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PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

I



HE fabled frog still apes the ox,
While the world ridicules ;
For nature's simple science mocks
The sophistry of fools.
The hills with white eternal crown
Are founded deep and low,
Whether on base or precious stone
No man shall ever know.

II

The blue sky barr'd with golden cloud
Glow's splendidly above ;
The violet under, meekly bow'd,
Reflects its hues in *love* ;
The lofty sky we may admire,
But vast distances part ;
We raise the humble violet higher,
And wear it near our heart.

CAMEO.



CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES IN BURKE.

ONLY about a year has gone by since a controversy was being carried on in the magazines relative to the religion of Shakespeare. Nearly all the writers who attempted to prove that the great poet had been a Catholic referred to the Catholicity which prevails in his works. It is this fact that leads me to imagine that a similar controversy might well arise concerning Edmund Burke, did we know nothing of him but through his writings. The history of his life tells us that he was the son of a Protestant father—made so by the penal laws—and a Catholic mother; that he spent his early years at the home of his mother's parents, and that he was the husband of a Catholic wife. It has been stated, also, that in his last illness he was attended by a priest, and that the great statesman died fortified by the rites of the Catholic church. What is the fact no one seems able to say, but for the purposes of this article it matters little. It is not my intention to treat of Burke's religion, but of a few points which, though taken at random from his writings, are quite in accordance with Catholic principles.

In a study of Burke it is by no means a hard task to find principles that are quite Catholic—the broad, liberal views of the man could hardly be otherwise than in agreement with principles that, however they may be misnamed, are and always have been essentially Catholic. His love of justice, his passion for order, his respect for law and authority, his independence of action in matters pertaining to the nation's welfare, his admiration for tradition, are all principles that have been nourished

under the protection of the Catholic church. It is with these principles—mainly that I shall deal.

Perhaps no historian has painted in more effective colors the dreadful condition of France during the days of the Revolution than has Burke. No person thinks of the shocking treatment accorded the king and queen without feelings of horror; nor can anyone meditate upon the actions of the angry French mobs without being aroused to a state of indignation. The feelings of Burke on these matters are too well known to need comment, and it is from his reference to this turmoil, in his speech to the House of Lords for the impeachment of Hastings, that I take the following selection which shows, in some measure, how Burke's views on justice coincide with those propounded by the Catholic Church; "My Lords," he said, "your house yet stands—it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in the midst of ruins,—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutation. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation—that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice,—that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and will stand, after this

globe is burnt to ashes, our advocate or accuser before the great judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenour of a well-spent life." Then referring to the Parliament of Paris which, with the other powers of France, had perished in the flood of Revolution, he spoke of the likeness it bore to the House of Lords; how it had been a place where the pure hands of justice had remained unsullied in the exercise of power; how in its fall it had been glorious and had drawn even from its destroyers glowing tributes of its honest worth. His remarks on the possibility of a like event happening the House of Lords contain the following beautiful passage. "My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but if you stand,—and stand, I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue! May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants! May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations! May you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!" These words concluded his appeal for judgment upon Hastings and from them can be drawn the noble views Burke held on justice,—it should be the refuge of afflicted people; and should be handed out to them from the precincts of a sacred temple.

The great regard Burke had for the order which should exist among a civilized people is seen, in one form or another, on almost every page of his "Reflections on the Revolution in France." Speaking of Society he calls it a contract,—“a

partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection." Society is a contract by which the higher are joined with the lower, and once men have been admitted to membership in this Society—parties to the contract, as it were—they are required to obey its commands and to endeavor to further its preservation. It is also their duty to remember that Society is the bark in which resides the authority of states, and Burke establishes this fact when he quotes, as was often his custom, from one of the Latin authors: "To the Sovereign and all powerful Deity who governs the Universe nothing that happens on earth is more acceptable than those Unions and combinations of men held together by law and justice which are called states." To Burke there was no reason why Anarchy should ever exist. It was only an extreme necessity, which admitted of no discussion, that would excuse a people for taking up arms against lawful authority. This is, perhaps, the reason why he was so moved by the slight attempt made in the meetings of the Old Jewry to incite the people of England to rebel. Whatever chance there may have been for such a calamity need not be considered, there is only for us to remember that it afforded Burke an opportunity of reading the people of England a lesson which they have not yet forgotten, nor will they soon forget.

Burke's description of the attitude of the great mass of the English people towards the French Revolution is an evidence of his great respect for law and authority. It had been openly charged that the people of England were at heart in direct sympathy with the leaders of the

National Assembly, and the charge might have been believed to this day had not Burke set forth, in the strongest terms, their true position. His description of those who would have thrown England into the throes of a revolution is one of the best sketches that can be given of a people dissatisfied with, and destitute of, all respect for law and authority. It serves also to show to better advantage what was the true opinion of the great body of the English people concerning the French Revolution. He demonstrates most clearly that: "we should fear God; look up with awe to Kings; with affection to Parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility." This was no doubt the spirit that existed among the English people, but it required the pen of a Burke to describe it, and in doing so how well has he made it in accordance with the teaching of the Catholic church on the same subject. He said that, when the idea of a revolution was brought before their minds, it was natural that they should be so affected. The Catholic Church under similar circumstances would say that it was right, and for the same reason, given by Burke, that should other principles prevail, there would follow, as followed in France, that period of vice and licentiousness which in the justice of God would render them "perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of, slavery through the whole course of their lives."

In matters pertaining to the welfare of England as a nation, there was found in him that independence which can truly be said to characterize the Catholic church in her actions, which in their compass interest the whole world. Elected for six years as the member for Bristol, it was

natural to suppose that he would have regard for its interests in matters relative to the financial policy of the country. It is true that he was their faithful representative; but it is too true that for his devotion to the general welfare of England, he was forced, in the face of sure defeat, to retire from the contest in that constituency. Why? Because he had foreseen, as his constituents had not, the baneful results that would surely follow the intolerant policy of Lord North's government towards America and Ireland. Seeing this, Burke had the courage of his convictions, and with that fearlessness which was his most notable characteristic, he boldly advocated, regardless of the consequences to himself, what he thought was right. True, it cost him the representation of Bristol, but it did not entail the loss of his principles. The people of Bristol were selfish; Burke was generous. He looked for the prosperity of England; they for the welfare of Bristol. Burke suffered the loss of his seat; he did not, however, suffer the loss of his reputation for honest and patriotic principles. So it is with the Catholic church. How many times might she have retained millions within her fold had she been willing to serve their selfish motives! How often might she have retained nations under the banner of the ancient faith had she been willing to alter her laws so as to meet their desires! But, like Burke, she could not, and preferred to see a part suffer rather than the whole. The principles of the Catholic church are, if I may use the expression, golden maxims presented to her by her Divine Founder; and by them she has been, and, when the occasion arises, always shall be, compelled to stand a willing victim and watch millions torn from

her bosom, rather than that one of the lowest of her communion should become the victim of a false doctrine.

And now I pass on to consider Burke's admiration for tradition, which I may well say is nothing if not Catholic. On that more than on any other score has the church had to withstand the assaults of her enemies. Again I call to my assistance the "Reflections on the Revolution," and from his remarks concluding his consideration of the horrible scheme on which the National Assembly would govern France, I take the following: "When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to guide us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of old manners and opinions it is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume that on the whole their operation was beneficial." He believed—and who will not agree with him?—that the manners and customs of civilized Europe had for two centuries depended upon two principles, which he called the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. They had been handed down from generation to generation. They could not be found in books; they were learnt by adhering to the old manners, the old customs and the old opinions of those who had gone before.

A little further on in the same work, after having explained the real sentiments of the English people, he said: "You see, sir, that in this en-

lightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings, that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them." Then he proceeded to explain how necessary it was to cling to old opinions and customs, which from their very age demand the respect and consideration of all people. He explained how unreasonable are those

"Who think their fathers fools, so wise they grow;" and show no regard for the opinions and customs of their ancestors, whose wisdom has been left as a legacy to succeeding generations.

What precedes shows to some extent Burke's principles of government. We know that he was the untiring champion of kings and princes, but we know also that he did not hesitate to express his opinion that there were limits in the exercise of authority beyond which rulers were forbidden to step. He knew and admitted that the people of France had grievances; but he foresaw that, were they not too impatient, their wrongs would have been remedied as quickly as possible. He saw that the people of America were being ill-treated by the home government, and he said that it was the urgent duty of that government to hasten measures for their relief. In this case he spoke strongly against the misuse of power; in the other he was just as vehement against those who were intolerant of the authority that existed. It was his endeavour to find for a people that happy medium in which kings and people

live in a union begotten of a mutual interest in each other's well-being. In this he was Catholic, for the reason that the church has ever been, and is to-day, engaged in efforts to maintain that spirit of good-will which should exist between the rulers and the ruled.

Burke was the avowed enemy of the slave trade; so was the Catholic church. His efforts in behalf of the oppressed people in Ireland, America and India shall ever stamp him as a man imbued with the 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you' spirit; a man liberal and just in his respect for the rights of his fellowmen. From the pages of his speeches made at various times in the advocacy of reforms in those countries, can be drawn principle after principle that is Catholic; but more especially when his attitude towards the ill-treated Irish Catholics is considered is the Catholicity of his principles most clearly shown. In this matter he seems to have paved the way for the great O'Connell, who, difficult as he found his task, would no doubt have found it more so had not Edmund Burke taught the English Commons lessons on the principles of tolerance, the effects of which remained until the days of the emancipation struggle and are even apparent to-day. I do not wish to detract from the great work of O'Connell in the battle for Catholic emancipation—no, all honor to him—but I believe that Burke's speeches exerted no small influence in moulding public opinion during the thirty odd years that intervened between their author's death and the passage of the Emancipation Bill.

What I have written if it serves to prove that Catholic principles exist in Burke's writings—and I may say, too, in his actions—completes my task. Before concluding, how-

ever, I would give the words of one who is, perhaps, the most eminent Catholic writer of the present day: the Rev. Dr. Barry who, in a recent article, has the following appreciation of the great statesman: "Burke's defence of the Christian state against the Jacobins, though it fell into exaggeration, still remains among those immortal pages on which we should be well content to see the *imprimatur* of our wisest theologians." This in itself is sufficient to convince us that there is no lack of catholicity in the writings of the great statesman.

In the opening lines of this article I said that it was not my purpose to speak of Burke's religion; nor was it, but I cannot refrain from remarking that the mind of this man while it may not have been Catholic taken in the restricted religious sense, still it seems to have been mainly so in the views he held on tradition and authority; and I make bold to assert that a perusal of his works cannot fail to bear me out in this statement. It could hardly be otherwise or we would not have such gems of Catholic thought in his writings. Nor can we be surprised at finding such a Catholic tone in the man when we consider the surroundings in which Burke found himself during his youth. Catholic blood tingled through his veins and he passed the best days of his early life at the home of his Catholic grand-parents. His sojourn, however short, at the English Catholic College of St. Omer, and best of all the care of a Catholic mother together with the companionship of a Catholic wife, seem to have exerted no small influence in directing the mind of this great man. In any case he seems to have exemplified most forcibly Pope's line that: „As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

JAMES E. McGLADE, '01.

WHY ?

ELL why

Does trancing music tremble into dumb,
 Dead silence, leaving souls it charmed to heavens,
 Stranded in deserts? Why will roses come,
 And wither, will the light of summer evens
 Leave the green world in gloom and darkly die ?

And why

Will dim abysses of deep loss engulf
 Friends whose tones for us made music sweetest,
 Whose glance held all the world's light in itself,—
 Meteors of life and love, in passing fleetest,
 Fate's eclipse falls, and they in shadows lie ?

Oh! why

Will souls attuned to harmonies transcending
 Of spheres divine—harps for seraphic choirs—
 Forget that lofty destiny, and blending
 Their angel notes with base discords and ires,
 Like Satan fall to doo:n from ecstasy ?

ETHAN HART MANNING.



THE HUMAN WORD.

(From the Illustrated Magazine.)

AFTER the Board of State Prison Directors had heard the complaints of a number of convicts, the warden announced that all who wished to appear had been heard. Thereupon a certain uneasy expression, which all along had sat upon the faces of the directors, became deeper.

"Send a guard for convict No. 14,208."

The warden started. "Why," he said, "he has expressed no desire to appear before you."

"Nevertheless, send for him at once," responded the chairman.

The warden sank back into his seat. Presently the chairman remarked:

"There are ways of learning what occurs in a prison without the assistance of either the warden or the convicts."

Just then the guard appeared with the convict.

Upon stumbling weakly into the room, he looked around eagerly. His glance passed so rapidly from one face to another that he could not have had time to form a conception of the persons present, until his swift eyes encountered the face of the warden. Instantly they flashed; he craned his neck forward; his lips opened and became blue; his form grew rigid, and his breathing stopped. This sinister and terrible attitude was disturbed only when the chairman sharply commanded, "Take that seat!" And then he sank into the chair.

The chairman turned sharply to the guard. "Why did you manacle this man," he demanded, "when he is evidently so weak, and when none of the others were manacled?"

"Why, sir," stammered the guard, "surely you know who this man is; he is the most dangerous and desperate—"

"We know all about that. Remove his manacles."

The guard obeyed. The chairman turned to the convict and in a kindly manner said, "Do you know who we are?"

The convict looked steadily at the chairman. "No," he replied, after a pause.

"We are the State Prison Directors. We have heard of your case, and we want you to tell us the whole truth about it."

The convict's mind worked slowly, and it was some time before he could comprehend the explanation and request. When he had accomplished that task, he said, very slowly, "I suppose you want me to make a complaint, sir?"

"Yes, if you have any to make."

The convict straightened up and gazed at the chairman with a peculiar intensity. Then firmly and clearly he answered, "I've no complaint to make."

The two men sat looking at each other in silence, and as they looked, a bridge of human sympathy was slowly reared between them. The chairman spoke to him tenderly:

"I know," said he, "that you are

a patient and uncomplaining man, or we should have heard from you long ago. In asking you to make a statement, I am merely asking for your help to right a wrong, if a wrong has been done. There are fifteen hundred human beings in this prison, and they are under the absolute control of one man. If a serious wrong is practised upon one, it may be upon another. I ask you in the name of common humanity to put us in the way of working justice in this prison. If you have the instincts of a man within you, you will comply with my request. Speak out, therefore, like a man, and have no fear of anything."

The convict was touched and stung. He said: "There is nothing in this world that I fear. I was sent up for twenty years for killing a man. I hadn't been a criminal; I killed him without thinking, for he had robbed me and wronged me. I came here thirteen years ago. I had trouble at first—it galled me to be a convict; but I got over that, because the warden that was here then understood me and was kind to me. I don't say this to make you think I'm complaining about the present warden, or that he didn't treat me kindly; I can take care of myself with him. I am not making any complaint. I ask no man's favour, and I fear no man's power."

"That is all right. Proceed."

"After the warden had made a good man out of me, I worked faithfully, sir; I did everything they told me to do. And then the law was passed giving credits to the men for good conduct. My term was twenty years, but I did so well that my credits piled up, and after I had been here ten years I could begin to see my way out. I knew that if I did anything against the rules, I should

lose my credits and have to stay nearly ten years longer. I never forgot it. I wanted to be a free man again, and I planned to go away somewhere and make the fight all over—to be a man in the world once more."

"We know all about your record in the prison. Proceed."

"Well, it was this way. You know they were doing some heavy work in the quarries and they wanted the strongest men in the prison. I was one of 'em that they put on the heavy work and I did it faithfully. They used to pay the men for extra work—not pay 'em in money, but the value of the money in candles, tobacco, extra clothes, and things like that. On Saturdays the men who had done extra work would fall in and go up to the captain of the guard, and he would give to each man what was coming to him.

"One Saturday I fell in with the others. When my turn in the line came, I went up to the captain and said I would take mine in tobacco. He looked at me pretty sharply, and said, 'You've had your extra; you got tobacco.' I told him I hadn't received any tobacco; I said I hadn't got my extra and hadn't been up before. He said, 'Don't spoil your record by trying to steal a little tobacco. Fall in.' . . . It hurt me, sir. I hadn't been up; I hadn't got my extra; and I wasn't a thief, and I never had been a thief, and no living man had a right to call me a thief. I said to him straight, 'I won't fall in till I get my extra.'

"With that he raised his hand as a signal, and the two guards behind him covered me with their rifles. The warden came out, and the captain told him I was trying to run double on my extra, and said I

was impudent and insubordinate. The warden said, 'Drop that and fall in.' I told him I wouldn't fall in. I told him I would die before I would do that. I said I wanted my just dues and no more, and I asked him to call on the other men in line to prove that I hadn't been up.

"He said, 'That's enough of this.' He sent all the other men to the cells and left me standing there. Then he told two guards to take me to the cells. They came and took hold of me, and I threw them off as if they were babies. Then more guards came up, and one of them hit me over the head with a club, and I fell. And then, sir"—here the convict's voice fell to a whisper—"and then he told them to take me to the dungeon."

"Go on," said the chairman.

"They took me to the dungeon, sir. Did you ever see the dungeon?"

"Perhaps; but you may tell us about it."

"There are several little rooms in the dungeon. The one they put me in was about five by eight. The only light that comes in, passes through a slit in the door. It doesn't give much light, because the door is thick.

"Well, Sir, they gave me a blanket and put me on bread and water. That's all they ever give you in the dungeon.

"The next night after they put me in, the warden came and asked me if I was all right. I said I was. He said, 'Will you behave yourself and go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No sir, I won't go to work till I get what is due me.' He said, 'Very well; maybe you'll change your mind after you have been in here a week.'

"They kept me there a week. The next Sunday night the warden

came and said, 'Are you ready to go to work to-morrow?' and I said, 'No; I will not go to work till I get what is due me.'

The chairman interrupted. "Did you not reflect," he asked, "that these officers would not have stooped to rob you? That it was through some mistake they withheld your tobacco, and that in any event you had a choice of two things to loose—one a plug of tobacco, and the other, seven years of freedom?"

"But they angered me and hurt me, sir, by calling me a thief, and they threw me in a dungeon like a beast. I was standing for my rights, and my rights were my manhood; and that is something a man can carry sound to the grave, whether he's bond or free, weak or powerful, rich or poor."

"Well, after you refused to go to work what did the warden do?"

"When I told him that, sir, he said he'd take me to the ladder and see if he couldn't make me change my mind... Yes sir; he said he'd take me to the ladder." (Here there was a long pause.) The other warden hadn't tried to break my spirit on the ladder. He did break it, though; he broke it clear to the bottom of the man inside of me.

"They strapped my arms to the ladder, and stretched so hard that they pulled me up clear of the floor. Then they strapped my legs to the ladder. The warden then picked up the whip. He said to me, 'I'll give you one more chance: Will you go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No; I won't go to work till I get my dues.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you'll get your dues now.' And then he stepped back and raised the whip. I turned my head and looked at him, and I could see it in his eyes that he meant to strike... And

when I saw that, sir, I felt that something inside of me was about to burst.

"And then the whip came down across my back. The something inside of me twisted hard and then broke wide open, and went pouring all through me like melted iron. And then I said to the warden this: 'You've struck me with a whip in cold blood. You've tied me up hand and foot to whip me like a dog. Well, whip me then, till you fill your belly with it. You are a coward. You were born a coward. Cowards will lie and steal, and you are the same as a thief and liar. Whip me hard and long, you coward. Whip me till the last breath quits my body; if you leave me alive I will kill you for this.'

"His face got white. He asked me if I meant that, and I said, 'Yes, before God, I do.' Then he took the whip in both hands and came down with all his might.

"That was nearly two years ago," said the chairman. "You would not kill him now, would you?"

"Yes. I will kill him if I get a chance; and I feel it in me that the chance will come."

"Well, proceed."

"He kept on whipping me. I could feel the broken skin curl up on my back, and when my head got too heavy to hold it straight it hung down, and I saw the blood on my legs and dripping off my toes into a pool of it on the floor. Something was straining and twisting inside of me again. My back didn't hurt much, it was the thing twisting inside of me that hurt. I counted the lashes, and when I counted to twenty-eight the twisting got so hard that it choked me and blinded me....and when I woke up I was in the dungeon again, and the doctor

had my back all plastered up, and he was kneeling beside me, feeling my pulse."

"And you have been in the dungeon ever since?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't mind that."

"How long?"

"Twenty-three months."

"On bread and water?"

"Yes; but that was all I wanted."

"Have you reflected that so long as you harbor a determination to kill the warden you may be kept in the dungeon? You can't live much longer there, and if you die there you will never find the chance you want. If you say you will not kill the warden he may return you to the cells."

"But that would be a lie, sir; I would rather die in the dungeon than be a liar and sneak. If you send me to the cells I will kill him. But I will kill him without that. I will kill him, sir.... And he knows it."

Without concealment, but open, deliberate and implacable, thus in the wrecked frame of a man, so close that we could have touched it, stood Murder—not boastful, but relentless as death.

"Apart from weakness, is your health good?" asked the chairman.

"Oh, it's good enough," wearily answered the convict. "Sometimes the twisting comes on, but when I wake up after it I'm all right."

The prison surgeon, under the chairman's direction, put his ear to the convict's chest, and then went over and whispered to the chairman.

"I thought so," said that gentleman. "Now, take this man to the hospital. Put him to bed where the sun will shine on him, and give him the most nourishing food."

* * * * *

The warden sat alone in the prison office with No. 14,208.

"The action of the directors three weeks ago," said the warden, "made my resignation necessary. I leave the prison to-day. A few days ago a man who was discharged from the prison last year read what the papers have published recently about your case, and he has written to me confessing that it was he who got your tobacco from the captain of the guard. His name is Salter, and he looks very much like you. He had got his own extra, and when he came up again and called for yours the captain, thinking it was you, gave it to him. There was no intention on the captain's part to rob you.

"Until the receipt of this letter, I had opposed the movement that had been started for your pardon; but when this letter came I recommended your pardon, and it has been granted. So you are now discharged from the prison.

"The stage will leave for the station in four hours. You have made certain threats against my life." The warden paused; then, in a voice that slightly wavered from emotion, he continued: "I shall not permit your intentions in that regard—for I care nothing about them—to prevent me from discharging a duty which, as from one man to another, I owe you. I have treated you with a cruelty the enormity of which I now comprehend. I thought I was right. My fatal mistake was in not understanding your nature. I misconstrued your conduct from the beginning, and in doing so I have laid upon my conscience a burden which will embitter the remaining years of my life. I would do anything in my power if it were not too late to atone for the wrong I have done you. If, before I sent you to the dungeon, I could have understood the wrong and foreseen its consequences, I

would cheerfully have taken my own life rather than raised a hand against you. The lives of us both have been wrecked; but your suffering is in the past—mine is present and will cease only with my life. For my life is a curse, and I prefer not to keep it."

With that the warden, very pale, but with a clear purpose in his face, took a loaded revolver from a drawer and laid it before the convict.

"Now is your chance," he said, quietly; "no one can hinder you."

The convict gasped and shrank away from the weapon, as from a viper.

"Not yet—not yet," he whispered, in agony.

"Are you afraid to do it?" asked the warden.

"No!" he gasped. "You know I am not. But I can't—not yet—not yet!"

The convict, whose ghastly pallor, glassy eyes and gleaming teeth sat like a mask of death upon his face, staggered to his feet.

"You have done it at last!—you have broken my spirit! A human word has done what the dungeon and the whip could not do. . . . It twists inside of me now. . . . I could be your slave for that human word." Tears streamed from his eyes.

He reeled, and the warden caught him and seated him in the chair.

"That human word," he whispered—"if you had spoken it long ago—if—but it's all—it's all right—now. I'll go—I'll go to work—to-morrow."

There was a slightly firmer pressure of the hand that held the warden's; then it relaxed. The weary head sank back and rested on the chair; the strange smile still sat upon the marble face, and a dead man's glassy eyes and gleaming teeth were upturned towards the ceiling.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

SIMPLE girl unlearned in lore of schools,
 Who loved to stray like free and happy child
 In grove and valley, gathering the wild
 Sweet flowers, untrammelled by intricate rules,
 Was Catherine; but God His gold and jewels
 Donates as pleases Him; her, undefiled
 By things of earth, He dowered with wisdom mild,
 That mere scholasticism in splendor dulls.
 A mystic Theologian, the pure fire
 Heaven-kindled in her breast, burned on her lips,
 Lightening all hearts to a divine desire.
 Guiding the doubtful, the obscure eclipse
 Of sophisms piercing with Truth's noble ire,
 Learning's torch making to burn clearer, higher.

Truth's radiant mirror to her gaze revealed
 God in His supreme majesty, and man
 In all his misery, yet, in the plan
 Of the creation, in glory concealed:
 Hence, reverently she served him, and the field
 Of her marvellous labors, where she ran
 A giant's course, was the wide, varied plain
 That rich and mighty, poor and powerless held;
 Those she directed in ways more sublime,
 These lifted to fair heights before unknown;
 Thorn-crowned, she scattered flowers and deemed it crime
 To give a thought to self; cross-laden, shone
 A pillar of light leading to Heaven's clime,
 To many angels and the great white throne.

E. C. M. T.



WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR.

WHILE many nations of the earth are even now engaged in war, and as many more are preparing to disturb the Christian world with still more dreadful strifes, a few words upon the direful effects which accompany this greatest enemy of the human race may not be inappropriate. Although in many cases war is often an absolute necessity, still in this enlightened nineteenth century it would be well if the differences between nations could be settled in some less dreadful and more satisfactory manner. It is gratifying therefore to learn of the efforts which have been made by the Sovereign Pontiff to prevent if possible what is likely to prove one of the worst wars of the age. Let us hope that his endeavors may not be altogether in vain and that this continent at least may escape from the throes of warfare.

Here in Canada where we are blessed with a happy peace and contentment, it may seem to some that at the present time there is no occasion to enter a discussion on the influences of war. But let us glance for a moment on the state in which we find many nations less favored than our own, and see whether there exists the universal peace which our surroundings might lead us to suppose.

Let us travel first to far off Africa. The most common reports from there are generally to the effect "that the Anglo-Egyptian forces have repulsed the Dervishes with great loss, thousands having been killed on the

field of battle." We can form a very fair idea of what this means. Coming further north what do we find? During the last few years reports from India tell of the sufferings that are there endured through the incessant wars that are devastating the land. The plagues and famines of India are not more fearful than those constant strifes which the cause of humanity alone should see fit to prevent.

Nearer home the state of affairs is even worse. The fate of China which claims to be the oldest civilized nation in the world, now hangs in the balance and it seems that nothing short of a miracle can prevent her from becoming the arena upon which the powers of Europe shall decide their long-standing differences. Almost crushed by the late war with Japan the Chinese now stand the prey of their more powerful rivals and from present appearances this nation has about run her course.

But it is not necessary for us to leave our own American continent for instances of present warfare. Ever since the middle of the present century the small island of Cuba has been the scene of frightful bloodshed. Insurrection follows insurrection and it would seem that these will cease only when Cuba will be free or the Cuban race exterminated. Concerning the justice or injustice of their grievances we do not intend to speak. But the worst feature of this strife seems only now about to be realized since the United States and Spain appear determined to set

tle the question between themselves. All attempts at mediation having failed, it is considered a matter of but very short time when war must be declared.

We have said enough it seems, to demonstrate what we said above—that the world is by no means free from war. We turn now to consider the influences which war exerts upon national welfare, and the welfare of man in general. First we shall speak of the moral influences.

One of the most deplorable effects of war is undoubtedly the great loss of human life which accompanies it. We shudder when we read of the numbers that fell in ancient days when men fought hand to hand, and again in later times when the use of firearms first became general. But all this will seem like child's play when we consider the amount of blood that must be shed when the modern engines of destruction are put in operation. But as figures are always the most convincing we will note the loss in this regard during some of the more important wars with which we are all quite familiar. In the late civil war in the United States the number of men that perished was 700,000. Over 70,000 French soldiers are said to have fallen during the war with Prussia, and the Crimean war cost the lives of about 100,000. At the sanguinary battle of Waterloo the slain numbered 51,000, while at Borodino where Napoleon fought the Russians 70,000 men perished on the field of battle. Since the beginning of the Christian era the number of lives lost through war is estimated to have reached the almost inconceivable number of 4,000,000,000. Large as these number may seem we venture the assertion that they are too small to enable us to form an ade-

quate idea of the butchery that must ensue when the perfectly civilized nations of our day shall let loose the dogs of war to work havoc among the peoples of the earth.

Loss of human life is not the only evil of which war is the occasion, but there is also a serious loss of souls. It is attested by missionaries that one of the greatest obstacles which tends to obstruct their progress is caused by the practice of war. There is nothing which places such a damper upon religious fervor, as when men's thoughts are totally absorbed in endeavors to overcome an enemy. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon this theme. It will become evident to any one upon the least reflection, that the greatest number of conversions must result while the most perfect peace prevails.

We turn next to the commercial and financial depressions in time of war and here we find the greatest field upon which to exercise our imagination. Even while not engaged in actual conflict the immense standing armies maintained by several countries are gradually leading these nations to the verge of bankruptcy. The European countries especially suffer from this cause. The standing armies at the command of the more powerful are as follows: Russia, about 600,000; France, 555,000; Austria and Italy, about 260,000 each, and England 210,000. The United States acts wisely in this regard, as the number of men whom she keeps in arms is comparatively very small as compared with the above-named countries. It can readily be seen that no small amount of the nation's income must be expended in maintaining these soldiers. In fact, it is asserted that \$8,000,000 daily is the amount re-

quired to maintain the standing armies of the world. At no time can these men be of much use in developing the industries of the country, and in time of war their numbers are swelled to such an extent, that industry is practically at a standstill. In this way, therefore, war saps the very foundation of the country's strength.

The immense national debts, which are the greatest burdens endured by many countries at the present day, have generally found their origin in some war. In fact, the cost of even the most insignificant wars is sufficient to be felt for many years, and enormous sums of money must be expended in prosecuting wars of any considerable extent. For instance, it is said that France paid the sum of \$3,400,000,000 to satisfy the ambitions of Napoleon. The expenses incurred during the late civil war in the United States sometimes reached enormous proportions. For four years of the war the Union paid out almost \$3,000,000,000, and at one period the sum spent daily was \$3,000,000. The war of 1812, though seemingly unimportant, was sufficient to tax the United States to the extent of \$110,000,000, and the Canadian people felt its effect to about the same extent.

But the money that is spent is not the only financial loss which a country feels on an occasion of war. There is also a destruction of property which is not so easily repaired. In the civil war in the United States the amount of property destroyed was valued upwards of \$1,000,000,000; while the burning of Moscow cost the Russians \$120,000,000 according to the lowest calculations. Numerous examples might be added to these, but what we have said suf-

fices for our purpose which is to show that property is never safe while armies are suffered to carry desolation through the land.

When a country situated as the United States, finds itself plunged deeply into war, we can study the great depression which is felt in the interests of commerce. During the last few weeks the government of the United States has been busily occupied in buying and fitting up vessels for use in their naval affairs. It would be much better could these vessels be employed in the furtherance of commerce rather than in the cause of war. But should Spain and the United States be obliged to fight the trading vessels of these countries can be expected to do very little business since goods carried by them will always be liable to loss or seizure by either country. Hence the commercial trade of these countries will be practically ruined. Of course in such a case the trade of some other country will increase in proportion, but this does not effect our argument since there is still the loss to that country which is so unfortunate as to be engaged in war.

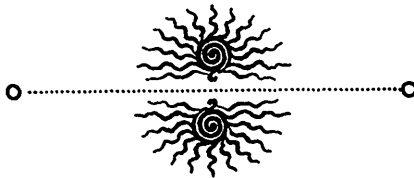
It may seem at first sight that these financial losses occasioned by war will be felt mainly by the rich. But a little reflection is sufficient to show that this is an altogether false opinion, and that the numerous class of wage-earners are the greater sufferers. The rich capitalist is not restricted to his own country in which to invest his money. He can easily invest it in some foreign market and at the same time draw his regular income. On the other hand the laborer depends upon the capitalist for the wages which are to sustain him and his family. But if the capitalist does not invest his money in his own country, then the

unfortunate laborer can find no employment there, and hence must move elsewhere if he wishes to procure the necessaries of life. But in many cases the poor man is not in a position to move and even should he do so there is not much hope that he will in that way better his condition. In fact so quickly does the poor man's money disappear that some of the greatest fortunes have been accumulated through the varying chances of war, and hence to-day we are not surprised to see all Europe practically under the control of one rich and powerful family.

Having endeavored to show some

of the more evident dangers with which the world is now threatened on account of war, we may be allowed to add a suggestion as to how these dangers might be averted, and the peace of the world assured. As regards this we entertain but one opinion. With all the English speaking people united not as one nation but simply as one force, there could be formed against them no combination of peoples powerful enough to attempt interference with the liberty and welfare of the human race.

R. D. McDONALD, '98.



ARMAND DE RICHELIEU.

IN the public estimation of Europe, Henry IV of France was the representative of peace, order and intelligent and practical ideas. He had secured peace abroad and put an end to the religious wars which had had such a weakening influence on the country. Hence it was that on his death great grief as well as disquietude were felt, for people were fully aware that his obstinate, vain and mistrustful queen, Mary de' Medici, who was appointed regent during the minority of Louis XIII, was incapable of handling the reins of government. This woman suffered herself to be guided by selfish, office-seeking favourites, and it was not long before all the good work of Henry the Great was undone. Affairs came to such a crisis that in 1614, when the young king had reached his majority, it became necessary to convoke the states-general of the kingdom.

The chief political fact connected with this convocation was the entry into the ranks of the council of the youthful Bishop of Luçon, Armand Jean Du Plessis de Richelieu, marked out by the finger of God to sustain, after the powerful reign of Henry IV and the incapable regency of Mary de' Medici, the weight of the government of France. Richelieu had not been destined for the church and was pursuing his studies at the College of Navarre when his elder brother, Louis, having resigned the unpretending bishopric of Luçon, became a Carthusian and left Armand to be appointed to the vacant see. The young prelate, in preparation

for the office, immediately betook himself with great ardor to his theological studies. At Rome some objections were raised on account of his extreme youth, but these were finally overcome, and he was consecrated bishop in 1607.

Although Luçon was a very poor and unimportant diocese, yet its youthful and energetic bishop determined to make his presence felt in the kingdom. He set to work to improve his bishopric and acquire for himself a well appointed mansion in order to enhance his nobility. In this he succeeded, for in 1614 when elected to the States-general he had acquired among the clergy and at the court of Louis XIII sufficient importance to be charged with the duty of speaking in the presence of the King on the acceptance of the acts of the council of Trent and on the restitution of certain church lands in Béarn. He made skilful use of the occasion to still further exalt and improve the question of his own importance. He hinted that the clergy had of late been summoned too rarely to the King's councils and did not omit to congratulate the young King on having reached his majority and to praise him for having asked his mother to continue to watch over France. An appointment as almoner to Anne of Austria was his reward. He carried still further his ambitious designs, by flattering the queen-regent and her favorite Marshall d'Ancre, for which he received the post of Secretary of State for war and foreign affairs. The Marshall was at that time seek-

ing for some means to prevent his downfall. Hence when it did occur the people were astonished to see Richelieu on good terms with his court rival Albert de Luynes, by whom he was pressed to remain in the States-general. However Richelieu was far too prudent to compromise himself. He followed the party of the Queen to Blois, there to live in retirement for sometime. But the King feared the presence of such an ambitious spirit so near his mother and ordered Richelieu to repair to Avignon. The pope protested but the Sovereign insisted and the bishop obeyed without a murmur. He was one of the patient as well as ambitious, who can calculate upon success even afar off and wait for it.

The gulf between Louis and Mary de 'Medici was widening. The country seemed about to be cursed by another civil war. Some one was needed with sufficient ability and tact to effect a reconciliation and the bishop of Luçon was the one man in the Kingdom capable of undertaking that task. He concluded a treaty between the Sovereign and his queen-mother and they were once more united.

Richelieu's star was now in the ascendant. An announcement was made by the pope of the promotion of ten cardinals. At this news the queen sent a special courier to Rome to beg that the bishop of Luçon be included on the list. But a letter had been received before hand from the King, advising him not to bestow on Richelieu the cardinal's hat. However after some delay he received the coveted honor and was called to the King's council in 1624. Richelieu had now reached a position which would enable him to carry out his lofty intentions.

All rivals were soon overcome and he became the veritable chief of the council. France at that moment had a man at her head who was a worthy successor of Henry IV. More stern than that great monarch, he set his face steadily against the influence of the great Lords; he broke them down one after another; his sole aim was to elevate royal authority; it was the hand of the cardinal which made the court and paved the way for the reign of Louis XIV.

But Richelieu's path was by no means a smooth one; many and deep-laid were the schemes to break his power by taking his life, but his indomitable spirit was equal to every occasion. By far the most important of these conspiracies was that headed by the Duke of Orleans and Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, a youthful favorite of the king, dubbed by the Cardinal "the king's rattle." Cinq-Mars was simply a tool in the hands of his powerful colleague, who stirred him up against the minister. Nevertheless, it was his lot to lose his head, while Orleans escaped unscathed.

Richelieu at the time was seriously ill, and hopes of his death were entertained by the conspirators. The concurrence of the Duke de Bouillon, who commanded the king's army in Italy, was obtained, and the town of Sedan, over which he ruled, was to serve as a place of refuge for the conspirators in case of reverse. But Sedan alone was not sufficient; an army was needed, and their thoughts naturally turned towards Spain. The Viscount de Fontrailles, who deeply detested the Cardinal, took charge of the negotiations, and a treaty was soon concluded in the name of the Duke of Orleans. The king, who, influenced by Cinq-Mars, was a kind of silent partner in the affair, was then at Narbonne, and Richelieu lay

a prey to violent fever, rendered still worse by an abscess on his arm, which prevented him from writing; while Cinq-Mars, ever present, was doing his utmost to insinuate into his sovereign's mind suspicion of the Cardinal and the hopes founded upon his disgrace or death. Thus the king was tacitly the head of the conspiracy, Cinq-Mars the leading spirit, Orleans the one to reap the most benefit, and Bouillon, whom the Cardinal always beheld with a suspicious eye, was the advisor.

That Richelieu could live but a few days, during which he would be unable to see the King, they thought was certain. The hopes of the conspirators were high, and great were their projects regarding the change that was to take place to their advantage. Success seemed to be within reach, when just as the plot was ripe the Cardinal's health improved. He was once more able to busy himself with affairs of State and in some unexplicable manner got wind of the conspiracy. He sent a copy of the treaty with Spain, which he had secured, to the King whose rage knew no bounds. Orders were issued for the immediate arrest of Bouillon and Cinq-Mars. They were brought to trial and executed. Orleans was forced to leave the Kingdom. Such was the ignominious ending of the most formidable conspiracy against Louis' great minister.

Richelieu's home policy may be summed up in a few short words,—absolute power concentrated in the hands of the King. The distinguishing feature of his character is his patriotism, his love of France which made him subordinate all else to her interests. He was clear-sighted enough to see that rule by the then existing parties would be detrimental, hence his scheme to rest all

power, nominally in the King but really in himself, since his power over Louis was absolute. The following, which is in part a notification of the Kings prohibiting parliament from interference in affairs of state, gives us an idea of what the Cardinal thought the kingly power should be: "It seemeth that the institution of monarchies, having its foundation in the government of a single one, that rank is, as it were, the soul which animates them and inspires them with as much force and vigor as they can have, short of perfection. But as this absolute authority raises them to the highest pinnacle of their glory, so, when it happens to be enfeebled, they are observed, in a short time, to fall from their high estate. There is no need to go out of France to find instances of this truth. . . . The fatal disorders and divisions of the League, which ought to be buried in eternal oblivion, owed their origin and growth to disregard of the kingly authority. . . . Henry the Great, in whom God had put the most excellent virtues of a great prince, on succeeding to the crown of Henry III, restored by his valor the kingly authority which had been, as it were, cast down and trampled under foot. France recovered her pristine vigor and let all Europe see that power concentrated in the person of the sovereign is the source of the glory and the greatness of monarchies, and the foundation upon which their preservation rests."

A great deal has been said concerning Richelieu's relations with the church. He has often been accused of indifference with regard to religious affairs, and his spirit of tolerance towards the French Protestants drew from the ultramontanes the name of the "Huguenots' Cardinal."

But these accusations are not well founded; Richelieu was during his whole life a sincere Catholic. It is not only certain that no doubts concerning the doctrines of the church troubled his mind, but it is well known that he did all in his power to aid her cause in France, notwithstanding the fact that for political reasons he made many Protestant alliances. Richelieu's sole aim was the aggrandisement of the state. Her success was his joy and her reverses his sorrow. He was well aware that the Huguenots formed a powerful party in France, and that it was necessary for the good of the kingdom to make them, in spite of their religious beliefs, patriotic Frenchmen. "Difference in religion," said he, "never prevented me from rendering the Huguenots all sorts of good offices, and I made no distinction between Frenchmen but in respect of fidelity." The age of Richelieu, although not an age of complete liberty, was for the Protestants of France an age of tolerance.

But the time and talents of the great Cardinal were not wholly spent in affairs of State. He still found time for literary culture; he loved literature and those who made it their profession. He foresaw the power of the litterateur over the whole nation and protected him. By no means the least important of Richelieu's great acts was the foundation of the French Academy, that honorable society by whose influence the French language has been preserved in all its purity. For this, if for no other reason will the name of Cardinal Richelieu be forever loved and venerated by the French nation.

It is scarcely correct to say that Richelieu was the founder of the Academy; he it was, rather, who established it as a national institu-

tion. For even before he began to interest himself in literary affairs, a small party of learned men had formed themselves into a society, which held weekly meetings to discuss literary topics and criticize the unprinted works of the members. The Cardinal was informed of this by one of his friends and recognizing immediately the benefits to be derived from such an association, made application to be admitted as a member. Being received, with great, though concealed, reluctance by the Academy he set to work to improve its condition. Letters-patent for its official establishment were sent to parliament and enregistered, statutes were drawn up, officers selected and the number of members limited to forty. Richelieu was now the recognized protector of French learning. He had given it a centre of discipline and secured for writers a means of support which had heretofore been lacking. Notwithstanding the revolutions and political turmoils that have taken place in the country, the Academy ever remains a flourishing institution and one of the glories of France. The greatest honor that can be conferred on a Frenchman to-day is to be ranked among the "Forty Immortals."

Cardinal Richelieu has been maligned by some, but praised by the vast majority. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of his great virtues must admit that many of his actions are far from praiseworthy; but there can be no one so blinded by prejudice as to deny that to him France owes much. Very true indeed are the words which the dramatist Lytton has put into his mouth:—

"I found France rent asunder—
The rich men despots, and the poor
banditti,

Sloth in the mart, and schism within
 the temple;
 Brawls festering to rebellion; and
 weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique
 sheaths.—
 I have re-created France; and from
 the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit
 carcass,
 Civilization on her luminous wings
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!"

Richelieu's indomitable heart was equal to every task, even the most difficult. He united factions, secured peace and order in the country, enhanced the true glory of France and paved the way for the memorable reign of the great Louis XIV. He is without doubt the greatest of France's great statesmen.

J. E. DOYLE, '99.



THE MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.—(Continued).

Forget not the field where they
perished,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone, and the bright hopes they
cherished,
Gone with them and quenched in
their grave.

Moore.

HAVING witnessed the United Irish Society's strictly constitutional inception under the stately shadow of old Cave Hill, and having seen with regret its subsequent tyranny-forced change into a secret organization; having examined in sickening detail the harrowing train of legalized wrongdoings that were conducive to the memorable and thrice glorious struggle which all Irishman this year recall with mingled pride and sorrow; having admired the undaunted men of Wexford and shed a wealth of silent tears over the green graves of her patriot priests, it is now in order to bestow a few moments of our particular consideration upon some of the most prominent rebel leaders.

With great reluctance will any Irishman draw the lines of preference among these illustrious defenders of his country; fain would we devote our midnight vigils and our eager pen to a befitting eulogy of every hero who, a century ago, risked his liberty, aye his life itself, to protect our dear old land. Time and space however are urgent in their demands, and so, not without a great deep sigh expressive of regret, many a worthy name must be omitted, others must be allotted but the spar-

ing honor of a mention, while those that are dwelt upon more at length, are compelled to suffer from the evident inadequacy of our talents to do them justice in so short an article.

Amongst the members of any society, whether religious or political, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, the person calling for the earliest eulogy or reproof as the case may require, is naturally the one who called said organization into being. It is then with sentiments of big-hearted gratitude and manly admiration, mixed with feelings of memory-enlivened and reverential sorrow, that we take our place for a few moments beside a lonely green grave in Bodenstown, and there muse upon the hopeful life and clouded death of that great man whom Dr. Madden calls "one of the bravest spirits of his time," the illustrious, the lamented Theobald Wolfe Tone. A native of Ireland's Liffey-divided Capital, this distinguished Protestant defender of the Catholic and national cause was just enjoying his thirty-sixth summer when the smouldering and ill-concealed embers of revolt were fanned by the desert winds of cruelty and oppression into that startling conflagration, the rebellion of Ninety-eight. From his earliest years, Tone had a natural attraction for military affairs—an attraction that stood him in good part when, later in life, justice-urged, he took in hand a liberty-loving sword. As might be expected in such a soldierly character, the study of law, which for some time divided rather than occupied his attention, proved

an unsavory pursuit, so accordingly his achievements in that particular branch of learning did not attract as widespread a notice as did the afterglory of his arms. In 1791 a remarkable pamphlet entitled "An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, by a Northern Whig," elicited both approval and applause throughout the length and breadth of persecuted Erin. As soon as it became manifest that Wolfe Tone was the author of this masterly publication, which embodied so completely the sentiments of a large party in northern Ireland, the young Dublin lawyer became the idol of national homage, especially in Ulster. Being invited to Belfast during the autumn of the same year, he there and then, as we have seen, inaugurated the Society of United Irishmen. From that time until his tragic death Wolfe Tone was "the most formidable enemy to British tyranny that Ireland has yet produced."

By Tone and his devoted band of followers constitutional agitation was at first adopted, but "when they would not be allowed liberty of speech, and when they saw that the government would not give justice," they had recourse to other modes of procedure. Under existing circumstances, the two grand objects of their union, parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation, could not possibly be obtained by moral force alone. Tone's fondest hope, his most ardently cherished desire at this time, was to see the men of Erin one in mind, one in word, one in action. The penetrating young Barrister well knew that "a union of all creeds was felt to be incompatible with British government in Ireland." His passionate longing for a thorough combination of the nation's best and bravest is well voiced in the

following extract from his beautiful poem, "Ierne United."

"Then let us remember our madness no more,
What we lost by dissension, let union restore;
Let us firmly unite, and our covenant be,
Together to fall, or together be free."

When armed resistance was resolved upon, and when the needs of the United Irish Society became decidedly urgent, Tone visited America and thence proceeded to France, where he solicited aid from the young Republic. With a view to obtaining a favorable recognition of his demands, he spent some time in the French army where his amiable character and dashing courage gained a wide-spread esteem, and where he was honored with the title of *chef de Brigade*. It was probably during this time that Tone became possessed of certain deistical tendencies that have marred not a little the glory of his career. He accompanied two French expeditions to Ireland, one in the winter of 1797 and another in the following autumn. The former as history tells, was completely dispersed by a hurricane, while the latter was defeated in Lough Swilley by a strong English fleet under Warren. Tone fought bravely, though almost hopelessly, and, when the struggle ended, was reckoned among the prisoners. With Judas-like treachery an old college friend betrayed him; he was sent in chains to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. As the heavy irons were fastened on his wrists, he exclaimed with a look of brave defiance that spoke sincerity: "In the cause I have served, I would rather wear

these than he decorated with the Star and Garter of England." Wolfe Tone appeared before the fatally predetermined court-martial in his French uniform as *Chef de Brigade*, and when no hope for life remained, he begged for a soldier's death, "to be shot by a platoon of grenadiers." Anyone acquainted with how law was maladministered in Ireland during those "dark and evil days" can easily surmise that this modest request was treated with disdain. The pampered, cynical coxcombs who held in whiskey-enfeebled hand the twisted balance of repeatedly violated justice, refused their fellow-creature, and one who was, in every respect, a thousand-fold their master, a favor that even the most untutored South Sea Savages would willingly have granted. O, that we might be excused from any reference to the last sad scene in that otherwise highly noble and truly generous life! Did Wolfe Tone fail in genuine courage at the last?—did he "rush into the dark house of death unbidden?"—was the cruel wound that stopped forever in his breast the measured throb of life, a final outcome of an over haughty and defiant spirit? Who can answer this question with some conclusive, prejudice-conquering argument? Alas! the proofs that seem the heaviest are for the affirmative, but, thank Heaven, those on the negative side, when placed in the unerring scales, are not found entirely wanting. On this matter then, all that can be said with certainty may be put as follows. The closing hours of Wolf Tone's sojourn on earth are hidden in the shades of mystery with just enough emerald rays of hope to make endurable the gloom. Until some brighter evidence bursts forth like after-storm sunshine, to

clear away the pagan-like darkness that obscures his death, we are held back from paying to his memory the plenitude of that homage which his devotion to the cause of Catholic Ireland has merited.

Whether he died by his own hand or by that of an assassin, posterity will crown Wolf Tone as the "ablest and greatest of the Ninety-eight leaders." Without fear of contradiction we may well say in the words of Dr. Madden that "the curse of Swift was upon the man—he was an Irishman. Had he been a native of any other European country, his noble qualities, his brilliant talents would have raised him to the first honors in the state, and to the esteem of his fellow-citizens." Tone, in his own day, was beloved, and still is gratefully remembered for his firm magnanimous character for his serene cheerfulness, even under the most trying circumstances, and for his indefatigable exertions by which he hoped to "raise three millions of his countrymen to the rank of citizens." The firm stand he took in contending for the redress of Catholic grievances, shows at once the broadness of his views, the comprehensiveness of his sympathies, the thorough unselfishness of his agitation and his hatred for any form of injustice. Moreover it has endeared his name amongst the persecuted people in behalf of whom he so unreservedly sacrificed his talents and his life. To use his own words, he was engaged in "a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy;" but who ever heard of that haughty power whose displeasure he had incurred, being generous in her treatment of the weak and unprotected? In his private dealings, Tone was pleasant, loveable, genial, endearing.

What a pity that the sunset of such a glorious life should be hidden by a cloud! The following excellent estimate of his character and abilities is from the learned pen of Professor Goldwin Smith: "Tone was not a first-class man of action, but he was a first-rate man of the second class—brave, adventurous, sanguine, fertile in resources, buoyant under misfortune, warm-hearted and capable of winning, if not of commanding men. Though his name is little known among Englishmen, he was near being almost as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome." The last resting-place of Wolfe Tone is immortalized by the sweetly patriotic muse of Thomas Davis in a pathetic, melodious poem, of which we will quote the closing stanza as a termination to our thoughts on the lamented founder of the United Irishmen:

"In Bodenstown churchyard there
is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds
rave—
Far better they suit him, the ruin
and gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him
a tomb."

Leaving far behind us the daisy-spangled mound in Bodenstown, let us speed to the Irish Metropolis, and there descend, with reverent step, into the musty vault beneath St. Werburgh's Protestant church. In that ancient crypt, where the hurrying noise of city business can hardly penetrate the heavy silence, there lies the honored remains of one who was, undoubtedly, the most sincerely loved and most eminently respected figure in the United Irish ranks, the princely Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, formerly a Major in the British army and afterwards a member of the

Irish Parliament, this renowned scion of an illustrious family seceded from the legislative halls in 1797, along with O'Connor, Curran and Grattan. The same year saw his name inscribed among the United Irishmen, of whom he was at once chosen Commander-in-chief. "He thus abandoned wealth, social position, congenial society, comfort, home life, love and happiness, to throw himself into the popular movement." This generous step will not, however, be deemed so very wonderful if we duly consider Lord Edward's strong republican inclinations. Like Tone, he looked to France for aid, but only such assistance as would enable Ireland to break asunder the hated shackles forged for her by a despotic foe. The object he had in view was not a change of masters; on the contrary, he looked forward to a "free and independent Erin boasting perfection in her Constitution." Having escaped the wholesale arrest of the United Irish leaders, which took place in March, 1798, Lord Edward was hidden and protected by his grateful fellow-countrymen for the space of two months. Neither the price of one thousand pounds which was set upon his head, nor the growling threats of baffled government fiends, could induce the faithful citizens to betray him. At length, however, treason-guided, the nasty bloodhounds found their victim; Lord Edward was captured in a house on Thomas street, Dublin, by the notorious Major Sirr and a no less infamous band of British mercenaries. In the fierce struggle at his arrest, the cherished young Commander-in-chief received a grievous wound, from which he died in a dismal cell on June 4th. This sad event was a

stunning blow to the Society of United Irishmen. In the frank, chivalrous, dashing Lord Edward the insurrectionary movement had a second Washington; in his death it lost at one stroke its future victor and its dawning victory.

As regards the place this eminent and undaunted young hero occupies in the hearts of Erin's people, Mr. A. M. Sullivan has penned the following: "Of all the men who have given their lives in the fatal struggle against the English yoke, not one is more endeared to Irish popular affection than 'Lord Edward.' While he lived he was idolized; and with truth it may be said his memory is embalmed in a nation's tears. He had every quality calculated to win the hearts of a people like the Irish." Dr. Madden sums up Lord Edward's character in the following gentle words: "He was as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and, when necessary, as brave as a lion." With good reason then has it been said that "In front of Ireland's chivalry was that Fitzgerald's place." The study of his life must lead us to affirm that "he had in him a salient living spring of generous and manly action." What a pity that such a noble and warm-hearted youth, such a whole-souled patriot, such a brave commander, did not succeed in bringing to triumphant reality the magnificent designs that his highly intrepid intellect had formed! Whilst we mourn this infelicitous end of Lord Edward's hopes, we are consoled by the happy thought that

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to
son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

With this encouraging truth uppermost in our minds, let us pass

out from the oppressive vault of St. Werburgh's, and having wended our way a little distance through the Dublin streets, we will pause awhile, with deeply reverential respect, beside an uninscribed tomb in St. Michan's churchyard. This little shamrock-veiled mound covers the ashes of one whose name is dear, to every Celtic heart. We must dwell upon that name, we must repeat it with hushed breath, we must eulogize the "young hero" it represents, even at the risk of violating the solemn injunction of Ireland's greatest singer, as worded in the following lines:

"O breathe not his name; let it
sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics
are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tear that
is shed,
Like the night-dew that falls on the
grass o'er his head."

Who can read the touching fate of Robert Emmet without letting fall a "sad and silent tear?" Who could hear without emotion the last words of that brave young patriot as he stood before a prejudging court? At that awful moment, when about to hear his condemnation, Emmet demanded the "charity of the world's silence;" but the hills of Ireland would resent the insult were not his daring deeds and exonerating motives well proclaimed. The youngmen of Ireland have nothing to be ashamed of in the career of Robert Emmet; on the contrary, his singularly virtuous life, and, above all, his martyr-death are eminently worthy of their imitation. To the eyes of latter-day critics, the undertaking he was engaged in seems rash, hopeless, foolhardy, perhaps even vicious; such an unfavorable estimate, however, is due to a pre-

judged disregard for his motives, and to a blind ignorance regarding the circumstances of his action, rather than to the calm and well-weighed judgment of unbiased minds. It may perhaps be said of Emmet that "he loved Ireland not wisely but too well," still, howsoever imprudence or unwisdom may have marred his hopes, neither the one nor the other has ever diminished the grateful affection with which an idolizing people pay homage to his memory.

Robert Emmet is chiefly known and loved for the final scenes of his young and promising life. He is not mentioned as a very distinguished personage among the patriot leaders of Ninety-eight; indeed such a mention could hardly be expected, as Emmet was, at that time, but twenty years of age. Nevertheless it is quite certain that he took an active part in the popular movement along with his brother, Thomas Addis, and subsequently, as a result of his rebel "misdemeanors" had to seek refuge on the continent. Whilst there, he became associated with some other Irish exiles, and, finally, being encouraged by fair promises of French aid, and urged onward by the not unfounded hope of extensive and determined cooperation on the part of his fellow-countrymen at home, he became one of the most prominent organizers of a second uprising to overthrow English tyranny in his native land. The painful events of this latter outbreak, which took place in 1803, need not be narrated here. The movement in general may well be called a reunion, and a bursting into new flame, of the scattered embers of Ninety-eight. Indeed it has been described as "the best effort of the Society of United Irishmen and the death blow

to its objects." Emmet's project must, without doubt, be termed a hazardous one, and one that, in its sequel, proved baneful to the cause of Ireland, "nevertheless," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "the Irish nation has canonized his memory—has fondly placed his name on the roll of its patriot martyrs. His extreme youth, his pure and gentle nature, his lofty and noble aims, his beautiful and touching speech in the dock, and his tragic death upon the scaffold, have been all-efficacious with his countrymen, to shield his memory from breath of blame."

Emmet's sole object was the complete independence of Ireland. This may easily be inferred from his reply to the charge that he contemplated selling his country to France. Here are his own words: "I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, least of all to France; nor did I entertain the remotest idea of establishing French power in Ireland." An innate love of justice and a deeply rooted hatred of tyrannical oppression were pre-eminent characteristics of Emmet's youthful soul. "Liberty," says he, "was the child of oppression, and the birth of the offspring was the death of the parent; while tyranny, like the poetical desert bird, was consumed in flames ignited by itself, and its whole existence was spent in providing the means of self-destruction." Emmet was a sincere advocate of Catholic Emancipation. His greatest consolation at death was that the Catholic movement had not suffered detriment by his action. "One grand point," said he, "is that no leading Catholic is committed with us, and their cause will not be compromised."

The true moral worth of this unfeeling youth may be culled from

one telling sentence of the illustrious Curran. "I would have believed the word of Robert Emmet," says that great advocate, "as soon as the oath of anyone I ever knew." Luby calls Emmet "one of the most pure-souled and disinterested patriots that ever appeared on the tragic stage of human history." Thomas Davis pays Emmet the following loving tribute: "The cold hand soon seized him—the tender, the young, the beautiful, the brave. Greater men died in the same struggle, but none so warmly loved, none so passionately lamented." Here are Mr. McGee's highly eulogistic words in reference to this "child of the heart of Ireland." "The personal reputation of the younger Emmet, the least known to his countrymen of all the United Irish leaders, except by the crowning act of his death, is safe beyond the reach of calumny, or party zeal, or time's changes."

Robert Emmet possessed excellent qualities of mind and heart, was of a highly cultivated literary and scientific taste, and remarkable at college for the strict propriety of his conduct. The purity of his morals, the simplicity of his habits, and the high integrity of his principles placed him far above the level of his associates. He was noted for his coolness and for the gentleness of his nature; in his opinion nothing, save the direst necessity, could justify bloodshed. Very appropriately there may be applied to him these words of Shakespeare, "He was a man, setting his fate aside, of comely virtues." Thomas Moore, the sweetest harmonizer of Irish melody, was a college friend of Emmet's, and so may be accredited with a very intimate knowledge of the young patriot's private character. Here is how he sums it up from a mental

and moral standpoint: "Were I to number the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. * * * * He was wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth, though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved." In the course of time many great leaders of Irish national movements may be forgotten; not so with Emmet,

"For the night-dew that falls, though
in secret in weeps,
Still freshens with verdure the grave
where he sleeps;
So the tear that is shed, while in
secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green
in our souls."

Before withdrawing from the precincts of St. Michan's churchyard, let us pay a passing visit to the adjoining moss-grown edifice, where, in the decay-preventing vaults, are inclosed the remains of John and Henry Sheares. The short-lived active connection of these ill-fated brothers with the United Irish Society, might not, perhaps, entitle them to a special consideration in our essay, did not their pure-minded disinterestedness, sealed with reddest seal by that moving martyr-act, their death hand in hand upon the scaffold, endear their memory to every heart that throbs in sympathy with the Emerald Isle. The Brothers Sheares, sons of a wealthy Corkonian, were both members of the Bar, and decided sympathisers with the great organization that demanded equal rights for persons of all religious persuasions. As regards character, Henry, although, to some extent, a

lover of that ease, luxury, and high social standing, which opulence assures, was, nevertheless, of a magnanimous and forbearing disposition. John was chiefly characterized by benevolence and a far-reaching fraternal affection. The uppermost feeling of his heart was "love for his fellow-creatures and anxiety to befriend them." His favorite doctrine was that "no human being should suffer death but where absolute necessity required it."

Ireland claims perhaps the most pathetic pages in the world's history, and on the pages allotted this "Poland of the seas" there is certainly no passage more keenly touching than the one which chronicles the closing scenes in the lives of John and Henry Sheares. Their clinging affection for each other, their heartrending grief at parting with their "dear, dear, their injured, their beloved mother," and then their legalized, simultaneous murder on the same narrow planks that served as a scaffold, tinged with an inexpressible, beautiful sadness their supreme sacrifice in the cause of sacred justice and Irish freedom. To make this Castle crime more harrowing still, the execution was characterized by a bungling cruelty, of which the very recollection, even at the distance of a century, shocks humanity and makes us shudder. As if in silent condemnation of this brutal, law-defended outrage, the horrid traces of violence were still distinctly visible upon the uncorrupted countenance, and partially severed neck of John Sheares, forty years after his execution.

"When freedom, by treachery foully
betrayed,
Found friends fall away, who had
plighted

Their faith to her cause, still one
spirit prevailed
In the breasts of the Brothers
united."

The town of Downpatrick, which lies so picturesquely within easy distance of Ulster's loftiest mountains, is world-famed as the burial-place of Ireland's three greatest and most beloved saints; in national annals it has gained celebrity as having given a tomb to one of Ireland's sincerest and most illustrious murdered patriot heroes. Let us enter its Protestant churchyard and meditate awhile beside a modest slab upon which we can read this simple, but eminently suggestive inscription: "The Grave of Russell." This plain piece of stone marks the last resting-place of one who may well be ranked in the foremost galaxy of United Irishmen. The hunted and abused Catholics had no more devoted friend, the followers of Tone had no more reliable representative.

Of Norman descent, and a native of County Cork, Thomas Russell was born in the year 1767. At the early age of fifteen he entered the British service in India, where, for some time, he held the position of Aide-de-camp to Colonel Barry. After about five years he returned to Europe, and later on, became attached to the patriot movement in Ireland's northern province. In 1791, Russell was appointed to the magistracy for County Tyrone, and made Seneschal of the Manor Court at Dungannon. Nine months as Justice of the Peace proved sufficient for this warm lover of fair-play. He resigned that office of honor and emolument because of the crooked course he would be obliged to follow in its retention. "I cannot," said he, "reconcile it to my conscience, to sit as Magistrate on a bench where

the practice prevails of inquiring what a man's religion is, before investigating the charge against him." Russell was, as we have seen, associated with Tone and Neilson at the formation of the United Irish Society in Belfast. From that time until his arrest he labored strenuously and successfully as an organizer in different Ulster counties. His singularly winning manners, personal attractions, and high social station enabled him to gain over to the Catholic and national cause even the most bigoted Presbyterians of the North. In the month of September, 1796, Russell was arrested, and for six years subsequently, occupied a prison cell. He was then released, and proceeded to the Continent where he became one of Emmet's party, and consequently returned to his native land to aid in the *emancipation* of 1803. After eluding the authorities and their "ubiquitous espionage" for a few months, he was eventually arrested in the Irish Metropolis. Thence he was brought to Downpatrick where, in October, 1803, he was "tried" and executed.

The chief trait of Thomas Russell's character was the clear-toned religious sentiment, that sounded like the chime of silvery bells among his words and shed its mellow light around his every action. His numerous letters and his final speech before sentence of death was pronounced upon him all speak most eloquently the finer qualities of his soul. His every word demonstrates the mightiness of his love for Erin and the sincerity of his convictions as to the justice of the cause for which he so manfully struggled. "I have no wish to die," said he, in his last discourse, "but, far from regretting its loss in such a cause, had I a thousand lives, I would willingly risk

or lose them in it." Although unfeeling when duty called for bravery, Russell was modest, gentle, amiable. "His manners," says a writer in the *Ulster Magazine*, "were those of the finished gentleman, combined with that native grace which nothing but superiority of intellect can give." Luby, in his "Life and Times of O'Connell," has the following apt appreciation of Thomas Russell: "He was a glorious Irish patriot soldier, endowed with rarest gifts of mind and body—a man of majestic stature and noble, intellectual countenance, with as kind a heart as ever beat in human breast, and the unaffected graceful manners of a polished gentleman."

Notwithstanding the fact that our notice on Russell is already rather lengthy, we cannot bring it to a close without quoting from his writings. The extracts we will cite argue convincingly for the glory of their author, and as a vindication of the United Irishmen, with whom he was so prominent an associate. In the first place, here is Russell's idea with regard to liberty: "To such," says he, "as had the misfortune to connect the cause of irreligion with that of liberty, I beg them attentively to consider France, for some years past, governed by professed atheists and deists, to see them introducing boundless profligacy by their marriage laws, sending others to the scaffold; and now a remnant of them, with detestable hypocrisy, trying to establish their power, endeavoring to bind the French, by other chains, to the feet of tyranny. I trust this delusion is likewise over, and that men will see that the only true basis of liberty is morality, and the only stable basis of morality is religion." "On this sentiment," says Dr. Madden, "the claim of Russell's memory

to respect and honor may be set up and left with confidence to posterity." Coupled with the dying words of Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and other distinguished leaders, it gives a flat denial to the accusation that the leading United Irishmen were trying to repeat in holy Ireland the disgraceful horrors lately witnessed on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. In another letter written to a friend after his arrest in 1803, Russell concludes with the following exhortation: "I have only to beg of my countrymen to be sure that the cause of liberty is the cause of virtue, which I trust they will never abandon. May God bless and prosper them; and when power comes into their hands, I entreat them to use it with mercy. May God and the Saviour bless them all." On the eve of his heroic death, Russell earnestly besought the landed gentry "to pay attention to the poor, the laboring class of the community, their tenantry and dependants, to advise them for their good, to look into their grievances, to sympathize in their distresses, and to spread happiness and comfort around their dwellings." With reason did Russell exclaim as his life's twilight was changing into darkness, "I did my best for my country and mankind." The rock-hearted British murderers might well have pardoned him without "either Heaven or man grieving at the mercy." Let us complete our thoughts on this remarkable "rebel" with a telling flash of praise from that brilliant mirror of ninety-eight, Dr. Madden's "United Irishmen." "Men like Russell of exalted notions of honor,—of purity of principle,—of unswerving integrity, of unbounded confidence in others, whom they judge of as they would

be judged by them,—of great hopes in the justice of their cause,—and of enthusiastic expectations of its success: these are the men whose blood brings forth in due time the buds and blossoms of liberty: they seem ordained to be its martyrs, and not the master spirits who are permitted to lead its followers into the promised land."

In the wickedly provoked rebellion of Ninety-eight, the Catholics were ably represented by the brave-souled Bartholomew Teeling, a youth at once remarkable for his bold, adventurous spirit, his gentle temper, and his laudably humane disposition. A native of County Antrim, Teeling, at an early age, devoted his warmest sympathies to the rebel movement, and afterwards took an active part in its transactions. Having entered the French service and being raised to the rank of Captain, he accompanied Humbert to Killala, and, on that occasion, prevented cruelty and bloodshed. When the French General had been defeated, Teeling was amongst the prisoners of war. On being identified, he was tried for high treason, and, without delay, was executed at Arbour Hill, Dublin, in his twenty-fourth year. Humanity must drop a tear for the tragic and untimely end of a man endowed with such manly qualities and endearing virtues. Teeling's younger brother, Charles, likewise suffered much in the patriot cause, but escaped the final sacrifice that closed so gloriously the life-drama of many other intrepid "rebels."

James Napper Tandy, immortalized in that well known ballad, "The Wearing of the Green," is another illustrious name on the Ninety-eight list. Along with Tone, Rowan and some others, he took a leading part

in establishing the first Dublin branch of the United Irish Society. Tandy had the honor of being arrested and sentenced to death, but a conditional pardon snatched away from him the further renown of execution. He escaped to America and thence proceeded to France where he ended his life in honorable exile. Of Tandy it is said that "few men of his time were more popular among their fellow-citizens."

New York City has bestowed a last resting-place upon another distinguished United Irishman, Thomas Addis Emmet, a brother of the young hero of 1803. This warm friend of the Ninety-eight cause suffered imprisonment and exile, but, like Tandy, escaped the gallows. A lawyer of high standing, he was noted for his brilliant intellectual gifts, refined manners, and sympathetic heart, all these excellent qualities being strengthened and directed by a keen foresight and a penetrating discrimination.

One of the best known figures amongst the devoted followers of Wolfe Tone was Arthur O'Connor, previously a member of Grattan's party in Parliament, and an avowed advocate of Catholic Emancipation. O'Connor subsequently entered the French service where he held the rank of General, and died at Bignon in the month of April, 1852. This ardent Ninety-eight man is noted for his opposition to O'Connell. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a native of London and a graduate of Cambridge, was another of the first enrolled members of the Dublin United Irishmen. He had previously held the position of Colonel in the Portuguese army. As a reward for his share in the Irish agitation he suffered fine, imprisonment, and exile. William Sampson, son of

a Presbyterian minister and a native of Londonderry, deserves a special recognition. Like O'Connor, he was a student of Trinity College and afterwards an ardent United Irishman. In this latter capacity he wrote several patriotic articles for *The Northern Star*. Sampson was arrested in 1798, and suffered banishment for his connection with the rebellion. New York possesses his ashes.

William Putnam McCabe, a native of Belfast, is distinguished as having been "one of the most dangerous and artful among the government opponents." He was remarkable for the many disguises by means of which he repeatedly foiled the Dublin Castle espionage. Sunny France embraced him as an exile and finally gave him an honored grave. McCabe's highest eulogy is the fact that he was a right-hand man of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Henry Joy McCracken, the valorous young leader of the Ulster "rebels" at the battle of Antrim, merits the unreserved esteem of all Irishmen. Shortly after the hotly contested engagement, which has given him renown, he sealed his love of Country with his blood. His death was lamented by his fellow-citizens, the people of Belfast, amongst whom he was beloved. James Hope, an Antrim man, and "one of nature's nobility," was a rebel that could always be relied upon. In the following couplet, "honest Jemmy," as he has been familiarly styled, expresses his views regarding the persecution of Catholics:

"I wish to leave my neighbor's creed
alone,
And find it quite enough to mind
my own."

British tyranny in Ulster found an

unusual victim when it laid its guilt-dyed hands upon the Rev. James Porter, Presbyterian minister of Grey Abbey, near Belfast. Like many another of his persuasion, this broad-minded clergyman was an outspoken defender of the Catholic rights. "He was," says Dr. Madden, "perhaps, the best public speaker connected with the United Irishmen in his district; and as a political writer he surpassed most of them." At length his well-known liberal opinions brought upon him the malice of the authorities; he was arrested, "tried" by court-martial, and, of course, sentenced to death. The execution was carried out on the little plot of ground lying between his church and his private residence.

Another clergyman singled out about the same time as an arch-rebel by the "ubiquitous espionage" of Dublin Castle eavesdroppers, was Rev. James Coigly, a Catholic priest. This ill-fated gentleman has been driven into the raging tide of rebellion by the Orange atrocities perpetrated in Armagh, his native county; —atrocities to which even the members of his own family had fallen victims. His execution, which took place in England, was characterized by a shocking cruelty, akin to what was witnessed at the murder of the Brothers Sheares. We have already referred to Bagenal B. Harvey, the genial, kind-hearted Protestant Magistrate, who headed for a time the rebel forces in Wexford. It has been well said of him that he was too humane to be a Justice of the Peace in those dreadful times. That he was wanting in necessary military acquirements and experience must be regretted.

Some other prominent United Irish leaders or organizers, to whom

our space allows but the bare tribute of a mention, are the following. William James MacNevin, a Connaught Catholic, and amongst the first and ablest leaders; Michael Dwyer, the daring Wicklow chief, who with hardly more than a dozen men, defied the British forces for five years; Joseph Holt, a Wicklow Protestant and insurgent leader, remarkable for his exploits; William Corbet, rendered famous by his strangely romantic career; Oliver Bond, a distinguished Dublin merchant, upon whose tomb are inscribed these words: "The noblest work of God's an honest man;" Matthew Tone, a brother of Theobald, executed along with Teeling at Arbour Hill, Dublin; William Henry Byrne, "an elegant young Catholic gentleman of prepossessing appearance," who also gave his life for the cause; Felix Rourke, Richard McCormick, John Esmond, James O'Doude, Henry O'Keon, Edward John Lewins and Captain Keogh, all undaunted and patriotic Catholics of note; Henry Munroe of Lisburn, a Northern leader, hanged before his own door; Samuel Neilson, another of Tone's first associates in founding the United Irish Society; Tony McCann, rendered famous as the hero of Campbell's "Exile of Erin;" Francis McKinley, an ancestor of America's illustrious President; and William Orr, the first victim of British vengeance in Ninety-eight.

These names form a glorious aureola for the martyr head of Ireland; there are many others perhaps no less worthy of their country's love and our esteem, but the limited space at our disposal compels us to pass them over in unwilling silence. And then there are hundreds, aye thousands, whose names are not inscribed on any record, save the re-

warding angel's scroll, and whose scattered graves are undistinguished around the lonely fastnesses of Wexford, on the peat-covered plains of Kildare, or in the romantic glens of Antrim. Yes, let us raise our hearts towards heaven and breathe a softly voiced petition to the God of armies in behalf of the unknown dead, no less noble for their oblivion, who fell, pike in hand, upon the gory battlefields. Let us remember that they comprised the flower of Erin's noblest and most virtuous peasantry. Well worthy are they of an honor-place among the heroes of Ninety-eight.

It would never do to close our musings on the "rebel" patriots without mentioning the able-tongued and illustrious John Philpot Curran, who so untiringly defended them before the courts. Although not a United Irishman himself, this great lawyer, often at imminent personal risk, championed the cause of "rebel" prisoners and frequently succeeded in saving them from the gallows. The insurgents of Ninety-eight, in their hour of need, had certainly no friend more devoted than was Curran. His burning eloquence and powerful advocacy were placed unreservedly at their disposal.

Nor must we forget the gallant Frenchmen who came, at personal risk, to assist the Green Isle of the West in those days of trial and mourning. Had Hoche's expedition landed, English rule in Ireland would then have seen its sunset. But, guided by the strong hand of a far-seeing and all-wise Providence, the winds and waves, on that occasion fought decisively England's battle. Certainly it is no credit to the "Mistress of the Seas" that foreign ships were in her waters for nearly a month without ever sighting a British sail. Had not that raging Christmas hurricane dispersed the French fleet

and driven them away from Erin's coast, what would have been the outcome? Who can tell? Did the rushing western blast and rolling Atlantic billows save Ireland from a worse fate than that under which she already groaned? Concerning this French expedition and the brave officer who had it in charge Napoleon speaks as follows: "Hoche was one of the first generals France ever produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive and penetrating. Had he landed in Ireland, he would have succeeded. He was accustomed to civil war, had pacified La Vendée, and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine handsome figure, a good address, was prepossessing and intriguing."

Humbert's expedition in the Autumn of 1798 is a still more praiseworthy attempt than that of Hoche, since, owing to the unsettled state of French affairs at home, it was undertaken at its General's private risk. All who have read the thrilling story of Humbert's march through Connaught and his flattering triumph at the famous "races of Castlebar" will not lightly admire his skill and prowess, and the unflinching devotion of his thousand trusty men. About the same time, Napoleon seriously thought of liberating Ireland from the British yoke, but, luckily for England, and unluckily for the little Conqueror, he chose Egypt instead of Erin as the scene of his campaign. As to this mistake, the humbled general, when a repenting exile on St. Helena, made the following admission: "If instead of the expedition to Egypt, I had undertaken that to Ireland, what could England do now? On such chances depend the destinies of empires." After this strik-

ing acknowledgement from the lips of a great man, and with a bow of thanks to the fair land of the tricolor, we shall now take a glance at the relative part played by the different religions in the Ninety-eight movement.

After summing up Dr. Madden's classified list of leading United Irishmen, and of persons suspected of taking prominent part in the movement, we find the following result. The names of thirty-eight Protestants, thirty-four Presbyterians and thirty-two Catholics are recorded. Twelve Catholics, nine Protestants and six Presbyterians suffered the penalty of execution. Twelve Presbyterian Ministers and an equal number of Catholic priests were implicated, or accused of being concerned in the rebellion. Of these clergymen, six priests and three Presbyterian ministers suffered the capital punishment for their attachment to the cause. This summing up, as Dr. Madden remarks, "includes the actors in the rebellion, as well as the originators and organizers of it; but if we separate the one from the other, and enumerate the organizing leaders, we shall find that the Protestant and Presbyterian members, compared with the Roman Catholic members, are in the proportion of about four to one. There never was a greater mistake than to call this struggle a Popish rebellion; the movement was pre-eminently a Protestant one."

Our article has already grown beyond the desired limits, but, at the same time, we must confess that, relatively considered, it is yet far too short. Its length, we fear has taxed severely the well known patience of the College editors; nevertheless, it is much too limited in research, and

deficient in combination, to do proper justice to the heroes it is meant to honor. Inadequate though it is, it will, we hope, help to demonstrate the true merit and real moral worth of the illustrious "rebels" whose deeds of self-sacrifice the whole Celtic world this year so joyously commemorates. Men of noble lineage, men of refined manners, men of generous impulses, men of high intellectual powers, men of tried principles, men of ardent patriotism, men of undaunted courage, men averse to bloodshed, men of unblemished characters, men of faith-speaking religious convictions, in fine, men whose words and actions elevate our estimation of the human kind—such were the United Irishmen taken as a body. There were, indeed, hangers-on and perhaps even members of the Society, who were driven to acts to which we cannot attach a word of approbation—acts, on the contrary, which must be emphatically condemned; nevertheless, as has been said in speaking of the men of Wexford, these deeds were never authorized by anyone holding a position of responsibility. Any unjust violence resorted to, formed the exception to the generally humane spirit of the United Irish Organization. As far as cruelty is concerned, the insurgents formed a marked contradistinction to the villainy-hardened Castle Rajahs, who were accustomed to measure their consequence by the coffins of their victims. "It may be laid down as universally true," says Mitchel, "that the Irish people, on the eve of an insurrection, or in any violent political excitement, are always free from crime to a most exemplary extent, which is always considered an alarming symptom by the authorities." As to those "pious" people

who are always harping upon the wickedness, bloodthirstiness, and mental imbecility of the Ninety-eight insurgents, we seriously advise them to meditate carefully these words of Emerson :

—“ Oh give me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition.”

With regard to moral character, testimony from every quarter, favorable as well as unfavorable to their system, places the United Irishmen beyond reproach. In this respect their splendid conduct contrasts strikingly with the beastly licentiousness of the soldiery and yeomanry. Their object was not plunder, murder and gross immorality; they fought for the thrice glorious banner of God and country; their names, inscribed upon an adamantine tablet amongst a nation's most cherished memories, are surrounded by a wreath of the purest snow-white lilies that the nimble hand of virtue-loving Erin can bestow upon her martyred dead. “ As to the personal and political virtues of the United Irishmen,” says Mr. McGee, “ there can be no difference; the world has never seen a more sincere or more self-sacrificing generation.”

Writing on the justice of their cause, Mr. Luby has this to say: “ Men who, in good faith, have fought stoutly and bravely for their country may rest assured that they have done their duty, and have deserved well, whether their efforts have been crowned with triumph or lost in the ruin; and it is a mistake to believe that good results to that country will not eventually spring up proportioned to their heroic efforts.” “ The Irish,” says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, “ are a law-abiding people—or rather a justice-loving people; for their contempt for

law becomes extreme when it is made the antithesis of justice. Nothing but terrible provocation could have driven such a people into rebellion.” That this provocation was not wanting, previous to and during Ninety-eight, we have seen when considering the causes that brought on the insurrection. English rule in Ireland had ceased to be promotive of the common good. A veritable partnership of modern Neros had legalized crime, and, through the prompt instrumentality of their despicable minions, whose sole and never varying principle seemed to be that “ servants must their master's mind fulfil,” had turned the beautiful Irish valleys into huge slaughter-places and dens of fetid iniquity. That there was absolutely no hope of redress in constitutional agitation was evidenced by the muzzling of the press, the prohibition of public discussion, and finally, by Grattan's secession from Parliament. Then, with skillful organizing and with the promise of aid from France, there were bright hopes of success in the resort to arms. “ I know of no national movement in the history of the world,” says Mr. Justin McCarthy in a recent letter to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, “ which was more completely justified by every principle of patriotism and of human right than the great uprising of Ninety-eight.” The mere fact of failure, although so keenly to be regretted, must not be allowed to tarnish the honor of the United Irishmen. The urgency of their call to manly action, the purity of their motives, and their well-grounded hopes of success, “ have rendered even their failure glorious.” It has been remarked that Washington succeeded and Wolfe Tone failed. That is the grand difference between these devoted men; their

motives and aspirations were the same. Why should the absence of that little word *success* consign to condemnation and oblivion the chronicle of Ninety-eight, especially since failure sprang from unforeseen and utterly uncontrollable circumstances? The old spirit of Ninety-eight is with us still. At heart, as Mr. Dillon says, we are as great rebels as were the United Irishmen, and anyone who has scanned the records of Irish landlordism, famine, eviction, and forced emigration for the past one hundred years, will readily justify our position. The Catholic bishops, and also the majority of the Catholic priests and aristocracy, were, as we have noted, opposed to the United Irish movement. This is not to be wondered at if we consider how profoundly they dreaded a repetition of what had occurred in France. "The new age was revolutionary and the new men were filled with the spirit of the age." After events proved, however, that this precaution of the Hierarchy could hardly be deemed necessary, since most of the United Irish leaders were Christians of well-defined religious tendencies. Indeed, "the liberty sought for in faithful Ireland could not be identified with that of France;" it was a liberty well in keeping with the never-varying fundamental principles of Christianity.

In conclusion, listen to the words of our own Edward Blake as he responded to the toast "Ireland a Nation," at the Irish banquet in

London last St. Patrick's Day. Admirably do they suit our essay. "Sir," said he, "do not misunderstand me. I am not of those who disbelieve in the right of armed resistance. Long ago, in my native Parliament, I stated what seems the true British doctrine, and expressed what I repeat to-night, my amazement that, in this hey-day of English freedom, so many Englishmen have forgotten that in the sacred right of resistance is the very corner-stone of the liberties they prize. They forget that the right of resistance was exemplified in the obtaining of the great Charter, and is enshrined in that fundamental instrument itself. They forget that the pious and immortal memory of William is the memory of an intruder, placed upon the throne through the people's resistance to their king. They forget that the Battle of the Boyne was the triumph of the insurgents over the monarch. They forget that the glorious revolution was the consecration of that sacred right of which the present settlement of the British Crown is the visible embodiment to-day." All honor then to the gallant heroes whose determined struggle against monstrous injustice the Irish people are this year so auspiciously recalling. Their spirit is ours, we applaud their action whilst we mourn their lot. Let us unite with all Irishmen the world over in three hearty cheers for the men of Ninety-eight.

B. J. MCKENNA, O. M. I., '96.



The Owl.

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COMMENT.

The thanks of the students are due Mr. S. J. Jarvis, photographer, for the gift of two artistic groups of former students to our portrait gallery. The groups represent the commercial graduates of 1895, and the matriculating class of the same year. They form valuable and esteemed additions to our collection.

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Congratulations cannot be too hearty over the splendid choice of officers for the Athletic Association that resulted from the elections on Easter Monday. Every officer selected is capable and energetic. Just

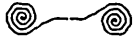
as good men were of course passed over; such is invariably the case. But it can be said of the officers—elect for 1898-99, that merit alone determined their nomination and their election. Such action augurs well for the athletic success of the coming spring and fall.

*
* *

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* is reported to have said that Ireland would furnish regiments of soldiers to fight for Spain against the United States. The *Freeman's Journal* thereby belied the first part of its name, slandered the Irish people, and made itself supremely ridiculous. Why should Ireland side with Spain? Because of Spain's catholicity? But it must not be forgotten that there are in the neighborhood of twelve millions of Catholics—mostly Irish—in the United States, and that in devotedness to the Church, in firmness of faith, in generosity and in good works, they are not surpassed, perhaps are not equalled, in the world. Nowhere has the Catholic Church a more fruitful present or a brighter future than in the American Republic.

The *Freeman's Journal*, moreover, should not forget that though the Cubans may be "only niggers", they have a right to be *freemen*. Defence of Spain's government of Cuba comes with bad grace and worse logic from an Irish newspaper that is constantly invoking the curses of civilized peoples on England for her misgovernment of Ireland. And

there is poor taste as well as little gratitude in the endeavor to turn Irish aid and Irish sympathy against that nation which is a kind mother and a dear home to more than twice as many Irishmen as are to be found to-day in all Ireland.



REV. FATHER TIGHE'S DEPARTURE.

It was only a telegram of even unusual conciseness of expression, yet as the terse message was flashed up one corridor and down another after the latest improved system of wireless telegraphy, looks of deep concern overshadowed the bright Easter faces of students and professors. "Father Tighe to Buffalo at once" ran the despatch from the powers that are. It meant the removal from our midst of one of the most popular members of the faculty. Father Tighe's quiet, unassuming manners, added to a firm, manly character and a sympathetic heart, had completely won the esteem and affection of the student-body at large; whilst his untiring, self-sacrificing efforts for the intellectual development of his pupils had endeared him in a special manner to the class entrusted to his care. Tremulous, therefore, were the accents in which one of his youthful charges expressed in an extempore address the feelings of regret and pain at parting that filled the hearts of himself and class-mates; and faltering, indeed, were the syllables of the V—A—R that was meant for a unanimous en-

dorsement of the sentiments uttered by the class spokesman. A number of students escorted the Rev. Father to the C. P. R. depot, where, as the train moved slowly away into the darkness, a rousing College cheer made the midnight welkin ring in honor of the young ex-professor. Father Tighe's new residence is Holy Angels' College, Buffalo, N. Y., in which institution he will continue his arduous labors in the instruction of youth. A host of friends, both students and citizens, will echo the *Owl's* hearty *God speed*, and will be on the eager look out with us for his upward progress on the ladder of success in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."



THE GREAT PEACE-MAKER.

The world's news for the past month might be classified under two heads, Discussions of War and Rumors of War. Some weeks ago, in Congress, in Cortes, in Parliament, in Reichstag, in Chambre des Députés, the one theme paramount was War. Then suddenly, though indeed not unexpectedly, was heard the American Eagle's shrill, piercing war-scream, seemingly shriller and more piercing because of the deep belligerent bellowings of the Spanish Bull. Two peoples were on the point of hurling themselves into the awful throes of war. Europe, frightened by the prospect of a general struggle, thought it time to intervene. The six great powers, with rare una-

nimity, urged upon the two principals the inopportunity of an appeal to arms, and blended their voices in united petition for peace. Europe's importunities, however, and prayers were alike unavailing. Then she began to bluster. Her blustering was scornfully ignored. Again she tried remonstrance and persuasion, but without satisfactory result. Redoubled fear now siezed rulers and governments, while statesman wrangled with statesman, and diplomat vied with diplomat in artful dodgings. Then, amidst this political pandemonium, out spake Leo. Not one of the powers of Europe, he; but an imprisoned monarch, throneless and realmless. Out spake Leo, and greater than the Great Rulers, more powerful than the Powers, he secured attention and deference. Protestant America, in the person of her noble McKinley, wired to the Man in White: "Out of respect for Your Holiness, war will be at least delayed"; and Spain, before so haughty to all would-be mediators, responded to the Sovereign Pontiff's appeal, by immediately granting an armistice in Cuba, thus opening up the way of mutual conciliation so greatly desired, but so unsuccessfully demanded by the Powers. Be it noted, too, that in Blanco's proclamation, the Spanish General makes no reference whatever to the action of the European nations but distinctly declares that the armistice was the fruit of the Holy Father's intervention. The

latest despatches show that the Prisoner of the Vatican is still at work, and if war has been delayed until the moment of writing, the fact must be credited to his indefatigable efforts to maintain peace. Once more, therefore, have we a remarkable proof of the world-wide moral influence wielded by the aged Vicar of the God of Peace. Once more, can we Catholics point with pride to our illustrious Father as the great peacemaker of the age. Non-Catholics, too, in the light of the events of the past few weeks, have regarded him with undisguised admiration; and as once at the Lord's stilling of the tempest, the disciples asked one of another: "What manner of man is this, for the winds and the sea obey him?", so now the nations, seeing the warring political elements calmed at the word of Leo, stand demanding of one another, "What manner of man is this whose wishes the whole world respects?" Truly though other men may in justice be called the Grand Old Men of particular lands, to Leo XIII, dethroned imprisoned, but holding moral sway the wide earth over, belongs by right that glorious, undisputed title of the "World's Grand Old Man."



STUDENT LOYALTY.

The mere entrance into College is an elevation above the vulgar crowd. It is a segregation from the common herd and an immediate rise in the estimation of men. It is, in a word, a vocation from God to a life of util-

ity and distinction. Men envy the college boy the opportunities he enjoys of securing an education. They look up to him as to one possessed of priceless lore ; and are ready, upon his launching out into life, to entrust to him their dearest interests. Every thoughtful student, then, must be convinced of the stern obligation that rests upon him of preparing himself with careful, laborious preparation for the high station in life which will afterwards be justly his by the judgment of men and the predestination of God. Not to worthily prepare himself is to court future self-condemnation, to court the future scorn and derision of his fellow-citizens and the curse of Providence whose designs have thus been thwarted. Moreover, the college boy is not, cannot be, an isolated being completely engrossed with selfish thoughts and egotistical aims. He is one of many, a unit of an aggregate, a part of a whole, a member of a community. And as in any community the common good is superior to the private good, general justice demands that the individual student regulate his conduct so as to further the interests of the student-body as a whole. Private interests, therefore, must give way to the general welfare, and individual talent should be placed at the disposal of the community. Giddiness of purpose must be sobered into stability, diffidence of one's powers must be overcome by manly self-confidence, and indifference to common concerns must be changed into enthusiasm, since

such transformations of character are necessary for the promotion of the higher good of the college-family. Hence, fellow-student, whosoever you may be, as a matter of self-interest, as a matter of conscience, as a matter of duty to fellow-students and to fellow-men, your whole life at College should be marked by a steadfast loyalty to your Alma Mater, *i. e.*, by a persevering eagerness to make the most of the signal facilities here afforded of securing a thorough education, moral, intellectual and physical. The world needs moral men, learned men, accomplished men, energetic men. You know the opportunities this Institution offers in respect of moral training. The confessional, the Mass, the Eucharist, the various sodalities and fraternities, the daily teaching by word and example of a priestly professional staff. Profit by these means at your command. Our course of studies, second to none on the continent of America, is completed by the study of Philosophy, that Queen of Sciences for the development of the intelligence and the right ordering of the reason. Make the most of this course and you will be far on the way towards becoming a learned man. There are the debating clubs and the dramatic societies. Enter heart and soul into the debates. Cultivate your histrionic talent. Thus you will add both polish to your manners and grace to your outward mien ; and consequently you will become an accomplished gentleman, prepared to take your rightful

place in public with ease and modest self-assurance. And how, in fine, can you better acquire the physical development that naturally begets energy of character, than by entering with alacrity into the various sports? Where can you better form the habit of energy than upon the "grid-iron" or upon the "diamond green"? Loyalty, then, gentlemen, to Alma Mater—success in life depends upon it.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Odell bill providing for the erection of a Catholic chapel at West Point, has been passed by the Military Affairs Committee of the United States, no opposition having been offered to it. This bill has been before the House in some form or other for the last two years, and it is said that the Catholics have not yet received full justice in this matter of chapels on military reservations.

The prayers for the conversion of England are every day becoming more universal. Not only has a Confraternity for that purpose been established in England itself, but the work has been extended to several Catholic nations of Europe. The Pope himself has shown the greatest approbation of the work by having his own name inscribed on the list of members of a league which has been formed in Rome. This act on the part of the Holy Father should prove an incentive to all Catholics to join in the crusade, and render what assistance they can to hasten the time of England's conversion to her old Faith, and prayer is the best means to accomplish this end.

Many of our readers will remember the Oblate missionaries from Ireland who lately preached retreats in Ottawa. In speaking of their work the *Catholic News* of New York has this to say: "Palm Sunday will be memorable in the annals of the Oblates. On that day the Fathers of the Dublin community concluded the series of missions inaugurated by them on their arrival in America last September. Their field of labor has been very extensive, reaching from Ottawa, in Canada, to California, and embracing such Catholic centres as Boston, Pittsburg and Chicago. From all the parishes visited by the good Fathers the same reports have come. Priests and people bear witness to the zeal, eloquence and devotedness of the missionaries, and the newspapers record the crowded attendance at the church services and the religious fervor of the worshippers."

It appears that editor Brann of the *Iconoclast* has at last been silenced. He had the boldness to express unbiased opinions on certain parts of the Catholic religion, and often compared her practises with corresponding Protestant practises, to the disadvantage of the latter. He never tired of relating the faithfulness of the Catholic clergy in times of danger, and the Catholic Sisters of Charity always found in him a sturdy champion. But the direct cause of his death was the publishing of reports in the *Iconoclast* unfavorable to the governing body of a certain Baptist University. It appears that this gave rise to a quarrel in which Brann and his antagonist were both shot, and fatally injured.

The Catholic Church in Canada has lately been called upon to mourn the loss of two of her most gifted

sons. The first to leave the scene of his labors was Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, and now he has been joined by the venerable Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec. The latter was the first Canadian Cardinal and received that dignity in 1886. He will long be remembered on account of his great kindness to the Irish emigrants to Canada whose sufferings from fever he greatly helped to alleviate.

The *Missionary*, the organ of the Catholic Missionary Union, published quarterly, contains a list of the more notable conversions that have taken place in that time. As they say themselves their list is incomplete, and through lack of space they make no mention of converts who have been received together in numbers. The following names are taken from the list in the Easter number: Mr. George M. P. Bowns, formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Montgomery County N.Y.; Mrs. Ann E. Whipple of New York, who was also a Methodist. Converts from Episcopalianism are Miss Emily R. Arnold of New York City; Mrs. Mary Utley Robbins widow of Judge Robbins of New Jersey; and Edward L. Buckley formerly rector of the Episcopal Church at Newport R.I. Others are Supreme Court Justice Frederick Smyth; Hon. A. Oakley Hall at one time mayor of New York, and his wife; Hon. William R. Smith of Alabama; Colonel Joseph Warren Filler and the late William Metzger both of Ohio; and Eleanor Phillips McKim, daughter of Rev. Randolph H. McKim of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D.C.

The Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*

gives the following most interesting and valuable statistics regarding Catholicity in the English-speaking world. The figures prove that the best thing that could happen for the Catholicity of the world would be a close alliance, both offensive and defensive, between the British Empire and the United States of America. In no other country of the world is the Catholic church so unhampered, so free to follow out her divine mission, as in these two great English-speaking nations. Here is the article from the *Catholic Citizen*:

"Using the information furnished by the Gerarchia Cattolica for 1897, the (Burns and Oates) English Catholic Directory for 1898, and the (Hoffman) American Catholic Directory for 1898, we are enabled to compile this interesting comparison:

Total number of Catholic Sees.....	1,661
Total number of Catholic Sees in the English and American possessions.....	250
British Empire.....	167
(As follows)	
Ireland.....	27
England.....	17
Scotland.....	7
British America.....	32
	83
Asia, Africa and Oceanica.....	84
United States.....	85

The estimated English-speaking Catholic population is as follows:

United States.....	12,000,000
British Empire.....	10,500,000
England and Wales.....	1,500,000
Scotland.....	365,000
Ireland.....	3,549,000
British America.....	2,600,000
	8,014,000
Australia, India and Africa.....	2,500,000
	10,514,000
Grand total.....	22,500,000

Estimating the white civilized races in the United States and the British Empire at 100,000,000, it is safe to say that 20,000,000, or one-fifth of the total, are Catholics.

These figures indicate that the English-speaking hierarchy would cast one-fourth of the vote in any future great council of the Church. At the council of Trent, more than three centuries ago, the English

speaking prelates cast scarcely a tenth of the total vote. It is significant of the growth of our language that though the English-speaking world may be said to have apostatized, its influence has thus increased in the Catholic Church.

There are 271 Italian Bishops (many of them honorary) aside from whom the Spanish-speaking hierarchy alone approaches in number the English-speaking hierarchy of to-day :

In Spain.....	57
In Portugal.....	12
In South America.....	71
In Mexico and Central America.....	33
In the West Indies.....	22
In Oceania estimated.....	20

215

There are about one hundred French-speaking Bishops (eighty-four in France) and nearly ninety prelates within the dominions of Austria and Germany."



OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On the evening of March 27 the members of the English Debating Society assisted at the last and perhaps most interesting discussion of the season. "Resolved: That Washington did more for his country than did Lincoln" was the question; Messrs Galvin, O'Reilly, Farrell and Dorgan upheld the affirmative while Messrs McDonald, McTighe, Day and T. Morin pleaded for the negative. After a long and spirited debate the vote was taken, and the majority of ballots were found to have been marked in favor of the negative. Before adjournment, a vote of thanks was tendered on behalf of the members of the Society to the Reverend Director and the members of the Executive Committee for the services they had rendered throughout the year; and Rev. Father Murphy in reply gave some sound advice which, if acted upon, will certainly make the society of years to come

as successful as it has been in the past.

The entertainment which annually marks the close of the debating season in the University was held on the evening of April 3rd. Generally the English and French Societies have each its own entertainment; but this year as both were ready for closing at the same time the respective committees decided to join forces, and have some of the events in French, the others in English. All the students were invited to attend, and the various items on the programme were heartily applauded. When the last event had been reached. Mr. R. Lafond addressed a few words of gratitude to the French students and especially those who had contributed to make the evening's performance a success; and Mr. J. T. Hanley, president of the English organization, extended the thanks of the Committee to the members of the society for the goodwill they had shown throughout the year, and the efforts they had invariably made to insure the welfare of the Society. Then, after a rousing old Varsity cheer the meeting adjourned, and so terminated the debating season of '98.

On Thursday, April 14th the members of the Dramatic Society were given another opportunity of proving to the public their just right to the enviable reputation they had already won. On that evening they staged "The Persecuted Brothers"; and the manner in which the different actors performed their roles added a few more gems, probably even brighter ones than did the success of "Richelieu", to the crown of honor so well earned in former years by the University Dramatic

Society. The caste of characters was as follows:—

Albert, an artist, Mr. J. Farrell.

Paul, Albert's brother, Mr. T. Morin.

Muller, an artist, Albert's rival and enemy, Mr. L. E. O. Payment.

Raoul d'Aremberg, Albert's friend Mr. E. Doyle.

Lucio, Alberts' son, Mr. J. McLaughlin.

Martilly, a rich banker, Albert's protector, Mr. F. Boylan.

Maurice, Martilly's son, Mr. L. Myles.

Joseph, Albert's servant, Mr. F. Costello.

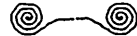
The drama is in itself a very interesting one, replete in pathetic situations, and affording abundant opportunity for a display of histrionic talent. The costumes were of the present day, the scenery very realistic. The interspaces between acts were enlivened by vocal and instrumental music furnished by the students under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Lambert. The *Owl* desires to extend heartiest congratulations to all the actors.

The news that Mr. René Doumic had accepted the invitation to deliver a lecture in our Academic Hall was received with joy in the University and throughout the city; and on the evening of April 19, Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, as well as the elite of the French society in Ottawa, assembled to enjoy the discourse of the talented Parisian. The University Glee Club hailed the entrance of Their Excellencies by a well rendered "God Save the Queen," followed immediately by "O Canada, Terre de Nos Aïeux." The speaker of the evening was then introduced by Rev. Father Constantineau.

Mr. Doumic was not long in fascinating his audience; he is indeed a very attractive speaker. He sits quietly before his desk, talking just as a professor to his class, in an easy and natural tone, but so distinct that he can be heard in the farthest corner of the hall as well as in the foremost seats. In the course of his lecture, he gave a graphic description of the French society and French literature of the day, asserting that the latter gives us a very incorrect idea of the former, since if the society of France were as corrupt as it is represented by her litterateurs, it would not live forty-eight hours.

After Mr. Doumic had concluded, His Excellency arose and addressed a few words to the audience. He expressed himself as delighted with the conference of the learned professor and critic, suggesting that Mr. Doumic should himself, in the near future, write a novel depicting the true life of French society.

Another charming chorus by the Glee Club followed; then the whole audience joined in a hearty "God Save the Queen," which ended the evening's entertainment.



BOOK NOTICES.

THE REBEL OF '98.

An Irish Drama in Four Acts, by James Martin.

Montreal: St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street.

The *Owl* is not, by any means, a citizen of seditious or insurrectionary tendencies; it loves peace and hates bloodshed, but, at the same time, it is governed by an overmastering respect for justice. The latter trait of character, rather than lack of loyalty as a British subject, must account, be it supposed, for the quiet

bird's ruffled feathers and decidedly warlike aspect as it glanced over a recently published Irish drama entitled "The Rebel of '98." This excellent addition to the already rich treasure of Celtic stage-compositions is from the stirring and patriotic pen of Mr. James Martin, a member of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Montreal, and was written specially for that organization. As its title indicates, the highly interesting play in question, commemorates the varied scenes of sorrow and joy, of cruelty and heroism, of treachery and devotedness, that, a century ago, agitated the fair land of Erin. It places before the public, in realistic form, a page from the bloodiest chapter of bigoted intolerance and hellish atrocity that ever disfigured the annals of any civilized nation.

The first act gives us a clear insight into the causes which led to the great rebellion. We see the bloodthirsty minions of cut-throat Castlereagh in eager readiness to obey the very wink of their villainous master; we see the inoffensive Irish peasantry driven to desperation by a heartless cruelty that almost baffles description; in fine, we see the despicable informer in a disguise that suits him well—the garb of the perfidious Jew. The next act represents the betrayal and arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It likewise makes us acquainted with two other distinguished United Irishmen, Arthur O'Connor and Michael Dwyer. In the third act we see the hunted Irish peasantry assisting at holy Mass. Suddenly the little church is surrounded by the hated Sassenach; then a sharp conflict ensues in which the British are defeated. In the last act two eminently distinctive characteristics of '98, the prison and the scaffold, with all their

attending horrors, are vividly portrayed. At the close, a touching act of reparation, followed by a happy death, leaves upon one's mind a truly ennobling impression.

This drama, which was presented originally with great success before a crowded audience in the Monument National, Montreal, last St. Patrick's Day, is full of moving and exciting incidents. The sunshine amid storms of the Irish character is faithfully delineated. There is no admixture of that vulgar thick-headedness which is so often made to represent an Irishman. Devoted love of country, strong filial and maternal affection, true religious sentiment, unexampled generosity even in dealing with avowed enemies, such are the Irish qualities represented in this play. The Montreal *True Witness* thus fittingly appreciates the drama: "It is cleverly written, full of dramatic movement from beginning to end, abounds in stirring—scenes, and is characterized throughout by the graceful and melodious diction which might well be expected from Mr. Martin's facile pen." The play is admirably adapted for colleges and young men's societies. In its production Mr. Martin has proved himself a just interpreter of the Irish heart. He has correctly shown the dread injustice to which the Catholics of the Green Isle were subjected in "dark '98,"—injustice that made "rebels" of all true Irishmen, injustice of which the bare dramatized recital has almost made a "rebel" of the wise old *Owl*. Let us hope that as "The Rebel of '98" is not Mr. Martin's first effort, neither is it his last; that in the near future he will place in the dramatic treasury another gem destined to ornament the fair, sad, brow of Erin.

proposes to treat the above mentioned sermon. We quote his own words as found in the introductory chapter. "It will be my endeavour to prove, and I have no hesitancy in believing to the satisfaction of every unbiased mind, that the sermon on "Mariolatry" by Dr. Frysinger is a tissue of misrepresentation from beginning to end; that the argumentation is desultory, illogical and jejune. I shall do this categorically, dissecting the sermon *sententia by sententia*; *citing my authorities, almost exclusively Protestant*, in a manner that will facilitate all verification, and not bolster up my cause with unsupported and random assertions."

Every honest man who glories in seeing big lies nailed, no matter what may be his religious tenets, will highly appreciate and thoroughly enjoy the manner in which Father Ganss carries out his project. The sermon is pulled to pieces; each fragment is put to the crucial test of truth, and, of course, like straw thrown into a furnace, vanishes in smoke. To make the Rev. Doctor's discomfiture still more galling, his sermon is printed in full at the beginning of the volume. Evidently in that position its mendacious venom is rendered harmless by the strong antidote with which it is united. Father Ganss' little book, which costs but twenty-five cents, ought to be purchased and carefully read, not only by every Catholic, but also, and especially, by every non-Catholic who really has at heart the sublime interests of truth as opposed to gross misrepresentation.



AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Easter number of the *Catholic World* contains a choice collection

of contributions on various interesting topics. It is difficult to select any one paper which might claim precedence over the others. Probably Mr. Chas. A. L. Morse's short criticism of "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," by Wilfrid Ward, would appeal to us most strongly just at present. Mr. Ward, the writer tells us, has not fallen into the two errors which have so often proved the stumbling-block in the way of those who would write the biographies of great men. He has not written an uncritical eulogy, nor yet has he gone to the other extreme, "that of narrow, venomous criticism, masquerading under a thin disguise of candor." He has chosen the golden mean between these two, and has accomplished a rather difficult task with great credit to himself. Rev. George McDermot's article, entitled "The Huguenots," is not only a true and unbiased historical sketch of that sect, but a stinging piece of invective directed against the bigoted author of a paper which appeared in the *New York Times*, entitled "History of the Huguenots." From Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe's paper, "The New Leaven in Modern Life," we take the following: "Is our age religious? I cannot tell—I do not know. Yet of this I am convinced, that if it is not a religious age, it certainly is not irreligious. What is the meaning of this recent reaction against the glorification of science, except it be a dim recognition of the higher life which moves beneath and above the material bulk? Why have the most material scientists changed their complexion of mind in relation to religion? Why have they begun to appreciate so keenly its usefulness, even while they deny its validity? The conversion of a mind like Romanes and the

change of intellectual basis of a thinker like Huxley are mental transformations, which ought not to be made little of when studying religious problems."

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for May contains a beautifully illustrated and instructive article entitled "Catholic Landmarks along the Hudson," from the pen of Rev. Francis J. Lamb, S. J. The writer gives a brief sketch of each of the many Catholic churches and educational establishments which may be seen from the deck of a steamer sailing down the river. The progress made by the Church in this portion of the country, once so hostile to her teaching, is certainly something for which all American Catholics should feel proud. Other contributions worthy of note are: "Madame Bayer and her Work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard," which is a paper read by Mr. John Furey, U. S. N., before the Brooklyn Catholic Historical Society; "Religious Russia," an interesting description of the Russian religion and the religious side of the Russian character; and a paper entitled "Foundation of Gethsemani Abbey," an account of the trials and hardships endured by the devoted Trappists when on their way to found their first monastery in the New World.



OUR BRETHERN.

This is the first time in our history that we have had the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a college publication from Ireland. Ireland is so inseparably connected with education that we are glad to be furnished the means of communication with one of her renowned seats of learning.

The first number of *The Mungret Annual* reached us a few weeks ago. It is certainly a very neat publication, and one that reflects credit on the institution it represents. Mungret College, which is situated in Limerick, is only a short time in existence, but it has already won a name for itself by the distinction its students have gained at the examinations of the Royal University. We must congratulate Mungret on its continued successes before that board of examiners, the news of which had reached us before we saw them recorded in the "Annual."

We trust that the "Annual" may be kept up in the future, and that before many publications it may develop into a monthly.

The competitive essays and poems that appear in the April issue of *The Holy Cross Purple* are deserving of praise. So also is the article "Our American Essayist." The merits of Miss Repplier's charming essays are well set forth.

We like the treatment the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson receive in the *St. James' School Journal*. Different aspects of the subject are dealt with by different writers; in that way a very full treatment of the subject is given.

The columns of the *Leaflets from Loretto* are well filled with interesting and instructive matter. The writer of "The Secret of the Old Tin Box" is evidently no tyro in the art of condensation; but proficiency in that art has led her into a fault. Before the sympathetic side of our nature has had time to act, we are forced to smile at the outcome of the "secret," and, like Frances, to utter a "glad 'hurrah.'" Thus the story lacks a prevailing tone.

*PRIORUM TEMPORUM
FLORES.*

The city of Lowell did itself honor by the appointment of Dr. Peter Brunelle to the office of City Physician. Peter, while here, and later on at McGill, made an enviable reputation as a student and an athlete. We beg to congratulate him upon his selection to fill his present honorable position.

Rev. D. R. Macdonald, '89, has recently been changed from Alexandria to Chrysler, Ont., where he will henceforth fulfil the duties of Parish Priest. This change is but a fitting tribute to our esteemed alumnus, and the *Owl* proffers its most sincere congratulations.

Mr. Charles McCarthy of Prescott, has informed the wise old bird that he will soon be united in wedlock to Miss Mary Weller of Washington, D. C. On his approaching nuptials, the *Owl* tenders Mr. McCarthy its heartfelt felicitations and wishes him long life and unbounded prosperity.



ATHLETICS.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Easter-Monday morning. There was a large attendance, and much interest was taken in the proceedings. The report made by the out-going committee showed that success had crowned their efforts during the past term. The football and baseball teams had won the well-earned title of champions of their respective classes, while the hockey club made a creditable showing against formidable opponents. For several reasons last year will be worthy of remembrance in the annals of college athletics; and those students will

indeed enjoy a grand distinction, who will be able to say that their exertions have in any way contributed in forming the record our Athletic Association has achieved in 1897. Votes of thanks were tendered the retiring officers; and after a keenly contested election the following were chosen on the committee for the ensuing year. President, R. A. O'Meara; 1st Vice-Pres. J. Dulin; 2nd Vice-Pres. E. Doyle; Rec.-Sec. M. Foley; Treasurer, J. O'Reilly; Councillors, T. Morin and J. McGlade.

The spring football practices were begun on the afternoon of Easter-Monday. Bolger's and Doyle's teams opened what promises to be a lively and interesting series. The latter fifteen, though they played with vim and determination were unable to score; while the former secured 5 points to their credit.

Dulin and O'Reilly. This game showed a slight improvement on the first, being faster and more open. Besides the teams were more evenly matched, making the struggle all the more exciting. In the first half neither team could score. In the second O'Reilly opened hostilities by securing two rouges; but Dulin evened matters up by kicking two others, so that the game ended without having settled the question of superiority.

Bolger and O'Reilly. O'Reilly's team which put up such a strong game against Dulin's feel an easy victim to Bolger's men. Two tries made by brilliant pieces of play gave the latter team 8 points, while by shilful defensive work they managed to confine their opponent to elect one point.

Dulin and Doyle. The meeting

of those two teams gave another indication of how evenly the sides have been picked. Both clubs showed a marked improvement since their last games, and appeared to be in much better condition. Long runs and fine punting were the features of a game which resulted in favour of neither team the score being 2 to 2. Shea kicked 2 rouges for his side and O'Gara kicked a goal from a penalty try, for his team.

There are still in the college a large number of admirers of Canada's national game. Some time ago a meeting was called for the purpose of organizing a lacrosse team among the students. An encouraging number of enthusiasts were present, and among them several who have already shown considerable skill in handling the stick. Dr. Albin was unanimously chosen as President of the club; the selection of a captain was deferred to a future occasion. It is hardly necessary to say that the *Owl* is warmly interested in the success of the new organization. It has seen the time when prominent teams succumbed to the superior forces of a student aggregation; and it yet looks forward to the occasion when it will have the pleasure of chronicling other triumphs of equal brilliancy. May the college lacrosse club be an honour to our flourishing Athletic Association.

The senior footballers have not yet received the trophies representative of the Canadian championship, and many are feeling very anxious concerning them. These prizes intrinsically may be of little value, but they have other considerations which make their possession highly desirable. It is to be sincerely hoped that the matter is not being neglected. As we are informed that the

secretary-treasurer of the Union was instructed to look after it, we can conceive no satisfactory explanation of the unusual delay.

As soon as the football practices will have been finished, the baseballers will have possession of the campus. Quite a number of players are already rounding into shape; and judging from the amount of available material, there will certainly be great rivalry among those aspiring to a place on the senior nine. At any rate, we expect to see the baseball club retain its reputation by again winning the championship of the Ottawa Valley League.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The following letter addressed to the Junior Editor, speaks for itself.

DEAR SIR.—It was with feelings of surprise and indignation, that I read of the *Owl* banquet, to which I was not accorded the honor of an invitation. To the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, I have performed the duties of Junior Reporter for a period exceeding seven calendar months. During that time I have wrought faithfully and well in the pressure of arduous avocations, under grinding penurious apprehensions, at rise of morn, at dewy eve, in the shadows of the night, under the expectant eye of one, whom it were superfluous to call Demon,—in short, under the eye of the printer's devil; and with no higher motive than that my efforts, turned to the right account, might be as the sprinkling of a few drops of sweet water upon my funeral pyre. I ask no more. Before severing our connections forever, let it be in justice said of me, as of a gallant and eminent naval

hero with whom I have no pretensions to cope, that what I have done, I did, in despite of mercenary and selfish objects,

For Owldom, Home, and Beauty.
With the plain Inscription,
D. D. DAVIES.

Since our last issue we have shared in Vincent's sorrow over the crumbling remains of the snow fort, and have witnessed the destruction of the rink, that scene of so many hard-fought battles. The first intimations of spring were the learned dissertations uttered by Tom Lauzier on the subject of hockey as she should be played. A long acquaintance with the wizard has led us to regard such remarks as an infallible indication of the advent of lacrosse and base-balls. Although the season is still young, our different committees have not been idle. Football, lacrosse and base-ball are all receiving due attention. The base-ball team was the first to organize. A series of games has been instituted for the purpose of selecting players for the first and second nines. The first of these contests took place on Saturday April 16th. No fatalities have been reported. We wish to remind the Tear-em-ups, our old opponents of the big yard, that should they be desirous of becoming familiar with the fine points of the game, our third team is at their disposal. Address all communications to Secretary Choquette.

The cake walk under the auspices of the S. P. G. was an unparalleled success. M. Lapointe and S. McGirr carried off the cake—of castile soap.

Casey's approaching crisis:—The oral exams.

Marra and Sheedy started in to enliven matters in the small yard, by a spirited little debate. Several pointed arguments were put up on both sides; the objective points being Jimmie's brown eyes and Peter's beautiful Græco-Roman nose.

Writs have been issued for the arrest of Jimmie Fineone on the charge of stealing a goat. The case will be tried before Judge Daly at the May assizes.

At the recent annual meeting of the "Society for the Preservation of Slang and Impertinence," the following officers were unanimously elected for a ten-year term:

President.—Jimmie Fineone.

Secretary-Treas.—Jimmie Camp Cloche.

Executive Committee.—Guy Man-nering, Godefroi the Beautiful, and Shock Ette.

Several applications for membership were held over for a month, as the candidates had not given sufficient proof of their acquirements in slang and impertinence. Frank Make Wire, Leonard Ten To a Cent, and Call Aghain were expelled from the Society for neglecting to further its chief aims and for violating one of the Boy-Laws.

