excellent

work of both back divisions. Savage and Fry made long gains by running and passing while Shea and Gleeson frustrated their efforts by well directed punting. An accident occurred here, which had it happened to any other person might have lost the game. Jimmy Murphy received a kick fracturing the cheek bone and causing a swelling which entirely shut off the sight of the left eye, and was extremely painful. This was before half time and the plucky veteran displayed his courage and endurance by playing the game to the finish. Later on he was again hurt and was obliged to exchange positions with Morin at full.

At half time the state of affairs offered the anxious spectators no more clue to the result than they brought with them, while the keenness of the contest intensified their impatience. It is a well known trait of the Garnet and Gray that they are strongest in the last of the game when others are weakest, and that together with the superiority of their playing, futile though it was by the injustice of the referee, gave the College side great hopes of success. On the other hand the Montrealers, whose diffidence was shown in the first of the game, seemed elated that they had so successfully held down their antagonists, and so with renewed determination on every face they faced each other for the second half.

The play which was for sometime quite even, had been going on but a short time when College supporters were disheartened to see Boucher, one of the scrimmage, sent to the fence for striking. They hoped however that the five or ten minutes he would be off would pass without disaster, when what was their indignation and disgust to hear that the referee had ruled him off for *the whole game!* In vain did Capt. Gleeson plead that, contrary to the rule, Boucher had not been warned. In vain all rule or precedent. And this was but one of the enormous decisions of that official. Boucher's loss was serious and for a few minutes seemed likely to prove disastrous. Gleeson then came to wing and Foley went in beside Clancy. But this did not prove remedial. Just here College exhibited their traditional good generalship. Gleeson returned to half, Foley to wing, Prudhomme went into

scrimmage, and Shea came up to quarter. Then began the play proper of the day. By a series of rushes which recalled the famous scrimmaging of the last College-Montreal game they utterly routed their opponents. With their strength massed behind the scrimmage they literally swept them off their feet while Shea would inevitably appear through the breaking with the leather. In this manner the wearers of the Red and Black were driven steadily backward to the centre where the shock of battle ceased with time, leaving the game a draw.

There was still plenty of time to decide the draw and it was expected that the referee in accord with every known precedent would use his power to continue the game to a finish. The college were willing but the Montrealers were not, and the referee added the crowning piece to his consummate absurdities. It was remarked by many that the opponents were awarded a great many penalty kicks, while the College not one, and that these free kicks came in most opportunely to relieve a dangerous press on goal.

The result of the game was not at all satisfactory to College. There was however some satisfaction in knowing that their line had not been crossed once, that of their opponents four times; that they had maintained the fight so well, handicapped as they were by the loss of Boucher and the injury of Murphy; and that they had had the worst end of the decision.

A meeting of the foot-ball committee was called on Monday and a request forwarded to the proper authorities asking that a meeting of the Q.R.U. be held as soon as possible with a view to settling the draw. It was desirable that the contested game be decided on the following Saturday, a date on which neither team was engaged. The meeting was accordingly ordered for Friday night Oct. 18. This was of course too late to order a game for the 19th inst. It was unfortunate, since no other date was available until the end of the series, Nov. 16, or possibly, in case of another tie, Nov. 23; thus deferring the Dominion championship match until the unseasonable date of either Nov. 23 or 30, when foot ball would be impossible in Montreal. If both teams agreed, of course they could

play off, and as College was most desirous, of preventing a tangle in the schedule they proposed to Montreal to play Oct. 19 on home grounds giving total receipts, or on Montreal grounds accepting same terms. It was expected that this bold move would induce Montreal to enter the lists. They refused. College could do no more, a more generous offer they could not make, and why it was refused is still a mystery to every lover and well-wisher of foot-ball.

* * *

The turn which events have taken very lately has answered the question of playing off, in fact has put an end to all further contests for College this season. On the afternoon of Thursday Oct. 17, in a light practice preparatory to meeting the Old Students from McGill, Toby Morin, in stopping a dribble, received a blow on the head which rendered him unconscious and nearly proved fatal. Physicians were summoned but as the injury was internal they could do nothing, and expressed grave fears for his recovery. He is at present writing regarded as beyond danger and on the way to recovery.

This deplorable accident threw a gloom over everyone and darkened or entirely obscured the prospect of any more foot-ball this year. No one had the heart for it, seeing such results. Of course in the first excitement and grief the game itself was blamed for its roughness. This accident however cannot be ascribed to the brutality of foot-ball. It was not the result of any roughness, it might occur in the gentlest play, as in fact it did, and its seriousness is due not to the severity of the blow, but to the mere chance of touching the right place. So deeply grieved was everyone for Toby, who was held in high and universal esteem, that many of the most enthusiastic foot-ballers were heard to declare they would never more put on a suit.

A telegram was sent Friday morning to the Executive of the Q.R.U. announcing that the College team would retire from the series. An explanation followed to the effect that, as the injured player was in a very precarious condition, regard for him demanded that they withdraw from the contest.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The *Mills* of the Junior Department grind slowly and they grind exceedingly small.

There is a public nuisance in the small yard. A clique of boys who can scarcely catch a ball and would not be guilty of kicking it two feet are laboring under the impression that the J. A. A. purchases foot-balls for their special benefit and appropriate one corner of the campus from which they exclude paid-up members of the Association. Gentlemen, a word to the wise is sufficient, if not we shall publish your names in the next issue.

Nightly exhibitions in sparring are given by John L. *Sullivan*, of Gatineau Point, and *Davie Corbett*, of Victoria, B.C. After their last encounter Sullivan sported a black eye and a mangled face, but in a confidential conversation with one of his friends he remarked that their batter-puddings came off and he blackened Corbett's two eyes and broke his nose.

We have heard of men jumping from bridges and walking across Niagara Falls on a barbed wire fence to gain notoriety, but it remained for the dawn of the 20th century to disclose a youth of auburn locks and *Dowd(y)* mien, who claims distinction on the plea that he lives across the street from our champion center scrimmager.

Prof.—One can cross the unfathomable abyss that separates the Day-Book from the Ledger only by means of the bridge—the Journal.

Jos. A. Goodone — Why not swim across ?

Friend Gus, we are going to read you a lecture which we hope you will ponder ere we are compelled to use physical force to gain our end. We all know that you are twice as old and twice as big as any boy in the Junior Department, consequently we are not so slow of comprehension or dull in wit as not to feel convinced that you have sufficient brute strength to throw small boys around like nine pins. You are in the Senior De-

partment, remain there, and show your courage by approaching nearer than one-half mile to a foot-ball scrimmage.

The P. P. A. held its first meeting Oct. 8th, and owing to the great influx of new members has been forced to rent the Junior Campus. Mr. Kading was appointed chairman for the present month; Mr. McGuire, Usher of the Black Rod; Mr. Charbonneau, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Paul Valentine, Manager of the Society's goat.

Our Fish of last year has developed into a Whale.

Last month's issue announced that Mr. Jos. Larose was elected President of the Junior Athletic Association through his consummate audacity and the bribery of ex-alderman Maloney. Our conscience would upbraid us for double-dealing did we not insert the following extract from the notes of our newly-appointed reporter: "Tom arose with blood in his eye and thundered forth: My opponent can't jump, he would break the back-bone of his calf if he did; he can't climb a greased pole on account of his blooming nose; he can't crack stones with his teeth because they are not his own; he can't go home without stealing apples; he can't play marbles with little Paul; he can't swing clubs like Stapy; but he can pull the wires and roll forth buttered words, sugar-coated sentences, and plum-pudding paragraphs. This is all well and good for the baton swinger in a banjo club but it never will set the Rideau Canal on fire. I don't think I have a genuine hatred for anybody, be he Darkey or Chinee, but I don't deny that I hate some people. I have built hospitals for the hump-backed and club-footed, but, friends, the lying, sneaking ward-healers that have besmirched the fair name of Costello are more to be pitied than these poor crippled brothers of ours. Gentlemen, though I know I could beat my opponent blind, I refuse to degrade myself by allowing my name to appear on a ballot with that of my antagonist. Timbers claims that because my opponent sports a wig, he is blessed with double intelligence, to wit, that of its first owner and that of its pre-

sent lessee. Gentlemen, that statement only proves that he is twice a fool." (The applause was so uproarious that the reservoir in No. 2 dormitory burst and put an end to all further discussion.)

The following held first places in the different classes for the month of September:—

First Grade	{	1. Paul Taillon.
		2. George Taillon.
		3. M. Major.
Second Grade A	{	1. F. Davie.
		2. J. B. Patry.
		3. Geo. Sylvain.
Second Grade B	{	1. R. Lapointe.
		2. A. Charlebois.
		3. A. Barrette.
Third Grade A	{	1. F. Houde.
		2. J. Neville.
		3. R. Angers.
Third Grade B	{	1. John Sullivan
		2. John Abbott.
		3. E. Bisson.
Fourth Grade	{	1. J. Cote.
		2. A. McDonald.
		3. John Eagle.

ULULATUS.

Turn on the steam!

Get your fall overcoats!!

Come up with your subscription to the reading-room. This is our last lingering appeal.

Willie thinks the United States the greatest country on the globe. He would like to hear of any other country that has produced an orator equal to the great Demosthenes from Pennsylvania.

The highlanders, under the indefatigable Muck and his cousins, have again organized. "They have feathers in their hats, etc."

I met him in the hall one afternoon, In his hand he had a parcel from his room, He carried it with careful step and slow, And straight into the dressing room did go. He laid it on the table just a minute, The crowd cried, "Sandy, surely you are in it," At once they quietly asked, "What is the news?" While proudly Sandy walked 'round with his shoes, "They beat Clancy's all to pieces, ain't they nice, They're so neat, so soft and smoother far than ice. The short and long is simply this, they're boss," Congratulations, now, you struck it rich, friend Ross.

The following was cracked by Joe, the 19 year old boy:—

Ice Man—"Want any ice?"

Joe—"No, just got a cake from the baker."

On a yacht— Pull to the *lee*, *Billy*, and *haul* in.

Queen's thinks the best currants raised on the Experimental Farm are those on the electric wires.

Lorry ran off his trolley and is now laid up for repairs.

Tony says that our young singer who has been trying so long to learn the scale should soon have the fish if it be not all *clawed* over.

All those who sleep in dormitory one,

This first opportunity take,

To console that young man who to each one did give

A plentiful share of his cake.

"I gave to them all some apples and cake."

"Oh, I *burn* for revenge," said he,

"For an ungrateful wretch then took from my shelf,

"The nuts of the hickory tree."

Alex.—We have a racer in Hawkesbury now. His time is three minutes and a half.

Frank—Why, on Dominion Day, at Thoroid, one of our local horses trotted a mile in two ninety-nine.

Tom, of the raven locks, says he learned from Geology that *muck* is not sandy, black, soft and practically useless.

We are commissioned to state that a valuable book entitled, "How to Become Strong," will soon be published by the Denis, Herr Co., Ltd

Raven Locks—What have I been doing?

Perfect—Your countenance distorts the preacher, you must remain outside.

Master of Discipline—Walter, please attend the lecture at St. Joseph's to-night.

Walter (returning)—By gosh, I would not have gone had I known the subject to be on temperance. It is now good-bye to my Manhattan cock-tails. At last I am detected.

"Pesky," our ideal third wing of last spring proved useless this fall on account of having no heart. It is rumored that he left it in "Jersey City."

Tony—I am just like mamma.

Mike—Why, how is that?

Tony—We both are so fond of babies.