

THE OWL.

VOL. III.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 6

A NEEDLESS ENCOUNTER.



FOR want of a nearer approach to the right title, let the above suffice to give some sort of semblance to a beginning of what cannot pass as a literary article, nor yet a serious attempt at a critique.

The subject does not justify the venture even if one were in a mood to be solemnly in earnest. D'Israeli, sometimes called Beaconsfield, reviewed or interviewed at this time of his departed glory! Who would think of such a thing? Yet d'Israeli it is: not the astute, clever, and wonderfully successful statesman—not d'Israeli the Jew or Christian (?) nor even d'Israeli the Orientalist rich and very rich in luxurious fancies of all kinds; but the man who in spite of his political, shrewd and practical lookout for a good place for himself has woven together such fancies—has heaped such mountains of rich things—all in fancy to be sure, that no “Arabian Night” or day dreamer need expect to rank above him, is the man who of late, and very late it is, has been accidentally as it were thrown (save the mark) in my way. In other words one of his queerest books, one of his most absurd, has been of late helping me to kill some pretty heavy time. And “Tancredi,” d'Israeli's Tancredi (not Tasso's), is my latest study (?) and Lothair for the second time.

Whenever I could get ashore from my Roman galleys and Eastern gold-prowed vessels of many oars, to while away an hour at Corfu, Malta, Joppa, Beyrout or Ancient Tyre, I ran to the bowery shades and chatted for a while with “Lothair” and “Tancred.” I have just read both.

Well—what about “Lothair?” I have no time to go into details, but I think it the best of Disraeli's novels. It is a novel, and nothing else. A great moral, or rather a great chain of morals may be drawn from it. However they are not the same as the author would fain impart. Nor yet are they the reverse—I may say they are the converse. Nor yet that! I don't know how to express my idea. The great moral he draws from his work is the same I would draw from it, but I would apply it differently. His Catholic ideas are splendid as far as they go—but what a short way they go! His Protestant ideas more or less just—his Hebrew ideas not bad, if we apply them to Ancient Judaism—very perverse when connected with the history of the chosen people since the days of Christ. Some other time we will chat over Lothair. There is much in it I would like to speak about. But for the present let me turn to “Tancred or the New Crusade.”

It is no novel at all! Firstly, too didactic from end to end—secondly, there is no dramatic incident—thirdly, characters (except the hero) are faintly drawn—fourthly, the fate of the hero is left untold and the whole story is unfinished. It is in six books. Numbers one and two have nothing to do with the rest. Fifthly, it begins with a lot of London high life, etc., and runs on for two books in that way,—the next four books are all about the East. No connecting link whatsoever. Since he made six books, I'll add a sixthly to my remarks: he scatters his characters along the road and neither tells us where they have gone to, why they were invented, what they have to do with the main thread of the story, nor, in fact, anything

about them. It is like getting on the cars to go to New York. From Ottawa until you reach the line, you meet a number of people, one sells you oranges, another usurps your seat, a third borrows your paper and never returns it, a fourth calls for your ticket and punches it, and so on for a few hours. You cross the lines, you never again hear of nor see those people. A new set, on the other side, go through about the same programme. At last you get to New York and you are jostled about at the depot—you have a job to find your baggage and when found a job to keep it from being stolen. You get into a hack, we follow you up to Broadway, you drive along to some principal hotel, get down at the door, enter, disappear amidst a crowd—you are lost sight of, we never see you nor hear of you again. May be you never paid the hackman—we are not told whether you did or not. Just when we would like to know what you are going to do in that great city, what is to become of you, what we are to gain for having followed you all the way from Ottawa, just then, the book ends and we are left on the street with our fingers in our mouths, the laughing-stock of the shoe-black and street-arab. So with "Tancred." After going after him through London, jumping to Jerusalem, (the Lord knows how he got there), running out to Bethany, meeting Eva, a rich Jewess, off on a wild goose chase to Mount Sinai—caught in the passes of stoney Arabia by the armed robbers of a desert sheik, carried to Aleppo, (dear knows for what) swept into the mountain castle of the Queen of the Ansarey—(for no purpose), fighting a band of Druses and sons of Eblis—(without any cause), over the desert again to Damascus, to meet we don't know, nor shall we ever know whom—finally back to Jerusalem to make love to Eva, declares the love, she faints, and the book ends.

If you call that a novel, then let me write a chaotic mass of mad adventure, the most heterogenous mixture of nonsense and disconnected ideas, let me call it a Romance—a Novel!—and by that standard my work shall certainly be crowned with glory.

But if "Tancred" is not a novel, although it assumes that form and title, what is it? Is it necessarily an ill-written work? By no means. It is a grand, an

exceptionally deep, learned and well-planned "Treatise on Judaism." Call it a "Plea for the Hebrew;" a "Philosophical treatise on the history of the Jews;" the "Influence of the Jews in the past." Call it any of these and read it as such and you have the biased reasoning of a man who most certainly seeks to be unprejudiced. It is a great chain of argument, and historically it is nearly all correct. But as in the case of "Lothair," you must be prepared to draw your own conclusions and to make out your own moral. It will guide one astray the quicker, since it is based upon history the truth of which no one can deny.

Only I fear to bother you with these lengthy remarks, I would like to point out some of the strange arguments, stranger conclusions, strangest contradictions. But the style is most admirable and the man, I am certain, believed himself sincere. I cannot refrain from here pointing out a few historical facts, from which he draws wonderful conclusions.

Arabia—or the East, is the only land wherein God ever communicated personally with man, be it on Sinai or on Calvary. Christ was a Jew of the House of David—of the seed of Abraham. So was Mary His mother a Jewess. All the Prophets were Jews. So were the Apostles. From the Hebrew race and their country Europe and America obtained their creeds. From Hebrews we got the psalms and hymns of our churches—from them came Christianity. You cannot form an idea of how powerfully he develops these points and what stupendous conclusions he draws from them. Again—are the Jews accursed? How could a few low characters at a public execution, shouting out "his blood be upon us and upon our children," ever draw a curse upon millions who had naught to do with it? If they were to be cursed, who but Christ could or had any right to curse them? Did He do so? No. He said "Father forgive them—for they know not what they do." Again, did not God choose that people for all His great designs? When He then wished to redeem man He chose the Jews as His instruments. If the Jews did not crucify Christ where would be our Christianity? What would become of all the prophets that foretold the event? But enough! If you have not read it you shall do so some time—it is worth a careful study.

I think I said there were strange contradictions in it. I will give you a sample.

"If Christ was not the Son of God, but merely a great and mighty prophet, if He partook not of a Divine nature, but was merely a mighty scion of the house of David, then the Jews were and are right. However, if Christ be truly the Messiah, then the Catholics are right. But whether He was or was not the Son of God, whether He was the longlooked for Redeemer or merely a mighty man, in one or the other case *the Protestants are wrong.*" Mark that sentence well, the same idea is expressed often in Lothair—it is repeated in many forms in Tancred. Now read the following about 150 pages further on.

"Men moralize among ruins. London is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped Imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it and the Greek and the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab, and the Turk have passed through its walls: yet it still exists and still flourishes * * * * But there is not a form of government which Damascus has not experienced, excepting the representative, and not a creed which it has not acknowledged, excepting the Protestant. *Yet deprived of the only rule and the only religion that are right*, it is still justly described by the Arabian poets as a pearl surrounded by emeralds."

What then is that man's real opinion? Is it that Protestantism is wrong no matter whether Christ was God or not; or is it that Protestantism is the only right religion? Obviously these remarks are made so that his works may take with all beliefs. But which is *his* opinion? Neither one nor the other. I believe his conviction was that Judaism alone was

right and that Catholicism is no better than Mahometanism, while Protestantism is about on a par with the pantheism of the pagans. These flashes are merely to blind the reader. The Catholic, dazzled by one, may not take notice of the other—the Protestant, encouraged and flattered by the latter, may overlook the former. *Ergo*: his book is a plea for Judaism—in which the pleader does not disdain to fawn and stoop to sycophancy. The work is powerfully dangerous, or rather, *might* be dangerous, yet he over-reaches himself when he seeks to please all his readers. Written to uphold the honor of the Hebrews, to explain the beauties of Judaism, to impress upon the Christian that the Jew is not a dog, but a man, and a man of a chosen and beloved race, his object would be more surely gained were he to confine himself to the grand distinction between Judaism and Christianity without, here and there, going into the differences in Christian creeds. However rational it is for a man to defend his own faith—be that faith what it may—he loses his footing when he enters, at the same time, into the divers polemical difficulties of creeds antagonistic to his. It is proper for me to defend my Catholic Faith: but suppose I write a book to defend and explain my faith—my book is 400 pages—of these I consecrate 300 pages to pointing out how a Druse differs from a Bedouin, the Beni Kahtan from the Beni Kelb and Salem, the Tyahas from the Mezeines, you would likely conclude that I was somewhat *off* at the time I wrote such a work. I'm off now, but I trust I don't deserve to be ranked among the false prophets. I assert—or, swear upon my word, etc., that this many-hued philosopher's works will not go down the ages. In fact, who reads him now? He has his niche in history, but he is not of the "Immortals" in literature. C. J. F.

IN THE LAND OF THE AZTECS.

(continued)

“ There stood the city upon the farther shore ;
 Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,
 Their level roofs with turrets set around,
 And battlements all burnished white,
 Which shone like silver in the sunshine.
 I beheld the imperial city, her far circling walls,
 Her garden groves and stately palaces,
 Her temples mountain size, her thousand roofs ;
 And when I saw her might and majesty
 My mind misgave me then.”—*Southey*.

And indeed, no richer, or more varied spectacle ever caressed the eye, than that which this famed city of Mexico presented to me from the heights of Chapultepec. The view opens over an extensive plain of cultivated fields and waving woods. From the foot of the heights upon which I stood, ancient, gigantic cypress trees, more than sixty feet in circumference, raised their heads. Towards the east is seen the surface of the lakes Tezcuco and Chalco upon which floated a dark blue vapor, like the heather that blooms upon the hills of Ireland. Towards the west, gigantic mountains, among which rose supremely the colossal mountains of Popocatepetl and Istacihuatl with their summits crowned perpetually with diadems of snow. On all sides long groves of elms and poplars lead to the city. As a matter of course our first day in Mexico was given to sight seeing and staring. We stared at everything. Rising early in the morning, we went, as became good Catholics, to mass. We found the church tolerably filled with most devout worshippers and many masses being said. Daily from 5 to 12 o'clock, masses are said in nearly all the churches of Mexico. Almost every church has from 5 to 12 altars and many of them are very fine. The churches are entirely without pews ; the people kneel, stand or squat upon the floor, and here for the first time in my experience, I saw the religious democracy of the Catholic Church. The rich and the poor kneel together: the poor Indian, in rags, alongside of the caballero and the lady in whose blue veins may flow the blood of the Cid. They feel, rightly, that they are all one in the house of their common Father. There was a time when the church of Mexico was among the richest of earth. It had

land and houses, and from their income supported the poor and the naked ; and endowed hospitals for the relief of every human ill. But Juarez and Lerdo came, and like dark spirits of night confiscated, as others of their stamp have done in Italy, Germany and France, the property of the church. The religious communities too, were expelled from the country, so that to-day there is not a religious body in the city of Mexico. Indeed the church is persecuted in Mexico as elsewhere ; our brethren there experiencing too the prophecy of the Master : “ That you will be hated for My sake.” Freemasonry prevails among the higher officials of the Government, and this, with infidelity, is the bane of the country. But as “virtue is strengthened in infirmity,” so also will be the church of Mexico. Its clergy will learn to lean more on the people ; they will be bound to them by closer ties, and a more salutary feeling of mutual dependence will be engendered. We saw, with pleasure, that the clergy of to-day in Mexico, contrary to common belief, are a hard-working body of men. They may be seen in the confessional all day long. The confessionals, by the way, are all open ; the boxes have no doors, so that confessor and penitent are entirely exposed to view. The report has gone abroad that the men of Mexico do not go to mass. Doubtless there is some truth here. However, I will state what I saw. The second Sunday after my arrival in the city, I attended the late mass in the cathedral. It was a low mass. There was an immense congregation present—all standing, kneeling or squatting on the floor, I cast my eyes around and viewed them. Taking into account the immense size of the cathedral, and the mass which

I attended was at only one of its many altars, there must have been 6000 people present, and out of that number I should say that *eight out of ten were men.*

One morning after mass we hired a hack to carry us around the city; and here I must say that the hackmen of Mexico have not yet learned the sharp practices of the "Knights of the Whip," their brethren of the North. Their prices are very moderate. But they are fast learning. The fame of their brother charioteers of the North has reached them, and soon they will make themselves felt in the pockets of the traveller. The streets of Mexico are straight and average forty feet in width. They are fairly lighted by gas lamps. Many of the buildings are lofty and very massive. They are approached by large gateways that open into a flagged court, around this court are the rooms for servants, carriages and horses. From the court there ascends to a stone balcony a flight of steps. From this balcony the rooms of the family open. The streets of Mexico are thronged all day long. The principal street, the Plateros (street of the silver smith), is filled during the day by *senoras* and *senoritas* who go shopping. The shops by the way are good; but not over pretty. They have not the art of showing off their goods, which are principally of American manufacture. In their shops no young ladies are employed, and this, I suppose, accounts for the want of taste displayed. The shops are generally kept by French and Germans; and every article sold, not of Mexican manufacture, is extremely dear.

I visited the market, and such a market! Every flower, every vegetable almost that grows could there be found; I bought a bouquet of roses and violets, about two feet square and a foot high for 25 cents. I thought of our gardeners here, who would possibly charge for the same \$25.00. The markets are for the most part in the hands of Indians, and the women do the greater part of the work. They stand or squat on the side-walks and along the streets, surrounded by their articles of merchandise, bananas, oranges, meats, potatoes, cabbages, Aztec idols, knives, forks, and babies in immense numbers, some playing around their mothers, and others again swing behind on their mothers' backs, all crying and yelling as they do the world over.

Passing through the market, directly before me I saw a venerable looking church. Some Indians were upon the spire ringing the Angelus; immediately every head on the street was bowed. I entered; it was 6 o'clock and the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the mountains that encompass the city and filling the ancient church with a golden hue. A priest aged about 70 was at the altar intoning a Litany; while a congregation of old and young, copper-colored, with here and there a sprinkling of dark-eyed and olive-complexioned Spaniards, filled the church, all answering and singing in wild yet harmonious cadence to the priest at the altar. Tonight, as I write, that scene comes before me, fragrant with pleasant memories. Yes, the people have the faith. God grant that it may be preserved. For this we should pray; for this we Catholics of the north should stretch forth a friendly greeting to our brethren of the south.

We visited the far famed cathedral of Mexico, which stands upon the exact spot where once stood the great Teocalli, or ancient temple of the Aztecs. Of this temple numerous stories are told. We read that within its enclosure were 600 dwellings, that it had temples of mirrors and shells, and towers composed of the skulls of victims who were then yearly slain to the number of 60,000. I saw the stone upon which their victims were slain. It is now in the court-yard of the university. It has a hollow in the middle, in which the head of the victim was laid; while six priests dressed in red, their heads adorned with plumes of green feathers, held him down, the chief priest cut open his breast, and taking out his heart, placed it at the feet of the idol and afterwards put it into its mouth with a golden spoon; they then cut off the head of the victim and made use of it in building the tower of skulls. On the outer wall of the cathedral hangs that relic of ancient skill and science, the Aztec calendar stone, weighing forty tons, and if nothing else were necessary to demonstrate the high civilization of these people this stone alone would suffice. It is twelve feet in diameter, and raised six feet from the ground into the wall of the cathedral, which seems to cling to it as a talismanic shield to turn away from it the very arrows of time. One stands and muses

while his eyes regard this stupendous monument of stone, this graven image of a departed people whose very origin and history go back into the twilight of fable. The present cathedral was begun 317 years ago—81 years after the discovery of America and seventy years before the feet of the pilgrims touched the rock at Plymouth. Over 100 years were employed in its construction, with a total cost of over three million dollars. Its length is four hundred and twenty-six feet, its width two hundred and twenty five feet. But come, let us enter it, this wonder and glory of the new world.

The interior forms a Greek cross and is divided into five naves. Its proportions are noble and grand. Before the hands of the spoiler came, its decorations were beyond comparison. There were statues of saints in silver and gold, jewels and sacred vessels of the precious metals, altars of gold twenty-two feet high and pictures of great price. But these are now of the past; yet still, in its spoliations, this glorious temple of God shews its departed magnificence. There are fourteen side-chapels and six grand altars, under the principal one of which, the altar of the kings, lie buried some of the rulers of Mexico. Around this grand altar and the choir, there runs a railing of antique bronze, made in China, and of very great value. The railing weighs about forty tons. Mounting upwards, by means of stone steps deeply worn by the feet of past generations who have ascended and descended, we come to the massive towers. But go slowly; remember that you are eight thousand feet above the level of the sea and the rarified atmosphere makes it necessary. There are twenty-six grand bells in the towers. But now, look out, they are about to ring! What volumes of sound! What vibrations reaching along the mountain tops! They thrill the stones beneath your feet. The voices of past ages seem to swing in their solemn roll, and to the Indian of past times they must have seemed like the voice of God calling upon them to worship in His true shrine. Tradition tells us that when these bells were cast, proud Spanish ladies contributed their ornaments of gold and vessels of silver to be mingled with the metals. Looking southwards from the cathedral towers we discern a shrine famous in Mexican history. It is

the shrine of our Lady of Gaudaloupe. Thither, with pious hearts I trust, we directed our steps. What the shrine of Montserrat is to Spain, Lourdes to France, the sanctuary of our Lady of Gaudaloupe is to Mexico. An infidel age, which flings its puny reason against faith, will not believe in the wonders of Gaudaloupe. But we, children of the Faith, have no such fears. God is as wonderful in his works to-day as in the past. It was ten years after the conquest, when there lived nigh unto the city of Mexico a recently converted Indian named Juan Diego. He was an honest, upright man whose purity of life was that of a saint. Of him it could be said:

“Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within,
Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.”

One evening while crossing a mountain his senses were ravished by sounds of heavenly music, and gazing upwards he saw, like a dew drop in the bosom of a lily, the Blessed Mother of God. In a voice of gentle tenderness she told him to go and tell the Archbishop of Mexico to build a church upon that mountain and that this in days to come would impart comfort and consolation to her devoted children. It was only after repeated visions, and finally by impressing her image upon the Indian's talma or cloak that this was at length accomplished, and to-day the image thus impressed on the cloak of that poor Indian, receives the homage of all Mexico.

Charmed beyond expectation, my own faith enlivened by the simple faith of this thoroughly Catholic people, I regretted the rapid flight of my brief vacation, and reluctantly prepared for my homeward journey. Would that many whose idea of a glorious vacation culminates in a trip to Europe, or some other far distant clime, could see what magnificent sights and sanitary resorts exist on our own continent. Could this be so, the tide of travel would revert from the East to the South, to a country renowned in history and in song, to me where the past and present blend harmoniously together, amply repaying the fatigue of travel by all the beauties granted by the author of Nature to man.

D. O'C.

MERCY.



MERCY, the balm that soothes our earthly woes,
 Is not of earthly growth or human art ;
 O'erflowing from the Eternal Father's breast,
 In highest heaven it had mysterious birth,
 And came in Him whose pure and Sacred Heart
 Had more of mercy than of human flesh.
 It was His Father's heart, His Mother's too
 Springing from out a kindly virgin soil,
 Thus drawing from the best of earth and heaven.
 The incarnate Son to sorrowing mortals given,
 Came rich in mercy—His redeeming dew,
 Distilling in His graces, words and deeds
 Infused into each power and sense of man,
 Raised downfallen nature to its primal height,
 In man repaired the image of his God.
 Still in each heart He sows the sacred seed :
 Still bids it grow and ripen into fruit.
 The fruit—how sweet ! In hunger, want and grief,
 When poverty in cellar dark and damp
 Hails the kind friend that comes to give relief,
 Full many a smile, full many a rapture grows
 Like the young bird that hungry in the nest
 Awaits its mother with wide-open mouth.
 The poor and sick in their lone empty homes
 Look out expectant to the rich and good.
 Oh, you who boast a Christian's heart, arise,
 A cup of water give in His sweet Name
 Who treats you to His richer, daintier draughts.
 Go give the daily bread and kindly share
 The gifts of God with God's own needy child ;
 Go in thy wealth, thy poorer brother calls,
 Droops his sad heart, he faints, and must he die
 Within thy easy reach, despite the means
 At your command—perchance the luxuries !
 Haste, by your bounty fed, he still may live,
 May live, awake, look up and with a smile
 All sweet with Christian gratitude and love,
 Reward the author of his second life.
 You gave the smile, you gave the dying life ;
 Shining before him as an angel bright.
 Your grosser frame his doorway darkens less
 Than your kind heart sheds light on his despair.

THE OWL.

From you goes forth a virtue not your own,
That heals sick spirits : it is Christ's own love,
That burning in you, warms your brother too.

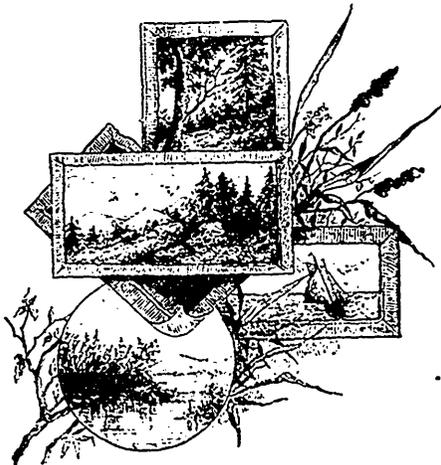
What grateful wishes flood his waking soul !

He could adore you only that instead
He Him adores in whose sweet Name you sped
So promptly borne by Mercy's winged feet.
He Him in you adores whose stores you keep,
Dispenser of his earthly charities.

O God ! how little will relieve the poor !
How little rescue from an earthly grave !
How little too, will win a heavenly crown :
A coin, a morsel, or a quickening draught.
These, to you, trifles, steeped in Mercy's dew,
Grow into boons for him who haply gets,
And into gems for him who kindly gives ;

These are thy works sweet Charity, these bind
God to the rich, and to the rich His poor.
No nobler, holier, deeds are done by man ;
No surer sweeter path leads up to heaven.
Sweet on its pillow rests at night the head
That bends in pity o'er the sick man's bed.
Not the disciple's head alone was blest,
You too may lean upon the Saviour's breast.

W. M. B.



PHILOSOPHY.

"Though by whim, envy or resentment led
They damn those authors whom they never read."



ERE a number of students from our various universities to meet (a thing of too rare occurrence) Philosophy would probably be the last subject to furnish matter for conversation.

Yet, the influence of ideas would hardly be denied by any intelligent student unless by one of those whose minds are so developed by special courses of study that they can take no interest in anything outside of their specialties. The mere mathematician (with no disrespect for the exact sciences I say it) would probably dismiss a philosophical question with scant courtesy. The modern language man would, no doubt, expatiate on the beauties of language and literature without trenching much on the domain of philosophy as he understands it. The natural scientist, engrossed in the interpretation of the grand book of nature, would prefer something more tangible than abstruse speculation. Even the philosopher, of the secular colleges, prides himself rather on his knowledge of the various systems which have risen and influenced or still influence human thought, than on the conviction of the truth of any one of them. He accepts, perhaps, in the main some particular system but reserves the right of rejecting what he considers bad in it, and of taking what he considers good from any or all of the others. To this exaggerated notion of the importance of the History of Philosophy he adds a remarkable indifference to one system in particular. So far as the scholastics are concerned he adopts Descartes' view, "Je ne veux pas même savoir s'il y a eu des hommes avant moi." Perhaps I should not say that Protestants are indifferent to the learning of the Schools; though their uniform neglect to study it seriously might seem to warrant the use of the term, their unstinted and unreasonable abuse of the Schoolmen would seem to indicate hatred rather than indifference. They exhibit a strange consistency in this,

for Eclecticism is to Philosophy what Private Judgment is to Revelation. Both rest in the modest fundamental principle that the luminous intellect of the individual is the supreme criterion of truth. Catholics deny the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and afford but an obscure niche in the temple of Philosophy to Victor Cousin. The mind is not the measure of the truth of the object; but the object is the measure of the truth of the mind. Not to be accused of meaningless abstractions let us take an example: a sentence in the Bible has a certain definite meaning which is entirely independent of the meaning you may attribute to it. Your mind is not the measure of the truth of this sentence, but the truth contained in this sentence is the measure of the truth of your interpretation. The true way of interpreting the scriptures forms no part of this article; but admit the principle "Truth is objective" and Private Judgment becomes, to a logical mind, absurd. This principle makes Eclecticism in Philosophy equally untenable. Hence it is that Catholics, the world over, make Philosophy the crowning study of a university course; and hence it is also that the system of philosophy evolved by reason, in the light of revelation, is substantially the same in Catholic schools throughout the world. This is the much despised Scholastic philosophy. To vindicate Scholastic philosophy from the numerous and oft-repeated columnies of which it is the subject would be impossible in the compass of a brief article, but it may be shown that there are two sides to the question. Even Catholics in Protestant or secular universities (an anomaly difficult of explanation) are carried on with the popular current of scorn for the "dark ages" and their learning. One of these attending a university where, by the way, the professor was an idealist, announced himself to be a faithful disciple of Locke. Later on in the conversation he inquired "who is St. Thomas?" This is not imagination, it is fact. What an ignoramus a student of a Catholic college would be voted were he to ask "who is Kant?"

"who is Locke?" Let it be remembered our friend is a Catholic and of course believes in transubstantiation. Scholastics teach that in everything there is something besides the attributes (or accidents),—a substratum in which the accidents inhere. Locke denies that there is anything real apart from the qualities or attributes. Indeed he compares the notion of substance to the Indian fable of the tortoise which supports the world. What then becomes of the doctrine of transubstantiation? There are no real substances and therefore no *change* of substances; the attributes or qualities of bread and wine remain unchanged; what change then is there after consecration? If our Catholic disciple of Locke remains a Catholic, he should thank God that he is not a logician. In St. John xx. 26 I read "And Jesus cometh the doors being shut and stood in the midst" of his disciples. And in the next verse "Put thy finger hither." The plain meaning is that our Divine Lord came into the room with his human body, and yet there was no opening through which he passed. If *extension* and *resistance* are the *essential* qualities of bodies this is an absurdity. The Christian disciples of Locke must have a peculiar idea of the glorified body of our Lord and of the bodies of the just after resurrection. But perhaps these things are two subtle for their practical minds. At any rate even God can not do what is intrinsically impossible; to use a familiar example, He cannot make a square circle. When we have a contradiction of terms, we have *nothing*. Obviously then it is a matter of vital importance for the Catholic scholar to have a true and incontrovertible system of philosophy fully in accord with revelation. The right to choose one's principles of philosophy is based on the assumption that truth is subjective. Truth is no matter of choice. Let us repeat it, truth is objective. It was the discovery of this great principle that brought such peace to the mind of Orestes A. Brownson after wading through the dangerous waters of German philosophy. This admitted, "the master mind of America" soon found its proper sphere of action on the *terra firma* of Catholic truth.

To Protestants it is a more difficult matter to prove that there is anything reasonable in the the philosophy of the Schools. First, they are absolutely ignor-

ant of the subject. Secondly, rejecting dogma, they are not much troubled if it is shown that their principles conflict with admitted truths of Christianity. Theirs is a wonderfully elastic doctrine, thanks to Private Judgement. A Protestant student could no doubt talk glibly about "the mire of scholasticism." Indeed there is a striking similarity between the action of the professors of all modern philosophies with regard to the Scholastics and that of Protestants with regard to Catholics. How bitter soever may be the controversies among themselves, the unanimity of the philosophers in abusing scholasticism is as wonderful as that of the sectaries in abusing the Catholic religion. Brucker, referring to the Schools, speaks of "the horrors of their barbarous terminology—barbarous terms which had a sort of frightful sound from their very clatter." Kant designates scholasticism as the "antiquated and rotten constitution of dogmatism." Hobbes complains that the Doctors of the Schools treat of "matters incomprehensible" or *mirabile dictu!* "questions of abstruse philosophy." So that a pretty formidable indictment is made out against the unfortunate Doctors of the middle ages. To prove the charges is but a slight formality which may be complied with by dipping lightly into any of their works, quoting a few passages, and pointing out that they are 'incomprehensible' etc.

It must be admitted that a great obstacle to the popular study of Scholastic philosophy is the fact that it is locked up in a dead language—in Latin not the most elegant. This is no doubt a consequence of the bad odor with which the system is surrounded in the English speaking world, for on inquiry I find that a translation of the Angelic Doctor has gone out of print. However with the revival of philosophical studies among English speaking Catholics some excellent works in English have made their appearance. Among these might be mentioned "The Metaphysics of the School," by Father Harper, S. J. (MacMillan & Co.) His introduction is a complete vindication of the Schoolmen from the charges commonly made against them. To condense his arguments here would be impossible; but I shall quote a few passages in defence of the "barbarous terminology." His answers to the others are not less effectual.

"A terminology is necessary at times to avoid perpetual circumlocutions that would end in reducing the reader's mind to a state of hopeless confusion. I lately came across a striking illustration of this necessity in a paper written by a distinguished physiologist (Professor Huxley) on a special point of comparative anatomy and read some months ago before the Royal Society. I quote from this paper the more readily because it not only serves to illustrate the necessity of which I am now speaking, but . . . that physiologists of our time are not a whit behind the mediæval Doctors in the invention of a technical vocabulary." (I shall for the sake of brevity give but a few phrases of the quotation) "A fourth line traversing the union of the ilium in front with the pubis and behind the ischium will be the iliopectineal axis' 'the cotyloidramus of ischium gives off a stout elongated metischail process backwards' 'the enlarged homologues of the rami of the ypsiloid cartilage' 'the ornithorynchus' etc. etc. Now as a layman in this branch of knowledge I should be the last to venture the assertion that such an elaborate terminology is either unnecessary or useless. But if we bear in mind that it centres around *one* bone in the structure of vertebrates; I think it should make men of this generation more modest in their diatribes against the Scholastic Doctors touching this matter." Father Harper proceeds by quotations from popular works on natural science to show that this is no exceptional case. He quotes a page of unpronounceable terms from the *heading of one* chapter in Haeckel's work on the *Evolution of Man* in the first chapter of which, the author states that he has striven "to present this branch of science in as popular form as possible." "I think I may safely say" adds Father Harper "there are more technical terms in this one work than in the twenty five volumes of St. Thomas or the twenty-five volumes of Suarez."

After reading that the Scholastics "were wont to dispute with extremest stretching of the brain about questions difficult indeed and acute but commendable neither by reason of their utility nor of their certitude," I happened to pick up the *Bystander* where I found the following: "He promises to connect philosophy with life. If he keeps his promise he will do what has been hardly done by any modern

philosopher except the despised Paley. The others have devoted themselves to the quest of some sanction for morality other than the will of the Author of our being, and superior to experience which, as the debate still continues, they can scarcely be supposed to have found." He is speaking of the new Professor of Moral Philosophy in Toronto University. "He promises to connect (moral) philosophy with life!" Yes the "debate" continues. Were the schools engaged in such "debates" it might with more justice be said that they discussed questions commendable neither for their utility nor for their certitude.

The origin of ideas was, and is, a fundamental question with Scholastics. Let us see how a writer living in the full blaze of modern enlightenment settles this question. Of course I do not quote him as a representative modern philosopher, but Dr. Matthews is a clever writer, and is thoroughly imbued with the prevailing contempt for the Schoolmen. "It is true, in every-day language we talk of color, smell, thickness, shape, etc., not only as sensations within us but as qualities inherent in things themselves; but it has long since been shown that they are only modifications of our consciousness. It is told of the metaphysician, Cudworth, that in reply to a person who ridiculed the doctrine of innate ideas, he told him to take down the first book that came to hand in his library, open at random, and read. The latter opened Cicero's 'Offices' and began reading the first sentences. 'Quamquam,'—'Stop,' cried Cudworth, 'it is enough. Tell me how through the senses you acquire the idea of *quamquam*!' Conclusive, is it not? So at least thought Mr. Cudworth and Dr. Matthews who quotes it approvingly. How in the names of all the gods at once could he get the idea of *quamquam* if he had never *seen* nor *heard* the meaning of the word. Otherwise he might gaze at it till doomsday before he would get the proper "modification of his consciousness."

By their fruits ye shall know them—The fruits of modern philosophies are pantheism, agnosticism, materialism. "We in England," says Matthew Arnold, "find ourselves with an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized."

On this continent Ingersoll reflects the

ever growing spirit of infidelity. Thousands of pulpits have rung with his denunciation. Men of unquestioned ability have entered the lists against him. Who answered him at once satisfactorily and effectually? Father Lambert, a village priest, whose philosophy is that of the Schoolmen.

Just as the divisions and contradictions of the sects have produced indifferentism in religion, so have the 'debates' of the philosophers destroyed, enthusiasm for

philosophical studies. Even students who do select Philosophy as their special study, not having a certain standard by which to judge the various systems, are carried about by every wind of doctrine.

Dr. Brownson knew whereof he spoke when he said, "out of our Catholic schools and colleges—with non-Catholics there is absolutely nothing worthy of the name of philosophy learned or taught."

VERITAS.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.



Hail great Washington, most noble patriot, hail !
 Thou monarch of thy race !
 Uncrown'd, unscap'd, yet what doth it avail ?
 Who dares thy throne to question, or thy crown assail ?
 Thou king of hearts in every clime and place !

Accept my salutation then, thou prince of men,
 From one who is not thine
 Either by country or by creed ; what boots it, when
 The world in every nation honors patriots ? then
 I claim thee as my own, and thou art mine.

But what is patriotism ? let us not abuse
 By mingling false with true,
 Were not the Maccabees true patriots 'mongst the Jews,
 Heroes who liv'd to fight, and death did not refuse
 For God in heaven above, and country too ?

Thus hath it ever been : behold the patriot's test,—
 Were there not such in Rome ?
 Did not a Tell arise at Switzerland's behest ?
 God chose a Sobieski 'gainst the Moslem pest,
 And Kosciusko for a pillag'd home.

And England claims her Alfreds, Hampdens 'mid the best,
Scotland her Wallace Bruce :
While countless sons would loose
And burst the bonds of weeping Erin in the West,
From Brien of Clontarf, Tyrconnell, Tyrone blest,
E'en down to Shears and Emmett, and as some deem best
To Dan O'Connell of the peaceful truce.

All these were patriots for their country and their day,
While tyrants dubb'd them first
But rebels foul, and traitors to be swept away,
And deck'd with honors all their victors who would lay,
And crush their rising by the power of might,
And thus prolong the triumph over right,
Nor let the fetters burst.

Time was, great noble Washington, when rebel thou,
And e'en a traitor too,
Thy name was curs'd in England, for thou would'st not bow
Thy neck to tyranny, nor teach thy people how
To cringe before injustice, and like slaves to cower,
As slaves alone before their tyrants do.

And thus it is, proud conqueror, we celebrate
In Ottawa thy day ;
We sons of England, Gaul or Scotland, or whom fate
Hath made us Erin's exiles, we congratulate
Those who beneath the stars and stripes do congregate :
Like brothers we rejoice
And with united voice,
All hail, great liberator Washington ! we say.

February 22nd, 1890.

L. C. P. F.

GEORGE AND BENNY.

O Tempora ! O Mores !

WASHINGTON'S patriotic spirit was evidently disturbed for he moved, sighed and awoke from his slumbers. He gazed dreamily about for some time, then sat up in his beautiful, old-fashioned, rosewood coffin, mur-

muring softly, "Methought I heard the tintinnabulation of a bell."

"You thought about right that time George old boy, it was the telephone bell that you heard, I was having a little talk with my private secretary."

"Bless me! ejaculated Washington. Then after a pause,

"Who are you and where are you?"

"I'm here, right beside you and I am Benjamin Harrison the grand-son of General Harrison and the actual President of the United States of America."

"Ah yes," chuckled Washington; "to be sure, to be sure. Well, you're a fine looking fellow Benny and I'm glad to meet you; but I say, my dear boy, how the deuce did you get here?"

"Underground Rail-Road," replied Harrison curtly.

"Underground Rail-Road!" repeated George, "what is an underground Rail-Road?"

"Well, well," laughed Harrison, "*of course* you dont know anything about it, how could you when it was not in existence when you were above ground. However, now-a-days you know, we do all our travelling by rail and that means a whole train of cars, drawing-room cars, dining-room, baggage cars and even smoking cars, all hitched together and attached to an engine which goes by steam, so you see we travel with ease, convenience and rapidity all over the country and the underground Rail-Road is just exactly the same, except that it's a little different, you know."

"Yes I know," sighed George and he stood gazing about him in a dazed and melancholy way, meditating no doubt, on the many long and weary rides he had taken in a jolting stage-coach. He was finally trotted out of his reverie by Harrison's shouting the modern improve-

ments into his ear, capping the climax with "The very latest is an electric machine for shooting corpses into their graves, it's a very fine thing I assure you, very fine, no better at all, you know, simply turn a screw and the corpse is gone."

"Yes it must be very nice," assented Washington starting as the telephone bell rang violently and Benny responded to an unheard voice with double emphasis,

"Thank heaven! I'm so glad of it—!"

"Glad of what?" asked George as Ben strode up to him looking much relieved.

"That baby McKee has got the last of four teeth he's been squalling over for the last month."

"Ah, I understand," said Washington with unaccountable sympathy—"Pray allow me to congratulate you!" and he majestically extended a parcel of huge bones which was once recognizable as a hand and which Harrison grasped and shook warmly, and the two shed a silent tear over the joyful tidings just received. And on the strength of the tear Harrison became confidential and told George all about his inauguration. How, as he marched with pomp and state through the front door of the White House, Cleveland with his fishing tackle sneaked out through the back; how Mrs. Harrison, as soon as she found herself safe inside the Capitol, became magnificently queenly and no less scornful; how he himself enjoyed a comfortable meal for the first time since the beginning of the campaign and the McKee baby immediately said papa and mamma and produced a tooth which was duly admired by Congress; and last but not least how he and Mrs. Harrison, arrayed in their best, cut considerable of a shine at the inaugural ball. Washington listened intently for some time but the matter of the ball was too much for him—for a ghastly countenance—so he lay back in his downy coffin muttering to himself "When I think what America is and what it used to be I—I guess I'll take a little snooze." And he proceeded to do so, leaving Harrison to give further orders to his private secretary.

G. E. T. S.

THE OWL.

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

TERMS: one dollar a year (12 issues) in advance. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

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

Address all letters to "THE OWL," College of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

MANAGING EDITOR:

REV. J. J. GRIFFIN, M.A.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

C. J. KENNEDY, '90.
 D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.
 M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.
 T. CURRAN, '91.
 J. P. COLLINS, '92.
 C. D. GAUDET, '92.
 J. P. SMITH, '93.
 D. MURPHY, '93.
 Business Manager,
 T. A. WHITE, '93.

Students are requested to patronize our advertisers.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1890. No. 6

"EANDEM CANTILENAM
 RECINERE."

Some of our American exchanges, particularly those from eastern colleges, are evidently much alarmed about the advance of Catholicity in the United States. This we infer from the conglomerations of atrocious calumnies and dire prophecies that they periodically evolve, bearing such titles as "Our Liberties in Danger," "The Aggressiveness of Rome," "Do Parochial Schools Educate," etc., *ad nauseam*. Not only do they give us their productions labelled, but they also covertly introduce the same fanatic spleen and bigotry into the most inno-

cent-appearing school-boy composition. If their argument wants an example of anything base or ignoble in history, they have it close to hand in one or other of the Sabbath school romances that they obtained as a premium a year or two before. Do they dissent on the great principles of human liberty, an expurgated edition of their great reformer's table-talk furnishes them with a quotation. The alleged facts brought in proof of their assertions have been disproved too often to merit any attention of ours, but disproving them has no effect whatever on the writers of the articles in question, for

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The pertinacity with which some of our college writers cling to this favorite occupation of theirs is but an evidence that fanatic bigotry, not reason, guides them.

Catholics do not hesitate to affirm that there is much that is good in the public schools. But they also say, and with reason, as they have learned to their cost, that there is much that is evil. The ardent defenders of the system, who, Don Quixote-like, buckle on their armor and attack a huge monster that exists but in their imaginations, are themselves a most convincing example of the evil that Catholics see in the public schools. Besides objecting to the schools on the ground that religious morality holds no place in their curriculum, Catholics claim that their religion is calumniated, their beliefs sneered at, and all they hold sacred ridiculed; consequently it is impossible for them to send their children there. And now our college journalist rushes into print. He is fresh from the public school, having but recently graduated, and is a fair example of the training imparted there—a living denial of the accusations of "Romanists." Forthwith we are told in a surfeit of choice words that the public school is the bulwark of American liberty, our only defence against the

attacks of Roman intolerance and superstition. How well has he conned his lesson! He then takes the offensive, and emits a torrent of abuse in which the terms, "ignorance," "idolatry," "Papist," "intolerance," and "superstition" suffer more permutations and combinations than algebra takes cognizance of. This is how he, a public school graduate of scarce a year back, shows that the public school is all that Catholics can justly ask for! We are glad, however, that the journals making a specialty of this kind of literature emanate from institutions of but a local reputation; our exchanges from other universities discuss more healthy and congenial topics. These latter recognize that Catholics have a grievance, and like President Elliot of Harvard, demand that the public schools be improved in such a way as to be non-objectionable. We mention this, not entirely acquiescing in the belief that public schools as such can be made wholly satisfactory to Catholics, but merely to show that there are Americans, in the truest sense of the term, desirous that justice shall prevail.

AT LAST.

A recent Act of the Quebec Legislative Council reminds us that last year a writer in the THE OWL was very severe upon the council. We are not in a position to state that their severity had the effect of causing the venerable legislators to reconsider this action, but in any case they have now decided that graduates of McGill University may be admitted to the study of law, their sheepskins being guarantees for their fitness. Doubtless the reason for denying the graduates admission until now was a desire to prevent the number of lawyers from increasing too rapidly. Such an increase is certainly to be expected, for Quebec has already so great an overplus of advocates,

notaries, *et hoc genus omne*, as proves that the minds of the young men of that province are strongly inclined to the study of litigation. Nevertheless the university graduates should be allowed to come in. Their trained intellects will leaven the heterogeneous mass, and they will keep the standard of the profession raised to its proper height. Law used to be a *learned* profession, let it continue to be so as much as possible. At one time lawyers were almost invariably men of culture; the name *pettifogger* was invented for those who were not. If the university men are given equal opportunities for the study of law they will drive out the pettifoggers and thereby do the country a service. Don't let us talk of the professions being overcrowded. As Daniel Webster used to say, "There's plenty room at the top."

EXIT OTTAWA COLLEGE.

If anyone imagines that the chief or only cause of our withdrawal from the Ontario Football Union is the recent legislation of that body, he is profoundly mistaken. Our decision on this point was neither hasty nor of recent date.

After our first season's success in the Union we found ourselves confronted with a category of prejudices and baseless charges sufficiently serious and numerous to discourage an ordinary club. We saw clearly then that it was only a matter of time until we would be forced out. But we were resolved to stamp some stories with the brand of falsehood. We have done so. Our opponents are pleased to acknowledge (and mark the delicacy of the compliment) that they no longer consider us rough ungentlemanly players, but that we are very clever at football and really good fellows after all. Neither do they regard any longer as true the charges that our team was or is composed almost entirely of students from the United States hostile to the Canadian game. It is even

admitted that the *bona fide undergraduate rule* was not at all just in its application to Ottawa College alone. There still remains the tendency to reject any proposition coming from or favored by Ottawa College, and the determination of the executive to make Toronto the permanent centre of the Union is more clearly defined than ever. But these are minor matters. If we inquire for the great cause of the continued friction between the Union and Ottawa College we shall find it to be one that had better not be exposed to the public gaze. But we know it, and the other clubs in the Union know it. In their view it was ever the damned spot that would not out; we attribute to it very much of our success; it was our pride in victory, it will be our solace should we ever meet defeat.

Discussion of the question is useless now. We have severed our connection with the Union; the loss is as much its as ours. When the championship of the Union will be decided next fall, we shall hold ourselves prepared to meet the successful club for the championship of Ontario and of Canada. Until this title is won from us, first place in the Union will mean little more than the custody of a cup, indicative now rather of valiant deeds around the council-board, than of superiority on the football field.

The citizens of Ottawa have every reason to feel deeply gratified at the success that attended the two lectures, lately delivered in this city by the Rev. Fathers Elliott of New York, and Conroy of Ogdensburg. The fact that a large concourse of people thronged to hear these eloquent speakers is an encouraging indication that the public mind is becoming educated to seek that instruction which will better conduce to its own perfection. We see the Canadian press teeming with effusions that announce to the world that

this country of ours is anxious to form itself into a great nation. We admire the sentiment. We desire to attain the same end, but we hold that more than newspaper bluster is required. What is necessary is that the intelligence of the people be suitably moulded, particularly where the elements of the population are divided as to nationality or creed. By this development, the mind of either will be freed from those prejudices which may have existed with reference to the beliefs of the other. True power is intellectual; that nation alone is great whose foundation is laid upon the intelligence of its inhabitants. Hence our pleasure at the success of the lectures above referred to. We feel that they will greatly aid in disabusing the public mind of the too prevalent notion that the Catholic Church encourages the promulgation of doctrines that are subversive of social order and national prosperity. For Protestants, some of the facts stated may have been hard and unpalatable, but they were none the less true; and we therefore hope that, if at times we feel constrained to question the purity of their teachings, they will assign as a motive, not a spirit of intolerance, but a generous desire to right an existing evil. "The Church and Civil Liberty," as treated by Father Elliott, before the large audience that thronged St. Patrick's Church was a masterpiece of sound logic and brilliant eloquence that moved the hearts of his hearers, and made them feel that true liberty was compatible with man's nature; and that man was not, as some would make him out to be, a creature essentially vicious and sinful. Father Conroy in his exposition of "The Secret of Rome's Triumph," in the spacious hall of the Rideau St. Convent, was exceedingly interesting, and gave evidence that he possessed a fund of information that must have required for its collection long years of patient and careful enquiry. It was

an earnest plea in favor of the Church's claim to be the divinely-appointed apostle of true progress. We are pleased to note that we shall soon be afforded an opportunity of listening to the fervid oratory of Dr. O'Rielly of Detroit, and Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, of Philadelphia. May all these be but the initiation of an era of intellectual excellence, in which the thoughts of the public mind may be justly and faithfully fashioned. Thought is the ruler of the universe. National greatness will ever accompany that people whose thoughts are based upon the principles of goodness and truth-

Reading, in the *Queen's College Journal*, of the recent jubilee celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Queen's University, we were much pleased to note the broad-minded and liberal spirit that seemed to pervade the orations then delivered. We were also surprised to find that some of the speakers in this strain were known to us as the most rabid and bitter fire-brands illuminating the so called "Equal-Rights" platform. It will require much more than the oily utterances of these Jekyll-Hyde characters to convince us of the decay of their deep-rooted aversion to at least a very great portion of the people whom, as was then expressed, Queen's was anxious to include within the circle of its extended embrace. It is difficult for us to presume that Queen's could, in any way, be in sympathy with Catholicity; for she was denominational in her inception, in her struggles and in her progress. "The Presbyterian Church," says her *College Journal*, "rocked her at her birth." There is, moreover, the fact, as admitted and proclaimed by the chancellor himself, that in Kingston and elsewhere the United Empire Loyalists and their descendants have multiplied and given their impress to the community; and the present aspect

of this impress is nothing more nor less than antagonism to Rome. An undenominational Queen's University is beyond the range of possibilities, for in the very assumption there is inconsistency, and we believe that Queen's would resent with "might and main" the charge of inconsistency. In conclusion we will offer our congratulations, upon its continued prosperity, to Queen's, the Presbyterian University of Kingston, and we wish them every success in their endeavors to build up a great and comprehensive Canadian Nationality.

On the night of the 11th February the news was flashed over the country that Toronto University was in flames. We could scarcely credit the first intelligence, until it was confirmed by later reports, announcing that it was but too true. We cannot refrain from expressing the deep grief we feel at the loss that not only Toronto, but Ontario, and in fact the whole Dominion, has sustained in the destruction of that great seat of learning. Upon many points we could not agree with the principles laid down by Toronto University, but now, in the moment of their great trial, we hold to the universal law that misfortune make us kindred, and offer to the supporters, friends and trustees of the institution our sincere sympathy. We hope that, like the fabled bird, Toronto University will, from its own ruins, spring again into life and being, to enjoy, if possible, greater prosperity than has up to the present been its share. We would deeply regret if its reconstruction could not be, forthwith, commenced; for we bear willing testimony to the fact that it has added many eminent names to the long category of those who have shed a lustre upon the name of Canada in the paths of science, literature and art. We trust that the re-erection of its material pile will bring about a reformation of its intellectual methods.

DRAMATIC.

A large and distinguished audience filled the Academic Hall on Thursday evening the 20th inst, the occasion of the first public presentation by the students this year. The entertainment, when it is remembered that but two short weeks were devoted to its preparation, was a decided success, amply proving, if further proof were wanting, that it is not rashly that we undertake to "put on" even the heaviest of the productions of the most famous dramatic writers. The opening selection by the College band, was followed by the presentation in French of a Comic Opera, "Tromb-al-ca-zar." Even to those of the audience who did not understand the language, this first part of the programme proved exceedingly interesting, the performance of all who took part in it being of a grade hitherto unsurpassed in the College. Mr. R. Paradis as Beaujolais, and Messrs. Tetreault and Carriere as Vert Panné and Gigolo, brought out the leading points of their roles in a most creditable manner. All three are the possessors of rich and powerful voices, which peculiarly adapt them for taking part in a piece which is mainly of a musical nature. Mr. C. Charbonneau, in the difficult role of Ignace, manifested his thorough acquaintance with the nature of his character, and time and again provoked loud applause by his ludicrous actions.

The important feature of the programme was the Hungarian drama "Tekeli, or the siege of Montgatz" by Theodore Francis Hook. The title role was assumed by Mr. W. S. Woods. This gentleman is possessed of a very dignified and imposing presence. Though slightly built his voice is exceptionally powerful, proportionately rich, and his elocution good. As Tekeli Mr. Woods was natural, from the very moment he laid his plans in the forest, until he congratulated his brave followers after rescuing his father and the stronghold of Montgatz. Conrad the honest miller was taken by Mr. J. P. Smith, and it goes without saying, that few could more fully realize the nature of his role. The words "I am ready to die for the sake of my greatest enemy" were very pathetic, and his honorable action throughout received the approval it merited. R. W. Ivers was an unqualified success in the character of

Bras-de-fer, the weak-minded and weak-hearted soldier. Mr. Ivers has the faculty of pleasing by the very manner of his execution, and though his role was not a heavy one his appearance on the stage was always the signal for continued applause. Alexinus the father of Count Tekelei was sustained in an excellent manner by Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick, and Wolf the devoted ever-ready and daring companion and adviser of Count Tekeli fell to the lot of S. C. Hallissey, and it could not have been placed in worthier hands. Count Caraffa, the commander in chief of the Austrian forces, found an apt representative in Mr. C. C. Delaney. The conflict between Caraffa and Count Tekelei in the last scene, was exciting in the extreme. The ease and familiarity with stage action, manifested by Mr. T. Donovan, would have been looked for from an experienced actor, but coming from one who was making his *debut*, it was an agreeable surprise. Mr. W. W. Clarke, in the part of Maurice, was perfectly natural, and the high spirit of honor of which he showed himself to be possessor, elicited well-deserved approval from the audience. We feel that our congratulations are fully merited by all who took part in the rendition of "Tekeli." Not the slightest feature was omitted, and we have not lately seen any presentation which was characterized by such general excellence and accuracy of execution. The scenery deserves a more than passing notice. The forest scene, in act first, was the grandest that the curtain ever rose on in the College hall, and was in itself a rare treat to behold. The scene at the mill and the little bridge over the stream whose water turns the large wheel, were exceptionally fine. The presentation on the whole deserves to be remembered as one of the greatest successes in this direction that the students have ever achieved, and adds another testimonial to the excellent training of Dr. Balland.

EXCHANGES.

The Bates *Student* has at last divested itself of the outward mark of its inner lowliness. The new cover is a decided improvement on the old one, but, unfortunately the improvement does not

extend to the contents. The parallel between Bismarck and Gladstone gives to the former all the credit that is his due, and the writer would have greatly enhanced the value of the article had he applied the same broad criterion in his appreciation of the character of the great English statesman. They are few indeed who will agree with him in saying that Gladstone's star is in its decline, on the contrary there is every ground for the hope that his name will forever shine in the literature and history of England and English connection. "The use of abuse" is the title of an essay having for object to prove that all progress and development is the offspring of abuse. Thus broadly enunciated the principle might be allowed to go unchallenged, but it is nothing less than blear-eyed prejudice to contend that, in the sphere of religion, truth has only been attained after shameful imposition. Never since the institution of our religion has the Catholic church been made the cloak for any crime, nor does the existence of an occasional and isolated malady in any way implicate the church to which the victim thereof belongs. Nor was there, for this reason, any need for a regeneration of the tenets of faith but rather for a lopping off of the affected members, among whom are the so-called rescuers of religious freedom, Wycliffe, Luther and Calvin.

The most interesting feature of the February number of the Ursinus College *Bulletin* is the inaugural lecture on "Human Culture" by Professor Ruby. We are frequently too apt to designate by the term culture, hasty, superficial study, or knowledge of however scanty an extent, while as a matter of fact, such does not characterize the cultured man. Not every learned man, is a man of culture, but as Professor Ruby has it, those only who being learned "live with the appetites subdued, the desires and passions controlled and the intellect free and working with the rational nature—the end of which living is rest, eternal rest with God." Much space is devoted to the presentation of various society reports, which can be of a merely local interest. If the editors extended their editorial and literary departments, it would add greatly to the worth of their journal.

The last number of *The Current* coming from Athens, Ohio, contains an inter-

esting article on Liberty and Civilization, but we would remind our friends of *The Current* that liberty when widely extended, ceases to be such, and any attempt to invest the subject with powers disproportionate to his duties towards his creator and his fellow subject, is an infringement upon his freedom, inasmuch as it opens the way for him to abuse of his liberty. "The first recess" and "What of the future" make up the remainder of a very creditable literary column, while the editorials though not numerous are well written and to the point.

St. Viateur's College *Journal* is among our most prompt and pleasing exchanges. The February number has on its first page a poem with a useful moral lesson, and its literary department contains an exhaustive biographical and critical sketch of Robert Browning. Continue to visit us regularly, we are inclined towards strengthening our intimacy.

Among the most spicy and tastily arranged journals that visit our table is the Randolph Macon *Monthly*. The general tone of "Tendency of modern literature" in the January number corresponds to a large degree with our way of thinking, next to guarding against entertaining a too-exalted opinion of the literary merits of our age, we should be careful not to fall into that pessimistic groove whence nothing that is grand or noble can be seen in the literature either of this age or of any other age. "Influence of a mother's words" is well worth the time spent in perusing it.

The Hobart *Herald* is a bright and beaming little journal published by the students of Hobart College, Geneva N. Y. The number before us presents much that merits attention, and the general order of make up and completeness in the various departments betokens an energetic board of editors at Hobart.

The best and most deserving among our American exchanges, come from the far south, the Texas *University*, the organ of the literary societies of the State university. The magazine displays a vast share of ability and an easy familiarity with the task, on the part of the editors. The matter treated is of a general and thoroughly practical nature, and the mode of presentation is of a grade which would do credit to more experienced journalists. In "America for Americans" the writer has

struck the right chord, and true lovers of republicanism and its institutions would do well to speedily heed its warning note. A spirit of manly, candid independence pervades *The University*, that is much to our liking, and we feel confident that continued acquaintance will be productive only of beneficial results.

Queen's College *Journal*, after a prolonged absence from our table, has at length filed an appearance. The number before us is a triple one recounting the proceedings of the Jubilee celebration, held last month. A glance at the detailed report of the proceedings, shows that Queen's was honored by the presence round her festive board, of many of the most distinguished personages in the land, including His Excellency the Governor General—upon whom was conferred the the honorary degree of Doctor of Law—the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and several ministers of the Federal and Provincial parliaments. The number is altogether a fitting souvenir of a red-letter day in the annals of Queen's College, and being aware of the magnitude of the task, we can felicitate the editors on the successful completion of their work.

THE JUNIOR'S ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given by the juniors on the evening of February 6th, deserves more than a passing notice. Hitherto the Athletic entertainments were given by the Senior Athletic Association only. Although the juniors sometimes figured in those entertainments in dumb-bell exercises, it was never supposed that by themselves they were capable of undertaking and successfully carrying through a complete programme of Athletic exercises. Such an opinion can no longer be held by those who witnessed their performances on the above mentioned night. In fact all who were present were unanimous in pronouncing the entertainment a decided success.

The overture consisted of a piano solo, which was well rendered by Alf Carrier, who furnished the music for the evening. After this the President of the Junior Athletic Association, Master Ed. Baskerville, came forward, and in a brief speech alluded to the fact that this was the first

appearance of the Juniors in the *role* of athletes, and asked the audience to be indulgent towards them. The applause which he received would lead one to believe that his modest request would be granted, but as a matter of fact, it was not strictly complied with. After the address of the President, came a march and chorus by the Zouaves. The different movements, many of which were new to the audience, were performed with great accuracy and in perfect time, and gave evidence of assiduous practice. The exercises on the parallel bars excited much praise. Nearly all of those feats which received such applause when performed by the seniors last year, were repeated by the juniors on this occasion. The Operette "*Les deux paillasses*" in which F. Lamoureux and L. Christin took part was well received. The singing of both was very good, and their acting as natural as could be. They appeared as much at home as if they had been on the stage for years. This ended the first part of the programme.

The second part opened with a glove contest between two of the smallest boys, Gregory and Greogorio. This was not remarkable for any great exhibition of skill, but rather for the lack of it. It served, however, as a foil to set of the more scientific performance given immediately afterwards by H. Glasmacher and J. Cunningham. It is impossible to say who came of best in this encounter, as the referee gave no decision.

The exercises on the swinging rings called forth repeated bursts of applause. Some really wonderful feats were performed by W. Murphy, E. Pageau, A. Bourgeois, A. Verrault, G. Dumais and R. Robidoux, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. When all did so well it would be almost unfair to particularize, but the name of A. Verrault deserves to be specially mentioned. Notwithstanding that he is by far the smallest of the number, he was equal to the best of them, and did all the exercises most gracefully.

A violin solo by M. Beauvais was very well played indeed, and he was obliged to reply to a vigorous *encore*.

It cannot be doubted that the most difficult and also the best executed part of the programme was the club swinging by E. Gleeson and H. Gibbons. The former, who received such praise for his club swinging last year, not only sustained

his former reputation, but far exceeded all his former efforts. H. Gibbons, though he never figured as a club-swinger till this year, showed a high degree of proficiency in the art, and very cleverly duplicated all the movements of his more experienced companion. In response to an *encore* Gleeson alone appeared, and performed some feats that would do credit to any club-swinger in the country.

The entertainment was brought to a close by a farce entitled "The New Boy," in which O. Allard, J. Capping, H. Cameron, and E. Baskerville took part. Considering the ages of these boys, it must be acknowledged that they sustained their parts well. Altogether the entertainment was highly successful, and it is to be hoped that each year the seniors will be given a treat such as they enjoyed on Feb. 6th.

SOCIETIES.

The Senior Debating Society has held but one meeting since our last issue. The examinations prevented one, and another was postponed in order to give the students an opportunity to hear the eloquent Rev. Fr. Elliott. The one meeting held consisted almost entirely of impromptu speaking and proved most interesting. The able manner in which the programme was carried out shows that the Society possesses many fluent and ready speakers.

PROGRAMME.

- i. Declamation—"The Forging of the Anchor.".....Jno. O'Connor.
- ii. Impromptu—"Against Annexation."
P. C. O'Brien.
- iii. Reading—"Selection from Byron."
A. White.
- iv. Impromptu—"The Pope as an International Arbitrator.".....D. McMillan.
- v. Impromptu—"Panegyric on Ottawa University."
.....J. P. Smith.
- vi. Impromptu—"An Anecdote of Irish Wit."
Rev. Father Nolin.
- vii. Impromptu—"Superiority of Northern over Southern Nations." Wm McCauley.
- viii. Impromptu—"Advantages of a Classical Education.".....Jas. McCabe.
- ix. Impromptu—"Importance of the Press."
Wm. Clarke.
- x. Impromptu—"Graduating Year: Ret. spect and Forecast.".....M. F. Fitzpatrick.
- xi. Impromptu—"Fishery Question."
T. Curran.

SPORTS.

One of the most exciting and hotly contested games of hockey that has been played on the College rink this season was that of February 6th, between teams chosen from the Arts and Science men and the Civil Engineers.

Notwithstanding the fact that these same teams had met on two previous occasions, and each time the Engineers were the victims of what might be termed a crushing defeat, still the same indomitable pluck and energy which characterizes them in plodding through Calculus and Physics, spurred them on to try their luck once more. This time they were not vanquished, the score at the close standing 0 to 0. If the Arts and Science men, who have so far proved themselves champions, wish to retain that title, they had better go in for more practice, and more systematic team play.

The teams lined up as follows:—

<i>Arts and Science</i>	<i>C. Engineers.</i>
C. J. Kennedy...goal....	E. O'Neil.
A. White.....point....	W. McGreevy.
T. Rigney...cover point..	A. Morel.
C. J. Sparrow...centre...W. Davis.	
D. McDonald...forwards..	A. Dufresne.
R. McDonald.	J. McDougall.
W. Meagher.	A. McDougall.

Mr. D. Masson discharged the duties of referee to the satisfaction of all.

From the outset it was quite evident that the game was not to be so one-sided as on previous occasions. Time and again during the first fifteen minutes the Arts men were called upon to defend their goal, and were saved from defeat owing to the brilliant play of Kennedy, who during the whole game displayed more than ordinary skill as a hockey player. D. McDonald is a host in himself, and quite as quick to seize a favorable opportunity to score at hockey as at foot-ball, but for once his vigilance and determination were foiled.

J. McDougall played a grand game throughout, appearing to be in all parts of spacious rink at once.

E. O'Neill, for the Engineers, defied all attempts on the part of his opponents to score.

The most brilliant play of the day was that by Morel, his experience at the game, his speed and dexterity in passing, went a

great way towards saving his team from defeat.

These same teams meet shortly, when, no doubt, a most exciting game will be played.

But hockey is not confined exclusively to the higher classes, as is shown by the enthusiasm manifested by the members of the commercial course. They too have organized, and are practising hard. Their two leading teams the "Stars" and "Meteors" met for the first time on February 6th. No doubt their love for physical geography led them to choose the foregoing titles, for as yet their feelings of wonder and admiration at the countless host of stars that spangle the heavens, and the worlds and systems of worlds with which our little planet would hardly bear comparison, have not been excited by the study of astronomy. But a knowledge of astronomy is not requisite for hockey, and so the game went on, the players having lined up in the following order :

*Stars.**Meteors.*

J. McNamara.....	goal.....	A. Plunket,
E. McGuire.....	point.....	J. Brophy,
P. Brunelle.....	cover point..	A. Skelly.
G. Byrne.....	centre.....	H. Skelly.
P. Clancy.....	forwards....	H. Driscoll.
A. Turcotte,		P. Reynolds.
O. Laplante,		A. Letellier.

By mutual agreement no referee was chosen.

Mr. F. L. French acted as captain for the Stars, while Mr. P. C. O'Brien discharged like duties for the Meteors.

The captains played a magnificent game. High above the shouts of foul! foul! could be heard the captain of the Stars, earnestly inciting his men on to victory. The Meteor's captain meanwhile, with a "spirit heightened above the ordinary spirit of man," thinks not for a moment of defeat, he is ever to be seen where the battle rages fiercest, giving commands, urging on the tired and lazy alike, with heroic fortitude. "One more rush Joe," cries the Star's captain, "and we gain the day." Fiercer, and fiercer rages the battle. Peter falls just at the moment when victory seemed most certain. Meteor after Meteor glides by him bearing the puck gayly before them. With one irresistible charge, like a torrent driving all before it, they rush the rubber between the goals, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of those around. Half-time is soon called.

After a short pause of about ten minutes the strife begins anew. But what a change! Those same players who; but a few moments before placed implicit confidence in their leaders' firmness and foresight, now disregard their orders, and rush madly into the fray.

Star after Star falls, bearing Meteors along with them.

Want of confidence in the captains told terribly on both sides. All was confusion and disorder. Mad rushes, careless passing, and lack of judgment were everywhere visible. At last Joe's mighty rush came, just in time to preserve the Stars from a most humiliating defeat. With Byrne on his right and Laplante on his left, that stone wall of Meteors, which up to this time was thought impregnable, was borne away like chaff before the fierce tornada. The goal is won, time is called and the unconquered and unconquerable retire from the scene.

The following players showed up well: for the Stars—E. McGuire, P. Clancy, and J. McNamara; and for the Meteors A. Skelly, A. Plunkett, and H. Skelly.

The hockey match arranged for Feb. 13th between Ottawa College and the second seven from the City club, was played on Rideau rink before a large number of admirers of both teams.

The match was to take place on the open-air rink of the College, which, notwithstanding the changeable weather of the past few weeks, was kept in excellent condition. A grand stand, tastefully decorated, had been erected for the accommodation of the Governor General, Lord Stanley of Preston, and his friends who had announced their intention of witnessing the match. Flags of various nations, surrounding the rink, floated in the breeze. All was in readiness, but when the College players appeared on the rink, they found to their surprise that the ice, owing to the soft weather, was utterly unfit for use.

The committee of the Rideau rink with their usual generosity, allowed the game to be played there, admitting all free, among whom were about three hundred students, who had assembled to witness the first match played by their team. It proved most interesting and exciting from start to finish, both sides showing up well, and doing some very brilliant play. The teams lined up as follows :—

<i>Ottawa City</i>	<i>Ottawa College</i>
W. Kavanagh... goal...	F. Morel
E. C. Bogart .. point...	C. J. Kennedy
P. D. Ross.. cover point.	A. White
B. Bogart.. forwards...	J. McDougall
C. Kirby	R. McDonald
R. Bradley.	R. Sparrow
D. Scott.	W. Meagher

From the start it was quite evident that the long practice, speed and grand team-play of the Ottawas would more than prove a match for their unpracticed, slower, yet plucky opponents.

The brilliant dashes of Kirby, though the smallest man on the team, brought forth rounds of applause. Time and again he passed from one extremity of the large rink to the other, carrying the puck along with him. All attempts to stop him proved futile. P. D. Ross and B. Bogart understand the game thoroughly and their play is both scientific and dexterous.

W. Kavanagh is an excellent goal-keeper, and on Thursday foiled many a noble attempt to score.

For the College, C. J. Kennedy and J. McDougall played the best game. The score at the close stood 4 to 0 in favor of the Ottawas. The College team has no

reason, however, to feel discouraged, their play on the whole was most creditable, and they have every reason to believe that, with more practice, and combined play, they will be able to compete more successfully in all their subsequent matches. They proved most conclusively that they have the proper material for a first-class hockey team. The gentlemanly conduct and good feeling exhibited on both sides, will no doubt ensure a second match before the season closes, when we may expect to see a more evenly contested game.

Capt. McMahon discharged the duties of referee to the satisfaction of all.

OUR HOSE DEPARTMENT.

To the hardy little fellows who have flooded our rink this winter and to whom we are indebted in an especial manner for such a magnificent sheet of ice, the students, all without exception, wish to extend their sincerest thanks. Old Boreas or Jupiter Pluvius was no obstacle to them in the fulfilment of their charge. We possess to-day a fine uncovered rink, 200 x 100 ft., level, surrounded by banks of the whitest snow; a scene of life and enjoyment every recreation hour.

ULULATUS.

By mistake "Tony" wore a tent for a uniform.

New version of an old proverb "A man in sheep's clothing."

"We'll go up and have some singing, some playing, and onethinganother."

Who was the soldier in the battle scene in Tekeli, who after discharging his blank cartridge brought the shell to the stage manager, in order to have it refilled with powder?

Oh! Dear, what can the matter be!

Dear, dear, what can the matter be!

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised so often his lessons to learn

And a medal he'd surely endeavor to earn,

Alas! that some fancy his young head would turn,

And he but a mere boy at that.

The habitués of Madison Square have changed their loafing quarters, since the opening of the third study hall.

The most courageous incident in the performance was "Charley Wood's" remaining on sentry

duty at the far end of the bridge, while the rest of the company were drinking before the inn. He made up for it however, when relieved, though all of his movements were not indicated in the play.

De voyager loin sans les chars

Est chose maintenant tres rare,

Vive, vive les chars-chars

Dans les bateaux c'est aussi bon.

Que Beauvais sur son violon.

Vive, vive le bon-bon.

Mais les chars n'allants pas sur l'eau!

Il faut alors prendre un bateaux.

Vive, vive l'eau, l'eau, l'eau.

Vive, vive les chars-chars!

Vive vive le bon-bon!

Vive vive l'eau l'eau l'eau!

Vive le C (H₂O)!

A smart student from "way back" recently essayed to extinguish the electric lights by pinching the covered wire, thinking thereby to stop the flow of the electric current.