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THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK CITY.

The recent magnificent religious and secular demonstration in honor of the Silver Jubilee of the Most Reverend Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, has attracted a widespread attention to the marvelous progress Catholicity has made during the last hundred years in the great Metropolis of the American Republic. Now that the United States is engaged in a deplorable war with a Catholic European power, and since many there are who do not hesitate to characterize said struggle as a deadly conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism, at the same time making the strange, we might say irrational, assertion that Catholics should support, by sympathy, and word, and action, the European nation, it is, we think, well in season to remind everyone whom it may concern that the real life and spirit, and teachings, and hopes, in a word, the whole grandeur of the Roman Church is not exclusively a European, nor even a Canadian article, but may be witnessed in all its splendid vigor, saintly fervor, and Christ-like zeal in the hospitable Republic that is now-a-days so often and so maliciously maligned.

The scope of our article must necessarily be very limited. To follow

with any sort of exactness the rise and progress of Catholicity in New York, to record even briefly the heroic self-sacrifice and unflagging labors of its prelates, priests, brothers and nuns, as well as the admirable cooperation of its Catholic laity in the interests of our Holy Church, would be an undertaking far outdoing our abilities; it would fill goodly volumes, and would demand the scrutinizing patience of a lifetime. Our modest object is a brief look at the past and present of New York Catholicity with a view to putting in nutshell briefness the unrivalled grandeur of its faith-nourished vitality, and the brilliant prospects of its future transcendent glory. Any one specially interested in the subject will do well to peruse carefully the May numbers of the *Catholic World* and *Donahoe's Magazine*, where, in carefully prepared essays, the Catholic progress, and spirit, and life of New York, as well as some reasons for the actual pre-eminence of our Immaculate Church in that Metropolis, are ably and authentically discussed. The essays in question contain many items of weighty interest from the pens of men, who, by their talents, learning, and long experience in the New York ministry, are well capable

of portraying the marvelous growth of Catholicity in the Empire City, of judging its mechanism, and of accounting for its extraordinary productivity.

Two hundred and fifty summers have passed away since Manhattan Island, with just two Catholics among its population, saw for the first time, a priest of the Holy Roman Church, the venerable martyr-Jesuit, Father Jogues. During the subsequent thirty years very little Catholic progress manifested itself in the growing town. The period between 1674 and 1688 was, however, more auspicious in that respect, but the Protestant revolution which then broke out, practically destroyed the infant mission. In 1696 there were only nine Catholics in New York, and, for many years following that date, their augmentation in numbers was held in check by repeated outbursts of anti-"Romish" prejudice. One hundred and twenty years ago, no Catholic priest could be met with where now stands the great busy Metropolis of the Western World. The few Catholics then found on Manhattan, were obliged to travel hundreds of miles in order to receive the sacred consolations of their holy faith. Referring to that period, a certain Mr. Watson, evidently a bigot, says sneeringly in his "Annals": "John Leary goes once a year to Philadelphia to get absolution." He refers to a faithful Irish Catholic then resident in New York. The strong anti-Catholic feeling continued unabated until the outbreak of the American Revolution, which brought a speedy termination to such insane absurdities. The year 1786 saw the corner stone of St. Peter's Church, Barclay St., placed in position, and twelve months later

the Catholic population of New York was about one hundred, of which forty approached the sacraments. The Irish Rebellion of 1798; with its dire outcome, however disastrous it may have been for the Green Isle, proved a real benediction to the growing Church in the picturesque Manhattan town. Thousands of Erin's exiles, banished from their own fair homes by the pestiferous breath of tyranny, came for protection to the young Republic. New York, being the chief seaport, of course received and housed the greater number of these faith-bearing refugees. They had groaned as victims of a Neronian persecution in their own country, and consequently, tried and true, they were just the material wanted to build up the sacred edifice of Catholicity on the pine-clad shores of Long Island Sound. No wonder, then, that in 1807, we see the remarkable figures of 14,000 representing the Catholic population of New York. From that date, Catholicity in the Empire City advanced rapidly towards its present unique magnificence.

The faithful and generous See over which the Most Reverend Michael A. Corrigan is now so auspiciously ruling, was erected on the eighth of April, ninety years ago. The Right Reverend Luke Concanen, O.P., then in Rome, was named its first Bishop, but a premature death called this worthy prelate to his reward before he had the chance of meeting the distant flock over which he had been appointed to preside. Another son of St. Dominic, Right Reverend John Connolly, a native of Drogheda, County Louth, Ireland, holds the honor of being the first prelate resident in New York. When, after an Atlantic voyage of sixty-seven

days, he arrived there in 1814, he found his diocese so poor, and the want of missionaries so urgent that he felt obliged to cast aside all episcopal formality and act the part of a simple priest. Notwithstanding this poverty and hardships, however, the Catholic life of New York during his episcopate, was both vigorous and progressive. One year after the prelate's arrival, the city's first cathedral was dedicated to St. Patrick, and, between 1816 and 1819, ten thousand additional Irish Catholics landed in the bravely struggling diocese. About this time many conversions of non-Catholics are recorded, another new church was erected, and the site of the present magnificent cathedral was acquired. At Bishop Connolly's death, in 1826, the Catholic population had increased to 35,000. The next Bishop of New York, Right Rev. John Dubois, was distinguished for his energy, courage and untiring labors. During his episcopate, (1826-1843), the onward march of Catholicism in his diocese was a veritable triumph. The year of Bishop Dubois' death saw placed upon the episcopal throne of New York, one of the greatest champions that Catholicity on this continent has ever had, the renowned and energetic John Hughes. This prelate's early-life experiences amongst the turbulent Orangemen of his native Ulster, had well fitted him for surmounting every obstacle placed in the way of Catholicity in the rapidly growing city of New York. No man in America did more to win respect, esteem and honor for the Catholic cause than did the undaunted John Hughes. He found the New York church a vigorous, promising, and eager child, 'tis true, but, at his death, he left it a fearless grown-up American citizen, jealous of its rights and privileges,

and conscious of its power as an important factor in the grand Republic. The Sovereign Pontiff recognized the great man's natural goodness and administrative abilities, and consequently, in 1850, made his See a metropolitan, and sent him the sacred pallium. To Archbishop Hughes belongs the honor of having laid the foundations of that magnificent cathedral which is now the most beautiful monument of Catholicity in America. At his death, in 1864, there were no less than thirty Catholic Churches in New York, a surprising number, if we consider that, about eighty years previously, a carpenter shop was the only edifice of Catholic worship. The strongly aggressive Irish prelate found a worthy, though mild successor in the person of Archbishop McCloskey. A native of the Republic, and an ardent admirer of its greatness, this beloved churchman, America's first Cardinal, was well posted as to the existing requirements of the American Church. With a steady, mild hand he soon brought to a polished and ornamented perfection, the stout rough edifice of Catholicity erected by his predecessor. During his administration the number of Catholics in the diocese had, in 1876, reached 600,000, the number of churches rapidly increased, and many a new educational and charitable institution was added to the honor roll of New York's well known generosity.

By his death, in 1855, Cardinal McCloskey left a vacancy that was hard to fill, still, in the present illustrious Archbishop, he sees from heaven a noble successor. Under Dr. Corri-gan's gentle, yet firm and unerring touch Catholicity in New York has become racy of the soil; it has assumed the splendor, the dazzling sheen of burnished gold thrice tried.

Since he took in hand the Archiepiscopal staff thirteen years ago, besides minor works, important and numerous, there have been added to New York City's embellishment, two of its most attractive monuments, the artistic spires and melodious chimes of its Cathedral, as well as a spacious and magnificent seminary at Dunwoodie. These indeed are conspicuous tokens of a city's faith and piety, but let us examine closely, let us count with joy the hoarded treasures of Catholic effort this great Metropolis has hidden in her bosom.

The hundred struggling Catholics of less than a century and a quarter ago, are now succeeded by about 800,000 adherents of that same divine belief; the rickety carpenter shop is replaced by one hundred elegant churches and fifty chapels; the poor, hungry, solitary missionary of the olden times now looks with joy from a blessed reward, upon five hundred zealous priests all occupied at gathering in the harvest for which with sweaty, care-worn brow, he sowed the initial seeds. Ten religious orders of missionary priests and three congregations of teaching brothers are represented in the city. Within the same limits, twenty-three orders of nuns are daily occupied at works of piety, charity and zeal. These statistics are, by no means, applicable to what is now known as Greater New York; they represent the city proper, as comprised on Manhattan Island. The Catholic population of Greater New York must be in the neighborhood of a million and a half, with priests, churches, schools and other educational or charitable institutions in proportion. To say that there are more members of our Holy Church in Greater New York than in the whole Province of Quebec might

prove surprising to many readers of *The Owl*. Nevertheless such a statement is not without foundation; indeed we feel quite confident that an actual computation and a comparison of figures would place its correctness beyond the reach of doubt.

If we take into consideration the whole diocese of New York and count its figures, the result is very striking. The Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan has under his pastoral jurisdiction, nearly seven hundred diocesan clergy, sixteen male and thirty-seven female religious orders, three hundred and ninety-nine churches, chapels and stations, three hundred and sixty colleges, academies and parochial schools, forty-five homes, almshouses, hospitals and missions, and about forty-three thousand children who are attending parochial schools. Last year the number of baptisms and of confirmations amounted to the handsome figures of 34,156 and 16,883 respectively.

After a serious glance at this magnificent showing made by Catholicity in the Empire City, and in the whole diocese: to which that city gives a name, who will try gainsay the height of splendor our holy religion has there attained? What other page in Christianity's record displays its equal? Throughout the wide empire of Christendom, no other diocese is more worthy of our praise and admiration. That vineyard which the Lord brought away from many Egypts and planted on the slopes of the lovely Hudson has filled the whole territory of historic Manhattan. "The shadow of it (has) covered the hills: and the branches thereof the cedars of God. It (has) stretched forth its branches unto the sea: and its boughs unto the river." But far unlike the unproductive spot of which the Inspired Writer sings.

this modern vineyard has its hedges thick set and secure. None of those that pass along the wayside pluck it, neither does the boar nor any singular beast devour it, for the God of Hosts has visited that which his right hand planted. The great world-spreading vineyard, of which this little vineyard is a part, has been fertilized by the precious blood of a Divine Husbandman, and is fortified for time and eternity by the all-conquering omnipotence of that Master's unfailling presence.

The combined forces of all other religious denominations in New York City, aided though they are both by wealth and social standing, cannot approach Catholicity either in magnificence of church buildings, or in the number and acknowledged efficiency of its colleges, academies, schools and charitable institutions. Truly, in that great Metropolis of America, the Church of Rome has become an avowed power in every momentous question, and its present greatness is but a feeble prelude to the world-dictating super-eminence of its future authority.

The focus of New York Catholicity, the dearest object of its holiest pride, the *cushla machree* of its Celtic whole-heartedness, is, without doubt and with good reason, the splendid marble Cathedral of St. Patrick. For purity of architectural outline, massiveness of structure, and beauty of situation, this edifice stands unrivalled amongst church buildings on the American Continent. Its richly carved white marble spires, holding high above the tallest structures in the Empire City, the holy sign of fallen man's Redemption, are daily admired with triumphant gladness by Catholic residents of three different dioceses. Its mellow chimes, wafted over the

far spread city for the first time, one bright May morning a few weeks ago, on the occasion of its distinguished Prelate's Silver Jubilee, are said to be unsurpassed, perhaps not even equalled in all America. The cathedral building, independent of the valuable site on which it stands, and likewise independent of the rich treasury of its altar plate and gorgeous vestments, represents an expenditure of more than five million dollars. Well may the Catholics of New York feel proud of their church and country when they gaze upon St. Patrick's. Well may Irishmen the world over rejoice when they call to mind that this, in many respects the most magnificent temple raised to the Living God in the Western Hemisphere, is dedicated to their patron saint. It is indeed a significant fact that the choicest spot of ground in America's greatest city should have erected upon it so convincing a memorial of Holy Ireland's Apostolic mission.

The other city churches, while they stand, necessarily, inferior to St. Patrick's, are, nevertheless, every one of them, an additional glory in the bright halo of New York's unfettered Catholicity. Every one of them is an honor to the city—a fresh victory of our holy faith; most of them far surpass what are regarded as the “surprises” of many a so-called Catholic centre. Taken either collectively or separately, they are permanent and overpowering proofs that the old faith of our fathers, the perfection of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity, has found a kindly hospitable home in the tide-girt Mother-city of great, independent, free, Columbia.

In addition to its numerous elegant places of worship, the Church of New York City and Diocese has

lately given another and no less impressive token of its vitality, as well as a tangible testimony of its determination to provide well for its future conservation and advancement. Dunwoodie Seminary, but lately completed at a cost of something like a million dollars, is this latest triumph—a triumph all the more praiseworthy since the new building is not encumbered by a single cent of debt. But why should we wonder at this latest token of munificence in raising edifices to God's glory? That the American Catholics, and, in particular, the New York Catholics are not accustomed to do things by halves, there is throughout the record of the past one hundred years, many a convincing proof. With their inherited Celtic promptness and self-sacrificing Celtic liberality in matters pertaining to their cherished faith, they begin unhesitatingly the erection of churches, seminaries, colleges, schools, convents, hospitals and other similar edifices, they go on with the work uninterruptedly, and when it is finished, they pay for it with ready hands. Why this remarkable expedition in every work tending to the embellishment of Catholic New York? Is it because the Catholics of the Empire City are immensely richer than their co-religionists under other flags? Surely not; it is because they are earnest whole-souled members of a church they love, and of which they are rightly proud. Many of them have an abundance of worldly goods, 'tis true, but, what is incomparably grander still, the entire hundreds of thousands are rich in something that endures beyond the threshold across which perishable things can never pass,—rich in a mighty treasure, the glorious old faith which, as Our

Lord Himself says, is able to move mountains. They recognize the grave importance of their mission in a land where there are astray so many sheep "that bleat to God;" they know their momentous responsibility amongst their fellow-citizens of other religious persuasions. The best church-supporters of what are, at least nominally, more Catholic cities might dwell a while in New York, watch the diurnal working of its piety, its charity and its devotedness, and thence learn many a useful, perhaps soul-saving lesson.

On two occasions it was the writer's good fortune to visit New York, and there gather a wealth of edification from the every day religious fervour of its Catholic population. Although both these visits were paid at a time most unfavorable for judging the great city's piety,—a time when the fiery July sun had driven thousands of citizens to the various sea-side and country summer-resorts, still the pure Catholic spirit—we might say, the grand old Irish Catholic spirit—was everywhere in evidence. Morning after morning, as the great copper-like sun rose higher and higher above the surging harbour in promise of another sweltering day, thousands could be seen wending their pious ways to the different Catholic churches there to humbly participate in the august Sacrifice of the New Alliance. No matter what temple of Catholic worship one might enter, no matter what might be the day, no matter what might be the hour, from early morn 'till shades of eve had fallen, devout persons of both sexes and of all ages could be found kneeling in rapt adoration before the tabernacle where dwells the Prisoner-God. Sunday mornings saw the Churches crowded at many successive services.

during which thousand's received their Lord in Holy Communion. But it is especially on the "First Friday" of each month that New York shows to great advantage the thoroughness of its Catholicity. On that day, from the very peep of dawn, the mind of many a citizen, awhile forgetting worldly din and hurry, is centered on things divine. A very early hour sees the churches thronged; many masses are said, and the number of communicants at each mass is, to say the least, remarkable. There in the mild holy light of a new day you can see bent in homage to God's sacred, pitying Heart, persons of every rank, and nationality, and calling. There the rich banker and the poor hod-carrier, the lady in silk and the meagrely clad factory girl, the well cared merchant's son and the sadly neglected news-boy, kneel fervently side by side to receive a common God. All day long the Eucharistic King, with ever open heart is enthroned on a hundred altars; around his seat of mercy on every altar a hundred fragrant bouquets shed their sweet perfume and a hundred tapers are brightly gleaming. As we gaze upon the crowd of devout worshippers kneeling hour after hour at the Royal feet,—as Mary did of old,—asking, begging, imploring pardon for the past, graces for the future—beseeching the Lord of Mercy in behalf of themselves, and of their relatives, and of their friends, and of their acquaintances, and of their fellow-citizens, and of the whole church, and of the whole world,—whether all these members of the human family be living or be dead,—then never a moment need we wonder that the Empire City is indeed blessed,—that in future she is destined to be still further blessed—destined to be one day the envi-

able pride of Catholicity's universal empire.

Let us continue these few reflections by a brief glance at the grand celebration of a few weeks ago, Archbishop Corrigan's Silver Jubilee. To said event we have already referred, but we would rightly deem our paper incomplete did we not at least mention some leading features of that festive time. A detailed description that is well worth reading is found in the leading New York dailies of May 5th, and in the *New York Catholic News* of May 11th. The most graphic account of the magnificent function is that contained in a secular paper, the *New York World*. Such a splendid demonstration, occurring at a time when the whole American nation trembled with war-excitement, was indeed unique. A noteworthy item on the programme was a grand procession of archbishops, bishops, priests and other ecclesiastics, all attired in their various robes and habits. This procession, which started from the Boland Trade School, passed along Madison Avenue to Fiftieth Street, and then along Fiftieth Street to Fifth Avenue, where stands the great white Cathedral. Within the sacred edifice the ceremonies were well in keeping with the solemnity and joyousness of the occasion. They were witnessed by four archbishops, ten bishops, hundreds of priests, and fully seven thousand of the laity. Outside the noble pile, from many a pinnacle of which the Stars and Stripes were floating gracefully in the breeze, ten thousand spectators, unable to gain admission, were collected. When the silvery chimes, high above the throng, timed forth the hymns of Holy Church, and then "St. Patrick's Day," and then "The Star Spangled Banner," the swaying

thousands became enthusiastic. To see their beautiful national flag displayed and honored on every side, to hear their soul-thrilling national airs voiced by the blessed bells overhead, was for them proof sufficient that the sympathy of American Catholics is with the nation in her existing struggle against a foreign power. This religious function at St. Patrick's was indeed a memorable event; still it was only a part of the grand Jubilee celebration. Following came a banquet during which well-defined patriotic sentiments were freely expressed by some of the most distinguished church dignitaries in America. "The Red, White and Blue," begun by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, was sung with a whole-souled ardor that showed better than could any oratorical effort, the American Hierarchy's sincere devotedness to their country.

Now, what lesson are we to learn from our reflections on the flourishing condition of Catholicity in New York, as manifested in its countless works, and in the imposing religious and national demonstration we have just briefly described? In the first place we must conclude that the United States is not, by any means, so heretical or irreligious a country as some people would fain lead us to believe. New York is only one corner of the Great Republic; there are other cities such as Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, that count their Catholics by hundreds of thousands, and again other cities, far too numerous to mention, that count their Catholics by scores of thousands, or by tens of thousands. And all this American Catholicity—what is its real value? Is it a spurious article consisting in the despicable nothingness of bare de-

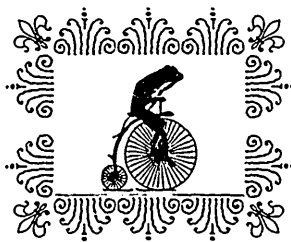
monstration?—Does it consist solely in a gorgeous procession once or twice a year, with a horrible infidel-like indifference during the intervening months? Indeed no; on the contrary, it is the sound, genuine God-blest article—a Catholicity that is holy, active self-sacrificing persevering and divine.

In view of this splendid showing made by our holy faith throughout the United States, and after considering the Jubilee celebration lately witnessed in New York, who will say that the Catholic Church is not at home in the American Republic? Who will presume to affirm that, at the present crisis, American patriotism is not compatible with the very best Catholicity? Who will be so obtuse as to make the statement that American Catholics should hold aloof from an active participation in the present deplorable conflict? The Catholics of America have heard the decisive words of their deeply learned and highly cherished Hierarchy, and, such being the case, they require not the pedantic dictation of wheedling outsiders. Of course, they will regard the present war as a calamity. Nevertheless, since it is upon them, let them go to the front like brave men, and, under Heaven's kind protection, let them fight the battles of their beloved country and die for her if necessary. Let them remember that a large percentage of the American navy is composed of as true, as firm, as brave and as thorough Catholics as were ever engaged in battle. Let them keep in mind that the fair land of the Stars and Stripes has proved, is proving, and, please God, will prove, a stauncher friend to their holy religion than have the so-called Catholic countries of Europe. Catholics who frequently disregard the venerable word of

Christ's vicar on earth; Catholics who violate unblushingly the commandments of a church which, nominally, they profess to follow; Catholics who send to the legislative halls the worst enemies of that holy institution which, when they were infants, received them into its bosom, and from which they drew their very life—such Catholics, we say, are rather queer members of our holy religion; yet, these are the persons we find holding sway in more than one European nation. How do they compare with the Catholics we have met with in New York? and, as we have said, New York is but a small corner of a far extending Republic. In the words of Oregon's illustrious Archbishop, these pretended Catho-

lics "don the livery of heaven wherein to serve the devil," and, we might add that, at their hands, the devil is very well served indeed. No doubt the American government is, in great part, Protestant, but is it, on that account, to suffer by comparison with a government of Freemasons or of infidels, whose only claim to Catholicity is the register of their baptisms? Again let us quote the words of Dr. Gross, and with them close our paper: "We protest," says the learned Oregon Prelate, "against the parading of these governments as Catholic governments, and claiming, as such, sympathy from American Catholics; they have our contempt not one jot of our sympathy."

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



SWEET SOLITUDE.

WEET Solitude ! the chosen love
 Of knights unstained, who bravely fought
 Their battles 'gainst the powers that wrought
 In hate infernal ; while above

The king looked down ; the contest o'er
 Who sent His angels with a crown
 Of laurel fresh with fragrance blown
 In paradise. I love thee more

Green graceful poplars crest the hill,
 And filmy ferns the vale bed spread,
 With elfin moss, a grateful bed
 Beside a cool persuasive rill.

In ancient days this tangled wood
 Was fancy-haunted by the shapes
 Of nymph and oread, but the lapse
 Of time has evil changed to good.

Now, Faith and Fancy, sisters twin,
 The veil of senses palpable
 Uplift, and lo ! this sylvan dell
 Is peopled by our mystic kin

Divinely fair, divinely dear.
 Let not the world profane intrude ;
 For sacred is our solitude,
 God and His angels being near.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN "QUO VADIS."

"SOME men," says the Poet, "are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them." Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis*, belongs to the second class; his is not a prolific, meteoric pen, that leaves only a mere trace on the shifting sands of time; it strikes a few bold strokes, that engrave its owner's name and genius upon the "Rock of Ages." He burnt the midnight oil, for many a long weary year; he pondered deeply and lovingly upon the mysteries of the human nature and the human heart, before he attempted to play his part, in charming the one and ennobling the other.

Too many novels of our day, emanating from a one-a-month pen, resemble the fire-fly, in the momentary flash of their artillery. Would that they were as harmless in causing conflagrations. Vapid novels set the reader's imagination on fire, degrade human nature, brutalize our hearts and lead us into quagmires of falsehood and immorality.

In this age of electricity, it is rare to find a mind, which can give a new charm to bygone days, call forth the mighty spirits of ancient Rome and bring them before us, with all their eloquence and genius; Sienkiewicz ranks second only to the authors of *Fabiola* and *Callista*, in the portrayal of early Christian life. He understands thoroughly well the real value of a work, which proposes to treat seriously most serious questions, to review great historical events and to

sketch eminent historical characters, in which millions of fellow-beings take an absorbing and personal interest. There is nothing, which men have not made a subject of pastime. There are, however, some themes and these pertaining to affairs of this world, which it is not lawful to approach inconsiderately or to treat lightly, even where the purpose is avowed; still less when there is a profession of seriousness and impartiality. The author of *Quo Vadis*, realizes that he is treating a subject which interests every follower of Christ. He makes every christian heart grieve over, admire, honor our brethern so long persecuted, worried, tormented, to strengthen that bond of charity which unites us to the church and forms by its delicate fibres, the main nerves through which the thrilling sensation of Catholic sympathy vibrates, from member to member of the mystical body of Christ.

Thackeray, one of the greatest of English novelists, was once asked if he had read a certain book—"I bake cakes," he said, "but I eat bread." Most of us have a sneaking regard for novels—a partiality for such literature which we are half-ashamed to confess. Why should we be afraid to plead guilty to the not very heinous crime of reading a really good story brimful of undeniable talent? Even the most fastidious, need not repeat "through my fault", for having read *Quo Vadis*; Sienkiewicz serves us with the literary "staff of life in its purest and most

unadulterated form. He is not a hedge-school master, using his story as a peg, whereon to hang pedantic, tiresome dissertations, which too often constitute about ninety-nine one hundredths of the average volume. He is a steady, pains-taking writer; we would not call him a man of transcendent genius. His characters are sufficiently natural to please and bear their part well; the principles contained in *Quo Vadis* are so good and their tone of feeling so excellent, that it is impossible to read them without pleasure; his scenes strike the imagination and we recur to them again and again.

Beneath his character painting, there stands forth a back-ground of religious feeling, that gives a tone to the whole picture; he does not, however, make his heroes and heroines play the part of freaks, too "goody-goody" for this world. No! He represents human nature as it really is—a composite of soul with flesh and blood. Too many writers of purely religious stories, entirely lose sight of Mother Earth, forget the sad consequences of the trick Grandmother Eve played on her children and compose a burlesque on men and women. They are too good to be mortal and not good enough to be angels. Probably the most appropriate place for a man to learn an object lesson on life, is by the side of a noble river. The waters, stirred only by the softest gentlest breeze, roll on lazily at our feet, twist around the crowded bustling city on their way to the vast ocean beyond. Seated on the shady bank where the stream glides noiselessly along, we forget that time flies, until the glory of the setting sun bursts upon us in our vast army of sprites that dance upon the waters, beguiling as to fairy land. If we are in a reflective mood, we wish that our

life was as peaceful quiet and unbroken as the vast expanse of water spread before us. Alas! In our day-dreams, we have forgotten that these self-same waters came tumbling headlong in one mad fury over the falls above us and will boil in rage through the rapids beneath. Those noble vessels that we see steal so quietly over the river's breast were forced to take the canal around the falls and will have to ride furiously through the rapids, under the firm hand and eagle eye of the pilot who knows how to steer clear of the murderous crags and ravening rocks. The stream of life runs a similar course; at times it frets and fumes and rushes pell-mell over the falls of troubles, trials and tribulations; then it winds its peaceful way through moments of quiet rest, to be broken once more into spray as it surges over the rapids of temptation on its way to the ocean of eternity. Sienkiewicz strikes the proper key in life's melody; beneath his finished touch, rolls sweet, home-like music that thrills the human heart with indescribable peace and calm; then his music takes a sterner, wilder strain, for the key-board of the heart is often swept by the ruder hand of temptation. We imagine that such is the christian life—a life of strife for justice sake—the stony path that leads up to heaven, gives the toiling christian many a bruise and fall. When water runs up hill; when thunder precedes lightning; when smoke curls heavenward without a fire, then and then only, may we expect to find a christian who has not his moments of wild and furious struggle.

Sienkiewicz displays consummate skill in the management of his theme, which purports to picture the respective influence of Paganism and

Christianity upon the human heart and the human soul. He might, as many do, have given us an awful dose of the blues or a free prescription for insomnia, by laying down his premises and thus draw his conclusion, favorable to Christianity; he desired to be read, to be merciful to a long-suffering public; introduced us to a company of pagans, neophytes and confirmed christians: and left us to draw our own conclusions. A reader is always flattered, when he feels, that he is being accredited with the ordinary amount of brains and common sense.

The novel might be termed, a series of kaleidoscopic views of the progress of christianity within the empire. We behold the christian body become a stern reality, until the Roman people begin to perceive, that it is a sturdy child fast growing up to vigorous manhood; and, whilst they were pondering upon the phenomenon, the child had turned out to be a strong man prepared to do battle and level a severe blow at paganism. Every pulsation of the Catholic heart at Rome, sent its warm life-blood surging through every artery, even through the more distant vein that stretched its rosy little streak into the very extremity of the Roman empire.

Men judge the nature and fertility of a newly discovered country, by the foliage which it produces; we may assuredly form an estimate of any society from the character of the men who hold its prominent social, religious and civic positions. Should we adopt such a standard, the honorable gentlemen of the jury, who are being addressed by Sienkiewicz, need not leave their box to pass a sentence of condemnation upon pagan Rome. We see in the dark recesses of the catacombs and

in the wild hillside quarries, one Rome, actuated by a religious belief that possessed stringent, practical, universal principles whereby men could govern their passions and judge the moral turpitude or rectitude of every human act; the other Rome, overground, dwelling in lordly, noble castles is untrammelled by any like code, and neither gods nor emperors demand the seal of any such stamp, to give value to any act. Pagan Rome is a scene of spiritual desolation, spiritual darkness, unblushing immorality, legalized social and family slavery, a religion without faith, hope or charity; Christian Rome vibrates with religious activity, chaste, immaculate purity, religious and social freedom, a faith that glows with enticing imagery for the very young, or solemn service for the patriarchal grandfather, the signs of sorrow or triumph on the altars as the occasion demands, the emblem of salvation elevated on high, that whilst her children meditate upon the sad symbols of their faith, it might excite sorrow, and with sorrow, hope that gives birth to charity.

The ancient pagans, inspired with the belief that each mighty river owed its origin to a peculiar deity, built a temple at its source and offered up a sacrifice to the god to preserve the purity of the waters. that they might carry blessings to the dwellers on the river side; the home is the source, the nursery of a nation. If the honor, purity and integrity of the home are kept intact and inviolable, the nation will be blest; if, on the contrary, the family virtues are lacking, if the sacred love that binds the hearts of the husband and wife and forms the very soul of a true home is brutalized, a nation will be a disgusting mass of putrefaction. The uncrowned queen of the home

is the woman, the mother; "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." How beautifully Sienkiewicz expresses this idea in one of his numerous pen pictures. The Romans placed woman on a level with the beast of the field, as the author shows, when he represents Petronius "taking part in a diatribe as to whether woman has a soul" "I agree that woman has three or four souls but none of them a reasoning one;" Christians know that woman has that most priceless of all gifts—an immortal soul made to the image and likeness of God Himself. The pagan married woman was a play toy to be cast aside at will; the inviolability of christian marriage was the touchstone of womanly dignity and liberty. Pagan women were the slaves of their husbands; christian women, their partners and peers. Pagan women were the tenants of their husbands' houses; christian women the mistresses of their household. The pagan woman was always in fear of a rival; the christian woman dreads no usurper, she is the empress of her court.

No wonder, then, that all Sienkiewicz's pagan women play a most immoral and despicable role at home, at the banquet and in the orgies at the banks of the lake. Infidelity to the marriage bond was so common, that Petronius characterizes Pomponia—a christian woman,— "as a real cypress. She is a *one-man* woman;" hence, "among our ladies of four and five divorces, she is straightway a phoenix."

Immorality has infected the royal palace, the empress herself is a divorced, abandoned woman, even the vestal virgins are not impervious to the plague that is fast sucking the life-blood from Roman society. What an encomium, Vinicius, the hero of

Quo Vadis, bestows upon a christian home, when he declares, "In that house where all, beginning with the masters and ending with the poultry in the hen-house, are virtuous." And again "I saw that suffering in it (the Christian Pomponia's house) was more to be wished for than delight in another place, that sickness there was better than health in another place." Behold the wondering astonishment of Petronius, the past grand-master of lewd luxury, as he enters for the first time a home wherein Christ reigns: "This is a wonderful house. Of course it is known to thee that Pomponia is suspected of entertaining that Eastern superstition which consists in honoring a certain Chrestos. A one-man woman! To-day, in Rome, it is easier to get a half-plate of fresh mushrooms from Noricum than to find such." "Oh general," said Petronius, "permit us to listen from near by to that glad laughter which is of a kind heard so rarely in those days. Life deserves laughter, hence people laugh at it; but laughter here has another sound." "In the people, in the trees, in the whole garden there reigned an evening calm. That calm struck Petronius and struck him especially in the people. In the faces of Pomponia, old Aulus, their son, and Lygia there was something such as he had not seen in those faces which surrounded him every day or rather every night. There was a certain light, a certain repose, a certain serenity flowing directly from the life which all lived there. And with a species of astonishment, he thought that a beauty and sweetness might exist, which he who chased after beauty and sweetness continually had not known. He could not hide the thought in himself and said, turning to Pomponia. "I am considering in my soul how dif-

ferent this world of yours is from the world which our Nero rules. Comment on the peace of God were useless; Pomponia in her answer explains the secret of this heaven-born repose. "Not Nero, but God rules the world." This reply brings another question to the lips of Petronius; "But believest thou in the gods then Pomponia?" "I believe in God, who is one, just and all-powerful," answered the wife of Aulus Plautius. We need not be surprised at the rottenness and tottering state of the entire Roman social structure; woman the cornerstone of the edifice was degraded and enslaved.

A vivid contrast is drawn between Paganism and Christianity; there is no direct parallel, the actions of the adherents of each "speak louder than words." The gods were a dead letter or as Petronius, the pagan, says "The gods have become for some time mere figures of rhetoric; even the yet-pagan Vinicius bears witness that the Christian is a vivifying faith, directing every thought, word and action of a follower of Christ. "But these Christians live in poverty, forgive their enemies, preach submission, virtue and mercy." The upper ten, the silver-spoon stratum of Roman society, exemplified by Petronius "had a twofold contempt for the crowd—as an aristocrat and an æsthetic person. Men with the odor of roast beans, which they carried in their bosoms, and who besides were eternally hoarse and sweating from playing *mora* on the street corners and peristyle, did not in his eye deserve the term *human*;" all Christians, whether they be of patrician or plebian blood, must love one another for Christ was the reputed son of a carpenter. The Pagan doctrine read, kill him who displeases you, injures

you, even though he should be your fosterfather; St. Peter lays down the Christian teaching to Ursus—"The Saviour said this to us; "if thy brother has sinned against thee, and has turned to thee seven times, saying, Have mercy on me! Forgive him." The Christians practiced what they preached; Ursus accepts the rebuke and says to his foe: "May the Saviour be merciful as I forgive thee." In the hour of danger, trial and affliction, the Pagan admonition was, "kill thyself." Let us hearken to the words of St. Peter who speaks as the head of the Christian Church. "I am dust before God, but before you I am His apostle and vice-regent. I speak to you in the name of Christ." To the desolate woman who complains "I am a widow, I had a son who supported me. Give him back, O Lord!" St. Peter says, "O widow, thy son will not die; he will be born into glory, into eternal life, and thou will rejoin him" St. Peter thus comforts all the afflicted—"To you, mothers, whom they are tearing away from your orphans; to you who lose fathers; to you who complain; to you who will see the death of loved ones; to you the careworn, the unfortunate, the timid; to you who must die, in the name of Christ I declare that you will awake as if from sleep to a happy waking—as if from night to the light of God." Such was the power the brutal Nero attempted to crush. Nero, the high-priest of paganism, against St. Peter, the Apostle and vice-regent of Christ. Sienkiewicz gives a touching description of the casual meeting of these two powers: "For a while these two men looked at each other. It occurred to none in that brilliant retinue, and to no one in that immense throng, that at that moment two powers of the earth

were looking at each other, one of which would vanish quickly as a bloody dream, and the other, dressed in simple garments, would seize in eternal possession the world and the city."

It was the old struggle; Holofernes with the forces of the world against the Lord of Hosts. Nero puts a bold face on his cruel designs; he openly avowed his intention of extinguishing the christian name throughout his empire; he issued decrees to that effect; he most injudiciously displayed his racks and cauldrons. This enemy was met, thousands of christians came forward, their numbers wearied persecution's edge; their blood, which flowed from the executioner's stroke, was of a baptismal efficacy, and it was found that the axe was the best pruning knife of the Lord's vineyard, and disciples' blood its most fruitful seed. What a contrast to the maudlin sentimentality and Dead Sea faith of the pagans, which Petronius describes—"Two years ago I sent to Epidarus three dozen live cocks and a goblet of gold; but dost thou know why? I said to myself. Whether this helps or not, it will do me no harm. Though people make offerings to the gods, yet I believe that they all think as I do—all; with the exception, perhaps, of mule-drivers on the road at the Porta Capena." Even the pagan priests, when goblets of wine loosened their tongues, jeered at their own gods.

It is in the conversion of Vinicius, the aesthetic pagan profligate, that the author of *Quo Vadis* displays consummate skill and portrays, in most vivid colors, the influence that Christianity wields over the intellect, the will, the imagination and the heart. Were this the only aim of the novel, it would serve a most

beautiful purpose. It is a realistic demonstration of God's providential power, inscrutable ways, incomprehensible wisdom, displayed in the history of a love between two of His creatures. Vinicius himself gives us the first inkling of the marvels Cupid was to work—"Mopsus appeared in a dream to me, and declared that through love a great change in my life would take place." The conversion of Vinicius does not come, like an unnatural flash of lightning in a clear sky, to puzzle us with its freakishness; on the contrary, the rumblings of the storm in his soul are heard, the portentous sky is overladen with murky, threatening clouds that roll upon his intellectual horizon, occasional flashes light up the gloom, to leave it only in denser shadow, when the brief electrical display is over. At Nero's banquet, Lygia sees that Vinicius is "a drunken, wicked satyr, who filled her with horror and repulsion." Then, when Lygia is snatched from his voluptuous grasp, the storm-king arranges his forces in battle-array, cruel doubt, rage, fury, despair are let loose upon distracted Vinicius' crazed mind; his tortured soul trembles 'twixt Christ and Jove; at length the rainbow of peace—God's covenant with man—floods his soul and the holy waters of Baptism are poured upon his brow. The struggle is over; Christ has won, Jove has lost. Throughout the novel, we have a beautiful picture of a human attachment which is gradually strengthened and deepened; which softens, chastens, purifies Vinicius' heart and prepares it to receive the seed of christianity. Human love may seem to be a strange progenitor of religion; "the little pebble on the streamlet's edge has changed the course of many a noble river."

Vinicius, the Pagan, is introduced to the reader by Petronius his uncle, as "a beautiful and athletic young man, who knew how at the same time to preserve a certain æsthetic measure in his profligacy"; his uncle would almost require an introduction to Vinicius—the christian—who writes him: "It is not the Parcae, who spin out our lives so agreeably; it is Christ who is blessing us, our beloved God and Saviour.... Thou didst say that our teaching was an enemy of life; and I answer thee now, that if from the beginning of this letter I had been repeating the three words "I am happy!" I could not have expressed my happiness to thee. To this thou wilt answer, that my happiness is Lygia. True, my friend. Because I love her immortal soul, and because we both love each other in Christ; for such love there is no separation, no deceit, no change, no old age, no death. For, when youth and beauty pass, when our bodies wither and death comes, love will remain. Before my eyes were open to the light I was ready to burn my own house even, for Lygia's sake; but now I tell thee that I did not love her, for it was Christ who first taught me to love. In Him is the source of peace and happiness." Vinicius' troubles are over:

"Like rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!"

There is but one sad religious chord struck in the triumph of Christianity; our hearts feel sore for poor deluded Petronius who lives and dies a pagan. Would that this soul also had been gathered into the Father's fold! But, alas! The leprous distillation of sceptical philosophy had vitiated that superior

mind. A man, lost at night in a swampy place, is often beguiled by a lambent, flickering flame of light that dances in childish glee as it recedes farther and farther, enticing the weary traveler into the deepest morasses of the marsh. The will-o'-the-wisp, false glitter that burnt deeply in the animal passions blackened Petronius' imagination, consumed the pure gold of his heart and left it a shapeless, worthless mass—the unholy ashes of man's beastly desires. Petronius journeyed through life on the wide-gauge road that led to perdition; the engineer of the on-rushing train—his own conscience—warned him in vain, that a mine was about to be sprung upon him. He is crushed through his own blind folly. Foolish mortal, recognizing the superiority of the Christian religion, he would not embrace it; he preferred to be termed the "arbiter elegantiarum." Let him tell the tale himself "No, happy husband of the Aurora princess! thy religion is not for me. Am I to love the Bithynians who carry my litter, the Egyptians who heat my bath? Am I to love Abenobarbus and Tizellinus? I swear by the white knees of the Graces, that even if I wished to love them I could not. In Rome there are a hundred thousand persons at least who have either crooked shoulders, or big knees, or thin thighs, or staring eyes, or heads that are too large. Dost thou command me to love these too? Where am I to find the love since it is not in my heart?" Petronius' cutting, biting, sarcastic letter to Nero is the signal from the master of ceremonies, to announce that all is ready; the farewell speech in the banquet signalled the air-ship of life into higher regions where the ill-starred, self-deluded explorer of the great hereafter would

be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thus passes away Petronius, the ideal Pagan of *Quo Vadis*. His life was a mixture of misery and bliss; Tartarus and Elyseum.

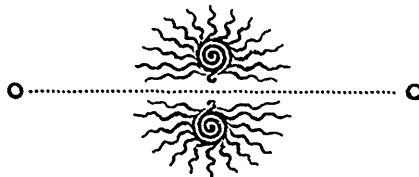
Some might object to *Quo Vadis*: "the scenes at the banquet and the lake-side are too suggestive"; we should never judge any work piecemeal, we must be guided by the general tenor in forming a true estimate of a novel. Sienkiewicz is drawing a contrast between Paganism and Christianity. Behold the disgust of the Christian maiden Lygia at the banquet and the loathing of the neophyte Vinicius at the orgies of the lake. In both cases the painted eyebrow, the rubied cheek and lip, the figure worked up with all the voluptuous modiste's skill, are stript of their artificial beauties and paraded before us in their least attractive undress. The antidote is there to counteract the evil effects of the poison; there must be "something rotten in the State of Denmark" for the person who would condemn *Quo Vadis* on this score.

The curtain is rung down upon the scenes, the drama of early Christian life has been acted, the actors have

departed and the Roman theatre which once knew them, knows them no longer; the performance has come to an end, but we bear away its beauty in our Christian hearts, and its captivating, soul-inspiring scenes will survive in all worthy Christian breasts. The fortitude, the friendship, the charity, the succour of the weak, the restraint of the strong, the loving encouragement for those who despair, all its precepts of wisdom, its heavenly consolation, its note of sorrow and of joy—all will be treasured up in our memory as an oasis in the desert of life, for with some of the faults of every thing human, it was of a grand, noble and elevating character.

The figures that appear the most magnetic are those of St. Peter and St. Paul; the words that will dwell in eternal memory in the securest chambers of our hearts are those of mercy, love and forgiveness which fell from the lips of the chosen Apostles of Christ. When the last word of *Quo Vadis* has been imprinted upon our delighted intellect, there will arise from the very depth of our being, the triumphant exultation—"I too am a Christian."

ALBERT NEWMAN '93.



ONE HALLOWE'EN.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

I was extremely weak and extremely nervous. Such a remark may seem an altogether inappropriate, irregular, and unjustifiable introduction to a tale of the nature this purports to be. Ghost stories, I know, like last wills and testaments, are invariably prefaced by the solemn statement that the hero, as the testator, was "sound of body and of mind." Yet I must insist upon it that I was sick, and weak, and nervous. Let the fact be distinctly understood, otherwise my story may appear strangely extravagant, not to say, preposterous. For some months, then, I had wasted away in decline so rapid and so mysterious as to baffle the undoubted skill of the village doctor; until now as good Father M—stood at my bedside he could scarcely recognize in the living skeleton before him, his robust, rosy-cheeked altar-boy of but one short year ago. I lay upon the couch a perfect physical wreck, weakly, pale, emaciated—a bundle of bones bound together by a superabundant quantity of nerves and enclosed in a covering of skin of excessive tautness and pallor.

"Come back to L—with me, Will. You'll soon recover your health and vigor there, I'll warrant you"; and as he spoke the genial, generous soul of Father M—beamed upon me through his bright eyes of Irish blue. Somehow or other, the very magic of his presence had a beneficial effect upon me and, although I was as yet doubtful whether I had strength sufficient to enable me to

walk across the room, I readily consented to accompany him back to his new parish of L—. How it can be explained I do not know, but this much is certain that I did walk from my home to the railway station and (after a forty-mile journey by rail) from the depot at L—to the priest's house, in each of which pedestrian feats I had to walk over a mile. It was about sunset of a balmy October day that we entered the sombre front hall of the presbytery. Without delay, Father M—conducted me up a broad flight of stairs, then down a long corridor to a door at its further end, through which he ushered me into my room. He then retired with the remark that he would return to call me to supper. Left to myself, I began a leisurely inspection of my apartment. The chamber was a hollow cube of about 20 feet to each dimension. It had a peculiarly home-like appearance, and from its bed of "ye olden style," from its bureau, chairs and fireplace of equally ancient make, it borrowed an air of antiquity well in keeping with the house itself which was a relic of the pioneer days of the settlement. The walls were pierced almost from ceiling to floor by two immense windows whose recesses were screened by long, flowing, snow-white curtains of a light, filmy material. From the western window, I looked out upon a scene of pastoral beauty. Far away my eye wandered over farmland and moorland, over rolling fields and roaming river, until further view was

hindered by a distant hill crowned with modest woods that had already blushed at the welcoming kiss of bold Jack Frost and were now blushing ruby-red at the farewell kiss of the departing sun. From the northern window, I saw that the house fronted upon a broad lawn which was separated from the street by a high white fence of very involved pattern. To the right, about fifty yards from the house, rose the cathedral-like parish church of L——. Between the house and the church lay the former cemetery with its marble slabs and monuments. A narrow boardwalk led from the house door along the picket enclosure of the little burying-ground to the gate opening upon the public street. Just across the way, a dilapidated stone house attracted my attention by its air of utter desolation. It, too, was a landmark of the pioneer epoch and must have been quite a mansion in those early days. Its large proportions, its huge chimneys, its great deep windows and wide doors, its air of reserve in the midst of vast grounds, told to the observant a tale of former grandeur, select hospitality and boisterous conviviality. But now with its caved-in roof, its tottering walls, shattered doors and windows, its unkempt, lonely, forsaken garden, it looked like some hoary old sinner with bowed head and weakened limb, standing shame-faced and self-condemned amidst the scene of moral havoc and ruin he had caused about him. Beyond, on every side, stretched out the busy town of L——, lifting its arrogant head in a lofty municipal edifice and raising temples to its own proud spirit in the elegant homes of its residential quarter and the public buildings of its commercial section; for L——, be it borne in mind, is the

seat of the county government, and is, consequently, a place of some pretensions. So engrossed was I in my observation-taking that good Father M—— did not succeed in eliciting any response from me until he had called me for a third time to supper. After tea, I descended to the basement kitchen to have a chat with the hospitable old housekeeper, Mrs. Ryan, a woman of education and culture, but latterly of very straitened circumstances. She had in former years proved herself a true friend of mine and now gave vent to her affection for me by a most enthusiastic welcome. For an hour or more, in the almost mute company of Pat, the sexton, had we talked and laughed over joyous memories of bygone days, when suddenly she addressed me in a hushed and awe-struck tone:

“Do you know, Willie, that this house is haunted?”

“No,” I answered; and then to encourage her to further revelations, “Is it possible?”

“Yes,” she replied, “this whole house is haunted. Every room, with one exception, has witnessed the death of a quondam occupant. Yours is the first room on the left of the corridor on the second story, is it not? Well in that room a former parish priest died many years ago. In the room opposite, the succeeding incumbent of the parish breathed his last. The chamber next to yours and the one directly in face of it, heard the death-rattle in the throats of two young men—one a guest of the then parish-priest, the other, a young fellow who had been adopted by the same good priest. And now at times ghostly steps are heard wandering from one apartment to another and ghostly voices emit deep groans that chill the very blood of the listener. No

one acquainted with the house has dared for years since to sleep in any of these chambers. They who have ventured to pass the night in that part of the house, have gone through horrors indescribable. They were on some occasions even severely maltreated by invisible assailants. Spectres, too, have been seen flitting up and down the hall; while again heavy steps are heard going from room to room amidst the slamming of doors and other noises, though no one can be seen by mortal eyes. That very room there (and she indicated a door opening off the kitchen) has its ghost. Five years ago, a hired man expired there and to this day his troubled spirit continues to hover about the place. Isn't that so Pat? "she broke off abruptly, appealing to the old sexton who was the actual possessor of this rather unenviable sleeping-apartment.

"Oh, yes", Pat answered with his broad Irish brogue which I will not attempt to reproduce here. "Yes, indeed, I hear him walking around my bed in his clanking chains every night in the year."

Regard for truth compels me to state that, though Pat spoke in a tone of deep conviction and preserved an admirable gravity of feature so long as Mrs. Ryan was looking him-wards, yet he punctuated his sentence by a very droll wink indeed at me. I was thus induced to believe that Pat did not put very much faith in the housekeeper's stories; and the induction certainly relieved for a moment my nervous fears and persuaded me that after all there was more fiction than truth in these fantastic tales. The old woman's testimony, however, was soon corroborated in a most emphatic manner. She proceeded to inform me that even the yard had its spook. But a

few years before, a stable-boy was kicked by the priest's horse through the open stable-door into the yard, where he was picked up dead a moment later. She was just narrating how the groom's ghost still frequented the theatre of his tragic death, when with startling clatter down came a heavy beam that had for a long time stood against the house—down it came until the end crashed through the basement window near which we all three were seated. Mrs. Ryan sprang from her chair with an hysterical screech, and I, although I did not scream, leaped to my feet and "held my breath for a time." Even Pat, the incredulous, exchanged his usual nonchalance for a somewhat disturbed demeanor; for the falling of the beam was in truth mysterious, since there was not so much as a breeze at the time and even had there been a wind it would have required an altogether unusually strong blast, a hurricane in fact, to blow the timber down. Consternation, therefore, reigned amidst us until it was seen that nothing else was to follow. After gazing for time into the darkness of the night, the house-keeper removed her chair to a distant corner of the room and soon recovered her composure sufficiently to continue her gruesome narration.

"As if it were not enough to have ghosts holding high carnival in every quarter of the presbytery, there is again that old stone home across the street. Years and years ago, a duel was fought there between the master and a guest. Both combatants were killed on the spot; and now midnight passers-by often see lights flashing from window to window, hear loud angry voices breaking forth into curses and blasphemies, followed by a deafening report as of

two pistols simultaneously discharged—then darkness and silence as of the tomb." Scarcely had she uttered her concluding words when in dropped an old crony to gossip over the doings and the sayings of the day. Pat soon recollected that he had some odd chores to do about the church before closing it for the night, and I profited of his boisterous excuse-making to the two women, to slip quietly away, intending to retire to my room. But my courage failed me when I reached the stairs leading to the haunted hall. In the well-lighted kitchen, in the company of Pat and Mrs. Ryan, I could afford to be supercilious and sceptical, to turn up my nose at all spirits visible and invisible, to pooh-pooh all expressions of credence in the existence of such Wandering-Jews of the spirit-world. But now in the dark, silent stair-way, all the details of those blood-curdling stories rushed back upon my mind and stormed the, at best, weak citadel of courage. To my dying day, never will I forget the agony of the next few moments. For the life of me, I cannot tell how I stood the excessive strain, in my then weak and nervous condition. My heart beat fast and furious. My breath came in quick, short gasps. I strained every sense. I looked this way and that—to see nothing in the dense darkness. I listened—to hear nothing in the terrifying silence. I would have given all my few earthly possessions to avoid the dread ordeal of passing through the ghost-paraded corridor and of spending the night alone in that spirit-troubled quarter of the house. I was sorely tempted to scour back to the kitchen and to abandon my room to the spooks. For a moment I stood irresolute. To advance was to court frightful mental torture. To retreat

was to acknowledge myself a coward. Pride conquered fear. Holding a match ready in my hand, I rushed madly up the stairs, dashed down the corridor, burst open my door, slammed it to and locked it in a trice, as though lock and key could keep out pursuing ghosts.

Even before the key was turned in the lock by my left hand, with my right I had ignited the match, and as quickly as possible I lit the lamp that was conveniently placed upon a shelf just within the door. I threw myself upon my knees but was unable to say my night-prayers, so distracted was I by fear. Blowing out the light, therefore, I leapt into bed and there said my prayers as best I could. Then words are powerless to express the awful suspense, the awful straining of eye and ear, the awful fear that froze my heart and veins, until thrice-blessed morning came to my relief. And after all, no nocturnal visitant came to annoy me that night.

The morning saw the inauguration of my new regimen. As I rose from breakfast, Father M—— stayed me by a gesture.

"Now, Will," said he, in his own peculiar, serio-jocose way, "You are in my hands and must obey me to the letter. Lots of wholesome food, lots of exercise, lots of fresh air—these are the requisites for you. Now, then, out of the house with you and don't let me see you around the place until noon." I spent the whole morning in the streets. After dinner, his smiling lips repeated the otherwise curt command, "Now, don't let me see you around the house again until supper." Accordingly, I passed the afternoon a-wandering in fields and lanes and autumn woods. Supper in turn was followed by a "Now don't let me

see you here again until bed-time."

"One moment, Father, if you please," I cried as he turned to leave the room. "I have received an invitation to spend the evening at Mr. H——'s. Have you any objection to my going?"

"None whatever. It will be just the proper thing for you. You need amusement."

"But Father, I may be obliged to stay out somewhat late."

"Stay as late as you please. I will leave the front-door unlocked and place a candle for you on the stand in the hall."

I thanked the good priest heartily; for my health and strength and spirits having already begun to revive, I was overjoyed at the prospect of a pleasant, joyous evening at Mr. H——'s. Nor were my expectations disappointed. A right merry time did I have at the party. However a description of this little social event does not enter into the scope of my story. Suffice it to say that the night was somewhat advanced when I again found myself in the street on my way to Rev. Father M——'s. Few and far between were the fellow-pedestrians I met on the main thoroughfare. Fewer and farther between did they become on the more retired streets that I was obliged to follow. As I entered a certain pitchy-dark, and seemingly deserted street, out rushed from an alley a glowing-headed, fiery-eyed, flaming-mouthed monster, a very fiend of hell to all appearances, in reality a mischievous urchin bearing on his head that device inseparably associated with the night preceding All Saints' Day—the pumpkin lantern. It was, then, Hallow E'en. The fact had not struck me before but now the remembrance of it brought with it a host of closely associated and fear-provoking

memories. I remembered with a shiver the old Irish belief that the denizens of the spirit-world return each Hallowe'en to manifest themselves to men; and there came readily to my mind in corroboration of this superstition many spine-thrilling hob-goblin stories of that most mysterious of nights. To make matters worse, the wind had now increased to quite a little gale—a biting cold north-gale that moaned, and wailed and sobbed lugubriously in the housetops. Superstitious fear was already rapidly gaining the mastery over me, when on suddenly turning a corner, I found myself in face of the old duel-famed mansion whose tatterdemalion appearance I have already attempted to describe. Now, I always was, and probably would have been then, brave as the bravest in the presence of actual, manifest danger. Even in the awful suspense that precedes expected peril, I can face the ordeal right valiantly so long as my will is able to control the allied powers of imagination and impulse. But once my imagination succeeds in freeing itself from the restraint of the will, then with all the speed of my legs, must I flee from even most visionary danger. For one brief moment, therefore, I stood before that evil-looking edifice; then without waiting for lights to flash from shattered window to shattered window, without waiting for curses and blasphemies and pistol shots, I turned and fled towards the presbytery, as one "who pursued with yell and blow, still treads the shadow of his foe and forward bends his head." Wildly I crossed the street, wilder and wilder, I tore along by the little cemetery and its ghost-like tombstones, until bursting madly through the door, I paused breathless and strength-less in the hall. Not a light

was to be seen. Everyone had retired for the night. Inky darkness enveloped me. Silence as of death reigned around me. I was alone, alone in a haunted house. Oh, the awfulness of such a situation none can tell. He alone can experience it who is the pitiable possessor of nervous system deranged and an imagination gone wild. How my mind withstood the shock Heaven only knows. But even yet my fears were not at their height. As I stood rooted to the spot and half-crazed with the apprehension of some terrible apparition, the great eight-day clock boomed forth the hour. One, two, three,—every stroke of the gong, I verily believe, smote on my ears much as the knell of doom will smite on the ears of those who are to witness the last days. Four—five—six,—until twelve had sounded. It was the mystic hour of midnight, the ghostly revel-hour. I was now almost frenzied with fear. Seizing the candle on the stand, I lighted it in feverish haste. The light lessened somewhat my fears and apprehensions. Then I determined to start for my room. Slowly and nervously I mounted the stairs. But now came the crucial trial. Before me lay the haunted corridor. If I had followed my first impulse I would have made a wild dash for my room. Such a move, however, would have meant the extinguishing of my candle and the mere thought of passing down that ghost-rendez-vous in the darkness of the midnight hour, was torture unbearable. Softly then did I advance, straining eyes and neck in vain endeavor to look forwards, and backwards, and sideways at one and the same time. My footsteps echoed with startling distinctness throughout the hall. My shadow

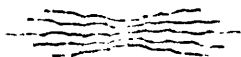
and the shadows of hundred different objects danced demoniacally upon the walls to the flickering flame of my candle. Several times I thought I heard steps stealing after me. Once I imagined I heard a deep sepulchral groan. But in each case, on turning sharply round I was unable to perceive anything or to catch any further sound. At last, I reached my chamber-door. For an instant I paused with my hand on the knob. My plan was to look around hastily, then with a sudden movement, to open the door, slam it shut and lock it—all in a fraction of a second. I carried out the first portion to perfection. One hurried glance about me, a flying leap through the door—but O heavens! what is this? An icy blast meets me in the door-way, the candle is extinguished, the door is wrenched from my grasp and is slammed behind me. In the same instant from the opposite side of the room a white spectre advances towards me and as it approaches, it seems to rise in the air as though borne on the wings of the icy gust. All the energies of my soul and mind and body concentrate themselves in the production of a piercing scream,—and then I knew no more.

What follows I afterwards learned from Pat and Mrs. Ryan. My cry rang through the house like the despairing cry of a soul that was lost. It reached the ears of the nervous old housekeeper in her distant basement-chamber, and although she did not recognize the voice as mine, yet she felt certain that the scream did proceed from me. Her anxiety on my behalf overcame her fear of ghosts; so without a moment's hesitation she went to arouse the sexton. Prosaic Pat grumbled somewhat at being awakened from his slumbers to go

on a fool's errand through the house, for he felt quite convinced that the cry had existed only in the house-keeper's imagination. However the two proceeded to my room, Pat leading the procession and Mrs. Ryan following closely with a lighted candle. Pat tapped lightly at my door and called me by name to assure me that he, and not an unearthly visitor, was there. Receiving no answer, he rapped louder than before. Still no response. He then decided to enter. He brusquely opened the door, and stepped hastily within. As he did so, an ice-cold breeze swept by him, extinguished the candle and banged the door in the housekeeper's face. At the same moment, an immense spectre advanced towards him, but almost immediately retired to the farther side of the room. Pat was for a moment perplexed. Then he called to the scared and weeping housekeeper, to come in with the candle and he would light it. Mrs. Ryan opened the door to enter. Again that icy breeze swept through the room, and again the spectre advanced rising gradually in the air as it approached. This time Pat gave a sudden bound and grasped the white fleeing figure. A sudden jerk, a sound of ripping and tearing by night—Pat lay in a heap on the floor and (to the horror of Mrs. Ryan) began to laugh immoderately. The spectre was only the snow-white, filmy curtain. One of my windows had been wide open the preceding day and I had forgotten to close it before leaving the house in the evening. Another

window at the end of the corridor, had likewise been left open. These circumstances coupled with the fact of a high north wind without, easily explain both the icy draught every time my chamber-door was opened and the alternate advancing and retiring movements of the spectre-like curtain. Of course, Pat did not take either the time or the trouble to find an explanation of the affair at that moment. He was perfectly satisfied with the solution of the mystery so far as the nature of the apparition was concerned. He now turned his attention to me. He found me lying on the floor near the bed, in a death-like swoon. He succeeded, after a few minutes, in bringing me to, and then in answer to my inquiring looks, he laughingly related to me the sequel of my story. As may be supposed, I was for a long time the laughing-stock of my friends who had only to mutter something, intelligible or unintelligible, about "curtains" to bring the blushes of shame and anger to my face. And for many a day, if Pat wished to get a rolling-pin over the head or a broomstick across the shoulders, all he had to do was to ejaculate in the presence of Mrs. Ryan: "I always knowed there was ghosts about this house." I may add that I have passed many nights since in that haunted room off the haunted hall and yet have never seen any other ghost than the curtain-spectre of that, for me, ever memorable Hallowe'en.

IMO., '95.



THE OPTIMIST.

HE pessimist looks to the West :
And sees the lengthening shadows fall,
With apprehensive doubts distressed
He finds the fruits of loss in all
Earth's growths ; nor deems the agonism
Repaid by the resulting prize :
The optimist looks thro' a prism
And infinite beauties meet his eyes ;
He, only he, is blest and wise,
For all is right, save sin, that is.

CAMEO.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

BYRON is, on universal admission, one of the most remarkable geniuses that have appeared in the literary world since the days of Shakespeare. Excluding that great poet there is perhaps no other writer on whom nature lavished such abundant intellectual gifts. If we consider that he left this world at the early age of thirty-six, that his life was one that was by no means congenial to study or to the cultivation of his talents, and that now his writings are placed on the list of classics, we shall form some opinion of his gigantic mind. Probably the greatest tribute to his genius is to be found in the attention he attracted during his day both at home and abroad, and the popularity he acquired with his own generation.

Still his *ensemble* was of a most composite character. "In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes." His early education, far from giving a bias to his mind that would have offset his disadvantages rather enhanced them, and sent him adrift badly equipped for the stormy voyage which he was destined to pursue, and to which his bright talents alone gave somewhat of a brilliant termination. His history is a melancholy one. He was early left to his own wayward passions, and these he indulged to excess. Society that once idolized him soon rejected him, when, as an outcast and an exile, he was forced to wander far from his native land, a prey to that ceaseless gloom

The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is an account of the poet's own travels on the continent. It is an irregular and desultory piece of composition. A fictitious character, which Byron would have us believe is "a child of the imagination, is introduced for the purpose of effecting transitions. But, as far as characterization goes, or as the presence of that personage is essential to the narrative, Byron might easily have dispensed with him, and with greater propriety have called his poem "The Traveller." The merits of this poem as a literary work can hardly be overestimated. The poet's eye, the scholar's mind, the moralist's meditateness and moodiness combine to intersperse throughout the four cantos admirable pictures of nature, learned dissertations on various topics, and wise remarks and reflections that are of universal application. The mood of the writer, however, throws a gloom over his meditations, and makes us distrustful of his ravings. There is truly something fascinating in Byron's pessimistic views, whereas the tenderness of some of his lines half redeems his absurdities and faults, and forces us to sympathise deeply with him. And, were we to judge from the whole, it must be said that in great part he is a cynic merely through affectation, so easy is it for a despondent person to imagine himself an ill-treated being. He was an ill-treated being it is true, but

it is also true that he was formed of gentle mould, and that in his last days, not totally depraved, and not having lost all hope of wrongs being redressed in this world, he espoused the cause of an oppressed and persecuted people.

The chief merit of the work consists in the beauty of the descriptive passages and the excellences of the meditative portions. The path the author follows over the continent is for him most fruitful in scenes that affect him either by their beauty or by the associations they recall. Landing in Portugal he at once falls into ecstasies over the grandeur of the prospect :

It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this
delicious land !
What fruits of fragrance blush on
every tree !
What goodly prospects o'er the hills
expand !

In Spain he finds many interesting themes. The martial state of the country dreading the descent of "Gaul's Vulture" on its smiling plains recalls to his mind the age of chivalry, the beauty and attractive qualities of the maids of Spain he dilates on at length, and with an adroit hand he pictures for us one of the most popular of Spanish pastimes :

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the
signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation
mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peo-
pled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the
mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns with
sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his
foe :

Here, there, he points his threaten-
ing front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and
fro
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's
dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed :
away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare
the spear ;
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his
mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble
coursers veer ;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed
he goes ;
Streams from his flank the crimson
torrent clear.
He lies, he wheels, distracted with
his throes :
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud
bellowings speak his woes.

.....
Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious
to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at
bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and
lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
And now the Matadores around him
play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the
ready brand :
Once more through all he bursts his
thundering way—
Vain rage ! the mantle quits the
conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he
sinks upon the sand !

Scott could not have done better, did it fall to his lot to portray a like event. The many beautiful scenes he has thus described give us a high opinion of his descriptive powers. His descriptions never tire ; they lack the prevailing fault of most

compositions in that line, they are never prolix.

He leaves Spain. Traversing the Mediterranean, and dwelling on scenes that must delight all classic students, he finally reaches the shores of Greece. For him Greece was a topic of unbounded resources. He was affected alike by its blue skies, its wild crags, its sweet groves, its verdant fields, as by the bondage that was calmly endured by the sons of the warriors of Thermopylae. There, after introducing us to all the glories and beauties of the land, he dismisses us, leaving us, within sight of the abode of the gods, and with the shades of Epaminondas and Miltiades hovering round us, to ponder over the scenes through which we have just passed.

The second part of the poem opens with the field of Waterloo. The picture drawn of that great battle surpasses probably anything of the kind in the whole range of English literature. The reader who accompanies the pilgrim on his journey is brought to a halt by the astounding words :

Stop ! for thy thread is on an Empire's dust !

An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !

Then, meditating on the result of that "King-making Victory" the poet soon after commences :

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell ;

But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

The whole passage is one that did not fall unwrought from the brain of the author, and it would, therefore, be ingratitude on our part did we give to it no more than a single perusal. Before Byron leaves the field, he adverts to the great man who was there overthrown, whom he styles

the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt

One moment of the mightiest, and again

On little objects with like firmness fixt.

The poet thence proceeds onward lingering over all that remains of the once battlemented shores of the Rhine. Passing through central Europe he masterfully touches upon the many scenes which are rendered interesting by their historical associations. He arrives at the beautiful Lake Lemman near the close of day. The picture he draws of its tranquillity, of its subsequent agitation, and of the dawn of the succeeding day, is such as only a master could draw :

It is the hush of night, and all between

Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,

Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,

Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear

Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance
 from the shore
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;
 on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended
 oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-
 night carol more.

.....
 The man is up again, the dewy
 man,
 With breath all incense, and with
 cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with play-
 ful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no
 tomb,—
 And glowing into day.

Italy is the last country visited.
 Venice, Florence, and Rome are the
 subjects of his descriptions. In them
 he finds almost an infinity of matter
 for consideration, as who would not?
 The birthplace of Tasso, Dante,
 Petrarch, of Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo,
 of the galaxy of warriors whose
 names are still synonymous with
 valor and nobility of soul, "the
 garden of the world, the home of all
 Art yields and Nature can decree,"
 "the Parent of our Religion,"
 Byron saw the country in its multi-
 form shape. St. Peter's Cathedral
 claims his special attention:

But lo! the dome—the vast and
 wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above his
 martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian's mira-
 cle;—
 Its columns strew the wilderness,
 and dwell
 The hyæna and the jackal in their
 shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs
 swell
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and
 have survey'd

Its sanctuary the while the usurping
 Moslem pray'd;
 But thou, of temples old, or altars
 new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to
 thee—
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the
 true,
 Since Zion's desolation, when that
 He
 Forsook His former city, what could
 be,
 Of earthly structures, in His honour
 piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty,
 all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship unde-
 filed.

Rome ends the poet's wanderings,
 and the poem closes with the well-
 known apostrophe to the ocean.

It would be impossible to single
 out all the beauties of this poem,
 they are too many; and it would be
 absurd to speak of its defects, they
 are too few. We have but to read a
 few stanzas to be convinced of the
 mastery Byron had over the English
 tongue, of his skill in portraying
 scenes, and of the hugeness of the
 intellect that so utterly squashed the
 pretty critics who had dared attack
 his first literary efforts. We meet
 passages in the poem that are worthy
 of a pessimist of the darkest dye;
 but, then, placing these beside the
 many beautiful ones that are altogeth-
 er irreproachable and of a well high
 inspired aspect, we must attribute
 the former rather to the author's
 despondency on the occasion of their
 composition, and not to his belief in
 the fallacious reasoning he employs.
 In one place he says:

Even gods must yield—religious
 take their turn:
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's; and
 other creeds

Will rise with other years, till man
shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim
bleeds ;
Poor child of Doubt and Death ;
whose hope is built on reeds.

It is difficult to reconcile this with
the words he employs later in speak-
ing of Italy :

Parent of our Religion! whom the
wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys
of heaven !
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all back-
ward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to
be forgiven.

In his own words we have an ex-
planation of the contrariety, whilst at
the same time he gives us a summa-
ry of his history and his belief.

I have not loved the world, nor
the world me,
But let us part fair foes; I do be-
lieve,
Though I have found them not, that
there may be
Words which are things,—hopes
which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor
weave
Snares for the failing: I would also
deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely
grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what
they seem;
That goodness is no name, and hap-
piness no dream.

He did not find words which are
things; the hopes he cherished were
deceitful; he had personal experience
of the cruelty and perfidy of some of
the much lauded virtues (?); no

wonder then we find him often rail-
ing against humanity.

The mood of the author in the first
and second cantos and that in which
the remaining portion of the poem was
written are altogether different.
When he undertook the composition
of his poem he appears to have been
at war with the world, to have seen
all men leagued against him; but
the four years that intervened
before he resumed his unfinished
work wrought a change. In point
of literary excellence and real worth
of material the third and fourth
cantos are much superior to their
predecessors. Still none of them is
unworthy of the master that penned
it.

A perusal of this poem of Byron's
excites our pity and admiration;
admiration for the mind that con-
ceived such sublime and tender sen-
timents as are found scattered
throughout it, and for the grandeur
of the genius it betrays; pity that
he misuse^d the talents with which
nature endowed him, and that the
mind that gave evidence of such
fertility had been allowed to remain
fallow or rather had been planted
with the most obnoxious of vetches.
Those who had charge of his youth
will surely have a tremendous ac-
count to render one day; for had
his genius not been misguided, he
would now be one of the glories of
the universe, whose memory poster-
ity would delight in contemplating.
As it is he is a man whose name will,
whilst the English tongue is used,
be sounded with an admiration verg-
ing on awe, but he will never endear
himself to the multitudes as did so
many others of the literary celebri-
ties.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

THE LEADER OF THE STRIKE.

SEARTLESS oppression had once again caused the coal miners of the State to rebel. The tyranny, the greed and the galling insolence of the operators, that not only made work profitless and life fruitless for the miners, but virtually threatened their immunity from slavery, had again reached the limits of endurance. And, as on previous occasions when the men made a united stand for better conditions, their objection assumed the only means at their command, so now it took the same form, and a general strike was in progress.

It was shortly after the late presidential campaign, in which capital and labor were perhaps more conspicuously arrayed against each other than at any other time in American politics. The *Herald*, on which I was engaged at the time, had sided strongly with the Democratic party. It spent its money and devoted large space to spreading information on the money question. It courageously carried at its editorial masthead the doctrine of "Free men; free land; free trade; free silver; no government by injunction." The owner of the *Herald*, who was also the editor-in-chief, was a man of strong convictions and immense activity, and firmly believing in the righteousness and superiority of the Chicago platform, he upheld it with all the vigor that a great newspaper placed at his disposal. He continually held up the "single gold standard," with its monopoly-giving features, to public scrutiny, and repeatedly showed the incompatibility of the terms "sound money"—as

based on the single standard—and "prosperity," which was the familiar slogan of the Republicans.

However, the Republicans were successful in the elections. But their success did not alter the opinions of my editor-in-chief. He steadily believed that the restoration of "confidence," so much vaunted by the gold-bug orators, as the great necessity to the improvement of the times, would be of no avail in bringing the "prosperity" they had predicted. It was no surprise to him therefore, when after the election, the commercial depression existing before and during the campaign, remained unaltered, and showed no signs of change, except perhaps to grow worse. The *Herald*, during the campaign had given full reports of the conditions of the people in the large industrial centers, paying particular attention to its own State. As the time drew nigh for the much-promised "prosperity" to arrive, and there appeared not the least sign of its coming, ominous rumbles of discontent came from various quarters. The coal miners in the East and the iron and steel workers in the West, began to think that their shackles would be put on tighter. They realized that the trusts and monopolies were vindicated, and that they would continue their nefarious grinding of the laboring classes for the benefit of their own coffers. The trust leaders, on the other hand, seemed to think that the success of the gold-standard accorded them the license to treat their employes as they wished. And notwithstanding the campaign promises of steadier

work and better wages, they gave out the impression that there would be no improvement of the regular order. A crash between such hostile conditions was inevitable.

The coal miners' strike was only one of the numerous outbreaks of bitter discontent. When it was inaugurated, I was sent, on account of the *Herald's* policy of giving full reports of industrial disputes, by the managing editor, as correspondent to the strike region. It was while I was there the following experience occurred.

I reached the coal region on a cold winter day, while the excitement due to the recent inception of the strike was at its highest and while the agitation for better conditions was on the lips of everyone. I took up quarters right in the town where the trouble was, in order that I might be better able to follow the course of events at close range, and learn something, by personal contact, of the miners' habits of life. For six months I watched the strike, the strikers and the operators. The former assumed many different phases. Occasionally it looked as if the men must win, but all hopes to this end were repeatedly blasted by the steadfast refusal of the operators to listen to the grievances of their employes. Many of the miners, in despair, began to leave the region to seek work elsewhere. The town became as a vast sepulchre. Gloom and dejection pervaded everybody and everything. The immense colliery was deserted and silent, save for the hissing of a few steam boilers which supplied the pumps, and the sound now and then of a wreck, resulting from the mistakes of the "blacklegs" who tried to run the place. The big breaker, black, dreary, ugly, repulsive from its associations of drudgery

and starvation wages, was untenanted. The mine reechoed the falling of water drops and loose pieces from the roof without the slightest interruption, and the vermin played "hide and seek" at pleasure.

I early became acquainted with the leader of the strike, who was the president of the miners' organization. He was a man well fitted for the responsible position he held. He was intelligent, active and level-headed. His duties required rare diplomacy and delicacy of management, and he met these requirements with as much ability as anyone whom I have ever chanced to meet. The miners placed the utmost confidence in him. He was now about forty-five years old. The same town in which he now lived and led his fellow-men had given him birth and raised him to manhood. He stood about five feet eight inches high, was raw-boned but muscular, and wiry in his movements. A lifetime spent around the mines had stooped his frame and bedraggled his looks, but being inured to hard work, he was still stronger and more active than hundreds of men in more congenial circumstances.

His leadership throughout the strike appealed to my strongest admiration, but I was never at any one time so much impressed with him as at a mass meeting of the strikers held shortly before the close of the struggle. Rumors were current that wide-spread defection existed amongst the men. Many despaired of success, and it was feared that these would take it into their own heads to declare the strike off by going to the operators and offering to go to work. The strike leader and his trusted lieutenants, realizing the gravity of such rumors, called a meeting of the miners, to ascertain what defection really existed amongst

them. The meeting was held in the school house and was largely attended. Several speeches were made. It was evident from the way in which they were received that some of the men were dissatisfied with what they chose to call "the unequal struggle." The leader of the strike was the last speaker. As he rose to address the men a feeling of deep anxiety was traceable on his countenance. But his manner evinced the most vigorous determination, which quieted all the restless spirits in the audience. It was this latter quality which inspired the confidence in him and made him a true leader. In his address he reviewed the conditions under which the men worked and lived, and recalled to their minds the grievances that they had against their employers.

"Fellow-miners," he said, in closing with an appeal to keep up the strike. "We have stood now for six months against the most bitter resistance of our oppressors, and with the help of God and of the fellow-members of our organization we can stand as long again. Shall we, in the face of these conditions, abandon all hope of success? Shall we despair while there are still some provisions in the commissary and while we have still some revenue?"

"I entreat you to think well of the conditions that will confront us if we give up the struggle at this time. The operators have been lengthening our hours and shortening our wages for years. They threaten us now with a further reduction and less work. If we go back under the old conditions will they ever be improved? Will we not be at the mercy of our persecutors more effectually than ever? Will we not have to take what they are willing to give us, and can we not imagine how

little that will be? We cannot accept this alternative; we must not give up. Let us say 'no' with all the vehemence that outraged, down-trodden humanity can command.

"It is indeed an unequal struggle. We have nought to sustain us but the strength of our bodies and the help of our fellow-workmen, while our opponents have millions at their call. But it is not so unequal a struggle when we think that there is a limit to the enslavement of men; when we think that that limit has been reached; and when we know that right will eventually be recognized, for God Himself has said that justice shall prevail."

A wave of enthusiasm swept through the assemblage. Above the din of applause came a shout,—

"I move that we decide right now to stay out six months more."

"I second the motion," came from a hundred throats simultaneously.

"Carried, carried; hooray, hooray," was the unanimous response, without waiting for parliamentary action on the proposition.

The chairman's address had instilled new courage into the men, and those who came to the meeting thoroughly disgruntled, left it with their despair changed to hope.

Yet such is the fate of men's most enthusiastic and most determined propositions that they are often consumed by this very enthusiasm and determination. The manifestations, as it were, sap the life of the aim. For it has been the experience of every observant thinker that that which we decide most earnestly to do, on which the whole strength of our designing faculties is expended to provide method and order, is, after the tints of imagination have been removed, shown to us in such a crude light that it seems but a weak

purpose after all, and eventually it falls as unworthy of effort.

Within two weeks after the big mass meeting the startling news was spread abroad that the strike was ended. There came with the announcement no information as to the concessions made by the operators or the men. The town was alive with excitement. Miners were rushing to the colliery offices to register their willingness to go to work, and the mails were burdened with letters to those who had left the region notifying them of the end of the strike. Men gathered in small groups in various parts of the town and excitedly discussed the settlement. Approaching one of these I asked what agreement was reached.

"The president, — him," said one man bitterly, "took it on his own hands to declare the strike off."

"I guess a bossship was held under his nose, and he thought that worth more than ten per cent advance on miners' wages," said another.

This report astonished me. Above all things I had never expected this would occur, for I thought the leader incapable of such a contemptible act. In my surprise I involuntarily ejaculated:

"The president?"

"Yes, the hypocrite," exclaimed one man, "after persuading us to strike, he goes back on us when he has a chance to benefit himself."

Here was a choice bit of sensation. The treachery that is ever feared in the conflicts of men, had not been wanting in this instance, but unhappily it was found where least expected.

The news was published by every paper in the State, particular attention being given to its ignoble

features. But the *Herald* did not share in the general "scoop." For, notwithstanding that circumstances, condemned the leader, I had a lurking feeling of respect for him, and I could not bring myself to deepen his downfall by saying anything about him. The man gradually passed out of notice. He removed to a neighboring town, where he was almost forgotten, because no one deemed him of sufficient importance to follow his movements.

* * * * *

A month after the close of the strike I was still in the coal region. It was approaching Fall and the weather was beginning to get chilly. One evening while trying to keep comfortable around my little stove, reading a dissertation on the money question, I fell to musing on various walks of life. It was not unusual for me to fall into these dreamy moods quite unconsciously. But just now a peculiar solemnity, that I had never experienced before, pervaded my reflections. The low moaning of the wind outside heightened the effect of it, and it seemed to communicate itself to all of my surroundings. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by a rude knock at the door. I rose and opened it. As I did so a strange man, of about my own size, carrying a lighted lantern in his right hand, strode in. Without a word of salutation, without even so much as a look at me, he walked into the room, set his lantern down on the floor, rubbed his hands a few times over the fire, then turned around, clasped his hands behind his back, and stood there grim, stolid, tranquil as a statue. I closed the door and went over to my table. There, dumbfounded, I observed my visitor. A heavy flannel shirt covered his body, and a much-begrimed pair of blue jeans,

which was held up by a leather belt, his lower limbs. The legs of his pants were stuffed into high boots of the hobnailed variety. On his head he wore a cap, with a mining lamp, unlighted, dangling from it. His eyes were fixed upon me, but from the sightless stare that was in them, I knew he was not looking at me. He seemed unable to speak, or if not that, then doggedly disinclined to do so. His body looked powerful, his arms capable of dealing out destruction. His whole appearance was fierce. What could be his mission? Ere I was completely overcome with amazement, he broke the silence by saying:

"Hear about the explosion at No. 2?"

"Explosion! No. When did it happen?" I replied.

"Little while ago. Ten or fifteen men in it," he said, curtly.

The horror of such an accident, I thought, accounted for the man's remarkable actions. I put on my hat and coat, and prepared to go out, asking him in the meantime if he was going over to the slope.

"Yes," he answered. "Comin' along?"

When I was ready to go he picked up his lantern and went out. I followed him.

The night was uninviting. Rain had fallen during the day, and a thick fog now covered the land. The atmosphere was heavy and damp. The roads were muddy. My companion paid no heed to these discomforts, but headed straight for No. 2. He kept looking steadily down to the ground, and plodded along very slowly. I would have liked to move much faster, for I was anxious to get to the scene of the accident, and, besides, I did not relish the dreariness of the night. But as

the light was a valuable aid, I preferred to follow rather than attempt to find my own way.

Then the man's silence attracted my attention. We had now covered about half the distance to the colliery, and he had not spoken a word. I interjected a few questions occasionally, to draw out a conversation, but they apparently fell on deaf ears. A strange feeling crept over me, somewhat akin to that which possessed me on beholding the man entering my room. But I could find no cause for it outside of the odd manners of my companion, and as I had often before met taciturn men and had schooled myself against being surprised at the eccentricities of people, I did not think seriously of them. I buoyed up my spirits with the hope that he would have some explanation to make when we reached the mine.

Soon we came within sight of the breaker, now, in the blackness of night, more hideous than ever it had seemed to me before. Various sounds that were stilled during the strike, betokened the renewed activity of the place. But there appeared to be no excitement around the mine such as an explosion usually causes. I heard no wailing voices and saw no crowds. However, my companion avoided going directly to the mouth of the slope, by taking a circuitous route over the coal dirt to the manway, saying in a mumbling sort of way:

"We'll go down here."

"Where did the explosion occur?" I asked.

"In the east gangway," was the brief reply.

"When did it happen?"

"Don't know."

"Do you work in this mine?"

"I did, but I was fired when the slope started up."

"Is there any danger of another explosion?"

"Mebbe."

The man's brevity was exasperating, but I persisted in a few more questions.

"How did you learn about it?"

"Oh, I knew it would happen. Couldn't be safe after such a long idleness."

"What caused the explosion?"

To this I got no answer, save an unintelligible sound which escaped the man's lips. Just then he pulled open the door of the shed over the manway and stepped in. The manway descended gradually at first, but soon became very steep. The steep parts were provided either with ladders or steps. When we reached the first flight of steps, I noticed a dangerous carelessness about the man's walking. He seemed to pay no attention to the peril of toppling headlong over, and disdained the aid of the hand-railing. He walked so fast and carried himself so loosely that the lantern bumped against the steps, sometimes so hard that I thought it would smash to pieces. I followed as well as I could, but I found myself getting left in the distance. So I tried to attract attention to this fact by calling out:

"Hold on! don't walk so fast!"

However, the man apparently did not hear me, for he kept on without making any reply. Then we came to the first ladder. This was a rudely constructed affair, and much worn from long use. The nailed boots of the miners had splintered the rungs to such a degree that it was painful to grasp them very tightly. They were, besides, covered with small particles of coal, which scratched the hands at every hold. My companion

put his arm through the ring in the lantern, and without any hesitation, began to climb down. Again I followed, and thus the journey to the bottom went on.

At the bottom of the manway was a space about ten feet square, with an opening into the gangway on one side. Around this space were constructed benches, on which the miners were accustomed to rest while awaiting their turn to go up the ladders. On one of the walls was a chalk mark, "237 feet," denoting the distance from the surface. The man sat down on one of the benches, placing the lantern alongside of him, and leisurely began to search his pockets. In a little while he pulled forth an old clay pipe, blew into the stem a few times, looked into the bowl, scraped it out with his little finger, blew into the stem again, took another look at the bowl, then put it between his teeth. He next extracted a tobacco pouch and filled his pipe. However he did not light it. A change of humor came over him, and, putting his elbows on his knees, he rested his face in his hands, dropped the pipe from his mouth, and became wrapped up in deep thought.

While he was thus pensively engaged, I was seized with a notion to find out who the man was. His manners long before we reached this point had seemed queer, but his latest acts, in view of the mission we were on, were incompatible with reason. I took a good look at him, but could not recollect having ever seen him before. Then, while mentally scanning my list of acquaintances and others whom I had casually met, he broke out into a low, sad raving.

"They say I sold them," he moaned. "And they are believed. Every

one thinks I did. But you, O God, you know I didn't. Oh!—"

He broke off in a distracted rumble. This was a clue of recognition—here was the Leader of the Strike. I came to this conclusion with a feeling of horror. The man before me now was totally unlike the one that I had known and admired before the close of the strike. A sad transformation had taken place in him. Instead of the powerful orator that I had heard when I first came to the region; in place of the wily diplomat, actively encouraging his weaker companions; instead of the noble-hearted man, sacrificing his individual preferment, his time, his energies, for the common cause of his fellow-workers, there was now a man aged, pale, feeble, decrepit, utterly broken down. His voice, compared with its former sonorousness, was scarcely louder than a whisper. His demeanor was that of a maniac.

Suddenly another fit seized him, and he grabbed the lantern and passed out into the gangway. I felt now that I was being entrapped by a madman, but an irresistible impulse led me on. He raised the lantern mechanically and looked at the roof, then started along the gangway. He walked in much the same manner as he had on the surface, with hanging head, downcast eyes and cheerless mien. The trip along the underground thoroughfare was fraught with the deepest mystery to me, but it assumed such a fascination that if the consequence was to be my doom, I could not refrain from going to meet it. Several times the man stopped suddenly, withdrew a few steps, and shuddered fearfully, as if horrible visions were passing before his mind.

Once he stopped longer than usual. It was at the junction of the

gangway with a plane, connecting a lower level, that had been opened shortly before the strike. During the period of idleness this level became flooded, and it was still filled with water to the brink. The gangway widened out here, so much so that it resembled a section of intersecting streets with the corners cut away, thus providing ample turning space. On stopping at this place my companion wore a troubled, despairing look. His whole frame trembled, his features became distorted. He crossed his arms over his face, seemingly to ward off the blows of an assailant, and crouched up shivering against the wall. The lantern had fallen from his hands. I picked it up, and in the faint glimmer that it threw amidst the eternal, unequaled darkness of the mine, I saw the most hideous picture of mental suffering it has ever been my lot to witness. The man's torture was most excruciating. He acted like one held at bay, with no avenue of escape open to him, and utterly helpless to take advantage of one should it present itself.

Soon his crouching attitude changed, like that of a cornered animal, to a last desperate act of resistance.

"I have done you no wrong. Why do you persecute me," he shrieked, at the same time advancing a few steps and gesticulating wildly in the air against an imaginary enemy. Then, attracted by the light, he made a race at me and grabbed me round the body.

"Leave me alone. I will go. But leave me alone," he cried again, turning me around to put me between himself and his assailant. His embrace at first was like that of a vice, but his energy soon spent itself, and I had no difficulty in escaping his grasp. The man resumed

his crouching, and frantically throwing his arms around, fled backwards in the direction of the plane. Then, pressed by his pursuers, he fell into the water.

The cold bath had a relieving effect upon him. He crawled out soaking wet, and shaking now more from cold than fear. When I saw that he emerged safely, I desired to end this ghastly spectacle. I had been led out by a phantom, which now reached a climax. Leaving the man alone, I retraced my steps along the gangway to find someone who would take care of him till morning. I went to the engine house in another part of the mine, where I found the pump-runner. The latter was acquainted with the man, and after I had related the night's adventure to him, he told me of the trouble that had befallen the one-time leader.

When he was accused, after the strike, of betraying the men, he was shunned by everyone as a traitor. But this was unjust, for he had never called the strike off. It ended through the cowardice of some of the miners,

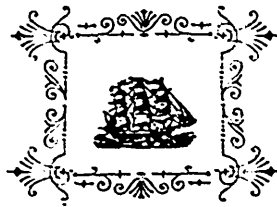
who, through fear of losing their places, resolved to go to work, and spread the rumor about a settlement. The injustice and ingratitude that was heaped upon the man, who had ever faithfully stood by his fellow workers, preyed upon his mind and unbalanced his reason. He was afflicted with the hallucination that someone was trying to drive him out of every place he went.

In company with the pump-runner I went back along the gangway to find him. We came upon him, shaking pitifully and muttering unintelligible expressions. The pump-runner kindly conducted him to the engine house where he took care of him for the night. I was hoisted to the surface and soon retired.

A few days afterward I left the coal region carrying with me many unfading memories, but none so indelibly stamped upon my mind as my experience with the Leader of the Strike.

D. McTIGHE.

First Form.



SILENCE.

ILENCE ! a breathless hush is in the air.
 The still sky, listening, stays the wandering cloud,
 The tree-tops in the breezeless calm are bow'd
 As if they harken'd to some message rare,
 Some subtle harmony vibrating there
 Not of this earth,—for here no human crowd
 Works its magnetic charm ; no bird aloud
 Its spell of music weaves ; nor aspect fair
 Those rugged hills and leafless forests bear,
 Still wearing shreds of winter's chilling shroud.

And yet, oh, God, this is felicity,
 To bide here, soul to soul, alone with Thee !
 And hear the message that Thou dost impart,—
 In solitude Thou speakest to the heart.

E. C. M. T.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE BEAUTIFUL WILD WEST.

A FEW weeks more, and then thousands of colleges, academies and schools will close their doors for the much-needed summer rest. Professors as well as students will go forth to enjoy, as best they can, a grateful relaxation from the strain and worry of educational routine. At such a time it is surely in order to recall the cherished scenes, the smiling valleys, the picturesque villages, the sloping hills, the stately mountains hoar, where we spent other summer seasons in the good days that are gone for ever. By so doing we will give an impetus to the study of God's works in all their charms, and at the same time, pay a kindly tribute to the well-remembered localities that formerly proved for us a source of deepest pleasure and sincerest admiration.

Picture yourself, dear lover of nature's handiwork, amid the boldly contrasted scenery of distant South Dakota. Let the day on which your spirit-winged visit to this remote portion of the great Republic is paid, be one in June. The sky spreads in purest azure from horizon to horizon, and the air is heavily laden with the fragrance of many blossoms. The north-west mountains hold aloft their purple-grey summits in the light bracing atmosphere, and a highly diversified landscape spreads far and wide to the west and south. This latter expansive country, one of those thinly populated regions in which sometimes a wayfarer is obliged to traverse miles and miles before reaching any kind of human dwelling, (although, once in a while, two or three houses can be found in close

proximity,) is one vast plain, of which the provoking monotony is occasionally broken by a relief-giving clump of heather and pines which seem to flourish in these far western oases. Formerly these plains were the undisputed pasture and playgrounds of numerous buffalo herds, but now that lordly animal is rarely seen cantering over Dakota's fragrant sward.

Away to the north, as we have hinted, the country is undulating, even mountainous. Let us leave awhile the level and climb a towering steep. From its summit one's eye wanders over a fertile valley watered by the beautiful Chyenne. As you stand there amid the summer radiance, the picture before you is indeed lovely. Here and there through the thick groves of oak and beech, there may be had some charming glimpses of spreading meadow-lands, green as spring with luxuriant aftermath; glimpses of wide fields, gold-carpeted with ripening corn; glimpses of neat and peaceful homesteads.

On another side the scenery is no less magnificent. It embraces a beautiful sheet of water with well wooded shores, while, away in the distance, the wide expanse of a great lake is plainly visible. Deep down in the fertile valley nestles a little village where many a son of toil has found at once a peaceful retreat and a cherished home. Surrounded as it is by extensive farms teeming with rich crops, and by vineyards and orchards, bordered by plum, apricot, and cherry trees, all brightened and perfumed in spring with

their snow-white or pink blossoms, and laden in autumn with luscious fruits, this quiet village presents to your tourist eye, a scene such as Goldsmith sings of in his "Sweet Auburn, where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain."

Crowning a gentle knoll, just outside the village, there can be seen, and will certainly be admired, a fine old mansion, its garden stretching in terraces as far as a moss-grown wall of stone, which, half way down the slope, cuts it off from the intrusion of the outer world. Beyond lies a wood of pines and birches, separated from the wall, however, by the public road which, in gentle curves leads you to the village. As a finishing touch to this living picture, a little rivulet whose dancing waters flow calmly, yet sportively onwards between yellow-furzed and heather-purpled banks, shines copper-like under the sunset sky.

Certainly, if you are a lover of nature's choicest charms, you will never regret a ramble into these finely diversified regions, through toil-repaying cornfields, whose heavy heads rise and fall in golden waves with every breath of wind, past well fenced orchards, whose trees bow down with rosy burdens, over water-worn, rustic bridges and break-neck stiles, now skirting a gently flowing stream, where some patient angler sits motionless with rod and line; anon pausing on the brow of some verdure-clad hill, or leaning for repose against an ivy-covered wall, as you feast your eyes upon the life-like panorama below, where the variously tinted fields and woodland stretch away until they disappear upon the horizon, or until further prospect is cut off by an intervening tree or hill, or monarch mountain. Such a ramble through lovely glades

sentinelled by stalwart beeches, then along broad meadow lands, where, at one time, you can see in the distance the silvery shimmering of a lake, and at another, the curious turrets of some isolated manor peeping over the tree tops, always has been, and always will be the greatest pleasure of a tourist to the beautiful wild West.

Some years ago, towards the close of an ideal autumn day, the writer visited and admired the scene he is describing. Bathed in the refulgent luster shed by the setting sun, the valley presented an aspect truly picturesque. The harvest was ripe, and the gleaners had left unmistakable traces of their labors in the bounteous fields. The farmers, as they trudged peacefully to their frugal homes, could be heard singing their evening song, and, in the distance, the tinkle of bells among the goat-herds, and the merry piping of horns, whose echoes rebounded again and again over hill and mountain, meadow and streamlet, added to the scene a life and action that could not fail to lead one's soul into the profoundest phases of thoughtful admiration.

Twenty miles west from this American Arcadia, rise the great, massive, venerable Black Hills. You would miss more than half the interest of your visit to Dakota, did you fail to pay them a passing visit. When you have climbed to one of their cloud-seeking summits, you can look around upon a scene of unrivalled beauty and awe-inspiring majesty. On every side the view is limited by mighty peaks whose green drapery descends and descends until its hem is laved by the deep waters of some rippling lake. In other places immense projecting rocks form giddy precipices, from three to four hun-

dred feet in height. Now and then the repeated booming sounds of some great boulder, detached from its crumbled resting-place, can be heard as it crashes down into the yawning gorge below. Ever and anon the fitful or fierce cry of some forest denizen, as it glides through the woods falls distinctly upon the ear. Some parts of these mountains are entirely destitute of trees, and in such places, the varied reflections of the sun's rays from the great marble walls that nature has so firmly built, will certainly dazzle a while your eyes. A restless stream, unchecked by dam or basin, dashes its yellow foam over crag and boulder, until it suddenly sweeps under a rustic path-way, before plunging headlong into the gulf below.

During the writer's stay in the neighborhood of these noble heights he often had occasion, at various seasons, to climb their notched and tempest-lashed walls, and from their highest pinnacles, to gaze with delight upon the varying scene. One of these expeditions, undertaken at the risk of life or limb, a glorious October afternoon, has left an indelible impression upon his memory's page. Shortly before sunset the would-be tourist had climbed to the top of a high mass of granite rock, and was searching the horizon for the two loftiest sky-scrapers. Below him, and hugging as it were the middle of the steeps, extended a fleecy lower cloud that looked like a milky sea with many a bay and inlet, whilst away before him opened an apparently endless vista of bold, rugged headlands, piled up, one behind the other, till their outlines were lost in the reddish haze of the distance.

On either side, just at his feet, the black caps of minor peaks formed a

sort of elevated archipelago by dotting the undulating expanse of pale vapor with their peeping masses, until they joined the conical turrets of the Bigh Horns far to the west. Towards the south in a wooded valley, a fleecy mist rising from a turbulent stream began to veil, as with a bridal gauze, the valley and the lower hillsides. As it rose, the tall, sombre pine trees and less stalwart winter-thorns took on a purplish tinge like the edge of a woodviolet. Suddenly, just as the sun began to touch the broken line of the horizon, a hitherto unnoticed mass of vapor was rolled aside, as a curtain might be drawn back, and high above the highest of these ridges towered a monstrous mass of black rock. Frowning down upon the humbler elevations in its neighborhood as if to reprove them for daring to depreciate his majesty, the tyrant had evidently determined to show himself in his best aspect. Upon his luminous shoulder the slanting sunbeams seemed to rest in sweet affection; above, and on either side, dense bales of cloud enclosed the picture, the bold, irregular outlines of their inward edges sparkling with scarlet, purple, and gold, until some snow on the highest pinnacles caught the reflection and was transformed into rich caps of velvet and amaranthine satin. Not a sound could be heard; all nature seemed as if buried in calm and holy repose. Spellbound, the tourist gazed upon the momentarily varying scene as slowly, tenderly the veil of eve was drawn before the face of glory. Darker and darker grew the picture until it became a confused grayish, or almost colorless mass with an occasional black peak looming up like some shapeless spectre in the background. Silently and with reluctance, the absorbed onlooker saw the

hues of that gorgeous picture fade, and then he turned away and wondered was it real, that which he had witnessed.

In the bosom of this scene of beautiful grandeur is tucked away dear, far-famed Deadwood—mining camp, county town, and commercial centre. As you look down upon it from the steep, foliage-covered mountains that enclose it, the most conspicuous objects presented to your view are a few fantastic looking structures peering out of the tree tops. You can see the great Oddfellow's Hall leaning against a green background of hills to the south, and the county hospital, with laughing gardens, resting tranquilly beside it. You can catch just a glimpse of the elaborate Burlington Railway Depot situated at the opposite end of the town, and you may also notice divers turrets and church steeples towering up in various localities. Two tall cigar-factory chimneys on the outskirts of the town help to lend variety to this tableau. Amidst the humbler edifices there is one vine-clad and grove-surrounded *rus in urbe*, that brings back to the writer's mind the sweet recollections of his childhood days. How vividly does he recall that modest mansion on the sloping hillside, with its mild green lawn, and spreading maples and oaks, and elms, and chestnuts, "where age was pleased in heats of noon, to bask beneath the boughs." Clearly does he remember the little garden with its luxuriant vegetables tempting fruits, and heavy heads of silken corn—the sparkling well, with its arch-like covering, and its traditional oaken bucket, that brought relief to many a parching tongue. Were his essay not already lengthy, and time less urgent in its stern demands, he might go on indefinitely with this

description of other day charms—the charms of his old home, as

"Fond recollection presents them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood
And every loved spot which his infancy knew."

When we enter the rather modern streets of Deadwood, the whole town, notwithstanding its name, seems very much alive and busy. Coaches, omnibuses, chaises, cabs, hacks, and stages are dashing to and fro between the different parts of the town; express wagons, as well as grocery, butcher and baker carts are hurrying hither and thither with their different wares; the heavy wains of wood and ice dealers seem to be vying with the ore and dump carts in the noisy slowness of their progress. Huxters at their stalls, peddlers moving from door to door, and ballad singers at the corners, add their loud cracked voices to the mingling noises, while gaudy signs and skilfully arranged shop fronts brighten the whole scene with an air of gaiety. All these varied occupations—this hustle and bustle, this rush and push, this brilliancy of decoration—give Deadwood the appearance of some great business centre in the East.

Some miles from Deadwood hospital are situated the extensive gold mines of the Homestake Company. Second only to the once famous Cripple Creek district, these gold fields employ a daily average of fifteen hundred men. The main shaft, which is twelve hundred feet in depth, branches off into subterranean passages under most of the surrounding region.

One sultry day in August the writer had the honor of accompany-

ing a party on a visit to this subterranean world of labor. As he had never been down there before, of course his curiosity was almost at fever heat when the wished-for starting hour came. The trip from Deadwood to the mine was an affair of but short duration, and passed without incident of note. On the way, the strangers gazed inquiringly at several large square holes in the ground, but these are such common sights in the locality, that amongst people acquainted with the place they barely attract the least attention. The party having arrived at the main opening, the writer's courage almost failed him as he gazed into what seemed a bottomless pit. His fears, however, were soon laughed into real American courage by other more sturdy members of the little band, and when all were safe in the swinging car that awaited them every unpleasant sensation was crowded out by bright anticipations of new and strange experiences. At a given signal, down went their novel conveyance, like a bucket in a well, until, before they knew what was happening, they had arrived, with a jar, at their gruesome looking destination. Such a descent, twelve hundred feet below the earth's surface, especially on a hot summer day, produces a peculiar, an almost indescribable sensation. On the occasion in question, everyone felt as though he had suddenly landed in an ice house. It was easy to realize how important were the little caps, having lamps attached, with which each workman is provided. Dampness and darkness were prevalent on every side. The sound of water softly dripping from cracks and crevices, could be heard distinctly in the intense stillness. As the visitors advanced into a broad avenue, they

could hear the sturdy blows of miners' picks upon the hard ore, and soon in the distance, they could see the lights of little smoky lamps gleaming like glow-worms through the heavy obscurity. Then shadowy figures moving about like ghosts in the semi-darkness, called to mind with forcible distinctness, some vivid scenes from Dante's 'Inferno.' As the writer approached these busy workers, he paused and watched with interest, while they delved for the brilliant metal which nature has here stowed away so abundantly in her stronghold. Although plentiful, this granite-like ore is difficult to mine. Some of the men lay almost on their backs whilst they struck above them into the shining substance. Small cars on rails convey the precious ore to the shaft's bottom, from which an elevator brings it to the surface. It is then taken to a mill, where it is crushed, separated, and put through many other processes, before it comes out as the precious yellow metal with which all of us are more or less acquainted. After a brief stay in the dismal and unattractive, though golden-walled hallways and narrow passages, the visitors sought once more the little car, and having been hauled to the upper world, were glad to feel again the grateful warmth of the summer sun.

But why dwell longer upon the many and varied attractions of the beautiful Wild West? A person, even though he were an Irving, might write till doomsday about its charms, and still leave half of them unmentioned. This essay is but a glimpse at the salient beauties of a particular district. Let it be hoped that some more nimble and more brilliant pen will next year grace the OWL with masterpiece word-pictures,

showing more advantageously the land of the rolling prairies, the Rockies and the Cascades, where nature exhibits the majestic grandeur of her bounty,

“And tells the stars, and tells the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices,
praises God.”

W. CHAPUT, 2nd Form.



MY AUBURN.

My native town—a noble place,
Refuge of men of every race;
Whose modest bounds fair breezes
swept

And with the people laughed or wept;
Whose virgin soil repaid its care
With prosperous yield of bounteous
fare;

Where man to man as to a brother
Gave right for right one to the other;
Where bluest skies and golden clouds
Shed lustre down on motley crowds;
Yet saw that each his portion gave
And hoarded not what one might
crave;

The red man, once its savage guard,
Now shares but part its glossy sward;
His feathers, paints and deadly bow
For better things were forced to go.
The Briton gave it ordered life
And welcomed hence in manly strife
All those who felt the tyrant's hand
Or labored 'gainst a barren land.
The Norseman, Swede and Scottish
Celt

Encircled Neptune's dangerous belt;
The exiled sons of Erin came
And brought it health and deathless
fame;

The German with his pipe and beer
Dispelled the gloom and spread good
cheer;

The sturdy Frenchman, brave and
true

Of valor gave his measured due.
Europe's governments were strained
And some came hence who once had
reigned;

These once alone possessed the land
And ruled it with a kindly hand;
Too kind, perhaps, for, gone to
rest,

Gone with them is what made them
blest.

From torrid south to frozen north
Came men of all degrees of worth.
Now Hun, Italian, Tyrol, Pole
With Russian Slavs o'erun the
whole;

Who live while others needs must
loath—

Conditions give not meat for both.
With all the charms that Auburn
knew

And all that Auburn's poet drew
My native town could well com-
pare,—

'Tis now, [like Auburn, doomed to
share

Decaying homes, the thriving weed,
That ever follows wicked greed.

Yet ere it falls and scatters those
Who once were friends or mayhap
foes,

I wish to see, and, home to bless,
Then leave it in forgetfulness.

D. MCTIGHE, FIRST FORM.

The Owl.

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

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COMMENT.

It is a lucky thing for a few controversially-inclined individuals that THE OWL will not appear again until September. To them we commend the words of Pope:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

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The question no longer is: "who struck Billy Patterson?" but "who stuffed Durocher?"

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It is a pitiable sight to see a man wearing his national flag where he ought to have his trousers.

One of the city papers announced a few days ago the escape of an owl on Wellington street. For the benefit of the benighted denizens of outlying villages we desire to state emphatically that it was not the Ottawa College OWL. We are still doing business at the old stand.

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Kindly notice that this issue completes our eleventh volume. And—to quote Shakespeare—THE OWL, though slightly disfigured, is still in the ring.

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Read the article "Progress of Catholicity in New York City" in this number of THE OWL. It is a magnificent page of contemporaneous church history; it inspires, while it instructs; and it gives one reason why our sympathies are with the United States.

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Admiral George Dewey, the hero of the naval battle at Manila is a Catholic—a convert to the faith. Senor Sagasta, prime minister of Spain, is a Grand Master of Continental Freemasonry. It requires more acrobatic suppleness than the OWL possesses, to bitterly condemn Freemasons and in the same breath utter fervent prayers for the success of a people and a parliament which elect, retain and support as their chief executive officer an avowed leader in a secret organization whose determined hostility to the Catholic Church is its most prominent characteristic. THE OWL confesses its in-

ability to have any respect whatsoever for the catholicity of any self-styled catholic nation which deliberately tolerates as its parliamentary leaders or representatives men inimical to the Catholic Church and Catholic interests. In this view we may be pitifully narrow-minded or mentally feeble or critically myopic. But it is the way we are built, and we cannot help it. To bear the Catholic name and at the same time to freely choose anti-catholic legislators is,—to the thick-headed OWL at least—so evidently illogical and so fundamentally contradictory, as to stand self-condemned.

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With the end of this year THE OWL loses three of its editors. Messrs. Gleeson, Hanley, and McDonald go out with the class of '98. Their time and talents were ever at the service of their college journal; their work was largely instrumental in keeping the OWL in the forefront of college papers. They deserve, and have, the sincerest gratitude of the student body.

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It will seem very strange next fall, when the garnet and grey again shows on the old field, to have Tom Clancy and Eddie Gleeson with us no more. All that these two men have been to the champions of Canada during the past four years can be understood only by those who have followed the fifteen closely and are familiar with every detail of the work done. It will be long ere we

shall see their places at centre forward and centre half-back so satisfactorily filled. Their services are appreciated and they may rest assured that, though absent from our future struggles, they shall not be forgotten.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,

Mr. Gladstone has gone to his eternal rest. Unnecessary for us the task, congenial to our inclinations though it would be, of narrating the wondrous career of the wondrous Old Man. The details of that potent life are domestic history for the great family of men. We will merely venture, from an educational standpoint, to pass a feeble judgment upon that world-moving career and to give an humble appreciation of that exalted genius. Mr. Gladstone was an educated man in the fullest sense of the strictest application of the term. "The prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton" he may have been but at any rate he was a boy and a manly boy. Not of the girlish type was he. Hardy, strength-promoting, out-door exercise had for him a special charm. He was ever an ardent student; but he understood as few students bring themselves to understand, that man is not a purely intellectual being. The perfection of the mind presupposes the perfection of the body. The mental faculties are dependent on the proper functioning of the physical faculties. Mr. Glad-

stone had always in view this elementary principle and acted consistently with it. In his younger days a judicious application to sculling and walking developed his physical system. Walking and tree-felling in his maturer years preserved the robust constitution that ministered so long, so faithfully and so well to his intellectual faculties. Gladstone was endowed by nature with a most powerful intelligence and he perfected to the utmost this Heaven-emanating gift. In method he was a generalizer. He never dwelt to excess on minutiae. He detested the microscopy of pedantry. Fundamentals he regarded as mere primary, though necessary, steps leading to the summit of the tower whence he could sweep the vastnesses of the intellectual horizon. This is the secret of his pandect-like knowledge, while it is likewise the explanation of his keen interest in topics and subjects that to less-embracing minds seemed inexpedient, unimportant or trivial. This moreover reduces to a matter of course his marvellous ability to master details when necessary. A complete skeleton of every subject of interest to human intelligence already existed in his mind. To finish the structure by the superposition and interposition of details was but slight labor indeed. Even as a boy at Eton, this bent of his mind displayed itself. He was impatient of rudiments, except in so far as they aided him to attain to wider knowledge. He disliked philological discussions. Classical syntax

and classical etymology were to him only a means to an end—the reading and the understanding of the masterpieces of ancient literature. Not piecemeal was he content to study them. Not simply chapter by chapter did he read them, but book by book, library by library. Homer and Virgil, in their entirety, he had within easy mental call. Their spirit, their sense, their power, their grandeur, he made all his own. The voluminous writings of the Holy Fathers and ecclesiastical historians were systematized and classified in his expansive mind. And so it was with all his studies. It was this synthetic trend of his mind, this episcopal-like method of study, that gave him sway over such immense realms of intellectual activity and that enabled him to descend at will to combat particular opponents on the particular fields of their own choosing.

Moreover Mr. Gladstone was a moral man. In boyhood and in manhood, throughout the whole current of his life, he scrupulously obeyed the dictates of conscience. Piety and reverence for sacred things were ever marked traits in his character. His comfort and his solace was the Bible. The Fathers of the Church and the historians of the Church were his authors of predilection. St. Thomas Aquinas was to him a source of light and learning and increased devotion. In the political sphere, his every word and deed bore the approving seal of right reason. Once, on the question of the May-

nooth-grant, a scrupulous delicacy of conscience nearly blighted his public career at its very outset. He never looked at a question from the view-point of expediency but always from the side of justice. Even in his appeals to Parliament, he never addressed himself to national egotism, self-complacency, and Pharisee-morality; but endeavored to obtain a favorable verdict for justice sake. In a word, he bore unsullied to the close of the century that banner which O'Connell, in its opening years, was the first to unfurl: "Nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right." Of course, in maintaining that Mr. Gladstone was a sincerely moral man, that he was ever a passive instrument at the service of conscience, we know that we are exposing ourselves to adverse criticism. We know perfectly well that our statement runs counter to a popular tradition. Yet do we maintain our position; for both reason and history prove the truth of our sentiment. And indeed, is it probable that a man of such extreme sensibility of conscience as Mr. Gladstone proved himself to be, would refuse that greatest of graces, vocation to the one true Faith? Is it probable, we ask, that a man who, on a memorable occasion, unhesitatingly sacrificed career to conscience, afterwards deliberately would sacrifice eternal salvation to worldly ambition or to worldly interests? Reason emphatically answers, No; and History corroborates the testimony of Reason. Suffice it here to

quote the words of a Catholic biographer of Mr. Gladstone. "It has been said," says Justin McCarthy in his *Story of Gladstone's Life*, "that Mr. Gladstone had decided leanings towards the Roman Catholic Church. No doubt a Church so venerable, with so picturesque and artistic a ritual, a Church 'in whose bosom,' as Thackeray puts it, 'so many generations of saints and sages have rested' could not but appeal to all that was poetic and all that was devotional in Mr. Gladstone's nature. But I do not believe that he had any sympathy with the especial doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. It was at one time assured by many that Mr. Gladstone was likely to be swept away by the Newman movement into Catholicism. I have, however, spoken with men who were contemporaries of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, who had themselves since become Roman Catholics, and who told me they never saw reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone was likely to join the Church of Rome." That he remained without the visible fold of the Church is a sad, a mournful fact. Conversion would have placed the crown of perfection upon an almost perfect life. But the ways of Providence are mysterious and it is not for us to be curious concerning His dispensations. Let us rather rejoice in our well-founded conviction that the Grand Old Man was ever a member of the invisible fold of the One True Pastor, that he belonged to the living Soul of the One True Church. And now he is

gone and the shadow seems to have fallen on the world. Another chair is vacant at the fireside of the grand family of the world. Another intellectual giant has run his course. Another dynamic force has been removed from the moral order. Another luminary has dipped, grandly, gloriously, beneath the political horizon. Naught now remains of him but the story of his life—a life that will ever serve to “remind us we can make our lives sublime”; a life that, as we read it, seems to march onward and upward to strains of such stately music that of him who is not thrilled thereby it might well be said, he

“Is fit for treasons, strategems and
and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as
Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.”



EDITORIAL NOTES

When General Woodford, the American consul, was leaving Spain, he experienced some difficulty with the Spanish officials concerning Senor Moreno, one of his party, who was thought to be a Spanish citizen. After the trouble was over the General turned to his interpreter, who was an Irishman, and said: “I always like an Irishman near me in a tight corner.”

The estimated Catholic population of the British Empire is distributed as follows among the different parts: In England 1,500,000, in Scotland 365,000, in Ireland 3,549,956, in the American colonies 2,600,000. If we add to these the number of

Catholics in the other colonies the total Catholic population will exceed 10,000,000. In the Privy Council in England there are nineteen Catholics, in the House of Lords thirty-one, and in the House of Commons seventy-three.

An unsuccessful attempt was recently made in France to discontinue the use of naval chaplains. The motion for their suppression was lost by a vote of 333 to 143. Admiral Besnard, when speaking against the measure, said that “the chaplains are not political agents,” but their mission is “to comfort and advise the seamen, not only in time of illness, but in time of health.” Continuing the admiral affirmed that the Catholic chaplain is indispensable, and already their numbers had been diminished to the lowest limit of necessity.”

The latest reports from United Italy are not such as would lead one to believe that peace and contentment are enjoyed by the poor in that country. The bread riots which have recently taken place are the result of over-taxation imposed upon the people in order that Italy may retain her place in the Triple Alliance by a false show of strength in her navy and army. The composition of the existing government can be seen in the fact that the necessaries of life are always the most highly taxed. Evidently the Piedmontese usurpers are not there for the good of the people.

Mr. Dillon, interviewed in regard to the Spanish-American war, expressed his opinions thus: “In fighting for the liberation of Cuba the United States are, it seems to me, acting in accordance with the dictates of humanity and with the traditions of the great Republic. My sympathy is with America, but apart

from this how can I or any Irish Nationalist fail to feel drawn towards America by the strongest bonds of sympathy when she is face to face with a great national emergency? Millions of our race owe America love, gratitude and loyalty for giving them liberty, a home, an asylum from poverty, slavery and wrong. America's conflicts, interests, and sentiments are Ireland's, and I pray that victory, speedy and complete, may attend the arms of America in the present war, both for her sake and the sake of humanity."

It is interesting, to say the least, to note the progress which Catholicism is enjoying in England in spite of the many severe obstacles with which it has been, and to some extent still is, opposed. The *Sacred Heart Review* attributes this rapid progress to prayer, and in support of this assertion relates the following incident: "In confirmation we recall the foundation made for the conversion of England by the hapless son of James II, commonly known as the Pretender. Moved by his spirit of faith and by his affection for his youngest son, Prince Henry, Duke of York, born in Rome in 1725, he gave, in 1751, a sum of money for the perpetual celebration of the following touching ceremony: Every Saturday (probably chosen out of devotion to our Lady) at eleven o'clock in the church of Santa Maria in Portico, Rome, the Blessed Sacrament was to be exposed on the high altar and mass celebrated, followed by the singing of the Litany of Loretto, the psalm *Levavi oculos meos in montes*, some liturgical prayers and benediction. The young prince, having received holy orders, and been created by Benedict XIV, cardinal-deacon with the title of the above-named church, saw to the car-

rying out of his father's pious wish. This statutory supplication for the conversion of England has been offered weekly ever since the days of the Cardinal of York. Has it not had a great share in the 'new spring' of Catholicism in the British Isles."

The evils attending mixed marriages are vividly set forth in the *Sunday Democrat*: "Daily experience shows the wisdom of the Church in condemning the marriages of Catholics with non-Catholics, and the statistics recently published in Prussia show the bad consequences of such marriages. From these statistics we learn that on December 2, last, there existed in Prussia 278,434 cases of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants. In 150,365 cases the husband was a Catholic, and in 128,069 the wife was Catholic. Thus, to their shame be it said, more Catholic men than women contract such unions, and surely for men there is less excuse than for women. Now for the consequences. Out of 597,521 children, the offspring of these marriages, no less than 332,947 were brought up Protestants, as against only 264,648 Catholics, a clear evidence of the disastrous results to the faith; for here in spite of the large majority of some 32,000 Catholic fathers, we find a majority of about 68,000 Protestant children. Could statistics be more eloquent? Again, look at the following figures. Of the children of Protestant fathers 59 per cent of the boys and 53 per cent of the girls—in each case a clear majority—follow the religion of the father; whilst of those of Catholic fathers only 46.6 per cent of the boys and 42.4 per cent of the girls are brought up as Catholics. Thus both Catholic fathers and Catholic mothers neglect their duty towards the souls of their children."

Mr. J. K. Foran editor of the *Pcn*, commenting on the question often asked "What are the English classics!" writes as follows:

"There is many a one to-day in Canada who has spent months and years plodding through a complete course, and who never learned, or, if he did, has forgotten all about the literary grandeurs of his native language. We meet with students who translate Homer's *Odyssey*, but who could not analyze the first proud sentence in the "*Paradise Lost*"; who know Virgil by heart and yet have never read and never digested a drama of Shakespeare's; who can talk of Demosthenes and Cicero and cite their phrases, yet who never read Burke nor Chatham; who know nothing of Grattan, Sheridan or Canning; who know the Odes of Horace by heart, and yet never heard of Junius; who can tell of Josephus, of Xenophon, or of Tacitus, yet who never read Addison, Swift or Ben Johnson; to whom Macaulay is unknown, and the British essayists are myths.

How many of these students are able to speak critically of Dickens, Scott, Lever, Thackeray, Bulwer or even George Eliot? How few of these young men, learned in the verses of Latin poets, could quote intelligently from "*Childe Harold*," or "*The Prisoner of Chillon*?" They have read Lactantius and the Fathers. Newman, Faber, Bernard O'Reilly and Manning are only names for them; they have striven to untangle the woven mathematics of La Place, yet Newton is outside their sphere; they read the "*Orlando Furioso*," and they never studied the "*Deserted Village*." Would it not be well if our English classics went hand in hand with the dead languages? And the same applies to French classics.

Conic sections and Geometry applied to Astronomy, Ganot, Atkinson and Leibnitz should not crush out Lindlay Murray and Thompson's elements of Arithmetic."



OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Rev. Father Ring, O.M.I., who conducted the students' retreat last October seems to have formed a very favorable opinion of America and her people. Interviewed lately with regard to his mission tour through Canada and the United States, he declared that his most sanguine anticipations had been realized. He had been everywhere received with cordial welcome by priests and laity, and everywhere delighted by the religious fervor, the lively faith and the genuine piety of the people. "One notices," said he, "progress of many kinds in America, but no work, no institution, no christian communion has grown, and expanded and developed as the Catholic Church." He then goes on to instance the increase in the number of colleges and seminaries, of priests and nuns, and calls attention to many other signs of progress which familiarity causes us to overlook, but which did not escape the notice of the keen and observant Dublin missionary.

On the evening of May 17, Rev. Father Lalonde, S.J., delivered an interesting lecture before a French audience in our Academic Hall. The domestic life of Louis Veuillot, the great French writer, was the subject of the conference, and the attractive ease with which the lecturer treated the theme was such as to make his hearers wish that Father Lalonde would more frequently favor an Ottawa audience with the product of his learning and eloquence.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The current issue of the *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart contains many attractive and interesting contributions. The paper by the Rev. Abbot Eutropius, entitled "Foundation of Gethsemani Abbey," which was begun last month is continued in this number. The simple and unaffected account which the eminent writer gives us of the trials and hardships endured by himself and his little band of pilgrims on their journey to America, rouses in us feelings of sympathy and admiration. "The Early Cluniac Monks and their Influences," by Arthur Floyd, as the title indicates, is a short sketch of the establishment at Cluny, in southwestern France, of that once famous order of monks and the work done by them in the evangelization and civilization of Europe during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The following extract which is found in the *Ave Maria*, shows that the world is beginning to see that science is not everything, that religion is again claiming its position as the true teacher of man. Tolstoi has joined Brunetière in proclaiming "the bankruptcy of science." The Russian writer, whose psychological treatises, thinly disguised as novels, have made him an international oracle to the creedless multitude, now declares bluntly that modern science is absurdly overrated, and that the great need of the day is more enthusiastic devotion to religion and morality. Religion alone, he says, can teach man "how to live, how to act towards his friends and relatives, how to control instincts and desires that occur within him, how and what to believe." In his grey old age Tolstoi is beginning to lay hold of truths which the christian

child, instructed in his catechism, already grasps firmly. He is angry at those who have estranged unthinking or credulous people from Christianity by preaching "the religion of science."

The first number for 1898 of *Current History* is to hand. The value of this publication as a work of historical reference on events of recent occurrence cannot be overestimated. The reviews it contains are remarkable for accuracy of statement, impartiality and conciseness, qualities which are essential in a work of this kind. Among the best articles to be found in this number are: Alphonse Daudet; The Cuban Question; The Dreyfus Case; The Hawaiian Question; Currency Reform; The Klondike Gold Fields; Turkey, Greece and the Powers.



OUR BRETHEREN.

The writer of the editorial in the *Abbey Student* treating of the present attitude of England towards the United States would make a poor statesman, a bad historian, and a worse diplomat. He would accept the "proffered assistance" of no nation unless he felt that the helping hand was extended merely from "altruistic motives;" he would look at historical facts with a jaundiced eye, and would portray the squabble of 1812 as a thing of gigantic proportions, and of extremely disastrous consequences; and he would enter into a discussion for the settlement of a difficulty with the avowed intention of dealing out nothing but "rebukes and humiliations" and of letting all know that such was his intention. If England, as that writer would wish us to believe, eagerly desired to revenge all the indigni-

ties suffered at the hands of the United States, she would seize the present as the most favorable opportunity, and would leave that country alone to face the storm of censure that is being poured against her action, and probably the armed resistance of a powerful European alliance. There is no reason why, apart from the egotistic motives ascribed to England, the similarity in customs and language of the two countries should not go very far towards effecting a close alliance between them, and we may safely say that a large majority in each country would hail such an alliance with joy. England is not a nation of Lord Norths, and she is not now trying to deceive by her professions of friendship.

The Purple is happy, and THE OWL would likewise be happy if the "old boys" were as loyal in their support of the journal of their Alma Mater as are the alumni of Holy Cross. The liberal prizes awarded for the best compositions in the different departments of literature have resulted in many very creditable productions. There is nothing that stimulates literary activity amongst students more than some such reward as \$25 in gold for their efforts, and it seems a pity that the example of these generous donors is not more widely followed.

Last month we had occasion to credit the arrival of a college paper from Ireland. Now comes one from far-away India, the land of the jungle and tiger. Education is well provided for in that country. It can boast of colleges that will compare quite favorably with any in America. *The Mangalore Magazine* hails from St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore. It is certainly a very creditable publication, and one that augurs well for

the prosperity of the institution it represents.

With this issue closes another scholastic year, and we must bid *au revoir* to "our brethren." We lay aside the cudgels and turn to something more congenial than criticism of our neighbors' actions. Our task, however has not been an unpleasant one. We trust that the same friendly intercourse will be resumed next year, and that it will be carried on with an increased degree of earnestness.



ATHLETICS.

The second team met and defeated the Young Canadians by a score of 26 to 3. The play of the strangers gave no indication of their nationality; but it was not long before they gave ample evidence that they were fully entitled to everything contained in that very expressive adjective with which their name begins. The College team: Cade, c; Foley, p; McTighe, 1st b; Houlton, 2nd b; Myles, 3rd b; Albin, ss; Saunders, lf; McCormac, cf; Carroll, rf.

There is talk of the McGill football team returning to the ranks of the Quebec Rugby Union. All such rumors reach anxious ears around Ottawa College. We still hope to line up next fall to do battle with our old friends and rivals from Montreal.

The Ottawa baseball team has changed its name. Can't blame them. "Ottawa" is one of those names there isn't anything in; at least such has been the case in a certain line of athletics.

We still wait for the senior football trophies, and it is now probable that we are to wait in vain. The

Toronto members of the committee have either assumed unwarranted responsibility in ignoring the provisions of the C.R.U.; or else they have shown culpable negligence in delaying the matter this long without explanation.

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

- May 21—College vs. Capitals.
- May 25—College vs. Columbians.
- June 4—Capitals vs. College.
- June 18—Columbians vs. College.
- June 26—Columbians vs. Capitals.
- July 17—Capitals vs. Columbians.

It is narrated of a certain drummer boy, taken prisoner of war, that being asked to beat a signal of retreat, responded he could not since he had never learned it. Anyone capable of seeing an analogy between beating a retreat and treating a defeat, at one time, might have been able to conceive a resemblance between the young drummer and the sporting editor of the OWL. However, thanks to the memorable exploits of our hockey team, we have managed to learn a lesson or two on the recording of reverses; and if the baseball club long continues in the inglorious course in which it has begun, there is no saying how expert we may not become as a chronicler of ill news. Last month we tried to cover a multitude of sins under a poor patchwork of puzzling puns, but to completely hide the athletic crimes perpetrated on Saturday 21st, would overtax even the omnipotent genius of the ululatus scribe. On this occasion error followed error with monotonous regularity. The only offense in the baseball decalogue of which the college team cannot be accused is that of robbery; but it is to be feared that its scruples of conscience

can hardly be commended when restraining to such an extent as to prevent even the stealing of bases. The running, catching and throwing of the students was amazingly poor, while it is no palliation of their faults, to know that the work of the visiting team was just as bad. With the possible exception of a man or two the whole nine showed no appearance whatever of skill or judgment, and the winners can claim their victory, not because Capitals played better, but because College played worse. If championships are to be won there is need of immense improvement; indeed, if immense improvement cannot be made over past exhibitions, it is evident that our players might do well to take a lesson from Domitian of old, so that instead of persecuting spectators, they might profitably turn their attention to the more congenial employment of catching flies.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Small Yard Base-Ball Stock Co., was held on Monday evening, to decide what action should be taken with regard to the alleged manslaughter, which occurred at a recent match of the Ottawa Valley League. Shorty McGirr held the floor for four hours. This is how he did it:—

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen, yank de chaff out of your ears; I come to bury base-ball, not to praise it. The errors that men make live after them; their home runs are often nipped in the bud. But yesterday the curves of Ruane prevailed against the world and Hull: now he stands there and none so slow they cannot hit him. O brethren of the National League, if I were disposed

to stir your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Foley wrong, and Morin wrong, who, you all know, are honourable men: I will not do them wrong; I rather choose to wrong the dead Varsity team and you, than I will wrong such honourable men.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, You all do know this gay red cap: I remember the first time ever Foley put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening in his den, that day he over came the Hullites. Look, in this place ran a Lawless dagger through: See what a rent the envious Saunders made: Through this the well-beloved Toby stabbed; and as he drew the leathern glove away, mark how the blood of Foley followed it,—as rushing out of doors to see if Toby muffed or not, for Toby as you know was Foley's angel: Judge, O you gods. how dearly Foley loved him! This was the most unkindest muff of all; for when the noble Foley saw him muff, ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart; and in his mantle muffling up his face, even at the base of the Mortelle statua, great Foley fell. Howling Ramesis! my countrymen, bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Foley and I must pause till it come back to me."

During the confusion consequent on the search for McGirr's heart, our reporter made his escape and has given us this extract on condition that it shall not be published till the writer is safely ensconced in the stronghold of Read.

During this season of the year, base-ball holds undisputed sway. In their first match game, the Small Yard team had the pleasure of administering a mild rebuke to a presump-

tuous aggregation known before the game as the East Enders, but according to McGirr, now known as the tail enders; score 41-7. Throughout the game, Deroschers made himself conspicuous by studiously avoiding all the stray flies, which chanced to come to centre-field; while Call Aghain evidently labored under the impression, that he was in the rostrum, instead of in the pitcher's box. The Small Yard was represented by S. McGirr, Callaghan, A. McGirr, O'Brien, Rivard, McGuire, Barclay, Finan, Deroschers.

A second game was played by teams representing the Boarders and Externs. After eleven innings the score remained 9-9 and was declared a draw. Immediately after the game, a protest was placed in the hands of the umpire Guy, the Foreign Ambassador. McGirr was charged with having used a bat exceeding by three feet the regulation length of the National League. The case will be investigated by a committee chosen from the Young Irish Contingent from New-York.

The latest acquisition to the athletic organizations of the small yard is the Golf Club. Patrons.—Mike O'Leary; John Baptiste Charliewood. Honorary President:—Willie Daly. President, Vincent Meagher. Vice-Presidents, Choquette, Lebel. Secretary-Treasurer, Renaud. The links are beautifully laid out, commencing in the extreme western corner of the new campus, extending through the erstwhile potato patch, circling through the frog pond and terminating on the site of a club house which, it is confidently expected, will at some far-distant day, form a part of the proposed grand stand. With such an energetic committee of management, we

hope to see the golf club assume its rightful position among the clubs of the neighboring district.

MIKE'S PLEA FOR ADMISSION TO THE
BIG YARD.

1. I am the great and only Boy Orator and all round athlete; baseball, football, lacrosse, hockey and checkers are only a few of the games in which I excel.

2. By persistent efforts I have acquired conspicuousness in the several classes of the Third Grade, and, if the oracle be favorable, shall presently be numbered among the students of the classical course.

3. I now enjoy the highest position in the gift of the J. A. A., and must accordingly seek pastures new and other worlds to conquer.

For the edification of our readers we have consented to publish a list of works recommended by a few of the literary stars as profitable reading matter for the long summer vacation. The Tragedies of Shakespeare and the Holy Bible; approved by Vincent Meagher; Pied Piper of Hamelin, jointly and several endorsed by Finan and Sammons. Quo Vadis, Guy De Chadenes. Burke's Speech to the Electors of Bristol, Leon Charlebois. The Nick Carter Series (unlimited), Geo. Sylvain.



*PRIORUM TEMPORUM
FLORES.*

The Rev. Maurice J. McKenna has informed the Wise Old Bird that he is at present engaged in Parochial duties in Chicago. We wish him all success and happiness.

The members of the Reading Room feel greatly indebted to Mr. Fred J. Regis a graduate of '92 for

his kindness in sending many copies of the leading American dailies. Mr. Regis is in business in Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. J. Gorman, a commercial graduate of '94, has returned from the University of Pennsylvania where he is pursuing a course of dentistry. Mr. Gorman brings us word of the success attending his own efforts and those of Messrs. J. Cush and Myles Gibbons.

Joseph Cassidy, a commercial graduate of '96, recently visited us and greatly pleased THE OWL by his accounts of our former students in Buckingham.

Of the three gentlemen who re-recently passed the law examinations at Laval University two are old students at Ottawa. To Messrs. Garneau and Dumontier THE OWL presents the congratulations of the students and faculty.

Mr. Raoul Belanger, of foot-ball fame has returned to Ottawa from Quebec where he was engaged in a most successful pharmacy.

Mr. L. E. Hackett, a member of the class of '01 holds an important office in the Debating Society of Niagara University. Mr. Chas. Byrne, '00, is also attending that famous seat of learning.



ULULATUS.

THREE JAYS.

Kelly ; Smith ; Saunders.

Jack Cartier Square was all ablaze
With glistening arms and warlike
phase,
The marching men and bugles'
blare
Made everybody stand and stare.

And many a chuckle 'scaped the youths,
Who, from the college classic booths,
Went forth to see the sights so rare
Spread out beneath the sun's fierce glare.

But the show was tame as a trolley ride

Compared with Kelly's lovely stride
As out the throng of fashion and grace

He came to view with a smiling face
To put in the shade the *militaire*
And capture the cheers of all were there.

He never missed his mark, poor lad,

(But who could *miss* the mark he had?)

Fair Portia did her queenly part,
And nestled close to Kell's kind heart.

Thus under Cupid's guidance sure,
While the plebs were shouting ah,
there! *bon jour!*

The wood piles rocked and pickets fell,

But straight o'er the bridge went Lochinvar Kell.

Then how the bump of humor flamed
When the village *Smith*, so comely named,

Came after Kell with a bounding Swell

That showed he knew the game quite well.

His Venus spread a charm all 'round
And fixed the boys "right to the ground."

But Smith, unmindful of all looks,
Midst Greek and Latin and dainty cooks,

Was thinking hard and choosing close,

And turned the plebs all lachrymose.

The sunny knight of Uncle Sam
Was next to brave the crush and jam.

With Saunders marked across his brow

And pretty Maud by his side—I trow
They looked not bad at all for two
Who just escaped the cradle's woo.
The simpering maid was loath to march

Before the crowd of wilted starch,
But Tom, brave Romeo, soothed her fears,

Walked beside her with joyful tears,
Rejoiced to find so sweet a lass

Outside the shades of Webster, Mass.
When Portia, Venus and Maud demure

Were brought to papa's lawn secure,
They thanked the boys with smiles so sweet

That the rudest boor could not retreat.

So the swains hung on the garden gate

As if for a handout there to wait.

But a maid appeared and said—'tis true—

"Now dears, go home to your dinner, do."

We can play lacrosse at Peterboro allright.

To b(y)e or not to be a pitcher.

A poser—Photographer.

A trespasser—A hair-dresser.

A smoke stack—A pile of cigar boxes.

Anelevated train—Poetic thoughts

A flight of fancy—The golden stairs.

Running to seed—A hungry canary bird.

An old wiseacre—A decayed wisdom tooth.

Up the spout—The call through a speaking tube.

A man with a cast in his eye—A stage-manager.

Chas.—How did Mike win that 50 cents from you Dick?

Dick.—He bet that he could show me a stationary engine running.

Ed.—Throw down that glove, child.

Child.—Oh! I guess I throw you down.

Our team says that they will redeem their lost reputation by making nine home runs on June 22nd.

Frank.—Come on let us go to the wooden wedding.

Joker.—Where is it.

Frank.—Two posts are going to get hitched.

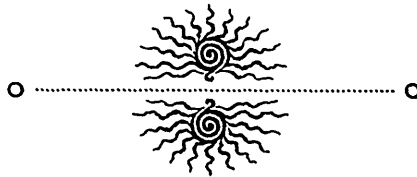
Henry.—I want to tell you a good

joke Emmet. Jim found a tack yesterday and put it on the window sill.

Emmet.—Yes, but where's the point to the joke?

Henry.—On the tack my boy.

Three facts from Zoology. 1st. There is an intimate relationship between a *bruno* and a *king fisher*. 2nd. A white headed *Cornicille* can be suddenly transformed into a night-hawk. 3rd. That *pullets* thrive best when allowed to roam at large over dandelion-carpeted *ambrosial* meadows of dream land.



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