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## BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.



HE tendency to adulate high art has become so pronounced in this century, that in the realm of metrical literature, we confine ourselves to the study of the master-piece of verse, totally ignoring a species of rhythmical composition, which is deserving of our attention, not only on account of its importance from a historical point of view, and the influence it has exerted upon literature in general, but from an aesthetic standpoint as well. I refer to ballad poetry.

From the time when the bardic prince of Greece chanted the sorrowful tale of Troy to the barbarous tribes of his native land, clear through the ages to this very day, when cultured audiences are thrilled by the declamation of "The Battle of Fontenoy," or "Ye Mariners of England," the ballad has played a very important part in the affairs of men. It is the vehicle whereby the early history of all nations has been conveyed to us. To perpetuate the memory of events of public importance in the childhood of peoples, rude bards fashioned a record of them into verse, and sang their story to the accompaniment of some simple instrument. The numbers, unpolished though they were, assisted the memory: the subjects themselves, whether of war, the chase, love, or native scenery, were sacred to all classes of the community: and so the bardic songs were taken up and carolled by the ploughman in the field, and the shepherd on the hillside, or hummed to the time of the spinning-wheel in the

peasant's cottage. The child at his mother's knee became familiar with their burden, and thus were they handed down, unwritten, from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. It is in this way that the wars of the incipient clans of all European peoples, and the fame of their noted heroes, have been recounted to their modern descendants,—in this way that the manners and customs prevalent in these long distant periods have been made known. Not that all families have held in sacred memory these old songs: far from it. As education spread they were discarded as too crude for the higher grades of society, and were preserved only among the less cultured classes, by the fireside of the husbandman, or in the hut of the mountaineer. For centuries their existence was ignored, perhaps unknown, to the students of literature, till curious delvers into the antique in different parts of Europe unearched these gems, thus saving them from destruction, and pointed out their beauty, and their importance as records of a shadowy past, to the literary public. In England this resurrection of the ballad occurred in the eighteenth century, at a time when Art had come to be worshipped to the exclusion of sentiment, emotion, thought, which constitute the very soul of poetry; and the gusto with which these simple, touching old tales were received, adequately evidenced the satiety men had experienced of the formal, unsympathetic effusions of the classical age.

Through the efforts of Percy the old English songs have been preserved to us; in his "Reliques," Scott was barely in time to snatch from oblivion the "Songs

of the Scottish Border;" Lockhart's translations open up to us the vista of Spanish balladry; Madame de Chenier in modern Greece, and Herder and Grimm in Germany, deserve the eternal gratitude of their countrymen, for their collection and preservation of these unwritten records of their nations' history; and what these have done for their respective countries, O'Rielly and Hayes have done for Ireland. They have gathered together the scattered flowers strewn along the path of Erin's history, and bound them into a bouquet, sweeter and more beautiful than any formed from the rhythmical traditions of other lands.

By those who are inclined to depreciate the ballad, it should be borne in mind that in addition to its historical importance, it is the germ of all poetical composition, and the source from which sprang some of the greatest master-pieces in all languages. The epic and the drama, those two most powerful interpretations of the poetic art, are the one but an expansion, the other but a metamorphosis of the ballad: while the Iliad is a series of ballads sung by their author, as he strolled through the land of his sires; the Aeneid, an extended tale, surpassing the Iliad in polish and rhetorical beauty, but constructed upon the ballad plan. Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" owes its origin to an old ballad by Gernutus, and King Lear also is said to have been inspired by an old metrical legend.

But both its historical importance and its influence upon literature are superseded by its intrinsic value, as the Shibolet of true poetic genius. Though the simplest, it is at the same time the sublimest species of poetical composition; and a man's success as a balladist may be taken as a sure criterion whereby to catalogue him, either as one of Nature's poets, or as a mere artificer in verse. For the balladist must be one who can shut out the present world from his sight, travel back in spirit to the times whereof he writes, throw himself heart and soul into the events he records, and become for a time an actor in the scenes he describes. There is no room in the ballad for far-fetched metaphor and highly-wrought description. The poet must trust to the inspiration of nature, and the language must pour out

simple and strong, untrammelled by the dictates of Art. It was in this way that Homer, Ossian and O'Carolan sang,—blind old bards all three,—but though Heaven's light was denied them, the light of the soul lit up their inner being, and pictured to them the rush of mighty armies and the bouts of god-protected heroes as vividly as if the scenes were being enacted before them; and the shouts of warriors and the clang of arms rang in their ears as loudly as they did around doomed Troy, or in the clannish wars of the Gael. None but the true poet is ever thus inspired, and favored of the Muses is he who can resign himself to the potent spell.

As far back as the days of Amergin, the chief bard of the Milesian colony the ballad is known to have existed in Erin, though the time of its introduction is as mysterious as the identity of her tower-builders. The Irish bards were of three classes, the Filéas who celebrated the glories of war and the mysteries of religion; the Brehons, who poetized the laws and sang them to the people; and the Seanachies, who played the parts of historian and antiquarian. In these old days nearly every household of any note had its Seanachie, who sang the deeds of the family chiefs, in war, and traced the family stream back to its source in the dim ages of the past. The princes of the people were very partial to the bards, and treated them with fatherly love. Schools were founded for their education wherein the course of instruction lasted seven years, at the end of which time they received the degree of Ollamh, when they would go forth and sing the glories of their ancient chiefs, praise in sweet song the rites of their religion, or lift their voices in laudation of the scions of noble sires. The degree of honor accorded them may be gathered from the fact, that whereas the common people were allowed but one color for their raiment, the bards were permitted a robe of four different shades, but one less than worn by the king himself. The people treated them with the deepest reverence, looking upon them as hallowed beings. Considering the superstitious nature of the people and the age in which they lived, this is scarcely to be wondered at. For even now, in this

most practical day; disposed though we may be to ridicule their class, we cannot but be impressed by the fact that there was something intensely chivalric and savoring of the highest romance in the sight of these white-haired bards accompanying their king to battle, their flowing robes marking the hottest of the fight, shouting the inspiring war-strains of the clan, and recounting the mighty deeds of former chieftains for the emulation of the bucklered warriors round them. What lungs these old singers must have had, and how their inspiring voices must have rung out above the din of war!

But soon the hymn of peace was to float over the land and the war-song to be relegated to the past. With the advent of Christianity the old pagan bards disappeared, and the ballad was used to clothe the sentiments of the new religion, and the aspirations of the Christian soul by St. Columbanus and others in the favored language of the Church. Yet the Gaelic songs still existed in out of the way places, and for centuries the time honoured love for the fight, and its recital in verse lived in the people's hearts. During these early Christian times Ireland was famed for her learning. Schools and colleges dotted the land, to which students from all parts of Europe flocked for instruction. Though the continent was in a turmoil, quiet reigned in Ireland, and with the arts of peace were cultivated all the branches of science then known. But towards the end of the eighth century the temple of Janus was opened by the advent of that barbarous horde of Danes, who swept like a pestilence over the land burning and destroying all that came in their way. Erin's libraries were among the first institutions that felt the flame, and with them the accumulated literature of centuries was forever lost. There was scarcely breathing space between their expulsion and their return in the twelfth century, and hardly was quiet restored again when those infamous penal laws were inaugurated which proved the death-blow to literature and the arts. During the reigns succeeding their promulgation, the bards were persecuted as public pests, were banned and forced to flee for their lives into the thicknesses of the forest and the crannies of their native hills. Eliza-

beth enacted most stringent laws against the bards, including them among peddlers, common players, rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, which inspired Dr. Bull to write satirically.—

“When Jesus went to Janus' house  
Whose daughter was about to dye,  
He turned the minstrels out of doors  
Among the rascal company.  
Beggars they are with one consent,  
And rogues by act of parliament.”

Edward I acted with like severity against the Welsh bards, when he first formed the plan of subjugating that country. These facts merely go to show the political influence of the ballad. This poetry of nature, when it flows freely from the heart, has a most powerful effect upon men. The bards, strolling through the country, recalled in their verses the liberty and national glory of former days, rebuked men for their lethargy, and by magnifying the deeds of their ancestors, stirred many up to emulate them. The old fire still smouldered in the peoples' breasts, and only required this breath to fan it into new flame. And so the bards were dangerous; and so the government endeavoured to stamp them out. As easy would it have been to exterminate the Irish people as the bards. Their songs lived with them through all the long years of strife and persecution, the very fact of their preservation demonstrating the intense nationality and patriotism of that people who could still adhere to the old beliefs, and still foster the old loves in song, even when the so doing endangered their possessions, their liberties, and their very lives.

Times of war and revolution, of great national upheaval and political cataclasm, though they may be favorable to the inspiration, perhaps even to the production of literature, are most unfavorable to its preservation; and therefore is it extraordinary that through all these trying centuries the ancient ballads were preserved intact, and floating down through the ages, the ringing war-chant, the chivalrous tale, the sweet pathetic song of love, the mystic legend of fairy-land, are borne to us upon the stream of time, little the worse of the long and stormy voyage.

The latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present one have furnished a galaxy of Irish ballad

writers which is perhaps unequalled and certainly unexcelled in literature. The ballads of Moore, Mangan, Davis, Callanan, M'Gee, Williams, Gerald Griffin, Lover, Ferguson, Simmons, Irwin, Mrs. R. W. Wilde, J. Keegan, and a host of others form a veritable *thesaurus* of this species of poetical composition, beside which "Percy's Reliques," and Scott's "Border Songs" lose their lustre. They are generally characterized by strength of thought, depth of feeling, energy of expression, and a singular melody of versification, which lends them an especial charm. They evidence their authors' enjoyment of the Muses' rarest gift, the true poetic inspiration, that inspiration, short of duration because of its very intensity, which thrills the inspired nature to the core, and which manifests itself in a poem, by the sympathy it engenders in the reader's breast with the sentiments expressed. Their excellence would be better appreciated by quotations of the more beautiful ballads among them, but as space will not admit of this, a reference to the treasure-chambers wherein they are stored must suffice. Both Edward Hayes and John Boyle O'Reilly have collected these ballads and compiled them into volumes, which one never tires of reading. Scott says he remembers the tree beneath whose shade he used to spend whole days lost to the world, feasting upon Percy's "Reliques of Old English Poetry." Anyone who will lay down Percy's "Reliques" and take up Hayes' "Irish Ballads," if he be imbued with Scott's love for balladry, will immediately seek that tree.

A noteworthy feature in Irish ballad poetry is its infinite variety of metre, wherein it differs from that of most other lands. In both Lockhart's Spanish translations and Percy's "Reliques," the verses are marked by a wearisome sameness of metre almost throughout these volumes. In the Irish songs not only is the variety of metre remarkable, but the melodious flow of the verse is in many cases unsurpassed in the language. With what ease the numbers glide along, and how admirably the rhymes chime in, in D. F. McCarthy's "Alice and Una!"

"And then the dazzling lustre of the hall in which they muster—  
Where brightest diamonds cluster on the flashing walls around ;

And the flying and advancing, and the sighing and the glancing,  
And the music and the dancing on the flower-in-woven ground,  
And the laughing and the feasting, and the quaffing and the sound,  
In which their voices all are drowned !

But the murmur now is hushing there's a pushing and a rushing,  
There's a crowding and a crushing, through that golden, fairy place,  
Where a snowy veil is lifting, like the slow and silent shifting  
Of a shining vapor drifting across the moon's pale face,  
For there sits gentle Una, fairest queen of fairy race,  
In her beauty, and her majesty and grace."

And again note the melody and ease of rhythm of R. W. Williams' "Fairies of Knockshogowna :"

"Advance ! advance ! for a farewell dance,  
Ere the nightly pomp is o'er :  
From a mushroom's cone shall our pipers drone,  
The sward our elastic floor ;  
While the Phooka-horse holds his frantic course  
Over wood and mountain fall,  
And the Banshees croon a rhythmic rune  
From the crumbling, ivied wall !

The strict adaptability of metre to the theme is another point worthy of note. In the pathetic and emigrant ballads this is specially evident. J. C. Mangan is particularly fecund in plaintive metres, yet Thomas Davis has perhaps eclipsed even him in "My Grave," one stanza of which runs thus :

"Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,  
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?  
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ;  
Yet not there, nor in Greece, though I love it more.  
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find ?  
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind ?  
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground ?  
Just as they fall they are buried so—  
O, no ! O, no !

A vein of sadness is traceable through nearly all Irish song, and it is in the pathetic ballad that the rarest gems of verse are to be found. Doubtless the tenor of Erin's history is accountable in a great degree, for the dominance of this sad chord in the nation's lyre. Among these plaintive effusions a few of the more deeply touching are Moore's "She is far from the Land;" D. F. McCarthy's "The Irish Emigrant's Mother;" J. Keegan's "The Holly and Ivy Girl;" "The Dying Girl" by R. D. Williams, and "The Exile's Request" by T. D. McGee,

It has been objected by some critics of Hayes' compilation of Irish ballads, that many selections included therein are scarcely worthy of the name, being mere fiery effusions of Irish sentiment. I should like to ask such critics what a ballad should be if not "fiery." A ballad writer must be one deeply imbued with his subject, who feels keenly every sentiment he expresses. In most ballads, especially those of a political or historical kind, wherein martial exploits or revolutionary incidents are recounted, there must be two sides. One of these sides the poet must adopt, and there must be no lukewarmness in the treatment of his theme. For the ballad must be written under the spell of inspiration, and under the highest tension of poetic feeling. It is written when the feelings are roused to the highest pitch, and the soul burns with love or anger, or whatever passions may be called forth by the theme. How can cool deliberative judgment be expected when the spirit is under such a strain? It would be folly to require it. It would mar the beauty of the entire poem and change its very nature to introduce the effects of the operations of the soul when in its calmer moods into this species of composition. It would be absurd to contend for such procedure. Simplicity and fire are the *differentia specifica* of the ballad, and the integrity of the poem is in direct ratio to their degree of eminence. It is through lack of this very "fire" that

many of our foremost modern poets have failed as balladists, though they have won distinction in other branches of the poetic art. It is the presence of this "fire" that elicits that wild, enthusiastic applause which is invariably accorded the proper recital of "Fontenoy," "The Revenge" and ballads of their rank. Its presence is accounted for by the fact that the poet felt every word he wrote, expressed his thoughts while under the spell of poetic inspiration, and with the passionate bitterness of a partizan. Viewed in this light the very objection against Irish "fire" becomes a compliment to the Irish balladists, and an acknowledgment of their excellence.

A revival of the ballad has occurred in recent years among contemporary Irish and Irish-American poets, many of whose effusions are highly creditable compositions. This augurs well for the future of Irish ballad poetry. For the fund of themes is inexhaustible; Ireland's history rich in romance, daily furnishes incidents worthy of the poet's pen. And there can be no doubt that the inspiration which gave birth to the songs of the ancient bards, the inspiration that awoke the harp of Ossian, of Amergin, of O'Carollan, still lives, and will stir the strings of many a lyre to thoughts as noble and patriotic, and in measures as melodious and sweet as ever emanated from the gifted singers of those old days.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR '92.



He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## THOSE ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.



THE late revolution in the Hawaiian or Sandwich islands, and the present unsettled state of the Hawaiian Government have attracted much attention from the press of both Canada and the United States. The latter

country is particularly interested as it will most likely assume the ownership of the islands. The Hawaiian group consists of twelve islands, eight of which are habitable and four uninhabitable. The total area of the eight habitable islands is something over six thousand square miles. The islands are of volcanic origin. On Hawaii the largest, and from which the group derives its name, is to be found Kilauea, an intermittently active crater, the largest of its kind in the world. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have been frequent on the islands. Owing to Meteorological causes, the vegetation of the islands is not everywhere the same. On the eastern or windward coast the rain-fall is double that of the western or leeward coast, the effect being that there is a heavy bush growth on the eastern side whilst the western is comparatively bare.

To Captain Cook, the famed English navigator, is attributed the discovery of the islands, in 1778. It is said, however, that some Spanish sailors were shipwrecked there in 1527 and that two Spaniards, Gaetano and Mendana visited the islands in 1542 and 1567 respectively. This if true would give Spain the honor of discovery. England at any rate gives it to Cook. At the time of Cook's visit to Hawaii, Lord Sandwich was first Lord of the Admiralty, and in his honor Cook named the group the Sandwich Islands. The year following Cook was killed by the natives, but his bones are said to have been preserved and honored by the priests and people. The Hawaiians are thought to have been at one time cannibals, but such was not the case when Cook visited them. At this time the government consisted of a chief

for each island, but shortly after, on the death of the chief of Hawaii, his successor Kamehameha, having instilled a war-like spirit into his subjects, asserted his supremacy over the entire group. The dynasty thus established reigned uninterruptedly until 1872 when King Leo died without issue. The next King, William Lunalilo was elected, but enjoyed his royal prerogatives for the brief space of a month, at the end of which time he was gathered in by the Grim Harvester. A parliament was assembled for the purpose of electing a successor and the choice fell on David Kalakaua who reigned until 1891, when in starting out to make a tour of the United States, was taken ill at San Francisco and after a brief illness "shuffled off this mortal coil" leaving the throne to his sister Liliuokalani, the widow of John O. Dominis, who was of American extraction.

The government was at one time an absolute monarchy and the islands were the property of the reigning head, but the people at different times forced concessions from their rulers, and from absolute monarchy the government became a constitutional monarchy which it was when the late revolution occurred. There were two houses, called the Representatives and Nobles, or the Lower and Upper Houses. The members of the latter were formerly appointed for life by the King, but the constitution of 1887 made that body elective and fixed the number of members at twenty-four for each house. The Representatives were elected for two years and the Nobles for six years.

The civilization of the Hawaiian islands has been principally effected during the present century. Idolatry was not abolished until 1819, and the first missionaries were Americans who landed in 1820. In 1827 a French Catholic mission was established but in 1829 it was suppressed. Catholic proselytes were put in irons, and Catholic missionaries that arrived were not allowed to land. Ten years later the French government forced the King to declare the Catholic religion free. The missionaries reduced the Hawaiian language to writing, using

for that purpose but twelve letters. Christianity and education spread rapidly. In 1873 the total number of people in the Hawaiian Protestant Churches was between twelve and thirteen thousand, and the total number in the Roman Catholic Churches, in 1872, was placed at twenty five thousand. The population in 1872 was about 57,000 of whom there would thus be about 36,000 Christians. The progress made in the matter of education can be seen from the figures of the census of 1888, wherein it is stated that there were 189 schools with 8770 pupils of whom 5,320 were Hawaiians and 1,227 of mixed blood. From the advent of the missionaries up to the present time the Hawaiian islands have changed much in regard to the nationality of the population and the manner of living. Intercourse with the Europeans has proven detrimental to the native element. The native or pure blood element has so rapidly decreased that the extinction of the race is not altogether improbable. The missionaries of 1820 estimated the population at 142,000 whilst the census of 1888 shows a population of 87,647 from which a reduction must be made for the number of foreigners. In 1890 the population was 90,000 of whom over 34,000 were of foreign birth. The discontinuance of native sports, the great and sudden changes in habits and the modes of life, have contributed to the reduction of the native population. The introduction of clothing has been very detrimental, as the natives are utterly regardless of dampness and ventilation. Lung and heart diseases and bowel complaints prove foes too formidable for the aborigines. Small-pox finds few that do not succumb. In 1853 this dread disease carried off 1,200 of the 2,800 inhabitant of Ewa, a town of Oahu, near Honolulu the capital of the group. It is a fact worthy of notice that marriages between natives are very often unprolific, whilst those between natives and foreigners are usually prolific.

Leprosy has shown itself on the islands and the government has been obliged to establish a hospitable for lepers at Molokai, the scene of the labors of the now world-renowned Father Damien. Of the foreign population on the islands the Chinese are the most numerous, the Americans come

next and have predominance in regard to financial interests. The probable annexation of the islands will be but the natural result of causes that have for years been at work, and are now tending to unite in the realization of the effect towards which they have tended. The proximity of the islands, to the United States, gives the latter country the prior claim. Then again the commercial relations between the two countries render the question well nigh indisputable. England is the only other power that would be likely to lay claim to the islands, and her strongest claim is that Captain Cook discovered them. Commercial statistics, however, lead one to believe that annexation to the United States would be more natural. In 1889 the total imports of the Hawaiian group amounted to \$5,439,000 of which \$4,306,000 came from the United States, \$675,000 from Great Britain, and the balance from other countries. The total value of exports was \$13,874,000 of which \$13,841,000 went to the United States, and \$33,000 to Australia. The greatest part of this was for sugar. The total capital invested in sugar plantations on the islands, amounts to \$34,000,000, of which \$27,000,000 is American. The total number of vessels registered at Honolulu was 271 of which 192 were American as against 20 English.

The American population though greater than the English, does not exceed by so great a margin as the American capital does the English. The number of Americans on the islands in 1878 was 1,276 that of the English 883.

The principal city is perhaps Honolulu, the capital. Its population is about 15,000. The town is well laid out, its streets being straight and neat, after the fashion of the American cities. There are English, American, Portuguese, German and other foreign agencies and it is by men of those nationalities that the business of the place is carried on. There are hotels and clubs in the city, telephone communication, street railroads, and it is even asserted that base-ball holds sway in athletic circles. Four daily newspapers, two in English, two in Hawaiian, and some monthlies in these and other languages constitute the journalism of the islands.

An English college offers an education at a low figure.

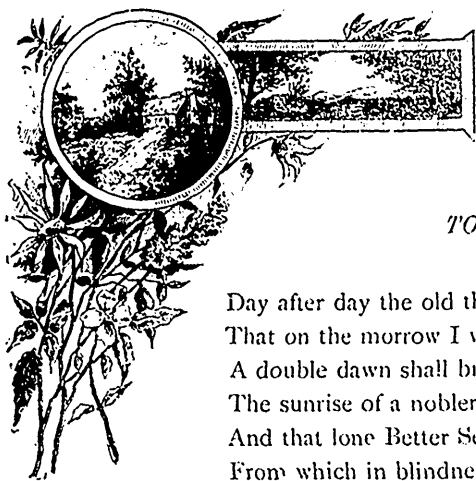
The recent revolution was brought about by the Ex-Queen's policy, which was "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." She favored the passage of a bill to disenfranchise all but native Hawaiians. The American element and the American sympathy was so strong that the government was overthrown by those opposed to the bill. A provisional government was formed and United States Minister Stephens was asked to raise the American flag over the government building, which he did, and likewise called on the captain of the American frigate, "Boston," to comply with the government's request to assume military control of the islands. A commission was then delegated to Washington to confer with the U.S. authorities on the question of annexation. A treaty has been drafted by the American government and it is to be submitted to the Hawaiian authorities. The principal terms of the treaty are that the total revenue of the islands, amounting to about \$10,000,000 annually will be received by the American government, which will likewise assume the Hawaiian debt, amounting to about \$3,000,000. All residents of the islands that do not now enjoy citizenship, are to be considered mere sojourners, and the U.S. law relating to the Chinese will be put in force. The provisional government will continue to rule until the U. S. government decides what form of government will be permanently adopted.

The provisional government has sixty days to decide whether or not it will accept the annexation treaty drafted by the United States, so that the first week in April will see the matter settled, at least as far as annexation is concerned. The principal argument advanced by the United States senate, in favor of annexation was that no better place than Honolulu could be had, for a naval and coaling station. The trade of the States on the Pacific coast is steadily increasing, and it is thought that if the United States

had a station at Honolulu, it would assist the Pacific states in having a commercial predominance. This advantage of a station at Honolulu could be had without annexing the islands, for the Americans have the right of that harbor but have never as yet fitted up a naval station. There being such a great number of the islanders either purely American or of American extraction and the important part they have in the government and commerce of the islands, it is but natural to suppose that their sympathies should lean towards the United States and should give rise to a reciprocal feeling on the part of the people of the United States. The latter country seems to look with a feeling akin to uneasiness on the many possessions and protectorates that Great Britain and France have in the Atlantic and the Pacific. The State Department at Washington has prepared a chart showing that England has the Bahamas and Bermudas in the Atlantic, and in the Pacific she has islands off the coast of Chili, the Cook and Fijii islands, the Gardner islands, the Danger islands, the Gilbert islands and some islands near Samoa, and some three or four hundred miles west of Hawaii, are the Johnson and the Coral islands, also possessions of England. France has the Paumotu islands near Chili, the Loyalty islands and an island near Samoa, called Uvan. The Marshall and the Admiralty islands are owned by Germany. The Aleutian islands in Behring Sea and Midway island, which is north of Hawaii, are the only possessions of the United States. Thinking no doubt that an increase of possessions in the ocean would improve his trade as well as establish a prestige among the powers of the world, our neighbor to the south is considering the proposition of bringing under the eagle's wings those beautiful islands of the Pacific known as the Hawaiian or Sandwich islands.

J. P. SMITH, '93.





## TO-MORROW.

Day after day the old thought comes to me  
 That on the morrow I will mend my way ;  
 A double dawn shall break, the morning see  
 The sunrise of a nobler, better day ;  
 And that lone Better Self, a captive, *free*,  
 From which in blindness I have gone astray.  
 Chains shall be snapped—ties loosed that held me here,  
 And Heaven shall smile although the world may sneer.

To-morrow's leaf a chapter shall begin,  
 In which no thoughts of shame shall scorch the white ;  
 Strong ways shall blot the record of past sin,  
 And write their palimpsest serene and bright.  
 Sweet words, kind actions, and the deeds that win  
 The priceless boon of love's unmeasured might—  
 These my strong portion ! O come swift, to-morrow !  
 Or from to-day thy glory I *may* borrow.

Alas, to-morrow ! One bright mirage thou !  
 A mirror framed in time ; in which are cast  
 Reflections of the better thought, the vow,  
 The dull desire to forget the past.  
 For sin was never half so dear as now  
 When the heart strives, but, coward-like, at last  
 Falls willingly and breathless from the fray,  
 And leaves the conquest to a later day.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

## GROWTH OF RELIGION IN SCOTLAND.

By Very Rev. Eneas McD. Dawson, F.G., J.L.D., F.R.S., &c.



THE Scotch Catholic Directory for the current year is before the public. It contains valuable and highly encouraging information regarding the state of religion in Scotland, that once Catholic country. As the work was in preparation during the year 1892, it could not give more recent statistics than those of 1891. The Arch-Diocese of Glasgow on account of its greater numbers, may be allowed to take the lead. Its estimated Catholic population is 240,000, a fair proportion of the inhabitants, the whole population being 600,000. The figures contrast remarkably with the state of matters towards the close of last century, 1778. At that time all the Catholics of the great commercial city could hear mass in the comparatively small house of a comb manufacturer, by name Donald McDonald, and in that obscure place were not safe from molestation. On occasion of the excitement caused by the passing in Parliament of a certain measure of relief in favour of Catholics, the Presbyterian synod of Glasgow issued most wicked resolutions against "Popery," and the fanatical populace took it upon itself to execute them. Mr. McDonald's house was attacked, and the Priest who was celebrating mass there had barely time on the approach of the mob to conceal the vestments and other things connected with the mass. He then escaped into the midst of the mob, and shouted louder than any one else "where is the Priest?" Mr. McDonald's wife, although a Protestant, was badly used by the demented rabble, so severely bruised that she was obliged to take refuge in a friend's house.

As we proceed with the statistics supplied by the directory, the contrast appears still more striking. Instead of one Priest, who visited the Catholics of Glasgow at

rare intervals, there are now resident in the Arch-Diocese 155 Priests, 28 of whom are members of religious Orders, — Jesuits, Vincentians, Passionists and Franciscans. There are 68 missions, and 106 churches, chapels and stations. There are 187 departments of mission schools, with a corresponding number of buildings. The number of children presented at religious examinations is 32,055. In addition to these schools, there are colleges and academies, among which may be mentioned St. Peter's College, new Kilpatrick, St. Aloysius College, St. Mungo's Academy, conducted by the Marist Brothers. There is also a Reformatory for boys at Toll-cross, Glasgow. Industrial schools, that were established many years ago by the late venerable Bishop Scott, still remain, one for boys and another for girls. There are six Orders of Religious Sisters: Sisters of Mercy, Franciscan Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, with four houses, Sisters of Charity, with three houses, Little Sisters of the Poor, with two houses, and Faithful Companions of Jesus. The number of charitable institutions that have sprung up in so short a time is highly creditable to the Arch-Diocese. The directory mentions ten.—Magdalen Asylum, St. Mary's Orphanage, Catholic Hospital, Deaf and Dumb Institution, Asylum for Aged Poor, Home for Servants out of place, Day Feeding School, Children's Refuge, St. Vincent's Day Shelter, Asylum for Aged Poor (Greenock).

In all the other Dioceses, according to their extent and the number of their people, there are religious, educational and charitable institutions. In the Arch-Diocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh there are four Communities of Jesuits, and one of the Oblate Society, so well known at Ottawa. The Communities of Religious Sisters are more numerous. The Ursulines of Jesus, who impart a superior education for young ladies, and also minister to the sick poor, have houses at Edinburgh, St. Angelas, Portobello, and Berwick on Tweed. The Sisters of Mercy

have establishments at St. Catharines, Edinburgh, and one at St. Andrew's, Dalkeith. The Little Sisters of the Poor have their house in Gilmore Place, Edinburgh. There is an industrial school and boys' orphanage at Trancut, an orphanage for girls at Morningside road, Edinburgh, a house of Mercy for servants, at Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh, and a home for working boys at Lauriston Place, Edinburgh. There are in the Archdiocese 68 churches, chapels and stations, 38 missions, 39 congregational schools, and 62 Priests, who minister to a population of 52,000.

In the Diocese of Aberdeen the population is less considerable, but there is no lack of pious institutions. At Fort Augustus there has been for some time an important establishment of Benedictine Fathers. There is a community of Franciscan Sisters at Aberdeen, and another at Inverness. The Poor Sisters of Nazareth have a house at Aberdeen, and there are Benedictine Sisters established at Fort Augustus.

The Diocese of Argyll and the Isles, where formerly there was the most numerous Catholic population, counts only 12,000 souls, with a due number of religious, educational and charitable institutions. Dunkeld has a population of 30,000; 36 Priests, 8 of whom are religious, 33 churches, chapels and stations, with congregational schools that have 30 departments.

Galloway, with a population of 17,000, has 25 Priests, two of whom are regulars, 41 churches, chapels and stations, 5 convents and hospitals, Premonstratensian Fathers at Whithorn, and Marist Brothers, a teaching society, at Dumfries. The children of Catholic schools qualified for examination number 2,268.

Nothing could shew better the progress of the Church in the several Dioceses of Scotland than the number of churches and other buildings connected with religion that have been erected or enlarged within the last two years, 1890-91. On December 25th a new church was opened at Lillybank, Dundee. A Chapel school at Rumbord, Arch-diocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, was blessed on 28th December. On March 17th was laid the foundation stone of a new Catholic school

at Loanhead. A new bell was blessed at Neilston on May 3rd, and on May 10th a new Altar was unveiled at St. Margaret's Church, Aboyne. May 25th a monastery for the Passionist Fathers was commenced at Glasgow. A Chapel school at Crosshouse, Ayrshire, opened June 7th. July 4th a new mission begun at Shieldmuir. July 5th a new Catholic church at Mandaly, Glengary. October 18th a splendid church opened in the long established mission of Paisley. On Nov. 11th was laid the foundation stone of St. Martin's church, Tranent. Nov. 18th St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, renewed, after the destructive fire, and very much enlarged, at a cost of £9,000. Boys schools established at 35 Albany St., Edinburgh, and on the same street a Catholic academy for upper class education.

1891-92.—Nov. 28th, '91, laying of the foundation stone of a new Catholic church at Kirkintilloch. February 7th, '92, Religious of the Sacred Heart established at St. John's Refuge, Ayr. February 28th opening of a new Chapel school at Shieldmuir. March 20th opening of the new Diocesan College of the Arch-diocese of Glasgow at New Kilpatrick. May 8th opening of a new Catholic school at Linlithgow. June 3rd, consecration of the Altar of St. Thomas' church, Keith. July 25th establishment of a convent of the Sisters of Charity at Dumfries. July 28th opening of St. Martin's church, Tranent. August 15th opening of a new school at Creetown, Wigtonshire. August 22nd, opening of a new school at Fauldhouse, Linlithgowshire. September 7th, inauguration of a Cathedral Chapter for the Diocese of Aberdeen. September 8th, the erection of a new National College, calculated to receive 100 (present college accommodates only 50 students) students, together with an adequate staff of professors, commenced at Blairs, Kincardineshire. September 25th opening of St. Mungo's "Retreat" at Townhead, Glasgow, by His Grace the Archbishop. October 23rd, re-opening of St. Bride's enlarged church at Cambuslang, near Glasgow. October 2nd, great improvement of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, completed. October 10th, erection of a new convent of our Lady of Mercy begun at Lawside, Dundee. October 15th, conse-

cration of the new Altar of St. Mary's, at Fochabers, Morayshire. Nov. 6th, St. Andrew's pro-cathedral, Dundee, improved and solemnly re-opened.

April 30th, the degree of LL.D. conferred on His Grace, Archbishop Eyre, by the University of Glasgow. We are not aware that this high academical honor was ever before bestowed in reformation times, by any of the British universities, on a Catholic, except in the case of Rev. Alex. Geddes, some generations back, by the University of Aberdeen, which in many respects has caused light to shine from the North. The Archbishop was introduced at the University by Professor Moodie Stewart, who spoke as follows: "The Most Rev. Archbishop Eyre, Doctor of Divinity, Knight of the Grand Cross of Isabella, the Catholic, and Chap-

lain of the Order of Malta, member of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Surtees Society, and of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, vice-president of the Archæological Society of Glasgow, author of a life of St. Cuthbert, now in the third edition, and of many valuable contributions to current archæological literature. Archbishop Eyre has recently been receiving the congratulations of his many personal friends, and of the members of the religious community of which he is the recognized head, on the occurrence of the 50th anniversary of his ordination, and the Senate have deemed it fitting to testify their regard for a public spirited citizen, a scholarly writer and an eminent archæologist, by adding his name to the roll of the honorary Graduates of the University."



## WHERE CHAMPLAIN PASSED.



STRANGE notions concerning the merits of our scenery and its historical associations, exist among Canadians and Americans at large. Persons who claim to know a great deal, tell us with confidence that this country bears no comparison whatever with the British

Isles in point of beauty. We have not to look very searchingly for the reasons of this fact. People of the New World are often inclined to regard the home of their forefathers as a land much superior in every way to their own; they think that anything made there, or having any connection with that country, must be better than anything they themselves possess. When they have this opinion firmly stamped upon their minds, about important matters we need not wonder that such a comparatively trivial thing as the scenery constantly before their eyes should be but little appreciated. The fact is, however, that a great many who visit the Old Country come home with greatly changed ideas. After doing full honor to the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the British Isles, those of them who have seen something of their own country, frankly admit that after all it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to admire the beauties of nature.

To give but an unworthy picture of Canadian scenery and some of its historical associations, the writer takes a part of the country not many miles from the city of Ottawa, and assuredly a part well known to many readers of the OWL. The Upper Ottawa, the portion of that noble river above the Capital city of the Dominion, offers many features of deep interest to those who take the trouble of viewing them. Its varying and ever-beautiful course; here and there expanding into majestic lakes; a few miles farther on narrowing up to a couple of hundred feet and forcing over hidden obstacles its clear waters, which surge and boil in the rapids. Throughout its entire course, deep bays

frequently indent the shore, sometimes hardly distinguishable from the river itself, as they stretch forth an arm to encompass a cluster of islands or receive a tributary. Along its banks extensive forests, that have escaped the woodman's axe, or have sprung up since his passage here a quarter of a century ago, add beauty to the landscape, and well cultivated farms with their neat cottages attest the industry and happiness of the inhabitants. On the Quebec side, the Laurentian Hills display their dark-purple heights which usually slope gradually towards the river, but now and then rise abruptly in a perpendicular to the placid surface beneath. The scenery changes with every bend of the river, and the inexhaustable resources which Nature has at her command to make these changes pleasing, cannot fail to win the admiration of the beholder. It may in the opinion of some, be a defect that the Upper Ottawa has so many falls and rapids; but although these obstacles stop navigation, and give the lumberman much trouble, yet they greatly enhance the beauty of the river, and perhaps in time to come, man will be glad to utilize the grand water power which they afford. Nor is navigation entirely impeded. Steamers may, in many instances, ply for twenty and thirty miles without interruption, on as picturesque expanses of water as one could wish to see.

For seven miles above Ottawa, the river is rendered impassable by the Chaudiere Falls, the Remix and Deschenes Rapids. At Aylmer it widens into a magnificent lake, unbroken for nearly thirty miles in length and in many places four miles wide. Years ago a large traffic was carried on over this lake, but it has decreased greatly since the construction of the Pontiac Junction Railway, and now the riches which float on it, consist almost exclusively of the huge rafts of timber and the logs which pass over it almost daily during the summer months. Near the village of Fitzroy, we encounter the Chats, a fine cascade in which the river tumbling over great boulders of limestone, plunges

into an ever-rising cloud of spray. Passing the Falls by an old portage road, the traveller is brought to another large expanse of water, the Lake of the Chats, over which a steamer is ready to take him to the foot of the grand Calumet rapids. On we speed over the peaceful waters, admiring the green woodland along both shores; past the thriving village of Arnprior; past where the winding and swift Madawaska, and farther on where the pretty Bonnechere contribute their clear waters to swell the noble Ottawa. Both these rivers, though but tributaries, would not suffer by a comparison with many of the so called large streams of the British Isles. We are compelled to stop at Portage du Fort, a village on the Quebec shore, whose name well indicates the nature of the "portage" we are about to travel. Above this point the river is not navigable for nine miles, except to the "bonnes" of venturesome raftsmen in the spring-time, and even then it is very dangerous. We may take either a stage-drive or the cars to reach the next village Bryson: by the former conveyance however, we would be better able to judge of the toil and trouble necessary to follow this passage years ago when all this part of the country was a dense forest.

As we approach Bryson, the distant roar of the Calumet is heard. Near the largest of its seven falls we come to a spot of historical interest,—the grave of Cadieux. For many years the only monument to his memory was a rude wooden cross which had to be renewed often; the rivermen used to cut off chips from it and carry them on their person, as a protection against the dangers to which they are constantly exposed. A couple of years ago, a plain but substantial stone monument was placed over the venerated spot.

The story of this Frenchman's fate is a beautiful though sad one. Why a man so well educated should have left Old France to live a roving life among the savages of America, cannot be readily understood. But there is no accounting for tastes among men, and perhaps Cadieux loved to be a *coureur de bois*. In the days of the early French explorations of the Ottawa, he followed up the old course of Champlain, and like his predecessor, was kindly received by the Algonquin

Ottawas. Here he made his home. In a short time he became a great favorite with the Indians; he used to delight them with strange stories and songs, and in fine the legend has it, that he fell in love with and married an Algonquin maiden. Once when the season's hunting was over, the redmen were preparing to go to Montreal with their furs; all was peace and happiness in their camp, when suddenly those ever-treacherous Iroquois, deadly enemies of the Algonquins attacked them. The gallant Cadieux with the help of a single Indian kept the fierce foe at a distance, that his wife's friends might bring their canoe down the rapids. But how was a canoe to live in that seething mass? Human skill could never pilot the stoutest boat here, not to speak of the frailest of crafts. The wife of Cadieux, who was a devout Catholic fervently besought St. Anne to help them; and the Indians declared that they saw immediately afterwards, the form of a lady in mist-like robes directing their course. After thanking with all their hearts the good Saint who had saved them, the little party proceeded on their course to Montreal, hoping that their two friends would soon follow. Cadieux succeeded in escaping from his enemies; but his comrade was slain. The Iroquois destroyed the Frenchman's home and were prowling about in search of him. The unfortunate voyageur after several days of hunger and exposure, died near where his monument rests. He spent his last hours listening to the monotonous roar of the Cataract, and composing his death song, "*Le Lament de Cadieux*", which is still very popular in the shanties of the Upper Ottawa Valley. Almost every old riverman knows the words, and the pleasing but melancholy air of this song.

A little farther on and the surging Calumet is in full view. The admirer of the Chats could not fail to be doubly interested here; the waters seem to work themselves into a rage, dashing recklessly against everything in their way, and drenching the rocks along the shore with spray. It was surely a miracle if ever a boat passed these rapids safely; even the stout timber is crushed and splintered to such a degree, that a slide has been constructed for its passage. From Bryson

up to a point four miles below Pembroke, where the Upper Allumette lake begins, we meet with a number of rapids, which though smaller than the one we have just left, render navigation very troublesome. On this account, Champlain, in his voyage up the Ottawa was persuaded by the Indians to leave the river, and to take a shorter and easier route. The portage road recommended to the first explorer of this part of Canada, began where Gould's Landing now is, and followed up a small chain of lakes to Muskrat lake; thence by the river of the same name to Pembroke.

Champlain's way lay through a thick forest, where a great many trees he says in his "Journal", had been blown down by a recent storm and he regarded this portage as the most trying part of the Ottawa expedition. He rested at a small lake about two miles south of Muskrat lake, on June 7th, 1613.

In the month of August, 1867, two hundred and fifty four years afterwards, a farmer cultivating a small piece of land near this lake, picked up a strange looking article, very black and rusty with age, which turned out to be an Astrolabe,—lost undoubtedly by Champlain. The Astrolabe had its origin in very remote ages, and was used to determine the latitude of places up till the middle of the 17th century; The one alluded to here as belonging to Champlain bears the date 1603, and is a little more than five inches in diameter; it is marked off in degrees, and has a small piece of brass which moves round from the centre. By turning the index to the Sun at noon, so that the same ray might shine through both eyelets, while the instrument hangs freely, he could determine the Sun's meridian altitude, and hence the latitude of the place of observation, to within a quarter of a degree. The finding of this Astrolabe solves an obscurity in the great explorer's "Journal" concerning his voyage on the Upper Ottawa, by giving us good reasons, why after June 7th 1613, he came to make such great mistakes in computing the latitude of certain places.

After passing over this historical portage-road, and arriving at the town of Pembroke, we meet with another beautiful expanse of water. Opposite is the Allumette Island, once the principal domain of an

Algonquin chief named Tessonnet. Champlain informs us that this Indian (whom he styles "le bon vieux Tessonnet") royally entertained him at a banquet, and afterwards took him to visit his gardens and fields. He who wishes to view the Upper Ottawa in all its wildness and grandeur, should board the steamer which during the summer months plies daily between Pembroke and Des Joachims. We take the steamer for a trip northward; our boat, one of no mean dimensions, pushes on rapidly, bringing before us an unbroken panorama of scenery as wild and romantic as when Champlain first beheld it. The traveller feels at once that the landscape before him is fresher from the hands of nature than any which he has seen along the Ottawa, lower down. We soon reach the Narrows so called, not on account of the narrowness of the river, but because the channel is very confined owing to the great number of islands which stretch from shore to shore. It is pleasant to watch our steamer winding its way amongst these islets; its course changing every minute as it follows the channel marked out. Although these clusters of islands are not very widely known, yet most persons who have seen the famous "Thousand Islands", and have compared both, do not hesitate to say that the Narrows are more beautiful. At any rate, the people of Pembroke know how to appreciate them. They have built cottages and prepared camping grounds all along the shore, and on some of the Islands; here numbers spend the summer. Those who have had the good fortune of spending the hot season in this neighborhood, will never go away disappointed with the merits of the Upper Ottawa. Its sparkling waters and finely pebbled beach offer tempting bathing places; the river itself and some of the inland bays are fine fishing grounds; with these pleasures together with rowing and sailing, the campers always pleasantly while away the summer hours. At the end of the Narrows we come to Fort William, formerly a Hudson's Bay Company post.

Now perhaps in this region, and around Coulonge and Black rivers there are still a few descendants of the Algonquins, who lorded all the territory in bygone days. These Indians live a wandering

and restless life ; working on farms in summer, and in the shanties in winter, but invariably spending the fall in hunting, as if in veneration for the glorious occupation of their ancestors. A fitting contrast to the narrow channel we have just left, is presented to our view as the steamer enters Deep Rivers. Vessels of the largest draught would find sufficient water and room here. When we behold the great boulders of granite which appear on both shores, and the dark, deep looking waters beneath us, it would seem that the Ottawa filled up a large fissure of the Laurentians. We are prepared in some measure by these mountains of stone, to view the majestic "Oiseau Rock" which looms up in the distance.

Description cannot convey a true idea of the beauty of this giant perpendicular precipice ; it must be seen in reality ; and if the traveller is anxious for a rare treat, let him visit it on a moonlight night, and contrast the silvery brightness all over the river with the long dark shadow cast by this huge mass of rock. Well does its name indicate the nature of its tenants ; for a creature without wings would never dare to investigate its dark niches, nor the caves into which they lead. The Oiseau Rock has not been explored yet, so that we have no means of verifying the tradition that these caves were used by the Indians as places of sepulture.

The end of our voyage is now fast approaching. At the head of the Deep River

we meet the DesJoachims rapids which are impassible. Our steamer after a course of forty miles above Pembroke, stops at an old landing place for a short time and then prepares for the journey homeward, reaching its destination in the evening. Still far away to the north of this point, beyond the village of Mattawa where Champlain turned westward to Georgian Bay. Past the great Temiscamingue Lake, and among the lonely hills which stretch to the height of land, the noble Ottawa winds its way. So long and so deviating is its course in these wild regions, that its true source was not known until a few years ago. The Ottawa takes its rise in the same great chain of lakes and swamps as the St. Maurice and Saguenay.

Canadians, who can admire goodscenery, and who take an interest in their country's history, should learn to value more highly the beauties to be found at home. Let them see the splendour of their own lakes, rivers and mountains, and recall the historical events associated with them, before coming to the hasty conclusion that Canada is "too new" to be very interesting. They should ponder on what an Ottawa gentleman remarked after an extended tour in the Old Country last summer. He greatly admired the scenery of the British Isles, but thought we had just as beautiful at home, and that all we wanted was a national poet to sing its praises.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '96.





## CANADA, MY COUNTRY.



HAIL! Land of Winter, Snow and Ice,  
 Of winds that sweep from northern seas,  
 Of clear cold moons and star-gemmed skies,  
 And frosted lakes reflecting these,  
 Where ruddy strength, and manhood sound,  
 And perfect womanhood, are found!

Hail! Land of Summer! o'er whose face  
 Cool breezes roam from Northern seas,  
 Whose radiant Sun sheds tempered rays  
 Where smiling lands yield glad increase,  
 Whose stalwart sons and maidens fair,  
 The blush of health and vigor wear!

Oft have I dreamed of drowsy days,  
 Spent 'neath a cloudless Southern sky.  
 'Mid Isles of Greece, Italia's Bays,  
 Or where Euphrates murmurs by;  
 Or thought to catch the breeze which still  
 Smells of the woods of fair Brazil.

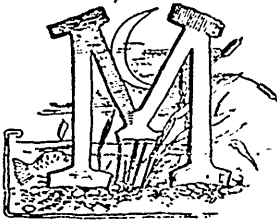
Those balmy lands, so oft portrayed  
 With vivid warmth, by poet-hand,  
 Where Summer glories never fade,  
 Where streams flow on through golden sand,  
 Where swarthy man and dark-eyed maid  
 Live in the heat of Passion's shade.

Home turn my eyes to thy lov'd shores,  
 Back to thy busy useful life,  
 Where Industry its forces pours  
 To meet the world in peaceful strife;  
 And so where'er my lot may be,  
 My prayers, My Country! are for thee.

HENRI B. SULLY.

## THE PHONOGRAPH.—ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

A thousand trills and quivering sounds  
 In airy circles o'er us fly,  
 Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,  
 They faint and languish by degrees,  
 And at a distance die.—*Churchill.*



MODERN science covers solarge a field of important inventions that it would be perilous to venture therein without having certain fixed stopping-places whereby to direct our course. We may justly choose as landmarks, as grand monuments standing out boldly among their compeer inventions, the telegraph, the telephone and the phonograph. The scientists of our day have advanced far indeed into nature's sanctum and wrested therefrom, perhaps the most powerful of her latent energies, electricity, and transformed it from an unknown fluid to an active and mighty benefactor. But apart from electricity, entirely separated from the names of Morse and Bell, is the invention of the phonograph, is the world-wide name of Edison.

Not many years have we been acquainted with this name, at present so well known among us, for in Ohio but 46 years ago did its possessor first see the light of day. At first we were introduced to Mr. Edison by a tasimeter, a loud speaking telephone or an arc electric lamp, but from strangers we have grown to be his intimate friends through his invention *par excellence*, the phonograph.

Examining the cause from the effect we may be inclined to say that many of the phenomena of physics, such as speaking galleries—the result of the reflection of sound,—as sounding trumpets which render sounds more audible and distinct, prompted the invention of this ingenious instrument; this is true, to a certain extent, nevertheless, the invention of the phonograph called for a grand speculative mind, and Mr. Edison met the require-

ment. This instrument is as remarkable for its simplicity of construction as it is for its usefulness.

The main body of the phonograph consists of a revolving cylinder which may be put in motion by a small bichromate galvanic battery. This cylinder, in the instruments first made, was covered with tinfoil, but in the improved form of the phonograph, cylinders of wax are entirely used, and admit of numerous reproductions, while a single reproduction of the phonogram, rendered the tinfoiled cylinder almost useless. A great advantage is also offered by an improvement made in the means of obtaining records. The words or sounds of whatever kind, need not necessarily be repeated for the production of each phonographic record. The indentations are made upon tinfoil and when this is applied to the cylinder of wax, it in turn is indented by the foil and in this way many records may be secured from the same piece of material. By a later improvement, Mr. Edison has had those cylinders so constructed that when one record becomes indistinct from repetition or when for any other purpose it is required that this record be exchanged for another, there is attached to the machine a knife edge, which strips the cylinder of its outer coating, when it is revolved against it and thus renders it fit to receive another record. This detached envelope is so thin that cylinders may be thus acted upon from fifteen to twenty times, hence affording the advantage of very few cylinders being necessary for the reproduction of a large number of records. In addition to the main body of the instrument there is a mouthpiece, inside of which there is a metal disc so poised as to be set vibrating by any sound that is received by the mouthpiece. On the inner side of this disc and attached to it is the style, a

minute point of metal like a pin, which, owing to the vibration of the disc indents an exceedingly delicate, sinuous, hair-like groove into the revolving cylinder, and this groove, of varying microscopic depths, is the mechanical record of the vibrations of the diaphragm and consequently of the sounds which were the causes of these vibrations. Having obtained the record of the sounds, by simply reversing the movement of the machine they are reproduced, since now the indentations cause the style to vibrate, and it in turn causes the disc to vibrate and gives the corresponding sounds which previously entered. The repeated sound has somewhat of a metallic ring.

The one thing common to the telephone and the phonograph is, the realization in both of the fact that the human voice is able to set certain bodies in active vibration. In the telephone the voice sets a diaphragm in vibration at great distances, of which, if it would not be out of place to give an example here, we might quote that of the recently completed telephone line between New York and Chicago, which is perhaps the longest and most perfect in the world, and at this great distance the voice is heard almost as distinctly as on any of our short telephone lines. The phonograph not only sets its diaphragm in vibration, but by its simple action on a wax cylinder as explained above, can be preserved and reproduced in future ages.

In the year 1880 the original phonograph was exhibited for the first time in the office of the *Scientific American*, where Mr. Thomas A. Edison had it produce the words "Good morning. How do you do? How do you like the phonograph?" The instrument was truly one of novelty and curiosity, but this was not the end for which it was invented. Mr. Edison foresaw far greater results than simple amusement; he foresaw therein a faithful stenographer which would reproduce not only the words of a speaker but the quality and inflections of his voice: he foresaw that letters instead of being written would be spoken. He imagined that the words of notable orators and statesmen would be handed down to future generations, that by its means the voices of the world's prima donnas could be

stored up and preserved, or that the utterances of a loving father or a dying mother might be repeated many years after death.

After the first appearance of the phonograph it was doomed to a long term of dormancy, and for many years it was used only as an instrument of curiosity, as a toy. The new phonograph however approached nearer the ideal of its inventor, and is almost capable of producing the predicted results. It is used for taking dictation, testimony in court, for reporting speeches or for the reproduction of any articulate sound, any kind of music whatever, instrumental or vocal, and in all its records shows a wonderful adherence to the different tones and different accents. This latter property is, however still susceptible of much improvement. A lawyer may dictate his brief, to one of these simple machines as rapidly as he chooses, every word and every syllable will be distinctly impressed and by transferring the cylinder to the copyist's phonograph, the latter may at ease re-copy the words, having the instrument stop when he wishes or repeat words as often as necessary. A compositor without the otherwise necessary "copy" may set his type directly, having it slowly dictated by the instrument, or in an hospital, books may be read to the sick for amusement or for religious instruction owing to the immense number of words that may be crowded upon so small a space, for Mr. Edison says that Dicken's entire work "Nicholas Nickleby" may be recorded upon four cylinders each eight inches long and four inches in diameter and may be reproduced and heard by a large number of persons. The phonograph treats us to a clear and distinct reproduction of the most varied and complicated choruses; we may hear them in our own homes with as great pleasure as at the theatre, we may have the latest Parisian and London selections, rehearsed here among us in America, as for example the Handel choruses of London which have been repeated in New York by means of this wonderful machine, choruses which contained 4,000 voices with orchestral and organ accompaniment.

The phonograph may even take a prominent part in the detective service, "to vanish nonsense with the charms of sound," it may there act as an unim-

peachable witness having but one story to tell, a witness which gold will not tempt nor the threats of the powerful move, a witness which cross examination will not confuse but which will alike condemn the murderer or release the innocent.

In 1888 the loud speaking phonograph with which the world is now so well acquainted was exhibited for the first time. By its means a large audience may simultaneously and distinctly hear the reproduced sounds. The only difference in construction between the loud speaking phonograph and the forms that existed before it, is that the former is furnished with a kind of speaking trumpet which strengthens the sound and causes the waves to spread over greater area. A system of postage has been established for the exchange of phonographic records; a mailing case has been devised which will admit of sending the light cylinders from place to place as easily as letters. As a cylinder one inch in length has a capacity of 200 words, we may judge that very little inconvenience arises in any way by the substitution of such for ordinary letters. Suppose a person sending a cylinder from America to any of the European countries the recipient would place it in his phonograph, and thus on its reproduction would not only have the words but the expression, every accent, every feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or of pain dictated to him as though its sender was by his side; in one message from Chicago received by Colonel Gourand in London he could distinctly hear the occasional talk in Mr. Edison's workshop, the striking of the anvil, the laughter of the men and any noise made by the workmen, or the machinery in the laboratory.

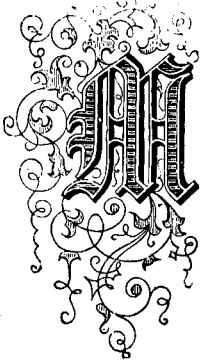
Mr. Edison has kept a full memorandum of a child of his from the earliest days of its youth; the infant's attempts to talk at that age when every effort is bent towards articulation, its screams, its laughter, its confused sentences, all this Mr. Edison

says can be repeated in after years when the child has outgrown the days of infancy, and this will serve better than the parent's own words as an undeniable statement of the dispositions and fancies of the youthful days of the child. Mr. R. J. Hewett says that the phonograph promises to be a great help in that form of telegraphy known as the Wheatstone automatic system, where the messages are stamped by an ink recorder. He has suggested that the phonograph can be substituted for this recorder and the signals read off at leisure by a Morse operator. For this purpose two different speeds would be required in the phonograph motor, a high speed for receiving the automatic telegraph signals and a low-speed for dictating to the Morse operator. Should such means be generally employed it will be of the greatest help to operators, and the copies of telegrams will be subjected to no mistake, nor will the manual service employed for receiving be nearly so difficult.

These are a few of the many applications of the phonograph of to-day, and but very few of the great number of uses which we might aptly suggest will some day come within the phonograph's field of action. Yet whatever be the result of this isolated invention, Mr. Edison must be credited with the solution of one of the most astonishing problems that man has ever proposed to himself, that of artificially reproducing the human voice, and aside from the uses which the phonograph is put to, we regard it as the starting point of important studies in acoustics and molecular mechanics and when "time the devourer of all things" will call us to take our places by the sides of our forefathers, then will the leading lights in science look back to Mr. Edison's inventions as the firm foundation upon which many of their discoveries will rest, then shall they regard him with admiration and gratitude.

J. J. MEAGHER, '93.

## MR. WALTON'S TYPE-WRITTEN LETTER.



Y dear," said Mrs. Silas Walton one fine morning, as her husband, beaming with the good humor that emanates from a better and well digested breakfast, slipped leisurely into his luxurious coat; "my dear, I want to know if you will do

something for me."

Mr. Walton regarded his wife with a look of reproach that said quite as plainly and with far more force than words: "My darling, is there anything under the Milky Way that I would *not* do for you—when I am in the humor?"

"Very well," continued Mrs. Walton blithely; "I'll run up and get it." And laughing at her hubby's bewildered expression she skipped up the stair-case, returning almost instantly with—

"A letter, dear," said the charming little woman, "that I want you to write for me on the type-writer. Now, don't look cross—" as Mr. Walton's brows contracted, and his expression wove itself into a hurried look. "You said you would, you know you did."

"Why, yes of course. But I didn't think you would care to have Miss Smith reading your private correspondence."

"Miss Smith? certainly not. I wonder how you can keep that young person. No, dear. I want *you* to do it for me. You know, you told me the other day that you were getting to be quite an expert yourself."

Miss Smith was Mr. Walton's typist; pretty, it is unnecessary to add. All typists are. I say *typist*, because *type-writer* reduces a woman to the mere level of a machine.

"Oh, of course, of course," answered the expert, who could not write seven correct words on the machine in question. "Certainly; quite right. Give me the letter."

"It's to Clara Myers," said Mrs. Walton airily. "You know she always sends her letters to me typewritten, and she makes such a boast about it in her mean, equivocal way that I want to show her"—

"Of course," interjected Mr. Walton with dignity. "Very proper pride, too. I'll write it for you, Arabella."

And you'll let me see it when it's done, and before you mail it for me, dear?" said Mrs. W. winningly, as Mr. Walton opened the door.

"My dear," said the husband with another and emphasized glance of mild reproof.

"Well, you'll bring me a carbon copy, won't you?"

"A—a what?"

"A carbon copy—a duplicate, you know."

"Oh, yes. Why certainly. Good-bye."

"Upon my word," soliloquized Mr. Walton as he sauntered down the street, fingering the letter in his pocket. "Upon my word, she knows more about the confounded thing than I do. Carbon copy, by Jove! I've half a mind to let Miss Smith—but no, it would never do. It might leak out. I must give Miss Smith a half-holiday, and tackle the Augean task myself. I hope it isn't very long."

"Miss Smith," said the self-styled Hercules, three hours later, when the young person addressed began to array her pretty self in her boa and jaunty hat, and all the condiments that are the sauce to a good and well-dressed figure; "Miss Smith, did I hear you say that you would like to go to the mat. this aft.?"

This was not Mr. Walton's every day phraseology by any means; but Miss Smith was a young person not to be thrown off her guard by the unexpected. Her employer had evidently struck something, Miss Smith thought.

"Because if you would like to patronize the drama," continued Mr. Walton in his pleasant way, "you can do so to-day. There is not very much to do, and I think

I may be out myself." So Miss Smith went.

"NOW," said the gentleman grimly, as he confronted the typewriter; "Now for the letter."

He had not looked at the letter yet; so he took it out of his overcoat pocket, and lighting a cigar, settled back for a preliminary perusal of its unfathomed contents.

It was not hard work to wade through the first page or two, the shallows of greeting and gossip, as it were. "It is true," mused Mr. Walton, "that Arabella's chirography has not improved greatly with years. In fact, I think she wrote a better hand at school. Most women do. Men don't." This was a fallacy in his own favor. "It's all plain sailing so far. Arabella was so glad to get dear Clara's letter. It was like the sun breaking through the clouds all of a sudden on a dull day with the barometer at "wet." Complimentary to me, isn't it? She hopes Clara has quite recovered from her headache. She suffers dreadfully herself sometimes. Clara's description of the ball at Bramble's (wonder if that's any relation of old Bramble who used to peddle books, and who did me out of ten dollars?)—and Clara's dress must be lovely. Well, there doesn't seem to be any need to go on any further. There's enough of it, certainly; and Arabella's fist doesn't seem to improve as she rattles along. Well, I must rattle along, too. Now, have at thee!" and Mr. Walton seated himself in a war-like manner at the machine.

"Let me see. I promised her a carbon copy. Where on earth does Miss Smith keep her carbons? Ah, here they are. Now, I take a heavy sheet like this, and a black sheet like *this*, and then a thin sheet—no, *two* thin sheets, and I put them in, so."

The "so" was not altogether satisfactory. The operator smiled in a deprecating manner, as if apologizing to the machine for the stupidity of the paper. The thin sheet, would somehow persist in curling up; and the carbon deliberately refused to act in a straightforward manner. Only the heavy sheet behaved in what might be called a half decent way. And even it seemed to labor under a partial impression that it was Saturday afternoon, and a time for levity. The entire com-

pany, thin paper, carbon, and heavy sheet had a disposition to act in an arbitrary and jaggy way; and finally in despair, and with a vehemence that threatened to annihilate the interior economy of the machine, Mr. Walton jerked the paper away from the roller, and sat back in his chair, panting.

"I'll try a heavy sheet alone. Hang the carbon!" The carbon looked pretty well strangled already. Success attended the second and amended effort; and success also inflated Mr. Walton with undue confidence. "I think I can get a carbon in *this* time," he said, smiling. "I've got the idea." So he arranged the papers again, and after some tall language and a stubborn conflict, he mastered his first giant.

Then he wrote. It is true he struck the wrong letters a great many more times than was strictly necessary and according to Hammond; and it is true that he punctuated the ribs and the chests of inoffensive words with periods and query marks, and seemed imbued with an eager desire to demonstrate the utility of capitals over the small and humble members of the lower case. But taken as a sample "of the work done on this machine,"—for a beginner—the result was satisfactory—to Mr. Walton. After he had mastered the first page of his wife's manuscript, he thought he would have a look at the carbon copy, and see how it was getting along. So he turned the tips of the sheets over, and looked——

There was no carbon copy. There never had been. Mr. Walton had put the carbon in the wrong way; and there were a great many hieroglyphics on the wrong side of the copy proper. Only Mr. Walton, or an Egyptologist could have told which was the wrong side, however. So with a recklessness born of despair and tired fore-arms, Mr. Walton proceeded in his varied career, and let the carbon copy eke out a ghost-like and suppository existence.

It was six by the tower clock when Mr. Walton, tired, dishevelled, sick at heart and stomach,—he had had no lunch, and had gone past the hungry and gnawing periods,—finished that letter, and tried to straighten his stiffened back in the chair. He had not been home to lunch—no

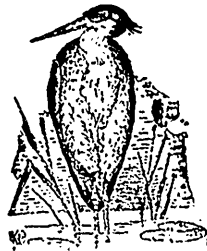
matter. He had not seen So and So—no matter. He had left undone a great many things that he should have done, and he had done a great many things that he should not have done. But he had written his wife's letter.

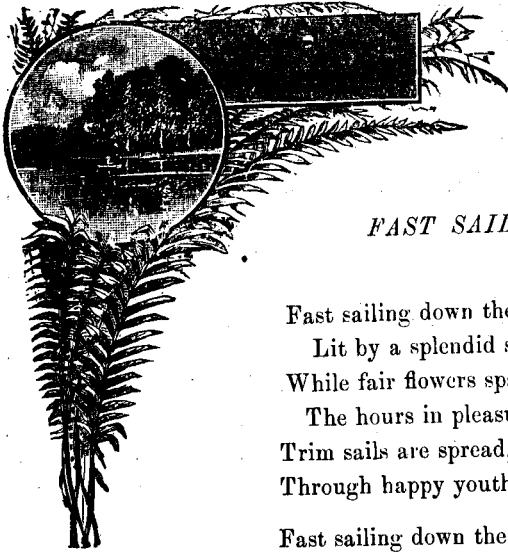
With joy and relief that were robbed of their fulness by the fact that Mr. Walton was too fatigued to rejoice, he folded up that letter, addressed it to Mrs. Myers, and completed the sealing of it with a bang from his left fist that made the gum-bottle and the ink-stand rattle with fear.

"I think," said Mr. Walton softly, as he dropped the letter into the post box, and smiled wearily and dreamily to himself; "I think that, perhaps, after all, it is just as well that I didn't keep that carbon copy. The letter, of course, is all right. The *sense* is there; but there may be one or two little changes in the wording and phraseology that would strike Mrs. W., doubtless, as startling or *bizarre*, because women have such an egotistical idea that men know nothing about the affairs of the sex."

No one but Mr. Walton and Mrs. Myers ever saw that letter. No one, that is, except a few of the choice friends of Mrs. Myers. I was one of the choice friends; and tho' I have what is called a good constitution, I sometimes feel the effects of that letter, for I have not yet got over it. But with Mrs. Myers it is different. Whenever she feels depressed, or suffers from one of those headaches about which she and Mrs. Walton still sympathize, she takes out Mr. Walton's type-written letter, and reads it. And then all her aches and troubles, real or home-made, fade away, and the atmosphere grows rosy. Sometimes, when she threatens to choke or have a fit, Mr. Myers or Jane, the maid, has to take the letter away; but the occasions for such radical measures are becoming beautifully less. And doubtless, next summer, when Mrs. Myers goes to Old Orchard or her Aunt Mary's out in the suburbs, it will be perfectly safe to let her take the letter along; even if Jane the maid does not accompany her mistress.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.





*FAST SAILING DOWN.*

Fast sailing down the stream of life,  
 Lit by a splendid sun ;  
 While fair flowers spangle bowery banks,  
 The hours in pleasure run :  
 Trim sails are spread, soft breezes blow,  
 Through happy youth we, singing, go.

Fast sailing down the stream of life,  
 With low sky overcast ;  
 No longer flow the songs of mirth,  
 The land of flowers is past ;  
 For sorrow makes each breast her home,  
 And cares pursue where e'er we roam.

Fast sailing down the stream of life ;  
 The tempest gathers dark,  
 And mountain billows, rolling dense,  
 Dash on our fated barque—  
 O God ! our strength, with us abide ;  
 Be Thou our Pilot through the tide.

MAURICE W. CASEY.



## COSMOPOLITANISM AND COSMOPOLITES.



AMONG all the famous sayings of antiquity," says Goldsmith, "there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher, who being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was 'a citizen of the world.'" The reasons he gives for this, and the observations he has on the folly of extreme national views, are so correct and convincing that any fair-minded reader must come to look upon national prejudices as a mark of ignorance, or at least of mental weakness, an impression experience cannot fail to confirm. I fully subscribed to the sentiment, and have thought to be "a citizen of the world," a cosmopolitan, is better than to be a citizen of any single country, with views and sympathies bounded by the national horizon. Hence it is, my attention was drawn particularly to a recent editorial of one of our political dailies, in which cosmopolitanism is attributed to an individual, as a matter of reproach, which it never ought to be. The editorial in question brings to task a contemporary from across the line, for being deceived by the annexation talk of Mr. Goldwin Smith, "who," says our Canadian editor, "is not even a Canadian, but a mere cosmopolitan." It seems to me that in this statement there are two errors; one of fact, in ascribing to Goldwin Smith a spirit of cosmopolitanism, another in the implied proposition that to be a cosmopolitan is inconsistent with being a good citizen of Canada, or of whatever country we claim as our own. It is worth while to examine the latter proposition briefly, to see whether this inconsistency really exists, or whether, on the contrary, the cosmopolitan is not the best of citizens, and that, too, because of his cosmopolitanism.

The basis of the cosmopolitan spirit, it will be admitted, is freedom from national prejudice, which is shown in the ability and willingness to judge of men and

events as they are, independent of their national relations, and shown, too, in broader sympathies with all that concerns humanity. To be a cosmopolitan, it is not essential that one should have no fixed place of residence, or own allegiance to no king or constitution. Such a character as this, of the Wandering Jew type, can be called a cosmopolitan only by courtesy. The true cosmopolitanism does not consist in accidents of residence or allegiance, or indeed in accidents of any kind. It is part and parcel of the cosmopolite, informs and marks his character, his actions and judgments. It is far above the pettiness of spirit that can see no goodness or greatness in any race but one. It rejoices to recognize, in spite of accidental differences of national character due to differences of climate, or circumstances, or environments, the same human nature working out its destiny nobly in one race as well as another. It has no race or color lines to divide man from man, or class from class, but looking at things as they are, stripped as far as may be of illusions and prejudices, it deals out even-handed justice to all. In fine, the cosmopolite is the man of well-balanced man, of liberal education, of wide acquaintance with men and their ways, the man of ripe knowledge and experience who has learned to separate the accidental from the necessary in characters and events, and thinks and acts in accordance with the dictates of right reason.

How few there are of such men, even among the educated and refined. It would seem that their number is increasing, but they are still the rare exceptions. And yet it should not be so, for surely such a character should be the natural result of the thorough training of mind and heart a liberal education is supposed to give. Prejudice is doubtless excusable in a child, or in a poor man who must till his fields, or earn his bread in some way by the labor of his hands, while he neglects his mind. We smile at the youth away from home who is full of his own town or state, and can admit of nothing good or great outside of it. But this is rather amiable than otherwise. It is a touch of that nature which makes the whole world

kin, twining the heart of the child about even the inanimate objects familiar to his earliest memories. The peasant, too, whose saints and heroes are all of his own race, who thinks his own little world the happiest spot on earth, has the child's excuse. He knows little of other countries or their inhabitants, and the little he has seen being so different from his own surroundings, seems to him wrong and absurd. His reading, moreover, is limited, being confined to a few books in his own tongue, most often far from impartial. If he reads history his predilections and prejudices are for the most part confirmed. In fact his patriotism takes the form of prejudice, and because he loves his own country he feels he ought to hate all others. This is patriotism no doubt, but it is not rational, and excusable only in such as have no means of correcting the influence of their surroundings.

Strong prejudice of any kind is never consistent with true wisdom, least of all, national prejudice. It is impossible, perhaps, to be wholly without prejudices. They enter our minds unawares, and it is difficult to get rid of them completely when they have once gained a footing. Still it is one's duty above all to regulate the mind, and to prepare it for efficient service, and nothing so much hinders efficient work by the mind as prejudices. A mind fettered by prejudice can not be trusted to give counsel, or to judge of affairs. The power of reasoning may be excellent, and the faculties trained to their fullest capacity, but when it comes in contact with its prejudices it is as helpless as a child's. Reason sways no longer, but follows blindly the lead of some fanciful predilection. Speaking of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay says: "The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of facts. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudice, such as would incite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and

its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness, as the fisherman in the Arabian tale when he saw the Genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there, the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon." Johnson was a contemporary of Goldsmith, but he had never till late in life travelled far beyond London and its vicinity, and was averse to the study of history. Goldsmith on the contrary was a student of history, ancient and modern, and had traversed half Europe on foot ere he had written any of the works on which his reputation is based. The latter is consequently entirely free from those low prejudices which dwarfed the mind of Johnson. Indeed, in this respect, Goldsmith is in advance of his age, which was far more addicted to sectionalism and nationalism than ours. Everywhere in his pages are found the same liberal sentiments that do so much honor to his head and heart. To this, as much as his graceful style is due also the fact that Goldsmith is perhaps more read, and certainly more readable, than any other English writer of the last century.

In our days the freedom from national prejudice, which is the basis of the cosmopolitan character, is less rare, perhaps, than a hundred years ago. It would be hard now to find a man of talents and reputation such as Johnson's; of such narrow views as his where national character is concerned. Yet the type is not so rare, even now, as the boasted enlightenment of our century should lead us to expect. Men can still be found in every society, even among those who pose as teachers and leaders of men, steeped in the poison of national rancour. In their own race they can see nothing that is not good and just. They can excuse the excesses however outrageous, committed by their own party or race, and rejoice in magnifying the faults and follies of others. But the days when such men can find a hearing or command a following are happily, we are glad to believe, passing away, and national prejudices and hatred will henceforth be stamped at their true value, and pass current only in the marts of ignorance and malice. Such men will no

longer be admitted to the company of the wise while wearing the rags of folly and ignorance. No man can respect one who thus prostitutes his intellect to the service of prejudices, begotten most frequently of the base passions of fear or revenge. National prejudice founded as it always is on ignorance or pride, or both, is a mark of a weak, badly balanced, and undisciplined mind. It is not patriotism, as is sometimes claimed, any more than superstition is religion. These pseudo-patriots who stand so fiercely on the honor of their race are commonly men whose characters need bolstering of some sort. They cling to the national reputation having so little of their own to lay store by.

The cosmopolitan does none of these things. He can be a loyal citizen of his country without crying out his loyalty on the house-tops, and can love his country without detriment to his wider love of humanity. His judgment is warped neither by fear or hatred of any nationality, and it never enters his mind to believe that his duty to his own people requires him to hate his neighbors, their government or their institutions. He knows that humanity is wider than race or color, and that the cardinal virtues are not national peculiarities of any one people in the world. He has studied the history of mankind, not to confirm the prejudices early training and associations may have implanted in his mind, but to discover these and uproot them. A dispassionate judgment on the men and events that have passed under his review, has convinced him that each people has its own peculiar excellencies as well as defects, that on the whole, taking one people with another, the balance is fairly even for both, and that consequently indiscriminate praise of one or indiscriminate censure of another is as senseless as unjust, and can be the offspring only of ignorance or malevolence.

It is not too much to say that cosmopolitanism is the natural result of civilization and refinement, and will increase in proportion as men are guided more by reason and less by passion and interest. The tendency of our age favours it. Science, world-wide in its application and its principles, has brought enlightened men together the world over, and is breaking down the barriers of race that

hinder united action. Organizations too, looking to benefit the poor and the toilers among men, are no longer merely national, and humanitarian projects, originating in one country, soon spread into others, and are taken up there with zeal and energy unmindful of the fact that an alien mind first conceived them. Literature also fosters prejudices less than formerly. The books and periodicals of one nation are now read by its neighbors and only the viler class of authors pander to national antipathies. History which someone has termed a vast conspiracy against truth is quite often honest and impartial. In English history a recent work stands out conspicuous in this regard. This work, the History of our own Times, by Justin McCarthy, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, should be studied by all, as well for the simplicity and beauty of its style as to imbibe something of its fairness and entire freedom from bias. Others have done work scarcely less meritorious.

Neither has this spirit been confined in our days to theorists. The most active and potent leaders of society have been guided by it and have fostered it by their influence. In spite of the savage spectacle presented to us by civilized Europe to-day, of nations armed to the teeth confronting one another in hostile array, the lives of such men as Manning and Gladstone, and many others of less note, make it possible to believe that there may yet come a time "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"—a time when the poet's dream will be realized:—

And the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled,

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Meanwhile we can ask with Goldsmith: "Is it not possible I may love my own country without hating the natives of other countries? That I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution in defending its laws and liberties without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? And with him we answer. "Most certainly it is; and if it were not, I must own I would prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz: a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, or a Frenchman, an European or to any other appellation whatever."

P. CULLEN '93.

## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

—ROBERT BROWNING.

(Continued from last issue.)

About this time Thomas Hogg received an epistle from Shelley, the contents of which made the former fairly bound with astonishment. In fact, he was told that Shelley would probably, ere long, be in York, "with Harriet Westbrook." The letter explained that Harriet had appealed to her lover as her father had "persecuted her in a most horrible way by endeavouring to compel her to go to school." Almost any one can guess what reply Shelley would make to such an appeal. He was the sworn enemy of tyranny and here was a case ready to his hand. Many of us may, of course, experience considerable difficulty in perceiving wherein Mr. Westbrook played the role of tyrant in determining to send his sixteen-year-old daughter back to school for another term. But it is certain that Shelley considered the decision to be an unspeakable act of stupendous and appalling tyranny. Although Harriet Westbrook was little more than an average school girl, it is abundantly evident that she read the young poet with the utmost ease and accuracy. She wrote that she threw herself upon his protection, and was ready to fly with him, and he answered applauding her resolution and averring that gratitude and admiration demanded that he should love her forever.

Towards the end of August, 1811, Hogg received another note from his friend which was despatched from a wayside inn and contained this suggestive passage: "Harriet is with me. We are in a slight pecuniary distress. We shall have £75 on Sunday, until when can you send £10?" When Hogg finished reading this pathetic petition his face must have been a study. But the money was sent, and shortly before was also sent a little piece of advice which shows Hogg in a most praiseworthy light. Hogg knew that Shelley regarded Christian marriage as a harassing and unnecessary custom, and

so he advised his friend to marry Harriet Westbrook. The advice was good and it is probably the one solitary occasion in his whole life when a particle of wise counsel was lost on Shelley. But, strange to say, when his avowed opinions are considered, ere the latter received the letter of Hogg, he had already legally married the girl with whom he had eloped. The event took place in Edinburgh, on the 28th August, when, according to the register, Percy Bysshe Shelley, *ætat*, 19, became the lawful husband of Harriet Westbrook, *ætat*, 16. Professor Dowden remarks, that the irony of fate was not wholly absent, for in the books of the registrar Shelley is described as a Sussex farmer!

When Mr. Timothy Shelley learned of this latest escapade of his dutiful son, he wrote to Mr. John Hogg as follows: "My son has withdrawn from my protection, and has set off for Scotland with a young female." This statement was succinct enough but it bespoke more earnestness on the part of its author than a volume of bluster could foreshow. Had Mr. Timothy not been very angry he would have blustered, and abused, and dealt plentifully in exaggerated vehemence. Being truly wrothy he was brief, but his passion made up in determination for what it lost in expression. The lovers were at once deprived of monetary supplies, and Shelley had to depend upon Hogg and his uncle Pilford for the wherewithal to live. Meanwhile, Shelley was passing his time in Edinburgh pleasantly enough; laughing heartily at all the "depressing solemnities of the worthy Presbyterian folk," scoffing at their "awful prayers," and feasting his eyes on the beautiful scenery of the romantic capital of Scotland; although, it must be confessed, natural scenery had few attractions for Shelley.

For a most interesting account of Shelley's Edinburgh experiences the reader

is referred to the famous narrative which Hogg gave to the public.

After a sojourn of five weeks in the northern capital Shelley and his bride moved southward to York. The journey, an uncomfortable one, occupied three days. Shelley explained to some of his friends that his chief business south was to endeavor to mitigate the paternal wrath, and obtain a supply of funds, the absence of which was becoming daily more irksome. While at York, the friendship which existed between Shelley and Hogg was ruptured on account of an incident which cannot be mentioned here in detail. Suffice it to say that every sense of decency and of hospitality was outraged by Hogg, whom William Sharp truthfully describes in those terms: "An amusing, a clever, a good-natured, and in some respects loyal companion, Hogg was utterly without high principle. When his desires were strong, they had to be gratified: that was his philosophy. He was an epicurean in the mistaken sense of the term; in his philosophy was little of the beauty and dignity of the true epicureanism." It may be observed that while Shelley shared his philosophy, the poet possessed a higher ideal; and his contemplative temperament stood between him and the practice of precepts which, if carried into practice, might serve for the proper government of a colony of monkeys, or other beasts.

Owing to this occurrence, early in October, Shelley, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, left York for Keswick, where he took up his residence in a small house called Claremon Cottage. While here he formed the acquaintance of Robert Southey. Wordsworth, who never wasted much admiration on brother bards, paid him no attention. Southey, on the other hand, proved himself a helpful friend at the very time when Shelley's needs were the keenest. The Duke of Norfolk, also showed an interest in the unfortunate young poet, whom he asked to pay him a visit at Greystoke. Better still, the Duke interceded with Mr. Timothy Shelley on behalf of his son, but Mr. Shelley for a while remained obdurate, even to a Duke. Not so "Jew" Westbrook, however, who, when approached, consented to allow his daughter a tolerable annuity. For the rest, Shelley spent the early

winter in writing a novel, *Hubert Cawin*, which dealt with the French Revolution. No trace of this work could be found after its author's untimely death, but it is exceedingly probable that Shelley destroyed it while it was still in manuscript. I have not space wherein to describe the effort made by Mr. Timothy Shelley to induce his son to renounce his claim on the family estate for a large sum of money, and I can barely mention that the offer was rejected by the poet in terms of vehement scorn.

In January Shelley made a discovery, the results of which he did not foresee. He found out that William Godwin, the famous author of "Political Justice," a work which when it first appeared created as great a sensation as did "Progress and Poverty," and led to no end of discussion—he found out, I say, that William Godwin was still alive. With characteristic impetuosity he at once wrote to Godwin, who replied with a kindly letter, and Shelley responded with a lengthy and labored effusion, wherein, after telling how greatly he was influenced by Godwin's book, he made innumerable statements about himself, his life, his aims and his work, only some of which were true. In fact, many of the assertions in this letter if made by any man but Shelley would be termed untruths. Shelley never knew anything or anyone as they really were. It would be absurd, therefore, to hold him too strictly to account. Had Shelley actually possessed the intense comprehension of men and things upon which he prided himself, it is quite safe to assume that he would never have knelt in the dust before such a hollow idol as Godwin. The author of "Political Justice" was one of the most sordid of mediocrities, and the most illogical of social writers, as well as most blatant of atheists, yet, to the very last, Shelley looked upon him as a great thinker and an inspired prophet.

It was while at Keswick that a burglarious attempt was made upon the Shelleyan household. The actuality of this story—a story told with truth "*plus* his own irregular way of telling it," as one of his biographers says—has been much disputed. I cannot find space to follow the discussion, nor is it necessary so to do. Shelley was the born child of illu-

sion. This one fact furnishes the key to his whole character as a man. Great practical abilities he had not. His ignorance of life and living was extreme. "He was," says a recent writer in the *Fortnightly*, "in the obvious sense of the word, a visionary, and his violent antagonisms were far more caused by his disgust with the contact of reality than by any genuine appreciation of the relative values of good and evil." Whether inciting a school girl to rebel, or writing estimates of Godwin as a philosopher, or relating the incidents of a house-breaking, he fell a prey to his constant weakness, illusion. Environments were to him as misty and unreal as his own *Witch of Atlas*. In dealing with such an eccentric individual we must be prepared for surprises at every turn. And remembering that no man can rise superior to his general nature, we must be ready also to exercise a broad charity. The most gifted will be held as strictly accountable for his acts as the dullard. But we are not to constitute ourselves the judges. Each one of us will find enough to do in guiding his own footsteps. For the rest, charity must be exercised without limit. If we could judge ourselves with half the rigor we exert towards others, the self-accusing blush would mantle over the cheek of many a rigid moralist, and the angel of pity, dropping a tear upon the lengthy catalogue of human failings, would avow, none are themselves so faultless and immaculate as to deny indulgence to the errors of a fellow creature.

In one of the letters which Shelley wrote to Godwin, he suddenly announces his intention to leave Keswick at once for Dublin, on a mission which should endear his memory to Catholic Ireland "I do not know exactly where I shall reside," he wrote. "We go principally to forward as much as we can the Catholic Emancipation." We are informed by William Sharp that Irish politics had always fascinated the young enthusiast, and

though in religion what was then called an atheist and now an agnostic, his principles were of too lofty a kind not to impel him towards temporary alliance with persons enduring a gross injustice. In the abstract Shelley did not care a straw whether it was Pope or Presbyter who held ecclesiastical sway in Ireland; but what he did enthusiastically, and even passionately, reprobate was the subjection of the Catholics to an insignificant Protestant minority. So the famous *Address to the Irish People* was written at Keswick, and when it was finished Shelley started for Dublin in order to reform with a piece of rhetoric the English system of governing Ireland! I would like to linger over this passage in the life of the poet. To me it is full of the most agreeable meaning. To all it must prove, that, although Shelley often subsequently confesses with a sorrowful ingenuousness that his "passion for reforming the world" did not somehow seem to work well, nevertheless the passion existed and it was a pure and noble passion. Be his faults what they may, all the most ennobling and kindly feelings that human nature had implanted in it, springing, alas! from natural and not revealed religion, Shelley had everflowing his own loving heart. If Shelley was not a professor of the Christian faith, this noble Irish incident, and half a hundred more which could be cited, prove he was a most Christianlike man at heart, whose example in such light it would be well for many loudly professing Christians, who have cast their pharisaical eye and loud abuse upon his memory, religiously to follow. In other words, though the divinity of the Revealer of the Christian doctrines is doubted by Shelley, his noble maxims of love and peace to all men are maintained, and estimated deeply. So true is it that when a man, whether Pagan or Jew, opens the portals of his heart to affection and kindness he becomes forthwith a follower of Him who's other name is Love.

(To be continued.)

# The Owl,

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*DR. CAMPBELL'S DISHONEST  
CRITICISM.*

With the details of the difference between Father Whelan and the Rev. Dr. Campbell our readers were made acquainted in our January issue. The singularly unbecoming course which the Rev. Doctor has since then pursued is our only excuse for referring to the matter a second time. It will be remembered that immediately upon the appearance of Dr. Campbell's slanderous statement, the latter was asked—officially by the Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of this city and, on their

own responsibility, by private individuals,—to furnish references for his quotation. A first and a second and even a third request to this effect was treated with insolent indifference, however, the Rev. Dr. was finally constrained to say that he would justify his statement in regard to Cardinal Manning's teaching, at the proper time, accompanying which statement, were the references sought for. It is not pertinent to the present issue, to say that the text of the late Cardinal in the hands of Dr. Campbell was completely falsified, as Father Whelan abundantly proved; what more particularly concerns us now is the Rev. Dr's explanation recently offered in a public lecture in one of the city churches. Four months almost, after the infamous charge had been made, after having impudently refused to answer the reasonable demands of catholic citizens as above stated, after an interested public was led to expect an evidence of good faith on the part of the Rev. Dr., if for no other reason—at least on account of the time he took to formulate his reply—after all this, Dr. Campbell comes forward with brazen impudence to say that it is all a mistake; that he did not say what was attributed to him by the Press, but that he actually used Cardinal Manning's words as the Cardinal himself used them, namely as a possible answer of the Sovereign Pontiff to the King of Italy, subsequent to the usurpation by the latter potentate of the Papal territories. Having said this much, Dr. Campbell devoted the remaining portion of his lecture to a fiercely abusive tirade against the Catholic Church and her members. The Rev. Dr. however erred in his reckoning if he fancied that his abuse would divert attention from the main issue. Dr. Campbell wished to cloud the question by heaping insults upon those who dared challenge his statements, but we are too well aware of the harmless

nature of abuse of this grade, to give it more than mere passing notice. The explanation it is, that commands our attention for the moment. To attempt at this stage, as Dr. Campbell has done, to cast the blame upon the reporters is to belittle the intelligence of all who are interested in the matter. "Were you correctly reported?" The Rev. Dr. was repeatedly asked "and, if so, where are your words to be found?" Never did it occur to the Rev. Dr. when thus interrogated, to question the correctness of the report, whereas if the press had misreported him, one course and one only was open to him viz, to make the necessary correction without delay. Consideration for the interests of the Press in the absence of the virtue of charity would have dictated this course. In this connection, it is well to remember that the newspaper account of the 6th November was precisely the same in the different local papers, and that Dr. Campbell's denial, when it came a few days ago, was indignantly repudiated by the reporters, who insist upon the correctness of their account. Dr. Campbell, however, instead of acting in the manner suggested, undertook to prove his statement. Of the way in which he fulfilled his promise it is sufficient to say that it was the one thing wanting to place beyond question its author's dishonesty of purpose and wilfulness in the misstatement of facts.

We mention this not because it is of special import to us. The termination of this affair in no way strengthens our position. For us Catholics the matter was settled from the beginning, and for others who chanced to be in doubt Father Whelan's pamphlet amply sufficed. But there is another phase of this question and it is this. The slanderous utterance of the Rev. Dr. Campbell rested on the same foundation as many a previous calumny directed against our faith. Maria Monk

had quite as thin a base for her infamy and "The Lafayette Lie" thrived for years on just as meagre a living. Because these cases however were not local their hollowness was not equally apparent to all, and consequently their reputation lost much of its force. But here is an instance under our very eyes; we have watched each step in the proceedings, and a more disgraceful endeavor to malign the Church through one of her members, we venture to say was never exposed. Let the lesson not be lost then, and we appeal in an especial manner to those to whom Dr. Campbell's explanation was so sorely disappointing. To assume the offensive against one of the tenets of the Catholic Church, be it known to them and to all whom it may concern, is to stand in opposition to the reluctant testimony which well-nigh twenty centuries of unsuccessful siege, have wrested from the united forces of envy, hatred and abuse.

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#### HABITS—

"Habit," says Mr. Morfin in *Dombey and Son*, "is all I shall have to report, when I am called upon to plead to my conscience, on my death-bed. 'Habit,' says I; 'I was deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic to a million things from habit.' 'Very business-like, indeed Mr. What's Your Name,' says Conscience, 'but it won't do here.'" We are all "creatures of habit" like Mr. Morfin, but unlike him we are too often unaware of the fact. We keep our habits as a careless person his finger-nails, paring them only when they become a nuisance and an eyesore. We are content to be moulded by circumstances and cling to a hereditary failing as tenaciously as to our hereditary estate.

We must be governed more or less by habit but it rests with ourselves to say whether our master shall be a good or a



bad one. None of us would wish to have a hard master for life; yet we set about saddling ourselves with one when we acquire a bad habit. We don't speak of sinful habits from which our moral and religious feelings and our reason should preserve us. The bad habits we wish to speak of are those numerous habits very little regarded while they are forming, but fraught with weighty consequences for success or failure in life. It is a small matter, perhaps, for a boy to go to sleep at his desk when he should be preparing his Greek or Latin lesson, or to lie by the fence when he might be taking part in the game of ball going on at the time, but it becomes a serious matter if this little self-indulgence of the present is laying the foundations of a habit of indolence that will accompany him through life, and make his work a task he will always be glad to leave. It may be of little moment, too, so far as any immediate practical results are to be got from his doing it neatly and well, for a boy to dash off the exercise for his teacher in an illegible scrawl plentifully spattered with blots and erasures, but it seems not so when we think of the careless man this boy is to develop into, and of his chances of success with his bad habit of carelessness clinging to him. So when we see a boy put off writing that letter his father and mother are anxiously expecting, or dallying with a serious task till it is too late to do it well, if it can be done at all, we think not so much of the present loss as of the long series of losses that are to come to him from this habit of procrastination he is forming. These and kindred habits that easily glide into our lives must always be a bar to our making the best use of our time and opportunities.

Be industrious, be punctual, be kind, be prompt, be honest in thought and word as well as in deed, these are good rules to

observe in life even as mere business maxims. They have their moral advantage but they are also first-rate business maxims. And to possess these and other requisites for a useful and successful career in youth is the time to begin. Let us set about planting habits of industry, honesty, and punctuality in our lives so earnestly and perseveringly that they will take deep root there and bear rich and manifold fruit. It is the young plant that needs care and must be watered and tended. So it is with our good habits. If we take care of them, and do our best to strengthen and confirm them in the beginning, they will take care of us later in life, and give us a strength we may often stand in need of. What we lay up in this way when we are young, the energy, the good will, and the perseverance we put into this work of building up good habits will constitute a stock on which we can draw in after years. Let us exert ourselves while mind and body are vigorous in their youthful strength, and but the effort of the will is needed to make almost anything possible of accomplishment, and when we are called upon to give an account of ourselves "in the world's broad field of battle" we will have in us that force of character that will make it easy to be heroes in the strife.

#### A PRESSING QUESTION.

It is a fact well worthy of note that of the many University graduates that annually leave their Alma Mater, not a few, instead of bending their steps towards the time-honored Law School, the Medical College, or the Theological Seminary, seek a position on the press.

The reason of such a choice is self-evident. In by-gone days a college training almost invariably presupposed in the person so trained the disposition and inclination to adopt one of those profes-

sions. But now the already vast and ever expanding field, which journalism opens up to the exercise of both natural and acquired abilities, cannot, and does not, fail to invite young ambition and energy to try a hand in its cultivation. We are not surprised, therefore, to see that measures are being taken by prominent educators to place journalism upon an equal footing with the other liberal professions; that the opening of schools in different parts of the world for this purpose is contemplated, where a proper course of training will be given to those who aspire to newspaper fame.

And why should it not be thus? The influence which the press of the present day exercises upon society demands more than an ordinary skill and education behind it. If the lawyer is bound to go through a sound course in jurisprudence and to pass a satisfactory examination before being admitted to the Bar; and if the doctor must have had a thorough drilling in the Aesculapian Art before he is allowed "to hang out his shingle;" why should not a proper training and suitable proofs of proficiency be exacted in the case of the journalist, whose pen is to do as much mischief or as much good to mankind, if not more, than either the tongue of the barrister or the lance of the physician?

The Press, being one of the great fountains of knowledge around which the thousands gather daily to imbibe, is it not just and right and commendable that the springs, which supply this fountain, should be purged, deepened, and stored with such alkaline ingredients as will render its current pure, healthy and slaking?

Society demands this, and our Universities must meet the demand.

In the founding and publishing of college journals, much, it is true, has

already been done towards creating a taste among students for literary pursuits; in the projected organization and establishment of schools, especially adapted to the wants of the Press, much more is about to be accomplished towards developing such a taste and placing at the disposal of its possessors the best means of rendering it productive of beneficent results.

But there is still something more that might be done in the Universities to open a surer and shorter way for those who give signs of a special "calling" to the editorial chair.

We would not have them dispensed from following anyone of the branches in the regular course. But in every intelligently arranged curriculum, there are always to be found such optional studies as afford the student with a particular bent or object in view the advantage of acquainting himself more or less adequately with the nature and general outlines of his future avocation.

Now, such branches as Political Economy, past and current History with its philosophy, Commercial Geography, and Civil Government are admittedly the corner stones in the newspaper-man's educational structure; and, although they are usually found on the list of obligatory subjects, still, their discussion is here necessarily limited and superficial. Why could they not be placed in the category of optional studies besides, where their treatment would assume a more detailed character, for the benefit of such as are desirous of entering upon a journalistic career?

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#### OBITUARY.

Those of our alumni who can look back some eight or nine years, will have none but the friendliest remembrances of Charles Fitzpatrick of North Billerica, Mass., and will be sincerely sorry to learn that during the past month he has taken

his place among the silent majority. Mr. Fitzpatrick was at one time a member of '88 but did not remain to complete his course. Abandoning classics, he took a year in the commercial course to prepare himself for a mercantile career. On leaving college he entered a railroad office and at the time of his death he held a responsible position in the freight department of the Central Vermont R.R. at Boston. His funeral, which took place in Lowell, was largely attended by the residents of that city, as well as by friends from North Billerica and Boston. Rev. J. H. Lyons '83 of Ogdensburgh N. Y. and Rev. J. H. Quinn, O.M.I. both college friends of the deceased were deacon and sub deacon respectively at the funeral obsequies. Rev. Austin O'Grady '83 of Springfield, Mass., Rev. J. J. Farrell '87 Boston, Dr. Halpin '86 of Lowell, Representative J. W. McEvoy '86 Lowell, also attended the funeral of their former fellow-student. While here, Mr. Fitzpatrick, by his good nature and genial disposition was one of the most popular students in the college and those of our readers who remember him will join the Owl in an expression of deep sympathy with the friends and relatives, of the deceased and will utter a fervent Amen to our sincere *Requiescat in pace.*

### ORDINATION.

On March 5th, in the Basilica, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel ordained to the priesthood Rev. Eugene Groulx B.A. '89. Father Groulx celebrated his first mass on Monday the 6th inst in the University Chapel, there being present the relatives and friends of the newly ordained priest, together with the students in the arts and the theological courses, who rendered some splendid music which they had prepared for the occasion. Father Groulx is one of those who can well be called a son of Alma Mater. He entered the first form in September '82 and made the whole classical course, graduating with great distinction in '89. In September of that year he entered the Theological Seminary. During all these years Father Groulx distinguished himself as a diligent and successful student, and though of a retiring disposition, he has won a high place in

the esteem of all those with whom he has come in contact during his college life, especially of those who were his classmates in either arts or theology. On his departure from his Alma Mater, the Owl joins with his former professors, his fellow-seminarians and his many other friends in wishing him God-speed in his priestly labors.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Undergraduates of Toronto University are seeking representation on the senate of that institution.

The *Niagara Index* in its notice of Kelly's Universal Reader edited by Rev. H. A. Brann D. D., says it is more difficult to publish a suitable reader than a suitable theology. Yet, it must be a satisfaction to the *Index* to know that a good reader has been published at last. The Catholics in Ontario are still at the mercy of anonymous "book-makers," at least, so far as readers are concerned.

Some are Catholics in name, others in practice. It has been said that Toronto is not overwhelmed with a great number of the latter, but it has at least two, as we see in the *Empire's* notice of the Forty Hours Devotion held lately at St. Michael's Cathedral: "The Host was borne by His Grace the Archbishop, while the canopy was upheld by Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. T. W. Anglin." Messrs. Smith and Anglin are not paper and platform Catholics like some others we know; they prefer deeds to words.

Dr. J. M. Rice in the February *Forum* again lays before us some information somewhat damaging to the American public schools. After pointing out that the Baltimore schools are almost entirely in the hands of untrained teachers, and that the Board of Education in that city is a purely political organization, he goes on to say of the Boston primary schools: They belong, in my opinion, to the purely mechanical drudgery schools. The children are not obliged to sit motionless in a uniform position, it is true, but the teaching is highly unscientific, and the teachers, though not really severe in their treatment

of the pupils, are nevertheless cold and unsympathetic.

See what Rudyard Kipling has been stealing and how the stolen property has been identified by the *Pilot*: "Several years ago," says the *Pilot*, "a poet named F. C. Weatherley wrote:

"The hawk into the open sky,  
The red deer to the wold,  
The Romany lass for the Romany lad,  
As in the days of old."

And now comes Rudyard Kipling with a brand-new poem, and remarks:

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome world;  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old."

According to Mr Clarence C. Buel writing in the *Century Magazine*, there have been some curious propositions and schemes placed before the managers of the World's Fair: A mathematician asked for standing room where he might shew the world how to square the circle. A Georgian asked for a commission to conduct a cock-pit, and another son of the South knew of a colored child which was an anatomical wonder; it could be had by stealing it from its mother and this he was willing to do in consideration of a reasonable sum. A tower three thousand feet high was proposed as a proper Chicago rejoinder to the Eiffel pigmy. Another thought a four hundred-story building would be in order, while still another saw nothing inappropriate in a suite of rooms to be excavated under Lake Michigan.

Here is something good and well put from the *Catholic Record* of March 4th, something which should have been said long ago; but since it was not said, let the honor be to the *Record*: "It has been said, and justly that the over-zealous defenders of the truth mislead the weak-minded; they bring confusion into the ranks; they impede the action of confident men, and shut them out from achieving real good. Truth is too vast to find shelter in any text-book, or to be hemmed in by narrow boundaries, drawn out with mathematical precision. An original mind may, from out the fulness of genius, broadened by observation and deepened by long thinking and continuous study, unfold an opinion whose very novelty may startle the world.

It may run counter to our cherished convictions, but we may not, with any show of reason, relegate it by a mere assertion to the domain of the fanciful and absurd." A very noticeable change has taken place in the editorial columns of the *Record*, and the issue of March 4th will bear favorable comparison with the best American Catholic papers.

We said last month that a Church of England minister was booked to preach Lenten sermons in Toronto, on the early history of England. The preacher turns out to be Professor Rigby of Trinity College. We predicted he would cater to the "many-headed monster thing," and see how he distorts history to do so: "The Church of Gaul was the mother Church (of Britain)" The Professor is evidently either prejudiced or ignorant of history. But we leave him in the hands of the *Record*.

Wouldn't Lindley Murray gasp and stare if he saw the following literary gem, published in that well known organ of advanced thought and liberal views, the *Orange Sentinel*?—

"Resolved:—"That this lodge wishes to make known that we disapprove of the appointment of Sir John Thompson as premier of Canada for the following reasons viz.:—his lack of Protestant principles in that he left the bond of charity for the love of power, and his disloyalty to the principles of freedom of which his father formed a part, and for which our fathers fought so loyally to obtain and which we feel it, our bounden duty to defend and maintain.

Signed on behalf of L. O. L. No. 172.  
A. B.—Rec. Sec.

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW—D. J. Gallagher & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.—The Ecclesiastical Review is decidedly for priests, and for those of them that are burdened with the duties of a parish, we would say that the Review is invaluable. Its peculiar field is practical Theology, and that more especially in its bearing upon church administration in the United States. Keeping this aim well in view, each number will be found

to contain a rich store of information on many of those difficult and delicate details of ministerial work, which so often embarrass and even discourage many a zealous priest. The popular questions of the hour, matters of general controversy, and other such matter, do not come properly within the Review's sphere, nevertheless these even are treated whenever they have any special bearing upon the exercise of priestly or pastoral functions. The last issue contains an article on "Mixed Marriages," from a member of the American hierarchy, who submits the propriety of publishing the banns in such cases, and performing the rite in the Church, the necessary conditions being fulfilled by the non-Catholic party. Although at first sight it appears that this is tantamount to throwing down the Church's barriers against mixed marriages, the contrary is far nearer to the truth, for it often happens that publicity is a more powerful deterring influence than even the precept of the Church. In such cases the non-publication of the banns and the private ceremony minimize the common objections to mixed marriages. There are other objections, however, to such alliances of so serious a nature, that hardly any prohibitory measures can be deemed excessive, so that it is not without reason that the Church distinguishes with so much severity between the mixed marriage and the marriage in conformity with the sacrament. By no means the least important part of the Review is the Homiletic Monthly, containing in each issue the groundwork of three or more sermons suitable for the season. The subscription price is \$3.50 per annum.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y., by Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, A.B.; New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1891—A handsomely bound volume, heavy paper, clear type and excellent engravings—the history of Fordham College, as far as outward appearance goes, is all that could be desired. In fourteen chapters is comprised the history of St. John's from its foundation, a half century ago, down, through its subsequent development, to the present. The first picture the author draws is that of Fordham of to-day, and pointing with

pride to the mighty changes that fifty years have brought about, he thus concludes his first chapter: "Such then is the Fordham of to-day. In fifty years it has risen, in the words of Archbishop Hughes, 'from the condition of an unfinished house in a field to the cluster of which it is now composed.' From an obscure school in a still more obscure village, it has attained the position of one of the first educational institutions in the country; and this half century, it is to be hoped, will find it a flourishing university in the heart of the metropolis of the western hemisphere." Chapter third is devoted to the illustrious prelate to whom Fordham owes so much—Archbishop Hughes—and this, with the following chapter, "from the founding of the College to the advent of the Jesuits," forms the most interesting portion of the history. To thoroughly appreciate a work of this kind, some acquaintance with the scenes described is indispensable. To such as have visited Fordham, and especially to past students, for whom every inch of its ground is sacred, Mr. Taaffe's history will be like the return of a long lost friend. The idea of such a volume is in every sense commendable, and Fordham College is to be congratulated upon having the history of her first period in such a highly creditable form.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE contains in its March issue an article on the Third Order of St. Dominic. We commend it to the perusal of all who are interested in the sanctification of the laity, and organized lay action in the Catholic Church. This is the third paper on the subject.

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#### EXCHANGES.

In a debate which took place lately between students of Toronto University and students of McGill, one of the debaters for McGill, Mr. Graham, a member of the graduating class in arts, brought up as an argument why women should not be allowed to vote, the fact—a 'fact' coined by himself for the occasion—that "were women enfranchised the power of the Roman Catholic clergy would be greatly enhanced, since the Roman Catholic woman is compelled to lay bare her feelings before her spiritual adviser in the con-

fessional." Such a statement springs either from unpardonable ignorance or from extreme narrow-mindedness and consequently deserves no comment. We read in the *McGill Fortnightly* that Mr. Graham holds companionship with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Schwegler etc., etc.; from the wildness of the gentleman's assertions it would seem that "much learning hath made him mad."

The ex-man of the *Niagara Index*, anent a criticism passed by us on the *Q. C. Journal*, says:—

"The championing of this paper by the "Owl" may of course be due to patriotism or to individual literary taste, but under the circumstances there is a suspicion at least, of something else." Pray, what are we to understand by this suspicion you entertain? State clearly what you mean; if you mean nothing say nothing and oblige.

The following suggestions made by the editors of the *Argosy* to their Alma Mater's, graduating class meet with our hearty approbation. 1st, That in the month of May the senior class shall elect one of their members as class secretary. 2nd, said secretary shall be kept informed in regard to the address of each member of the class for one year from the term of graduation. 3rd, When the graduating anniversary comes around, said secretary shall write to each member of the class requesting a letter stating more or less fully the general experience of the year. 4th, Said letters are to be forwarded to the secretary not later than one month after date of notice. 5th, Said secretary shall take the most interesting and important fact from said letters and weave them into an article which shall be published in the first issue of the *Argosy* for the ensuing year. 6th, Said article is to be forwarded to the editor in chief of the *Argosy* not later than one week after the University opens."

In the *Central College Gem* is an interesting article entitled the "Bible in the Public Schools." We do not agree with all the thoughts therein expressed, but we congratulate the writer on the manner in which he unfolds his sentiments. Says the author: "Shall the state tax fathers and mothers and dot the country with school-houses, and fill the seats of the

learned with men and women to whom they say: "Teach them the books prescribed by the law. Let the Bible alone 'There is death in the pot'. We dare not teach this part of the human being. His learning on this score, we leave to Luck or Providence as the case may be. If you wish to educate men's consciences institute a judicious but wily system of smuggling, give your doses stealthily, as you would poison, and leave results to the state." Continuing he says: "Avaunt with such reasoning in a nation that professes to be a leader in christianity. This is morality on an infidel platform."

### SOCIETIES.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Senior Debating Society, on Feb. 2nd, Messrs. I. French, '93, and W. Lee, '96, for the affirmative, and Messrs. T. Rigny, '95, and J. Garland, '96, for the negative, discussed the question: "Resolved that the World's Fair at Chicago should open Sundays." By a close vote, the affirmative won.

The Seniors invited the members of the Classical Course to an entertainment the following week; they came *en masse*, and the verdict was that they had spent a very enjoyable evening. The programme was varied and interesting, and showed to advantage the talent to be found among the senior debaters. It was as follows:

Mr. W. Cavanagh, speech; Mr. T. A. White, reading; Mr. T. Rigney, song; Mr. Jos. McDougal, reading; Mr. H. Canning, speech; Mr. J. Smith, recitation; Coyne Brothers, dialogue; Mr. L. Kehoe, speech; Mr. E. Cornell, reading; Mr. J. O'Brien, clarinet solo; Mr. J. Murphy, speech; Mr. Frank McDougal, recitation; Mr. P. Cullen, reading. Mr. Alex. Keho played the accompaniments.

On Feb. 26th the subject under discussion was: "Resolved that the state has the right and duty to educate the citizen." Affirmative, J. P. Smith, '93, and A. Burke, '94; negative, H. Canning, '93, and H. Coyne, '94. These gentlemen reasoned closely and kept to their subject, a remark which some of our debaters should dwell upon. At times a little

"quibbling" may not be out of place, but an excess of it not only reflects on the debater himself, but disgusts his listeners. The Society declared for the affirmative by a substantial majority.

The subject under discussion on March 5th was: "Resolved that Columbus was unjustly treated by Ferdinand." Affirmative, A. White, '93, and M. Abbot, '94; negative, F. Owens, '93, and J. Coyne, '94. The question was ably debated by both sides; a large majority of votes, however, fell to the negative.

The Seniors held their last regular debate for the season on March 17th, when W. S. Proderick, '93, and Thos. Fitzgerald, '94, argued that "Athletics are not carried to excess in Canadian and American Universities," against C. J. Mea, '95, and Alex. Kehe, '94. By a very close vote the affirmative was sustained. At the next meeting, March 26th, the Society will resolve itself into a Mock Parliament.

On Feb. 5th in the Junior Debating Society, Messrs. Foley and Gleason upheld that "Capital punishment should be abolished," against Messrs. Ryan and Quilty. The latter gentlemen were victorious. On the following week the subject was: "Resolved that Canada should be annexed to the United States." Affirmative, F. Smith and C. O'Neil; negative, W. Kempt and J. Tierney. The Society gave a majority of votes to the negative.

At the next meeting, Feb. 25th, Messrs. G. Leyden and H. Martin argued: "That Napoleon was a better General than Wellington," against Messrs. W. Collins and F. Joyce." The majority of votes fell to the negative.

On Feb. 12th the regular fortnightly meeting of the French Debating Society took place. The subject was: "Resolved that Richard Coeur-de-lion was superior to Philip Augustus." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Gagnon and Labelle, and the negative by Messrs. Bedard and Tassé. The negative was declared successful.

On March 5th an animated debate was held, when Messrs. Choquette and Bellisle for the affirmative, and Messrs. McCabe and Beaulieu for the negative, discussed the subject: "Resolved that

annexation would be preferable to independence for Canada." The upholders of Independence were given a majority of votes.

The proceedings of the St. Thomas Academy, and of the Scientific Society, are given in our account of the celebration of St. Thomas' Day.

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### THE FEAST OF ST. THOMAS.

The Feast of the Great Doctor called forth from his ardent disciples the usual display of intellectual ability, each department of the University contributing its liberal meed of homage to his ever crescent memory.

On the eve of the festival, the students of the Theological Seminary gave a short, but interesting entertainment. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop, attended by Mgr. Routhier, the Very Rev. Rector, Vice-Rector of the University, the Director of the Seminary, and others, was present. The programme, which was opened by Rev. Father Groulx, recently raised to the priesthood, consisted principally of three exceedingly instructive papers,—the first, a Latin Thesis on Miracles, read by Mr. D. A. Campbell of the diocese of Alexandria, Ont., in which he proved clearly and conclusively the truth of the Catholic teachings on this subject. Mr. Corbeil of the diocese of Ottawa, next presented a very able article on Education, which was followed by an essay on the authenticity of the Four Gospels. In the latter Mr. Chisholm who belongs to the diocese of Sydney, C. B. brought the vast experience acquired in his forensic career to bear on the various points discussed.

His Grace was delighted with the success of the Séance, and expressed his particular satisfaction at the practical nature of the work presented. Nothing he thought, would more promote Christian interests in the present age of progress and wide-spread diffusion of knowledge, than a thorough unfolding of Catholic beliefs with their concomitant supports found in history and philosophy, and especially in the profound writings of St. Thomas, the model of piety and learning.

On Tuesday March 7th, the feast of the Angelic Doctor, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel assisted at the throne at High Mass in the University Chapel, and preached a very eloquent and instructive sermon to the students, taking as his text the passage from St. Luke, "What an one, think ye, shall this child be?" In the evening, the philosophers, in honour of their patron Saint, held a public entertainment in the Academic Hall. There were present, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, the Rev. Superior of the Capuchin Monastery, and many distinguished members of the clergy. The President of St. Thomas Academy Mr. P. Cullen delivered a brief introductory address in which he welcomed the large number of visitors and called attention to the fact, that upon the present occasion, the society had taken a new departure, in not confining the discussions to the more abstract and theoretical portions of science, but had extended it to the domain of *Physics and Astronomy*.

He then introduced Mr. A. A. Newman, who read a paper on the thesis "*Anima humana simplex, inextensa, spiritualis, a Deo creata, et naturaliter immortalis.*" His thesis was impugned by Messrs P. A. White and A. J. McKenna who proposed many objections that evinced a deep study of the subject under discussion. Mr. F. McDougall followed with an elegantly written paper on the philosophy of Hegel, in which he clearly proved the fallacy of this philosopher's reasoning.

Mr. Jos. McDougall then made a number of most interesting experiments illustrating the pressure and laws of the atmosphere, and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close by Mr. Jas. Murphy, who did full justice to his part of the programme, which embraced a series of explanations of the motions, eclipses and physical features of the Sun and Moon. The interest of his subject was much enhanced by lime-light views.





## ST. PATRICK'S DAY WITH THE STUDENTS.



GENERATIONS intensely Irish in blood and sympathies have never seen Ireland, writes that ideal Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, and well is this exemplified in the students of Ottawa University. For, though they come from many lands and have agreed to differ on many matters, yet, on this one thing they have agreed to agree, namely, that the day on which is celebrated the feast of Ireland's patron saint shall be the day of days in Ottawa University. Indeed, since away back in the "sixties" St. Patrick's day has always been a day of rejoicing at the University; but perhaps for no former anniversary were such elaborate preparations made, both by the faculty and students, as for this anniversary of 1893. And this is as it should be, for never since the days of the disestablishment of the Irish church have Irishmen celebrated a 17th of March which promised a brighter future to their native land. Thus it was that a more than ordinary interest was taken in this year's celebration, and thus it was that a more than ordinary success was achieved.

That the celebration might be rendered thoroughly Irish, at 10.30 a.m. the students repaired to the chapel where High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Martin, O.M.I., assisted by Revs. F. Tourangeau and Dubois as Deacon and Subdeacon respectively. The preacher of the day was Rev. Father Murphy, O.M.I., who, taking his text from the 117th Psalm, verse 23, "*This is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in our eyes,*" proceeded to trace the life of St. Patrick and to show the lesson that could be learned from it, especially by students. The Irish, he said, had a mission to fulfil, and in order to do so they could not do better than to imitate two of the most prominent characteristics of their patron saint, viz., his faith and his science. The brightest gem in St. Patrick's crown was his whole-souled faith, and this joined to his rare intellectual attainments

made him most worthy of our imitation, particularly in these days when Irishmen — through no fault of their own — were not as numerous as they should be among the more learned. Nothing, continued the preacher, will be so effective in forcing consideration from our opponents as the wide diffusion of knowledge. He concluded by exhorting the students to do their utmost to win back this reputation in science for which their fathers had been famous and for which the Irish would still be famous were it not for the disadvantages under which they had been forced to labor. On the whole, it was a good practical sermon from which students could learn a good practical lesson, viz., that while they should be proud of their nationality and their religion, they should at the same time be up and doing so as to become learned men, and thus force recognition from others.

## THE BANQUET.

St. Patrick's day would not be St. Patrick's day, especially at Ottawa University, if the students could not actively partake in the celebration. Consequently at 12.30 p.m. it was not surprising to see two hundred of them with their guests filing into the large banquetting hall around whose walls were arranged appropriate mottoes, decorations, and flags, together with pictures of St. Patrick, O'Connell, Gladstone, Parnell, John Boyle O'Reilly, and Sir John Thompson. In fact, the surroundings were nothing if they were not Irish. As to the *menu*, to say that it was *good* would be to use a very moderate adjective indeed. We therefore borrow from one of the banquetters and say "It could not be surpassed." Could anything, then, be more to the taste of students than to do justice to such a meal while sweet Irish airs floated from an orchestra above? Scarcely, one would think; but, yes, there is another feature of the banquet to which the students look forward with a still greater eagerness. It is the intellectual treat in the way of oratory. Consequently when Mr. H. J. Canning, chairman of the Banquet committee, rose

to welcome the guests and to show that since the days of O'Connell no anniversary deserved to be celebrated as this anniversary of 1893, all waited anxiously to hear the first speech of the day, which was given by Mr. P. Cullen in response to the toast, "Erin's Day." Nor were they disappointed, for Mr. Cullen is an orator of no mean ability. On St. Patrick's day, he said, Irishmen naturally recalled the history of their country. Such a retrospect could not fail to furnish abundant matter for pride in the achievements of the Irish race. The great names that adorned the pages of Irish history, and the great deeds there recorded were so many evidences of national greatness. But to that history of Ireland, he continued, there was a dark side. For three hundred years, Ireland had to struggle in vain for liberty. Still, now that the final triumph seemed at hand in the prospect of an Ireland free, contented, and prosperous, Irishmen could celebrate St. Patrick's day with no bitterness in their hearts, and could look forward with the utmost confidence to the future of a self-governed Ireland.

When the chairman next proposed "Our Native Land," prolonged cheers from many a staunch young Canadian re-echoed through the hall, but if they expected a panegyric on their native land they were disappointed, for Mr. A. A. Newman, who rose in response, did not believe that Canada was prospering as she should, and based his reasons for this belief on the fact that the population was not increasing, and on the statement that the natural resources were not being developed. He then proceeded to speak of the three remedies proposed to better the condition of Canadians: Imperial Federation, Annexation, and Independence. He showed that the first two were out of the question, and claimed that the latter was the only alternative. "If," said he, "Canada were independent, foreign capital would flow into the country, our mines would be opened up," &c. He claimed, and rightly so, that the greatest enemy Canada had was the demon of discord—the demon of religious fanaticism and racial bigotry, and endeavored to show that were Canada independent, this religious fanaticism would give place to

toleration, while racial prejudices would give place to brotherly love. He concluded by appealing to his fellow-students not to be found wanting in their duty to Canada.

The "Gael in Many Lands" called forth from Mr. Frank McDougal a reply which the Owl representative has no hesitation in pronouncing to be the neatest speech of the day. He pictured the Irish exile in many lands, giving himself to the commemoration of the national day of Ireland, and pointed out the excellent reasons why he should do so. He concluded his short address by claiming that when triumph comes, as come it must, not only will Ireland's gratitude be due to the statesmen living and dead who have aided her, but also, in a great measure it will be due to the active support given by Irish exiles in all parts of the world to the good cause.

"Gladstone and Home Rule" was next proposed by the chairman and answered by Messrs. L. Kehoe and W. Cavanagh. Mr. Kehoe referred to the long and brilliant career of Mr. Gladstone, England's foremost statesman, and especially to the last few years of his career. When Gladstone saw that the people of Ireland sent a majority of Nationalist representatives to the British Parliament, he took it upon himself to right her wrongs, and endeavored to give her a Home Rule measure. If he succeeded, continued the speaker, in this—and the only requisite was the continuation of his life—his name would deserve to be honored by future generations of Irishmen as one of England's ablest sons and Ireland's greatest champion.

Mr. W. Cavanagh followed on the same toast and dealt with Home Rule in a very sensible and forcible speech. He dwelt on the origin of the present struggle and then compared it with the armed efforts of the past, which had brought no gleam of hope to the Irish but had resulted in the shedding of the best blood in Ireland, and the scattering of Irishmen throughout the world. The present movement, he said, not only brought freedom to Ireland, but also called into existence a real friendship between Ireland and England. A Protestant was the founder of the Home Rule movement, he said, and his successor

Parnell, another Protestant, had perfected it. (Loud cheers.) Parnell's name, he continued, would live forever in Irish hearts, for it was he who won for Ireland the sympathy of the world. He trusted that such men as Gladstone, McCarthy, O'Brien, and our own Edward Blake would make Ireland truly

“Grand, glorious and free;  
First gem of the ocean,  
And first flower of the sea.”

About this stage of the proceedings, the chairman introduced to the assembled students, Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, and Rev. J. Conaty, of Springfield, who had just entered the hall with Dr. McGuckin. The introduction of Dr. Conaty was the signal for a most enthusiastic V-A-R, for this was his second visit to us on St. Patrick's day, and the boys always remember an orator such as he has shown himself to be. He arrived just in time for the toast of “The Neighboring Republic,” to which, when the cheering had ceased, Mr. A. Burke rose to reply. He believed that though all the great nations of the world were sympathizing with Ireland at the present time, nowhere was this sympathy stronger than in his native land—America. And rightly so, he said, for America owed much to Ireland. Irishmen had played an important part in the two great American struggles—the war of the Revolution and the Civil war. The Irish, he said, were truly American, and were the main factors in building up the American nation. He pointed out that the greatest mission of the Irish in America was the spreading of Catholicism, and concluded by showing the many gains made by the Church in the great Republic. Dr. Conaty was then called for, and as usual everyone wanted more when at the end of fifteen minutes he resumed his seat. “This is a great treat” was the gist of many comments that came to the ears of the OWL representative. Father Conaty, of Springfield, was also requested to speak and though he told us that if we had known him we would not have called for him, yet he agreeably surprised us, for there was something we rather liked about the way he expressed himself.

Next came a toast never omitted at an Irish banquet, “The Irish Clergy.” Rev.

W. Murphy was called for, and in a few words told the students of the faith and devotedness which had ever characterized the Irish priests. They were ever trusted by the Irish people, he said, simply because they had ever been true to the Irish people. He hoped, in conclusion, that in the days of Ireland's prosperity which seemed so close at hand, harmony and devotedness on the part of the Irish clergy and people would still continue.

“Sister Nationalities” was replied to by Messrs. L. Raymond and J. McDougal, for France and Scotland respectively. Mr. Raymond contended that there were many reasons why the French and Irish should be fast friends. One was because St. Patrick was a Frenchman, but as this was disputed he did not wish to prove his contention from it. The best reason why they should be friends was the fact of the material assistance which France had often given to Ireland, but more especially the fact that they were the two most intensely Catholic countries in the world. He then traced other similarities between the two peoples, showing that they differed only in language. “Non realiter” inquit, “sed accidentaliter distinguuntur.” Responding for Scotland Mr. J. McDougal said several good things and said them well, as usual. Scotland, he maintained, should have a place on the toast-list of a St. Patrick's day banquet, because Scotchmen and Irishmen are of the same Celtic blood, their languages differ but little, their hopes and aspirations with regard to liberty and independence have always been the same, and in fine, because Scotchmen and Irishmen are at present fighting on the floor of the English House of Commons for the same great cause of Home Rule for Ireland. This is why on knowing such men as Gratton, O'Connell, and Parnell, we should pause for a moment and give some degree of praise to heroes like Wallace, Bruce, and Livingstone.

The chairman's proposal of “The University” called forth a hearty V-A-R., at the conclusion of which Mr. Jas. Murphy, who through untiring attention to class matter, to societies, and to the OWL, has become one of the best speakers among the students, rose to answer for his Alma Mater. The University for the student, he said, was a place of transition between

home and the world. Home being the dearest spot on earth, it was but natural that the student should be instinctively inclined to be ill-disposed towards the institution which, so to speak, had forcibly carried him off from his home. But that feeling, he said, should not be encouraged, for the difference between life at home and life in the cold world without friends was as great as the difference between light and darkness. It was therefore fitting, he said, that there should be a place of transition, else, were the young man to at once step forth into the world, he might fall an easy victim to despair and ruin. Within the walls of the University the young student who naturally loved freedom was restrained, and this was to be commended for he thus acquired will power. Our professors, he said, were men in the truest sense of the word, men who had sacrificed their all for the good of the students. They must not be forgotten, for in the words of Webster, "When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they are embodied in human character and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our admiration and gratitude."

"The Owl." brought to his feet one of the oldest members of the editorial staff, Mr. T. A. White. As it was through the Owl, he said, that the outside world judged of us, the sage bird should ever keep pace with the progress of the University and be a worthy mouth-piece of the students. Many flattering notices from exchanges went to show that the Owl was holding its place. "Let us," said he, "ever keep it among the foremost of American college papers as it is at present. Let its screech be heard from the rock-bound Pacific to the sand-shored Atlantic; let it be even re-echoed in the Old World, and when in after years we go forth from the University may we ever be proud to

refer to the Owl as one of the foremost Catholic magazines in the land."

"Athletics," that toast which never fails to call forth ringing cheers from the students of Ottawa was next answered by Mr. J. J. Meagher, a member of the once victorious but now defeated "first fifteen." He showed that there were advantages, physical, intellectual and moral to be derived from athletics. Besides, they were a source of unity, and this was the reason that we were not divided into nationalities but appeared in one whole, as the students of Ottawa University. The "garnet and grey," he said, had taken a slight fall but only one which precedes greater victories. In conclusion, he exhorted those present to put forth their best efforts to regain their lost laurels, for "true glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall."

"Our Guests" was answered by a happy speech from Mr. John O'Connor, B.A., of the *Citizen*. John's easy, natural style of speaking takes well after dinner. Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick in replying to the same toast, among other things, incidentally remarked that while some seemed to think Canadian Independence would be a boon for Canada, they should ever remember, that all things considered, British rule and British institutions were the best in the world and that wherever the British flag had been planted there also had been planted Christianity. Prolonged cheers greeted this remark showing that not all, nor nearly all Irish Canadians are anti-British.

Besides those mentioned, among the guests were Messrs. Campbell, Macaulay, Delaney, Troy, Stewart, Cormier, and Belanger. All betook themselves from the hall feeling well satisfied with the day.

The thanks of the committee are due to Messrs. Proderick, Alex. Keho, Hanrahan and J. Clarke for some good vocal music, especially to the latter who sang two excellent songs



## ATHLETICS.

Five hockey matches and a snowshoe tramp to Aylmer comprise the College athletic events of the past month. The snowshoe tramp was the usual eighteen miles that are to be covered in going to Aylmer and back. The usual number of about twenty or thirty started out, but only a few tramped the whole way back, the others having taken places in the sleighs with the sleigh-riders, who numbered about forty-five. A jolly time was spent in Aylmer, and the pleasure seekers returned home very tired, but well satisfied with the day's outing.

On Feb. 3rd was played the scheduled match, Rideau vs. College. The match was played on the College rink. The College were short two men, Sparrow and McDougal. To fill their places, Clark went forward, being replaced in goal by O'Rielly, and Copping played point. During the first half, the play was about even. The Rideaus however, scored the only goal. In the second half, the College improved in their passing and scored two goals. Just before the call of time the Rideaus succeeded in evening up the score. Darkness prevented the deciding of the draw. The teams were :

Rideaus. — Goal, Cameron ; Point, ; Cover Point, ; Forwards, Rosenthal, Merritt, Lay and Lister.

College.—Goal, O'Rielly ; Point, Copping ; Cover Point, Reynolds ; Forwards, Brophy, Clark, White and Rigney.

Referee, W. C. Young. Umpires, W. Kempt, R. Shillington.

The match with the Ottawa Juniors on the Rideau Rink, Feb. 8th, resulted in another draw, the score standing three to three. In the first half the Juniors played a very fast game. By their splendid passing, they scored the first game in about five minutes. The College had the puck many times in dangerous proximity to their opponents goal, but being very weak in shooting they failed to score. Ottawa scored two more games. Sparrow then made a splendid rush, carrying the puck the entire length of the rink and scored. At half time the score was Ottawa three, College, one. In the second half the

College added two to their score, thus making the game a draw. During this half the College had the best of the play.

Owing to the absence of one of the Ottawas there were but six players on each side. The teams were :

Ottawa's.—Goal, Chittick ; Point, Birkett ; Cover Point, Kavanagh ; Forwards, Cox, Spittal, Bradley.

College.—Goal, Clark ; Point, Reynolds ; Cover Point, Sparrow ; Forwards, Brophy, McDougal, White.

Referee, Jno. A. McDougal. Umpires, E. J. O'Rielly and R. Bradley.

The Aberdeens met defeat on the College rink on Feb. 25th. The visitors were outplayed throughout the game. McDougal played in splendid form, and aided by White, scored two goals in the first half. In the second half, two more goals were added to the College score, and thus ended the match with a score of College four, Aberdeens nothing.

College.—Goal, Clark ; Point, Reynolds ; Cover Point, Sparrow ; Forwards, Brophy, McDougal, White, Rigney.

Aberdeens.—Goal, Kavanagh ; Point, McDougal ; Cover Point, Wallace ; Forwards, Birkett, Short, Forbes, Moore.

At Dey's rink on March 6th, the Electrics scored the second decisive victory over the College. The score was seven or eight to one, in favor of the coming champion Electric team. The College were outplayed from start to finish. The Electrics played their usual effective game, and added one to their unbroken series of victories. The College team was the same as in the preceding match. The Electrics were : Goal, Shea ; Point, Nolan ; Cover Point, E. Murphy ; Forwards, Smith, Baldwin, O'Neil, Dey (replaced by P. Murphy. Referee, J. A. McDougal. Umpires, E. O'Reilly and R. Bradley.

A second match with the Ottawa Juniors resulted in a victory for that team, by a score of six to one, but the score does not give a true idea of the play. There were times when the college would outplay the Juniors long enough to score three or four goals, but would not score one. In the first game, for instance, the play was

decidedly in favor of the College, the puck being for the most part of the time around the Ottawa's flags, but finally the Ottawas took it to the other end of the rink and scored in short order. The latter part of the second half of the game was somewhat similar. This was not, however, entirely due to hard luck on the part of the College and good luck on the part of the Juniors. True, there was some hard luck on the part of the College, but the Juniors excel in rushing. When they take the puck along they play systematically. When one of their players passes the puck to the side or to the centre, there is always someone in the right spot to receive it. That is where the College seemed weak. They rush individually and are seldom on hand to receive a pass in front of goal. The shooting of the College was not always of the straightest and swiftest, but it was certainly due to hard luck that once or twice the puck did not find its way through the Ottawas flags. One shot, in fact, was so seemingly a goal as to necessitate a change of umpires. For the Juniors, the forward division played well, and received much assistance from Turner at cover point. For the College, McDougal played a strong game and Brophy was particularly adept in relieving an opponent of the puck. In the second half, White made some very strong rushes and "Cæsar" at point was as reliable as usual. The College were short a man, and the match was played with six a side, as follows :

College.—Goal, Clark ; Point, Reynolds ; Cover Point, Rigney ; Forwards, McDougal, Brophy, White.

Ottawa Juniors.—Goal, Chittick ; Point, Kavanagh ; Cover Point, Turner ; Forwards, Bradley, Spittal, Cox.

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### JUNIOR NOTES.

The Irish national feast was celebrated this year by the juniors with great success. The decorations were elaborate and tasteful, and reflected great credit upon those who had the management of this part of the celebration. The toast list was as large as usual, the speeches were of a very high order and were certainly superior to

any heard on former occasions. When the participants had done full justice to the repast set before them, toast-master Finnegan arose amidst great cheers, to begin the oratorical part of the programme. We regret that our limited space does not permit a verbatim report of the speeches. The following is a list of the toasts, and the persons by whom the responses were made :—

The day, P. O'Neil.  
Musical Ireland, T. B. McGuire.  
Irish Poets, W. P. Ryan.  
Canada, D. Kearns.  
Agriculture, J. Dempsey.  
The Press, J. Cowan.  
Infirmarians, P. Bisailon.

The hockey season for this year is now over. The fine weather for the past couple of weeks has had a telling effect upon the hockey rink, and the glassy surface is now transformed into huge piles of melting snow and ice. The last match of the season was played between the Junior Third team and the First teams of the Lyceum. The result was in favor of the latter team by a score of six goals to one. The Lyceums are certainly deserving of commendation for the pluck and courage they displayed in facing and defeating so formidable an aggregation as the Junior Third team. Although the number of games played this year is not as large as that of last year, the record of the hockey teams is by no means below that of other years.

We were somewhat alarmed to see our Junior reporter among those emerging from the infirmary on crutches a few days ago. At first we concluded that through some means our valued assistant's identity had been discovered. While we regretted very much the accident which befell him, we were pleased to learn from his own lips that his condition was the result of a fall upon the hockey rink the day before.

The Junior Honour Course is now thoroughly organized, and lectures will be given as heretofore on Congé afternoons. Messrs. Boisvert and Fahey have already begun to avail themselves of the advantages therein afforded.

Tommy Powers, the holder of the wrestling championship of the "little yard" since the beginning of the year, succumbed to the superior skill of Jimmy Mortel a few days ago. Tommy, who, by the way, is making rapid progress in the study of Familiar Science, attributes his defeat to the displacement of his centre of gravity, caused by the loss of a right molar, which had been extracted a few days before.

The Knights of the Pick, under Capt. McGuire, turned out for their first practice on Wednesday, 8th inst. Though this organization is not as strong numerically as in former years, the members appeared in good form, and will doubtless make sad havoc with the rink and surrounding snow banks during the next couple of weeks. Mc. claims to have had a varied experience in this line of business in Great Britain and the United States, and promises to eclipse all previous efforts in this direction.

The manager of the Finnegan Harmony Club (Limited), desires to express his regret for his inability to furnish the patrons of the hockey rink with music for the past few days. Herr Neuf Phan, first violinist, severed his connection with the club, and the manager was unable to fill his place. We understand that Phan, having purchased a second pair of spectacles, is devoting all his spare time to rehearsing for his summer engagement at Old Orchard Beach.

Our junior reporter begs to apologize for the tardiness of the notice that Poisson is back. He hereby notifies all whom it may concern that this intimation is an "offishal" one. Michigan papers please copy.

Owing to the indisposition of the instructor the class in physical culture has been indefinitely disbanded. The attending physician pronounced it a case of abnormal development of different parts of the body at the same time, but he expects that a couple of months' sojourn among the Chelsea Hills will restore his patient to his usual health and vigour.

The following held the first places in their classes for the month of February :

First Grade	{	1. G. McCabe.
		2. J. Tobin.
		3. D. McAuliffe.
Second Grade	{	1. L. Lanthier.
		2. Wm. Ryan.
		3. F. Stringer.
Third Grade B	{	1. E. Donegan.
		2. A. Rocque.
		3. C. Hayes.
Third Grade A	{	1. D. Kearns.
		2. D. McGale.
		3. J. Mortel.
Fourth Grade	{	1. A. Belanger.
		2. C. Brophy.
		3. E. Gosselin.

### SUBRIDENDO.

#### LIARS WHO STOOD BY EACH OTHER.

"I was spending the night in a country town not long ago," said the drummer at the dinner table, "and in the evening, before bed time, several of the natives collected at the tavern, and we sat around on the porch talking. One of the residents was telling me what a fine country they had about them.

"Why," he said in all earnestness, 'Jack Binsy, who has a dairy farm ten miles from town, gets 1,000,000 pounds of butter a week from his cows.' place that he runs entirely with buttermilk."

"There wasn't any use bucking against evidence of that sort, and I never said a word."—Detroit Free Press.

#### THE SYMPTOMS WERE THE SAME.

Dr. Squills—"Say, we must send a bottle of our liver cure to Mr. Longfellow Lillipad, the Gowanus poet."

Assistant—"Why?"

Dr. Squills—"I have jus. read his last poem in the Wayup Magazine and he has all the symptoms that the Universal Peptic Panacea cures. He has 'wondrous weariness,' 'undefined desires,' and 'heart-haunting pains.'"—Puck.

#### WATERPROOF MILK.

An artist who has been sketching in Scotland was telling his friend, an Oxford Don, that he had discovered a Highland cow licking and apparently prepared to eat his macintosh coat. "How I wish," said the Don, "they would bring this cow to Oxford. Perhaps it would give us waterproof milk."—London Truth.

#### AT THE FUNERAL.

First Sister—Why don't you cry?

Second Sister—Can't. Left my embroidered handkerchief at home.—Texas Siftings.

## ULULATUS.

1. Ex conspectu !

He was a mighty traveller  
Who'd been most everywhere ;  
He came to Canada to taste  
Our bracing atmosphere.

2. Go it, Ric !

A western blizzard lopped him  
As a sickle would a fern,  
And he travels now in regions  
Whence he never shall return.

Billy should hereafter spell his name thus, EEL, as he wiggled out of that pie difficultly very much a la fish mentioned.

"Fagan's Hotel" has re-opened for the coming season. Judging from the cry of "Next!" heard there so often, one might be led to think a barber-shop had been added to the establishment.

Some of the valentines received at the University this year were quite tony. Though John's was Meag(h)er In some detail yet he Ow(e)ns it was intended for a (C)lark even though it was not the Coyne(d) he expected. He was consoled, however, by knowing from whence it came.

A close call—a tailor's ad.

We have some very fine singers in our midst this year, "Cascamillo" in particular. All that is required is a little cultivation, by way of running a plough through his voice a couple of times, with a little bird seed thrown in and his warbling might be more conducive to the good health of his hearers, and especially to the laws of harmony.

Always tired—A wheel.

Always light in weight—A simple-ton.

Always needing something.—Bakers.

Always under the lash—The eye.

Luck seems to follow some mortals. This fact was evidenced, during the famous Bolger trial, which took place last week, when some of those who participated in the capacity of policemen, bailiffs and health inspectors were given an excellent opportunity to choose their vocations. As to the would-be fraternal legal lumiparies, we would suggest some other field of labor, say advance agents for a talking machine, or generators for a wind-mill.

Keep away from that dark room, Yoker, if you don't want Uncle Sam to brand you as a traitor to your country next summer. Your host is no African explorer.

The student who lately remarked that "spring was marching in" should *make a tea-m* with that other one, who, wishing to examine the celestial globe, requested the caretaker to lend him the earth.

A certain student received a promotion last month ; he remarked, however, that it did not surprise him, as he had been sure he was going to Win-ni-peg.

Two of our mathematicians in taking levels recently differed by 12 inches. Evidently one or the other put his foot in it.