



ALEXANDER TACHÉ, O. M. I.

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REAT Canadians, either in Church or State, are not so numerous that we can afford to allow their memory to die out in a day, and hence it is that, though more than three months have gone by since the death of Archbishop Taché, we feel it a duty to briefly relate the story of his life, and to seek the lesson which that life has taught.

Alexander Antoine Taché was born at Riviere du Loup on the 23rd of July, 1823. From his earliest years he showed himself possessed of deep religious feeling, and gave signs that later on he would be found amongst those who were fighting the battle of truth and morality under the shadow of the cross. He was but eighteen years old when the conviction forced itself upon him that the priestly life was the one that best accorded with his tastes. Having sought the counsel of a wise director, he entered the Montreal Grand Seminary, and there remained during three years, at the end of which time he heard again that internal voice speaking to him of the security, peace and tranquillity to be found in the religious life. To the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate his eyes immediately turned, and at the door of the Longueuil Novitiate he knocked and asked permission to enter. The favor was granted, and thus was commenced Alexander Taché's career as a missionary. How the decision to devote his time and energy to the evangelization of the North-West Indians was arrived at is best told in his own words: "It was in the silence of my cell that a

voice, which could come only from on high, made itself heard, and this voice indicated to me the North-West, inviting me to repair thither without even the thought of being ever able to return. My superiors approved and blessed this idea. My mother was first advised of my intention, and afterwards I went to see her. We embraced each other while our tears commingled. After some moments of silence, stronger than I, notwithstanding her illness, she again embraced me and said: 'My Alexander, I owe something to nature, but I owe more to God; since it is his wish that you go to the North-West, go and be a devoted missionary.' Then I left, believing a return impossible." It is hard to appreciate the generosity and heroism shown by the young novice in leaving home, friends, and sweetest domestic ties, to take up his abode amongst illiterate savages. And to do this at a time when no crimson cushion of a palace car was at his disposal. displayed a courage that must have been heaven-sent. More than two months were occupied in making the journey to St. Boniface. The hardships endured did not shake a resolution which God had blessed, nor did mental suffering over the condition of a virtuous and affectionate mother, cause young Taché to hesitate about undergoing the worry and toil which a sixty days' trip in a birch bark canoe meant. Shortly after his arrival he was ordained priest, and the first religious vows ever pronounced in that far off country were those that fell from the lips of the youthful apostle. Then it was that he entered heart and soul into the work of christianizing the unbelieving savage. Often did he travel alone hundreds of miles in order to be at

the bedside of a dying Indian, and there administer the consolations of religion. There is no need to detail at length the events of his early missionary life. It is hard to measure the good he has done for the ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface. Going there in 1845 he found it but little more than a wilderness; he left it, in 1894, plentifully supplied with churches, colleges, convents and charitable institutions. For the rights of the Catholic population of the Northwest he fought fearlessly and consistently. In their temporal and spiritual progress his whole heart was bound up, and his fatherly advice and protection went out to them without stint.

In private life Archbishop Taché was a kind-hearted, amiable, christian gentleman. It is said that the best index to a man's character is the feelings he bears to his mother. If this be true then surely the dead prelate was one exceptionally blessed with the rarest gifts of heart and mind, for never did purer and sweeter affection exist between mother and son than existed between Alexander Taché and her who twined her arms around him e'er yet his infant lips had learned to speak that tenderest of all words—mother. Those who knew him in the sanctity of his home life become eloquent in telling of his kindness, patience and forbearance, and this trait in him was remarkable in the face of the truth that he lived through times that were troublesome, and had often to struggle against the treachery and duplicity of avowed enemies as well as of seeming friends. Happily for him both his enemies and seeming friends were few, and these few opposed him not on personal but on political grounds.

As a public man he was one of Canada's most brilliant sons. There were those who were not slow in accusing him of being too French, while others would throw it into his face that he was too English. To both these charges he often times referred in his writings, and to the unbiased reader the conviction must come that the archbishop was a loyal and devoted Canadian, a man to whom the prosperity of his native land was ever dear, a man who, though he came from good old French stock, preached the doctrine that everyone, thrilled with patriotic thoughts should seek to uphold and per-

petuate British connection. The fact that the charges made against him were frequently opposed, one to the other, goes to show the thorough sincerity and loyalty of the man. He may have erred—it is almost everyone's misfortune to err at times—but if he did it was because he was convinced that the course he was pursuing was the best and most honorable one.

Everyone is willing to admit that his literary ability was of no uncertain kind. He possessed a logical mind, and had the power to express his thoughts in language, remarkable for strength and clearness. Were the theme one to allow it, he could rise to flights of eloquence that could rouse the coldest nature to enthusiasm. Who that has read his references to the attacks of those who were in line as his opponents, was not touched with the beauty and pathos of his words? Had he been able to devote more time to literary work there is not a doubt that he would have reached a plane where greatness and glory would have been the reward of effort. What he has written will live as long as there remain those who can appreciate literary excellence.

Archbishop Taché was a man of wonderful tact, energy and capacity for administration, and on many occasions during his eventful life gave proof that he possessed these qualities. During all the time that he ruled over an extensive diocese the relations between himself and flock were of the most amicable kind. He was accused on more than one occasion of injudicious conduct, particularly in the Riel uprising in '69 and '70. It was charged that he exceeded his powers in making certain promises to the rebels, which even the Canadian government, without express Imperial authority, had not power to make. Be that as it may, one thing is certain that he was acting from the purest and most honest motives, and did not consider that he was overstepping the bounds of authority. His purpose was to prevent bloodshed and to protect the province from the threatened danger of a revolution. In later years he was attacked for having permitted the sacrifice of the Catholic schools of Manitoba. To that charge he has eloquently

replied, and has given the reasons why it was made : "because the aged archbishop did not wish to mix in any of the 1891 elections." Of him it might be said as of St. Francis of Sales, "he could not lie or cheat or cleverly pretend ; therefore he could not be a politician." It is difficult for a man of genius, of broad views, of keen insight into the future, of upright mind to exert any influence on a political life such as ours. But it is an absolute impossibility for one whose whole career was unmarked by unparalleled self-denial, and who loved to repeat "I would rather one thousand times be accused of excess

of candor than of distrust." He who spoke thus is no longer of the living, but his spirit and his influence will linger amongst a people who loved him because he was kind, honored him because he was noble, admired him because of his intelligence, revered him because he was holy. Alexander Taché was a loyal citizen, a holy bishop, a zealous missionary, and an exemplary religious. His life should be an object lesson to every young Canadian who aspires to reach a high and good ideal.

W. F. K. '89.



*A TRANQUIL MIND.*

There is a grace all undefined—  
 Not stary eyes, nor queenly brows—  
 The presence of a tranquil mind,  
 A heart to which cold beauty bows ;  
 For Art's perfections lose control,  
 Uncrowned by a superior soul.

—LOCKHART'S MASQUE OF MINSTRELS.



DEAR CANADA!



O rose that decks Italian soil,  
 French vine, or British lea,  
 Can my Canadian heart beguile,  
 My own dear land for me!  
 In yonder vale, a child, I played,  
 Hard by, a man, I wrought;  
 These leafy maples lent me shade  
 When noontide rest I sought.

Let Southern folk their bright climes toast  
 Where balmy seasons roll,  
 We of the North may better boast  
 Our sunshine of the soul:  
 While Nations laud their progress rare  
 We, too, can proudly cheer;—  
 Our maids are true; our women fair;  
 No foe our freemen fear.

It fires the soul to think, some day  
 Our Canada shall stand,  
 A forceful spirit gravely gay  
 Among the Nations grand;  
 And that her progeny will grow  
 More numerous than the leaves  
 A wind that shakes the forest row  
 Bernilles and upheaves.

Dear Motherland! wisely and well,  
 While lasts my earthly stay,  
 May I thee love, and pride to tell  
 Thy worth from day to day:  
 Thee may I leave, when Death draws near,  
 A Patriot's best bequest;—  
 The memory of a just career,  
 A life no crimes infest!

## DR. J. K. FORAN'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, ON RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF  
DOCTOR OF LETTERS.

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Very Rev. Rector, Ladies and Gentlemen:—



THE signal honor conferred upon me this evening by the University of Ottawa, awakens feelings of sincere gratitude and legitimate pride. It were impossible for me, in my inexpressive language, to convey any adequate idea of the sentiments that animate me. Therefore, I conclude that the less I attempt in that direction the more am I likely to accomplish.

Standing in this splendid hall, under the sacred roof of our *Alma Mater*, and amidst surroundings such as you behold here this evening, it seems to me as if it were all a dream, that the curtain of intervening years had rolled up, while memory, with magic wand, had summoned before me scenes long vanished and actors long since disappeared.

As if it were but yesterday, I recall that hour, in September, 1876, when I entered, for a first time, the old St. Joseph's College. Good Brother Cooney—God rest his soul!—met me at the door. He handed me over to Father Morois, who, in turn, began by threatening to pull my ears until they were as long as his arms, and to place me beside the weather-cock that twirled above the cupola on the old edifice. Prophetic was the witty *econom*! For to-night I feel as if some mysterious influence had raised me to that dizzy height, and left me there to twist and to turn with every breath of surprise that sweeps around me.

Comparatively humble was the college in those days; but all great institutions and all important human events have had humble origin. "Rome was not built in a day." The foundation was laid by wolf-suckled twins; it took centuries to

accomplish the work; but once the construction was completed, Rome became the Eternal City. Already had the venerable and ever-to-be-lamented Bishop Guiges organized the vast diocese of Ottawa; already had his missionaries gone forth to evangelize the Indian tribes and carry the consolations of religion to the whitemen, scattered in groups throughout the forests of the north; already had the grand work of education been commenced—they sowed, in fertile soil, the seeds that have since taken root, grown up, expanded, fructified, and the harvest of which we all reap to-day. Beneath the purple of episcopal dignity that great and good man carried the insignia of his deep humility. The work he accomplished can only be thoroughly understood by his noble and worthy successor. In the year 1844—half a century ago—the Oblates of Mary Immaculate arrived in Bytown, and, from that day to the present, they have carried on a two-fold work for Faith and for country. They carved out paths through the wilderness; with one hand they planted the Cross of Christ amidst untrodden wilds, while, with the other hand they beckoned on the advance guard of civilization.

The year 1850 beheld the ordination of a man destined to play an important part in the history of this city and of this section of the country. At the name of Father Tabaret I pause! Well do I remember that gloomy day in mid-winter, 1886, when His Grace, the gifted and eloquent Archbishop of Ottawa, pronounced the funeral oration in the Basilica. In one phrase he summed up the life, the labors, the virtues, the characteristics of the illustrious dead. In an ecstasy of eloquent sorrow he cried out, "*Quel homme d'elite!*" Yes, truly was



Father Tabaret of those whom the world calls the *elite*, and just as truly is he, to-night, amongst those whom God calls the *elect*. Outside yonder door is a statue that affection has raised to his memory; but this magnificent institution, with its ever expanding proportions and increasing influences, is the monument *par excellence* that shall transmit his name and his fame to posterity. Grand in his humility, childlike and meek in his power, poverty only enriched him, years made him grow younger, obstacles strengthened him, difficulties encouraged him, and a lowly spirit and a life of obedience constituted him an organizer of institutions and a commander amongst men. The impress of his zeal is left upon the diocese of Ottawa; the mark of his handiwork you behold in this University; and the seal of his strong personality is indelibly stamped upon the spirit of a whole generation of men. Suddenly, one day, God's hurried ambassador came to him with a summons, but the angel of death found him ready to lay down his burden and go, with his works, before the Creator. To him might I apply the words of Denis Florence McCarthy, in his poem, "The Vale of Shangannah":

"Like a brave man, in fearless resistance  
He had fought the good fight on the field of  
existence:  
A crown he had won in the conflict of labor,  
With Truth for his armor, and Thought for his  
sabre."

Friend of my youth! If your spirit hovers in this hall to-night, it will smile upon the men who are so nobly carrying on the work that you commenced. If, in the communion of souls between the living and the dead, my humble voice can reach you beyond, ask of God to look down upon the University of Ottawa, to guide its directors along the highway of success, to strew their path with the choicest of blessings, that they may be enabled to carry to a grand realization the fervent dreams and the lofty aspirations of your life of sacrifice, of your life of love! Graduates and pupils behold your model!

Two important works have the Oblates accomplished during the last half century: the evangelization of one generation and the education of another. The night of paganism obscured the world, the dark

clouds of infidelity and barbarism hung over the intelligences of men, when, in the far off East, in the land of Prophets and Patriarchs, the Star of Salvation twinkled at Bethlehem and the gorgeous Sun of Redemption flashed upon Calvary. The rays of that Sun penetrated the groves where the Druids taught the mysticism of the stars, they tipped with splendor the monuments of ages and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the chastening light of heaven, they descended into the catacombs and came forth from that city of the dead to fling their radiance upon the cross above the dome of St. Peter's, they shot athwart the darkness of centuries, crossed the furrowed face of the Atlantic, penetrated the primeval forests of the New World—and, wheresoever they fell, their warmth imparted spiritual life, and their brilliancy shed a lustre around the souls of men. The religious and educational institutions of our country are the *foci* to which those rays converged, and from which they again separated to light up newer and broader horizons. This University of Ottawa is one of the great conservatories of that light. From out its treasure-house the members of the Oblate order have carried the choicest gifts. The monuments of their zeal and devotedness dot the Dominion from ocean to ocean, from the line forty-five to beneath the fringes of the Aurora Borealis.

Up amidst the picturesqueness of the Gatineau and Desert, the spire of Maniwaki's Church flings a shadow upon one of their pioneer establishments. Off by Timigami and Nipissing they are literally "turning a wilderness into a garden." Away by the Red River and over the rolling prairies of the Northwest, in the footsteps of Archbishop Taché and his companions, are the evidences of their presence. Up amongst the stupendous grandeurs of the Rockies have they planted the cross. Beyond, where Fraser and Mackenzie leap, in wild fury, down the granite stairways of their white cascades to the ocean, have they labored. In far away Alaska, where the foot of summer scarcely ever treads, with Bishop Clut and his associates, do we behold their work. And, to-night, in that section of our country rendered historic by deeds of heroism, beneath the shadow of the Cypress hills,

on the wild shores of Aiekesegahogan, there stands a colossal cross, its summit points to Heaven, and at its base are two mounds that contain the ashes of the Oblate martyrs, who, leaving this institution at the voice of obedience, went forth in the livery of Christ to die at the post of duty—Father Marchand and Father Fafard.

And while this work of evangelization was going on here, in the capital of your country, they have been building up this home of learning and this shrine of sanctity. Look over Canada to-day and you will behold students of this institution in every sphere of life—in the Church, in Parliament, at the Bar, on the Bench, in the medical profession, in engineering, literature, science, commerce and industries—clinging to the topmost round on the ladder of success. Not only in Canada, but all over the great Republic to the south of us. In that land of consecrated freedom, so many of whose sons have come to drink at this fountain source of knowledge, there is scarcely a city that does not contain one or more hearts that beat in gratitude to our *Alma Mater*, and with love and veneration for the men who moulded their young lives.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that I should feel proud to receive, to-night, the degree of Doctor from the University of Ottawa. I accept

it in the hope that Providence may grant me the opportunity, at other times and under other circumstances, of proving, by means more emphatic than words, how deeply and how truly I appreciate the honor. It would be an intrusion on my part to detain you any longer this evening. It would be presumption to further monopolize your time, and check the flow of harmony and enjoyment. In concluding, to the University of Ottawa, to the Faculty of this institution, from the fulness of my heart I cry out, "*Esto Perpetua*," may your triumphs be great; may your success be unending! Go on in your glorious mission and you will yet be a powerful factor in raising this country to her rightful position amongst the nations. Under the safeguards of your matchless constitution, the head of which is represented here to-night in the person of the deservedly popular and universally beloved Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, you will behold this Dominion a queen upon this western continent, a home of good principles, a shrine of the civilization of the gospel, with the scintillations of God's ineffable majesty shedding their radiant glories on the pathway of her future. Yes, you will aid in making her the realization of the Canadian poet's picture:

"The northern arch, whose vast proportions  
Span the sky from sea to sea;  
From Atlantic to Pacific,  
Home of unborn millions free!"





## A DAY WITH OUR INDIANS.



OVER the boundless plains of the great Northwest, but a few years ago, roamed numerous tribes of dusky warriors. It was there over the rolling prairies that the red-men had hunted the buffalo, followed the war-path, and smoked the pipe of peace. But one day, came their destroyers, the pale-faces for destroyers they truly proved themselves to be. And the prophesy of the aged missionary, the noble Father Lacombe "I at in fifteen years there will not be a full-blooded Indian alive on the Canadian prairie," has been almost fulfilled. Now instead of the piercing war-whoop, and the solemn "tum-tum" of the Indian drum, are heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the hearth-songs of the whites.

As the stranger travelling over our trans-continental railway is whirled across the grand expanse of level country stretching from the "Prairie City" to the Rocky Mountains, he looks in vain for the tribes of red-skins who once held full sway over the northern plains. Then arises in his mind the question, what has become of the noble red-men? The story is both short and sad. Many of them have long since departed for the "Good-Hunting Grounds," to dwell with their fore-fathers in the realm of the "Great Spirit." While the few who have survived the onward march of civilization are to be found in small bands on the government reserves of Canada and the United States.

The tourist who is interested in aboriginal research may obtain an abundant and rick stock of knowledge, concerning the peculiar traits of character, customs, etc., of our Indians, by visiting any of the reserves. Upon his arrival he is promptly presented to the chiefs of the tribe, in whose company, the inspection of their "Government Home" is commenced. As the traveller makes the rounds, many things with which he meets will prove of great interest. But perhaps that which will attract his attention first

is the "Tepee," or wigwam, in which those Indians live who have not as yet built houses for themselves. This singular habitation is made of buffalo-hide in the form of a cone and supported by four poplar poles firmly planted in the ground in a circle, the upper ends being lashed together with sinew. In this miserable hut both winters and summers are spent. Although of small dimensions it is all the more convenient for being so, and convenience is above all what the Indians desire. So, perchance, becoming tired of their present location, it is the more easy to remove. One would be almost at a loss to conceive where our dusky friends keep their stores and other moveables, the wigwams being so small that there seems no room for anything, after they and their dogs have entered. Their ingenuity, however, supplies the want of room, and answers all the purposes of bags, baskets, etc. An inner lining of birch bark is drawn between the poles so as to form hollow pouches all around. In these pouches are stored their goods. One set holds a stock of dried deer's flesh; another, dried fish; dressed skins, and a thousand other miscellaneous articles occupy the rest of the reservoirs.

Another thing that will immediately draw one's attention is a peculiar custom which is retained among them, even to the present day, that is, the manner in which the mothers carry their young. In long journeys, the children are placed in upright baskets of a peculiar form, which are fastened around the necks of the mothers by straps of deer-skin. But the very young infant is swathed to a sort of flat cradle secured with flexible hoops to prevent it from falling out. To these machines they are strapped so as to be unable to move hand or foot. Much finery is often displayed on the outer covering, and on the bandages that confine the *papoose*, as the baby is called. There is a sling attached to the cradle that passes over the squaws neck, the back of the child being placed to the back of the mother, and its face outward.

The first thing the squaws do, at the end of their journey, is to release themselves from their burdens, by placing them up against trees, rocks, or anything that will serve as a support, where the passive prisoners stand looking, not unlike mummies, in their cases.

One more feature of the reserves which never fails to excite the visitor's curiosity is the variety of handiwork which everywhere meets the eye. The squaws are very ingenious in many of their hand made articles, and even at the present day, such productions of their skill, as birch-bark baskets, and other similar objects, though of humble material, are very useful and answer admirably the purpose for which they are made. The work is so well done that they will hold broth, and even water. These baskets are sewn or rather stitched together with the tough roots of the tamarack, or else with stripes of cedar bark, and when ornamented and wrought in patterns with dyed quills, are by no means inelegant, the Indians, as is well known, being acquainted with a variety of dyes, with which such articles are very tastefully stained. If our visitor attempts to make a bargain with any of the reds, he will detect a very marked characteristic. As a rule, the Indians seem to value the useful more highly than the merely ornamental articles that you may exhibit to them. They are very shrewd and close in all their dealing, and show a surprising degree of caution in making bargains. The men are much less difficult to trade with than the women, who display a singular pertinacity in some instances. For if they have fixed their minds on any one article, they will come to you day after day, refusing to take any other that you may offer to their notice. Another peculiar trait is that they will seldom make any article on purpose for you. If you wish to have baskets of a particular pattern that they do not happen to have already made, the rather vague answer of "By and By" is the only satisfaction you can obtain. If the goods you offer them in exchange do not answer their expectations, you receive a sullen and dogged reply "Car, Car," (no, no,) or "Carwinni" which is a still more forcible negative. But, when the bargain pleases them, they signify their approbation by several affirm-

ative nods of the head, and a note, not much unlike a grunt. With these peculiarities one will discover some very strong and strange prejudices. Amongst those, they with most reluctance put aside, is their old manner of dressing. For instance, a young "Brave" takes as much delight in displaying a nice new blanket, as one of our modern dandies in showing off a stylish suit of clothes. Nor is it so long ago, that an Indian, who suffered his hair to be cut off, would find himself in about the same predicament as a Chinaman in returning to "The land of the Celestials" without his pig-tail. But perhaps the strongest and most deeply planted prejudices are those pertaining to feasts, and superstitious notions about the good and evil spirits.

The most common and frequent festival among the red men of to-day is called the "Pow-wow," and persons who have an opportunity of visiting the reserves of the Northwest usually make it a point to witness this and other festivals, and they are always well repaid in amusement for the time spent. This celebration takes place very often, and sometimes lasts for five or six days without intermission. In fact the length of time is regulated by the quantity of provisions and liquors the Indians have been able to gather together. For weeks, and even months before, the several tribes would store away provisions and fire-water, in anticipation of a grand series of orgies, in which the worshippers of Bacchus himself, would find themselves hopelessly distanced. When the appointed time arrives, the Indians from all directions assemble, and after paying their respects to the different chiefs, gather around the "Big Drum." Then the feast begins in earnest. About half a dozen sturdy Indian youths are charged with the important function of pounding the drum; the squaws all join hands and form a circle around the drummers, while some of the men make a second outer circle around the women. In this manner they sing and dance until completely exhausted, when they are replaced by others who, in turn, retire to make room for new arrivals. After keeping this up for a couple of days all then turn their attention to feasting. The provisions and fire-water are brought forth, and the feast ends only with

the supply of food. Other festive ceremonies worthy of mention are the buffalo and sun dances. The former has long since become a thing of the past, owing to the almost entire disappearance of the buffaloes. But the latter has been an annual event up to a very recent date among many of the Indians of Western Canada, and especially among the Crees and Blackfeet. It had for object to test the fortitude and courage of young men who have arrived at that age which admits them to the ranks of warriors. It consists in running an arrow laterally through the flesh in proximity to the chest. Then to the ends of the arrows are attached ropes which are suspended from the top of a tall pole. The young Indian is now expected to forcibly jerk the arrow through his flesh. This is affected by throwing his whole weight upon the ropes while in the act of running around the pole. However the feat must be accomplished without the least wincing or sign of pain, before the much coveted title of "a brave" is won. But on the contrary if his courage fail him he is no longer countenanced by the old "bucks" of the tribe, but is forced to remain with the squaws until he succeed in fulfilling the requirements of this strange performance. These sun dances, buffalo dances, pow-wows, etc., usually take place after marriages, the election of chiefs and other events of importance, and their programme is invariably the same. The visitor after having witnessed the strange and interesting festivals of the Indians will be curious to see their every day manner of living, and the methods employed by the government to civilize its "adopted children." On these reserves the red men are gradually being initiated into the settled and industrious life of the whites, and are taught trades of all kinds in the large industrial schools scattered throughout the country. However even if they have made rapid strides in the acquirement of a taste for industry and in the desire to live by the labor of their own hands it must not be supposed that they are free from idleness. Though they are gradually rising from their former condition of ignorance and misery and are taking the status of men it is only with extreme difficulty that they divest themselves of those manners and customs so favorable

to indolence and so little provident of the future. As a means of support they are greatly assisted by the government annuities and also by gifts from the missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company. It would indeed be an oversight to neglect stating that the government has taken great pains to adopt and develop every possible means of making the Indians thrifty and self-sustaining. The reds themselves do a great deal of hunting and fishing, and are very ingenious in some of the devices by which they secure their game. In duck shooting especially great tact and ingenuity are displayed. A canoe is filled with green boughs so that it resembles a sort of floating island; beneath the cover of these boughs the hunters conceal themselves and are enabled by the strategy to approach much nearer to the wary birds than they otherwise could do. Then they have very little difficulty in shooting as many as they wish.

As the Indians advance in civilization there is also a great improvement in the manner of dressing. At some of the older reserves it is not uncommon to see a well to do Indian dressed in a decent suit of tweed, with his hair cut like a white man's. So far, of course, but few present this appearance; however, an approach to it is very general, and large numbers are beginning to discard the blanket. These changes have a marked significance, because they indicate the gradual disappearance of the strongest prejudices and the eradication of old-time customs to which the Indians cling with remarkable pertinacity.

The self-sacrificing missionaries by their heroic labors have greatly benefitted the spiritual condition of their dusky flocks. They have taught them to respect the moral law, and to aim at acquiring every virtue which helps to make the true christian. A common failing in an Indian, and apparently an integral part of his character, is his natural weakness for horse-stealing. Examples of this are by no means unfrequent, even at the present day. The reds from the adjacent republic often make inroads into Canada and steal all the horses from the neighboring reserves. In one instance some few years ago the Bloods of Canada made a foray over the

line and carried off some forty horses from the Crows. But being hard pressed had to abandon all but about half a dozen, which were afterwards taken from them by the police, and restored to their rightful owners.

However, the Northwest Mounted Police have succeeded in getting this tendency to horse stealing pretty well under check. And in order to place a strong impediment in the way of retaining stolen horses, a system of branding has been introduced, by which the horses of Indians, if stolen, can be readily recognized and recovered. While if they in turn are the depredators, additions to their band will at once fix the guilt upon the individual culprits. These means, no doubt, are very effectual in restraining such unlawful acts among them, but as I before mentioned, the labors of the missionaries have been the

principal cause of this change for the better. The fruits of fifty years' labor of the Oblates in the Northwest, may be seen in both the material as well as spiritual advancement of the red-men.

Such, then, is a short sketch of the reserves on which the visitor to our Western provinces finds the Indians at the present day.

As is evident to all, their race is doomed to extermination, and it is only a question of time, when the war-decked red-skin will have ceased to roam the praries. Never more will he in deadly feud, wield the formidable tomahawk, nor adorn with trophies of his skill and courage the loathesome scalp-belt. The pale-face may now travel from one end of the West to the other, without the slightest fear of molestation.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96.



*TAKE HEED.*

Take heed, take heed ! the petty seed  
Sown in a careless hour,  
May run around your garden ground  
And smother every flower.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



## TWO STUDENTS.

*From the French of Mr. Reynell.*



ONCE upon a time (I think that's the orthodox way of beginning a short story) well, once upon a time two students wandered out into the country to a little village. I shall not give its name lest too many students should wander out there, and then it would be no longer a little village.

However, it was a little village, hidden in the bottom of a deep valley, with scarce a road to reach it. But what charming paths, by the side of hedges and across meadows and through fields of waving corn. Yet not a road, not even for a horse, much less for a carriage.

What caused those two students to ever roam out there, I know not. Perhaps they were influenced by happy memories of youthful days; perhaps impelled by that deep dislike which people have of city life when they must endure it; perhaps to study botany or see if strawberries grew on trees; perhaps to have a little laugh at the men in blouses and the women in petticoats, to whose care are confided the world's riches, its corn and fruits; its clear, honest heads and pure, true hearts.

Perhaps to admire nature and the works of God. Who knows?

Certain however it is, that those two students found themselves in a little village.

Observe that this is a strange story.

In this village there was an old priest, and what a priest! Always sick, yet never complaining. Risking his life in attending to the wants of those who were ailing in other ways than he. Running—he never walked—through lanes and by-paths and crooked ways, when, (I speak after the manner of men), he should have been at home taking medicine or applying a blister. Spring rains, summer heat, fall winds, winter frost, it was the same to him. He did God's work and let the seasons have their way.

The two students met him and chatted with him. "To-morrow at mass" said he "I am going to preach." The two students promised to attend (I think I said that this is a strange story) perhaps to please the kind-hearted priest; perhaps to smile at the rustic rhetoric of the simple old man; perhaps to hear the word of God. Who knows?

It was a Sunday in May, and how beautiful around the old church. Flowery meadows, green trees, orchards in bloom, murmuring brooks, hedges peopled with sweet songsters. The two students were happy for a moment.

Strange story!

Up the narrow path that led to the church came John and Peter and Mary Jane and Andrew and Patrick and Margaret Ann and all the rest. It was no ordinary Sunday; Peter had on his wedding coat and Mary Jane her best dress.

What was the matter?

Ah! two great annual events. The children were to make their first communion and the old priest was going to preach.

And what a sermon! But you shall see. Let me first tell you how the thing happened. Before the service began, all paid a short visit to the graveyard just beside the church and at first sound of the bell knelt down, John beside the grave of his father, Peter of his mother, and Mary Jane—alas! she was a young widow. What souvenirs are recalled by those heaps of mouldering turf. It may be a father or a mother or a child or a sister or perhaps a———well no matter.

The two students mourned a friend.

Students mourned? Yes. A friend? Yes, yes, a friend.

Singular story!

There while the bell rang, how the heart swelled with grief; how many a sigh for a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still. And then at the last peal from the old belfry, a low murmur broke the silent stillness.

"May they rest in peace" said the men.  
 "Amen" answered the women.

And all arose and went into the church, the men first, the women following, the two students last of all. Then the priest led the procession to the school where the first communion children were waiting. There was a banner, and choir boys in little white surplices and black cassocks, and an army of youthful singers. The mothers of the children in the school followed, though they had been warned not to do so. Mothers are so unreasonable.

Well, there the children were in the school, somewhat awkward-looking, a little dazed and very timid, like recruits on their first parade. They all walked out past their mothers without raising their eyes or turning their heads. God was waiting for them in the little church over the way.

In the church they sat on special benches up near the altar with lighted tapers in their hands and a look of quiet surprise on their innocent, candid faces. Towards the middle of the Mass, just at the offertory, they all suddenly arose, and turning first towards their fathers, then towards their mothers, they said aloud and all together, "Dear fathers and mothers, pardon us if we have offended you." All together, but how their voices trembled and each one was at least a word behind his neighbor.

Pardon! Pardon what? Why it was only yesterday they came into the world, and since then they have only laughed—perhaps cried sometimes.

Pardon! What memories that word awakens! The fathers and mothers present had also asked pardon just like that once in their lives. So had the two students.

Singular story!

But then it was a long time ago and they never had repeated the act. It was so silly, so unscientific.

The men smiled among themselves, that smile which comes to hide the tear, and the women held down their heads. One word more and perhaps all will ask to be pardoned.

A woman leaned over and whispered in the ear of one of the students "sir, that is

my little boy who began here, I—I—" and she hid her joyful, tear-stained face in a striped and barred handkerchief. Some subtle influence was at work in the hearts of that congregation. Perhaps the remembrance of days of holy innocence, alas! now so far back in the past.

The children began the renewal of their baptismal vows. Each mother distinguished the voice of her child, and dreaded lest she should lose a word.

Then the old priest ascended the pulpit, and in such a hurry. He was artful and knew how to seize the best moment to speak. His sermon was all ready.

"Dear brethren" he began, then suddenly stopped and leaned his head on his hands.

"Dear brethren" he tried again, this time his voice was a smothered sob. What weakness!

The two students tried to smile.

The old priest recovered himself and recommenced. "Dear children." It was impossible. He buried his face in the folds of his alb and cried as though his heart were breaking.

The fathers and mothers and children cried.

The two students could stand it no longer. They made as though it were dust that was filling their eyes with tears. Then they broke down completely, and wept with priest and people.

Singular story!

For the first time, perhaps, in their lives the two students had heard the word of God. That word so silent, so simple, so powerful, that goes straight to the heart and conquers it.

All this lasted only a moment. Then as though he had said all, the old priest left the pulpit and continued the Mass. And what more could he have said! There was pardon of enemies and love of God and sorrow for hardness of heart.

The two students remained after all the others had left the church. As they passed down the path to the gate, they lifted their hats in silent respect to the little boys playing on the green and the little girls eating their sweet cake by the old graveyard fence.

## TO ARMS.



LAS for Adam's sin and Adam's fall !  
 Alas for man, so fall'n in Adam's sin !  
 Lo, how he dwindles, how he groweth small,  
 Drawing his lordly largeness straitly in,  
 And pinning to this atom called the earth  
 A soul free-royal in its right of birth.

For sons of God we be, and chiefs of war,  
 And princes of the Highest ; born to reign  
 In kingdoms stretching past the utmost star ;  
 Yet fool-content to camp for our domain  
 On one poor dot of dust in all that space  
 Whose round should be too strait a prison-place ;

Since that the soul is made to dwell in God,  
 Sole Entity Essential, Who alone  
 Measures nonentity, where He hath trod,  
 To entities of distance for a threne  
 Based on the starry systems sweeping on  
 From space to space, which grows where He hath gone

What ! are we blind, and deaf, and mad, that we  
 Sit with our arms unlaced, and let the foe  
 Win a tame conquest of us ? It may be  
 That we have eyes which see not, ears which know  
 Not hearing, and a sense irrational,  
 Disjointed of its saneness in the fall.

Is it not so, my brothers ? O, arise,  
 Take helm, and sword, and shield ! the foe is here.  
 Open your ears, and clear from out your eyes  
 The lotus-mists of dreaming. Lo ! the spear  
 Is tilting for your bosoms, as ye sit ;  
 And, save ye wake, death rides at point of it.

The sons of God ? They nod with beard on breast,  
 And heavy eyes close-wedded with the dust,  
 Dreaming small dreams of little things possessed,  
 And innocent of greatness. Sire august,  
 Have pity on thy children, fall'n so low  
 That neither Thee nor their own selves they know.



Captains of war? Alas the heavy day!

Their nerveless hands have scanty strength to shield  
 Their faces from a gnat-sting; their array  
 Is dashed, and throughly rusted. In the field  
 Where the Great Captain summons, what can these,  
 Save swell the Adversary's victories?

And princes of the Highest? God on high!

So were they born unto Thee: this we know.  
 Yet now their royal title cannot buy  
 A principdom of the Lowest, who doth go  
 Stamping with iron heel and trampling down  
 Thine image in the shadow of Thy frown.

Is this a parable? O souls of clay,

Who hold a show for truth, the truth a tale  
 Of fairyland and nothing! While ye may,  
 With manhood over-red your hearts gone pale.  
 Not fairyland but Edenland the prize;  
 Awaken and take arms! Hear, see, arise!

FRANK WATERS.



## HOW TO WIN THE RACE.

By Dr. P. J. Gibbons, M.A., '94.

"So run that ye may obtain."--*St. Paul.*

"Live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."  
--*Tennyson.*

"Every man has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself."--*Gibbon.*



If we would run the race of life so as to "obtain" the prize, we must submit to a course of strenuous self-preparation. The athlete before he enters on his struggle, undergoes a rigorous training. The soldier is useless for the purpose of war, until he has learned to submit himself to discipline. Who are we that we should take up our life-work before we have made any efforts to fit ourselves for it? We all of us need preparation, and preparation which may be said to assume three aspects, the physical, the intellectual, the spiritual. On each of these it may be useful to say a few plain words:

1. Physical. The relations between the body and the soul are such, that the condition of the former closely effects the well-being of the latter. It is a matter of christian duty to attend to the physical health, because the spiritual depends so largely upon it. The mind is often strong enough to conquer the body, and to assert its supremacy over the influence of disease; but, as a rule, an enfeebled or diseased physical frame means an enfeebled or diseased intellect, a weakened judgment, a disordered imagination. It may be that the mind prevails against the body, with all its maladies, for months or years, but suddenly there comes a time when the flesh conquers, and the spirit gives way unexpectedly. Some of Napoleon's later defeats have been with justice attributed to the baneful effects of an aggravated dyspepsia. Many an outburst of irritability and ill-temper is explained by a disordered stomach. Time was, when it was thought

an admirable thing to treat the body as a worthless and despised slave; when the student was exhorted to burn the midnight oil, to the imminent ruin of his constitution; when, in truth, the pallid countenance, the bowed shoulders, and the shrunken limbs, were regarded as the outward and visible signs of genius. It seemed to be almost a belief that no man could be a poet whose cheek did not flush with the hectic of consumption, or a scholar whose brow was not haggard with unhealthy vigils. The popular opinion was, that muscles and mind were absolutely antagonistic, and that a good ball-player must necessarily be a bad ciceronian. The reversion to a more sensible view, is owing in no small degree to the wise preaching of Rev. J. H. Tabaret, O.M.I.D., founder of the University of Ottawa, and other prophets of muscular christianity, and to the better understanding that now obtains of the mysterious interdependence of body and soul. It is now felt that the culture of the body is, in fact, an important part of the education of the mind; that the body has rights which must be respected, if we would not goad it into rebellion. A man does not think the less deeply nor judge the less clearly because he can walk, and row, and ride, and leap, and swim. The pale, sickly student, who sits up nights, and allows the rosy dawn to surprise him at his studies, makes a very pretty figure in poetry, but no figure at all in real life. In the long run stamina prevails, and he is hopelessly outdistanced by his more prudent and healthier competitors. There is an organization, which we call the nervous system in the human body (he who neglects it will soon have indisputable proof of its existence) to which

belongs the function of emotion, intelligence, sensation, and it is connected intimately with the whole circulation of the blood, with the condition of the blood as affected by the liver, and by aeration in the lungs. The manufacture of the blood is dependent upon the stomach; so a man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over. One part is intimately connected with the other, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain, and when a man thinks, he thinks the whole trunk through. That these are truths, and vital truths, any physiologist will assure us, and the sooner we come to acknowledge their importance the better it will be for us. Man's power comes from the generating forces that are in him, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation, an organization by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified, a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily, a brain properly organized and balanced, the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force, immense energy to generate resources, and facility to give them out; all these elements go to determine what a man's working power is.

The biography of great men reads us a clear and unmistakable lesson on this point. The men who have succeeded are the men of tough fibre, strong frame, remarkable powers of endurance, and steady nerve. It is not to be denied that heroic things have sometimes been done by heroes of weak bodies and feeble health. We do not forget that Pascal was an invalid at eighteen; that Shelley was of the frailest and most susceptible organization; that Pope was of weak health and deformed person, and so short that his chair had to be raised to place him on a level with the rest of the company at table; or that William III, was a martyr to asthma. Yet, rightly looked at, these cases do but confirm and strengthen our argument. Had Pascal been gifted with a sturdy frame, he might have completed that magnum opus of which he has left only the skeleton. Had Pope been healthy and robust, his poetry would have gained in wholesomeness and geniality. And Shelly's ideal music would have had more substance if his organization had

been less acutely susceptible. A healthy poet, like Wordsworth, writes healthy poetry. The manliness, the vigor, the vitality of the songs of Burns are partly due to the fact that he walked

"In glory and in joy  
Behind his plow upon the mountain-side."

Chaucer was a man of thews and muscle, who, when some London citizens wronged him,

"Prepared his body for Mars his doing,  
If any contraried his saws."

Æschylus carried his sword and shield into the thick of the fight at Salamis. Byron swam across the Hellespont, and the vigor of his limbs infused vigor into his verse. The masculine, copious, and elastic diction of Dryden, consorts with the strength and energy of his physical organization. He must have been sixty-seven years old when he wrote his "Alexander's Feast," of which Hallam justly says, that "every one places it among the first of its class, and many allow it no rival"

It has been well said that in every calling men need that sturdy vigor, that bodily strength and agility, which, to a certain extent, are within their own command, and without which mental culture leads only to disappointment and mortification. In sculpture take Canova and Gibson; in painting, the glorious Michael Angelo, with his exultant vitality; Titian, Caracci, Rubens, Turner, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among orators, we may point out Curran, Webster and Gladstone, the last of whom amuses his leisure by felling trees. Among statesmen we find Ben Butler, James Blaine and Bismarck described as tall, of enormous weight, with every part of their gigantic frames well proportioned. That work does not kill healthy men was exemplified in Lyndhurst, who spoke with vigorous eloquence in the House of Lords at the age of ninety; in Palmerston, who ruled with a firm and even hand when an octogenarian; in Neal Dow, whose activity is incessant long after he has passed the rubicon of fourscore and ten. As to divines, we know that The Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel has a stout chest of his own, and our founder of Ottawa University, Right Rev. J. E. Guigues, O.M.I., would have been no contemptible antagonist in a wrestle;

Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., is a man of fine thews and muscle. Cardinal Gibbons in his youth was a sturdy pugilist. Tabaret, like Rector McGuckin, was gifted with extraordinary powers of endurance; and De La Salle could never have organized his great religious community had he not been capable of arduous and continuous labor. Father Tom Burke, when a farmer's boy, was skilled in boxing, and in later life carried his skill into polemics; and Bacon, when a lad, could "roll large stones about" as easily as he afterwards disposed of a difficult proposition in theology.

It is noteworthy how many eminent men have sprung from the laboring class, and we can hardly doubt that their success in life was largely influenced by the physical exercise of their early years: John Hunter, the distinguished physiologist, handled hammer and chisel in his early years. Ben Johnson worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a book in his pocket and a trowel in his hand, and the sturdiness of his frame is reflected, so to speak, in the sturdiness of his character. Hugh Miller, the journalist and geologist, labored as a stone mason: and Opie, the painter, was also in his youth apprenticed to a carpenter. We are inclined to believe that De Foe owed much of the masculine energy of his intellect to the out-of-door training of his youth. Bunyan began life as a tinker, sub jove; Berwick, the prince of wood engravers, in a coal mine. Vauquelin, the chemist, was the son of a peasant in the Calvados. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, one of the most brilliant of the Anglo-Indian cavaliers, admitted that his success in India was due physically speaking to a "sound digestion," and this sound digestion he owed to the athletic habits of his youth. Professor Wilson, the well known "Christopher North" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was a devoted lover of athletic pastimes to the last, and we are sure that the ripe exuberance of his thought and style, his vivacity and his enthusiasm, came from the bodily vigor, the animal robustness, which was preserved by long walks, tramping over heath and fell, and much fishing. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, asserts that he found hard labor necessary to make him study successfully, and more

than once abandoned his books and returned to his forge and anvil to secure the mens sana in sano corpore.

The spade is fully worthy of the homage paid to it by the poets. If some of our men of letters, our merchants, our traders, our young men, would handle it a little now and then the air would be less loaded with sighs and complaints, and our ears less fatigued with homilies on the vanity of life. If a man have an attack of despondency and feel an inclination to rail at fate let him grasp his spade, as Horace Greeley advises, sally forth into his garden, and do an hour's gardening. He will return to his books or his business with renewed hope and recruited energy. Every man should be his own gardner, if no other out-of-door pursuit be within his reach.

Daniel Webster said of the English people that their flag waved on every sea and in every port, and that the morning drum-beat of their soldiers, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circled the earth "with one continual, unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." This position of superiority is to be explained by the hardy virtues of the race and the freedom of their institutions, but also in no small degree, by the courage, pluck and daring fostered by their athletic habits. The hardiness acquired in the play-ground is turned to good account in the senate chamber and the battle-field. A boat-race on the Thames attracts thousands of excited spectators, who cheer the winners as if they had done some high service to their country. Gymnastic games will always draw a crowd, and a football scrimmage at Ottawa awakens as much enthusiasm as the news of a great victory. No doubt this passion for the athletic has its dangerous side, and has tended to give to purely physical exercises an undue predominance in the curriculum of our schools and colleges. But on the whole its influence has been wholesome. The sound body brings with it the sound mind, and in every wise system of education provision will be made for its hygiene. The athlete who would run the race with honor must have steady nerves and a healthy digestion. It is related of Cicero that, at one period of his life, overwork had brought with it its

usual consequence, an attack of dyspepsia, which completely overcame him. The orator, instead of resorting to physicians and physic, repaired to Greece, entered the gymnasium of Athens, for two years observed its regimen strictly, and then returned to Rome with both body and mind in perfect health. And it has been well said that the intellectual power of the two great Greek philosophers, Aristotle and Plato, arose in a large degree from that harmonious education in which the body was not less consulted than the mind. That the Stagyrice influenced the world of thought to the day of Bacon, and that the author of the "Phaedon" still quickens the imagination of the West, can be explained by the fact that both were men not only of the highest genius, but of genius happily set, and that the clear current of their ideas was never perturbed or impeded by the action of corporeal infirmities.

To do his work cheerfully and well, every professional man needs a working constitution, and this can be got only by daily exercise in the open air. The atmosphere we breathe is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe, the most elaborately finished of the Creator's works—the rock of ages disintegrated and prepared for the life of man. Draughts of this are the true stimulants, more potent and healthful than champagne or cognac, 'so cheap at the custom house, so dear at the hotels.' The thorough aeration of the blood by deep inhalations of air, so as to bring it into contact with the whole breathing surface of the lungs, is indispensable to him who would maintain that full vital power on which the vigorous working-power of the brain so largely depends.

This is not a "Manual of Health" or a book of medical advice, and therefore we shall attempt no detailed explanation of the hygienic system by which the "sound body" may be built up. The first consideration is temperance, and the second is open air exercise. As to the first, we mean by it a steady control of all the appetites. All excess is dangerous and sinful. Deviations from the Divine law of purity are even more heinous and hurtful than immoderate enjoyment of the pleasures of the table. Be temperate in all things. "Eat that you may live,"

as the old adage puts it, "and not live that you may eat." However, in denouncing intemperance, our moralists have generally in view the vice of drunkenness, and it is the prolific parent of so many other vices that their exclusive vehemence may well be forgiven. What good can be expected from a brain sodden with wine, fired and wasted by alcohol?

To what standard is it possible for a man benumbed with beer to rise? We do not desire to enforce the tenets of totalism, but the strictest temperance in the use of alcoholic liquors we must plainly put forward as indispensable to a healthy and honorable life. Intoxication has ruined many a career of promise. Whether a glass of wine or a glass of beer once or twice a day be or be not allowable, or even for some constitutions beneficial, is not our province here to argue. The question is one to be decided on physiological as well as on moral grounds, and we have not the space to enter into it. But we can express our belief that the man who finds that he can work upon water only would be a fool if he took anything else! Let him be thankful for the clear brain and cool judgment that water-drinking brings with it, and seek in their unrestrained exercise that enjoyment which so many unwisely seek in the wine-cup. Water will never destroy him, but, unless he has an iron will, he can never be secure against wine or spirits. The first glass may lead him on to a second, and thence he may advance to the bottle, until, at last, he awakes to find himself cast down from his throne of manhood by the demon of drunkenness!

The second consideration is open-air exercise. Here, again, we do not pretend to lay down any rules. One man may walk his twelve or sixteen miles a day; for another, five or six will amply suffice. The amount must depend on a man's physical condition. For our own part, we advocate regular and moderate daily exercise throughout the year, rather than such "spurts" as vacation walking parties, or climbing Ben Nevis, or a week's boating excursion. No man should be in the open air less than two hours a day, if possible the two should be extended into four. We strongly recommend walking as the healthiest, and, on the whole, most

pleasant exercise; but the reader is free to alternate it with riding, leaping, fishing, swimming, shooting, if he will. What he has to remember is, first, that his exercise must be proportioned to the amount of his sedentariness; and next, that it is intended to refresh, and not to fatigue the body. The walk or ride, whenever feasible, should have an object, and will be none the less beneficial for the presence of a sensible companion. Again, we say, be temperate. Immoderate exercise as surely shatters the intellect and breaks down the body as immoderate study. When a man begins to feel fatigued he should immediately give up.

The late Sir John Macdonald said, "with proper care, a good brisk walk may be made to act like a tonic; to give a fillip to the brain, and to pour fresh hope into the heart, and even to purify and strengthen the soul." But then it must be made in pleasant scenery, or in company with a well-informed friend, or directed towards some point of interest. It must be enjoyable exercise, so that the mind may benefit as well as the body, the imagination acquiring a new power and freshness, the fancy gaining a new stimulus. Nothing seems to us drearier or less beneficial than the "daily constitutional" which at Bath or Tunbridge Wells the enalybeate water drinker punctiliously performs. Doing sentry duty in front of a dead wall must be as inspiriting as a task! It is only when a man keeps his eyes open, and has a lively perception of the beauties of nature or the various aspects of humanity that he can make a "constitutional" endurable. It is a truism, however, that intellectual and moral as well as physical health can be maintained only by regular exercise.

Let the exercise, we repeat, be moderate. Proportion the burden to the strength of the back that bears it. Do not recommend to the man of fifty an achievement that would be arduous for the youth of twenty, or to the victim of a sedentary career the "over country gallop" suitable for a fox-hunting squire. Some students seem of opinion that the best way to counteract the evil effects of inordinate mental exercise is by taking excessive physical exercise; but that is simply to burn the candle at both ends. The body,

after suffering from the depression of the exhausted mind, is set to perform a task considerably above its strength, and, as a necessary consequence, avenges itself upon the delicate creature which is at once its slave and its master. We know a case of a student who, having victoriously passed a difficult examination after nights and days of arduous study, set out—"to pick himself up," as he said—on a week's pedestrian excursion. For six days he walked his score of miles a day, and on the seventh was laid up with brain fever. Like everything else, exercise is a capital thing, but you may have too much of it. Many men have unconsciously sown the seeds of premature decay in their constitutions by mountain-climbing or exercise riding, just as the boat-race between Harvard and Yale has injured for life many a stalwart young oarsman by the severity of the training enforced upon the selected competitors. We are not at all sure that neglect of exercise is more injurious than the intemperate use of it, for the latter extreme draws upon that reserved force of strength and vitality which we need to meet any unusual and critical demand. No sensible mechanician would work an engine at double its ordinary and proper speed because it had been lying idle for a time. It is a most mischievous thing for adults who have had no preliminary training in early life to resort to gymnastics as a means of exercise. The result is an exhaustion, an intolerable fatigue, which is wholly incompatible with brainwork, and absolutely dangerous to the nervous system.

The sum of it all is, that the man who would live purely and think nobly, would put his faculties and endowments to their best uses, and discharge his life-mission with a lofty completeness, must be wisely heedful of his physical health. He must not attempt more than his constitution is fitted to perform, or he will accomplish less.

An American jurist of some eminence admits that he could have done twice as much as he has done, and done it better and with greater ease to himself, had he learned as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as the experience of years has taught him at no small cost of pain and suffering. "In college," he

says, "I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits ; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the

beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put on my good behavior: and during the whole of this period, to be paradoxical for a moment, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."

*(To be Continued.)*



*AUTUMN*

Thou most unbodied thing  
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem.  
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne  
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees.

—WATSON.





## FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN.

## OBSERVATIONS ON TEACHING.

1. Where there is more ignorance there is more to be taught; because where there is a greater vacuum, there is a greater want, and more difficulty in supplying it. This difficulty arises not from the mere work, but from the continuance of it. Consequently the less advance a pupil has made, or the less he knows, the more perseverant is the attention required in the tutor. As we advance in learning the mind acquires greater perfection, and is rendered more susceptible of improvement. Moreover it becomes more eager for new acquirements, seeing itself, as it were, expand and grow greater with every new attainment. These two sources of encouragement to study facilitate and sweeten the toil of student and of teacher.

2. It is easier to convey new information and teach new practices than to eradicate old principles and old habits. For to say nothing of the double exertion required, men more readily "praecipientem audiunt quam reprehendentem." Beside, there is nothing more to be attended to by instructors than the necessity of giving to the infant mind correct ideas and just principles. Thought and action must be well regulated and directed in the beginning of their career, in order to proceed without danger of following out the wrong path. It may also happen that the pupil learns to distrust every teacher if he happen to have been led astray by one.

3. Observe on whom scolding has any effect, and employ that means. They are generally the elder scholars and those who are nearest the top of the class. It is useless to scold a hardened trifler; he has no shame; shame is found in nobler minds.

## LOVE AND BELIEF.

There is a wide difference between loving and believing a creed. We love it because we find it congenial to our feelings;

we believe because it is conformable to our reason. Its beauty attracts our love; its certainty and evidence, our belief. Beauty is the motive that causes us to continue, but evidence is the reason which compels us to continue our belief. Our motives of adherence to religion do not necessarily and essentially imply that we believe the principles of it; they only draw us towards them. The test of time and persecution, the sanction of miracles, universal reception and prophecy, unity, sanctity, catholicity, apostolicity, recommend to us the true church and speak to us as strongly as human motives can speak to the heart in her favour. Yet these are but motives of simple credibility, not a rule of faith. Motives of credibility persuade us to love the Catholic religion and respect it, but the grounds of faith convince us when persuaded. The motives of credibility are grounds on which a man justifies himself to his conscience and conviction in his adherence to the Catholic religion. The authority of the church is the essential foundation of the Catholic's creed, the principle of its existence. You may take for your *guide to the door* of Catholicity any one or more, or all of these motives, but you cannot *enter* unless you take with you, at the very door, and embrace the principle of church authority as your *guide*, though you may retain the motives as *companions*. Hence these motives are not guides to him who is bred a Catholic; they are companions that are given him for his satisfaction that he is in the right religion, for his encouragement to adhere to that church in which her own and sole authority has always dictated faith. And consequently when a man makes any of these motives his guide, he is out of the church; he is no Catholic. He who doubts makes some of these motives his guide and is no Catholic. The scriptures are *one* rule of faith for the church; the church is the *only* rule of faith for individuals.

## MOTHER'S PET.



WHEN you see my baby's face  
You then will say that his is  
A blossom which an angel dropt  
From out a wreath of kisses.

I wonder was it Chance or Fate  
That made the angel loosen  
The very one that I myself  
Should instantly have chosen.

And if you would see baby's face  
In all its beauty beaming,  
Then look upon the darling when  
All peacefully he's dreaming.

His dimples they are little boats,  
His smiles, the crew that man them ;  
His cooings are the zephyrs soft,  
That hither, thither, fan them.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.

## THE COUNTRY AT OUR ANTIPODES.



**L**N view of the close commercial relations sought to be established between Australia and Canada and which are spoken of to-day as one of the immediate probabilities, an article on this subject in the columns of the OWL may not be considered untimely.

The people of Canada are to be asked to help to establish a line of steamships and also to co-operate in the laying of an electric cable between the great island continent and their own country. Whether our parliament will favor this scheme is as yet merely speculative. The advantages and disadvantages of such a scheme are certainly a matter for serious consideration and no doubt its feasibility will be discussed from every point of view before any final decision is taken. Canada is not in such a position as to make a leap in the dark desirable.

Mr. Reed, Premier of the Province of Victoria, in the course of his lecture on the subject in the Canadian Capital, estimated the cost of laying a trans-Pacific cable at \$9,000,000, and declared it would be a light burden if equally borne by England, Australia and Canada. It is difficult to see why the people of England should be asked to pay \$3,000,000 towards the construction of a cable which would not come within thousands of miles of their shores. But they may be trusted to manage their own affairs; the Imperial Parliament is not in the habit of making very grave financial blunders. Mr. Reed thinks that the proposed line of steamships would in a few years prove a source of great wealth. We might certainly look for an extension of our commerce, but as for immigration we should probably profit little. Both Canada and Australia stand in great need of colonists and either of them could not aid in peopling the other but at its own loss. Still the increased commercial advantages consequent on the establishment of this line of ships, might

induce emigrants to quit the congested districts of Europe and settle in younger countries of greater promise and brighter future.

In his lecture Mr. Reed held that if this scheme were carried out Canada would become the chief highway of the world. The English mails and an immense amount of English commerce would pass through Canadian territory on their way to Australia and the nations of the East. War could not very injuriously affect this highway of transportation as the whole line would lie in British territory, whereas in present circumstances in case of hostilities the Suez Canal might be easily blocked and communications between East and West entirely severed.

As Australia is so far distant and our mutual relations neither numerous nor intimate, we have, generally speaking, but a faint notion of what that country really is, of the giant strides civilization has made there during the past few decades, of the vast importance of this sister colony of ours in the affairs of the great British Empire. A few details, then, may not prove uninteresting and cannot but be instructive.

Australia, measuring 2,500 miles from east to west and 1,950 from north to south, containing an area of 3,00,000 square miles, was discovered by the Dutch in 1606. But New Holland, as it was then called, presented an uninviting appearance and they took no steps towards its colonization. After Tasman's voyage of discovery in 1644 no more attempts were made to explore it till 1688, when the English made their first appearance. It was chiefly through the efforts of Captains Cook, Bass, and Flinders, all three holding commissions from the British Admiralty, that the advantages and possibilities of Australia became known, and that the country itself passed into the hands of its present possessors.

About 20 years after Captain Cook's first voyage Australia was made a penal colony for criminals from England, and it

remained so until 1839, when transportation was virtually abandoned.

Up to 1851 the country made fair progress, but in that year the discovery of gold turned the tide of emigration from all parts of the world towards Australia.

Australia, with a circumference of nearly 8,000 miles, presents a contour almost devoid of inlets from the sea, except on the northern coast where the only one worth noting is the Gulf of Carpentaria, and on the southern where we find the great Australian Bight. But, generally speaking, this vast continent has an unbroken coast-line. The interior is mostly a vast level plain which is supposed to have been, at a comparatively recent period, the bed of an ocean. Many proofs are adduced in support of this theory, one of them being the shallowness and sterility of the soil in the interior and lowlands, and another that in certain parts the vegetation is of a distinctly marine nature. The mountains exist principally along the east coast and resemble much the Andes in forming a regular Cordillera from the north to the south of the continent. The rivers on the east, owing to the close proximity of the mountains to the coast, are short and rapid; the violence of their course, and the insufficient volume of water render them unfit for navigation, and seriously impede the progress of the country.

The precious as well as the useful minerals are to be found in all the provinces of Australia. Gold, copper, iron, coal, as well as silver, lead and tin, are found in New South Wales. In Victoria the chief metal so far found is gold, and this explains the rapid development of that province. South Australia possesses the most extensive and valuable copper mines in the island. Queensland produces the most tin, while it ranks next to the last named province in copper, and has gold, iron and coal in considerable quantities. In Western Australia lead, silver and copper mines have been opened up.

In 1851 gold was first found in Victoria and New South Wales. In twenty years the former exported 40,750,000 ounces of that precious metal, and the latter 10,000,000 ounces. Victoria alone has produced gold to the value of \$850,000,000. In South Australia the annual output of the

copper mines of Burra was valued twenty-five years ago at \$1,750,000. In 1872 the total export of copper from South Australia amounted to \$4,000,000. In New South Wales the abundance of good iron ore in close proximity to extensive coal fields promises much for the manufacturing prosperity of that province, and the same may be said of Queensland. In 1873 there was exported from the port and town of Newcastle coal to the value of \$5,000,000. The total area in coal mines is officially estimated at 10,000,000 acres, with seams 9 to 11 feet thick. The quality of the coal is said to equal that of England for furnace purposes and is generally used for Pacific navigation.

When it is considered that Australia extends over 28° of latitude considerable dissimilarity of climate might be expected, but the contrary is the case, for in reality there are fewer climatic changes than in any other of the great continents. Mr. Rankin in his "Dominion of Australia" remarks: "A basin having its northern portion in the tropics, it acts like an oven under the daily sun. It becomes daily heated; then its atmosphere expands; but such is its immensity that no sufficient supply of moist sea air from the neighboring oceans can reach it to supply the vacancy caused by this expansion. Of an almost perfectly flat surface there is no play for currents of air upon it; only the heat is daily absorbed and nightly radiated. Such is the heat that in summer the soil is more like a fire than an oven; the air, if it moves, is like a furnace blast, and such is its extent and sameness that as great heat may prevail hundreds of miles south as north of the tropics."

At uncertain intervals of the year perhaps this radiation of heat is relieved by the admission of masses of vapor from the oceans on either side. Great clouds after passing the mountains bordering the sea reach the plains of the interior and deluge them. South Australia, however, gets very little rain because of the lack of mountain ranges to arrest and condense the vapor which passes over it from the sea. The magnificent highlands extending inland from the coast ranges towards the interior are but little supplied with moisture which, coming from the sea, is rapidly diminished and becomes exhausted

so that no moisture remains to irrigate these plains. In temperature the northern part of the island being situated within the tropics resembles those parts of South America and Africa situated in corresponding latitudes. The weather is extremely hot, the thermometer registering at times 100 degrees and even as high as 140 in the shade.

The coldest months of the year are July and August, while their hottest are January and February. As these lines are writing the Australians are just finishing their winter season, as September is the last month of winter with them. Christmas comes in their summer. How strange it must be to see green fields and ripening harvests, the children gathering flowers and the birds carolling in the meadows and the woods on that day which in our land is always associated with the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells. The thermometer rarely registers lower than 5° below freezing point, which is still 27° above zero. There is no snow or ice except in the mountain district. On the central plain the winter weather consists almost entirely of cold winds and frequent rains.

New South Wales and Queensland possesses far greater forest wealth than any other part of the island. On the west and north-west the trees are much smaller than on the eastern side, and there is a lack of uniformity in trees of the same kind; yet several kinds of pines, among which may be mentioned the Bunya Bunya, grow and furnish excellent timber, while the red cedar, the iron bark and the blue gum tree are useful for the work of the carpenter. In the forests of Queensland abound rosewood, tulip-wood, sandalwood and satin-wood, along with many other kinds of wood made use of by the cabinet maker. In the north, within the tropics, the forests are described as of great luxuriance—large umbrageous trees intermixed with noble australian, and the whole matted together by festoons of convolvulus and other climbing plants, harboring in their shade many parasitical orchids and ferns.

In the interior, however, there is a great contrast, as the country, deprived as it is of the moisture received by the plants on the coast, is covered by small

shrubs and stunted trees, the mass being designated by the general name "scrub." The native grasses do not grow as in America and Europe into an even green sward, but appear in detached clumps or tufts.

The animals present very striking peculiarities and differ materially from those of any other country. The number of different species is small when compared with other parts of the world. The lion, the tiger, the panther, the deer and all the larger and nobler animals have no representatives here, and as Australia has a flora, so has it also a fauna peculiarly its own.

The large variety of Australian birds makes up for the great poverty of animals, though even in this respect Australia will not compare favorably with the corresponding latitudes of South America and Africa. Among them is found the black swan of West Australia, belying the French proverb "blanc comme un cygne." Here are found also the white eagle and over sixty varieties of parrots, some of which are strikingly beautiful, besides the emu which corresponds to the African ostrich, the rhea of South America, and the cassowary of the Moluccas and New Guinea.

The *Maori*, or aborigines of Australia, who number about 50,000, but who are rapidly becoming extinct, are very peculiar and are generally described as the most degraded class on the face of the earth; yet they show ability and acuteness little to be expected from a race deprived as they have been of all civilizing influences. The Maori has a flat and broad forehead, a nose somewhat like a negro but less depressed, lips thick but not protruding, and eyes, large, sunken and black. His skin is of a lighter shade than that of the negro, and his hair long, straight and jet black. He is about the height of the average European, but tall men are very rare except in North Queensland. His body is well shaped and firmly knit together and gives the impression of strength and suppleness in its possessor.

Considering their mode of living previous to the coming of the Europeans, the low state of civilization which at present prevails amongst the Maori, is in nowise surprising. They never at any time cultivated the ground to raise any food-crop.

They never built permanent dwellings, but lived a nomadic life in temporary huts. Their only domestic animal was the dog. No trace of articles manufactured by them has ever yet been found, and they possessed nothing beyond such articles of dress, weapons, ornaments, etc., as they could carry about their persons. They had light bark canoes for their inland river navigation and canoes and rafts of a stronger build for use near the sea-coast.

It is noteworthy that the human race, even when it reaches the lowest level of barbarism, always preserves a belief in good and evil spirits; and so we find even among the savage, debased and utterly untutored aboriginals of Australia an idea of the existence of a God, crude, distorted and false, it is true, but sufficiently clear, accurate and well defined to offer strong support to the proposition that a convinced atheist is an intellectual impossibility.

The European population in some parts is descended from those who were exiled there when the country was a penal colony, but since 1839, when the exportation of convicts was abandoned, the country has been peopled by regular immigration.

In 1851, when gold was first discovered in Victoria and New South Wales, a large number of fortune-seekers made their way there, many of whom remained, and more who were fortunate enough to secure the wished-for treasure returned to Europe and America to enjoy it among their friends.

A few words as to the progress of the country may not be uninteresting and a comparison of 1873 and 1885 will give a fair idea of its prosperity.

	1873.	1885.
Population.....	2,099,561	3,332,898
Annual trade....	\$421,179,225	\$574,109,885
Wheat grown ..	18,250,000 bus.	32,250,000 bus.
Horses.....	1,000,000	1,500,000
Cattle.....	5,844,000	8,620,000
Sheep.....	56,750,000	84,250,000

The Melbourne public library building cost \$560,000 and contained in 1885, 174,380 books, pamphlets and periodicals. In the Province of Victoria there are 280 of these useful institutions. In 1885 there passed through the mails 36,361,880 letters and 16,277,108 newspapers in Victoria alone, while in 1857 the number of letters was only 504,425, and of newspapers

456,741. In New South Wales in 1884 there passed of letters 42,237,000 and of newspapers 25,093,500

The city of Melbourne, whose population is about 300,000, has no less than 78 parks and public gardens embracing in all 5,101 acres. The Royal Park alone contains 444 acres, the Botanical Garden 235 acres, and the Fitzroy Garden, immediately behind the Parliament buildings, 64 acres.

But this paper would not be complete did it omit to mention the names of the two great Australian explorers, namely, Burke and Wills. What Marquette and Joliette did for Canada, Burke and Wills did for Australia. The two former, braving the dangers from tribes of hostile Indians in an entirely unknown country, travelled westward till they discovered the great plains through which flows the majestic Mississippi; the latter, sacrificing the comforts of home, proceeded northward from Melbourne to explore the vast region now known as North Australia. Unlike Franklin, Kane and other northern explorers who had to face the perils of snow and ice, Burke and Wills faced the evils attendant on a burning climate and dearth of water; they travelled like Livingstone and Stanley under the scorching rays of an equatorial sun. The expedition proceeded northward a few hundred miles to Cooper's Creek, where they left their provisions with men enough to guard them. The two leaders, with the rest of the company, then started on their perilous journey, and succeeded in reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria. Long, however, before reaching this spot their provisions had become exhausted. Worn out by fatigue and perishing from want of water and food they started to return and reached the station on the evening of the very day on which the others, who had given up all hope of seeing again their long-departed companions, had broken up camp and returned to Melbourne. Leaving Wills, who was unable to proceed, Burke, accompanied by a man named King, undertook to reach a settlement further south. On the third day Burke died and King returned only to find that the brave Wills was also dead. King, after being cared for by some natives whom he was fortunate enough to meet, returned

to tell the sad tale of the death of his heroic leaders. However, as the papers of the explorers were recovered the expedition was successful though it had cost the lives of these brave men. "So fell," says Sir Henry Barkley, Governor of Victoria, "two as gallant spirits as ever

sacrificed their lives for the extension of science."

A well executed statue of these heroes, erected by the citizens of Melbourne, stands in one of the most beautiful parts of this great and prosperous city.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '98.



*DON'T BLAME THE WORLD.*

Don't blame the world because the thorns are found among the roses ;  
 The day that breaks in storm may be all sunshine when it closes ;  
 We cannot always hope to meet with Fortune's fond caressing,  
 And that which seems most hard to bear may bring to us its blessing.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*





## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

— — — — — I'll shew my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.  
— — — — — *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

1—Among the books which it was my good fortune to read, during the vacation just closed, were two works of fiction by Mr. Standish O'Grady, an Irish romancist, whose highly wrought wares are valued by the book-sellers of London. The first story which I perused bore title, *The Captivity of Red Hugh*, and this was followed by another work from the same pen, relating to the same historical period, and pitched in a somewhat similar strain, which has for title *The Bog of Stars, and Other Stories of Elizabethan Ireland*. The Irish writer who is popular with the English reader, and what is of infinitely more importance to himself, with the English publisher, must not be demonstrative of his Irish feelings and predilections. He must produce shop ware, and the shop in this instance has no desire for anything savoring of Irish nationality. Indeed, the desires of the London literary shopkeepers trend in a diametrically opposite direction. The English reader may be a Tory, or a Liberal, or a Radical; he may belong to the High Church, or the Low Church, or to the unchurched congregation of Free-thinkers; but be his political and religious beliefs what they may, he will be one of an infinitely small minority if he does not hold with all the tenacity of unquestionable dogma, if not consciously then unconsciously, which in practice amounts to the same thing, that every son and daughter of Ireland is, to use a phrase of Mr. Gladstone, "born with a double dose of original sin." So he takes no stock in Ireland or Irishmen until he is forced to harken by such gentle persuasion as insurrection or parliamentary obstruction. The "union of hearts," of which we have recently heard so much, and political alliances are all very well, and being so, are praiseworthy to the extent of their goodness; but the frigid fact remains nevertheless, the English publisher and his patrons, the English readers, are by no

means over-burdened and weighed down with their affection for the Irish people. Nor have the Irish in the least blinded their eyes to this uncanny condition of affairs, many of their political utterances to the contrary notwithstanding. The Irish writer who prepares his wares for the English market is generally possessed of this fact. Mr. O'Grady is, I venture to affirm, not only seized of it, but actuated by it. Every line in the two volumes now under review amply demonstrates that their author has a sane and abiding sense of the national dislike and distrust which is mutual between England and Ireland. 'This is nothing to his discredit.' But it is equally perceptible that he desires to profit by his knowledge, and to enact the role of a literary Janus; one set of eyes and features beaming on the Irish; and another set of eyes and features basking on the English; it is just possible he may meet with the downfall which disturbed the equilibration of the swain who seated himself upon the the opposing edges of two stools. I confess to a repugnance for gentlemen of the intellectual complexions and pliancy of the Vicar of Bray, and to a corresponding weakness for your partisan who chooses a side because he thinks it is the better one and fights for his faith like a man. Mr. Standish O'Grady is evidently constructed on different, and perhaps better, principles. Anyhow, from first to last in his volumes, the consciousness is forced upon the reader, especially if he be not an Englishman, that this Irish author wrote for the English publishers, and not for the more commendable, if less remunerative, purpose of truly illustrating the history of his country. Hence, while the unprejudiced reader admires Mr. O'Grady's masterly handling of the incident, and is pleased with his command of language, a function which he successfully uses to make the incidents living pages of literature, the

reader cannot hinder himself from perceiving the sustained trickery of the whole elaborate proceeding. Whether he will constitute himself a party to the trick, is a question I cannot determine. It is probable, however, that he will shut *The Captivity of Red Hugh*, or turn from *The Bog of Stars* with a sigh for the patriotic gentleness of Gerald Griffin, or the honesty of purpose, which is one of the chief charms of the Rembrandt-like groupings of the brothers Banim.

*The Captivity of Red Hugh* is a far more pretentious and meritorious performance than *The Bog of Stars*. The career of Hugh O'Donnell, "Red Hugh," is a part, and a stirring and important one, of the history of Ireland. It is a sad story of brave struggle and painful defeat, one of the saddest in Irish annals, which is saying not a little. Hugh defied the power of England, successfully for a long time. He was one of the great Chiefs of the North who never acknowledged the rule of an alien, and defied for years the armies and the skill of Elizabeth's greatest generals, only at long last to be overcome, not by an English sword, but by English poison. Mr. O'Grady's volume tells the story of Hugh's captivity for seven years in the British Bastille at Dublin, whither he was conveyed after having been infamously lured on board an English vessel and made a prisoner by his base hosts. Perrot, the Viceroy, who conceived and carried out the foul plot, is unduly extolled by the writer, who, as I have hinted, ever keeps a wary eye on the English publishers' pay. To compromise with truth and decency, however, Mr. O'Grady condemns the dishonorable act. This is the debatable attitude which Mr. O'Grady almost invariably assumes towards his historical incidents and personages. He is ever to be found denouncing the wrong and praising the wrong doer. Like too many of our romancists and historians, he also systematically sacrifices exact historical truth to his love of striking situation and dramatic narrative. He has, too, the unblushing audacity to repeat as fact the preposterous story, which even James Anthony Froude, of veracious reputation, was constrained to moderate, until he rendered it almost colorless, in his *Story of the Spanish Armada*, of Spanish refugees

from the wreck of the Armada being massacred wholesale by their Irish co-religionists, whose inhospitable barbarity he ascribes to their love for England. Never was such arrant trash given to print since Thomas Moore, for an ineffectual, yet honorable purpose, to wit, that of touching the heart of an English monarch, composed the eminently unsatisfying numbers of *Our Prince's Day*. Froude says "the wild Irish" along the shore killed the Spaniards, until they discovered the foreigners were enemies of the English, when they spared them and treated them with humanity. O'Grady says the Irish slew the Spaniards through love for the English. Neither historian is entirely right, but, Froude, strange to say, is closer to the fact than O'Grady. Apart from the testimony of Irish historians on this question, there is the even stronger circumstantial evidence that Spain, both before and after the failure of the "Invincible Armada," was the warm friend of the Irish cause, and sent her legions to help the Confederate Chieftains, not only once but repeatedly, which all who possess even a casual knowledge of the haughty Spanish character will conclude she would not have done had any considerable number of the people of Ireland been guilty of such inhuman treachery as this massacre ascribed to them by bitterly hostile English writers and their money-seeking Irish imitators. Red Hugh himself died in Spain, of English poison, as Mr. O'Grady asserts, and this time, not without the confirmation of history. His business in the country was to negotiate for another Spanish invasion of Ireland, a mission he would never have dared to undertake were the Spaniards smarting under the memory of wrongs received from the Irish. Surely those simple facts refute the unclean slander. O'Grady followed in the wake of Froude and improved upon his formidable prototype. Yet, even here he is willing to practice compromise—to throw a sop to Cerberus—so, while writing himself down as an apt pupil of Froude and a servile imitator of the English historian's worst habits, he at the same time deals him some sharp thrusts, both for his pretentious ignorance and total lack of moral sense. Now, this is delicious. Its unconscious humor is

exceedingly more entertaining than Mr. Mark Twain's slightly too deliberate and premeditated efforts. I wish I could follow the author a little further, so as to expose one or two more of his numerous weaknesses, but time forbids. I can only find space to add, that the story deals only with the incidents of Red Hugh's imprisonment and escape; and that if the general tone of the books was more avowedly pro Irish, or anti Irish, the spirit of the narrative would have wronged from me terms of praise.

*The Bog of Stars* is a volume of short stories that borrows its strange title from the leading tale. The connection between bogs and fiction, or bogs and poetry, as the writer expresses it, is established to at least my satisfaction by the author's explanation. This particular bog, he tells us, was a place full of little pools which at night-time reflected the starlight, so that really the spot became an illuminated and most inspiring fen. The tales relate to the period of the cruel Elizabethan wars in Ireland, when to be of Irish blood was deemed by the invaders just cause for death. In battles, fights and tragic episodes, in slaughter by individuals or in the mass, in robbery, and waylaying and arson and such matters, dear to the heart of the sensational writer, Mr. O'Grady, I believe, leaves Mr. Rider Haggart a great distance behind. His horrible array, although, in the main, justified by Irish history, is, I make bold to affirm, unrivalled in the universal annals of mankind. In this work, as in *The Captivity of Red Hugh*, the author strives to curry favor with the English by glossing over their crimes and to keep the Irish in line by an occasional historical truth displayed at its best and a persistent flattery most artfully applied. Alluding to those contemptible methods, as well as to his liking for scenes of blood and crime, *The Catholic World Magazine* is outspoken in its condemnation of the author.

"Mr. Stanish O'Grady occupies a very peculiar position. He is an apologist of the Elizabethan horrors whilst he calls for the tears of the readers of them. He weeps for Hecuba, whilst he claps the blood-stained Pyrrhus, the cause of her woes, on the back. He is a Tory with an Irish name—a Queen's O'Grady. He is a

literary trafficker in Irish tragedy—a virtuoso in the high art of writing, whose attitude reminds one a good deal of the popular notion of the emotional crocodile. His history of the escape of Red Hugh O'Donnell, published some years ago, is strongly suggestive of this simile."

Those are strong words from a magazine famous for the urbanity as well as the ability of its literary criticisms; but, I surely do not assume too much when I say that enough has been written even in the few paragraphs for which I am accountable, to show that the unusual severity is richly deserved. And here the case may be allowed to rest until some new literary venture by Mr. Stanish O'Grady calls for further remark.

2—The "point of view" will be chiefly instrumental in determining the real and abiding importance of *Thomas Carlyle* to his generation. He did not possess many qualities which the average man and woman can long continue to admire. He taught his generation how to think. This is, perhaps, the most which can be said of him. The product of his great ability for thinking has, we believe, been entirely overrated. He constantly condemned what he failed to understand. His virtues were not much more beneficial to the human race than the defects of more amiable and sympathetic men. His faults were numerous and of a low order. His intellectual vigor was his most significant possession. But it was brought into action under sombre sky and in a cold, cheerless and unpleasant atmosphere. Whatever he had of "light," his stock of "sweetness" was scant. His innumerable petty jealousies bespoke a shallowness and a narrowness unbecoming in a philosopher. If his desire to scold in and out of season, be a mark of wisdom, the drunken fishwife should be given the place occupied by Plato. Little is ventured in prophesying that before a score of years have passed *Thomas Carlyle* will be put down a peg or two in the public estimation and the day is not distant when an enlightened generation will smile at the utter extravagance of the estimate of the old dyspeptic, Chelsea growler, which that most warm-hearted of Contists, Frederick Harrison, makes of him in an article in *The Forum*:

"It is now about half a century that

the world has had all that is most masterly in the work of Thomas Carlyle. And a time has arrived when we may fairly seek to weigh the sum total of influence which he left on his own and on subsequent generations. We are now far enough off, neither to be dazzled by his eloquence nor irritated by his eccentricities. The men whom he derided, and who shook their head at him are gone; fresh problems, new hopes, other heroes and prophets whom he knew not, have arisen. Our world is in no sense his world. And it has become a very fair question to ask—What is the residuum of permanent effect from these great books of his, which have been permeating English thought for have a century or more? . . . Carlyle was a true and pure “man of letters” looking at things and speaking to men, alone in his study, through the medium of printed paper. All that a “man of letters,” of great genius and lofty spirit, could do by mere printed paper, he did. And as the “supreme man of letters” of his time he will ever be honored and long continue to be read. He deliberately cultivated a form of speech which made him unintelligible to all non-English speaking readers, and intelligible only to a select and cultivated body even amongst them. He wrote in what, for practical purposes, is a local, or rather personal dialect. And thus he deprived himself of that world-wide and European influence which belongs to such men as Hume, Gibbon, Scott, Byron, Dickens, even to Macaulay, Ruskin and Spencer. But his name will stand beside theirs in the history of British thought in the nineteenth century; and a devoted band of chosen readers, wherever the Anglo Saxon tongue is heard, will for generations to come continue to drink inspiration from the two or three masterpieces of the Annadale-peasant-poet.”

3—The chaste M. Emile Zola rushed to the conclusion that his tiresome book on “*Lourdes*” was placed upon the “Index,” and forthwith began to vapor, as is his wont. “Without taking the trouble to inquire on the matter,” writes the always interesting Mr. P. L. Connellan, in the *Boston Pilot*, “he had his fling at the Catholic Church and his apology for his disgusting work, before he knew the

truth. Anyone might understand that an incomplete book—and so far as the public is concerned “*Lourdes*” is still unfinished—is not put upon the Index. The Rome correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* inquired of a prelate connected with the Congregation of the Index regarding the rumor. The latter was astounded at the report. “How can we condemn a volume which has not yet appeared?” he asked. “Besides, you know well how the work of the Congregation proceeds. First of all the incriminated work must be sent to the Congregation by an ecclesiastic, who sends with it a letter pointing out the evil doctrines which are contained in the work. The Congregation then passess to a consultant, who studies the work and makes a report upon it. This report is afterwards printed and distributed to the Cardinals and to the other consultants. You see that all this takes time.

“And then, M. Zola’s book, so far as I can suppose, is a romance. It is very difficult for the Congregation to occupy itself with the romances which appear. The labor would really be too long. We occupy ourselves only with philosophical works, or those which contain theses contrary to religion, but these must be works having pretensions to learning. The romance does not enter into this category.

“Add to this, that the decisions of the Index are not put into execution until they have been invested with the sanction of the Head of the Church. And, you see how much it is necessary to do after the publication!

“Now, I declare to you that no denunciation of this kind has yet been made to the Congregation of the Index, which, I repeat, is habitually occupied only with works having a philosophical bearing. Thus read the decree which we published the other day. You will only find in it books like the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, by Paul Sabatier; the *History of the People of Israel*, by Renan, etc. These are the pernicious books which we condemn; as to romances, or obscene and immoral books, they are condemned of themselves.”

It is worth while to note the titles and subjects of some of the books condemned: “*To Love and to Suffer (Aimer et Souffrir)* or *Life of the Rev. Mother Saint*

Teresa of Jesus, Abbess of the Monastery of Sainte Claire, (*Je Lavour*) written by herself, put in order and annotated by M. l'Abbe Roques, Archpriest of Lavour . . . . Views upon the Priesthood and the Sacerdotal Work—*Vues sur le Sacerdote et l'œuvre sacerdotale (cum hacce eppigrapha: Le pretre est un autre Christ—* with this motto, "the priest is another Christ.")—Extract from the Life of the Rev. Mother Saint Teresa of Jesus, Abbess of the Monastery of Saint Claire (Lavour), etc., etc. Here, we are far away from an attack on the Church in the thirteenth century under the guise of an admiration of St. Francis of Assisi. Here there is a misdirected excess of devotion, as with Sabatier there is a misdirected admiration of the founder of the Franciscans. The wisdom and calmness of judgment that guide the labors of the Index congregation are worthy of all respect and praise.

4. Senator Lodge delivered an impressive address before the "Phi Beta Kappa" at Harvard University at the close of the last scholastic year. The oration contained numerous wise and eloquent passages. The following paragraphs on criticism deserve grave consideration.

"We are given over too much to the critical spirit, and we are educating men to become critics of other men instead of doers of deeds themselves.

"This is all wrong. Criticism is healthful, necessary and desirable, but it is always abundant and is infinitely less important than performance.

"There is not the slightest risk that the supply of critics will run out, for there are always enough middle-aged failures to keep the ranks full, if every other resource should fail."

An ounce of performance, or even of honest attempt, is worth a ton of the inanity that now passes for good literary criticism. Trustworthy criticism is, in truth, very scarce. The spurious article is plentiful and as detrimental as it is plentiful. In the circumstance it is safest to eschew

criticism almost altogether. The originator—the inventor—symbolizes his Creator, which divine symbolism is the highest function to which man can aspire. When the original writer who does his best falls short of success even his failure is glorious. If a fraction of the time which young readers waste in perusing books about books were devoted to a study of the original works themselves it would go far towards storing their minds with these invaluable resources acquired only by arduous labors, painstaking investigation and wide research.

5. William Allingham wrote a quatrain on original authors and their critics, the thoughts of which chime in so well with our own that we cannot refrain from quoting the lines :

"Great haughty critics, your great toes I  
kiss ;

And humbly pray you to consider this—  
Were not a few poor devils here and there  
Original authors, how would critics fare?"

His pertinent question remains unanswered down to the date of these present writings.

6. It is stated that Mr. Francis Marion Crawford has written ten novels and several magazine articles during the past twelve months. Those who are acquainted with the careers of Dumas and Scott know that such achievements have been performed before ; but at what a cost to vitality. Mr. Crawford combines literary pursuit with out-door exercise, and thereby hopes to stave off mental collapse. That he runs a terrible risk is only too apparent. His worst production is better than the best of all but a few of our professional story-tellers. Still, we entirely agree with a friendly critic who declares that Mr. Crawford's fame would be surer if it could be said that he had taken twelve years to write the ten novels alone ; because immortality is not attained by literary "sprinting."

# The Owl,

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

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## LOOKING SEAWARD.

We are just starting on a ten months' voyage, steam and sail are up, the anchor is weighed, and the prow is turned towards the open sea. Let us look around a bit and see whether the ship is seaworthy and fit to put out from port. The log-book for the past seven seasons shows that the annual voyages have been most prosperous; the underwriters' certificates hanging up around the cabin testify to the esteem in

which the good ship, the OWL, is held; she is rated A 1, at Llyod's. Everything aboard is in perfect order. But where are the officers and crew? Where, first of all, is the skipper—that good man and true who for two long years “at midnight paced the bridge, and early morn?” Where again is he who smoothed our course, warned us of breakers ahead, and and by wisdom in finance, put into our affairs “degree, priority, and place, insistence, course, proportion in all due line of order?” Where is first officer James Murphy and his staff of assistants—Louis Kehoe, Joe McDougall and Martin Powers? Where is Bolger—the energetic, untiring, irreproachable, Bolger? Where are they, all of them? Alas and lack-a-day! “Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strew the sea.” Not that they have become wrecks, or are broken up—or down. Oh, no; that never happens to men who have spent their apprenticeship before the mast on our ship. But they have all become land-lubbers, will not sign for another season, and so far as the OWL is concerned have become very fragmentary. Why even the longshoremen who previously lent a helping hand in stowing away the cargo and getting things ship-shape, have mysteriously disappeared, or are embarrassingly few. So the OWL sets forth on her eight voyage under serious and numerous difficulties. Yet set forth she must; it would be a misfortune to founder even in mid-ocean, but a disgrace to remain tied up at the docks through fear of facing a rough sea. Perhaps our experience will be similar to that of all sea-faring people—the first day, afraid they are going to die; the second day, afraid they are not going to die; while at the end of a week, life becomes the dearest thing in the world, and well worth fighting for. Let us hope that at the end of the season the OWL crew of this year may be pronounced a faithful set

of jolly Tars, who have done their duty faithfully, regularly and well.

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*PREFECT AND PASTOR.*

The weeks that intervene between the end of June and the first of September frequently witness important and numerous changes in the staff of the University and of the institutions connected with it. The present year however, has been a happy exception, as only two great interests have been effected. First, of course, for us comes the case of the Owl. This journal is weighted down under the sorrow of a double loss. Rev. Fathers Wm. Murphy and Constantineau, who for years have been guides, philosophers and friends for the Owl, are no longer ours. The former is Prefect of Studies in the University Course, in the room of Rev. Father Nilles, whom failing health obliged to resign his position. The second change regards St. Joseph's Parish. After twenty-eight years of service as pastor of old St. Joseph's, Rev. Father Pallier retires to enjoy a well-earned rest from the worry and anxiety attendant on parochial work, and leaves new St. Joseph's in the charge of Rev. Father Constantineau. The Owl has much reason to lament and perhaps a little to complain. In ordinary circumstances we should have raised a very decided objection to being deprived of two so valuable friends, but we feel that they are not altogether lost, and with considerable consolation and some pride we reflect on the fact that our Wise Bird has given a Prefect to the University, and a pastor to St. Joseph's.

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*THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.*

The student, deeply intent on the study of the fine arts, is very prone at times to forget

all about some other arts not less fine, and certainly much more practical. Among them none demands greater attention than the art of living with others. In every college, and especially in this college, where we are kept together so continuously, a spirit of forbearance should guide our conduct towards others. None of us is perfect; and Horace justly remarks in his Satires that: "Since no one is born without defects . . . it is but just that a person asking indulgence for his own faults should grant the same to others." Away with that unmanly, contemptible, and yet very common habit of criticism which seeks not to build, but to destroy. If our nature is so depraved that we cannot conscientiously praise the honest endeavors of our neighbors, at least let us have the goodness of heart to say nothing.

This world was not made for anyone in particular. Yet to view the actions of certain men one would be led to think that his presence here was a mistake. They are so friendly that familiarity comes in and swallows up all courtesy. In the end they are obnoxious to everybody. Without doubt a cheerful disposition is a treasure; it makes friends on all sides; for men know that it is never associated with harsh words, a sour visage or total indifference. But, like the grape vine, it flourishes better with timely pruning. Hence we must not be so cheerful that a serious thought can never enter our heads; but by all means avoid reticence. If you are an extremist, at least be on the safer side with the great Shakespeare who declared that: "A merry heart goes all the day; your sad tires in a mile."

All of us like a few confidential friends; but we should remember that as gentlemen we are bound in honor to make no evil use of the knowledge gained by intimacy with others. In fine, moderation is the keynote to conduct; and its acquirement should be the object of every



student who wishes to gain a worthy place in society. It requires no more effort to be agreeable than disagreeable, and even if it does, we should cultivate the habit at the expense of our own caprices: for it will invariably tend to our personal happiness, as well as to that of the people with whom we come in contact.

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### IGNORANCE AND BIGOTRY.

The Schoolmaster of the American Republic gives the following definition of two words that we might designate as the cause and effect of the anti-catholic movement in the United States and Canada. Ignorance, says Webster, is the want of knowledge in general or in relation to particular subjects; bigotry, says the same distinguished authority, is the perverse or blind attachment to a particular creed, or to certain tenets.

We acknowledge very freely that the immediate cause of this editorial is an article published in the *Alamo* and *San Jacinto Monthly*. We would treat this puerile effusion of a somewhat diseased and over-heated imagination with the silent contempt that it merits, were it not that it strikes the key-note of the periodical outbreak of religious rancor in our own country and in the great neighboring Republic.

We have had, in quick succession, the Blue Laws, the old know-nothingism and the Apatism in the United States, and Equal-Rightism and Ppatism in Canada; all have thriven for a moment, but because they were not indigenous to American liberty and freedom, they quickly withered away beneath the bright rays of the sun of truth.

Those who belonged to know-nothingism and Equal Rightism are ashamed to acknowledge their past connection with societies so inimical to true freedom and christian charity. Apatism and its Canadian

offspring Ppatism cannot muster within their anti-christian association a single man of intelligence or respectability.

Upon serious consideration, it seems to be most unreasonable, that men living in the year of the Parliament of Religions should be so impregnated with ignorance as to charge with intolerance the only Church that ever respected the opinions of those who differ from her religious tenets. We need not go very far back in the history of the United States, to find abundant proof of the truth of our assertion. A dark cloud of religious bigotry, and persecution lowered over all the then colonies of England in America; there was but one rent in that cloud, and it appeared over the liberty-loving colony of Catholic Maryland. All students of history are aware of the manner in which this liberty of Catholics toward Protestants was required.

The latter-day progeny of know-nothingism follows faithfully in the footsteps of its predecessors, and far surpass them in the low and despicable methods employed. Forged encyclicals, escaped nuns of their own manufacture, self-styled monks, base insinuations against the zeal and devotion of heroic Catholic missionaries—all do service in this ignoble crusade against Catholics and Catholicity in America. And why? We Catholics, they claim, are endeavoring to crush all governments unfavorable to our cause and wish to trample under foot all liberty. In short they say we are intolerant. The Catholic Church, we are proud to state, is intolerant of error, but she loves, she pities, she weeps over the erring. Her missionaries will always be found exhorting, teaching, and even shedding their blood to reclaim to the true faith those who are groping about in darkness and the shadow of death. Why then should reasonable Protestants (for we do not expect reason from the professional bigot), take alarm at

the progress of Catholicity, since they acknowledge that Catholics are the most successful in building schools, convents, colleges and universities, and in conferring on the heathen the inestimable privilege of Christian civilization? All fair-minded Protestants who know the Catholic Church are fully aware of the purity of her methods. They admire the beauty and simple majesty of her doctrines and despise all this arrant nonsense of a few self-seekers, who stultify themselves by their untrue and unfair assertions against their peaceful Catholic neighbors whom God has commanded them to love and respect.

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*WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.*

That this year the number of late comers has been excessively and unreasonably large. That fifteen days and even three weeks after the opening of the University is too late a date for students to put in an appearance. That this dilatoriness occasions very grave inconveniences. That the Owl had better indicate like a wise monitor the chief objections to the repetition of such conduct. Which the Owl shall immediately proceed to do. Dilatory students injure themselves, the University and their fellows. They injure themselves by losing some of the most precious class hours—precisely those in which very important, even if elementary and fundamental, work is done. They injure the University by retarding the proper organization of the classes and by being a drag on professors. They are unfair to all the best interests of their fellow-students in depriving college life and college societies of their presence at the most critical moment of the year. These considerations should suffice to make the guilty ones repent sincerely of their fault and take a very firm resolution to avoid its repetition.

That the Owl is a very fine journal; that it is in fact a magazine; that it compares very favorably with the best reviews and is in the lead amongst college periodicals; that its literary excellence is unquestioned and its typographical neatness extremely creditable. Let us now turn from what they are saying to what they are doing. Open the subscribers' book. Unpaid subscriptions for years past; paper returned refused and—what is infinitely more painful—refusal to pay for the months and years during which it was received, not only without protest, but, to judge by words, with pleasure. Now one thing is clear in this matter. Either you want the Owl or you do not. If you want it, please pay for it. It costs us money to get it out, and we have no unlimited fund on which to draw nor will our creditors wait five years for their cash. If you do not want it, kindly notify us—but do not neglect to send us at the same time what is necessary to balance your account. We want to have done with these pleadings which should find no place in a well-conducted and well-appreciated review. Threnodies on delinquent subscribers are just as unpleasant to write as to read.

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That the students do not patronize as they should the merchants who advertise in the Owl. The reason for which is very difficult to discover. The Owl canvasses and accepts none but firms that have a well-established reputation for faithful fulfilment of promises and for honest dealing with their customers. Patronizing as they do our college review they have a right to expect a fair share of the students' trade. It is not indicative of a very loyal spirit in a student who leaves his money with merchants who have refused to aid a journal published in the interest of the student body.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

During the third centenary celebration of St. Philip Neri there will be a great pilgrimage to the tomb of "the second patron of Rome." Signor Tolli, of Rome, is head of the organizing committee, and branches are to be formed in various countries. The pilgrims will be received by the Pope.

It is a curious coincidence that for the past sixty years good crops have been harvested in England at exact intervals of ten years between each. The good crop years have been 1834, 1844, 1854, 1864, 1874, 1884, and now in 1894 the yield is expected to be equal to 32 bushels to the acre.

Nearly 24,000 divorces were granted in the United States last year. This is more than 5,000 in excess of the aggregate number legalized in France, Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Australasia, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland and Roumania for the same period. Commenting on the above paragraph, under the heading of "Marriage no Longer Sacred," the *Toronto News* says: "Another institution more sacred than the ballot box and one more necessary to stability than purity of elections even, is in grave danger in the adjoining Republic."

The tomb which His Holiness Leo XIII. has himself ordered to be in readiness to one day receive his mortal remains is now almost completed. The monument is of pure white Carrara marble and is exquisitely sculptured by the artist, Macarai. The designs are highly symbolical. A lion in high relief, with the tiara under one of its paws, ornaments the cover, whilst on the right and left side: the statue of Faith and Truth, bearing appropriate scripture texts, are to be seen. Truth is represented with one hand placed on the Sovereign Pontiff's coat of arms,

and above the lion's head is the following inscription: "Hic jacet Leo XIII., P.M. Pulvis est."

Just read the following. It is the last paragraph of the address presented to Premier Greenway in person by Mr. N. Bawlf on behalf of the Catholics of Manitoba. There is clear grit in those Manitoba people and they are bound to win. "Your petitioners, as free-born British subjects, do enter their firm and solemn protest against this unfair treatment at your hands; and do respectfully and earnestly pray, that your Government take into their serious consideration the grievances of the Catholics of this Province, and do pass such legislation as may be necessary to remedy such grievances to their full extent, and to assure to the said population the full respect of their rights and conscientious feelings, the use of their school taxes, and their legitimate share of the public money voted for educational purposes in this Province."

Rev. A. M. J. Gaudet, at one time a resident of Ottawa University, surprised his old parishioners in Brownsville, Texas, when he again came among them early last winter, after an absence of nearly twenty years. Born in the year 1821, at Corbelin, Isere, France, and educated at La Cote St. Antoine Seminary, Father Gaudet soon began to manifest a desire for missionary work and was admitted to the Oblate Order in 1835. Making his perpetual vows in 1844 he consecrated himself to God for life, and was ordained in 1847. The Rev. Father is now one of the oldest missionaries in America, as he was among the second batch of Oblate missionaries that landed on this side of the Atlantic. Father Gaudet was first stationed at Longueil, but was afterwards given a chair in the Pittsburg Grand Seminary; in 1849 he was transferred to

Galveston. Father Verdet, the Superior at Brownsville, having lost his life in a shipwreck on the Gulf of Mexico, his place was immediately taken by the subject of our sketch, which position he filled for 18 years. While here Father Gaudet completed a cathedral, much desired by his predecessor and his parishioners. He also built a dwelling house for the Brothers, and St. Joseph's College, an institution for boys. After all this labor he was called north and stationed respectively at Lowell, Buffalo, Plattsburg, and lastly at Ottawa University, where for ten years he acted as Chaplain to the Grey Nuns and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Father Gaudet was heartily welcomed by his old parishioners, and the Brownsville *Herald* hopes he will make another long stay amongst them, adding the hope that all may be spared to see the Rev. Father a centenarian.

The Manchester *Guardian* says: Laval University appears to be the only one in the British Empire which has solved the problem that is perplexing collegiate bodies nearer home, to combine poverty with efficiency. The article then gives a detail of the small endowment, large debt and low fees of the university, and credits it, notwithstanding these drawbacks, with being a flourishing institution, but claims this to be due to the fact that ecclesiastical influence is strongly exerted on behalf of the *only* Roman Catholic university in Canada. The institution, with its four faculties of arts, law, medicine and theology, reminds one of the ancient University of Paris, and has sprung directly out of the seminary opened in 1688 by Bishop Laval, an institution intended for the training of missionaries. Afterwards lay students were admitted and a royal charter applied for in 1852. In the matter of lectures professional men of Quebec show a very high sense of duty in devoting time

and labor almost gratuitously in the cause of education. Prominent among these latter we find the name of Lieutenant Governor Chapleau in connection with the law faculty. And in this we see a good lesson set for some of our Catholic friends. We have no fault to find with the article in question except in the statement that Laval is "the *only* Roman Catholic University in Canada." We cannot much blame the *Guardian* for its ignorance of Canadian institutions; Englishmen are so insular; but we were extremely surprised to find the same words printed without comment in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Register*. The OWL wishes to inform those who are ignorant of the fact that its protecting wings are spread over another flourishing Roman Catholic university, situated in Ottawa City, the capital of Canada.

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### OBITUARY.

Man's uncertain life  
Is like the rain-drop, hanging on the bough  
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,  
The remnants of some passing thunder-storm,  
Which have their moments, dropping one by one;  
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold  
We cannot guess.

The certainty of death, and its uncertainty. These are two themes with which everyone is familiar, and yet upon which few reflect until some sad occurrence come to make them feel that indeed

"Our lives are like the summer:  
Ere we know that yet we live,  
Our souls to God we owe,  
To God we give."

Scarce a vacation passes without its chapter of fatalities; scarce an opening of a new scholastic year arrives that brings not with it the sad duty of noting one or more places left forever vacant by the ravages of death. The year just beginning offers unfortunately no exception to the rule. Eugene St. Julien was a mem-

ber of the class of '97. When he left us to enter on his vacation it was with the expectation and the hope on his part, and on ours, that we should meet again and go on together to the end. It is a mercy that men see not what the future has in store for them. Little more than a month was all the holidays Eugene St. Julien was to have in this world. One evening towards the end of July he and his brother Louis left their home in Aylmer to have a short sail on Lake Deschênes. Their return was to be almost immediate, for they were to contribute their share to the success of a bazaar in aid of the new church. Their non-appearance caused some uneasiness, but it was generally supposed that they had stopped with some campers on the opposite side of the lake. Morning, however, dispelled the illusion. A searching party found, about a mile from shore, the upturned boat, the floating oars, and a part of the clothing of the unfortunate youths. It was only two days later that their bodies were recovered, and restored, a sad consolation to their grief-stricken parents. No one seems to know just how the accident occurred; all we can tell is that in one short hour two bright young lives were snatched away, friends were plunged into grief, and the students of '97 lost a kind, amiable, and beloved comrade. But most deserving of our sincerest pity are the heart-broken parents, who are left sonless by the awful accident. To His Honor Judge St. Julien, father of the young men, and to the afflicted family, we offer the tribute of our heartfelt sympathy. For our fellow-student Eugene and the brother who shared death with him, every student of Ottawa University will breathe the fervent prayer "May their souls rest in peace."

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### THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

The annual visit of the Chancellor, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, took place on Thursday, the 20th inst. This day, which is always looked forward to by the students as one of the most welcome of the scholastic year, was celebrated with the usual rejoicing.

At 8 a. m. His Grace, accompanied by the college faculty arrayed in their academic robes, entered the chapel where he assisted at the throne during High Mass. After the gospel was read, His Grace preached a lengthy and instructive sermon, taking for his text "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge." (Psalm cxviii, 66). With his usual force and eloquence His Grace expatiated on the beautiful words of the text.

He pointed out to the students the many excellencies of a true Christian education and advised them to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them, while under the fostering care of their Alma Mater. Catholic colleges, he said, are the heart of humanity, the fountain heads from which spring true knowledge and uprightness and virtue. Their aim is not only to produce men of deep and sound learning, but also men of honor, rectitude and piety, who may be good and useful members of society wherever their lot may be cast. He showed that discipline was not a rigid subordination to authority, but the wise and fatherly counselling of a superior, in whatever conduces to the well-being of him who is in charge. Students should therefore pay all due respect and deference to those placed over them, as directors or professors.

After Mass, the professors, with the usual solemnity, made the profession of faith.

At 10 o'clock the procession of students and professors moved towards the Academic Hall where the Chancellor was greeted by the harmonious strains of the College Band, which pealed forth in accents of welcome from the balcony, and by the concordant voices of the students who filled the air with loud shouts of applause.

Complimentary addresses were read in English and French by Messrs. C. J. Mea and A. Gagnon respectively. The following is a copy of the English address :

*To His Grace,*

*The Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa,  
and Chancellor of the University.*

*My Lord Archbishop :—*

The students of the University of Ottawa feel deeply grateful for the pri-

vilege they enjoy to-day in receiving Your Grace's annual visit.

Last year's students have returned in large numbers to again profit of the excellent and Christian educational advantages, so largely due to Your Grace's interest and influence, afforded by our Alma Mater. That the University retains and continues to gain confidence and golden opinions is evidenced by the attendance here to-day of many new students from far and near.

Our classes and several of our college societies have already been satisfactorily organized, and the good will and harmony which prevail give promise of a most successful year. We count upon Your Grace's prayers and words of advice and encouragement doing much to assure the favorable issue of all we have undertaken.

The very Reverend Rector and his many and able colleagues on the professorial staff begin the session with renewed health and devotedness. Their solemn Profession of Faith this morning, we have, no doubt, has, if possible, added to the lofty sense of duty they have so far displayed, and given them greater strength to acquit themselves nobly of the charges of their sacred trust.

We look forward with pleasure to seeing Your Grace present at our entertainments and other college events during the course of the year. These visits, we are sure, are made by you often at a sacrifice of time and personal convenience, but they bring us encouragement and joy, and we hope that they may long be the privilege of succeeding generations of students.

Thanking you again for all you have done for us, and especially for your visit here to-day, we beg your blessing, and assure you that with it we shall resume our duties, determined to do honor to our Alma Mater, to our land and to Mother Church.

His Grace made an appropriate reply, thanking the students for the kind welcome extended to him. He expressed his gratification at seeing so noticeable an increase in the number of students, which fact alone was sufficient evidence of the high reputation in which the University was held. Before His Grace left the hall all knelt down and received his blessing.

### EXCHANGES.

Whether the exchange column of the college publication is a valuable part of such, seems to be a matter concerning which there is lately a difference of opinion. Some college papers have abandoned it altogether, and if the exchange department constituted a quorum in the average staff, no doubt many more would make the same elimination. The amount of work entailed in scrutinizing other journals, and rewarding merit where reward is due, to say nothing of the imminent danger consequent on throwing missiles from a fragile domicile make the ex-man's corner of the table the pre-eminently undesirable one of the sanctum. Nevertheless, we think the exchange column should not be abandoned. There is a certain brotherhood existing among the students of different colleges which aids materially in making college days the pleasantest of our lives. This kinship is kept up chiefly through the exchanges of their representative in the journalistic arena. And therefore, if for no other reason, we should say that this column is still an important one to the college periodical. Moreover, to the members of the staff who sacrifice so much to the interests of the journal and who depend for their thanks upon the appreciation of their product by fellow journalists, the criticism of others is a great incentive to higher efforts.

Although there is a certain terror in the idea of criticising, yet such a select collection of periodicals lie on the table of the Owl sanctum at this moment, that we cannot help congratulating ourselves on the good company into which we have fallen, and in perusing them we anticipate an agreeable task. They are all very welcome, and a most hearty wish for a successful year free from all ruptions of mutual harmony is extended to them. And forthwith we fish out our quill and ink-horn with the hope that all criticism may be received in the spirit in which it is given.

One of our first arrivals is the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, a neat,

modest, monthly of Catholic literature, devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is the official organ of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and its matter speaks highly for the culture and zeal of the society which produces it. A characteristic article of the September number is "New York in Summer." The subject is not a new one, it is the old sad story of the sufferings of the poor and the extravagance of the rich. The article is a powerful plea for charity, well in keeping with the tone of a periodical devoted to such creditable purposes.

The *Rosary* of the month is up to its usual standard of edifying and instructive reading. This magazine is primarily devoted to religious purposes, but in a broader sense than many of its kind. It furnishes matter not only calculated to excite immediate devotion, but from a literary standpoint to afford the best Catholic reading of the day. For instance in the number at hand there is an article on "The Forerunner and Rival of Pasteur—Pierre Joseph Van Benden." The subject of the article, who was a scientist of this century and a professor of Louvain, was the first to disprove by experimental proof the false theory of spontaneous generation—an error which had been dominant in science since the days of Aristotle. The article is an important one to Catholics in such an age as this when we are every day confronted with the old lie that the Catholic Church cannot produce scientists. Yet this man who not only rivaled Pasteur as a microbist, but also Cuvier as a comparative anatomist and ranks with Aristotle, Copernicus, Galileo and Newton, this man never saw any conflict between science and religion, but on the other hand loved to see the handwork of God in the sensible world, and was always a devoted and consistent member of the Catholic Church.

#### SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

After a very pleasant vacation, a good part of which was spent in canoe excursions on the Rideau, Ottawa, and Gatineau Rivers, and in a "camp out" of two weeks on the lakes of the Blanche, we began our annual retreat on Sept. 1st, previous to the

resumption of studies for the scholastic year.

Saturday August 25th, the feast of St. Louis was a red-letter day in the history of the Scholasticate, because it was here our Very Rev. Superior General celebrated his patronal feast. The morning was filled up by an address, musical selections, etc. At dinner, His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa presided over a community of more than 150 members of the Oblate Order. At the close there were a few toasts suitable to the occasion.

The "White House," so well known to the students of former times, as the numerous autographs on the walls amply testify, is at present being put on a more solid foundation, for it was found that the old one was crumbling away.

Rev. Father Coutlee, of the Scholasticate staff of last year, has left us to occupy the important post of Assistant Bursar in the University. His place is taken by Rev. Father Peraisset. Rev. Father Valiquette, has also gone to the University to begin his career as a professor.

We begin this year's studies with 35 theologians and 19 philosophers; the largest number so far in the history of the Archville house of studies.

Brothers Cornell and O'Boyle, both of the class of '96, after having made their novitiate at Lachine, have come here for their philosophical and theological training.

#### SOCIETIES.

The work of organizing the many college societies is intimately connected with the opening of the scholastic year. Already several of them, desirous to enter upon their tasks as soon as possible, have met and elected officers.

At the meetings great interest was displayed, and it is to be hoped that this will continue, and that each and everyone will fully realize the important part that those institutions should play in college life. The great importance of the different societies, especially of the Debating, Reading Room and Cecilian societies,

demands serious consideration from the several committees, and faithful co-operation on the part of the students at large. And to obtain success, self must be sacrificed to the interests of the general student body and of the society. It is, therefore of the utmost consequence that the officers, in whose hands rests to such a great extent success or failure, apply themselves diligently to the discharge of their duties, and that the students give them all possible assistance.

In a university, societies are indispensable. They are the bands which bind the students together give them an idea of what practical life is, and bring them in contact with the outside world. It is not without reason said that the student who takes an active and unselfish part in societies is providing himself with weapons which will prove of inestimable value to him; while he who in college neglects them, though he may be graduated with all the honors of his class, will enter the combat unarmed and unprepared, and with little of that experience so necessary in every day life.

On the 12th of September a meeting of the students was held for the purpose of selecting officers for the Reading Room, and to transact other business. The treasurer's report, giving a satisfactory financial standing of the society, was read and adopted. It was resolved that the committee be recommended to hand over to Rev. A. Antoine whatever funds remain after the ordinary expenses of the association have been defrayed, to be expended by him in procuring more suitable furniture for the Reading Room, such as a new library and paper stands. A resolution, empowering the committee to deprive of membership anyone who persisted in violating the regulations of the Reading Room, was carried unanimously. The officers for the year were elected as follows:—President, J. Leveque; Secretary, J. Garland; Treasurer, T. Holland; Librarians, J. Foley and T. Regan; Curators, J. Walsh and W. Walsh.

A few years ago the membership of the association numbered about one hundred and twenty-five. This year, however, for some unaccountable reason it has greatly decreased. The students should bear in

mind the advantages to be derived from being a member of a Reading Room which has on file not only the best papers and magazines of Canada but also those of the United States, Great Britain and France. During the winter months especially they will find that a leisure hour cannot be more pleasantly and profitably spent than among the papers of the Reading Room.

At a meeting of the students of the sixth and seventh forms held with the object of reorganizing St. Thomas Academy, the following committee was chosen: President, J. R. O'Brien, Ph. B.; Vice-President, J. Leveque; Secretary, A. Gagnon, Ph. B.; Councillors, E. Baskerville, Ph. B., and J. Walsh. Rev. A. Antoine, O.M.I., D.D., kindly consented to act as Director. This society has for its object the weekly discussion of philosophical theses and is consequently of especial concern to students studying philosophy.

Among the earliest of the societies to reorganize, after vacation, was the Cecilian Society. Rev. L. Gervais has resumed control and already daily practices are being held. Nearly all the old members have returned, while several new comers have joined, thus greatly augmenting the membership of last year. Under the guidance of the reverend director, we have no doubt that the College Band of this year will uphold the excellent reputation it has already established for itself in the University.

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### ATHLETICS.

*Le Canada*, in its issue of Wednesday Sept 5th, has this to say in an editorial under the heading "Soyons forts."

"Strong men are always needed, and at the present especially, for the old saying "*mens sana in corpore sano*," is ever true. Yes, a sound mind in a healthy body is the common aim of all.

A man is not merely a spirit, and hence his training should not be restricted to the development of his spiritual faculties nor his activity wholly employed in learned researches on the subtleties of metaphysics.



Some of his time might be profitably spent otherwise than glued to a desk and bent over his books

Strength, dexterity, health in particular, are blessings that everybody lays great store by. But they are advantages, which do not always perhaps receive sufficient attention in our educational institutions.

So well was the importance of physical training understood among the ancients that gymnastic exercises played an important role in education.

Here we may be permitted to pay a sincere compliment to the University of Ottawa, where athletics hold their rightful place, without in any way encroaching on the time and attention that must be devoted to intellectual training."

*Le Canada* has struck the right note. Athletics should not be neglected, because physical training is a necessary and integral part of education.—That is the view which has always prevailed in Ottawa University, and any measure which serves to render this view practical is attentively considered and warmly adopted.

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As has been already intimated in the Owl, the College first and second teams are entered in the Quebec Rugby Football Union. The following is the schedule for the senior series :

Date.	Clubs.	Grounds.
Oct. 6	{ Ottawa vs. Montreal, Brittania vs. Ottawa College,	Ottawa Brittania
Oct. 13	{ Brittania vs. McGill, Ottawa vs. Ottawa College,	McGill College
Oct. 20	{ McGill vs. Ottawa College, Montreal vs. Brittania,	College Montreal
Oct. 27	{ McGill vs. Montreal, Brittania vs. Ottawa,	Montreal Ottawa
Nov. 3	{ McGill vs. Ottawa, Montreal vs. Ottawa College,	Ottawa Montreal

"The withdrawal of the two Ottawa clubs will leave the Ontario union much more compact than formerly. It always has been a tax on the exchequer of any western club to visit Ottawa, where the gates are small. For years Ottawa College has failed to be a drawing card, and the two clubs of the capital were simply a drag on the union. Kingston is some distance away, but so long as the championship abides in the Limestone City it will be unjust to object to the expense of travelling thither."

This is not a clipping from the *New Zealand Warder* or *South African Pathfinder*. No. It is simply an evidence of how much the *Toronto Evening Telegram* knows about the history of football in the Ontario union. If "it has always been a tax on the exchequer of any Western club to visit Ottawa" it is because the Western club "has failed to be a drawing card." People would not pay to see the repetition of the defeats invariably administered to Western clubs by Ottawa College. When Queen's came the attendance was generally satisfactory, while with the Montrealers it reached five thousand. If the Toronto and Hamilton clubs could play good football, the story would be the same. But they were never much better than second class teams. We are pleased to hear that the Ontario union is more compact by the withdrawal of the two Ottawa teams. Assuredly the two Ottawa teams seem to be delighted with their present surroundings. But the last sentence of the above quotation is really amusing. Were the championship no longer in Queen's, Kingston might also become "a drag on the union" and then we should have the spectacle of the Ontario union confined to Toronto and the neighboring towns. Shakespeare's Hamlet would lose much by the absence of the Prince of Denmark; but what would it be were there nothing left but the ghost of Hamlet's father?

\* \* \*

This season, for the first time in thirteen years, Modeste Guillet will not be seen on the football field. He began with the beginning of the game in Ottawa College, became a formidable rusher, was perhaps, the surest and best kicker in Canada, and

was styled in 1889 by Mr. P. D. Ross "the prince of quarter-backs." It seems hard to lose him, but we acknowledge the justice of his desire to take a rest. His example remains with us—that of a player who subordinated everything to the success of the team, who was a model of obedience, punctuality and energy on the field and in council. Taken all in all we shall not soon look upon his like again.

\* \* \*

Nothing is being spared to develop young players. Forty men in training for the first and second team was so far from exhausting the available candidates that two other teams had to be organized. Under the management of Mr. H. Ryan '98 we may hope for a return of the good old days when the third fifteen thought seriously of challenging the champions.

#### PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Among the members of '94 a decided preference seems to have been given to the legal profession. No less than six out of the ten members of the class have chosen the study of law and are now entering upon their labors in both the East and far West. New York city has been Mr. A. Burke's choice, while Mr. A. Bedard has gone to Quebec. Messrs. Jos. McDougal, J. Vincent and L. Kehoe have decided to remain in Ottawa; and last but not least we find Mr. James Murphy with his brother, Dennis, out on the Pacific coast.

Theology also receives her share in Messrs. Abbott and LaRocque. The former goes to the Grand Seminary at Montreal and the latter returns to our midst. Mr. Powers is the only aspirant for medicine and McGill is his objective point.

All will no doubt be pleased to hear of the whereabouts of Mr. O'Malley, of the class of '95. Our genial friend Sir Roger, erstwhile of dramatic fame, has assumed the garb of a theologian at the Grand Seminary of Montreal.

Mr. Joseph Devlin, one of last year's students, has been sent to China as war

correspondent in the interests of one of New York's leading papers. The Owl, to whose columns Mr. Devlin contributed so often, is pleased to see that his literary ability has been fully appreciated, and desires to wish him every success in the field he has chosen.

Mr. Thomas Keely, who matriculated here in '93, is now studying pharmacy with one of our leading Ottawa druggists.

Of last year's commercial graduating class our present knowledge is rather small. One of them, Mr. Edward Donnegan, is book-keeper for a large New York firm; another, Mr. J. Conlin, is managing a branch lumber firm for his father near Thorold, Ont. The others have so far failed to inform the Owl of their whereabouts.

The Owl had a short visit a few days ago from two old editors and two old friends. The former were Rev. Messrs. M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91, and H. Canning, '93; the latter, Rev. Messrs. F. L. French, '91, and I. French, '93,—all four on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

With the greatest pleasure the Junior editor again takes up his pen for the purpose of recording the doings, and furthering the interests of his young friends in the "small yard." The non-appearance of many of his old friends had a depressing effect on his natural buoyancy of spirits notwithstanding the fact that past experience told him such is a characteristic of college life. The number of new-comers is unusually large this year, and if appearances can be relied upon, they will doubtless prove themselves worthy of the Junior editor's efforts in their behalf.

Between the hours of 5 and 6 on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 18th, while enjoying our afternoon siesta, we experienced a violent attack of night-mare. We thought we were being pursued by an infuriated band of Apache Indians bent upon our immediate extinction. Blood-curdling yells echoed and re-echoed on every side. Awakening from our dream

in a violent state of agitation, we discovered that the Indians were but the creations of our fevered imagination; but the mysterious yells still resounded in our ears. Directing our steps towards the First Grade classroom, whence the cries proceeded, we learned that a meeting of the Junior Athletic Association was in progress with the Hon. T. F. Finnegan in the chair. We immediately presented our credentials, but were informed by door-keeper Dempsey that members of the press were not admitted. Through the courtesy of a friend, however, we ascertained that the meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following members were chosen to fill the various offices: President, P. Turcotte; Vice-President, Mac. Rogers; Secretary, J. Quinn; Treasurer, R. Lafond; Councilors, W. Ryan, E. Bawlf, E. Leonard, A. Lapointe.

We take the liberty of reminding the officers of the J. A. A. of the necessity of getting into active work as soon as possible. Three weeks have already elapsed since the opening, and things are far from being as lively as they should be. It will be remembered that last year, at the beginning of the season, a similar state of inactivity prevailed. We should like to see affairs take a business turn at once.

Applications for the position of assistant Junior editor will be received up to Wednesday, October 3rd. The privileges attached to this position are more desirable than ever, not the least important of which is a seat near the desert plate on the infirmity table. Applicants must appear in person, accompanied by at least two bondsmen. The strictest confidence will be observed.

Joe. Cowan, whose longitudinal development last year was most remarkable, secured promotion to the Senior department on the old, though forcible plea that he was "long" enough in the "small yard."

Fatty Bisauillon is somewhat jealous of his new rival. We understand that he will enter upon a fish diet at once.

The Finnegan Texas Detective Agency has been re-organized. The members have chosen "brown" for their colors this year.

W. Doran is becoming an expert mathematician; "but" Angers, we presume, is able to give him a "pointer."

Tim has leased the Junior hand ball alley for the winter months. He intends giving lessons on the harmonica, and, in a few days, will vacate his present quarters near the gate.

Verily, in the Third Grade extremes meet. Division B has its "Baby," while a prominent member of A will shortly celebrate his "Centennial."

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### ULULATUS.

#### A HINT TO THE WISE.

Dear subscriber, bear in mind,  
 However busy you may find  
 The editor, should you chance to call on him some  
 day—  
 You can always reach his ear,  
 And his weary spirit cheer,  
 By slightly hinting you have called—your subscrip-  
 tion bill to pay.

Our Alderman from Baldwinsville  
 Took the town by storm;  
 And not content with doing that  
 He took our "primus" form  
 We thought he'd take the second one  
 And give us all a chance  
 But now the gallant deed is done  
 So let us sing and dance.

The other day we had a great *Lafond* Joseph,  
 the world's champion, who was coming back to  
 defeat his friend. Joseph said, "Cornelius,  
 O'Neil down or I'll knock your head off."

A sudden thought o'erpowers me  
 As mem'ry's pages o'er I glance  
 While we're welcoming a MacMahon  
 They're mourning one in France.  
 And though our Mac is not a knight  
 His actions always speak  
 For there's not a greater MacMahon  
 Than our own Mac in Greek.

#### TO JOE H-R-V-Y.

*(With the Author's kindest wishes).*

When on your couch you lie  
 Dearest friend, I laugh in glee,  
 As in your dreams I hear you cry  
 "Say, pass me down my tea."