

The Owl

February, 1892.

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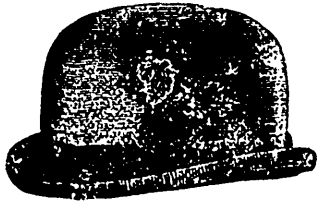
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LEO XIII.

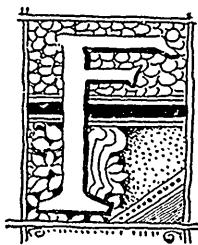
THE OWL.

VOL. VI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 6.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.



FROM every quarter of the Christian world eyes are now turned to Rome, where the successor of St. Peter, Pope Leo XIII, is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as Archbishop. Rome is now crowded with visitors, bishops and priests, and members of the laity, who have flocked thither to be present at the jubilee ceremonies in St. Peter's. This grand temple will no doubt be again the scene of as magnificent a celebration as was witnessed five years ago, when sixty thousand people gathered within its walls, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Pope's priesthood.

A brief sketch of the life of the Holy Father cannot fail to be of interest to the reader at this time, no matter how unskilful the hand that draws it. During this jubilee month, it is true, the press will acquaint those who are ignorant of them with the chief incidents in the long life of His Holiness, and teem with eulogies of the great work he has accomplished. But we are fortunate in being able to present to the reader, with this feeble sketch, the text of four private letters of His Holiness, addressed to intimate friends at important periods of his life. These letters have never before been published, having been obtained especially for the purpose of this article by the Rt. Rev. Chancellor of the University. They are each declared by Count Pecci, the Pope's nephew, to be genuine copies of the originals, which are kept in the archives of the family in their castle at Carpineto. By Count Pecci,

copies of these important letters were presented to the distinguished Canadian litterateur, and genealogist, Monsignor Tanguay, who has long been on terms of intimacy with the noble family to which the Holy Father belongs. The presentation of copies of the Pope's private correspondence is a notable mark of their regard for the Monsignor, and to this token of their esteem, and the Monsignor's kindness, our readers are indebted for the privilege of perusing these letters at this opportune time. We publish them in the order of their writing, and in their regular place in the sketch we give of the Holy Father's life.

Joachim Vincent Pecci, Pope Leo XIII, was born at Carpineto, a small town of the Papal states, situated amidst the fine scenery of the Volscian mountains. The Pecci family are of Siennese origin, having removed from Sienna to Carpineto in the fifteenth century. The family is ancient, and noble, many of its representatives being distinguished in Italian annals. The Pope's father, Count Luigi Pecci, served for a time under the great Napoleon. His mother was a pious and amiable woman, whose memory—she died in 1824—is still tenderly cherished by the son whom she trained for greatness. She was especially noted for her tender love of the poor, a trait no less marked in the character of her illustrious son. In 1818, at the age of eight, the future Pope was sent by his father to the college of Viterbo, conducted by the Jesuits, whose order Pius VII. had just restored to its former standing in the Church. There he spent six years, and then proceeded to the Roman College, under the direction of the same

order. There he won recognition for his piety and erudition. His abilities were conspicuous in his mastery of the classic tongues, which he employed with almost as much ease and grace as his native Italian. His skill in disputation was likewise of the highest order. On several occasions he sustained against all objectors important theses in the public examinations of his college, and won the applause of the ablest theologians for his skilful defence. From the Roman College he went to the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, where he studied law and diplomacy. His brilliant talents, and sincere piety here attracted the notice of Gregory XVI. the reigning Pontiff. The Pope determined to avail himself of such eminent talent, and attached him to his person by naming him a household prelate, and appointing him Referendary of the Segnatura. This was in March, 1837. In December of the same year, he received the orders of sub-deacon and deacon, and a little later the sacred priesthood. With what sentiments of humility, with how fervent a piety, and nobility of purpose, he entered upon the duties of the sacred ministry, this letter shows. It is the first of the four we have the privilege of publishing, and translated with a view, to preserve as much as possible the characteristics of the original, reads as follows :—

After a fortnight of a retreat strictly observed, my spiritual director grants me a holiday, and permits me even to turn my thoughts to what does not directly concern my soul. Taking advantage of this privilege I present myself to your Eminence by this letter, and full of joy and spiritual delight, I am happy to announce to you that on Sunday last, the 17th inst, I received the sacred order of sub-deacon, and again yesterday, by the Divine grace, that of deacon. I hope this joy will continue in me and even increase when I shall have obtained the priesthood ; but so far this great step only inspires me with alarm, for I apprehend on the one hand its excellency and sublimity, and on the other, my great unworthiness. Your Eminence, do not forget me ; from your heart recommended me to the Lord, and cause me to be recommended, for I assure you, in all truth, that I should wish to be a *true priest*, and to be able to serve God, and to labour with zeal for His glory, but to do it truly, and in the sense in which St. Ignatius understood it, and in which it is understood by those sainted sons of his amongst whom

I have the happiness to live.

During these days so joyful for our Holy Church, I wish your Eminence all the happiness of heaven, and while thanking you for your undeserved favours, I bend to kiss your sacred purple, and full of reverence and respect I have the honour to subscribe myself once more,

Your very humble, most devoted,
most obedient servant,

JOACHIM PECCI.

S. Andrea a M. Cavallo,

December 25th, 1837.

I declare the foregoing letter to be an exact copy of the original which is in my archives.

LUDOVICO PECCI.

This truly Christian spirit of humility and pious diffidence with which he prepared to take upon himself the duties of his sacred calling, was a good omen of his future usefulness and success. At the same time his purpose to work in the spirit of the noble order, that has had its martyrs and its heroes in every corner of the globe, was a sure pledge that no weakness would prove a pitfall in the path of duty.

He was soon to be put to the test of difficult service. The province of Benevento, remote from Rome to which it was subject, had, during the Napoleonic wars and the long absence of Pius VII., its temporal sovereign, become infested with brigands. During the years since the restoration of peace, no vigorous efforts had been made to destroy them. The work indeed was one of great difficulty, and not a little danger, as the brigands were in many instances connived at by the officers of the law, and protected by the rich and noble who shared in their gains. In February, 1838, Pope Gregory XVI. appointed Monsignor Pecci his delegate to this province of Benevento. To suppress brigandage and rapine, and to bring once more into respect the outraged laws, was the duty of the Pope's youthful delegate. He began by making impartial inquiries into the state of the province he had come to govern. He made his preparations without ostentation and when satisfied as to how he ought to proceed, he acted with decisive promptitude and firmness. Backed by a force with which the brigands were unable to cope he drove them from their strongholds, and terrified into submission their rich patrons who were wont to profit

by their ill-gotten gain in return for the protection they gave the brigands. There is an oft-told tale of how the Monsignor got rid of one band of some two dozen that were protected by a noble Marquis of the province. This Marquis was indignant that his prospective profits should be rudely snatched away as they promised to be, if the vigorous measures of the Pope's delegate were permitted to continue. Accordingly he resolved to set out to Rome, to use his influence to have the energetic delegate recalled. Before going however he thought it well to acquaint Monsignor Pecci with his purpose. "I am setting out to Rome," he remarked to the Monsignor "to procure an order for your expulsion from the province, and if I don't succeed I shall have you carried away." "Oh very well" replied Monsignor Pecci "but in the meantime permit me to put you in charge of these carabinieri to whom I now give orders, to keep you in prison for the space of three months and feed you on bread and water." The noble brigand had no choice but to submit. To prison he went accordingly and that very night the house of the Marquis was surrounded by troops, and the whole band of brigands to the number of twenty eight were taken into custody.

This incident shows how prompt and decisive the Monsignor could be when necessity demanded it, and that the right man had been sent to restore peace in Benevento was soon apparent from the improved state of the province. In the fourteen months of his stay he re-established order, and made of this distracted province one of the best governed of the Papal States.

After his recall from Benevento, Monsignor Pecci was appointed papal delegate to Spoleto, but before his commission was made out the appointment was cancelled, and he was named instead to the more important post of civil governor of Perugia. Here difficulties awaited him similar in character to those he had overcome in Benevento. The success he had achieved there was repeated at Perugia. Besides restoring order and compelling respect for the laws, the Monsignor here introduced practical reforms. Chief among these was the introduction of a good system of road-making, by which excellent roads were insured. In those days of no

railroads this was of great value to an inland city whose trade, and consequently its peace and prosperity, was dependent on the state of the roads.

At Perugia, Monsignor Pecci remained as civil governor for eighteen months, when he was summoned to Rome, to receive higher honors and to be intrusted with graver interests. What these honors were, and the nature of the new duties imposed upon him, is best told in the following letter to his brother, John Baptist.

Rome, Jan. 13th, 1843.

Very dear Brother.

As you will perceive by the heading of this letter I write to you from Rome. The superior inducements of which I spoke to you in the last letter I wrote you were renewed, and I was forced to set out from Perugia in great haste. On arriving in Rome I was made acquainted with the will of the sovereign Pontiff, who destines me as Apostolic nuncio to Belgium. What say you of it? I avow to you that this news, though very pleasing, and much desired by others, has caused great disquiet in my soul, and I know not how to express to you in words the impression it has produced on me. I shall be preconized in the Consistory of the 27th inst., and the most Eminent Lambruschini will consecrate me Archbishop in the month of February. The departure for Belgium will take place in the month of March. I await you in Rome. * * * I embrace you and again subscribe myself in all haste,

Your very affectionate brother,

JOACHIM PECCI.

Thus at the early age of thirty three Monsignor Pecci was raised to the titular dignity of Archbishop of Damietta *in partibus infidelium*, and was to uphold in foreign lands as he had upheld so well in the Roman States, the dignity and authority of the Papal court. It was with no feelings of elation he received the intelligence of these new honors. On the contrary, as is evident from his letter to his brother, his humility filled him with fear. But he placed his reliance on the power of prayer, which he invokes in the following letter written a week after his consecration, and before his departure for Brussels.

For the same reason that induced me to inform your Eminence of the dignity that has been conferred upon me by His Holiness, I believe it my duty to give you the news of my consecration. This took place on Sunday the 17th inst., in the Church of St. Lawrence in Pomisperma. The

most Eminent Cardinal Lambruschini was the consecrating Bishop, and the assisting Bishops were Mgr. Asquini, secretary of the Holy Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and Mgr. Castellani, Sacristan of His Holiness. There were present the Count of Oultremont, minister of the King of the Belgians at the Holy See with the members of the royal embassy, and a great number of distinguished personages amongst whom were many prelates.

The weight of the numerous and very grave duties which have been imposed upon me with the sacred rite has made itself felt in my soul. Pray the Lord, your Eminence, to deign to give me sufficient strength to sustain it.

Continue to extend to me your favour, most Eminent, and believe me ever such, as prostrated to kiss your sacred purple, I glory in signing myself once more,

Your very devoted, very obedient servant,

JOACHIM PECCI.

To His Eminence Cardinal Bussi,

Benevento, February 23rd, 1843.

It was not without some misgiving then but with the same resolute purpose of employing his abilities in the best way to be of service to his Divine Master and His vicar the Pope, he made his entry into Brussels as the representative of the Papacy at the court of a Protestant King. Here his eminent abilities, his sincere piety, the enlightened interest he took in public affairs, especially in philanthropic or educational projects, won him the favor of king, court and people. Here too, those splendid diplomatic gifts which have made the reign of Leo XIII. remarkable for its peacefully obtained triumphs first displayed themselves. In Brussels the apostolic nuncio met many English visitors at the house of the English Ambassador, and that of Lever the Irish novelist. Speaking of receptions at the house of the latter, a writer says.—“Dr Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no one near him for the evening but the papal nuncio, stranger still, this nuncio was no other than the present Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. better known, perhaps, as the genial Cardinal Pecci, whose relations with a Protestant King were so cordial and conciliatory.” This king was Leopold of Belgium, who was greatly impressed by the character and attainments of the Papal nuncio. He said to him once in the course of a conversation :—“ I am sorry I cannot suffer

myself to be converted by you, but you are such a winning theologian I shall ask the Pope to give you a Cardinal's hat”. “ Ah ” replied the Nuncio, “ that would be a poor recompense for the failure to make an impression on your majesty's heart ! ” “ Oh, I have no heart ” exclaimed the king, laughing, “ Then, better still, on your majesty's mind.”

When his mission at Brussels had been accomplished, he visited several European cities before returning to Rome, and even crossed over to London. There he spent a month, and heard from the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons O'Connell and other great parliamentarians of that time. “ It is hard to imagine Thomas Aquinas in Holborn; ” says a writer, “ but a more singular figure in some ways was that of this future Pope, wandering down Picadilly, and breathing what Lord Beaconsfield called ‘ the best air of Europe ’ at the top of St. James Street.”

When Gregory XVI. recalled Archbishop Pecci from Brussels, it was to place him over the See of Perugia where he was still gratefully remembered by the people as their civil governor. Before he arrived at Rome however, Gregory XVI. was no more. His successor, Pius IX., was aware of Pope Gregory's intentions towards his apostolic nuncio and confirmed his appointment to the diocese of Perugia. In July 1846 he entered Perugia as its Archbishop. Less than eight years afterwards he was created a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Then for thirty-two years as Archbishop and Cardinal, he presided over the diocese of Perugia. His administration covers the whole troublous period of the movement for Italian unity, and his diocese was a centre of disturbance. In dealing with the tom-tom-toms of sedition and the persecutors of priests, Cardinal Pecci showed as dauntless a spirit as he had displayed in dealing with the brigands at Benevento. When the territory of the diocese was taken possession of by the Italian state, he wrote two vigorous letters to Victor Emmanuel protesting against the secularization of the schools and the suppression of religious bodies. The improvements he effected in his diocese were manifold. He founded a seminary, an academy of St. Thomas for the higher training of priests, a convent of the ladies

of the Sacred Heart, and other institutions of learning and charity, besides building no fewer than thirty-six churches.

In July 1877, Cardinal Pecci was appointed Cardinal Camerlengo by Pius IX. The post of Cardinal Camerlengo gave him the presidency of the Apostolic chamber, and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See. He was not destined to hold this office long. On February 7th 1878 the illustrious Pius IX breathed his last and on the Cardinal Camerlengo devolved the duty of superintending the funeral ceremonies of the dead Pontiff and of making the preparations for the conclave of Cardinals to choose a successor.

The conclave met in the Vatican, on the 18th of February, and on the 20th, after three ballots had been taken, Cardinal Pecci was found to be the choice of the conclave by more than the two-thirds majority required. In accepting the decision of the Sacred College, he announced that, as Pope, he would take the name of Leo, in memory of Leo XII, whom he had held in high esteem. On the same day he wrote to his brothers, of whom he had three older than himself, Charles, John Baptist, and Joseph, afterwards created a Cardinal, announcing his elevation to the Papal throne, and asking the assistance of their prayers. Here is the first letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.

From the Vatican, February 20th, 1878

My Dear Brothers.

I announce to you that in this morning's ballot the Sacred College has decided to raise my humble person to the Chair of Peter. My first letter is the present one which I address to my family, to whom, imploring for them every happiness, I send with affection the Apostolic Benediction.

Pray earnestly to the Lord for me,

LEO XIII. POPE.

For fifteen years Leo XIII has presided over the universal Church, sitting on the throne and exercising all the authority of the Prince of the Apostles. During those fifteen years the power of the Papacy has been felt throughout the civilized world, and the potency of its influence for good recognized in quarters where hostility previously reigned. The first care of Pope Leo has naturally been for the Church he was chosen to rule. No Pope, in truth, has upheld with a firmer hand the dignity

and authority of the Holy See, nor done more to make known the teaching, and extend the influence of the Catholic Church, whose earthly head he is. But he has accomplished this with the least possible clashing with antagonistic forces. His aim has been to conciliate and win. Beholding with unsurpassed clearness of vision the dangers that threaten society with destruction, his endeavor has been to unite, under the ancient banner of the Popes, their natural standard, all the saving forces of society. In a series of encyclicals, remarkable alike for their brilliancy of style, and deep philosophic thought, he has pointed out the evils that have crept into society and menace its stability, the usurpation by the state of the rights of the Church, false ideas of liberty springing from false principles of philosophy, and the loosening of the bond of marriage, whereby society is wounded in its source. With a power truth alone could give, he has denounced secret societies as the enemies of christianity, has inveighed against the socialistic and communistic teaching of the age, the degradation of matrimony, and the exaggerated doctrines of state rights. He has taught the world as it has never been taught before, the true principles on which society must be based, on which alone it can hope to be permanent. These principles are the indissolubility of marriage, the true relations of Church and State, and the mutual rights and duties of labor and capital. Leo XIII has sowed abundantly the good seed, but it is at best a weed-choked soil, this modern society, and it is too early yet to judge of the fruit.

In his diplomatic relations with the European states Pope Leo has been eminently successful. His greatest triumph has been in Germany. The historic journey to Canossa has been made by the great German Chancellor, who found his way made easy by the conciliatory policy of the Pope, and later, when Germany and Spain disputed the sovereignty of the Caroline Islands, the dispute was at the proposal of the German Prince, left to the arbitration of His Holiness, in whose wisdom and impartiality he avowed the fullest confidence. What Leo XIII. has accomplished may be summed up in the words of a great English writer, "He ascended the throne of St. Peter as much

the bearer of a purely spiritual authority as St. Peter himself; and yet in the midst of a generation in which might is right, the authority of a landless Pope is recognized by the master of more legions than Augustus, and governments which cannot rule their own citizens, are fain to look for aid to one whom they have repudiated for centuries." In fact Leo XIII has many ardent admirers among social workers who dislike the Papacy. Statesmen have seen in him the strongest conservative force of the age, educationists have admired his zeal for Christian education and reformers have gladly received a helping hand for their special work of reform from the head

of the most conservative of religious bodies. Of Pope Leo indeed it can truly be said his sympathies are not limited by creed or nationality, but are as universal as the Church he rules so wisely. Well may the Church rejoice in his golden jubilee, and give thanks to the Almighty Giver of all, for the priceless gift of such a life. May he long continue to sit upon the throne, and wear the tiara of the Popes, a "light in the heavens," amid the darkness of error that everywhere prevails.

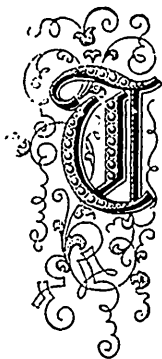
P. '93.



Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
 To lose good days that might be better spent,
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed today, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless dispairs ;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to roam,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

SPENSER

BOILEAU—AN EXPONENT OF GOOD TASTE.



THE *Renaissance* which originated in Italy in the fifteenth century found its way into France during the following century. The purity and vitality of the language of the latter country were not a little impaired by the return to antiquity brought about by this movement. This cloud however, after having hung with threatening aspect for upwards of a hundred years over French literature, was entirely dispelled by what might well be termed the foundation in France of the government of good taste.

Louis XIV. of renown for the peace and prosperity enjoyed by his country during his long reign, collected within the walls of his kingly palace, the most able and accomplished men of his age. The names of these men still sparkle, as choicest gems in that resplendent diadem of glory with which grateful posterity has crowned France's immortal Augustus. Among the favorites at Louis' Court, were Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, Corneille, Molière and a host of others of lesser importance. The artistic productions of these masters, beyond all doubt, surpassed in real literary worth the feeble attempts made in the field of literature by that other school which for a time was highly extolled and which reckoned among its members such writers as Chapelain, Scudéry, Quinault, Gombant, Mainard, Malleville etc. Despite their mediocre worth, the works of the latter writers were highly commended by so called critics, and were even preferred to the master pieces of Fénelon, Bossuet, and Racine. For a time their literary effusions were greeted with popular applause, their lengthy stories and commonplace poems stood high in the estimation of the majority of readers, yea even "Les Dames et les Messieurs de la Cour" took pride in memorizing choice verses from these authors and their "pretendus" chefs-d'ouvres had almost filled the private and public libraries. True worth

is always recognized sooner or later, says the proverb, and the truth of the saying is borne out in the history of French literature. The sterling qualities of superiority which characterized the works of the school which flourished during the reign of Louis soon made themselves apparent to impartial critics. Among these qualities might be mentioned greater originality and power in conception, more care and delicacy in expression, and above all a truer exposition of the human heart and its workings. Such transcendent worth once recognized, soon entirely removed the mist which for a time had dimmed the eyes of the French literary world. Those productions, once so popular, of exaggerated feeling expressed in a style borrowed from the Italian were now laid aside in a secluded corner of the library, and their erstwhile prominent places were filled with the works of Racine, Fénelon and Bossuet. The injudicious attempts to imitate in every detail the ancient classical writers were now valued at their true worth.

To Boileau especially is due the honor of having assigned to the master-pieces of French literature the position of prominence to which their transcendent worth gave them a just claim. In his mind good taste and discernment to a delicacy of the true worth of things literary, were found in a degree of exceptional perfection. He suddenly appeared at the Court and surprised it not a little by openly and fearlessly expressing his contempt for the writings of those authors who at the time were the popular idols. He extolled in terms bold and sincere, the then much neglected and undervalued gems which Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet and Fénelon had bequeathed to French Literature. Severity and justice were the characteristics of his criticism. Where he found true worth he admired it with a generous heart, but against classical foppery he directed the full force of his stinging sarcasm.

Boileau was born at Crosne, France, on the first of November, 1636. His whole

life may be summed up in a few words. He was the fifteenth child of a clerk of the French Parliament. Whilst yet in his infancy he lost his mother; it is further recorded of him, that when he was but twelve years old a difficult and unsuccessful operation was performed on him. For a time he studied law, later on he thought of devoting his attention to theology, but finally decided to follow journalism as a profession. In this calling he did his duty, and did it for duty's sake, as is proved by the fact that the brilliancy of his glorious career is nowhere dimmed by the unseemly shadows of inordinate ambition. After a long and well spent life he died in Notre Dame Monastery on the 13th day of March, 1711.

As a critic Boileau has few equals, and we may venture to say no superiors. The intense ardor with which he attacked the so called *Renaissance* movement has been called by some who were opposed to his views, a mania. True it is, at times, he was sarcastic, aye biting so, and it is just possible that some of his criticisms contain a grain of injustice in consequence of their exceeding great severity. The words of this great critic always have been and we may safely say, always will be widely read. At the time of his death however, the question was raised as to whether or not he had a clear title to a seat in the foremost ranks of France's great men of letters. His right to such an honour was denied by Fontenelle, D'Alembert, Condillac and even Voltaire. But how could Boileau's mighty name pass into oblivion. Did he not, with far reaching ken, anticipate the judgement of generations yet unborn, when he predicted that Racine, Molière, Corneille and Bossuet were to enjoy immortal fame?

As a private citizen Boileau was characterized by honesty, sincerity and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow men. In his conduct towards his friends is admirably reflected that warmth and depth of affection which is a characteristic of the French gentleman. Having been presented by the King with the Villa D'Autueil, he led there a happy, unpretentious life. Among the noted men who were often guests at his residence were Rapin, Bonbours, Bourdaloue, Molière, Lafontaine, Racine and Chapelle. Lady De Maintenon De Lafayette and De Sévigne, were not

a little pleased and flattered by the friendship with which he favored them. It was especially as a courtier that Boileau showed himself a man in the true sense of the word. Towards the king of France he was courteous and dignified but never obsequious. His behavior at the Court compares very favorably with that of the other great French writers. Racine was if anything more of a courtier; greater compliance characterized Bossuet; Fénelon and Corneille were possessed of less disinterestedness; Molière was prouder, and occasionally in him a bit of envy appears—a feeling which seems never to have even entered Boileau's noble heart.

This eminent critic's style of writing is not characterized by special excellence under this or that heading, but is rather a happy combination of many different excellent qualities. In conciseness and strength of diction he rivals Corneille, his smoothness and elegance remind the reader of Racine, whilst his sarcasm bears a striking resemblance to that of Molière. In wit and terseness, an attic, in harmony and purity, a Cicero, in profundity of thought, a Seneca, Boileau in his own productions followed out to the letter the principle of style and good taste which he taught to others. In his poetry is found propriety of terms, well chosen inversions, clearness, beauty and stately, though rapid, march of verse.

At first Boileau's criticisms seemed to the reading public exceedingly severe and even unjust. To pretentious, foppish writers he administered stinging castigations with a hand unrestrained and strong, yet it cannot be said that he allowed his feelings to carry him away, on the contrary in almost all of his discussions concerning the merits or demerits of a work, he was guided by sound reason. He had imposed upon himself the duty of reforming and elevating his nation's literary taste, and in his efforts he was so successful that towards the close of his career, his genius as a critic was almost universally admitted and highly honored among his countrymen.

It is not given unto man to be perfect here below, and hence we are not altogether surprised to find that occasional imperfections mar Boileau's brilliant literary career. In some of his satires he goes a little too far. His utterances in

"Sur les Femmes" have an unpleasant ring about them and the reader feels that the light of justice which burned bright almost continually in the great critic's mind was here for a moment dim and unsteady. In "L'Equivoque" and "Le Faux Honneur" the artist's hand trembles and he is unable to do full justice to what he undertakes. But how insignificant his few mistakes appear when compared with the immense good performed by him. He wielded a mighty influence not only during his life, but even long after his death and we may safely say that he always used that influence to the best of his ability for a good purpose. And consequently they are decidedly wanting in justice who sneeringly style Boileau a dry composer, a mere "versificateur". Boileau admirably appropriates his style to the subject he treats. That he is at times dry cannot be denied, but on such occasions the nature of the questions with which he deals does not allow him to betake himself to some shady grove and there record the impression made upon him by the singing of the birds the beauty of the flowers and the rippling of the waters. He is a "versificateur" yea the "versificateur *par excellence*, un grand artiste en vers" as Lamartine calls him. His satires in general are caustic, yet expressed in a style not harsh but agreeable to the ear. Many of them apparently were suggested by those of Horace. Be this as it may, it is safe to say that Boileau surpasses even Rome's great satirist. Comparing the two, La Harpe says of the former: "His railleries, in his *Course of Literature*, are more witty; there is greater ingenuity in his manner of presenting facts; . . . Horace's expressions are less dignified . . . Boileau almost invariably follows out in his own productions the principles of style which he himself enunciated.

Before taking for granted that the subject of this sketch is a dry uninteresting writer,

let the man of letters, read his poem entitled "Lutrin." Therein is displayed a power and richness of imagination of which Byron, La Fontaine, or Voltaire would have no reason to be ashamed. The "Art Poétique," though fraught with weighty thought concisely expressed is not by any means as dry and as insipid as Lamartine would have us believe.

In this little master-piece for such it really is the author exposes his principles and opinions concerning the art of poetry. In it he discusses Tragedy, Comedy, Epic and light poetry. It should not be a subject of censure but rather of high commendation, that every word in this treatise is full of meaning, the verses pointed, concise and closely knitted together. Nothing that we might say here could heighten or extend the fame of that other master-piece, entitled "Epitres."

Truly has it been said of Boileau that he was the first to give to French writers an example of correct, pure, and rich versification. "He revealed to us," says La Harpe, "the secret of choosing proper terms, and of assigning to them their proper places; he taught us how to elevate and dignify small details, and clearly demonstrated the necessity of avoiding irregular affected constructions, low expressions, labored, antiquated inversions, and far-fetched terms. He moreover recommended the cultivation of imitative harmony and the moderate use of figures." Much, then, does French literature owe to Boileau. He assigned to her masters their deserved place of honor. He formulated an excellent code of laws to be followed out by all French authors who might aspire to have their efforts crowned with immortality, and in his own production he gave practical and immortal illustrations of the soundness and worth of the doctrines he advocated.

ALBERT CHEVRIER, '94.



"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."



SINCE the publication in our columns of the sonnet entitled "The Precious Blood," several Catholic weeklies, or rather their correspondents, have taken to the discussion of the sonnet in general. "J. N. D." has been called to order by Mr. O'Hagan, and he in turn by Dr. Howley. Altogether so much has been written on the subject and so frequent have been the inquiries, both public and private, concerning the above sonnet that we have resolved

to republish it. Those who read the poem as produced in our September number will notice that there are in it two serious typographical errors which probably arose from the inexperience of our new management, and which we take this opportunity to remedy. Here is the poem as originally written for the OWL by Mr. Frank Waters. It may or may not be the "best sonnet ever written on this side of the ocean," but, certainly Maurice F. Egan's beautiful definition of a sonnet applies to it—"It is a little lyre with fourteen strings." Read :

O Precious Blood ! O rosy rain from heaven !
 O quenching of the thirst of desert years !
 O melting of the fiery thunder-levin
 Of God's stern anger in His Heart's warm tears !
 Should not Thy month, in whatso'er it wears
 Of crimson livery, remind us of
 Thine own quick hue, flushing that Heart which bears
 Such blooms and dawns divine of rosy love ?

Are not red roses like Thee, quickened through
 With fragrance, as with Godhead Thou art so ?
 And rosy dawns, are they not like Thee too,
 Flushing a heaven-heart with their living glow ?
 Ah, had our souls but eyes to see withal,
 Nature doth glass her God alike in great and small.



ATTEMPTED JUSTIFICATION.

By Very Rev. Æneas Mc.D. Dawson, V.G., LL.D., F.R.S., &c.



THE OWL has spoken of the accusations against Captain Lugard, agent of the British East Africa Company, in connection with the fire raising and massacre in Uganda, it is now in order that we should hear what he has said in his defence. He claims to justify the war which he waged against the King of Uganda on the ground that the said king refused to give up a murderer to be dealt with by the Captain and his company. A gang of bandits had attacked a subject of the king. Whilst this person and his friends were defending themselves the chief of the attacking party fell in the fight. The head of the other party was brought before the king accused of murder. The king and his judges found him not guilty, as he had fought and killed his enemy in self-defence. No court on earth could have given a sounder judgment. Notwithstanding this judgment the Captain claimed the "murderer," and because the king would not surrender him, commenced a destructive war. The fact that Captain Lugard and his company were the aggressors and authors of all the horrors that ensued is borne witness to by the Catholic Bishop and other missionaries. Of the truth of this testimony there is no doubt; and honest Protestants so consider it. A Protestant writer says: "I am not a Roman Catholic, but I have some difficulty in accepting the idea that men who were ready to risk life and health in seeking to teach Christianity in a savage land, would deliberately put their names to a series of lies, or, that they are to be disbelieved because the person whom they accuse pleads not guilty." The account given by the French missionaries is confirmed. Unfortunately for Captain Lugard, by Mr. Collins, who was one of the English missionaries. His account was published in the *Times* of October 20th, 1892. It is as follows:

"One day soon after Captain Lugard arrived, we heard the firing of guns near our place, and it afterwards appeared that a man had been shot by a Catholic chief in consequence of a dispute about the ownership of a gun. The affair was taken before the king for judgment, and he dismissed the case, subsequently declining to reconsider his decision. On the following day Captain Lugard sent to the king demanding that the "murderer" should be handed over to justice. But still Mwanga refused and told Captain Lugard's messenger that the English might fight if they wished, but if they did they would be killed and their riches taken away. As Mwanga persisted in his refusal, Captain Lugard determined on fighting if necessary, and as a means of precaution, guns were served out to the Protestants." It was therefore to be a war of religion, the Protestants with their superior firearms against the Catholics who had no arms at all, and were utterly defenceless except in as far as they could rely on the friendship and support of the king who was a Catholic. Referring to the words of Mr. Collins, may it not be asked by what authority the agent of the British East Africa Company demanded that the king of Uganda should give up one of his subjects, to be judged and sentenced by the chief of a set of traders? The said Company, no doubt, was authorized by its charter to buy and sell, like the humblest pedlar; but it cannot be believed that it was ever entrusted by the British Government with governmental powers. Nor could Britain give such powers, Uganda being an independent kingdom that no foreign power has ever conquered. The company through its agent, was the first to threaten war. King Mwanga gave the above spirited reply as recorded by Mr. Collins. The war began by an attack on defenceless people and defenceless places. As it commenced, "when the Protestants," says Mr. Collins, "heard the sharp rattle of the big guns they burst into rounds of cheering. A few moments later we saw that the Catholic Missionary Station on Rubaya

hill was on fire, and that their new church was in a blaze, and we knew that our people (the Protestants) had taken Rubaya." Deprived of their home and exposed to the fire of a well armed enemy, the missionaries and other Catholics took refuge on an island. But this availed them not. They and the king were still exposed to the fury of their enemies. Let us take Protestant missionary Collins' account. "Under the orders of Captain Lugard, Captain Williams, in command of a large force of Soudanese and Baganda, left the fort for a spot on the lake shore opposite the Island, which was only about the length of a rifle shot distant. Captain Williams at once got his maxim gun in position, and seeing this the king's party endeavored to escape from the Island in their canoes. But no sooner were the boats filled than they were sunk one after the other by the maxim, and an immense number of the natives were drowned, going down in boat-loads." Mr. Collins affirms that the newspaper reporters gave a colouring to the expressions in his diary. There were no such words in his diary, he says, as "going down in boat-loads." In a letter to Captain Lugard, however he says pretty much the same thing, "several canoes were sunk and a considerable number of natives drowned."

Captain Lugard pretends to justify himself by saying that as there was danger of an attack by Mahometans, it was necessary

to wage war. English journals which appear to be well informed, say that there was not the slightest danger of a Moslem incursion; and if there had, would it not have been more rational, in order to repel such an enemy, to seek alliance with the king of Uganda, rather than to drive him from his throne and hunt him even to death's door, drowning and in other ways putting to death many of his people?

Missionary Collins gives the opinion that Captain Lugard acted humanely throughout. Such an opinion is little consistent with his testimony above quoted, unless indeed, it be humane to burn the house and church of peaceful inoffensive missionaries, slay some of their number, and drive the rest out of the country. All this, no doubt, was humane in the estimation of Captain Lugard, for in his defence and attempt to justify himself, he claims to have been very friendly to the Catholic missionaries, so much so as to be incapable of wishing to do them harm. Hence, then, his action in commencing an unwarrantable war, the recklessness with which he waged it and his orders to Captain Williams to sink so many canoes and drown boat-loads of natives—all must have been the result of chance, like the grand and beautiful formations which according to scientists who have the reputations of being profound, unfathomably deep, sprung from molecules as they accidentally clung together.



HYPNOTISM.



IT was the fashion, some twenty years ago, to sneer at the mere mention of hypnotism and to look upon it as a delusion or a fraud. We neither can nor will deny that many a time imagination had much to do with magnetic performances and that so-called magnetizers imposed, by their dexterous contrivances, upon the credulity of the people. But, after the experience of our age, few indeed would dare deny the existence of hypnotic phenomena. Hypnotism in fact is recognized as a scientific process in our medical schools and as having at times claim upon the attention of our courts of justice.

But if the existence of hypnotic phenomena is beyond any possible doubt, it is not so concerning their proper, natural and adequate cause. As to this question, which is the truly scientific one, not only different writers hold different views, but it often happens, owing to the veil of uncertainty in which it is enshrouded, that the same writer either changes entirely or greatly modifies his explanation. What will be the opinion held to-morrow, no one can say. But, as suggestion is of late the *Deus ex machina*, or, the theory most universally held and accepted by scientists, it may be of some interest to the readers of the OWL to hear briefly of this new system and consider its scientific worth.

Upon the revival of animal magnetism theories of fluids were at first resorted to by scientists, but as it was found utterly impossible to prove their existence in bodies and to explain thereby automagnetism and magnetising at a distance, those theories were soon cast aside. It was then but natural to seek for a subjective and individual cause to be found either in the magnetizer or in the magnetized person, and, after Braid, most physicians and writers held hypnotism to be a nervous and sickly sleep artificially produced.

Dr Charcot and his followers at the *Salpetriere*, Paris, are satisfied with registering day by day the hypnotic phenomena they obtain and witness, and refrain from venturing any explanation.

But, other Doctors, those of the school of Nancy, attribute hypnotism and its effects to the weakening of the imagination. "All facts," they say, "not only of direct but also of relative and reflex hypnotism may be accounted for by imagination." And if an intelligent inquirer asks them how the spring of imagination is set in motion and caused to produce effects not simply extraordinary but even opposed to well known physiological and moral laws, they begin by denying the existence of some phenomena as utterly incredible, and afterwards answer with Bernheim, their leader; "suggestion is the law that rules over and determines most of the hypnotic manifestations."

The tenets of this school may be summed up as follows:

1st Nearly every person may be hypnotized, (973 out of 1000), though not all to the same degree of intensity.

2nd. Hypnotism is not a pathological, but a physiological state of a person, caused by suggestion.

3rd Suggestion is the moral means through which one is led to freely receive or resist the action of another.

4th. Sleep is not necessary but simply conducive to hypnotic phenomena.

5th Hypnotism is nothing but dissociation, artificially produced, between the upper and the lower nervous centres.

6th. Owing to this dissociation, the upper faculties are, so to say, paralyzed and the lower become much more active.

7th. Consequently the lower faculties of the person hypnotized are controlled more or less perfectly by the reason and will (upper faculties) of the hypnotizer.

Although Dr. Bernheim does not believe this system to be complete, he however thinks that it contains the germ of the solution of hypnotic problems. His theory is held by many physicians, as well as by philosophers and theologians, among whom we may mention Rev. E. Mérie, of the Sorbonne, Rev. Trotin of the Catholic University of Lille and the Rev. Father Castelein. S J.

When Dr Bernheim's opinion wins over the approval of those Catholic divines, it is worth our while to study it in the light of

reason and to ask ourselves whether it may be accepted or not.

We willingly agree with the school of Nancy in their first statement, and believe that nearly all persons can be hypnotized with, or even against their consent. They quote facts the existence of which we have no reason to gainsay.

But as to their second assertion, other physicians agree in pronouncing hypnotism to be a morbid state. Great as is the authority of the school of Nancy, it cannot by itself counterbalance the authority of all other scientists.

Moreover, would they themselves say that catalepsy, somnambulism, anesthesia, hyperesthesia, paralysis, deafness, dumbness, bleeding ecchymosis, the loss of memory and will, hallucinations and insanity, which are the effects of hypnotism, are not physiological disorders, and consequently, pathological accidents?

True, as the suggestionists object, those symptoms last only for a time and depend on the will of the hypnotizer. But the longer or shorter duration of any affection whatever does not change its nature, and we fail to see what bearing the mysterious origin of hypnosis might have on the nature of the physiological accidents it produces in mediums. Consequently, in keeping with the universal opinion of mankind and the learned views of nearly all physicians, we look upon the idea of Bernheim in this respect as a medical heresy.

But much more momentous in itself and its consequences is the following problem: can suggestion naturally account for the sleep that in most cases precedes hypnosis and its phenomena? Let us proceed carefully

"Suggestion," Bernheim says, "is an action whereby an idea is instilled into another's brain and caused to be accepted." Suggestion therefore is an intellectual light transmitted by the hypnotizer, that through the imagination of the medium, works up his will and determines it to perform an action. Its first effect is to make him fall asleep, although, suggestionists say, hypnotic phenomena may take place without causing sleep.

Contrary to this statement, though it may happen that a medium often used in experiments of the kind obey the command of his physician, we deny suggestion to be an adequate means to cause sleep, and, in so doing, we simply state a fact of daily

and universal experience. Whoever fell asleep on the mere invitation of others or on his own desire? If man's will were endowed with such a power, why should not yawning and sneezing be obtained in the same manner? When the first mesmerizers attributed sleep to the action of a fluid, they were wrong indeed, but they were more consistent than our suggestionists, since they claimed a physical cause for a physical effect.

We know that the suggestionists like to account for sleep by the free consent of the medium. But could they prove that the human will can cause such an effect? Experience teaches quite the contrary and any one who has had to spend a sleepless night knows too well that the will is powerless to give the body a refreshing rest. Moreover, despite Dr. Bernheim's assertions the consent of the medium is not always required: this Lombroso, Richer, Husson, Lafontaine, Bertrand and many other magnetizers have proved by experiments to be absolutely certain.

Hence we may well conclude against the second statement of Bernheim and his school that "suggestion, far from being, as they claim, the sole and proper cause of hypnotic sleep, is utterly unable to produce it."

Still less is suggestion able to account for hypnotic phenomena, as catalepsy, somnambulism, the illusions of the senses, hallucinations and such like. The suggestionists uphold in this regard a very simple theory. "Sleep," they say, "separates man from the outside world and paralyzes both reason and consciousness. This natural effect, observed every day, is a step towards catalepsy and catalepsy, through a continued and active suggestion, leads to somnambulism. In this state, the nervous centres used by the mind, dissociate from the nervous centres used in organic life; and, while the latter become excited, the former lie quite paralyzed. The hypnotizer, through suggestion, takes hold of the organic centres, guides them in all their vital operations and through them rules even upon the others, and thus it is that he manages his medium just as he likes."

To mere affirmations, we would feel justified to answer by contradictory affirmations. But out of consideration for the scientific authority of the founder and of not a few of the upholders of this system, we will further consider and weigh its tenets.

True it is that while asleep man does not perform perfect and fully free actions, but it is a well known fact that even in sleep and dream man can reason and will, though imperfectly. How many speeches an orator delivers in this half-conscious state! how many lessons a student recites! how many problems a mathematician solves! Sleep does not paralyze the mind which is a spiritual faculty; it simply more or less obscures it.

Moreover, is it not inconsistent on the part of the suggestionists to say on the one hand that the reason of the medium is paralyzed, and on the other, that it is very active under the influence of suggestion. Some explanations have indeed been ventured, but as long as the principle of contradiction is held true none will be found satisfactory.

Lastly, in spite of our willingness to

accept any natural explanation of hypnotism and of the display of physiological science made by Bernheim and his followers, we could never see how they might in their system answer the objection which naturally springs in a thoughtful mind from the disproportion there is between the cause, suggestion, and its effects, well-known hypnotic phenomena, as knowing hidden secrets, speaking unknown languages, and such like

In a future article we intend to go a little further into the study of this new theory; but the few remarks already made are quite sufficient to prove that, whatever may be the true cause of hypnotism, suggestion has none of the requisites to be looked upon as such, and that we have still to wait for a more satisfactory explanation.

J. J.

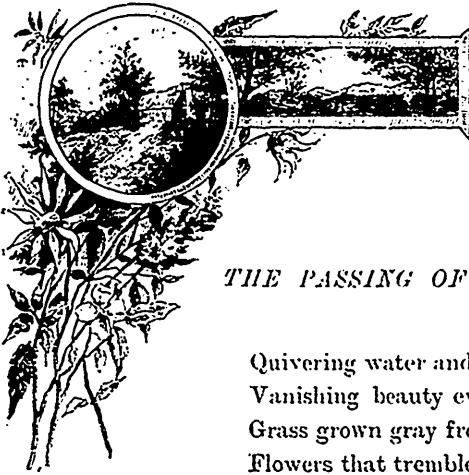


I know a little land-locked bay,
 For souls upon a stormy sea;
 What light on all the hills around,
 What song of birds in every tree!

No billows roll, no rocks there rend,
 No widely wrecking winds are there,
 But tiny ripples whisper—"Peace"!
 That little land-locked bay is Prayer

A. RAND.





THE PASSING OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Quivering water and throbbing air,
 Vanishing beauty everywhere,
 Grass grown gray from a frosty touch,
 Flowers that tremble and droop too much.

Oh ! Foolish fear,

Oh ! Idle tear,

Why mourn the death of so fair a year.

Shivering sheen and golden haze,
 Delicate tints in woodland ways,
 Leaves that flutter and boughs that bend,
 Beauteous birth and peaceful end.

If this be sleep,

Then long and deep,

Oh ! Nature, drink, while the shadows creep.

THEODORE McMANUS

ONE EIGHTH OF DECEMBER.

Not many summers ago a great landslide occurred near A——, on the main line of the C.P.R. The west-bound express, on which we were passengers, came along but a short while after the accident. The wrecking train from headquarters was already on the scene, repairing the damage done. We were delayed some ten hours or more, until a side track could be constructed, o'er which we might pass and continue our journey. To pass the time while waiting, Father F——, my companion, recounted for me the following reminiscence :



OUR years of a seminary life seem but a short while, especially when his studies are about completed and the eager seminarist can calmly look back on them and again with pride look forward to a certain day in the near future, when his fondest hopes are to be realized and he is to

go forth into the busy world an ordained priest of God, and take his place in the great battle for the salvation of souls.

Such was the bent of my reflections on a certain evening in June, 18—. That morning I had been informed by my Rev. Director that, having successfully passed my final examinations, and my course of theology, as least as far as he was concerned, being completed, it was now my duty to prepare for my ordination by a good retreat. But five days remained, as the Bishop was to come to our chapel on the following Sunday. The long-looked-for day at length arrived, and before eight that morning, I, with seven of my companions, had been invested with the sacred rites and dignities of priesthood.

But a short while elapsed after my ordination until I was sent as curate to the parish of M—. The parish was a large one in which to make my début, but before long the aged pastor, Father R—— and myself fully understood each other, and I had relieved him of the greater part of his labors. I had been with him for three years or more when the much dreaded cholera broke out in our town. One of its first victims was Father R——. During the previous year, his health had been on the wane, so that when the terrible plague began its ravishings, it had small trouble in securing him as a victim. If the town looked sombre and desolate before, a

deeper gloom even was now thrown over it by the illness of the revered Father R——. All that medical science and friendly assistance could suggest, was done for him, but without avail. Death claimed him as its own.

During my stay in the parish, a strong attachment, which strengthened as the years rolled by, had sprung up between myself and the people. Now, fearing that on the death of Father R——, I might be removed and some new priest appointed, they showed their genuine appreciation of my efforts for their spiritual welfare, by sending in a petition to the Bishop of the diocese to allow me to remain among them as parish priest in lieu of the late Father R——. His Lordship kindly granted their request and to my own gratification I at once received an official notice informing me of the fact.

Winter with its chilly days and freezing nights, was now at hand and the number of victims of the dire disease was daily decreasing; an occasional case would now and then appear, but sick-calls were much less frequent than they had been during the fall months. The cold weather had set in very early and was most effectual in checking the progress of the treacherous cholera. The people became more hopeful for the future, and preparations for the coming festive season were in full swing. The town was once again a joyous scene of life and bustle.

It was Saturday, the 7th of December. The next day, Sunday, we were to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The parish was under the especial patronage of the Mother of God, and all afternoon therefore was I kept busy in the confessional. Then, supper over, I had at once to return to the vestry, for the workingmen began now to arrive after their daily labors.

It was quite late when the last penitent

had departed. Hanging up my surplice and stole, and extinguishing the lights, I prepared to leave the vestry. The night had turned cold, and I was feeling numb and cramped after my long sitting, so that the reflection that a blazing log-fire was at that moment awaiting me in my cosy office, beside which I might warm and rest myself to my heart's content, now that my labors were comparatively over for the night, proved most inviting. I was just about to lock the vestry door behind me, when someone hailed me from my house and then ran towards the steps where I stood. As he came up to me, I recognised him as one of my country parishioners, whose father had been in poor health of late and whom I had already visited two or three times in his illness. Since dark that evening, he said, his father had taken a decided turn for the worse; in fact, they believed he would die before morning; perhaps he was already dead. The son earnestly entreated me to make all haste to go with him and administer the last sacraments to the dying man.

No second demand was necessary. The thought that it was over four miles to his house, that the night was bitter cold, and that I was quite fatigued, came over me for an instant, but all such considerations were as quickly brushed aside. Any priest's way was clear in such a case; the mandate of duty calling him to attend the bedside of a dying person, must be obeyed, no matter what be the cost.

Leaving the man for a few minutes, I hurried back into the vestry for the sacred host and holy oils. These I soon obtained and then returned to my house after my overcoat, gloves and cap; after which we lost no time in moving off. The ride was a cold one, but a silvery moon shone brightly overhead and the roads were in good condition for the season of the year. The horses were kept at a stiff pace all the way and the drive was interrupted by few words. Before long lights from the windows of the sick man's dwelling glimmered in the distance, the sleigh sped swiftly on over the beaten track and then came a sudden halt. We arrived none too soon, however; for on my entrance, I found the patient very low indeed. Time enough though was left, in which to administer to him the Blessed Sacrament: after he had received, a happy smile lit up his countenance,

and then, even before his family, assembled around his bedside, imagined it, his soul was in the hands of his Creator. So peaceful had been his end, that I could hardly bring myself to believe him dead. After consoling the afflicted household in appropriate terms, I prepared to depart, though very kindly requested to remain with them until morning.

During the drive home we conversed more freely, and I endeavored to comfort the young man for his sad loss. When the sleigh stopped at my gate and I had alighted and bade him "good night," he was lavish in his thanks to me for what I had done for him.

A burst of warm air met me as I entered the hall and formed a pleasing contrast to the freezing atmosphere from which I had passed. My housekeeper had left a light burning on the table in my office, and beside the lamp stood a tray on which were placed a bottle of wine, glasses two in number, and a few sweet cakes; for she knew that I was in the habit of taking a light lunch before twelve on Saturday nights, that I might not feel too much fatigue from having to fast on the following forenoon. I filled out a glass of wine and drank it down with perhaps an unpardonable gusto; but as I took the empty glass from my lips, my eyes fell on a clock which hung on the opposite wall of the room. With a shock I noticed that it was after midnight, that the hands pointed to 12.25 a m., and like a flash of lightning the thought swept over me that, as it was then Sunday morning, I had broken my fast: undesignedly and unconsciously to be sure, yet the fact remained.

Question after question began to crowd in on my mind in quick succession, as I stood there irresolute. What was my position? was I accountable to God for my action? had it not been most unwillful on my part? and as quickly did I find an answer to each. The debate within myself progressed much more rapidly than it takes to pen these few words. No one had witnessed my action: it had been altogether unpremeditated: I knew not what time it was: if I did, I certainly would never have done it; and therefore I was blameless. No one was aware of what I had done; I could proceed to say mass that day as usual, and no scandal could arise therefrom. I had not acted

wilfully and therefore was not to be held responsible for my action ; and moreover, I could, according to the teachings of theology, under such a force of circumstances, fully justify myself in attending to my duties as if my fast had never been broken.

The creak of a door on its hinges disturbed me, as I stood rapidly revolving these thoughts in my mind and mechanically still holding the empty glass in my hand. I turned around to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but imagine my discomfiture to perceive Martha, the housekeeper, standing in the hall outside my room with a lamp in one hand and the poker in the other. She had heard the noise I had made on my entrance and partly through fear of burglars and partly through her natural degree of curiosity had come down from her room by the back-stairs and into the kitchen to see who had entered the house. Finding no one there she intended to search the front part of the house and it was the noise made by her opening the door leading from the kitchen into the hallway that had just disturbed my reflections. There she stood in all her formidable array, in open-mouthed astonishment at the sight which met her gaze. She had a clear view of me and my office, but could not at once give expression to her surprise. On perceiving her, as if detected in some great crime and wishing to hide my guilt, I gave a quick start and the glass dropped from my trembling fingers onto the table, rolled from there to the floor, and broke into numberless pieces. The crash of its fall aroused her, and she exclaimed, "Oh ! Father, what have you been doing ? surely you have not taken a glass of wine and it long after midnight ?"

So then someone *had* seen my action, or at least suspected it. Being asked directly, even if I had so wished, no evasive answer could be given her, so I explained to her the case with its attending circumstances as clearly as possible. With a parting injunction to her to mention it to no one, which she promised to obey, she again retired. I withdrew to my chamber shortly afterwards, but sleep did not come to me easily and I lay on my bed thinking for an hour or more. Now that Martha knew my secret, the doubt arose : would she be conscientious enough to guard it safely ? Her knowledge of the

affair added to the difficulty under which I labored, and a true solution of the question seemed almost impossible. I would doze off for a few minutes, only to wake again quickly and find myself still considering my position, in an ever-varying light. My great fear was that she did not possess a sufficient strength of character to keep to herself what she had seen and heard. Were she to do this, as I have said, according to theology, I could justify myself ; but were outsiders to hear of my action through her, scandal would undoubtedly be the consequence of my saying mass that day, and that must be avoided at any cost. This I determined to further acquaint her with as soon as she was down stairs again that morning, and at last from sheer exhaustion went to sleep once more and this time in earnest.

Due to the mental and bodily fatigues I had undergone during the fore-part of the night, I overslept myself : so that when I awoke that morning it was just nine o'clock, the ringing of the first bell for mass having served as my alarm. What if I were too late in making known to Martha what I had intended ! Hastily dressing myself and finishing my toilet, I proceeded to my office and summoned her thither. She approached as if unwilling to confront me, and something in her manner seemed to portend that my worst fears had even then been realized. In spite of her promise to faithfully keep my secret, she had nevertheless proven true to her female vanity in possessing such weighty news and had disclosed it. Her brother had come into the kitchen, and was in fact still there, to warm himself before mass began and as they were speaking of one thing and another, before she knew what she was saying or could recall her words, she had told him the story. But at once consternation seized her, and she had begged him, almost on her knees, to keep it perfectly quiet and to tell no one. This he had promised her to do and she was sure he could be trusted.

She had never imagined so much could result from her having told him : so, when I explained to her the probable consequence of her talkativeness, it was better than a severe scolding and she returned to her work most penitent. As for myself, I certainly was more non-plussed than ever. Two persons, besides myself, now knew the terrible predicament in which I stood

and I certainly was altogether at a loss what plan of action to pursue. What was there to prevent her brother from telling others, regardless of his promise? How many could hear of it in a short time, and to what disastrous effects might not their knowledge lead? Might it not eventuate into a repetition of the story of "something black and the hundred crows"? The dilemma perplexed me: I could find no satisfactory solution to it. There! the half-past nine bell rings out on the crisp morning air, and every minute is precious. What would the parishioners think of me, were I to go before them at the usual hour and tell them there would be no mass that morning, and it one of the first-class feasts of the year? And then, what about those who had come to church fasting and wished to communicate? I could fulfil their desires and give them communion, but would it not look exceedingly strange if I were not at the same time, without any apparent reason, to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for them? I was in a quandary, from which I could find no outlet. The circumstances surrounding my action were extenuating, no doubt: but could they now excuse me?

Thus debating within myself, I tramped up and down my office in an almost distracted manner. I was about to arrive at some desperate conclusion, when the sound of bells and the snorting of horses just outside the porch arrested my attention and I turned to the window to see who it was that had so unexpectedly driven up to my door. As I looked, someone attired in the dress of a clergyman stepped from the waiting cutter, and began to question the driver. I at once hurried to meet the stranger, but imagine my surprise and joy to find that he was no other than Father D——, a dear old friend of my seminary days. In him I saw a way out of my difficulty, providentially sent, and he surely must have been pleased and delighted by the hearty welcome accorded him.

Bundling him into the house and assisting him to remove his great coat, I could no longer restrain myself from asking him a question, the answer to which was of such great moment to me. So, assuming as unconcerned a look as possible to cover my excitement, though half in dread that I would be again disappointed, I enquired of him if he had yet said mass that morning.

"No," he replied, "I just arrived on that morning train, due in M—— at 9.19, I think. Hearing that you were residing here, I thought it a most opportune place for me to drop off at; and besides enjoying the pleasure of this visit, I will lose but little time as I can catch that four o'clock train this afternoon and proceed on my journey to the city, whither I am now on my way at the request of the Bishop."

He surely must have been somewhat surprised at my antics on hearing this bit of good news, and my invitation for him to sing High Mass for the parish that morning was so pressing, that in no way could he refuse me. So we at once proceeded to the vestry, as it was then very near the hour for Mass. Father D—— sang with a full rich voice, the music for the occasion had been specially prepared and everything passed off smoothly. With the Blessed Virgin as a subject, I may even flatter myself as having preached a most impressive sermon.

The people never knew of my misadventure, nor of the trying position from which I had been rescued by the arrival of Father D—— that morning; at least until now, and it is many years since the above incident took place, though in daily intercourse with them, I have never found one who gave me the slightest intimation that they knew what happened on that particular Saturday, the eve of the Immaculate Conception. From this I concluded that Martha had learned to keep her secrets to herself. Her brother left for some of the Western States that same winter, but no word has ever come from him since.

Father D—— and myself had a great chat that day after dinner as we sat round the spluttering fire. I did not tell him, however, of the predicament in which I was that morning on his arrival. He left M—— on the 4 p.m. express, having promised to stay off again, if possible, when returning. Since then the 8th of December never comes round, but vivid recollections of his visit and its consequences rise up within me and again cause me to realize the sad plight in which I was at that time. I might also here remark that I no longer have a lunch prepared on Saturday evenings.

COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE'S PHILOSOPHICAL WORK REVIEWED.

Translation by Very Rev. Hen. McD. Dawson, V.G., LL.D.



Do not pretend that the "Soirées de St. Petersbourg" the last production of this illustrious man is superior to the book on the Pope. Both are the work of genius; both are, in our estimation, equally beautiful. Nevertheless, however much the latter work may be admired, we doubt not that the former will have a still greater number of admirers. In his treatise on the Pope, Monsieur de Maistre develops only one truth. In order to place this one truth in its fullest light, he employs all the resources of his talent; he lavishes all the treasures of his learning. In the work before us the field is more extensive, or to speak more truly, without limits. He considers man in all his relations with God; he undertakes to reconcile free will with Divine power; he aims at unfolding the great enigma of good and evil; he takes possession of innumerable truths, or rather of all great and useful truths, as having a right to them, in order to defend them as their legitimate possessor, against pride and impiety, by which they have all been attacked. Along a path strewn with so many perils, he proceeds with a firm step, having the torch of sound traditions in his hand, whilst his mind derives from them those abundant lights which he diffuses over all the subjects which come into discussion, and which he sounds to their depths. Never did the abject philosophy of the eighteenth century meet with a more formidable adversary. He is not awed either by science, by genius or celebrated names; he advances without interruption, demolishing, as he proceeds, all those colossal statues with feet of clay; he possesses arms of every description, wherewith to wage war upon them:—the cry of indignation, the bitter

smile of contempt, the keen shaft of sarcasm, crushing dialectics, and irresistible strokes of eloquence. Never did man search with more sagacity the tortuous folds of sophistry, drag it to the light and exhibit it, such as it is, absurd or ridiculous. Never was more extensive and more varied erudition employed with more art and judgment, in order to corroborate argument with all the power of evidence; and when he penetrates to the depths of the human heart, when he visits, so to speak, the most secret recesses of the mind, whether he makes its strength appear, or exposes its weakness; what a number of ingenious views, of unexpected traits, of new and profound truths! what tender, delicate and generous feelings! what piety! what unshaken faith! What a mind must not that have been which conceived such great and astonishing ideas on *war*. How noble the heart from which appear to flow, as from a pure and vivifying fountain, such animated and moving words on *prayer*.

In all the works which he published previously to this one, M. de Maistre's style of writing has been considered clear, vigorous, animated, abounding in brilliant sentences, and in original modes of expression. Such are its principal characteristics. In the present work, as varied and innumerable subjects appear to crowd upon his pen, the illustrious author uses more freedom, and assumes every possible tone. With strength and brilliancy of expression he unites, on occasion, gentleness and grace. He can be diffuse, or more laconic, whilst his style loses neither its charm nor its flexibility; and that style is always alive with all the life of that soul where there was, as it were, a superabundance of life. It is not an academical style. God forbid! It is that of great writers who borrow from classical authors no more than they ought, and who derive the rest from their own inspirations.

THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.



IX years ago last April I read in the American news column of one of our leading Canadian dailies the simple announcement, "Father Ryan, known as the 'Poet-Priest of the South,' died yesterday at Louisville, Ky." What the American journalists had to say of him who had once been their co-laborer

I know not, but it is certain that the above notice is a fair specimen of what our Canadian papers saw fit to publish on one whose poems have been pronounced by competent critics to be among the finest in the English language. Even the large American magazines and reviews, for some unaccountable reason, did not see fit to place before the public an estimate of the humble poet-priest. Thus it was that many of us who had not yet read all his poems, sought in vain to learn something further of the author of such stray gems as "The Conquered Banner," "The Rosary of My Tears," "Rest," etc., which, as if by accident, had found their way into the press. True, Father Ryan's poems were published some years before his death, but not even a sketch of his life accompanied them. And, generally speaking, without a knowledge of the life and character of an author, it is impossible to fully appreciate his work. However, the lack of this knowledge was not so much felt in Father Ryan's case, for, so characteristic of himself are his poems, that from them we can glean a fairly consistent opinion of their author. Yet, even we who thought we saw the soul of the man mirrored forth in the "Conquered Banner," the "Song of the Mystic," "Erin's Flag," "Last of May," etc., waited anxiously to learn if our conclusions regarding his character had been unwarranted. Nor did we wait altogether in vain. Within the last few years the Baltimore Publishing Company has issued a new illustrated edition of his poems to which is prefixed a valuable memoir set-

ting forth—though not as fully as could be desired—the life and character of the poet.

From this memoir we learn that the date of Father Ryan's birth was about 1834, and that not less than three places—Norfolk, Va., Hagerstown, Ma., and Limerick, Ireland—claim him as their son. But the place of his birth is of little import to us, for at present we are concerned only with the character and genius of the man. However, a few words concerning his life are necessary: With the object of studying for the priesthood, he entered college at an early age and in due time was ordained. After this, little is known of him until the breaking out of the American civil war, when we find him attending to the spiritual wants of his people at Augusta, Ga., and at the same time editing a paper known as the *Banner of the South*, through which, we are told, he exercised a great influence over the people of that section. Here it was that he witnessed the horrors of the civil war, and here it was that he wrote much of his poetry, especially his war-songs. In 1870 he removed to Mobile, Ala., where he remained until 1883, when he undertook a lecture tour through parts of the States and Canada in behalf of a charitable undertaking which he had on hand. But, alas! this good work was to end his active career in the ministry. He returned, shattered in health, and having given himself to literature for a few years, during which he commenced a "Life of Christ," on the 23rd of April, 1886, his useful career came to a close. And, if anything of his feelings are to be gleaned from his poems, we may hope that his end was a peaceful one. In "Passing Away," he writes:

" My last sun! haste! hurry Westward!
 In the dark of this to-night
 My poor soul that hastens rest-ward
 With the Lamb' will find the light."

With this somewhat incomplete account of Father Ryan's life, let us now proceed to examine his character, that we may thereby more fully appreciate his beautiful

songs. First, then, he was a man in whom there was no dissimulation, no desire to shine before the world. Hence it was that he wrote what he felt and felt what he wrote; and hence it is that his poems have in them that deep tone of earnestness which cannot fail to impress itself on the reader. Nor were there wanting subjects to call forth his powers; his own strong feelings and the circumstances of his day furnished him with abundance of material. A man of deep religious convictions, he poured forth his whole soul in praise of his Maker; a man who loved the friends of his early days, even when they had passed beyond the grave he wrote tender "memories" and "reveries" with a gentle sadness which finds its way to even the most unfeeling heart; a man who loved his country and who felt every wound inflicted on her, he chanted battle-songs which thrill our souls to their uttermost depths. In a word, his whole character may be summed up: an humble priest who loved his friends, his country, and his God. And now before passing on to his poems, in order that we may do justice to him, let us first put aside any prejudice which may have arisen in us against him from the fact of his being a "Southerner of Southerners," a "rebel of rebels." Let us remember that though he fought for a "Lost Cause" he fought for what he considered justice. To believe that he was not honest in his convictions, to believe that he wrote for fame's sake, would be to do a gross injustice to him who assures us that "the humble steps that lead up to the altar and its mysteries were dearer to him than the steep that lead up to Parnassus and the home of the muses, and that in all his writings he never penned a line for hate's sake." Surely there was no insincerity in him who wrote:

"What care I for earthly fame?
How I shrink from all its glare!
I would rather that my name
Would be shrined in someone's prayer."

No, Father Ryan's sincerity cannot be questioned. He had too much true piety to espouse a cause which he felt to be unworthy of his support. And speaking of his piety brings us to a very noticeable and admirable feature of his poetry, namely, its deep religious tenor. He seldom wrote of nature, and this, at first

thought, seems somewhat strange in one who had such fine tastes and tender sensibilities; but perhaps he longed to sing of the immortal soul and its relations with its God. Perhaps the all-pervading influence of his Maker was carried home to him with more force than to others. Perhaps, like St. Augustine, he might say, "I asked the earth (if it were God), and it said, 'tis not I.' And all things therein confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps and the living things thereof, and they answered, 'We are not thy God; seek higher above us.' I asked the fleeting air above, and the whole region of it with its inhabitants cried out, 'Anaximenes is mistaken, I am not God.' I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars; 'neither are we,' said they, 'the God whom thou seekest.' And I said to all these things which stand around the doors of my flesh, 'You have told me concerning my God that you are not He; give me at least some tidings of Him.' And they all cried out with a loud voice: *It is He that made us.*" This is the clever way which the old Christian philosopher has of telling us that we cannot admire the effect without doubly admiring the Cause. And it may be that Father Ryan considering things somewhat in the same light was so impressed with the majesty of the Creator that he saw naught in nature but nature's God. Indeed, he has shown this in "The Seen and the Unseen," when he writes these lines:

"The Finite—it is nothing but a smile
That flashes from the face of Infinite;
A smile with shadows on it— and 'tis sad
Men bask beneath the smile but oft forget
The loving Face that very smile conceals."

A deep religious feeling pervades all his poems. Whether he write of friend or foe, that undertone of piety is always present quietly doing its share in the cause of good, "like a river in a forest," as John Boyle O'Reilly would say. Unlike Byron and others who wrote on one page grand and noble songs to the Creator, and on the next, vile sensualisms fit only for pagan ears, but like all truly great men, his religion influenced every act of his life. Far from anything approaching sensualism finding a place in his poems, it may be truly said of him that he never wrote a line which did not tend to have an elevating influence on him who read it. Many

have written on religious subjects, many, no doubt, have had beautiful thoughts and dreams just as Father Ryan had, but few have had the gift of clothing them in terms so appropriate and expressive. For instance, note with what reality he places before us the Priest's Communion in the "Feast of the Sacred Heart":

"From his hand to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path
Still doing the Father's will:
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill

"The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a wondrous grace:
A silence falls on the altar—
An awe on each bended face—
For the Heart that bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place."

Seldom, indeed, do we find a more realistic word-picture than that contained in the above lines,—the communicating priest in his robes, the altar-boys in their surplices, a whole congregation of devout souls kneeling with bended heads to adore the God-made man,—this whole scene rises up before us. However, the passage loses something by being separated from its context. But, listen again to this stanza selected from the "Last of May"—for it goes without saying that Father Ryan being a pious man had a particular love for the Queen of Heaven:

"The tapers were lit on the altar,
With garlands of lilies between;
And the steps leading up to the statue
Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen;
The sunbeams came down from the heavens
Like angels, to hallow the scene,
And they seemed to kneel down with the
shadows
That crept to the shrine of the Queen."

Note the beautiful thought in the last four lines; first, the descending sunbeams are likened to angels, and are then made to kneel down with the shadows that had *crept*—as if in reverence—to the shrine of the Queen. The bare thought in itself has a wonderful charm and even expressed in prose it would still be poetry, but when it is presented to us in the "linked sweetness" of harmonious words, we can only stand at a distance and admire the author's genius.

So far I have spoken only of Father Ryan's religious poems, but now we come

to another class of his poems chiefly called forth by his friends and the tender memories connected with them, and in this part of his poetry he displays a tenderness which could emanate only from a spirit which was wont to go out to those it loved, carrying with it unbounded sympathy and consolation. His was the message of a great heart, a message whose tenderness was intensified by a tone of unceasing sorrow, and perhaps there is nothing more prominent in his works than this tone of deep sorrow or loneliness which pervades the whole. I have said he was one who loved his friends with no common love, and hence, on being separated from them, he grieved for their absence with no common grief; and, again, the failure of the South seems to be continually in his mind, hanging over him like a dark cloud. Either or both of these causes may have been instrumental in giving this peculiar tone to his writings. In any case, they certainly have this peculiarity, and if the saying is true that "whatever else a man writes, he always writes himself," we must judge from Father Ryan's poetry that at some time during his life he suffered an affliction whose influence did not cease through all his remaining years, and which gave to his poems that sad sweetness seldom or never found in other writers. It has been said that in this respect he resembles the American poet, Poe. True, there is in both that strain of melancholy; but Poe's melancholy leads him to despair, while Ryan's serves only to make him fight a stronger fight in the battle of the world, and to draw him closer to his Creator as we see in the following verse quoted from "The Prayer of the South."

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod!
My face is wan and white with many woes!
But I will lift my poor chained hands to God,
And for my children pray, and for my foes.
Beside the graves where thousands lowly lie
I kneel, and weeping for each slaughtered son,
I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,
And pray, oh! Father, let Thy will be done!"

These are noble words of resignation and trust—words which become a man and a Christian. But, let us quote again, this time from a sister for the recovery of her brother, a priest who died in his early manhood:

"From his sister's heart swept the wildest moan,
 'Oh! God let my brother stay—
 I need him the most—oh! me: how lone,
 If he passes from earth away—
 Oh! beautiful Christ, for my poor sake
 Let him live for me, else my heart will break."

But the angel of death wept 'Poor child! No,
 And Christ sang 'Child, I will soothe thy woe."

Few could have put so much pathos in as many lines, and still fewer could have done it with such a delicate touch of tenderness. There is no polish, no studying of words, but line follows line in such a simple natural strain that we are forced to conclude that the poets own, ever present, pent-up sorrow welled up anew as he wrote, causing him to throw his whole soul into the prayer of grief which he puts in the mouth of another. And here are more lines which I think for a picture of beautiful sadness are scarcely equalled in the language. They are selected from "Their Story Runneth Thus." The part I am about to quote is the separation of Ethel and her lover:

"Their hands were clasped
 To tear the clasp in twain; and all the stars
 Looked proudly down on them, while shadows
 knelt,
 Or seemed to kneel, around them with the awe
 Evoked from any heart by sacrifice."

* * * * *

Raptures meet agonies in such heart-hours;
 Gladness doth often fling her bright, warm arms
 Around the cold, white neck of grief—and thus
 The while they parted—sorrow swept their hearts
 Like a great, dark stormy sea—but sudden
 A joy, like sunshine—did it come from God?
 Flung over every wave that swept o'er them
 A more than golden glory.

The reader will notice here a figure somewhat similar to that we have spoken of in "The Last of May." But here the shadows adore at the shrine of pure love—truly a noble thought, a Christian conception; love so pure and exalted that nature falls down to adore it! And further on, note how he pictures in a most realistic figure the struggle of happiness and sorrow in the breasts of the lovers when he makes gladness to fling her "bright, warm arms around the cold, white neck of grief." The poet had a difficult scene to paint, and he did it admirably, for in this one figure he has succeeded in saying or suggesting *something*, while it is not unfrequent for many others to write a whole poem on a

similar subject, only to succeed in saying a pretty nothing. I shall not delay to comment on the words almost immediately following this figure—"sorrow swept their hearts like a great, dark, stormy sea,"—"Their strength needs not to be pointed out. Let him who reads, feel. The whole poem is worthy of our attention, for in it the author has effected a creation truly wonderful, and I believe he has succeeded mainly because, having sorrows of his own, he knew how to feel for others. Surely as John Boyle O'Reilly says, "the sweetest songs are sung in sorrow, and surely "affliction is a mother whose painful throes yield many sons, each fairer than the other." But there is something else in the poem, which is worthy of notice: it is the hope of future happiness which is held out to the lovers, or rather, to which the lovers themselves aspire, for "Their souls were twined together in the heart of Christ." How differently would our poets of the materialistic school have treated the same subject. Listen to Swinburne in "The Forsaken Garden":

"Shall the dead take thought for the dead to
 love them?
 What love was ever as deep as the grave?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave."

Not a very consoling prospect, indeed, but my space does not permit of comment. There is one more poem, not exactly of this class, which I must mention before passing on. It is the "Song of the Mystic"—altogether Father Ryan's most polished production. There is such an easy, natural flow in the lines, such a propriety in the words, that almost unconsciously the reader is carried off into the "Valley of Silence," where he becomes the reverential spectator of the good priest—the turmoil of the world left behind—rapt in deep meditation during which he is favored with visions of more than earthly grandeur, which to the outer world are denied. See what *he* saw in the "Valley of Silence.

"And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
 Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
 And they wear holy veils on their faces,
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
 They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
 Too pure for the touch of a word!"

Truly no ordinary conception is this—thoughts likened to virgins, thoughts summoned up in the silence of meditation and so far removed from anything earthly that they would be contaminated by being translated into the language of men. Note, also, the suggestive delicacy in the last few lines. Seldom has an idea been more appropriately expressed. Rev. J. L. Spalding writing in the *Catholic World* has clothed the same idea in a somewhat similar dress :

“How beautiful is sweet chastity,
Which from its very thought will flee,
And if a shadow fall its way
Will not a moment longer stay.”

In neither quotation is chastity itself explained, but the power of the lines lies in their suggestiveness. It is only another way the writers have of telling us that the sanctity of their idea surpasses the skill of its painter.

But now let me pass on to a still more important part of Father Ryan's poetry—his war-songs. I have said that he was a “Southerner of Southerners,” and this he took every opportunity of shewing both by pen and speech. “Seldom has a poet,” says Sladen in his “Younger Poets of America,” been so identified with his cause as this priest—Tyrtaeus. * * * He has created a monument more beautiful and enduring than marble over the grave of the gallant but ill-fated Gray.” Father Ryan was peculiarly fitted by the sadness of his nature to sing of the lost fortunes of a nation; therefore, when civil war swept over his country, carrying off the flower of the land, and spreading desolation and destruction on every side, is it any wonder that a cry of more than common dejection should rise to his lips? But, it was a manly cry of dejection, and he gives vent to it in his world renowned “Conquered Banner.” Imagine the old flag around which the South had often rallied; imagine it stained with the blood of martyrs; imagine it drooping in the motionless air of a southern climate, and you can appreciate the sad tenderness of the following :

“Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,

And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its toes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Here again there is no marked attempt at polish—only the natural outpourings of sadness begotten of a “Lost Cause,” only the mournful cry of one who sees the future of his country blasted, only the voice of one whose only consolation is to send forth “Sentinel Songs” to keep “watch and ward” over the graves of the martyred dead :

“When the warrior's sword is lowered,
Ere its stainless sheen grows dim,
The bard flings forth its dying gleams
On the wings of a deathless hymn.

“Songs, march! he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the conquered land
Have now no guards save you.”

Thus he continues in a flow of more than sixty stanzas in which his accustomed patriotic feeling and virtuous sentiments are, if anything, more prominent than in any other of his poems.

Now, one more word on Father Ryan, and I am done. I have said that he had a passionate love for his native land; but, like all Irish-Americans, he had a warm place in his sympathetic heart for the land of his fathers—Ireland. However, I know of only two of his poems directly dedicated to the “Old Land.” They are “Erin's Flag” and “Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow.” Doubtless he would have written more on this subject but for the storms which during much of his life beset his own country. Were it convenient, I should give an example of his fiery outburst in “Erin's Flag,” but a quotation from which one could obtain an idea of this poem would necessarily be too long for the space at my disposal. I therefore am content to prove his love for the “Old Land” by quoting from “Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow” :

“But oh! alas, how can I sing? 'tis an exile
Breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love, I
Must never see again;
And the very joy that fills my breast, must ever
Change to woe—
For that dear old land, that sweet old land,
Where the beautiful rivers flow.”

This is only a very small part of what might be written of Father Ryan's poetry. I have not pointed out his faults which,

by the way, are few, because my only object has been to create an interest in one whose work has not, to say the least, received its due amount of attention. I leave to others the fault-finding, if fault-finding there should be where the perfections so far outweigh the defects. I have made no attempt at thorough criticism, but have simply written down some selections which were pleasing to me while reading them. Why these selections were pleasing to me I could not always tell, for there is an indescribable *something* about

all his writings which cannot be explained in an essay. But read his poetry once and you will read it again, for it is not only "sweet to the ear" but healthy to the soul.

HUGH J. CANNING, '93.

P.S.—It may be interesting for some to know that Father Ryan is the author of "Better than Gold," not Alex. Smart, as was erroneously stated in the old Ontario Reader.—H. J. C.



TO ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The following eulogistic lines, written for the Owl by a member of the editorial staff of the *Fortnightly*, McGill University, were

suggested to their author on perusing Mr Lampman's sonnet on the death of Tennyson, in the Christmas number of the Owl.



HEY weary me, these younger bards of ours,
 Whom their half-brother, the dull critic, greets
 With praise : they weary me, despite their feats,
 Of wondrous-seeming verse, their adept pow'rs
 'Surely,' said I, 'this land of beauty dow'rs
 Some truer songster, lavish of her sweets,'
 When thy rich lute, thou strong Canadian Keats,
 Broke on me, like a breeze among the flow'rs.

Ben Jonson, punning, said of Him, the King
 Of English poets, that a *lance* he bore
 To *brandish* in the eyes of ignorance.
 A late Apostle *words of worth* did bring ;
 And thou dost hold a *lamp*, whose beamings pour
 Around the steps of thy celestial trance.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

ELECTRICITY IN OTTAWA.



WITH the rapid development of the science of electricity, and its application to all industrial purposes, comes a disuse of the older forms of energy, and the substitution of this subtle fluid.

Electricity, as a means of instantaneous communication, has long since placed the most distant peoples in direct communication. As a source of light, it has usurped the place of oil and gas; as a means of locomotion it is fast taking the place of steam and horse-power, while as a generator of heat, be it said to the credit of Ottawa genius and energy, it bids fair to relegate the coal "combines," with their remorseless prices, to the unpitied memories of the past, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

Possessed of such advantages, therefore, as this imponderable fluid is blessed with, it follows as a natural sequence, that cities equipped with the best means of generating this fluid are to be "facile princeps," the cities of the future. On this account, therefore, am I justified in predicting a brilliant future for our own city, for the presence of the unlimited water-power in this vicinity is a sure harbinger of its future success in this line. Ottawa occupies to-day the proud position of being the electrical centre of Canada, and although other cities are striving hard to usurp that coveted title, there is not much danger of their succeeding whilst the energy displayed by the present promoters of electricity in the city continues. In order to form a more complete idea of the state of electricity in Ottawa, a brief study of it in its principal phases and evolutions, will, I think, be in order.

Electricity has four industrial applications in the city now: communication, electric lighting, rapid transit and heating.

As far as communication by means of the telephone and telegraph is concerned, suffice it to say that the city has always

been abreast with the times in this respect, but it is especially during the last five or six years that a new impetus seems to have been given this branch, and the luxury of a telephone is to-day enjoyed by hundreds of homes in Ottawa. It is with electricity in its more recent adaptations, and more energetic forms, however, that we are here concerned.

The first electric light seen in Ottawa was generated by 60 (sixty) Bunsen cells, in the Physical Laboratory of Ottawa University, by the Rev. Fr. Balland, who will long be remembered here for the enthusiasm he evinced in scientific studies. Since the delighted crowd of onlookers first beheld that diminutive light, the growth has been such that our fair city now stands one of the best lighted on our Continent. The first light placed at Ottawa for industrial purposes, was an arc light placed in Young's Mill, at the Chaudiere, by the United States Electric Light Co., of Newark.

This experiment, made in 1882, was such a decided success, that one by one the giant lumber concerns around the "Falls" adopted it, so that at present every mill in the city is so lighted. In fact it is now a wonder how the mill men got along at all previous to its introduction, for on account of the shortness of the sawing season, and the great amount of lumber to be sawed, in this emporium, the mills were obliged to work night and day. An interesting coincidence in connection with this first lighting apparatus, is that on the same spot upon which the first humble dynamo was placed, is now to be found the very best equipped dynamic station in Canada.

There are two systems of electric lighting for street lighting purposes now in use: one, the tower system, by which at stated intervals in a city, are erected high towers, provided with a number of powerful lights. This system is evidently a good one for a city in which the streets are wide and well laid out, and the ground upon which it is built is level; but the greater number of cities have adopted the isolated light system, or the one enjoyed by the citizens

of Ottawa, by which single powerful arc lights are placed on telegraph poles on street corners

In 1884 the Bell Electric Light Co., of London, Ont., experimented with the former system, by placing a lighted tower on Christ Church Hill, with the object of taking a contract for lighting the city, if the attempt proved a success. The experiment was a failure, not so much through any defects peculiar to the system, as on account of the lack of power to produce sufficient pressure—a strange reason, when we consider the facilities enjoyed by Ottawa for the generation of power.

In 1885 the city was lighted by electricity for the first time by the Royal Electric Light Co., of Montreal. This Company secured a three years' contract from the City Council, with the optional privilege of extending the time to ten years. The contract proved satisfactory to both sides, and still exists, with the difference, however, that its privilege has been transferred to the Ottawa Electric Lighting Co. Previous to the lighting of the city, however, quite a number of isolated plants had been introduced. That is, institutions of a public character invested in dynamos, and generated the electricity required for lighting on their own premises. Such a plant is called "isolated," in contradistinction to the "Central Station" system, by which power and light is distributed from a central distributing point, as in the case of the Electric Lighting Companies of the city. The University enjoys the distinction of being the first institution lighted throughout by electricity in the city, and in fact one of the first educational establishments so lighted in the country. The power is steam, and the current necessary to light the building with 70 volt Incandescent lamps is generated by an 18 horse-power Westinghouse Alternating Dynamo.

Since 1885 the introduction of electricity has been general, and to such an extent that almost every shop in town, and hundreds of private dwellings, now enjoy the luxury of its soft white light. Before arriving at the present degree of comfort, however, electric lighting underwent in ten years, an evolution in which three distinct degrees are noticeable. The first was that in which nearly all the public

buildings were lighted by the arc light, which, although it gave a powerful white light, was not sufficiently steady for comfort's sake. The reason why, at this time, the incandescent system was impracticable was because of the inability of the electricians to produce a current of sufficient strength for lighting purposes, without the use of such a quantity of copper wire, as placed this latter valuable article far beyond the reach of economic lighting. Moreover, the introduction of a high pressure current, of say 1000 volts, into a house circuit, rendered the handling of the same extremely dangerous. The second stage began with the introduction of the Alternating Current System, and the invention of the Converter. By means of the former the hitherto great quantity of copper wire was dispensed with to a great extent, because the introduction of high pressure into the circuit allowed the current to flow in wire of much smaller diameter than formerly, while by means of the latter the danger of handling dangerous currents was obviated.

The converter is an instrument made on the principle of the induction coil, the reverse of the latter instrument being used. By it a current of high pressure is sent from a fine wire through a thicker one by induction. By this means a current of 1000 volts, for instance, may be reduced to 50 volts, and this current being sent to the lamps, is quite sufficient to light them, whilst at the same time the former danger menacing the manipulator of the lights is done away with. This second degree of perfection placed the lamps within easy reach of storekeepers; but for householders one difficulty still existed, that is for the want of a proper metre to measure the amount of current used, householders were obliged to pay the companies for all the lamps in the house as though they used the whole of them every night.

This of course entailed much unnecessary expense, and the electric light was apparently as far away from householders as ever, when the invention of a meter removed all difficulties, and gave us the system as we enjoy it at present.

This metre, invented by one Shallenberger, brings us into the third and present stage of evolution. It measures ampere hours on an indicator placed in each residence, and as the Ottawa com-

panies charge one cent per ampere hour a householder can tell at any moment exactly how much light is costing.

There are now three lighting companies doing business in Ottawa, the Chaudiere, Standard and Ottawa companies.

The Chaudiere Company represents a capital stock of about \$500,000, and the other two companies together aggregate about the same.

Besides the lighting industry, Ottawa is now the possessor of one of the finest street railway systems in America. The rails of the company extend over about ten miles of streets, running through the principal thoroughfares and connecting the main points of interest in the city. The power is generated at the Chaudiere Falls in the dynamo house of the Ottawa Electric Street Railway. The plant comprises two 400 horse-power Westinghouse generators, the finest of their kind in Canada, and three 100 horse-power generators of the same make. Before devising this admirable system now in vogue in the city, the enterprising promoters of the road with their usual foresight and energy, inspected all the roads of any account in the country, and taking note of the salient points of each, have compiled the whole into a model system.

The company that has produced such an admirable road system of travelling deserves well at the hands of the people. The cars are finished in a style that challenges comparison, are always well heated, run on time, and are in charge of the politest body of railroad officials in the country.

The most important application of electricity, however, in the city is the heating apparatus known as the Ahearn heater, the invention of which has placed Ottawa in the foremost rank of electrical cities. The heater consists of an iron

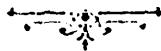
cylinder around which, but insulated from it, by asbestos strips, is coiled a quantity of iron wire; the resistance in this coil transforms the energy into heat, which acting on the air within the cylinder heats it, and as an opening is left at the bottom through which a draught may enter, a current of warm air ascends from the cylinder and heats the room or car in which it is placed. The whole apparatus is enclosed in a neat looking outer cylinder and surmounted by a burnished nickel perforated top. The heater is also applied to heating buildings by introducing this heat developed into water coils, and thus doing away with the necessity of a furnace.

The first building heated throughout by electricity is the Ottawa power house already spoken of. The sole right of exploiting the Ahearn heater in the United States has been purchased by the Railway Equipment Company of Chicago. All heaters used in Canada are manufactured here in Ottawa.

The principal other use to which this heater has been put besides the ordinary uses of domestic life is for what are called the drying-rooms of the lumber concerns. The introduction of this kind of heat into those large rooms has filled a long felt want, as by it all danger of fire is done away with.

The foregoing history of electricity in Ottawa shows the phenomenal success it has met with, and if past success is any harbinger of future glory, it is safe to say that our fair city will keep apace with the progress of this wonderful science, and continue to be as she has been for several years past, the acknowledged electrical centre of Canada.

FRANK MCDUGAL, '93.



LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

..... Sundry jottings
 Stray leaves, fragments, blurs and blotings.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

(Continued from last issue.)

After a residence of five years at Eton, Shelley abruptly left the famous school for reasons which have never been satisfactorily assigned. It is hinted, however, that his predilection for physical science, a branch of knowledge somewhat tabooed in the institution, coupled with a desire to remove what he was pleased to designate as "oppression," and an unhappy aptitude for disagreeing with the principal, Dr. Keate, had a great deal to do with his sudden removal. When allowed to choose his own studies Shelley was an industrious student, and we learn from Professor Dowden that the studies of his choice were of an unusual nature for a youth of his years. The verse of Lucretius, we are told, held him as with a potent spell; and when he turned away from his poetics it was to investigate the scientific discoveries of Benjamin Franklin, or the wild speculations of Godwin's *Political Justice*. He translated several books of Pliny's *Natural History*, being especially impressed by the chapter "De Deo," in which the Roman philosopher censures the superstitious myths of the loves and wars of anthropomorphic deities. On the whole, the list of books contained none that were positively bad, and had the young man only added a copy of the *Catechism of Perseverance* or some other work on Christian doctrine to his library at this time, and studied it to advantage, his whole after-life might have been changed for the better. When left to his own free will he devoted his time to the classical poets and the modern investigators of science, but the moment anything like compulsion was even mentioned his natural arrogance asserted itself. After all, it is never easy to harness a race horse down to draught work. William Sharp says that Shelley left Eton with the good will of the students, and it may be also assumed that his departure met with the good will of his teachers, only in another sense of the phrase.

From Eton Shelley went to Oxford,

where he matriculated in April, 1810. The interval between his departure from the school and his entrance at the university was spent at Field Place, the residence of his father. Whilst at Field Place a happening occurred to him by no means unusual with raw youths—he fell in love. The object of his mawkish affection was his pretty cousin, Miss Harriet Grove, and the upshot of the affair may be told in a few words. Shelley tried to pervert the young girl to atheism, in consequence of which the lovers were separated, she to marry a "Tory Christian," and he to sulk, and rave, and finally to forget. Thus perishes the great majority of such charming little "romances in real life," but notwithstanding their inevitably gloomy end they have been going on since the race of men peopled the earth, and will probably continue until the tromp of Gabriel shall sound over a trembling world. The ways of men, especially young men, are often intensely amusing. A French philosopher it was that ventured to broach the theory that one of the purposes for which mankind was created was to afford merriment for the court of Heaven.

When Shelley entered Oxford he had a right to consider himself a prose writer of some repute. Always an omnivorous reader of the lurid romances in the production of which the famous Monk Lewis and the equally famous Mrs. Radcliffe excelled, the young poet undertook to produce imitations of those highly wrought novels and tales. In 1810, he produced *Zastrozzi*, the hero of which was a desperate outlaw, and another feverish tale, "*The Nightmare*," was finished at Eton, but, perhaps in deference to its title, it never saw the light of day. Other works of a similar character came in rapid succession from the poet-novelist at this time, but except to the close student of all that their author produced, they are entirely worthless. Shelley, as a novelist, would have shared the fate of the author of *She* whose popularity had a gad-fly life

of a few hours and then vanished forever.

The third of those morbid, grotesque and inflated novels called *Leonora* was written in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a gentleman of good family whom Shelley met at Oxford, and who was destined to share his friendship through life. Between Hogg and Shelley there was, from the outset, an intellectual bond, for they both loved the great Greek and Latin poets and sages. Besides this common taste in literature, it is believed that Hogg shared Shelley's atheism, even from the moment when chance first brought them together. How this memorable meeting occurred is recorded by Hogg in the fascinating pages of his *Shelley at Oxford*. Hogg sat near the young poet at dinner, one or other of them opened a conversation, which in time took the form of a discussion of the comparative merits of German and Italian poetry, and Hogg was so interested in the boyish impetuosity with which the freshman maintained his admiration of the former, that he invited his vivacious new acquaintance to his room, where, as William Sharp states, while Shelley discoursed with wonderful facility and enthusiasm, his host gradually lost interest in the subject of argument, and paid more and more attention to his sparkling companion. This acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which, with one brief lapse, was to last until the purple waters of the Gulf of Spezzia gathered over the devoted head of the greatest of the English lyricists. Now that we see Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, novelist, poet and reformer, and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, disciple and follower, together, the remainder of their reign at Oxford may be briefly told. I anticipated a little in giving the sequel of the love affair in which Shelley and Miss Grove played their parts. When the former entered Oxford the latter was still unmarried and the queen of his heart. But Miss Grove was so uninformed as to entertain some regard for religion and conventionality, and, consequently, it remained for the young reformer to "convert" her to regard both one and the other as loathsome fetters for the soul. There were also other impressionable young ladies of Mr. Shelley's acquaintance and admiration in the same deplorable plight as pretty Harriet Grove. Here, surely, was mate-

rial to engage the attention of a born reformer. Those young ladies he felt in duty bound to teach how utterly hollow was the prevailing ideas of the deity, how the restraints of Christian marriage palled on the appetites, and what useless incumbrances those observations are which many people are so utterly foolish as to suppose distinguish the denizens of civilization from the nude savages of the heart of Africa. In a word, the young ladies whom Mr. Shelley knew best and admired most, had to be "reformed" in a manner becoming to the friends of one who habitually poured over the speculative philosophy and the sneering unbelief of a Locke and a Hume. This course once determined upon, the energetic Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley lost no time in opening a varied correspondence with those benighted maidens. As a result of the studies which those delectable epistles necessitated, their feather-brained author soon found himself in possession of a large stock of the usual atheistical lore with whose unblushing sophistries we are all more or less familiar. And having amassed this wealth Shelley was not the man to hinder a hungry world from sharing in his treasure. So he forthwith proceeds to collate his notes and the result was the famous tractate on *The Necessity of Atheism*. In this dissertation, according to the masterly synopsis furnished by William Sharp, Shelley sets forth the statement that all belief rests on the conviction of—the senses, the reason, the testimony. The argument proceeds that in the case of the Deity none of these proofs are available (which statement is utterly and entirely without warrant) and the tractate concludes with what Mr. Sharp calls "that favorite device of the not very clear as well as of the clear of mind"—a resounding *quod erat demonstrandum*. This charming production was sown broadcast, the author himself acting as the chief distributor. Even the *University Herald*, that is to say, the Oxford prototype of the Owl, was imposed upon to publish an advertisement of the screeed, while the favorite Oxford publisher, Mr. Munday, was whiled into exposing the work for sale in his windows. But Oxford took a terrible revenge for those repeated indignities to her sense of decorum and her religious propensities. In a surprisingly brief period of time Mr

Shelley and his *alter ego*, Mr. Hogg, had to pay the penalty for their gratuitous blasphemy; for, greatly to their individual dismay and indignant disgust, they were forthwith expelled by the authorities of the University. Many biographers of Shelley, while deciding that the sentence was not harsh considering the provocation, nevertheless subject the authorities of Oxford for not having been more lenient in its execution. Now, I confess I fail to perceive that the Oxford authorities committed the slightest error in this matter. I know that the powers of expulsion are sometimes abused in Oxford and frequently elsewhere. But when two students, having arrived at the age of reason, in Oxford or any other christian college under the sun, proceed to demolish the god-head by means of a tissue of ridiculous arguments, and glory in scoffing at religion and decency, it is surely both expedient and just to drive them forth from the precincts of the institution which they have disgraced and the midst of the community which they have appalled and disgusted. Let us, therefore, waste no words in condemning the Oxford faculty for having done a just and honorable action.

Hogg gives us a picture of Shelly as he appeared when they first met, which may be appropriately introduced at this stage of our narrative. "His figure was slight and fragile," he says "and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumped, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of remarkable bulk for his hair was long and bushy. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect on the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other counten-

ance." Elsewhere, Hogg describes the interior of Shelley's room, and the passage reads like the word-picture Charles Dickens gives us of the "Old Curiosity Shop." Here are a few sentences of the curious account:

"Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to reconstruct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various lines, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electric machine, an air pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter."

The enumeration of the heterogeneous contents of Shelley's chamber is carried to much greater length by Hogg, but enough has been given here to show how utterly regardless the poet was of his surroundings, and, by inference, to give an idea of his varied intellectual diversions.

After their expulsion, about the end of March, 1811, Shelley and Hogg departed by coach for London. They spent the night of their arrival in the great metropolis at a coffee-house near Picadilly, and at an early hour in the morning called on Thomas Medwin, a cousin of Shelley. The latter, Medwin states, was despondent, but the good spirits of Hogg were unshaken. At a later hour in the morning the friends found suitable lodgings in Poland Street, where they made their residence. Correspondence was opened by Shelley for the purpose of obtaining permission to return with his friend to Field Place, but his father indignantly refused to allow him to come home if he did not at once dissociate himself from Hogg. As might be expected from a parent, the elder Shelley blamed Hogg for all of Percy's misfortunes. It was true that, Hogg was elder than Shelley, and in the nature of things, should have been wiser, but there is no evidence that he was more irreligious, mutable and incorrigible than the poet. On the contrary, the testimony rather shows that Hogg fell

a victim to Shelley's force of mind mania for proselytism, and personal magnetism. What was absolutely certain was that Thomas Jefferson Hogg was loyal to Percy Bysshe Shelley, and had their mutual friendship not been darkened by religious infidelity, and social revolution, it would have been beautiful. It is almost unnecessary to state that Shelley refused to part from his tried and true companion, nor need it surprise us to learn that Squire Timothy Shelley, who was naturally hot-headed, should, on learning of his son's determination, tell him forthwith to provide for himself. When Shelley refused to drop Hogg he received an irate message from his father to the effect that he was forbidden Field Place, that monetary supplies would be stopped, and that he would thenceforth have to rely upon his own resources. Mr. Timothy Shelley has been severely rated by numerous admirers of his immortal son for his so-called rigour to the poet. Really it is not easy to perceive that he acted otherwise but rightly and justly according to his lights. He was a typical English Squire with all the shortcomings of his caste. It is doubtful if his mind's eye could see beyond his mind's nose. What did he know of reformers? What did he care about progress? He was a tory of the fine, old sort that detests all changes. A genius was born to him, and he regarded the prodigy with the sort of feelings which a hen which has hatched duck eggs may be supposed to entertain when she beholds her little flock suddenly take to the water and wanton with the waves.

Thus made to shift for himself, Shelley would have fared ill for a time had it not been for the kindness of friends, including his unselfish young sisters and their favorite schoolmate, Harriet Westbrook. Hogg lent him money, and small sums of cash and very loving letters were sent him by his sisters, and his Uncle Pilford gave him material assistance. So here we have a novelist, poet, reformer, and revolutionist unable to earn his bread, actually subsisting on loans and the pin-money of school-girls. Surely the irony of fate was never better exemplified.

The message which came to Shelley from his sisters were brought by Harriet Westbrook. Shelley first met Harriet at

Oxford shortly before his expulsion, and after this event her ears had been filled with a romantic version of the affair by the two Shelley sisters. She was, therefore, ready to regard the poet as somewhat of a martyr, and he, with infinitely better reason, when we consider the purposes of her errands, took to comparing her visits to those of the angels. Hogg had departed for his home in April, and Shelley was lonesome. The friendship between himself and Harriet grew more powerful at every visit. The girl soon discovered that she "cared for" the unfortunate poet. He also began to show an affection for her, and immediately, as was his wont, proceeds to proselytize her. One of his biographers declares that when Shelley first knew Harriet Westbrook, the girl held, as was natural, no pronounced opinion of any kind. But Shelley was not long of her acquaintance before she learned that he was an atheist and was greatly shocked, but a time came, and soon too, when to his philosophical, and social views she lent a ready ear. The father of Harriet—"Jew" Westbrook—so called on account of being a money lender—was a rich coffee-house keeper, and he looked on Shelley with a favorable eye, mainly on account of the expectations of the poet. It was only when "Jew" Westbrook learned that Shelley was intent upon "converting" his daughter without any mention of a definite engagement, that he put any check upon the attentions of the young man. About this time Timothy Shelley allowed his passion to subside, and early in May the poet was allowed to pay a reconciliatory visit to Field Place, where according to William Sharp, an arrangement was made, whereby Mr. Shelley agreed to allow his son an annuity of £200, with full permission for Bysshe to reside wheresoever he chose, and to pursue his own way of life, but on the understanding that though he might correspond he was to have no personal communication with Hogg. The terms were reluctantly accepted, no doubt as a compromise with starvation, and as the purchasing power of two hundred pounds was then much greater than it is now, the poet had reason to be pleased with his stipend as well as to rejoice at the comparative freedom which it would allow him to enjoy.

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WE ARE HONORED.

Our readers, we are sure, will be interested and edified by the letters of Pope Leo which appear in our opening article. THE OWL feels no little pride in having the privilege of presenting such remarkable documents to the reading world for the first time. In obtaining us this privilege His Grace Archbishop Duhamel has added another to many gratifying proofs of sincere interest in his Alma Mater, and in our College journal. To Mgr. Tanguay, who presents us with such treasures as only his kinship and intimacy with the noble Peccì family

could procure, we feel deeply grateful. This distinguished prelate and writer has many veritable gems among his mementos of illustrious friends in the old world; we would be honored indeed to be permitted to describe or publish some of these souvenirs. Our frontis-piece, copied from a beautiful oil painting presented to the University by His Holiness, we have reason to flatter ourselves, is an excellent portrait of Leo XIII.; so say several of our professors, who have often seen the Sovereign Pontiff.

A WANT.

Among the many subjects to which the minds of teachers have been directed during the past few years, there is none more useful, and certainly none which calls for less time and less waste of energy than that of drill. We speak not of that drill which fits the soldier for the field of battle, nor yet of that which is taught and practiced to develop muscle and gracefulness of movement, though both may come within the scope of the teacher's work, but of a drill which has for object the preservation of life and limb, the much needed but seldom called for *fire drill*. So long as fire continues to burn, so long will accidents occur, which involve not alone the loss of property, but the loss of human lives as well. Now in our large institutions of learning where hundreds of students are daily congregated, and from which exit is often by no means easy, owing to the fact that both study-halls and class-rooms generally occupy a third or a fourth story, no means should be neglected which might ensure the safety of both teachers and students in case of fire. It was with this object in view that fire-drill was introduced into our schools and colleges. At first it was thought to be practically impossible, but repeated trials have demonstrated beyond doubt its possibility as well as its utility.

It consists in this: at regular intervals during each term, it is ascertained by actual trial the shortest possible time required to clear such institutions of their occupants. For this purpose previous instructions are given to the students as to the order to be preserved in leaving their respective class-rooms or the study hall, should all be assembled there. At the sound of the much-dreaded fire bell, which by the way should be of easy access, no one rises till the command is first given by the teacher or the prefect of discipline, as the case may be. Then all move in regular order, with just such speed as will prevent all danger of confusion or injury. After a few experiments of this kind it is surprising to find with what coolness and self-possession students can be brought to march from the presence of the dreaded element. All danger of crowding door-ways, of losing time, of stumbling, falling, crawling beneath a living mass of confused fear and helplessness, will be thus avoided, and this, too, every time the alarm, *fire*, is given, which occurs much more frequently than the actual fire. It was but a few weeks ago, in one of the Sisters' schools of New York, that this system of drill was put to a severe test. The fire had made considerable headway before it was noticed. The Sister in charge of the study, with a presence of mind characteristic of these good women, having called all to order, gave the command to march. On reaching the ground-floor, it was found that almost the whole corridor leading to the main entrance was a mass of living fire. The basement might yet be reached, but to do so required more than an ordinary act of courage, as a portion of the staircase leading to the basement was also on fire. Past this point over two hundred girls moved with a calmness truly stoical, the good Sister being the last to leave her post of com-

mand. What a lesson on self-possession in trying circumstances! Are our young men incapable of such, or are we to be surpassed in courage, order and discipline by the gentler sex? Those who argue against the utility of drill in our schools seem to think so. We know of no particular instance in which the courage and coolness of boys have been so severely tried, nor do we wish to learn of any, but we think that with a little practice such order and discipline can be established as to guarantee like beneficial results even in more trying circumstances.

GENEROUS AND GRATIFYING.

W. F. Tye, who was a student in the Engineering course in the University some years ago, writing from Sultana City, Washington, says: "I have seen many college papers since I have been in this country, but none that I think as good as the Owl. We old students of Ottawa ought to help along such a good work. Enclosed I send \$20 for the Owl exchequer. I will increase this to \$50 if any six or more of the old students, or friends of the Owl, will give a like amount, or if any twelve will give \$25 each."

Hat in hand, we bow our grateful acknowledgments to this old Ottawa student, for his encouraging words and for his generous contribution and offer. He is one of those successful men of the past of whom Alma Mater may well be proud. Will his offer bring us any more welcome contributions? We leave that to old students and friends; we can only pledge ourselves to employ what is sent to us in the best interests of our College journal.

As to what definite use a few hundreds might be, just at present, we thought it at the time quite a coincidence that by the same mail which brought us the letter mentioned above, we received the follow-

ing communication from Very Rev. Dr. Æ. McD. Dawson. "I intended to see you at the College in order to suggest that you prepare something literary for the Catholic branch of the great World's Fair. Cardinal Gibbons is President of this branch, Bishop Spalding acting President, and Bro. Mauretian Secretary and Manager. It would be possible, perhaps, to get ready in time a nice volume consisting of selections from the Owl. The opportunity of doing honor to Canada and to Ottawa University offers an incentive to make such a collection."

Father Dawson has been delegated to select Canadian works for the Exposition, and no one in the land, perhaps, is better able to judge of the standard required. The Rev. Doctor's suggestion is then gratifying. But, alas! the management of the Owl lacks the plump purse which would permit it to accept the tempting invitation. We deem it the proper thing to place these two letters before our readers; perhaps, some of them can make us a happy suggestion.

THE READING ROOM.

It is an undeniable fact that, on this continent where self-made men are numbered by thousands, there exists a more or less tacit, yet a very widely spread prejudice against the college graduate. How often one hears a well-to-do father say: "No, I do not intend to send my son to college; I shall give him a good practical education in the high school, then if he wishes to choose a profession let him do so; but as to what is termed classical training, I am decidedly opposed to it on principle." Note the words "practical education." University men are not supposed to be very practical as a rule. And to be candid there is just a mite of truth in this popular prejudice.

In a classical course the student deals muchly with theories and notions which stand aloof in a certain way from practical life. To get the full benefit of his course one must be able to apply these abstract notions—if we may so term them—to the actual daily occurrences around him. Hence the necessity of keeping apace with the age in which one lives. No one within a college can afford to lose sight of what is going on in the busy world outside. The press is the recorder of man's daily doings, and consequently to us it seems quite evident that a well equipped reading room is an essential of a university properly so called. Some worthy exponents of educational systems maintain that the reading of the daily newspapers is highly detrimental to the formation of a pure, strong, elevated style. That such an opinion is correct to a considerable extent cannot be denied, yet it would be an extreme measure were the student on this account to be entirely deprived of the highly useful and multifarious information to be had from the perusal of the daily press.

Our Alma Mater has adopted the oft spoken of golden mean. She grants us the means whereby we are enabled to keep ourselves informed as to the world's doings, and at the same time, by having the different journals which enter the reading room undergo an examination in the hands of a competent authority, she protects our style against the evil influence of sensational reading. The reading room at present is in a flourishing condition. The students for the most part seem to fully appreciate the kind consideration of the faculty on their behalf. But there are a few black sheep in every flock, and sad to say some have found their way into our fold. The fee for admission as a member of the reading-room is the trifling sum of fifty cents. It cannot be said that this is a heavy tax,

yet a few—very few, we are glad to say—are found wanting when the treasurer of the reading room committee makes his annual round. Well and good, we do not commend this act, or rather this absence of an act, on the part of these few, but we charitably abstain from condemning it, being as we are to a greater or less extent ignorant of its why and wherefore. During the pleasant months of autumn these individuals who prize fifty cents so highly keep their place, which is any place at all outside of the reading-room. About the first of December, however, they, taking a mean advantage of the approach of the season of "peace and good-will," march into the reading-room and there strut about with the pompousness which characterises the school-boy on that all-eventful day on which he lays aside his knickerbockers and dons the stately garb of the man. As soon as an officer of the reading-room appears on the scene these bravadoes nudge each other and sidle along the wall out the door, or perhaps attempt to hide themselves behind a table. Verily, if they do as much in after life to save fifty cents as they do here, the fame of Jay Gould's fortune will soon be a thing of the past. Of course, after they have acted in the above described manner for a month or so, emboldened by successes achieved they sit for hours undisturbed by any sense of shame and enjoy—or rather, to call things by their proper names, steal—the money which their fellow students have paid for the papers and periodicals on the tables. This is an abuse, an utter absence of manliness in those who are culpable of it, which we denounce in thundering tones. The officers of the reading-room are not detectives or policemen, they are not under salary, and it cannot reasonably be expected of them that they will stand at the door and compel non members to remain outside. Therefore we appeal to

the latter class of individuals in the name of charity, decency and honesty to pay the admission fee or to keep outside of the reading-room.

On page 308 of this issue appear some verses entitled "The Passing of the Beautiful," from the pen of Theodore McManus. These lines were written for *United Canada*, and appeared in that paper some months ago. We had them in ms. with other bits of poetry written by Mr. McManus for the OWL. By mistake, one ms. instead of another was sent to the printer; this explains their unseasonable appearance, for the poet sings of the close of the year, also the fact of our not giving credit for them in the right place.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our unexpected and painful duty to record in this number the death of one of the oldest and most respected residents of Smith's Falls, Mr. J. Mea, father of Mr. C. J. Mea '95, a member of the OWL staff. Mr. Mea was a zealous Catholic and a good father whose family is one of the most respected in Smith's Falls. The members of the OWL staff take this opportunity of extending to their fellow-member their sympathy in the immeasurable loss which he has sustained, and of saying with him from their hearts, *May he rest in peace.*

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Messrs. J. P. Smith and L. Raymond have been chosen valedictorians by the class of '93.

First student—I hear Blaine has died a Catholic. *Second student*—No thanks to him for *dying* a Catholic; what we want is some one to *live* a Catholic.

A Church of England minister is booked to preach Lenten sermons in one of the Toronto churches, on the early history of England. A peculiar topic indeed; but the "Churches must follow the people." Protestant ministers must often feel the

force of the lines which Scott puts into the mouth of King James :

“Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king?”

Inspector Donovan in his report on the Hamilton Separate Schools says: “The staff of thirty-five teachers is composed of Christian Brothers, Sisters of Loretto, and Sisters of St. Joseph. They are earnest workers, have full knowledge of professional methods, and are thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of the age.” We have always heard that the Hamilton Separate Schools were among the best in Ontario, and we are glad to be reassured of this on such good authority as Mr. Donovan’s.

At a late meeting of the Toronto Public School Board, Mr. R. S. Baird moved that teachers be paid on a basis of merit instead of length of service. This very sensible motion was lost; the reason why is difficult to understand, unless it be that the Board has no confidence in Mr. Baird since a year ago when he introduced a motion that none but women should be engaged as Principals in the Toronto Public Schools.

Mr. Geo. W. Kiely, of Toronto, has made a donation of \$4,000 to St. Michael’s College to be used for the education of young men for the priesthood. It is so seldom we see an announcement of this kind where a Catholic college is concerned that we at first felt inclined to disbelieve the statement. However, it is true, and Mr. Kiely deserves credit for his generosity and good example which should not be lost on other wealthy Catholics in Canada.

A Prince Albert despatch says:—“Rev. Father Gasté, of Reindeer Lake, seven hundred miles northeast of this town, arrived here last night. The father has spent 33 years of his life as a missionary at Lac de Brochet post, and during that time has not even visited the confines of civilization. He is now en route to Paris to attend a council of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, to be held there in a short time. Father Gasté travelled the entire distance by dog-train, and was 21 days on the journey.”

The Paulist fathers, acting in accordance with the wishes of His Lordship Bishop Foley, of Detroit, are about to give a course of sermons in that city exclusively for the benefit of non-Catholics. This is a new departure in missions and, we believe, a good one. Fifty years ago such a proposal would not have been entertained for a moment, and the fact that it is now entertained is a sign of the times. Two great camps, the Church and Infidelity, now occupy the field in America; but there exists a third party, the Indifferent, which has not yet taken either side, but whose members are daily going “backward into the darkness or forward into the great light.” Eventually this whole camp must go in either direction. There is only one way of leading them forward: Place Catholic truth side by side with Infidel teaching and the brilliance of the former will far outshine the latter. The Paulist fathers have been successful in doing this and are to be commended in their present project.

Rev. Father Riordan, O.M.I., who has been remaining at the University for some time, has left for Winnipeg and the North-West, where he is to give a series of missions during the coming months.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

LE PHILANTHROPE.—A magazine as far as appearance goes, *Le Philanthrope* is nevertheless a newspaper, or better perhaps, it is a family journal devoted to national interests, in the United States and Canada. Its chief excellence lies in the brevity and pointedness of its articles. In this respect, *Le Philanthrope* is unique. In placing us on their list, the publishers were kind enough to date our acquaintance from the first issue, in June last. Since that time whatever has happened in Canada or in the United States is mentioned. Religious affairs, political questions, the state of society, athletic happenings, the news, in fact, of every event that transpires, is boiled down within the compass of an eight or ten line note. The editorial department is not extensive. *Non multa sed multum* is evidently the editor’s keynote. In “Pourquoi aimons-nous le monde?” he takes occasion in the December number

to answer a question too frequently left unanswered, perhaps because, as the editor truly says "the most expert are liable to lead themselves astray." In a previous issue we find a very forcible editorial on the necessity of Associations for Young Men. The mechanical execution of *Le Philanthrope* is superb. It is published monthly at 409 High Street, Providence, R. I.

OUTING.—Mr. C. G. Rogers is so well and favorably known to our readers through his poetic efforts, that we take special pleasure in directing attention to his latest appearance in prose in *Outing* for February, "Which Miss Charteris?" a skating idyl, is an intensely interesting story. Around the Misses Charteris, the author has cleverly grouped the most striking of these qualities that are to be found in the two extremes of feminine nature. Placed side by side, the character of each stands out more clearly by reason of the contrast. The vanity and unsteadiness of purpose of Miss Bella Charteris almost escape our notice, so slight is the impression they make, until we are introduced to her candid, charitable sister, "the sweet angel of Dutton." Of Percy Darley and Jack Leonard scarcely one direct statement is made, but the writer very adroitly makes the one reflect the character of the other. What we know about Percy, we learn during the course of a chat "after many years," with his old friend Jack, and the skill with which Percy is made to dwell on the truly great qualities of his bosom friend, thereby giving us an insight to two really fine characters, constitutes one of the worthiest features of the story. *Outing* gives it the place of prominence in the current issue, "A Comedy of Count. r-plots" by Edgar Fawcett is completed, John Seymour Wood continues "Harry's Career at Yale," as does also Mrs. Katherine White in "Thro' Darkest America." Those who fancy that deer hunting is altogether an unmix'd pleasure, are liable to be shaken in their notions by reading "Roping Elk in the Rockies" by Hiram S. Blanchard. "Held Up" by Myron Gibson, is a California Mountain Sketch in which the reader learns that danger does not always come from desperadoes, in the wild west. "Bicycling

on Pablo Beach," by Henry J. Greene, though short, is thoroughly interesting.

LE BON COMBAT.—The monthly hitherto issued by Rev. M. Baillairgé of Joliette College, Quebec, entitled *L'étudiant*, has enlarged its field and its aim by opening its columns to outsiders. As a consequence, it now comes to us in a new garb and under the new and more appropriate title of "*Le Bon Combat*." The issue before us is interesting in "L'étude de la Philosophie Morale, par Guilio," and "Réponse à M. Sauvalle—a propos du droit du Pape de déterminer la conduite politique, lorsque la politique est étroitement liée aux intérêts religieux."

THE TABLET, London, England, for January 21st, has a powerful leader on "Emigration and Immigration" which is replete with information. Mr. Giffen some little time ago calculated on the strength of statistics, that at the present rate of increase the World's population would in a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, outstrip the means of subsistence afforded by the whole habitable globe. *The Tablet*, however, cannot see so clearly as Mr. Giffen, the darkening clouds in the future of those poor who seem to come into a world that has no room for them. As for ourselves, we are inclined to think that the danger is but an imaginary one. London and the United States, it is true, have some show of reason in selecting from among those who come uninvited within their limits, for both of these have for years received the over-spill of the nations of the earth, but there is elsewhere room in abundance for the surplus population to live and thrive. With the United States threatening the almost total suspension of immigration, the British Colonies, and Canada in particular bid fair to become the recipients of a large proportion of those who are daily, for one reason or another, forced to cut loose from the land of their birth, and seek out a new home. The same number of *The Tablet*, reproduces Rev. John Vaughan's reply to Mr. Mivart on "Happiness in Hell." Much has been written of late on this topic, but we may say, *en passant* that *The Tablet's* criticism was the most pleasing pronouncement that came under our notice. Father Vaughan's

article, we need hardly add, thoroughly destroys Mr. Mivart's peculiar stand. *The Tablet's* columns are full of wisdom, and its utterances are invariably couched in the choicest English.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. --This is a new paper, the outcome of the amalgamation of the *Irish Canadian* and the *Catholic Review*. To make room for it the death-knell of both these papers has been sounded, not by the church authorities, however, as the *Sentinel* would have us believe, but by the good sense of the Catholics of Toronto. Not that we wish it to be inferred that their usefulness was gone, but that one good paper is much to be preferred to two middling papers. Indeed, in one respect, we were sorry to miss both these weeklies, for that old veteran the *Irish Canadian* had done service in many a Boyne-battle when such battles were in order, and when Irishmen needed defenders; and as to the *Catholic Review*, although it seldom contained lengthy editorials, yet its editor had the knack of putting what he wished to say in very striking and suggestive phrases; and thus it was that we rather liked his paper. But, as we have said, it is better to have one good paper than two middling papers, and there is no reason why the *Catholic Register* with the undivided support of the Catholic people, the patronage of His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, and the talented Father Teehy as chief editor, should not be one of the best not only in Canada but in America. As yet, we have not received more than five numbers, but from these we are safe in judging what we may expect from it in future. Such editorials as "About Catholic Clubs," "About Catholic Culture," and "Catholic Truth and Newspapers," are live subjects, and the Register treats them in a live way.

EXCHANGES.

The *Palo Alto* hails from the distant sunny fields of California. It is a daily, and its contents are short, spicy and pointed, written in a style light and pleasing; in a word, it is just the kind of a paper one likes to have before him when he is awaiting the second course at the dinner table. In the number before us we read a short account of a new species

of fish recently captured by one of the San Francisco fishing boats. The account runs as follows: "This fish is very remarkable in appearance, being about ten inches long with an exceedingly thin body--so thin, in fact, that it called forth the remark that it had only two dimensions, and hence must be caught with an imaginary hook. The Indians about the Straits of Juan de Fuca call it the King of Salmon, and are very superstitious about killing it, believing it to be an ill-omen to do so. This is the first one which has been brought before the scientific world, and has been named *trachytrus rex salmorum*."

The Rainbow, from Montreal, is a new arrival on our table. It presents its readers with a very creditable table of contents. In the number before us the articles entitled "Ancient Irish Paintings" and "An interesting Ceremony" are neatly written and afford the reader a fund of useful information. May the brilliancy and beauty of this new-born *Rainbow* be long and muchly admired far and near, is our fondest hope.

"Shakespeare's Religion," an article of real literary merit, appears in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. This effort, coming as it does from a member of the class '94, undoubtedly merits congratulation. He possesses a nice power of discernment, and seems to be quite familiar with the weighty thoughts and unexcelled ideals which have originated in Shakespeare's transcendent mind. He thus concludes his interesting article: "A Catholic will recognize the spirit that glows in Shakespeare's works. As a brother in religion, he cannot disown him whose imagination soars on high overlooking with eagle eye vast regions, and preferring to be Catholic in occasions, subjects, sentiments, allusions and times. Besides this, he reminds of his doctrines, ceremonies and rites, and his friars and priests as venerable and holy men. Shakespeare's philosophy does not bear the stamp of the Reformation: for he knows no other philosophy than that based on reason guided by revelation, which, through the Catholic catechism, had become the common property of all; it contrasts with the notions of the Reformers as the green foliage with the withered leaves."

SOCIETIES.

The Senior Debating Society opened on Jan. 22nd, with an excellent debate. The subject was, "Resolved that the Canadian Senate should be abolished," the affirmative being upheld by F. McDougal, '93, and J. Griffin, '96; and the negative by P. Cullen, '93, and M. O'Malley, '95. The discussion proved that these gentlemen had carefully studied their subject. The society declared in favor of the affirmative.

On the following week, Messrs. O. Clark, '93, and M. Powers, '94, contended that "Edison has done more for science than Pasteur," against Messrs. J. Meagher, '93, and T. McCusker, '95. The debate was evenly contested throughout, but the negative triumphed when the vote was taken.

The Juniors were a week ahead of the other debaters in reorganizing. They began on Jan. 15th with a creditable impromptu in which the leading members gave their oratorical powers full play on a familiar but seemingly inexhaustible subject, viz., "Resolved that winter sports are preferable to summer sports." No debate was held on Jan. 22nd owing to the absence of some of the debaters.

At the next meeting the subject was, "Resolved that immigration into the United States should be restricted." Affirmative, J. McGarry and F. Smith; negative, J. Tierney and T. Kealy. The negative was declared successful.

The French Debating Society though not favored with so large a membership as the two others, has held several spirited discussions of late. We omitted an account of the debate on Dec. 11th, when Messrs. Jacques and Barrette contended that "Renan deserved the honors of the Pantheon," against Messrs. Plamondon and Letourneau. The next meeting took place on Jan. 15th, the subject being, "Resolved that the actual system of education in the Province of Quebec requires reform." Affirmative, Messrs. Raymond and Letourneau; negative, Messrs. Vincent and Leduc. In the former debate the negative was successful; in the latter the affirmative.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst., the regular monthly meeting of the Scientific Society took place. The programme was lengthier than usual but was proportionately more interesting. Mr. J. J. Meagher, in an essay praiseworthy alike for the brilliancy of its diction and the almost inexhaustible fund of useful information which it conveyed, discussed the moon, its motions and physical characteristics and the improbability of its being inhabited. Mr. J. P. Smith explained the air pump and its uses, elucidating his explanations with a number of difficult yet highly instructive experiments. Mr. A. White next came forward and held fast the attention of his audience for upwards of half an hour with experiments illustrative of the uses and principles of siphons, fountains and barometers. Mr. P. Cullen did full justice to the final item on the programme, which embraced a series of explanations of the motions, eclipses and physical features of our satellite, the interest of his subject being enhanced by stereopticon views.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual entertainment given by the French students of the University on the evening of February 7th was well attended. Among those present were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Mayor Durocher, and many other prominent members of the clergy and laity. The entertainment was opened by a beautiful and well-rendered selection, "La Petite Guerre," by the University band. Then followed a Spanish drama entitled "Les Piastres Rouges." The play describes how Don Jose Maria D'Alvarez, a confirmed gambler, led on by a crafty, scheming Jew, Manasses, attacks his brother Don Miguel D'Alvarez, duc de Campostral, and leaves him, as he thinks, a corpse upon the Sierra Mountains; but Don Miguel is found by a monk, recovers, and enters a religious order. In the meantime, a guilty conscience drives Don Jose to the verge of despair, and the money for which he had killed his brother, as he supposed, appears to him to be dyed a bloody red. The Jew tells Don Jose that he will administer to him a sure cure for his hallucinations if he will agree to leave his property to him when he dies. Don Jose, almost crazed with grief, agrees, and

the Jew having attained his purpose, which is to become possessed of Don Miguel's property, endeavors to poison Don Jose, but the avenging hand of Providence intervenes, and by a mistake Manasses swallows the deadly draught himself. The Jew, finding his end to be near, mortally wounds Don Jose. The role of Don Miguel was well upheld by L. Jacques, but special praise must be bestowed upon A. Chevrier for his masterly rendition of the part of Manasses. J. Phillion, as Don Jose, was a success, and the role of steward was well taken by R. Belanger. The Spanish lords were L. Raymond, G. Peters, S. Choquette and B. Peters. It would be unfair to leave unnoticed the really excellent acting of the junior students, G. Caron, E. Tessier, P. Quesnel and H. Bisailon, who took the role of pages of the House of Alavarez. Their singing with drill in the second act was a treat in itself. Rev. F. Constantineau, who had the direction of the séance was complimented by all.

The University band, under Rev. F. Gervais, discoursed sweet music between acts, and sustained the good reputation College audiences have always voted it.

The two scenes painted for this play by Mr. Carrol, are valuable additions to the stage furnishings in the Dramatic Hall, and reflect the greatest credit on the painter. In these specimens, Mr. Carrol certainly surpassed his best previous efforts, though already favorably known for his scenic work for different theatres throughout the country.

ATHLETICS.

The hockey team has already played three of its scheduled matches in the City League. The first match was played Jan. 14th, at the Rideau Rink, the Rebels being the opposing team. The result was a victory for the College by a score of 4 goals to nil. Macpherson's lucky stops in goal was all that prevented the score from being a bigger one.

The teams were:—

REBELS.—Goal, Macpherson; Point, Lemoine; Cover, LeSueur; Forwards, Hon. A. Stanley, Hon. E. Stanley, Adamson, Taylor.

COLLEGE.—Goal, O. W. Clark; Point, E. Capbert; Cover, C. J. Sparrow; Forwards, T. J. Rigney, W. G. Brophy, Jos. McDougall, T. A. White; Referee, W. Johnson.

The second victory scored was the College-Aberdeen match, which also was played on the Rideau Rink, Jan. 24th. This match was a closer one than that of the 9th, but the players on both sides showed lack of combination. The score at the end of time was College 4, Aberdeens 3. Mr. J. A. McDougall was Referee, and the teams:

ABERDEEN—Goal, C. Kavanagh; Point, McDougall; Cover, McDonald; Forwards, Moore, Short.

COLLEGE.—Goal, Clark; Point, F. Reynolds; Cover, Sparrow; Forwards, Rigney, Brophy, McDougall and White.

* * *

But when the College faced the Electrics they met a defeat that ought to teach them their real strength and show them how much they must practice before they can be considered to be in the race. The Electrics won a decisive victory by a score of 5 to 0. The latter have a very strong team, and so far have won every game they have played. At the close of the first half the score stood 1 to 0, and it may be taken as a fair criterion of the play. In the second half however, the Electrics rushed matters and augmented their score by four, the Collegians meantime failing to exercise their right to shoot goals. The Electrics, besides being good hockeyists were in the best of condition, a fact which our boys would do well to bear in mind. Mr. J. A. McDougall made a very efficient referee. The College team was the same as in the preceding match, and the Electrics were, Goal, M. Shea; Point, Nolan; Cover, E. Murphy; Forwards, W. Dey, Baldwin, E. O'Neil and P. Murphy.

Umpires, F. Dey, and E. Belleau.

FLORES.

Mr. John McEvoy, whom many old students will remember has, been chosen chairman of the Caucus Committee of the House Democrats in Massachusetts. We

are much pleased to chronicle the success of Lowell's young lawyer and hope that his career may continue upward.

Mr. Geo. F. Owens, ex-'94, was in Ottawa recently on a visit. He was accompanied by his newly made bride from North Adams. Congratulations and *ad multos annos*.

Mr. M. J. Gorman, a student of the seventies, has been made an officer of the Carleton County Law Association.

We are accustomed to see our friend A. E. Lussier, B.A., '87, beaming with good humor; his successful law practice justifies that, but he wore even a more triumphant smile as we met him yesterday on Rideau street, than he used to in days of yore on commencement night. He gave us the reason; he is the proud papa of a bouncing baby boy.

Mr. J. R. O'Connor, B.A., '92, is now on the staff of the Ottawa daily *Citizen*.

Pierre Brunelle, of last year's matriculating class, is studying medicine at McGill.

Geo P. Murphy, a commercial graduate of '86, is employed as a clerk in the National Bank of the Repr'lic, New York City.

Rev. Jas. Foley, '88, has been appointed pastor of the parish of Wakefield, Que.

A startling rumour was circulated in Lowell lately, to the effect that Rev. Fr. Quinn, last year's Prefect of Discipline, had died. We are glad to be able to deny the rumor as groundless, and to state that Fr. Quinn is still very much alive.

Thos. Tetreau, ex-'94, has entered on the study of medicine at McGill University.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The second hockey team of the Junior Association crossed sticks with the Externs and the result of the match was a draw, neither side having scored a goal. As soon as the players went on the ice the Externs placed a protest in the hands of Referee Fortin. The protest was entered on the ground that the Boarders were intending to play a dark horse whose name they would not divulge, and who answer-

ed to the cognomen of "Cornwall." Such action, the Externs said, gave rise to the suspicion that perhaps he might be a professional ball player of some description, or a retired prize fighter whose theatrical engagement had expired, and that as they, the Externs, were anxious to preserve their amateur standing, they objected to his figuring on the team. The Boarders entered a counter protest against Groulx, alleging that the latter had spikes in his skates. By way of compromise "Toughy" suggested postponing the match "until six months hence," but Catellier, after much labor with a lead pencil and note book, ventured the remark that that would be some time in May, which information was augmented by Umpire "Beenie's" sage observation that "the uth would be thoo shoft." After a little more discussion the match took place with the aforementioned result. For the Boarders, F. Belanger and Bald played splendidly, and for the Externs, Leclerc at cover point was a veritable stone-wall, and Casgrain in goal stopped many a well aimed shot. The decisions of Umpires Casgrain and Kearns were received without a murmur of applause.

The popular band, which was lately incorporated by Act of Parliament, under the name and title of "The Phinnigan Harmony Club (Ltd.)," has issued circulars announcing its intention of giving open air concerts on the rink eight nights a week, Sundays excepted. In a postscript the manager promises to refrain from rendering Ta-ra-ra-boom, etc., or any other Italian airs.

Bisaillon is frequently seen at the clubs—not the eating clubs as his appearance might lead to surmise—but the Indian clubs. He is striving to reduce his avoirdupois, as he says there are two things he would like to be in after life—a graceful waltzer and a success as the ghost in Hamlet.

Toughy's new pants are like his tongue—long.

Martel and Hayes are soon to contest in a Graco-Roman wrestling match. Powerful Tommy has deposited forfeit money with the Owl, to wrestle the winner, catch-as-catch can rules to govern.

ULULATUS.

Dry-docks !

Have a peanut, Dick

Give us a song, Jim !

The "hard man" and his trainer have seemingly dissolved partnership for the present.

The *at* hour movement is becoming quite popular in the corridor.

THE OAKEN STICK, A BROKEN STICK.

Have you heard of that wonderful hockey-stick,
With a ligneus fibre as tough and as thick
As a pachyderm's hide and as hard as a brick,
That would *own* as a rival nor Cæsar nor Mick
Ere it passed from the struggles that quicken the quick,

To the shades of the Ancient unchristened, called
Nick ?

If not, then, just listen, you'll presently hear
Of its rise and its fall and how many a tear
Has already been shed o'er its premature bier ;
For its fragments now fill the sarcophagous urn
Where the bones of its owner must rest in their
tun.

Long back in the great Carboniferous Age
When larches, oaks, conifers were all the rage,
When Nature's best gifts were more savage than
sage,

The primordial giants—tho' strange may it seem—
Like Quaternary pigmies, had their hockey-team ;
Their sticks they procured without money or toil—
The growth of the forests plucked up from the
soil.

One day a Goliath, in quest of the puck,
A brother Goliath's huge hockey-stick struck ;
And albeit the latter was fashioned of oak
That never was known to have bended or broke,
It fell to the ground 'neath the strain of the
stroke,

And, dying, this terrible menace bespoke :
" Ere the bright Eye of heaven that glares thro'
the day

" Will have dimmed from th' effects of its tiring
survey,

" My seed shall spring up, it shall prosper and
grow,

" And revenge on thy seed this unmerited blow."
Thus spoke the colossal oak, yielding its soul
To the shades and its frame to be changed into
coal.

And the cycles rolled on, as they generally do ;
And the seeds of th' inimical oaken trees grew
Till one day in the Autumn of our '92,
On the shores of St. Francis, not far from
Dundee,

A hockey enthusiast cut down a tree—
The offshoot of that which in ages before
Had reddened its hand with its brother oak's gore.

Nor thought he that over in Cornwall there stood
Another tall oak thro' whose veins coursed the
blood—

The very same current that foully ran red
O'er the Rink in the old carboniferous bed.
And the tall oak of Cornwall—it longed to be free
To pursue with its vengeance the oak of Dundee,
Which already well-seasoned was destined to play
An important *partie* in a hockey tourney—
Whose longings did sate the redoubtable Mick
When 'mid thousands he chose it for his hockey-
stick.

Thus we see at a glance how it curiously came
That two enemy oaken sticks, proud of their
name,
Were doubly opposed in the late hockey game.

The rest you have witnessed—at least you have
heard

The result of the match and the feeling it stirred—
How the bough from Dundee that would never
say "break,"

Carried death and the fragments of sticks in its
wake,

Till it finally met its Cornwallian foe,
And succumbed to the force of its enemy's blow.

MORAL.

Tho' powerfully built, and your prowess be great,
Please remember this knotty stick's terrible fate ;
Never boast of your frame—of your strength
never brag ;

For, ten chances to one, you will early or late
In the course of your mortal career strike a
snag.

If the weather continues to get any colder, Mr.
Fahrenheit, in justice to his patrons, should at
once build a basement to his thermometer.

POLYISMS.

Some people want it—the earth.
Sometimes gets full—the moon.
Very hot tempered—the sun.
Very high up—the zenith.
Always at your feet—the nadir.
Some people swear by—Jupiter.
Always in the ring—Saturn.
A heavy weight—Mercury.
Somewhat musical—Neptune.
Always in view—the horizon.
Racing with the earth—Mars.
Often looked through—a telescope.
Out of sight—the comet.
Have some in our hockey team—stars.

I will follow the puck,
Said a man full of pluck,
And he tackled the game with a vim,
But he came in contact
With our heavyweight Jack,
And the doctor has now tackled him.

Oh, say, as to that letter you sent to Rome, did
you receive an answer yet ?

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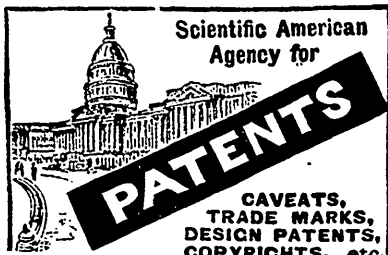
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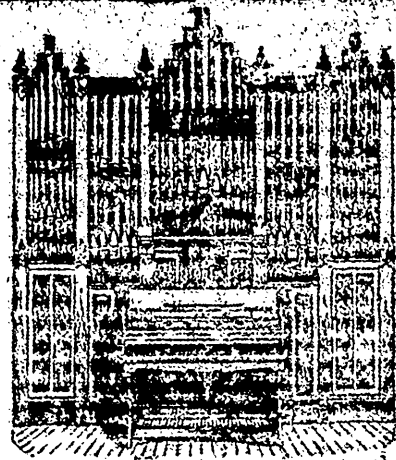
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