

THE OWL.

VOL. VIII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 3.

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.



AMONG the many talented sons of Erin who have delighted and elevated their fellow-men by their heroic deeds of charity, shed additional lustre on their native land by their genius, and conferred honor on their race by their christian virtues, the venerable Father Mathew will ever hold a most prominent place. The 10th of October, 1790 was an auspicious day in the annals of Cashel, the ancient capital of Tipperary, for on that memorable morning was ushered into the world one of God's choicest spirits who was destined to be another Moses to lead the faithful Irish out of the treacherous bondage of intemperance, into the secure haven of total abstinence.

Too often the early days of the world's greatest men are obscured and overshadowed by the dazzling rays of their subsequent achievements, we forget the man and remember his works. It is not thus with Father Mathew; the facts of his life teach us that the characteristics of his youth were but purified and intensified by the chastening influence of the religious life. His sweet engaging manner made him his mother's favorite child, for his tender sympathetic heart beat responsive to the love that only a mother can feel.

The young "Toby" was called "the pet" by his brothers and sisters, yet he was "the little tyrant" of the family circle, and displayed all that personal magnetism which in after life subdued the most confirmed drunkard and softened the hardest

sinner. In his boyhood days, it was his one delight to afford pleasure to others, and often was he the angel of peace and reconciliation between his mother and his elder brothers and sisters. His gentle disposition, unselfishness, sweet gravity and kind consideration for the poor and infirm, pointed him out as the future "Priest of the family," and won for him, from the servants of his father's house, the honored title of "the little saint." Even as a boy, he was not one to follow aimlessly and heedlessly in the well-beaten track of the many; on the contrary, he was the beloved and undisputed leader of his young companions.

One day his mother said: "Is it not unfortunate? I have nine sons, and not one of them to be a priest." Then the manly, sturdy little fellow arose and exclaimed "mother don't be uneasy; I will be a priest." From that day, the family regarded him as consecrated to the service of God, and his patroness, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, insisted on educating him at her own expense. The young Theobald was sent to a school in Kilkenny, whence he was graduated into Maynooth.

Having completed his course of studies and feeling himself called to the religious life, he entered the Capuchin order and was ordained in Dublin on Easter Sunday morning by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murray. Immediately after his ordination, Father Mathew was stationed at Kilkenny, but was soon removed to Cork. Here, in Cork, Father Mathew laid the foundation of his future fame; his reputation as a director in the confessional, extended from parish to parish, until the common saying that "if a carman from Kerry brought a

firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home until he had gone to confession to Father Mathew," passed beyond the bounds of pleasantry into the domain of strict truth. Being a man of keen perception, he soon discovered the existence of two predominant evils: ignorance and idleness. As an offset to these he established schools, in which literary and industrial training were happily blended.

Although Father Mathew's favorite proverb was "take time by the forelock, for he is bald behind," he pondered long and deeply ere he cast in his lot with the upholders of Total Abstinence, who at this time were nearly all members of the Society of Friends. The good, old, honest William Martin, who in after days gloried in the proud title of "Grandfather of the Temperance Cause" perceived that the humble Capuchin was the right man to lead the van of Temperance against the deadly forces of alcoholic drink. In season and out of season did Martin importune the priest, "Oh! Theobald Mathew, if thou would but take the cause in hand."

At length the die was cast, Father Mathew had crossed the Rubicon and burnt his boats. At a public meeting held April 10th, 1858, he solemnly declared "that if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends you do not require them, nor do I require them, neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health, and I advise you to follow my example, I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then advanced to the table saying "here goes, in the name of God" and signed his name.

Great indeed was the astonishment, when it became known that Father Mathew had espoused the cause of those, who had hitherto been regarded as pious frauds and temperance fanatics. The doctrine of Total Abstinence was ridiculed

and considered absurd as long as it was advanced by those who were out of touch with the masses and had not the ear nor the heart of the people. In fact everyone sneered at them and their then fantastic doctrine. Even when the great Father Mathew himself became the leader of the Temperance movement, there were not a few among the clergy, who sagely shook their heads and murmured "poor Mathew." The sequel proved that the wisest are liable to err, for Father Mathew was building upon an adamant foundation that he had been laying and perfecting during the twenty-five years of his sacerdotal career. His unflinching, untiring zeal in the confessional; his earnestness in the pulpit; his devotedness in the fever-stricken suburbs of Cork; his well known charities; his priestly virtues; his great Catholic, all-embracing spirit; his talent, beauty, noble birth, all united to designate him as the leader in a mighty crusade against intemperance.

Some, as we have already hinted, thought that he had acted on the spur of the moment, and confidently predicted that his ardor would soon be cooled. These reckoned without their host; Theobald Mathew was not built of that sort of timber, in this respect he resembled the giant, sturdy oak of the primeval forest; he might be broken but could never be bent from the course that he had mapped out for himself. With him there was no lukewarmness, no compromising matters, when the fate of immortal souls lay trembling in the balance. Father Mathew was not one of those who draw fine, hair-splitting distinctions to prove that liquor is good *per se* but bad *per accidens* and look down from their lofty pinnacle of self-complacency upon the wanton destruction of millions of human crafts, by the overwhelming billows of intemperance; on the contrary he was a shrewd, practical observer, who perceived from stern facts, that the parent liquor, with its hideous offspring, drunkenness, was the maelstrom that infallibly drew thousands and thousands of souls into its vortex of moral ruin, ignoble poverty, and social degradation. No one knew better than he, that the great curse of the Irish people was intoxicating drink and that no other evil makes so bold an

attack upon the happiness, comfort, prosperity, peace, purity and religious character of a nation as the fell scourge of over-indulgence in liquor.

But here we think it opportune to declare our perfect accord with the "Great Liberator" who vindicated the character of the Irish people previous to the inauguration of the Temperance Crusade by Father Mathew. At a monster public meeting convened to do honor to the "Apostle," O'Connell during the course of his speech said "it would appear that prior to the temperance movement, the Irish were a depraved people, emphatically a drunken population, and that it required some mighty Apostle of the living God to rescue them from their captivity. Take notice that, in saying this, I do not mean in the slightest degree to detract from the great merits of what has been done by Father Mathew. I admit that he has performed a mighty moral miracle; but at the same time I utterly deny that the people of Ireland were at any time inferior to their neighbors, or to the people of any foreign country, in any part of the globe." Ireland's Demosthenes then proved from statistics (which by the way, are as true for '94 as they were for '43), that the Irishman did not drink as much intoxicating liquors as his English or Scotch neighbor.

To return from our short digression, the historic words, "Here goes, in the name of God" were the inauguration of the most successful mission ever conducted in Ireland since the days of St Patrick. The Almighty in His inscrutable designs must have looked down upon the Irish with a loving and pitying eye, for He sent them at the same time two of the world's greatest men; the "Apostle" to strike from their hands the shackles of moral slavery, the "Liberator" to free them from political serfdom, O'Connell could never have held in check the thousands who assembled at his political meetings, had they not been restrained from drunkenness and its consequent riot and disorder by their great moral leader.

We need not follow Father Mathew in his triumphal march throughout Catholic Ireland; at length he resolved to "beard the lion in his den" and extend his labors to the several Orange districts of Ulster. Now indeed came the crucial test of his

ability as a leader. Was he to fail? Let the interested party answer. One of the "Young Brittons" was asked by his companion why he knelt to Father Mathew. "Who could resist him? Who could help it? No one could refuse him anything he asked," was the quick response, which bears sufficient testimony to the respect, veneration and love that the Orangemen had for Father Mathew.

He had evangelized Ireland from Tor Pt. to Mizen Head; he had won thousands of supporters to his cause during his brief sojourn in England; he had visited Scotland, where myriads of sturdy Scots were fervent Mathewites. All this did not satisfy the cravings of his spirit, which chafed in its insular confines. He looked yearningly across the broad Atlantic to the younger and greater Ireland in the West. Consequently he set sail for the United States in 1849, and was given a royal reception when he reached the hospitable shores of America.

Father Mathew's course through the country, resembled more the victorious march of a conquering general, than the mission of a poor Capuchin friar. By unanimously passing a resolution admitting him to the floor of the chamber, the National House of Representatives conferred upon Father Mathew the highest honor that the Representatives of the American public can bestow upon a foreigner; the Senate granted him a like privilege, which had hitherto been enjoyed by only one—the illustrious Lafayette. During his American tour, his old enemy paralysis, once more returned to waste away his shattered frame. As he lay on his sick bed, with the angel of death waiting to claim its victim, the oft-repeated words, "God bless you father, for you have many a widow's blessing, and mine among them," must have been sweet balm to his spirit.

When this attack had become less violent, Father Mathew turned his care worn face towards his beloved Erin, for he wished to die and be laid at rest, in the land that was so dear to his loyal Irish heart. The doctors ordered repose, but he replied "never will I willingly sink into a state of inglorious inactivity; never will I desert my post in the midst of the battle. If I am to die, I will die in harness."

His never ceasing labors brought on another attack of apoplexy, which was slowly but surely tightening its deadly grasp upon him who once boasted that he was "the strongest man in Ireland." He might be seen at almost every hour of the day tottering down the steps, eager to meet some poor drunken wretch who wished to take the pledge.

But alas! Death could no longer be deprived of its victim and on December 8th., 1856, Father Mathew breathed forth his pure spirit, and passed to the judgment seat of his Creator. Thus died the Apostle and proto-martyr of Total Abstinence, amid the bitter tears and lamentations of the whole civilized world.

Though the voice of Father Mathew is hushed in death, and no longer thrills the hearts of his five millions of converts to temperance, his spirit still lives in their descendants and in the innumerable societies that bear his venerable name.

His was a great and noble work. Single-handed he fought the demon of intemperance, and convinced his fellow-men, that intoxicating drinks are not only unnecessary, but are positively injurious to the human system; he taught his generation to consider drunkenness a most disgusting vice, and not a slight fault easily excused; he showed them that intemperance was fast filling their jails, and supplying victims to the scaffold, and guillotine; he established the fundamental principles of Total Abstinence: that he

who abstains entirely is much safer than he who is moderate in the use of liquor which is so fraught with danger, and that there is no salvation for those who go to excess, except in Total Abstinence.

The spirit of Father Mathew still survives him in our Catholic Bishops, for we have our Mannings, Keanes and Irelands, plainly and candidly telling our people that it is a shame and a disgrace that Catholics should control almost the whole liquor traffic. God alone knows how great a barrier is erected against the progress of Catholicity by Catholic rum-sellers. Of course, some will say that this is gross exaggeration. Let such persons ponder over the question put to Bishop Keane by a poor negro: "If your religion is the true religion what makes your people sell us whisky to get drunk?"

Others still object to Father Mathew's method, and claim that many break the pledge. No one denies this; it only proves that human nature is very frail and that vice is very strong. In the same way, men go to Confession and after Confession fall into sin. Is this a proof that the Confessional is useless? Let Catholics be up and doing. Let Catholics pledge themselves in the pious words of Father Mathew "Here goes in the name of God" and they may rest assured that the future of America will be indissolubly linked with the future of the Catholic Church.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.



THE BOY AND THE WORLD.

ON boyhood's summit radiant he stands,
 With heart on fire, and oh ! the world he sees ;
 Queen-cities throned upon vast, pleasant leas,
 The charm of quiet hamlets, and the sands
 Of golden rivers, while far-off expands
 The sea—its silences and mysteries ;
 And love's light roseate falling soft on these,
 And irised hope arched high o'er all the lands.

O visions beauteous ! O hopes sublime !
 Well, well for us, that journey wearily
 Through torrid wastes, towards you to turn sometime—
 As toward some fairy isle in memorie's sea—
 Forgetting these in dreams of that bright clime
 Where once we roved, heart high and fancy free.

—J. D.

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX.



OUR world is so much the sport of a multitude of dangers that warning signs are in demand at every step. Along railway routes one meets "crossings," the purpose and necessity of which are evident. Travellers by water welcome the lighthouse that prevents disaster to life and property. Innocent looking drugs are carefully marked "Poison" to guard unwary mortals from untimely graves. Prisoners are branded and given a distinctive dress as a protection for civil society against the worst class of citizens. So is it in the Church of God. She suffers, perhaps, more than any human society from dangers incidental to her scope and constitution, and needs protection against them. The most formidable enemies have continually endeavoured to crush or cripple her. To survive their attacks she was forced to adopt adequate means of defence. The struggle gave rise to different powerful organizations, and among them the Roman Congregations. Of the latter one of the best known is certainly the Sacred Congregation of the Index. To writers of books, as well as to readers, this establishment stands forth an unmistakable danger-signal.

The art of writing, by the facilities it affords for the treasuring and spread of knowledge, has rendered invaluable services to humanity. Unhappily it has also often been a fruitful source of harm. Its destructive influences as well as the efforts made to check them, date from an early period. It is claimed that the works of Pythagoras were burned on account of their atheistical tendencies. That such an event could happen even among the lax pagans, the sad fate of a no less renowned philosopher, Socrates, proves beyond cavil. Venturing to teach things not in line with popular superstition and accused of corrupting by his teaching the Athenian youth, he was put to death.

The Roman emperor, Diocletian, deeming it not sufficient to persecute the Christians by tortures and martyrdom, also condemned their books to the flames. In the light of these and innumerable other similar facts, it is not surprising that immoral and irreligious literature could expect little mercy from a divinely-instituted society to whose heaven-taught and living body of religious truths it was in direct opposition. Hence the Church has ever been severe in matters of this kind, and in virtue of one of the essential duties of her mission adopted even apparently harsh measures to remove the curse of bad literature from amongst her children. In the New Testament is an instance of some bad books destroyed by the converts of St. Paul at Ephesus. The works of Arius in the fourth century were condemned to a similar fate. The popes, forced by their position to assume the lead, continued to exhort the episcopate and the whole body of the faithful to be on their guard against heretical writings. But the evil swelled to uncontrollable proportions with the advent of the printing press and the so-called Reformation. The press lent itself to every species of imposture. The Council of Trent endeavoured to find a suitable remedy. A committee of its members was set to work, but such was the number of books in publication, that the Council did not see the possibility of itself deciding on any definite measures. In consequence it handed its labors over to Paul IV., then Pope, under whose direction and approval a list or Index of Prohibited Books was shortly afterwards prepared and published. The committee, though temporary, had been of great service. Pius V., successor to Paul IV., replaced it by a permanent board of ecclesiastics, whose sole business it was to correct the Index and bring it down to date. This body received the name of the Congregation of the Index; its powers, extended by Sixtus V., were confirmed by Benedict XIV.

This Congregation is well fitted for its difficult functions. It is composed of Cardinals chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff, some of whom are distinguished as theologians, others as canonists; still others for their ability in the management of ecclesiastical affairs, whilst all are conspicuous for piety and prudence. A secretary is named from the Order of Preachers, and in addition there is a number of eminent scholars and professors, called consultors and relators who undertake the office of censors. The duties of this board are sharply set down in an admirable collection of "Ten Rules" which have been supplemented and explained by various Popes. Benedict XIV, in his celebrated constitution "Sollicita et provida," while adding a new sanction, also dwells at length upon the duties and qualities which should distinguish the judges of books. He is first careful to recall the cautious prudence which has ever marked, and should attend this important work. He notices the complaints of authors who intimate that books are too hurriedly glanced over previous to sentence and briefly answers this and similar objections.

The following extract may give some idea of the careful examinations to which a book is subjected by the censors "The secretary" writes the Pontiff "will receive the books complained of and will require the complainant in each case, to state on what grounds he petitions the suppression of the book. He will then read it over carefully and have it read also by two consultors. If these think the book should be suppressed, some competent relator will be chosen to prepare a written opinion of the work, noting the paragraphs and pages to which special attention is to be paid. The consultors will then hold a meeting, and will discuss the written criticism of the relator, comparing it, paragraph by paragraph with the places referred to. Preparatory meetings of this kind, will be called by the secretary once a month or oftener and the Master of the Apostolic Palace, together with at least six consultors, shall be present. The secretary will record the views of the consultors, and will transmit to the Cardinals, a copy thereof, together with the relator's written opinion."

So much for the lower Congregation. In their turn, the Cardinals review the whole subject, having before them the book in question, the relator's document, the views and votes of the consultors. Sometimes the report comes from the lower chamber, proposing to permit the book without any condemnation, or again, to approve it after certain correction, or finally, when evident perversity checks hesitation, to proscribe it altogether. In any case, the superior Congregation holds two meetings, sifts the evidence, and takes up the votes. The Master of the Sacred Palace, who is present at all these assemblies as primary and official consultor, then carries the matter before the Sovereign Pontiff, on whose decision the final result depends, and without which no condemnation is ever pronounced.

Those judgments thus formed with extreme care suppose unchallenged qualities and dispositions in the judges. It is Benedict XIV who points out the most important. The censors are not charged to seek out reasons for condemning a book given them to examine, but they are to collect from its conscientious and careful perusal, remarks and observations which will be of service to the Cardinals in reaching a decision. No book is committed to any censor who is not especially qualified by his attainments, to express a just and intelligent opinion on the branch about which the book treats. Should a censor grow conscious of lack of ability, he is strictly obliged to acknowledge the fact, and this far from lowering him in the estimation of either the Pope or Cardinals, will rather strengthen their confidence in his candor and fairness. The judges must moreover be on their guard against prejudice, likes or dislikes for certain countries, families, universities, and institutions. Whilst they show no tinge of partisanship, they shall adopt for un failing landmarks, the Church's dogmas, the beliefs rendered obligatory for all Catholics by decrees of general councils, constitutions of Sovereign Pontiffs, or the common consent of orthodox fathers and doctors. Decisions are not given on questions where these authorities permit liberty of discussion. Moreover a judgment calls for a study of the book from cover to cover, and no safe estimate can

be formed from passages picked out here and there and separated from the context, Ambiguous passages are declared in favor of an author hitherto above reproach. In fine, the censors are not to be guided, by caprice or partiality, but shall refer at each step to some of the commonly received rules laid down for such transactions, so as to satisfy their own consciences, guard the good name of authors, whilst rendering service to the Church and the faithful at large.

A catalogue of forbidden books produced under these auspices should, it seems, claim some respect and no little interest. There are several editions: the last is an octavo volume of three hundred and sixty pages with two appendices of eight pages more, and comprises the decrees of the congregation issued up to March of the year 1887. The text is in Latin, the Church's official language. The book is divided into two parts. The first includes a collection of documents relating to the Index. We find there: the "Ten Rules" as they were drawn up by the Council of Trent to regulate the making out of the catalogue; also the observations and instructions of popes Clement VIII and Alexander VII; the long constitution of Benedict XIV already referred to; a mandate of Leo XII; two short declarations of the Congregation of the Index, and a document relative to the latest change of ecclesiastical censures put in force by Pius IX in his constitution *Apostolicæ Sedis*. The second part, the Index proper, contains all the books proscribed since the year 1596. All civilized nations are represented there. Though the volume is of peculiar utility for the clergy and especially the episcopate which, together with the pope, exercises ordinary power of censure, it is, however, intended for general use as the dedication "to the Catholic reader" indicates.

One or two of the documents in the first part, deserve notice here. In one of its declarations, the Congregation of the Index points out that any book proscribed in the language in which it was first written, stands condemned in any tongue whatsoever, into which it may be afterwards translated. In the second, the Congregation re-asserts one of the Ten Rules relative to the printing of the Bible

in the vernacular. The *Edinburgh Review* of 1871, in an article under the heading "Suppressed and Censured Books in England" furnishes some instructive reading. It brings one point out most clearly, namely, the facility with which Scripture is corrupted when rendered into the vulgar tongue. In one English translation about the year 1631, the word "not" is omitted in the seventh commandment, a fault repeated in a prayer book by the same printer. An examination revealed no less than a thousand mistakes in the whole edition. A story of Dr. Usher illustrates the length to which this process was going "The bishop of Armagh hastening one day to preach at St. Paul's Cross, entered a bookstore to enquire for a Bible of the London edition. When he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible." The parliament was soon called upon to forbid by repeated acts, certain much corrupted versions, though generally to little purpose, as the sellers found customers for them at country fairs and markets. In the face of this, who can deny the wisdom of the Congregation of the Index in forbidding any translation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, to be offered for sale or use, without first being approved by the Holy See or edited with notes taken from the fathers of the Church or learned Catholic authors.

In some quarters it is believed that non-Catholics alone figure before this tribunal; nothing could be farther from the truth. All books are examined and treated according to their intrinsic merits, without reference to the name, position, or religion of the author. The books and not the writers are put on trial. The Congregation condemns false doctrine and nothing more. It may and does happen that matter of a dangerous character is printed with the best intentions in the world. Yet, simply because the issues of evil are not one whit lessened thereby, the books, or at least the dangerous elements, may be visited with reprobation. The staunchest Catholics have both felt and acknowledged the justice of this procedure. When the gifted and influential prelate Fenelon found that one of his books had been censured for unsound teaching, he offered without

hesitation a public and eloquent retraction in the pulpit of his own cathedral. St. George Mivart acted with the same noble magnanimity. His views on eternal punishment, as published in the *Nineteenth Century*, met with decided disapproval from the Congregation of the Index. The truly enlightened scientist accepted the verdict, and in the pages of the same magazine hastened to publish and explain his motives for a full submission.

The question has been mooted, whether the laws of the Index bind, practically speaking, in America. Some authorities favor the negative, and consider that where Catholics are mixed up with a majority of adherents to other creeds, the rigor of the Church's legislation has been relaxed through the toleration of the sovereign pontiff. The far greater number however, of eminent canonists look upon this claim as untenable. It identifies itself with a view which deprived the Index of force outside of Italy, a view not only never tolerated, but repeatedly declared an abuse. No precedent can be appealed to as ground for the admission of a principle which has met with no favor, theoretically or practically at Rome. On the other hand, there are cases when, in pursuance to the laws of the Index, librarians and scholars on this side of the Atlantic have petitioned and received leave to examine prohibited books, a useless step if the liberty were already freely conceded. Again the power of the Roman Congregations is merely an extension of the powers enjoyed by the Sovereign Pontiff and therefore embraces the universal Church. The fact that the decrees of condemnation require the ratification of the Pope should lay all doubts at rest. Add to this, that the intrinsic reasons for which a book is censored are equally urgent in America as in Europe. The writings of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Renan, Dumas, Zola and others of the same school lose nothing of their utterly pernicious influence in being transferred from one clime to another.

There is an impression that the Index, though perhaps necessary in other times has now survived its usefulness. The present exercise of its powers conflicts with the liberty of the press. The claim is loudly asserted that any man has a

right to think what he likes and print what he thinks. It would be tedious to enter into these fallacies. In point of fact full liberty of the press never did and does not exist. Confiscated newspapers and imprisoned editors still rank among the official acts of liberal governments. As soon as Anarchy finds expression in America, fenianism in Britain, monarchy in France, the liberty of that particular press ceases. And yet when the interest of the state are not involved, the fundamental truths of religion are left at the mercy of every ink-slinger. Has man changed, or does he still remain a creature of flesh and blood? Are not pain, temptation, sin, the sadly stubborn and perplexing facts of this trying world? It may be readily admitted that man has an immortal soul and is destined for a future of unending beatitude, but are we to forget an almost fatal drawback? His nature is also subject to a mysterious degradation through which he seems weak in the presence of moral evil and is fascinated by the mere presentation of unlawful objects and ideas. In spite of enlightenment, progress, and advance, of the highest social culture, of material resources and mental endowments such as the world has perhaps never witnessed, the danger of knowing certain things has not diminished nor the helps against that danger increased. Apart from this, there is a certain amount of knowledge indispensable to men at all times and in all conditions. Does it appear reasonable that anyone should be permitted to think what he pleases about those truths, to scorn them as worthless, or deny them altogether. For instance to maintain that man with all his gifts differs in no essential way from the brute seems at once a criminal and foolish proceeding. On some of those truths, society depends for its very existence and development; the connection is so close that a blow at the former reaches the latter which to protect itself must extend a defending hand to the endangered principles. Among them are not merely those which regard society's temporal interests, the duties of subjects, the prerogatives and obligations of rulers. A necessary step further brings in another world with its strict duties and obligations. Man and society surely owe

something to God, the creator, primary legislator, and common father. Who is free to erase by a dash of the pen a single one of these obligations?

The press is free and is not free. It is not free with regard to those truths which accepted for years and years, have become part and parcel of the social system. All that is understood by the names law, government, civilization, and chiefly the church that God has set up among nations, claims undiminished respect. On the other hand the press is free when it seeks to realise doctrines doubtless true and beneficial though not yet incorporated into social life. Beyond this intolerance is just and necessary. In politics a liberty called reform exists though it must remain outside the fundamental principles of the national constitution. In the church it is clear that where there is a body of infallible truths religious and moral, left in perpetual deposit, liberty of discussion commences where the ascertained truth comes to an end. Liberty is enjoyed on doubtful subjects. The two branches of our conclusion are briefly but clearly summed up in the words of St. Augustine

"In dubiis libertas, in necessariis unitas."

Bad books offend in one or all of these points. Either they place temptation, as moral danger is called, in the way, or strike at once that body of traditions, maxims and beliefs which make up the sum of whatever little liberty and happiness is enjoyed in this life as well as in the hope of something better. The interests of individuals, the welfare of society and religion are bound up in a common cause and demand the suppression of these dangerous elements. Yet are they even checked? Do the disturbing agents not grow stronger and more numerous? Every day the growth of unwholesome literature appears ranker and thicker with no sign of decay. Evidently on this great battlefield the struggle between good and evil has not slackened. Amidst the thickening perils the Congregation of the Index can still raise a warning finger. Whilst this institution remains true to the aims which gave it birth it will not only not clash with but rather aid the freedom of the press and the production and diffusion of pure and good literature.

T. P. MURPHY, O.M.I., '88



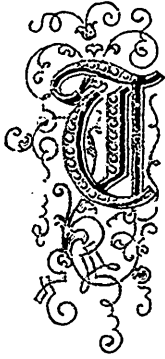
Ah, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek sun grows brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE OLD MAPLE TREE.*

By Maurice W. Casey in Donahoe's Magazine for November.



THOU relic lone, thou blighted tree,
 Forlorn thou standest bleak and stark ;
 The storm's and lightning's rivalry
 Have smitten thee both stem and bark.
 Like lonely age, to gloom a prey,
 Thou broodest on the bare upland ;
 Hast thou forgot the distant day
 That saw thee bloom supremely grand ?

Once wert thou—what thou art not now—

The pride of every summer hour ;
 In Fall each rainbow tinted bough
 Shone richly bright in autumn's bower,
 Thy amber sap poured down thy side,
 Freed by the touch of early spring,
 And droughty bees, from far and wide
 Sought out the stream to sip and sing.

Then didst thou tower in sylvan pride
 Above thy kin, a peerless tree,
 And every scented breeze that sighed
 Seemed but to breathe fresh love for thee.
 Above thy stretching roots were found
 Rich buttercups and daisies trim,
 Blue violets decked the farther ground,
 And blossomed hay surrounded them.

*Mr. Casey is an honored alumnus of Ottawa University and a staunch friend of the Owl. In inserting his delightful little poem, "The Old Maple Tree," we depart with pleasure from our rule not to clip from other magazines.

THE OWL.

Then in thy depths did robins toil,
 Secure from harm their homes they made,
 Though children came in morning's smile
 To romp in mirth beneath thy shade.
 At eve fond lovers there would meet,
 To whisper where thy shadows lay,
 And fire-flies kindling at their feet
 Illumed their lingering homeward way.

When restful moon, in golden glow,
 Presided o'er the beaming scene,
 Where clovers swaying to and fro
 Waved banners dashed with gold and green,
 Came tired and hungry sun-browned bands
 To crave a sheltered seat from thee;
 Their cheer was spread with hasty hands,
 And Spartan fare discussed in glee.

No more, cooled by thy gracious shade,
 Shall man or child or lover rest,
 For grimly bare thine arms are laid
 Against the sunset in the west;
 Where rustic pleasures once prevailed
 Dull silence rules and gloom repels,
 Long have the winds thy fate bewailed
 With sighs as sad as funeral knells.

Heed not, old maple, fancy still
 Depicts thee in thy ancient pride—
 Kind thoughts for stricken friends should fill
 The mind wherein no treasons hide!
 No matter what the months may bring
 Thy form shall share my sympathy;
 A year must come without a spring
 For me as for the maple tree.

AN ASSISTED PROVIDENCE.



IT was the Christmas turkeys that should be held responsible. Every year the Lossings gave each head of a family in their employ, and each lad helping to support his mother, a turkey at Christmastide. Harry, one Christmas some five years ago, bought the turkeys at so good a bargain, that he felt the natural reaction in an impulse to extravagance. In the very flood-tide of the money spending yearnings, he chanced to pass Deacon Hurst's stables, and to see two Saint Bernard puppies of elephantine size but of the tenderest age, gamboling on the sidewalk before the office.

Deacon Hurst is fond of the dog as well as of that noble animal, the horse. He told Harry that the Saint Bernards were grandsons of Sir Beridere, the "finest dog of his time in the world, sir;" that they were perfectly marked, and very large for their age (which Harry found it easy to believe of the young giants), and that they were "ridiculous, sir, at the figure of two hundred and fifty!" (which Harry did not believe so readily); and after Harry had admired and studied the dogs for the space of half an hour, he dropped the price in a kind of spasm of generosity to two hundred dollars. Harry was tempted to close the bargain on the spot, hot-handed, but he decided to wait and prepare his mother for such a large addition to the stable.

A time comes to every healthy man when he wants a dog, and Harry's dog was dead. The departed dog (Bruce by name) was a Saint Bernard; and Deacon Hurst found one of the puppies to have so much the expression of the late Bruce, that he named him Bruce on the spot—a little before Harry joined the group—Harry did not at first recognize this resemblance, but he grew to see it; and, combined with the dog's affectionate disposition, it softened his heart. By the time he told his mother, he was quoting Hurst's adjectives as his own.

"Beauties, mother" said Harry with sparkling eyes, "the markings are perfect, could'nt be better! And, mother, one of them looks like Bruce!"

"I suppose they will want to be house-dogs," said Mrs. Lossing, a little dubiously, "And they are so large, it is like having a pet lion about."

"These dogs, mother, shall never put a paw in the house."

"Well, I hope just as I get fond of them they will not have the distemper and die!" which speech, Harry rightly took for the white flag of surrender. That evening he went to find Hurst and clinch the bargain. As it happened, Hurst was away driving.

The event that happened next morning was Harry's pulling out his check book, and beginning to write a check. Then he let the pen fall on the blotter, for he had remembered that it was Sunday. After an instant's hesitation he took a couple of hundred dollar bank notes out of a drawer (I think they were gifts for his two sisters on Christmas-day, for he was a generous brother), these he placed in the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat. In his left-hand waistcoat pocket were two five dollar notes.

Harry was now arrayed for church, he was in a most amiable mood, what with the Saint Bernards and the season. As his mother and he approached the cathedral, Harry, not for the first time, admired its pure Gothic lines. Beyond were the bare, square outlines of the old college, with a wooden cupola perched on the roof, like a little hat on a fat man, the dull red tints of the professors' houses, and the withered lawns and bare trees. Opposite the boys' school stood the modest square brick house that had served the first bishop of the diocese during laborious years. Now it was the dean's residence. Harry saw the tall figure of the dean come out of the gate, the long black skirts of his cossock fluttering under the wind of his big steps. Beside him, skipped and ran, to keep step with him, a little man in ill-fitting black, of whose appearance, thus viewed from the rear, one could

only observe stooping shoulders and iron-gray hair that curled at the ends. "That must be the poor missionary who built his church himself," Mrs. Lossing said; "he is not much of a preacher, the dean said, but he is a great worker and a good pastor."

"So much the better for his people, and the worse for us!" says Harry, cheerfully.

"Why?"

"Naturally. We shall get the poor sermon, and they will get the good pastoring!"

Harry thought no more then of the preacher, whoever he might be, but he was in the church in plain view, after the procession of choir boys had taken their seats. He had one of those great rotund voices, that occasionally roll out of little men, and read the service with a misjudged effort to fill the building. There was nothing of the accustomed ecclesiastical dignity and monotony about his articulation; indeed, it grew plain and plainer to Harry that he must have come over from some more emotional and unrepressed denomination. It seemed quite out of keeping with his homely manner and crumpled surplice, that this particular reader should intone. Intone, nevertheless, he did, and as badly as mortal man well could!

"I hope he will not preach," thought Harry; then he fell into a reverie. When he came back to the church and the preacher, he found the strange clergyman in the pulpit, plainly frightened, and howling more loudly than ever under the influence of fear. He preached a sermon of wearisome platitudes, making up for lack of thought by repetition, and shouting himself red in the face to express earnestness. "Fourth-class Methodist effort," thought the listener in the Lossing pew, stroking his fair moustache, "with Episcopal decorations. He doesn't half catch on to the notions; yet I'll warrant he is proud of that sermon, and his wife thinks it one of the great efforts of the century."

"Now, this man," said Harry, becoming interested in his own fancies, "this man never can have *lived!* He don't know what it is to suffer; he has only

vegetated! Doubtless in a prosaic way, he loves his wife and children; but can a fellow who talks like him have any delicate sympathies or any romance about him? He looks honest; I think he is a right good fellow and works like a soldier; but to be so stupid as he ought to *hurt!*"

Harry felt a whimsical sympathy with the preacher. He wondered why he continually made gestures with his left arm; never with his right.

"It gives a one-sided effect to his eloquence," said he. But he thought that he understood when an unguarded movement revealed a rent which had been a mended place in his surplice.

"Poor fellow," said Harry, "I feel like giving him a lift; he is so prosy it isn't likely anyone else will feel moved to help."

Thus it came about that when the dean announced that the alms of this day would be given to the parish of our friend who had just addressed us; and the plate passed before the Lossing pew, Harry slipped his hand into his pocket after those two five dollar notes.

I should explain that Harry being a naturally left handed boy who had laboriously taught himself the use of his right hand, it is a family joke that he is like the inhabitants of Nineveh, who could not tell their right hand from their left. But Harry himself has always maintained that he can tell as well as the next man.

He did not remember the Saint Bernards until after the early Sunday dinner, and during the after-dinner cigar. He was sitting in the library before some blazing logs, at peace with all the world. To him, thus, came his mother and announced that the dean and—"that man who preached this morning you know," were waiting in the other room.

"They seem excited, said she, "and talk about your munificence. What *have* you been doing?"

"Appear to make a great fuss over ten dollars," said Harry lightly as he walked out of the door.

The dean greeted him with something almost like confusion in his cordiality; he introduced his companion as the Rev. Mr. Gilling.

"Mr. Gilling could not feel easy until he had—"

"Made sure about there being no mistake," interrupted Mr. Gilling; "I—the sum was so great——"

A ghastly suspicion shot like a fever-flush over Harry's mind. Could it be possible? There were the other bills; could he have given one of them? Given that howling dervish a hundred dollars? The fear was too awful.

"It was really not enough for you to trouble yourself. I dare say you are thanking the wrong man." He felt he must say something.

To his surprise the dean colored, while the other clergyman answered in all simplicity:

"No, sir; no, sir. I know very well. The only other bill, except dollars, on the plate, the dean here gave, and the warden remembers that you put in two notes. I,"—he grew quite pale—"I can't help thinking you maybe intended to put in only *one*?" His voice broke; he tried to control it. "The sum is *very* large?" quavered he.

"I have given him *both* bills, \$200," thought Harry. He sat down. He was accustomed to read men's faces, and plainly as ever he had read, he could read the signs of distress and conflict on the prosaic, dull features before him.

"I *intended* to put in two bills," said Harry. Gilling gave a little gasp—so little only a quick ear could have caught it.

"Well, sir; well, Mr. Lossing," he remarked, clearing his throat, "I cannot express to you properly—the appreciation I have of your—of your princely gift!" Harry changed a groan into a cough and tried to smile. "I would like to ask you, however, how you would like it to be divided. There are a number of worthy causes. There is the Altar Guild, which has the keeping of the altar in order. They are mostly young girls, and they used to wash my things—I mean the vestments (blushing)—but they— they were so young they were not careful, and my wife thought she had better wash the—vestments herself—but she allowed them to laundry the other—ah, things. Then we give to various causes, and—and there is also my own salary——"

"That is what it was intended for," said Harry, "I hope the \$200 will be of

some use to you, and thus indirectly it will help the church."

Harry surprised a queer glance from the dean's brown eyes; there was both humor and a something else that was solemn enough in it. The dean had believed that there was a mistake.

"All of it! to *me!*" cried Gilling.

The tears rose to the man's eyes. He tried to wink them away, then he tried to brush them away with a quick rub of his fingers.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Lossing; since my sickness a little thing upsets me."

"Mr. Gilling had diphtheria last spring," the dean struck in; "there was an epidemic of diphtheria in Matin's Junction; Mr. Gilling really saved the place; but his wife and he both contracted the disease, and his wife nearly died."

Harry remembered some story that he had heard at the time—his eyes began to light up as they do when he is moved.

"Why, *you* are the man that made them disinfect their houses," cried he, "you nursed the sick, and dug graves with your own hands,—I say I should like to shake hands with you!"

Gilling shook hands submissively but looked bewildered.

He cleared his throat. "Would you mind, Mr. Lossing, if I took up your time so far as to tell you what so overcame me?"

"I should be glad."

"You see, sir, my wife was the daughter of an Episcopal minister. You may be surprised, sir, to know that I was once a Methodist minister."

"Is it possible," said Harry.

"Yes, sir, her father—my wife's, I mean, was about as high a churchman as he could be, and be married. I hope, Mr. Lossing, you'll come and see us some time, and see my wife. She,—are you married?"

"I am not so fortunate."

A good wife cometh from the Lord, sir, *sure*, I thought I appreciated mine, but I guess I did'nt. She had two things she wanted, and one I did want myself; but the other—I could'nt seem to bring my mind to it no—anyhow. We had'nt any children but one that died four years ago, a little baby. Ever since she died my

wife has had a longing to have a stained-glass window with the picture, you know, of Christ blessing the little children, put into our church. We've saved our money, what we *could* save; there were so many calls during the sickness last winter, the sick needed so many things, and it didn't seem right for us to neglect them just for our baby's window, and—the money went. The other thing was different. My wife has got it into her head that I have a fine voice. And she's higher church than I am; so she's always wanted me to *intone*. I told her I'd look like a fool intoning, and there's no mistake about it, I *do*. But she could'n't see it that way. It was most the only point we differed on; and last spring when she was so sick and I didn't know but I'd lose her, it was dreadful for me to think how I'd crossed her. So, Mr. Lossing, when she got well I promised her for a thank-offering I'd intone. And I have ever since. My people know me so well and we've been through so much together that they didn't make any fuss. But this morning when I came to rise in that great edifice, before that cultured and intellectual audience, so finely dressed, it did seem to me I could not do it! I was sorely tempted to break my promise, I was for a fact." He drew a long breath. "I just had to pray for grace, or I never could have pulled through. I had the sermon my wife likes best with me; but I know it lacks—it lacks—it isn't what you need. I was dreadfully scared and I felt miserable when I got up to preach it—I don't know what Maggie will say, when I tell her we can get the window. The best she hoped was I'd bring back enough so

the church could pay me eighteen dollars they owe me on my salary. And now it is wonderful! Why, Mr. Lossing, I've been thinking so much and wanting to get that window for her, that hearing that the dean wanted some carpentering done, I thought maybe, as I am a fair carpenter—that was my trade once, sir—I'd ask him to let *me* do the job. I was aware there is nothing in our rules—I mean our canons—to prevent me, and nobody need know I was the rector of Martin's Junction, because I would come just in my overalls. There is a cheap place where I could lodge, and I could feed myself almost for nothing, living is so cheap. I was praying about that, too. Now your noble generosity will enable me to donate what they owe me and get the window too."

"Take my advice," said Harry, donate nothing, say nothing about this gift: I will take care of the warden, and I can answer for the dean."

"Yes, said the dean, on the whole, Gilling, you would better say nothing, I think; Mr. Lossing is more afraid of a reputation for generosity than the small-pox.

The dean's eyes twinkled above his handkerchief which hid his mouth as he rose to make his farewells. He shook hands warmly. "God bless you, Harry," said he. Gilling too wrung Harry's hand; he sought in vain for some parting word of gratitude.

"Well," said Harry as the door closed, and he flung out his arms, and his chest, in a huge sigh, "I do believe it was better than the puppies."

From Stories of a Western Town by Octave Thanet.



UGANDA.

By Very Reverend Aeneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.

The British Mission to Uganda in 1893, by the late Sir Gerald Portal, K.C.M.G., C.B., edited with a memoir by Lennell Rodd, C.M.G., with the diary of the late Captain Raymond Portal and an introduction by Lord Cromer, G.C.M.G., London, 1894; Edward Arnold.



In order to form an adequate idea of the present state of the African Kingdom of Uganda it is necessary to recall the events which preceded the arrival in that country of the Imperial British Commissioner. The kingdom in question was governed by a king, his Prime Minister, (Kurikos), his Supreme Council of twelve chiefs and his parliament, (Bareza), consisting of lesser chiefs. There was also in the kingdom a mercantile company called the Imperial British East Africa Company, whose sole end and aim was to make money, a Catholic mission, of long standing under a Bishop, that had been very successful; and a Protestant Mission recently established. The Imperial British East Africa Company thinking that a political change would improve its affairs, aspired to rule. Hence it sought a pretext for war with the established authority. One of the people accused of murder was acquitted by the king who found that he slew his antagonist in self defence. The company pretended that it belonged to them to try and judge the accused person, and they required that the king should give him up to them. This the king refused to do; and, in consequence the company made war upon him. As the company had British troops at their command, they won an easy victory over the less well disciplined soldiers of the African Monarch. It was bad enough to attack the legitimately constituted government of the country. The conduct of the company after their victory was still worse. Two British officers acting as their agents, commanded a fearful massacre of the defeated Africans, and as these unfortunate

people were endeavoring to escape by water in their floating craft, the *Maxim guns* of their enemies were directed against them, breaking and upsetting their boats, so that "whole boatloads" were instantly drowned. (Mr. Collins, one of the conquering party.)

In addition to this reckless bloodshed, the Catholic mission that had done so much towards Christianizing and civilizing the natives, and which counted among its converts the king and many of his subjects, was utterly destroyed. The mission church and house were razed to the ground, and the missionaries dispersed. The Imperial British East Africa Company now reigned supreme. The king was set aside, and all causes were brought for trial and decision to Kampala, where waved the company's flag. The king was, indeed allowed to stay at his palace; but was stript of all authority. During the partial calm that succeeded the storm of war, the missionaries returned to their desolated quarters and set about repairing the damage that had been done, but were compelled to confine themselves to the least important corner of the kingdom. One of the two officers who acted as agents of the Imperial British East Africa Company, as if struck by remorse, actually helped in restoring the buildings of the Catholic mission.

It is not fair to accuse the Catholics of having provoked the war, although, indeed, one of the causes was the jealousy which their success excited. The chief cause undoubtedly was the fanaticism of the Imperial British East Africa Company, as shown by their conduct after the war. It is no mistake thus to speak of them and call them fanatics, for they were determined to have converts by any means and at any

cost. Was it not fanatical and worse to compel as they did after their ill-got victory, great numbers of the adherents of the Catholic mission together with the native king to declare themselves Protestants? They also availed themselves in other ways of their success in war. They constituted themselves the rulers of the country, depriving the king of his authority, and requiring that all causes should be brought for trial and decision to their head quarters at Kampala, where for the time was displayed their flag. It remains only for them to inform their friends of the Foreign Mission Societies in England of their success in converting the heathen. This might be acceptable news to fanatics like themselves. But sensible Christians will never believe that converts can be gained by compulsion,—by war and massacre.

It will not now be out of place to consider how completely the Imperial East Africa Company crushed the Catholic mission that had been so successful.

This will best be shown by inserting a list of the buildings destroyed.

Usoga,—Residence of the Mission Fathers, Church, orphanage and school.

Rubaga,—Cathedral, Residence of the Fathers, school, seminary, boys and girls orphanage; medical schoolmaster killed.

Kiagae,—Mission Chapel, two ambulance posts in construction; mission and chapel.

Sese,—Two residences, one chapel, one large Church, school, orphanage.

Budda,—Two residences, Church, orphanage, school.

In the rest of Uganda,—More than sixty chapels.

In all about 200 orphans given up to barbarism and slavery; the same compelled to declare themselves Protestants.

About 50,000 Christians dispersed without counting the loss of a considerable quantity of material.

This list of losses was drawn up by Mgr. Hirth, the chief of the Catholic mission, and sent by him to Mgr. Levinhac.

Extract of a letter by M. Waddington, French ambassador at London to the Marquis of Salisbury.

“According to the documents which I have before me, the fears which I pre-

viously expressed to you on the subject of the state of our missionaries in Uganda, have been all too completely realized. The work of civilization which they had undertaken and carried on with as much devotedness as success is said to be now completely annihilated, their property and that of the Catholics burnt, thousands of Catholics exterminated, reduced to slavery or driven from the country with Mwangathe king, the Bishop of Uganda, and the Father of Algiers. Six of these latter are said to have remained prisoners of the Protestants and Mussulmans, and have been subjected to the very worst treatment.”

“I cannot conceal from your Lordship that the very gravest accusations are formulated against the attitude in this business of Captain Lugard and the agents of the Imperial British East Africa Company, who are said even to have gone so far as to arm the Protestants a few days before the massacre already mentioned and to have supplied them contrary to the provisions of the Brussell’s Act, with repeating rifles and ammunition. This fact alone would have the gravest consequences in increasing at the same time the assurance and forces of the Protestants in proportions which would inevitably allow of their crushing the Catholics. Besides the agents of the company far from striving to arrest the action, gave the Protestants the support of Soudanese troops, drilled and well armed.”

“The Catholic Missionaries, it is evident, took no part whatever in the contest which took place on the 24th January. They asked Captain Lugard for some soldiers, whose presence might protect their establishments from pillage and fire, but they did not obtain this help in time to be of use, and were only placed in safety themselves towards the end of the combat. They are said to have been exposed for many hours to a death which seemed inevitable whilst the Anglican missionaries were immediately provided with the assistance in vain requested by our fellow countrymen. As to the six missionaries of whom I have spoken, they were only saved by giving themselves up as prisoners in the hands of the Protestants. The result of these lamentable events, without adverting to the thousands of Catholics killed, dispersed, or reduced to slavery, has been

the destruction of the Cathedral of Rubaga, as well as the Churches, seminaries, orphanages houses, chapels and shops built by our missionaries at so much sacrifice." (see list above).

"The administration of the British East Africa Company appears, not only to be open on the part our fellow countrymen, to considerable claims for compensation, upon which I do not propose to dwell at the moment; but it seems to have incurred, from the point of view of civilization, even graver responsibilities."

"I cannot, indeed, omit recalling to your Lordship the fact that our missionaries far from viewing with uneasiness the entrance of the East Africa company into Uganda and the exercise of its influence there, have, on the contrary, loyally and powerfully assisted its establishment. The company has acknowledged the efficacy of their cooperation, notably in the decisive circumstance when refusing flatly to sign the treaty offered by it to the king of Uganda in 1890, they, on the contrary, persuaded this Sovereign to treat with it and in fact to accept the British Protectorate. On the other hand, I can prove that neither the foreign Office, nor the central Administration of the East Africa company has ever ceased to be grateful for the cooperation of our missionaries, and Captain Lugard himself, has also, if I am not mistaken, paid them a similar tribute and looked upon them as valuable allies. The treatment of which they have been the object, a treatment which has annihilated their work in a country which they had succeeded in rescuing from barbarism, is, therefore, as inexplicable as it is disastrous."

(Signed), WADDINGTON.

The two Bishops, heads of the Catholic and Protestant people respectively, were most anxious to put an end to the lamentable feud that prevailed between the members of the two denominations. With a view to this desirable object, they held a long conference with the British Commissioner and consul general, Sir Gerald Portal. The subject was fully discussed and an interim agreement come to and signed by the two Bishops and the commissioner. It is as follows:

Agreement between the heads of

Catholic and Protestant missions as to the redistribution of offices and territory which they undertake to support.

1. That there be two Katikiros (chief ministers), one for the Protestants and one for the Catholics. The appointment to these posts to be approved by the Resident. The office of Kimbugwe to be suppressed.

2. That there be two Majasi (chiefs of soldiers), one for Catholics and one for Protestants: both to reside at the capital; and to be under the superintendence of the Resident.

3. That there be two Gabunga (chief of canoes), one for Catholics and one for Protestants. The appointments to be approved by the Resident.

4. The Rubuga to be Catholic; and after the death of the present holder, the office to be abolished.

5. The Province of Kamia, the Island of Sese, the district of Lwckula and the Shambas of M. Wanika through Majuma to the capital be given to the Catholics in addition to Budda.

6. The sons of Karema to be brought at once to the capital, and to reside in the charge of the Resident and within the precincts of the fort.

(Sgd.), ALFRED, Bp. E. Eq. Africa.

(Sgd.), J. HIRTH; Vic. Ap. Nyanza.

(Sgd.), G. H. PORTAL, H.M.C. and
Consul general.

Kampala, April 27th, 1893.

(Sgd.), J. R. MACDONALD, Captain R.E.

True copy.

(Signed), ERNEST J. L. BERKELEY.

It ought to be mentioned here, that the Imperial British East Africa Company whose action had been so productive of disaster, understanding that it was no longer wanted, or rather that it could no more be borne with, withdrew from Uganda and almost all their other stations, thus leaving a fair field to Her Majesty's Representative for his great work of pacifying the country and restoring order and good Government. The flag of the company was taken and replaced by the union jack. Hence British power as a protectorate being fully acknowledged, Sir Gerald Portal set about making arrangements with the native king for the

future government of the country. The following articles were agreed upon as a temporary settlement, until should be known the pleasure of the Queen's government. King Muanga professed himself sincerely desirous of securing British protection for himself, his people and his dominions; and at the same time assistance and guidance in the government of his country. In view of such advantages he was to make no treaties or agreements of any kind with any Europeans without the consent and approval of Her Majesty's Representative. Jurisdiction over Europeans and all persons not born in the king's dominions and the settlement of all cases in which any such parties may be concerned, to lie exclusively in the hands of the said representative. The king fully recognizes that the protection of Great Britain entails the complete recognition by himself, his government and his people of all and every international act and obligation to which Great Britain may be a party as binding upon himself his successors and his said government and people, to such extent and in such manner as may be prescribed by the Queen's Government.

No war without the consent of the Royal Representative, whose concurrence must also be obtained in all serious matters of state, such as the appointment of chiefs or officials, the political or religious distribution of territory. The foreign relations of Uganda to be in the hands of the Queen's Representative. Slave trading or slave raiding and the exportation or importation of people for sale or exchange as slaves is prohibited. The king undertakes for himself and his successors to give due effect to such laws and regulations having for their object the complete ultimate abolition of the status of slavery in Uganda and its dependencies as may be prescribed by Her Majesty's Government.

In furtherance of this excellent arrangement Sir G. Portal promised to appoint a

representative with a sufficient staff to carry into effect everything agreed upon.

Signed by the King and Sir G. Portal at Kampala, May 29th, 1893.

Witnesses of their signatures

ERNEST J. L. BERKELEY,
KATIKIRO APOLLO.

Sir Gerald Portal having reinstated the constitutional Government of Uganda, King, High Council and Parliament, and with proper guarantees for its permanency, now thought of returning to his home in England. Before leaving he received many congratulations. The Queen mother herself came, carried on the shoulders of a strong man, to pay him a complimentary visit. The gratitude of the people was general and very gratifying. Not unmindful of the comfort of his friends, Sir Gerald transferred the seat of the Protectorate to Port Alice, a place better calculated than Campala to promote the health of his successor's numerous staff. His next care was to appoint Captain Macdonald, a very competent officer, to succeed him with a sufficiently powerful staff to maintain his authority.

Sir Gerald was not long on his journey towards home, when news reached him from Captain Macdonald that the Mahomans, not satisfied with the Territory assigned to them, had raised a serious insurrection. Macdonald thought the presence of Sir Gerald would be necessary; and he requested him to return. He was prepared to do so when further accounts from Captain Macdonald gave him to understand that the rebellion was completely suppressed. Sir Gerald now joyfully resumed his arduous journey of eight hundred miles to the sea coast on the way to his home in England.

We learn with pleasure since the above was written, that Colonel Colville has been sent as British Commissioner to Uganda, thus securing a continuance of the Protectorate so happily inaugurated by Sir Gerald Portal and Captain Macdonald.

GENUINE GEMS.

"Time is man's good angel ;
To leave no space between the sentence
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseech
God only, the immutable."

Schiller—Death of Wallenstein.

"Memory is a treacherous companion.
She often leaves us in the lurch when we
need her most. Sometimes she ruthlessly
blots out whole years from our brief span
of life, and drops the days that were most
blest, days precious as diamonds or orient
pearls, down into the dark well of Time,
there to sleep forever until the great day
of waking. But often too—how or why
we know not—she is strangely tenacious
of the slightest things. Days and hours
of which we took little note, that looked
very like other days when they were
passing, seem written in light on the pages
of her book."

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
That blows from divers points ; and shifts
its name
Shifting the point it blows from."

DANTE.

"So live, that when the summons comes
to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade where each
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Chained, to his dungeon ; but sustained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him and lies down to pleasing
dreams."

BRYANT.

"Lord, who art merciful, as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust.

Not what I would, O Lord, I offer thee,
Alas ! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man
And bade me look to heaven, for Thine
art there,

Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer ;
Four things which are not in Thy treasury
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition,
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins and my contrition."

SOUTHEY.

"Hear me, O God !
A broken heart is my best part,
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove therein Thy love.
If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me, but left me free,
I had forgot myself and Thee.
For sin's so sweet
As mind, ill bent rarely repent
Until they meet their punishment."

BEN JONSON.

"You may grind their souls in the
selfsame mill,
You may bind their heart and brow ;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"The days are ever divine. They
come and go like muffled and veiled
figures, sent from a distant friendly party ;
but they say nothing ; and if we do not
use the gifts they bring, they carry them
as silently away."

EMERSON.

"As ships that pass in the night, and speak
each other in passing—
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice
in the darkness ;
So, on the ocean of life, we pass, and
speak one another—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness
again, and a silence."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

“THE MEN AND PRINCIPLES OF '48”

AND THE BOSTON PILOT.



THE Men and Principles of '48, is the title of a lecture delivered by Rev. Father Sheehy in 1874, and reported in full in the *American Celt* of October 17th of the same year. It is an open glorification and approval of the principles of the revolutionary party that opposed O'Connell in the days of the Repeal agitation; it is consequently just as open and formal a condemnation of the life and life-work of him whom the world has been induced to believe a great leader of men, the "Liberator" of Ireland and the author of Catholic Emancipation. Its tone and purpose may best be inferred from a few of the most striking paragraphs in what is certainly a masterpiece of eloquence and literature—if beauty of style, smoothness of diction, energy and fire of thought and expression can ever make a masterpiece where the ideas must be condemned. After sketching rapidly the progress of the whole movement under O'Connell, Father Sheehy arrives at the time of the famous "Monster Meetings," those remarkable evidences of the strong national feeling that inspired the Irish people in those days, that made Ireland's chosen leader the most powerful man in the British Empire, and

"Placed the strength of all the land
Like a talchion in his hand."

Father Sheehy has nothing but condemnation for the leader and reproach for the people. As is well known O'Connell preached everywhere peace and order and constitutional agitation. He declared time and again to the assembled thousands that the man who advocated armed resistance was an enemy of the cause. Father Sheehy thinks differently; "At Tara" he says "O'Connell had more and braver men than fought in the combined armies at Waterloo. Pity so great a man could be so great a trifier; pity the Irish race had grown so degenerate," and a little

further on, speaking of O'Connell's aversion to blood-spilling, "No drop of blood, was his axiom; no drop of blood, his policy. Even at this distant date it takes one's breath away to recite such pitiable maxims." He condemns "the ethics of moral force and the quackery of bloodless battles" and quotes approvingly some of John Mitchell's fiercest principles; "ideas are most intelligible when they are expressed in action" and "public opinion marches well when it wears a helmet on its head." He would have had O'Connell harangue his hundreds of thousands of hearers on "the pathos of a rifle and the logic of a blow" and instill into their minds the divine truth that "sedition is at once the weapon and the shield of liberty." He would have had taught from pulpit, press and platform that "the patriotism fit to achieve liberty and enjoy it after, was to be measured by the polish of the rifle and the temper of the steel." These are the chief ideas that run through Father Sheehy's lecture; in a dozen different ways he puts them before his hearers—in explaining his own position and objecting to those who think otherwise; in defending his friends and attacking his enemies; in lauding the "physical force" men of '48, and condemning the advocates of peaceful agitation,—it is ever the same line of attack and defence.

But Father Sheehy is not satisfied to rest here. However much one might differ with him on principle, no one could deny him the right to a full and free expression of his views so long as he remained in the realm of theory, or did not flagrantly violate historical truth. But Father Sheehy went out of his way to give utterance to as base a slander on the Irish race, and as gross an untruth as could have fallen from the poisoned lips of James Anthony Froude or Mr. Goldwin Smith. Maddened by the repeated refusals of the Irish people to desert their chosen and successful leader and his lawful agitation in order to follow misguided, botheaded patriots in an unorganized, hopeless and

immoral rebellion, this Irish priest, whose God-given mission and easy task it was to defend his fellow-countrymen against unjust and false accusations, chose rather to grossly insult them and declare that "truth urges the acknowledgement that while in physical daring we, (the Irish), surpass most nations, and are the peers of any, in the higher and diviner force of moral courage and moral strength, we are the most abject and craven cowards of all the people who call themselves civilized human beings." To make so sweeping and so untrue a statement Father Sheehy must have willfully and deliberately shut his eyes to the whole stretch of Irish history reaching from the days of Queen Elizabeth to Catholic Emancipation, and uniting to multiplied instances of "physical daring," such a sustained example of "the higher and diviner force of moral courage and moral strength," such a clinging to truth and justice and principle for their own sake and against the heaviest odds, as the world had never before seen and will probably never see again. The annals of human history afford no evidence of a struggle in which so high a degree of the sublimest moral courage was shown as in that of the Irish people against the persistent tyranny, the mean bigotry, and the ceaseless persecution of the English army and government.

So much for Father Sheehy's lecture.

This lecture was delivered more than twenty years ago and had probably faded from the memory of even the most enthusiastic amongst its author's audience on the occasion of its delivery. It certainly did not deserve to live. In our days its doctrine is not only false and dangerous but inopportune. Men are coming to see that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that sedition and plotting and conspiracy and rebellion are the weapons of fools.

But not so with the *Boston Pilot*. This newspaper, ordinarily so sure a guide in matters political, and so enthusiastic a defender of the Irish cause and people, has, for some inexplicable reason, gone out of its way to quicken into life the dead lecture, to give tacit approval to principles that could end only in disaster, and to malign, at least implicitly, the Irish people and their greatest leader, Daniel O'Connell.

What can possibly be the policy of the *Pilot*? Has it turned revolutionary? Does it wish Ireland to forsake the path of constitutional agitation for that of secret societies, useless bloodshed and certain defeat? John Boyle O'Reilly would never have sanctioned or advised such a course, and it is hard to believe that it has the approval of Mr. Patrick Donahoe. The men of '48 were true patriots and many of them endowed with literary, political, oratorical or administrative ability of a high order, but in comparison of O'Connell they were altogether commonplace. Strange then, that the *Pilot* should publish so false a criticism, so bitter an attack on the great Tribune, more especially at a moment when every true Irishman might do well to drop upon his knees and pray Heaven for just such another leader who might unite by the strength of his genius the warring, jarring factions of Irish politics. Had not the *Pilot* sources of information that did not exist for Father Sheehy twenty years ago? Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland," a book having for its avowed object the defence of the men of '48 and written by one of themselves, might have served as a reference, and would have shown that O'Connell always valued his country above himself and his personal reputation, and never more so than in the affair of the Clontarf meeting. The leader had called for a muster of the nation at Clontarf; the meeting was prohibited by the government. Let Mr. Duffy tell us what preparations were made "to preserve the public peace." "The Duke of Wellington had promised to provide for the public peace, and he set about providing for it on a liberal scale. Thirty-five thousand troops of all arms were distributed throughout the Island. The barracks were pierced with loop-holes and became a fortress against insurrection. Forts and Martello Towers were put in a state of defence, garrisons were strengthened, the supply of arms and materials of war largely increased, and war steamers were stationed on the sea-coast and navigable rivers." And against this array of military force what solid grounds had O'Connell for believing that active, open resistance would be successful? Where were his soldiers, where his officers, where his arms

and ammunition? Vague theorizing on the beauties of rebellion may be very picturesque, but the man who leads a nation into war without a reasonable chance of success forfeits all right to our respect and is worse than a criminal. O'Connell clearly saw the folly of holding the Clontarf meeting in the face of the government's prohibition. The proclamation had been issued only a few hours before the time set for the meeting. It was believed that the official document had been purposely kept back until it would be too late for the national leaders to prevent the assembling of the people. Then there would be no difficulty in provoking the multitude to some act of violence necessitating and justifying the interference of the troops and giving hostile rulers an excuse for submitting the whole nation to the horrors of martial law. O'Connell in all his glorious career never showed himself to greater advantage than at this juncture. A man of less patriotism and more ambition, of less genius and more rashness, of less self-sacrifice and more vanity would have acted quite differently. It would have been so easy to place oneself at the head of the three or four hundred thousand men that were sure to assemble at Clontarf and lead them in a glorious charge for faith, freedom and fatherland. But O'Connell looked beyond the passing hour and saw the inevitable result. Unarmed enthusiasm, swordless bravery, powderless determination are not the most approved weapons of warfare and can lead to nothing but disastrous defeat. And so the great Tribune who loved his country and his people and had always worked for their best interests, put aside entirely all thought of personal glory or personal reputation, and showed himself ready to sacrifice everything for the general good. In the few hours at his disposal he sent messengers to every part of the surrounding country to prevent the people from assembling and to induce those already on their way to return peaceably to their homes. The Clontarf meeting was not held and O'Connell had prevented what would probably have been the most appalling butchery of modern times.

Yet this is the conduct which Father Sheehy visited with the severest reproach and which the *Boston Pilot*, twenty years after Father Sheehy sees fit to condemn in the same terms, while both approve at least implicitly the sorry rebellion of Smith O'Brien and other men of '48 with their half-dozen ridiculous charges and their ignominious capitulation in a cabbage garden. The leaders in this case sacrificed their country to a point of personal honor; they had given their word to fight; fight they would, be the consequences what they might to the vanquished.

The course of the *Boston Pilot* cannot possibly be due to malice. Is the cause culpable ignorance or wanton carelessness? It is difficult to answer. But one thing is certain—that journal owes its readers an open and unqualified apology for the insult to the Irish race that appeared in its columns and for its unjust treatment of the memory of O'Connell. The history of Ireland from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the granting of Catholic Emancipation gives the lie direct to the assertion that the Irish are wanting in moral force and courage; as to O'Connell, let his vindication come from Thomas D'Arcy McGee, himself one of the men of '48. In the preface to his book "O'Connell and His Friends," McGee says: "The name of my immortal subject has been familiar to the civilized world for nearly forty years. The free of the earth venerate it, the tyrants and task-masters of men hate its utterance. Were those who have been benefitted by the labors of his life to assemble in congress at the call of gratitude, an assembly would be formed without a parallel in all past history. The Asiatic or the Indian Peninsula would leave his rice crops by the banks of the sacred Ganges; Africa would send forth her dusky deputies; the West Indies their emancipated dark men; Canada her grateful reformers, and Europe the noblest of her free and of her fallen races. The voice of Kosciusko from the tomb, would command some worthy son of Poland to join the great chorus of humanity in singing praises to the common benefactor. It would be a testimonial equal to its cause, if all the world were represented, and not otherwise The great work of

universal emancipation is scarcely commenced. One of the first in the field, amongst those who labored, and thought, and suffered contumely and reproach for its sake, was the Liberator of Ireland. Whoever may live to see the day when slavery shall cease, will see also the statue of O'Connell in every free senate, and hear, in every land, the wise and honorable of that age repeat his story with reverence. Alone, or perhaps side by side with Washington, he will be placed

in the first rank of those worthies of all the world, whose souls were uncribbed by custom and whose benevolent labors were unconfined to any family or nation of the earth. In him the everlasting Church will claim a champion, unexcelled among laymen for the severity of his mission. In Man Humanity will claim a priest, entitled to administer at her high altar. In him Liberty will boast a model for all her future reformers."

CHAS. J. FULHAM.



Their noonday never knows
 What names immortals are :
 'Tis night alone that shows
 How star surpasseth star.

—JOHN B. TABB, in *The Cosmopolitan*.



LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

————— I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

14—A pithy sentence from John Ruskin enunciates a concise and reliable rule which the young novel-reader should apply to every new sample of his favorite literature. Here it is:—"The best romance becomes dangerous if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act."

15—Certain passages from Thompson Westcott's *History of Philadelphia*, published sometime since, will be found most useful at this time when a band of irresponsible slanderers in the United States, habitually malign the Irish Americans by basely calling their loyalty to the Republic into question, and maliciously ignoring all that the Irish have done for the United States. Mr. Westcott is a Protestant gentleman, without a drop of Irish blood in his veins. His testimony to Irish American devotion to country is all the more valuable on that account. While impartial judges will acknowledge that it is almost impossible to overrate the services rendered to the cause of liberty by men of Irish birth and blood, it is certain that the writers and speakers who persistently state the contrary, are not impartial judges. They are, for the most part, directly interested in blackening the Irish, whose capacity and energy they envy, and whose religion they detest. Mr. Westcott gives a long list of names and incidents which furnishes a splendid illustration of the patriotism and loyalty that actuated the Irishmen of the revolted colonies during the trying period of the Revolutionary War, when men were summoned to fight with guns and swords on bloody fields, and not with pens and ink in the columns of the magazines and newspapers, where the traducers of the Irish usually perform their deeds of doubtful valor.

16—That excellent magazine, the *Ave Maria*, publishes a list of the charming stories, by Julia Kavanagh, which are in stock by D. Appleton & Co. The catalogue is as follows: *Adele*; *Beatrice*; *Daisy Burns*; *Grace Lee*; *Madeline*; *Natalie*; *Rachael Grey*; *Seven Years*; *Sybel's Second Love*; *Queen Mab*; *John Dorrien*; and *Two Lillies*. The *Ave Maria* states that those works should be in every parish library, in which opinion I unreservedly concur. Miss Kavanagh writes good English; her characters are well drawn; her plots are sufficiently strong in the elements of surprise; and her incidents bespeak her a woman of superior refinement. Were she not herself a Catholic, her meritorious works would be, we venture to think, in more demand amongst Catholics.

17—To Emerson, this story is attributed: On being asked by a friend what he lectured for, he replied: "F-a-m-e." "What do you mean by that?" inquired the other. "Fitty and my expenses." Well, I am not so sure that this sort of "fame" is not as durable as the other sort and it is certainly more substantial.

18—A beautiful little biography, from the brilliant pen of Lord Dufferin, accompanies the recently published poems of his mother, Lady Dufferin, the author of such universally popular songs, as *The Irish Emigrant*, *Kate's Letter*, *Terence's Farewell*, *Sweet Kilkenny Town*, and numerous poems abounding in wit, fancy and feeling. Helen Selina Sheridan, afterwards Lady Dufferin and Countess of Gifford, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in 1807, and received a careful education. In common with her sister, the Honorable Mrs. Norton, Helen inherited the genius of the Sheridan family. She was popular with the Irish people whose devotion for her knew no bounds. In 1825, she

married the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, and in the following year became the mother of the present Earl of Dufferin, her only son, who is remembered in this country as the ablest and most amiable of our Governors-General. Her ballads and songs appeared from time to time and never failed to meet with favor from the people about whom the best of them were written. She understood the Irish people; recognized their virtues and defects; and sympathized with them in their sorrows and joys. Her songs are the genuine outcome of this warm and sympathetic spirit. The drollery of *Katey's Letter* is racy of the soil. In verses such as *Oh! Bay of Dublin*, the author displays a knowledge and command of the idiom of the Irish peasantry, which must turn some American writers of Irish tales and sketches, green with envy. *The Irish Emigrant* is one of those songs which sings from heart to heart. So long as an Irishman breathes, it will live on. Besides poems and songs, Lady Dufferin produced an amusing and piquant prose work, entitled *The Honorable Impulsia Gushington*, a satire on high life in the nineteenth century; which, although written in a light and humorous style, if we may believe the preface, "was intended to serve an earnest purpose in lightening the tedium and depression of long sickness in the person of a beloved friend." Such a task would be a delight to Lady Dufferin, who possessed a benevolent and kindly nature.

Lord Dufferin died in 1841, and her ladyship remained a widow for 21 years, when she married the Earl of Gifford, at the time nearly on his death-bed. This was a purely platonic marriage, and two months after its celebration she became for the second time a widow, and Dowager Countess of Gifford.

For some years previous to her death this talented and amiable lady was afflicted with a painful disease, which she endured with fortitude and resignation. Indeed, throughout her career, she lived for others; from the moment of his birth, her son was the object of her deepest devotion; from the time when, despairing of both lives, she overheard the doctors lamenting their fears that one must be sacrificed, she said: "Never

mind me, but save my baby,' till, during her last illness, when, casting her own agonies aside, she threw her interest into his newly published book. The son strove to repay her with sweet maternal affection.

Lady Dufferin expired in 1867, regretted throughout the British Isles, and leaving a memory dear to every Irish heart. In speaking of her peaceful demise, her son says in the little work before us:—

"Thus there went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and loveable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection, and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women. There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty and good, but I doubt if there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit, and with so natural a gait and bright an imagination as my mother's, such strong, unerring good sense, tact and womanly discretion; for these last characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections, to which I have already referred, were the real essence and deep foundations of my mother's nature."

In this sketch, also, her son tells fully, for the first time, so far as I am aware, the touching story of her second marriage; the life-long devotion of Lord Gifford, and his claiming on his death-bed the fulfilment of the promise that, should ever her son marry, she would consent to be his wife.

19.—James Anthony Froude, who was considered a great English historian by the large class of people with whom good literary style counts for everything, has passed away. In this writer, it is true, a historian was completely spoiled and a romancer irrecoverably lost. It was the persistent effort which he put forth to blend and confound the two professions that was his bane. History in the guise of romance is acceptable to most people for purposes of illustration, and indispensable to a great many superficial inquirers who sip their historical lore in homœopathic doses from Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott; but, even with them, the opposite process is too transparent a

sham to be tolerated, and real scholars, as may readily be supposed, eschew it altogether.

Froude generally presented the world with a novel when he promised it a history and a history when he announced a novel. The only deviation from this bewildering practice which he allowed himself to make was the compound of novel and history, which he essayed on one or two occasions. Still it would not be necessary to quarrel with these methods had he not insisted on being taken seriously, and looked up to as a historical light in his central genius. This pretension has been exploded many moons ago, and the unfortunate individual who would now resort to the pages of Froude for his historical facts would find himself at the mercy of his weakest opponent, although he might find a measure of consolation in the reflection that the fiction in masquerade by which he had been misled was expressed in magnificent diction—a poor enough consolation in the circumstance. James F. Meline, the learned author of *Mary Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian*, was among the first to put the English speaking world on its guard against Froude, a benefit for which he should be held in grateful memory. The moment is imminent when the works of such unreliable authors as Froude and Goldwin Smith will share the fate of the volumes of Hume, which are now, on account of their anti-Christian bias, seldom consulted for anything more than their style.

Again, Froude possessed that extravagant admiration for Force, and that profound scorn for "thin" men and measures which Carlyle borrowed from his idol, Goethe, and voiced in season and out of season. The prime defect of this notion stated in plain terms, is that as an almost invariable rule, it takes cognizance of only one sort of human strength or dynamic,—that which belongs to the animal nature in man,—to the exclusion of another infinitely more worthy of respect, and gives no proportionate credit for the virtues which spring from our spiritual essences. Now, in all ages, the reason of the world has been pitted against the brute force of the world. The battle of mind and matter has ever been as the

combat of lion and tiger. Our civilization, though partly begotten by the play of sheer brute force, at times when the individual intellect and the aggregate intelligence of nations and races have alike perished, but only to revive again upborne and carried forward by the forces of divine virtue. To credit brute force with all the progress made by man, and to treat the possessors of brute force as the salt of the earth, while utterly, or in great part, discrediting the humanizing virtues as worthless imbecilities, and the gentler spirits who employ them as "thin-lipped, lily-livered persons," is, I venture to affirm, to demonstrate a materialistic tendency as pronounced as and more dangerous than that of Darwin and Huxley. Yet, this is precisely what Froude has done in almost everything he has written. Why is he not consistent? If he believes in his theory, why does he not declare outright that Mr. Charley Mitchell, the pugilistic champion of England, should replace Queen Victoria on the British throne? Why did he not recommend that the presidential chair of the United States should be graced by Mr. Corbett, or ornamented by Mr. Sullivan. Why did he not request that all positions in church and state, mart and school, should be filled by foot-ball players, lacrosse exponents, masters of the manly art and all whose chief stock-in-trade is profuse muscularity? Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel whose glitter frequently leads men to odd and ludicrous goals.

James Anthony Froude, was the youngest son of the late Venerable H. H. Froude, archdeacon in the English establishment at Totnes. He was born at Darlington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818. He received his primary education at Westminster school, whence he entered at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1840. Two years subsequent to this event, he distinguished himself by carrying off the Chancellor's prize for an English essay on *The Influence of the Science of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation*. In this early paper, as in his most mature effort of after days, his beautiful method of clothing thought in the choicest diction, asserts itself. Shortly after securing the Chancellor's prize he became a fellow of Exeter College, and for some time devoted

his attention to theology for the purpose of becoming a clergyman.

In 1844, he was subjected to the rite which does duty for ordination in the Church of England, and, becoming a deacon, connected himself with the High Church party; at one time also it is said he looked anxiously towards Rome, the haven of rest for every perplexed soul. But what was only a stage for Newman became a resting-place for Froude, who stopped halfway towards Catholicity, to drift for years, and even to the end upon the starless sea of scepticism. The *Lives of the English Saints*, a volume wherein the elect of the Catholic Church are represented as thinking and acting much after the manner of our modern ritualistic mummers, was the inconsiderable result of Froude's theological studies.

Turning away from the pulpit, and those charming "livings" which are proverbially fat in the English Establishment, Froude thenceforth concentrated his attention, and his marvellous faculty for hard work, on literature, and, in the course of time, produced quite a remarkable series of volumes, the omnipresent artistic grace of which has blinded many to their frequent sins against veracity and that liberalizing spirit whose mission it is to end national animosities. In 1856, he published the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, the chapters of which bearing on Catholics form as dainty an offering as ever greeted the searching glance of the Father of Liars. In the year 1869 Froude was installed Rector of St. Andrew's University, on which occasion the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him.

I have before mentioned that after Froude left the Church of England, he looked coldly upon dogmatic christianity. Froude had also another habit—that of denouncing the insincerity of ministers of all creeds, and thereby hangs an epigram. It so happened that in his rectorial address to the students of the University of St. Andrew's, Froude could not resist his old fling at the clergy. Just at the same time his particular friend and brother-in-law, Charles Kingsley, resigning the chair of Modern History at Cambridge, took

occasion to declaim about the carelessness and misrepresentation of historians. A university wit touched them both up neatly in the following epigram:

"While Froude assures the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries,
'All history's a pack of lies.'

'What cause for judgment so malign?
A little thought may solve the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

In the autumn of 1872, Froude visited the United States on an anti-Irish crusade, his mission being to prejudice the American mind against the Irish and their cause. The Englishman, as he had already often shown, possessed an egregiously wrong conception of the Irish character, enthusiastic, passionate and brave; but what he lacked in knowledge was more than compensated by an unreasoning hatred of them and their religious belief. Those two strong dislikes are to be found in each and every reference he has made to the Irish race and the Catholic faith. Happily, the time has gone by when such writing would have done untold injury to both English and Irish; for, in our days, owing to causes well within the knowledge of Macaulay's school-boy, the two races have learned to respect each other, even if they do not love, as men who believe firmly in opposite religious faiths and political creeds have been known to respect each other although engaged in a life and death struggle.

However this may be, it is quite probable that he would have succeeded to some extent at least in his eminently Christian and manly endeavor to break the hold which the Irish had obtained on American sympathy, as the Americans suspected nothing, and he had long since mastered the art of wounding swiftly, surely and with a light touch, had he not been met by what, let us hope, every oppressor of the weak may encounter—a greater man than himself. Despatched on a religious mission to the United States, the late Father Thomas N. Burke, the eloquent Dominican, happened to arrive in New York on almost the same day that Froude began his work of defamation in the shape of pre-meditated and carefully pre-

pared lectures, the burden of which was that Irishmen themselves, to a large extent, had caused their country's prostration, and consequently were unworthy of Home Rule, or the respect which men of one nation accord those of another. Father Burke was approached by several Irishmen with the request to defend their common race from the formidable attack of the unscrupulous Englishmen, and after a great deal of pressure he consented. Although Father Burke had made no special preparations for this contest, he devotedly aided by the eloquent Wendell Phillips and the learned "Citizen of Brooklyn," found little difficulty in so exposing the dasardly method and intention of the English quasi-historian, that very shortly it came to pass Froude could not prevail upon a corporal's guard of respectable Americans to listen to him. He returned home silenced and beaten, if not abashed, and loving the Irish none the more on account of his discomfiture.

In 1874 Froude was sent by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Earl of Carnarvon, to South Africa to make inquiries concerning the Kaffir insurrection, at which employment he remained four months, but his task was without result, so far as I know.

Between 1871 and 1874 Froude produced in three volumes his *English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, one of the most outrageous libels on the native Irish, and most unblushing glorification of English treachery, rapine and oppression ever inspired by Satan and transcribed by the hand of malice.

His later works are: *Caesar*, a sketch, 1879; and *Reminiscences of the High Church Revival*, a series of papers in *Good Words*, 1881. Having been appointed executor to Thomas Carlyle, he published his *Reminiscences*, in two vols., 1881; the first part of his biography, *Thomas Carlyle; a History of the First Forty Years of His Life*, 1882; *Reminiscences of an Irish Journey in 1849*, 1882; and *Oceana*, 1886, an account of a voyage to Australia and elsewhere. In 1888 he published *The English in the West Indies; or, The Bore of Ulysses*; in 1889 *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, an Irish romance of the last century; and in 1890, a *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*.

His cruel treatment of the memory of his friend, Thomas Carlyle, in the two works he compiled on that brilliant and bitter Scotchman, should debar him from the post-mortem charity in the Pagan maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," even if I entertained any scruples in that direction, which, to say the truth, I do not. To hold that the evil which men do does not live after them is not the part of good sense: bad deeds remain bad deeds when their perpetrators are in their graves. Truth should not be silent in the presence of her dead enemy. There is offered, then, no argument to defend the proposition that the faults of public writers are buried in the soil where their bodies are laid, and must remain forevermore outside the realm of public criticism.

Considered merely as a writer of English prose, as I have already insinuated more than once, it must be confessed that in the garish superficialities of literary grace and felicity of diction, Froude had few equals and no superior within the century. Literary style, as understood by such writers as James Anthony Froude and Goldwin Smith, consisted of the clothing of untruth, international slander and national "jingoism" in the choicest phraseology. The great ability which he undoubtedly possessed he turned to unworthy objects such as the systematic distortion of Irish history and the white-washing of the memory of more than one monster, notably that of Henry VIII., the libertine and multi uxoricide. His captivating style enabled him easily to beguile the unsuspecting reader into sharing his own real or assumed prejudices about men of the past: for, to use the words of a most discriminating critic in a leading English Review, he possessed the power of so describing objects that the description produces on others the impression which the objects themselves produce upon his own prejudices.

By the death of Froude the allied causes of truth and justice suffer absolutely nothing, but, on the contrary, greatly gain, as when, by accident, he utters an historical fact the testimony is neutralized by the unvarnished context. The abettors of national animosities and sectional hatreds, on the other hand, may well bewail his demise, for in him they lose a

tireless apologist and a most artful advocate. Good literary talent is a rare, a very rare gift, and he who misuses it, most assuredly will have much to answer for when summoned before the eternal throne of justice and truth.

20—The *Century Magazine* for September contains an article on *Addison, the Humorist*, signed M. O. W. Oliphant. With this polished writer's final judgment on Addison as a literary power, I cannot deny myself the honor entirely to agree. M. O. W. Oliphant believes that many of Addison's works are already dead, and that more of them are destined shortly to die. The editor of those Notes always considered *The Spectator* a milk-and-water production in the main, and, it may be averred, he never concealed that conviction, even at the risk of being accused of ignorance and bad taste, though he does not claim exemption from either defect, and may frequently suffer from both.

In much that Steele wrote, on the other hand, I found a hearty vivacity, and a warm human sympathy, absent enough from the essentially gelid periods of Addison, while the grace and delicacy was about as prevalent in one writer as in the other. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I find the most of those convictions confirmed by the capable writer in the *Century*, and an amount of what I hold to be deserved credit accorded Steele, hitherto generally denied him, more especially by the Cockney minor critics, probably on account of his being an Irishman. "But of all the things which Addison did," says M. O. W. Oliphant, "there remains one preëminent creation which is his chief claim to immortality. *The Campaign* has disappeared out of literature; *Cato* is known only by a few much-quoted lines; the *Spectator* itself, though a work which "no gentleman's library should be without," dwells generally in a dignified retirement there, and is seldom seen on any table but the student's, though we are all supposed to be familiar with it; but Sir Roger de Coverley is a familiar friend of most people who have read anything at all, and the acquaintance by sight, if we may so speak, of everybody. There is no form better known in all literature. His simple rustic state, his modest sense of his own importance, his

kind and genial patronage of the younger world, which would laugh at him if it were not over-awed by his modesty and goodness, and which still sniggers in its sleeve at all those kind, ridiculous ways of his as he walks about in London taking in all sides, with his hand always in his purse, and his heart in its right place, and always familiar and delightful. We learn with a kind of shock that it was Steele who first introduced this perfect gentleman to the world, and can only hope that he was Addison's idea from the first, and that he did not merely snatch out of his friends' hands, and appropriate a conception so entirely according to his own heart. To Steele, too, we are indebted for some pretty scenes in the brief history; for Will, the huntsman's, wooing, which is the most delicate little enamel, and for the Knight's Own Love-Making, which, however, is pushed a little too near absurdity. But it is Addison who leads him forth among his country neighbors, and to the assizes, and meets the gipsies with him, and brings him up to town, carrying him to Westminster, and to Spring Gardens, in the wherry with the one-legged waterman, and to the play.

We have all met in later years a certain Colonel Newcome, who is very like Sir Roger, one of his descendants, though he died a bachelor. But the Worcestershire Knight was the first of his lineage, and few are the gifted hands who have succeeded in framing men after his model. We seem to know Sir Roger from our cradle, though we may never even have read the few chapters of his history. This is the one infallible distinction of genius above all commoner endowments. Of all the actors in that stirring time Sir Roger remains the one living and real. The queen and her court are no more than shadows morning across the historic stage. Halifax, and Somers, and Harley, and even the great Bolingbroke, what are they to us? Figures confused and uncertain, that appear and disappear."

For the information of my young readers I may mention that Colonel Newcome is a creation by Thackeray, and one of the most gentle and therefore most manly in the whole round of literature.

The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

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

BOARD OF EDITORS:

C. MEA, '95.

J. R. O'BRIEN, '95.

J. P. FALLON, '96.

T. P. HOLLAND, '96.

W. LEE, '96.

W. W. WALSH, '96.

J. RYAN, '97.

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '98.

Business Manager:

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA
UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1894. No. 3.

SLANG. AWAY WITH IT.

It is humiliating to be obliged to call attention to the frightful prevalence of that vulgar, incorrect and unmeaning language called slang. One might be pardoned for thinking that it could not possibly find any place amongst students; that its use would be rather the exclusive privilege of those whose education had been begun and completed on the street corners or along the wharves. Yet every day experience

proves that the contrary is quite the case. The conversation of students and their correspondence—even their literary work—offer the most distressing proof that the purity and propriety of language suffer most from those who should be their sworn defenders. See what a part comic poetry plays in college magazines, and the comedy consists mainly in the clever stringing together of slang phrases. Current fiction is marred by the same defect. Now-a-days a student is never reprimanded; he is "called down"; a new book is never excellent or irreproachable, but "out of sight"; the football team never wins, it "gets there," while its opponents are never defeated, they "get left" or are "downed"; or "get it where the chicken got the axe" according to individual tastes and peculiarities. And so on to the end of an almost endless list.

Now, that the use of slang is most reprehensible in any person, few will be found to deny, but who will admit its propriety amongst students and gentlemen. It may be spirited, and it is sometimes extremely convenient, but its convenience results not from any inherent excellence on its own part but rather from the carelessness or the mental indolence of him who uses it. Yet it bears its own punishment. Being used to mean everything it soon comes to mean nothing, and leads to an appalling poverty of language. Further remarks should not be necessary. It must be clear to every student that slang affects prejudicially his best interests. Selfishness—if no higher motive—should lead to its immediate and final banishment from our midst.

THE WORTH OF FOOTBALL.

Over four thousand people witnessed the final football struggle on the Rosedale grounds, Toronto, between Queen's Uni-

versity, Kingston, and Ottawa University for the championship of Canada. Probably no athletic event ever excited so active and widespread interest throughout the province of Ontario. It was evident that there was something more at stake than the mere privilege of being called Rugby champions of the Dominion. In the face of this general excitement it may be well to inquire what is the worth of football and what is its influence on those who play it.

Nothing could be more commonplace than to assert that all educators admit the necessity of physical training in a course of study. Since the days of Plato it has found a place—more or less important according to circumstances—in every curriculum. In our time and country this tendency finds expression in the attention that is paid in almost all our colleges to game of football. Nor can there be much doubt that the choice of game is a happy one. No other field exercise so perfectly, harmoniously and equally develops every limb, muscle and nerve of the body, nor is there any in which success requires so persistent a combination of speed and strength and endurance. But to win a football match, much more than mere physical effort is needed. The fifteen men who rely on nothing but their strength and agility stand a very poor chance of victory against fifteen others who use their brains as well as their bodies. Hence it is that college teams so easily defeat their opponents and that a man of meagre intelligence is a positive hindrance to the captain of a football fifteen. Hence it is also that in the great games between rival college organizations victory invariably rests with those who have followed an intelligent and systematic plan in their practices and have been able to put their tactics into operation at the required moment. A football victory therefore

represents the triumph of the union of brawn and brain.

But football has a still better and higher influence. Its importance in the formation of character can scarcely be overestimated. What lessons of patience and perseverance and self-denial are not learned by a fifteen that practices faithfully during a season! What opportunities for resignation and courage in defeat, for moderation and generosity in victory! Yes, football is pre-eminently a game for students—it makes them strong and honest and manly and patient and truthful. It develops both body, mind and character.

A JUST DECISION.

The celebrated action of the Canada Revue Publishing Company against the Archbishop of Montreal has been brought to a close, Mr. Justice Doherty rendering a verdict in favor of Archbishop Fabre. In 1892 the *Revue* published a series of articles implicitly and explicitly condemning the whole Catholic clergy for the guilty actions of one of its members. In consequence of these articles His Grace in November of that year, after warning the publishers, issued a decree prohibiting the reading of that sheet by the faithful, under severe penalties. Thus the circulation of the *Revue* was destroyed and its business ruined. The publishers last spring entered an action for damages against the Archbishop, which terminated with the result given above. In giving his decision the judge maintained that church authorities had the right to watch over the faith and morals of their people, and in exercising that right had power to express their opinion upon literary works offered for sale; they were also entitled to enforce discipline upon members of the church as they stood to one another in the relation of a voluntary society.

There can surely be no fault found with this judgment as the publishers have still the right to print and sell their paper; the Archbishop having only forbade the faithful from reading a paper he considers injurious to their faith and morals. We give below part of an editorial on this subject from the *Ottawa Citizen* of November 1. Further comment need not be made on this as it explains itself:—

“It may be said that the church ought not to be allowed to injure a man’s property. Why not? The critic who publishes an unfavorable opinion of a new book may stop its sale, yet the law does not attempt to put an end to criticism. It is the same with the church. The church has a right to command its own people; not to read a certain book since its prelates consider the book injurious to morals, but it is for the people of that church to say whether they shall submit to such dictation or not. Who has a right to complain if they choose so to submit? That is surely their own private affair. If they give up their liberty of reading, no one can blame them, and the true limits of the power of the church, as recognized by the law, is to be found at this point. If the Archbishop should call in the law to enforce his commands, he would get no assistance. On the other hand, his people may voluntarily obey his mandate.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Chinaman is credited with publishing the first dictionary about the year 1100 B.C. It is said to have contained 40,000 characters.

Animal magnetism is not by any means a new discovery. It was practiced by Father Hehl at Vienna about 1774, and had wonderful success for a while in France and England in 1788 and 1780.

Since our last issue the Czar of Russia has passed away. To the late Czar’s

pacific foreign policy has been very materially due the peaceful condition of the European continent for so many years. His successor Nicholas is now the cynosure of all eyes, as it is believed a word from him may be the means of casting all Europe into the throes of war. His foreign policy is awaited with anxiety.

A letter, discussing the validity of Anglican orders, written by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, has been published. It is the Cardinal’s belief that the Holy See could never accept, as it has never accepted, the ordination of Anglican clergymen.

The first savings bank in America was the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, organized in 1816. It is still in existence. Later in the same year a savings bank was founded in Boston and in 1819 one was started in New York. National banks were authorized by various acts of Congress in 1863, 1864 and 1883.

Canon Farrar, the distinguished English churchman, lecturing in Rome to a band of tourists on “The History and Development of Christian Art from the Days of the Catacombs to Our Own,” made in the course of his lecture, the following very notable remark: “A history of the painting of the Madonna would be in itself a history of the art of Christendom.” In view of the fact that such a great interest is being developed in the “Unity of Faith” such words coming from the mouth of a distinguished English churchman are certainly very encouraging.

The Conference at the Vatican, relative to the proposed union of the Eastern Church with the Holy See opened on the 24th of last month. The Pope presided. The sitting was devoted to fixing the order in which the matters to be considered should come before the Conference. Among the Oriental patriarchs present are the Melchite patriarch, Jousef; the Syrian, Benham Benin, and the Armenian, Azarian. The patriarch Jousef is claimed to be a man of immense influence among the Eastern races, having converted over 60,000 Greek Schismatics. One result of this conference will be the probable forma-

tion of an Oriental Congregation, for promoting reunion and establishing Greek schools in the east.

Some odd facts are given in a book lately published in Paris with the title of "Mysteries of the Occult Sciences." From the chapter on "Arithmomancy," or divination by numbers, is taken the following: "It is known that the reign of terror was closed by the fall of Robespierre in the year 1794. The successive addition of these four digits to the number as a whole will be found to give 1815, the year of the close of the empire. Proceeding in the same manner 1830 is obtained, the year which witnessed the fall of Charles X. The process being continued will be found to give the further totals of 1842, 1857 and 1878. These years mark respectively the death of the Duke of Orleans, with the decadence of the dynasty; the birth of the Prince Imperial, and the attempt of the 16th of May to restore the monarchy." Arithmomancy apparently does not concern itself with the future, for the event which is to leave its mark upon the fortunes of France in 1902—the next year of the series—is not stated.

The war in Corea has just brought out prominently the control which England has over the submarine cable system of the world. English companies own lines having a length of more than 150,000 miles, which cost over £30,000,000 and produce a revenue of more than £4,000,000. The government has done everything in its power to facilitate the laying of these cables, by subvention and patronage, and the preliminary surveys have been nearly all made by the naval authorities. In return the companies are obliged to give priority to the despatches of the Imperial and Colonial governments over all others, to employ no foreigners, and to allow no wire to be under the control of foreign governments, and in case of war, to replace their servants by government officials when required.

Preaching in Baltimore Cathedral lately on "Christian Union," Cardinal Gibbons said:—"Thank God there is a yearning desire for the reunion of Christianity among many noble and earnest souls.

This desire is particularly manifested in the English-speaking world. I, myself, have received several letters from influential Protestant ministers expressing the hope of a reunion and inquiring as to the probable basis of a reconciliation. Reunion is the great desire of my heart. I have longed and prayed for it during all the years of my ministry. The conditions of reunion are easier than are generally imagined. Of course there can be no compromise on faith or morals. The doctrine and moral code that Christ has left us must remain unchangeable. But the church can modify her discipline to suit the circumstances of the case. May the day be hastened when the scattered hosts of Christendom will be reunited. Then, indeed, they would form an army which infidelity and atheism cannot long resist, and they would soon carry the light and faith of Christian civilization to the most remote and benighted part of the globe. May the day soon come when all who profess the name of Christ may have one Lord, one faith and one baptism; when all shall be in one fold under one Shepherd." His Eminence has also written in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for October, an introduction to the Pope's recent encyclical, on Christian Unity with a translation of that letter. This introduction is worthy of minute pursuit since it contains many striking passages which every student of the church should be acquainted with.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Curé of Ars," by Kathleen O'Meara, the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind.

That illiteracy forms no barrier to holiness, is well illustrated in the saintly subject of this beautiful book. Devoid of all scholarly attainments yet skilled in the science of heavenly affairs, the Curé of Ars did more by his holy life for the glory of God and the good of his fellowmen than any mere intellectual attainment could ever have accomplished. Indeed it seemed that this very dulness of his generated in him those amiable qualities for which he has become so renowned. Though not a profound theologian nor an

eloquent orator, by his humility, his simplicity, and above all by his devotion to the Mother of God, he overcame all obstacles. It was that attachment to the Blessed Virgin which was so remarkable in him in his early days, and which continued to be the predominant trait of his character throughout his long life,—that it was which was the secret of all his successes. It is to be regretted that more is not commonly known about the life and works of this great man.

"The Catholic Family Annual," Catholic School Book Co., New York.

"The Catholic Family Annual" for 1895, has just been published, containing many excellent articles from the pens of well known writers. Besides a number of biographies, accompanied by elegant portraits of several distinguished ecclesiastical personages, we find in it a score of other articles on topics of special interest to Catholics. To him who delights in reviewing the lives of the heroes of the Church, or who desires to become conversant with the religious topics of the day, a perusal of "The Catholic Family Annual" will be invaluable. It is a book which should be found in the home of every Catholic.

"Composition from Models," by W. J. Alexander, Ph. D., and M. F. Libby, B.A. The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A long felt want in our schools has been relieved by the newly published book, "Composition From Models," by Prof. Alexander of Toronto University, and M. F. Libby, instructor of English in the Toronto Collegiate Institute. As is remarked in the preface, it is "intended to give skill in composition rather than rhetorical or grammatical acumen," and for this it is eminently suited. The method adopted by the authors in classifying the different kinds of composition and in selecting models is certainly an admirable one; while the accompanying criticisms and lists of subjects for practice cannot fail to be of great assistance not only to the student but to anyone who aims at proficiency in composing. The book contains a collection of carefully chosen extracts which alone is sufficient to make

it a valuable addition to the text books already written on the subject of English literature.

"Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P., P. O'Shea, New York.

The above is the title of a lecture delivered before the Catholic Summer-School of America by the distinguished editor of "The Rosary." The morbid craving of this age of ours for sensational reading seems to have caused it to reject almost entirely literature of a more solid stamp. It is deplorable that within the majority of Catholic homes a taste is not cultivated for wholesome reading which should form such an important part of the education of every true member of the Church. The indifference of Catholics in this regard warrants the statement, "that we need a more thorough knowledge of the Church's great men, her saints, her civilization, her moral and civil superiority, the progress made by humanity under the influence of the Cross; and again, that we must know the attitude of the Church on all the questions of the day, in which souls run more risk of being led astray than of being enlightened by the modern, self-appointed teachers." And there is no more potent means of bringing this about than by introducing into the home Catholic books and magazines, and thus encouraging a taste for the valuable reading which they contain. From this would accrue advantages, moral as well as intellectual. No one can read "Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes" without being impressed by the amount of sound common sense which it contains.

"Jet The War Mule, And Other Stories," by Ella L. Dorsey, the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind.

This is a volume containing several very interesting and instructive stories, especially suited for the young reader. Their style is simple, their plan well calculated to hold the interest of the reader, while throughout their entirety there runs a religious strain that gives them a new interest. They describe especially scenes in the camp and on the sea with great reality and liveliness.

EXCHANGES.

With two months' routine of regular work the exchanges begin to assume a more business like air. Apologies, introductions and other such preliminary chaff are blowing off and more serious literary work fills the columns; last-summer valedictories and class odes have been exhausted, the past is buried, and the new editors are in their working clothes.

The *Wabash* is laden with a burden of good matter. The criticism on William Wordsworth is in general careful and well grounded, though we are not prepared to go so far as to predict with the writer that Wordsworth will ever rank with Milton and Shakespeare in English literature. In this remark we do coincide with his views: "Wordsworth's greatest defect was his voluminousness Undoubtedly Wordsworthian poetry would have been more generally admired had two thirds of the poet's manuscript never been to the publishers."

The exchange editor of *The University Cynic* was in a very bad humor when he wrote his column, and perhaps we should not have considered as public matter his trade upon the "ass" who had ruffled his files. It was undoubtedly intended expressly for his fellow sanctumites and perhaps we should not have taken advantage of his rage to read the devulgence of a family quarrel; yet he was talking to us exchanges and he is to blame, if anyone, for exposing it to the mercy of the gos-ips. The editorial explains that there is a lunatic in the "easy chair" department and we thought we were prepared for him, but we were completely unbalanced by the lunatic's dilemma of the twin brothers. The *Cynic* is altogether quite "airy and free" and a model of optimism. Its verse has at least rhyme and rhythm, and we imagine it must be a favorite literary study of the co-eds to try to identify themselves with the subjects of those love-lorn odes.

The following clipping we have seen repeatedly copied from paper to paper for the past year: "America has 190 college publications; England has none" We cannot pass by such an error. We have on our table the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, issued by Stonyhurst College, Eng., a paper which, though so little known, ranks

above 90 per cent of the college journals on this side. The present number is a centenary and is, of course, occupied entirely with the festival. It is doubly welcome since it comes so far and to so few. We have known the *Stonyhurst* in the past as a reliable friend for an hour's entertainment and we are pleased with the prospect of its company for the coming year.

The *McGill Fortnightly* always seems to ring with that rousing "Old McGill" cheer that is familiar to everyone who has ever happened upon a crowd of McGill students. The last number gives accounts of the recent Theatre Nights so heartily enjoyed. The *Review* is very newsy, occupied chiefly with local matter, and is seldom disturbed by more than one or two papers of literary pretensions. However, its poetry is praiseworthy, its wit original, and it is probably numbered among the necessaries of life by every McGill student.

The *Red and Blue* has made its appearance under a new form. It is reduced to a smaller size, and its outward dimensions are now more in keeping with the refinement within. Those florid stripes across the corner are not just to our taste—uncultivated as it is. They seem to suggest rather the boisterousness of a foot-ball game than the ensign of a dignified college journal. If the college happens to be afflicted with such sonorous colors the paper had better let its name speak and leave off the paint. However, this journal is a good one, and we are not inclined to be fastidious in the matter of external dress so long as our visitors bring us good reading. Its contents present a pleasant variety, giving the place of honor to serious literary effort. "Walt Whitman and the Poetry of Democracy" and "Robert Schuman" are careful studies, while "John Walker, Cashier," is a very creditable piece of fiction.

The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* is a very respectable journal of the modern stamp. Its articles are not long, are well written, and the subjects of interest. A good deal of light reading is interspersed, a little too much, perhaps, but that is more pardonable than the pedantry of many of our pretentious journals.

The *Toronto Varsity* indulges in a species of recalcitration familiarly known

among the vulgar as a "call down." The objects of its indignation are the occupants of certain departmental chairs in the University, which it definitely specifies, and to whom it pays such respects as "not earning one-tenth their salary," "indolent," "ignorant," "indelicate in manners," and "barbarous in speech." Affairs must be in a most deplorable state indeed in the 'Varsity to elicit publicly such contemptuous remarks from the organ of the student body. So far as our limited experience can testify it is a matter of extremely rare occurrence for a college paper to expose grievances of so serious a nature and which must cast so much discredit on the maternal institution.

A very curious little visitor called on Sir Owl the other day, which at once attracted attention by his diminutive proportions and hieroglyphic mysteriousness. This journalistic pigmy is in ordinary signs the *Kamloops Waman*. It is written in a shorthand called Chinook, para-columned in French and English. Its object is to teach this very simple system of shorthand.

SOCIETIES.

GLEE CLUB.

Not the least important among college societies is the Glee Club. In the University, after a long inactivity, it was given a new impetus last year, and though organized somewhat late it attained wonderful success. Its songs formed a very pleasing item on the programme of several of our entertainments, and the utility of such a society was immediately recognized. This gave the promoters of the scheme much encouragement and upon the opening of College in September the advisability of beginning practices early in the year was discussed. At a meeting of those interested, held a few days ago, it was decided to organize immediately, to have regular practices and to give an entertainment shortly after Christmas. The following were elected officers:—Hon. Pres., Rev. P. Chaborel, O.M.I.; Hon. Vice-Pres., Rev. H. Gervais, O.M.I.; Pres., T. Clancy; Vice-Pres., T. Ryan; Sec.-Treas., E. Fleming; Curator, M. McKenna; Director, L. Payment.

It is to be hoped that every member will attend practices regularly, and thus render somewhat easier the difficult task of the director who generously devotes so much of his time to the interest of the club. Regularity, moreover, is the only means by which anything can be accomplished.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

Since the beginning of the year the members of this society have been holding weekly meetings. A deep interest is displayed in the discussions, and under the direction of Rev. A. Antoine the year promises to be a successful and profitable one. Excellent papers have been read on the several theses by Messrs. J. O'Brien, B. Ph., L. Gagnon, B. Ph., E. Baskerville, B. Ph., J. Leveque and J. Walsh. The members of the sixth form have not yet entered actively into the discussions, but it is expected that in the course of a week or two they will take part with the students of the seventh form.

THE ALTAR BOYS' SOCIETY.

On November 5th Rev. Father Antoine assembled the students together for the purpose of organizing an Altar Boys' Society. This society has a twofold object; first, to explain the different ceremonies of the church, and secondly, to instruct the students as regards attendance at those ceremonies. The officers elected for this year are as follows:—Hon. Pres., Rev. A. A. Antoine; Director, Rev. J. M. Coutlée; Pres., Jas. Walsh; Vice Pres., T. Fay; Master of Ceremonies, W. Collins; Sacristan, G. Prudhomme; Sec., J. Foley; Councillors, J. Quilty, J. Hanley and G. Delaney.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

For the second time this fall the McGill students extended our 'Varsity football team a most cordial reception on the occasion of our second visit to Montreal. It is unanimously affirmed by our boys that a trip to the metropolis is one of the most pleasant episodes of the College year. A noticeable and pleasing feature of these

short but enjoyable excursions is the enthusiastic gathering of Alumni ready at the station to extend the hand of welcome to their quondam school-fellows. Among those who accompanied us to the grounds and helped to swell the 'Varsity chorus were Messrs. Brault, Christin, McCabe, Huot and Peters in addition to those whom the Owl mentioned last month. After the victory quite a number of our old students accompanied the team as far as St. Henri, before taking a last farewell.

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the 'Varsity team at the great game was Mr. Chas. Gaudet of the class of '92. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, he stood in the most conspicuous place on the grounds flying the garnet and grey and cheering on the team with whom he had so often kicked to victory.

Among the first to offer congratulations was Rev. D. McDonald, better known to Rugby men as "Big Dunc." The recollection of the capital manner in which he played the responsible position of centre-scrimmage on the champion team from '88 to '91, has not passed away from amongst us.

We were all pleased to meet Rev. D. R. McDonald on our way up from Montreal. The Rev. gentleman headed the crowd of well-wishers who boarded the train at Alexandria. No one could have been more delighted than he, over the victory the team had won. He was himself a member of the fifteen in '89.

Mr. Al. Plunkett has returned to Ottawa after a three years stay in New York city. Al. thinks that 'Varsity could defeat the best American teams if a just remodelling of both Canadian and American rules could be agreed upon. And Al. should know. We all remember that he taught Woods, the famous English football player, a lesson in tackling a few years ago.

Mr. F. M. Devine, ex '91, came down from Renfrew on Nov. 10th to see his old team play Toronto University. Unfortunately the snow interfered and prevented the match. Mr. Devine is a second year student at law.

FOOTBALL.

MCGILL VS. VARSITY.

Perhaps no more exciting contest has been witnessed in the Capital for years than that which occurred on Oct. 20th between the football fifteens of McGill and Varsity. The College forces were considerably weakened, especially in the back division, by the absence of several of their best players, while McGill had come with an exceptionally strong team. No sooner had play begun than it was quite evident that the opponents were equally strong at almost every point, and that the winning team would have no easy victory. The players themselves seemed to realize this, and from the kick off the game was keenly contested, and the playing remarkably fast.

The score at the end of the first half—9 to 3—seemed to predict a sure victory for Varsity; but McGill, playing against a light breeze, had scored twice, a rouge and a safety touch, whereas Varsity, favored with the wind, had crossed their opponents goal line only three times, securing two touch downs and a rouge.

The second half opened up well for Varsity. Her backs especially were playing beautifully, and in the first few minutes a rouge and touch down raised the College score to fourteen. But this state of affairs did not at all dishearten the visitors, who, in rapid succession, scored two touch downs and a goal from a penalty kick, thus securing a lead of three points on the College team. The excitement grew intense when, a little later, the score stood a tie, 17 to 17. It was only a few minutes before time was up—when each side had 18 points to its credit, and it was feared that the game would end in a draw—that Leveque secured a touch without a try, and thus decided the struggle in favor of Varsity.

The game was a good exhibition of football, and, though a hard fought battle, it was altogether devoid of roughness, the most disagreeable characteristic of contests of this kind.

The teams were constituted as follows :

McGill—Brunelle, Barclay, Trenholme, Leslie, Dandurand, Cowan, Sparrow, Tees,

Hill, Schwartz, Irving, Barclay, Gordon, Drum, Grace.

'Varsity — Copping, Gleeson, Troy, McCarthy, Leveque, Lee, O'Brien, Foley, Vincent, McDougall, James, Clancy, McCready, Boucher, Prudhomme.

Referee, A. Shillington. Umpire, W. T. Wilson.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY VS. OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Not since the time when the old 'Varsity floated triumphant, and the wearers of the garnet and gray withheld the proud title of "Champions of Canada" from all comers, has such intense interest been displayed in football within the University as that which now exists among the students. On Oct. 27th our old-time rival, Queen's University Football Team, with which we struggled in those memorable battles of '89, again visited the capital to test our strength in their favorite game. Everyone anticipated an excellent exhibition of foot-ball, and all agreed that disappointment did not meet the hopes of those who assembled on the college grounds that afternoon, Queen's had come possessed of that enviable jewel, the championship of Canada, which their victories of last year merited for them, and so far this season they had not experienced defeat; but the college boys, too, were stimulated by the fact that of the several games in which they had encountered the Queen's, the latter had won only a single victory. Though it was merely an exhibition game, it was quite evident from the stubborn manner in which it was contested that much importance was placed on its result.

As the teams lined up in response to the referee's whistle, a remarkable difference was noticed in the stature of the opposing players. Queen's men were characterized by that weight and strength which seems to have always been their prominent feature. On the contrary, the members of the college team were comparatively small, but their appearance was more athletic than that of their brawny adversaries. The following was the composition of the teams:

Queen's — Wilson, Curtis, Webster, McCrae, Fox, Horsey, Rayside, Ross, McCammon, Cunningham, Johnson, Gordon, Baker, Kennedy, Cranston

'Varsity — Belanger, Shea, Gleeson, Murphy, Leveque, Vincent, McDougall, Prudhomme, Lee, O'Brien, Foley, Troy, Clancy, McCready.

Referee, Dr. Echlin; umpire, R. Shillington.

The first half was anything but decisive. The college played an exceedingly fast and sure game; the backs, though being at the great disadvantage of having the sun in their eyes, played a faultless game, while the forwards made up in celerity for inferiority in weight and strength. Queen's back division did considerable fumbling, but their forwards played with steadiness and determination. The scoring in the half was very light. From a long pass out, McDougall secured the ball, and, after a phenomenal run of about fifty yards, made a touch down which Leveque converted into a goal. Upon the kick off the scene of the struggle was transported to college territory, and within a short space of time Queens scored three successive rouges. It now looked as though the visitors intended to make the game an interesting one, but a succession of beautiful kicks by the college backs and excellent passing among her forwards brought the ball into close proximity to Queen's goal line, where it remained until half time was called. Score, College 6, Queen's 3.

In the second half Queen's seemed to lose all control of themselves. Their powerful scrimmage, in which so much confidence had been placed, had no advantage over the college trio, while their wings lacked the swiftness and their backs the accuracy of the 'Varsity players. Despite these disadvantages they played with determination, and, but a few minutes before time was called, they crossed the line and secured a touch without a try. But the college boys were playing ball far superior to that of their opponents, and during this half succeeded in adding twenty-one points to their score, making a grand total of twenty-seven, whereas Queen's had to their credit but seven points.

MONTREAL VS. OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

On the morning of Nov. 7th the University Football Team accompanied by about two hundred supporters, left by the

C.A.R. for Montreal, there to meet the fifteen of that place. The weather was rather dismal, and, as the train moved out from the station, it was remarked that the game would probably be played in slush. But the struggle was to decide the championship of the Quebec Rugby Union, so, no matter how inclement the weather, postponement was impossible. About noon Montreal was reached, and, though the rain which had fallen incessantly all morning, had now ceased, the wind was blowing furiously, and everything seemed to indicate a wet afternoon.

At two o'clock it commenced again to rain, and by the time the game began the grounds of the Montreal A.A.A. were here and there covered with pools of water. It was three o'clock when the teams faced each other. As the players took their positions on the field it was quite apparent that size favored neither team; Montreal's backs were heavy men, but the college had the advantage in the scrimmage. The teams lined up as follows:

Montreal—Savage, Fry, Hagar, McDougall, Waud, O'Brien, Rankin, Baird, Buchanan, Branch, E. James, G. James, Poff, Routh, Redpath.

'Varsity—Belanger, Shea, Gleeson, Murphy, Leveque, Vincent, McDougall, Prudhomme, Lee, O'Brien, James, Foley, Boucher, Clancy, McCurdy.

G. McDougall acted as referee; A. Murphy as umpire.

Montreal kicked off, and scarcely had the ball been put into play when their forwards dribbled it over the line and scored a touch in goal. This was the more discouraging to the college boys as they were playing with a heavy wind in their favor; however, they forced the play and carried the ball down the field. But the Montrealers, who were playing a grand defence game, rouged, thus averting a touch down. Another rouge was added to the college score, and shortly afterwards Leveque crossed the line and secured a touch from which he failed to kick a goal. The college team for the remainder of the half played well, but the good judgment displayed by Montreal's backs prevented them scoring heavily. Before the whistle blew for half time a rouge and safety were added

to their score, thus making it ten. The Montrealers left the field jubilant to think that they had held the college team down to ten points, and had themselves scored a touch in goal against such a gale as was blowing. Nor were the collegians overconfident of victory, though the score was in their favor. Yet they were never for a moment disheartened, but showed that determination which may be said to be characteristic of 'Varsity footballers.

In the second half the Montreal back division, which has undoubtedly no superior in Canada, played an excellent game, and soon the score stood 10 to 7. A succession of rushes by the garnet and gray scrimmage had the effect of bringing the ball close to their opponents' goal line. It was forced over and a touch scored from which no goal resulted. This did not discourage the Montrealers, however, who, by the brilliant play of their back division, made a touch down, raising their score to eleven. The beautiful short passes among the Montreal backs in securing this touch were certainly one of the pleasing features of the game—at least such they were to the friends of Montreal. There were yet twenty minutes left to play, with a heavy wind in favor of Montreal and only another touch down to decide the game in their favor. But soon the collegians began to play an excellent defence game, and until the call of time, a space of seventeen minutes, the pigskin entered not the hands of a Montrealer. A more brilliant piece of scrimmaging than that of the college boys during the latter part of this game has seldom been witnessed. The score remained unchanged—14 to 11 in favor of 'Varsity—until the referee blew his whistle declaring them victors and champions of the Quebec Rugby Union.

Great praise is certainly due Mr. McDougall and his assistants for the admirable manner in which they performed their extremely difficult tasks. Indeed it is seldom that the decisions of the several officials are received with such universal satisfaction.

The college boys and their supporters, elated with victory and well pleased with their trip to Montreal, returned by the evening train. At Alexandria they were met by a large number of students and

at the station in Ottawa the citizens' band together with a throng of enthusiastic admirers awaited the arrival of the mighty fifteen. Here a procession was formed, and in a royal manner the victory celebrated. The victors and the students in general offer their sincerest thanks for the reception which the citizens so generously prepared for them.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA.

OTTAWA COLLEGE VS. QUEEN'S.

No game that ever took place in Canada aroused such general interest as the final contest between Ottawa College and Queens, champions respectively of the Quebec and Ontario Unions, for the Canadian championship. There were more preliminary letters and telegrams than there was any necessity for, but Ottawa College has not heard a single reproach addressed to its account in the matter. We were on the side of constituted authority throughout. These little disputes, however, served one good purpose. Added to the reputation of the contending teams and the importance of the match, they were the cause of bringing together on neutral grounds the largest crowd that ever witnessed a football game in Canada. The beautiful Rosedale grounds never before saw so many people gathered within their bounds, and it is safe to say that were the same teams to come together again under similar circumstances, double the number would witness their meeting. From several of the provinces of Canada, as well as from various parts of the United States, excursionists came to witness the struggle between the two great college fifteens. Not one returned disappointed, except perhaps in the result. It was a game worth going miles to see, and those who missed it will perhaps not soon look upon its like again. Ottawa College put on the field the fifteen men who had so gallantly won the Quebec championship from the Montrealers; Queen's was represented by the same team, with the exception of Webster, that had lowered Hamilton's colors on the preceding Saturday. As the two teams stood facing each other they represented all that was strongest and pluckiest and bravest in

Canadian Rugby. Looking beyond the mere momentary fight and its issue, there was reason for pride and hope in the country that could produce thirty so well-knit, hardy, noble-looking fellows. Here are their names:

OTTAWA COLLEGE.—Belanger, Shea, Gleeson, Murphy, Leveque, Lee, O'Brien, James, Boucher, Clancy, McCready, Prudhomme, Foley, McDougall, Vincent.

QUEEN'S.—Wilson, McRae, Curtis, Farrell, Fox, McCammon, Johnson, Elliot, Cranston, Kennedy, Raker, Moffat, Ross, Rayside, Horsey.

Referee, A. W. Ballantyne. Umpire E. C. Senkler.

For the first time this season Eddie Gleeson lost the toss, and a hideous yell went up from Queen's supporters as they saw the boys in garnet face both sun and wind. Leveque kicked off and for about ten minutes it looked a sure thing for Ottawa College. A clean heel-out gave Leveque the ball; from him it went to Shea, Gleeson and Murphy in succession for a gain of over twenty yards. But here a sharp pass was fumbled and Queen's dribbled to within a few yards of Ottawa's goal. In scarcely more time than it takes to tell it the yellow and black had scored three single points. Their friends were jubilant, but those who knew the scoring power of Ottawa College felt no fear. A few minutes later began about as brilliant a bit of play as was ever seen in Canadian Rugby. It showed not only great pluck and power, but also intelligent team play of the highest order. The ball was within ten yards of Ottawa College goal line, and Queen's had three points. Boucher, Clancy, McCready, Foley and Prudhomme buckled in and in four downs had the ball outside the twenty-five yard line. It was pretty work—the ball was heeled-out, the five forwards charged the centre and broke it and Leveque went through. Quick as a flash the whole play changed when once outside the danger line. Twice did Murphy and Shea kick into touch for a total gain of thirty-five yards. Then again the play changed. At twenty-five yards from Queen's goal-line a run in was correct strategy. Gleeson got the ball on a clever pass from Leveque, gained fifteen yards, passed to Lee and he plunged over the line. Leveque missed

the goal and the score was four to three in favor of Ottawa. Shea returned the kick out so well that a rouge resulted in a minute. There was no more scoring this half. Queen's had played great ball, but were clearly outmatched. They did not seem to know how to score and it looked as though Ottawa would win by three times their opponents score. And indeed that is the way the second half began. In less than a minute Wilson had rouged and garnet jerseys were darting everywhere through Queen's line. Ottawa College here scored five points that should have been allowed—a try and a rouge. But the umpire erred in judgment—as he himself admitted after the game—and Queen's got off with a frightening. It evidently did them good, for during the next fifteen minutes they had things all their own way, and, before Ottawa College recovered from their disappointment, Fox, Curtis, Cranston, Baker and Kennedy took a hand in the play and Queen's giant centre got over for a try. That ended Queen's scoring. Harry James, who had played a wonderful game all through, followed the kick out and after a long dribble sent a low skimming punt over Queen's line. Wilson saved a try by about a yard and the score was seven to seven. It was evident that the championship was going to change hands. Queen's were clearly beaten, yet they struggled for seventeen minutes before the deciding point was made. Once a score seemed certain. Wilson had ten yards to run to clear his line and there were three men upon him. He proved his right to be called the best full-back in Canada, and got out at least ten yards beyond immediate danger. But Ottawa College would not be denied, though but seven minutes remained. A short punt by Curtis was taken in by Murphy who ran clear up on the approaching forwards and kicked low over their heads into touch-in-goal. The struggle was over and the willing wire ticked gladness to hundreds of hearts in Ottawa College: "The championship is home again. Queen's seven. Ottawa College eight."

The same night the greatest Rugby meeting ever seen in Canada was held in the dining-room of the Walker House. Osgoode Hall escorted in their conquerors

of the morning; Queen's men were the guests of Ottawa College. The vanquished bore their defeat like men and the victors their victory with becoming modesty. After dinner many happy little speeches were made and our old 'Varsity was heartily congratulated on all sides on the glorious result of the afternoon's contest.

THE RECORD.

Old 'Varsity never had a better year's record. Six successive victories against the strongest teams in Canada, with a total of 118 points against 47, is something seldom equalled and never surpassed.

The following list tells the tale:—

Ottawa College vs. Britannia,	21 to 3.
"	Ottawa City, 26 to 1.
"	McGill, 22 to 18.
"	Queen's, 27 to 7.
"	Montreal, 14 to 11.
"	Queen's, 8 to 7.

We have only one regret—that circumstances prevented us from meeting the fifteen from Toronto University. It is reported that these young gentlemen fondly imagine they can play great foot ball. Just exactly what basis they have for their opinion is not easily made out, but certain it is that even very competent judges rate them high. We are obliged to defer until next year the pleasure of awakening them to a correct idea of the real position they occupy in Canadian foot-ball.

OUR FRIENDS IN TORONTO.

The least-expected though not the least pleasant result of our Toronto trip was the number of friends we found to greet us in the Queen City of the West. First of all Mr. Gerald A. Griffin, who met the team on their arrival and did not leave them till their departure. We can never repay his kind services except in the way he likes best—a continuation of our victories. On hand also with valuable advice and kind deeds were our old captain, W. C. McCarthy, our old manager, J. P. Smith, and our old wing man, Frank McDougall. John and Eddie Burns called later to let us know that their hearts and voices were with us. Jimmie Rigney and D. McDermott came up from Kingston "with a valise full of money." Trenton

sent R. McCauley. From Peterboro came O. Laplante and R. Letellier. Tom Nihan left St. Catharines for a time to cheer on his old college comrades. Mr. Wm. F. Tye travelled from Haysville to prove that his heart was still in the right place. Still another old and dear friend of 'Varsity found his way to Toronto on the 17th Nov., nor did he come alone. It was the Rev. J. H. Quinn, O.M.I., formerly Prefect of Discipline in the University, and now of the Holy Angels' College, Buffalo. There was probably no man at Rosedale better pleased with 'Varsity's victory. Our special thanks are also due to the President and members of St. Alphonsus' Club for the brotherly way in which they put their rooms at our disposal, and to the students of St. Michael's College for their hearty support during and after the game. Nor must we forget Mr. Frank Nelson, sporting editor of the *Globe*, and a graduate of Ottawa University, who was most enthusiastic over the success of the garnet and grey.

All the above mentioned friends and a multitude of others assembled at the Union Depot to give the Canadian champions a fitting send-off. Songs and short speeches and confidential chats filled up the three-quarters of an hour that elapsed before the departure of our train. At length we drew away amidst the mingled cheers of our Toronto supporters for 'Varsity, and ours for them; there were even better and dearer friends awaiting us in Ottawa, and we were in a hurry to meet them.

What a magnificent turnout a tally-ho is for a winning team. Mr. Gerald Griffin and Mr. W. C. McCarthy—never doubting of the result—engaged a splendid tally-ho, four horses, liveried coachman, etc., to drive 'Varsity to Rosedale. But what would have happened had we met defeat? How could a beaten team ever ride in a tally-ho? These questions of course remain in the realms of speculation for us. But suppose poor old Queen's had hired a tally-ho! Fortunately they engaged an ordinary two-horse van.

Two things in the Ottawa College fifteen made a powerful impression on Toronto people. First the grand football played by 'Varsity, and next Bob.

McCready's wonderful oration at the Union Depot. His speech should pass down to succeeding generations as a model of convincing oratory. From exordium to peroration it was a gem. His concluding words "Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," were Ciceronian in elegance, Shakespearian in dramatic fire, and Boothian in theatrical effectiveness. And as for the audience—well, Henry Irving never raised such enthusiasm.

AN INTERNATIONAL GAME.

It is regrettable that satisfactory arrangements can not be made whereby the Canadian champions would be enabled to meet the champions of the United States in an international match for the American championship. Of course the differences in the respective rules are a very great difficulty in the way of a fair contest, but a spirit of compromise and concession on both sides should result in a satisfactory solution of the question. Ottawa College would be very much pleased to meet a representative team from the United States. It may be the height of presumption, but we are of opinion that the present Canadian champions have no reason to fear any fifteen men that ever played football. One thing is certain—our backs do not make such fumbles and muffs as are reported of the backs across the line, while it is incredible that with sharp and accurate passing a half-back or a full-back should be blocked in his kick. One feature of the game as played by our friends to the South is its shocking brutality. In the recent Yale--Harvard match six men were carried off the field helpless and dangerously injured. Deliberate foul play and coarse ruffianism can be the only explanation. When Queen's met Ottawa College for the Canadian championship, feeling could not have been bitterer, nor checking closer, nor tackling fiercer. Yet not a man was laid off. The same fifteen players won the Provincial match on Nov. 3rd, the Dominion on Nov. 17th, and might have won the American on Nov. 24th if they had been given a chance.

AFTER THE GAME.

Since the return of the championship of Canada to Ottawa University, many are the ways in which honor has been done to the victors. Not only the students, but also the citizens of Ottawa, have vied in showing how highly they esteem the spotless record of the champions.

About 7.30 p.m., on Tuesday Nov. 20th, a grand torch light procession left the neighborhood of the University, and for hours triumphantly paraded the streets of Ottawa. Incessantly did the grand old college cheer fill the air as it re-echoed from the throats of an enthusiastic multitude. It was indeed a fitting demonstration with which to close a successful season crowned with such a glorious victory as that recently won on the Rose-dale grounds in Toronto.

On the following evening the Cecilian Society gave a musical entertainment in the Academic Hall in honor of St. Cecilia and to welcome the Dominion Rugby Champions. Owing to the indefatigable efforts of Rev. H. Gervais, O.M.I., director of the society, an excellent programme was prepared, and the entertainment turned out to be most successful.

The following was the Programme :

- Prelude, - - The Cecilian March, - - - -
L. H. Gervais, O.M.I.
1. Overture, "La Croix d'Honneur" - Bléger
Cecilian Society.
2. Song, "The King's Champion" - Watson
Mr. W. Shaw.
3. Recitation, "Clarence's Dream"
Mr. W. Walsh.
4. Cornet Solo, "Morceau de Concert" Meyer
Mr. C. O. Sénécal.
5. Bolero, "Le Foréador de Castille" - Bléger
Cecilian Society.
6. Recitation, - - "Les Rois"
Mr. L. Garneau.

7. Cornet Solo, "L'Estafette" - Hemmerlé
Mr. C. Doughty.
8. Song, - "Say Au Revoir" - H. Kennedy
Mr. J. Clarke.
9. Recitation, - "A Deserter"
Mr. J. McKenna.
10. Selection, "Nabuchodonosor" - - - Verdi
Cecilian Society.
11. Violin Solo, "Last Rose of Summer" Farmer
Mr. W. Sullivan.
12. Polka, - "Les Hussards" - - - Bernier
Cecilian Society.
13. Song, "We're Champions Again"
Soloist, Mr. T. Holland. Chorus, the Audience.

Thanks are due to the members of the Cecilian Society and to all others who took part; some of whom though not students added so materially to the success of the entertainment.

Again, on Thanksgiving Day, the Faculty of the University very kindly tendered the footballers a reception, to which were invited the rest of the students. The dining-hall was beautifully decorated, and a splendid repast prepared. A programme, well becoming the event, had been arranged by the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Numerous songs and congratulatory speeches were delivered, and the hope was expressed that the Canadian championship may long abide with the wearers of the garnet and grey, and that the success of Ottawa University on the football field may be the cause of many more such happy meetings.

A most pleasing feature of the evening was the singing of the following song written for the occasion by J. Danté Smith. The solo was taken by Mr. L. E. O. Payment, while over one hundred and fifty voices joined in the chorus.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS HOME AGAIN.

AIR—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

THE championship is home again,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 The championship is home again,
 Hurrah!
 "What's the matter with old McGill?"
 The little blue Brits are sicker still,
 Ottawa's tears a tub would fill
 And Montreal sings low.

The championship is home again,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 The championship is home again
 Hurrah!
 From full-back out to forward line,
 Between the goals our stalwarts shine,
 So here's their health in ruby wine—
 The championship is here.

The championship is home again,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The championship is home again,
 Hurrah!
 We measured strength with burly Queen's—
 At bluffing they are no small beans,—
 Yet, they were conquered too, which means
 That Champions are we.

The championship is home again,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 The championship is home again,
 Hurrah!
 Behold our boys with laurel crown'd,
 And neatly robed in sticky ground,
 Beneath which war-scars much abound,
 Our lasting pride are they.

The championship is home again,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 The championship is home again,
 Hurrah!
 We hope she will not go away,
 But just lay by her wraps and stay
 Here with her lovers in garnet-grey,
 Until the crack of doom.

J. DANTE SMITH.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Never in the history of this department has it been as difficult as at present to secure sufficient news to fill the space allotted us. Why this is so we are unable to explain. Our newly appointed assistant tells us that the members of the "little yard" have fallen into a state of lethargy from which it seems impossible to arouse them. Is it come to this? We are somewhat doubtful as to the truth of this statement. We are inclined to believe that the fault lies not in the juniors but in himself. In either case we are placed in a disagreeable dilemma. Such a state of things, as our assistant alleges, really exists, or he seeks to conceal his own incompetency by thus attacking the liveliness of the juniors. Assuming either conclusion to be the true one, our reputation for correctness of judgment is destroyed. At the beginning of the present year we called particular attention to the excellence of the material of which the Junior Athletic Association was composed. We may be forced to admit that, for once we were mistaken. At any rate affairs in the "little yard" have, in our opinion, reached a crisis, and drastic measures are absolutely necessary. In virtue, then, of that prerogative which we, as junior editor ex-officio possess; we hereby declare, that the present officers of the Junior Athletic Association are relieved of their duties for a period of fifteen days; and that Cincinnati Dempsey has been recalled to the dictatorship. In addition, we have respectfully suggested that the dictator associate with him in the laudable work of arousing the sleeping members of the "little yard," some of the senior paragons of activity, such as Herr Phaneuf, Sherman O'Neil or H. Bernardin.

The winter supplementary classes will be reorganized in a few days. The number of eligible persons is unusually large this year. Considerable speculation is already being indulged in as to who will be chosen for the different offices, Among the likely candidates are: Messrs. Hewitt, Delaney, McNulty, Faribault and Brankin.

Our assistant is of opinion that the Third Grade *hammer* is out of his line of business when engaged in pounding the little *bijou*. He thinks that if George would use his head on some stone pile he would be more suitably employed.

The Faribault Comedy Co. will hold a benefit concert in the Junior hand-ball alley on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 28th. The play was composed by W. P. Ryan. Prof. Finnegan is arranging the music.

Mr. J. McMahon has been engaged by the Junior Literary society to deliver his illustrated lecture: "Summer Scenes on the Gatineau."

On account of unfavorable weather Architect Bisailon has abandoned work on the snow fort.

Centre-rush Caron is watching the shoe shops to see who is getting new toes in his shoes.

W. P. R's latest: Whose name is Denis? That of the one who holds second place in the Second Grade.

The following held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of October:

First Grade	{	1. J. B. Patry.
		2. A. Martin.
		3. A. Chevrier.

Second Grade	{	1. J. Neville.
		2. H. Denis.
		3. A. Lauria.

Third Grade B	{	1. J. Coté.
		2. C. Bastien.
		3. J. Burke.

Third Grade A	{	1. J. Cassidy.
		2. A. Kehoe.
		3. B. Girard.

Fourth Grade	{	1. J. Dempsey.
		2. P. Turcotte.
		3. H. Desrosiers.

ULULATUS.

'Ello, brothaw, I 'ope yer 'appy.

Wat's de matter Mac-car-tee?

Don't you McKenna more noise, sir. And there was silence.

Mac says that H-v-y will soon begin the study of "farm"-acy.

How Farrell Curtis go when Harry James checks him?

It has been remarked that James W-l-sh *handles* the ball very well with his feet, while his semi-circles are simply magnificent.

TO VANDY.

They say that its bosh, but he's right B'gosh,
For our own dear autocrat has consented to show
By numerous ways in a scientific blaze
That a hen always sits when she lays, B'gosh.

QUEEN'S VS. OTTAWA COLLEGE.

BEFORE.

Queen's tigers came down with a rumble and roar,
And out on the field like demons they tore,
And there stood awaiting with impatient jaws
To eat with their mouths what they clutched in
their claws.

AFTER.

Queen's tigers went back meek-looking and hushed,
And Kingston was sad for her darlings were
crushed,
Grim were their features, stiff were their joints,
Just think of it—beaten by twenty big points.

A BATTLE SCENE.

Within the foremost rank
A brave old captain stood,
Possessing but one shank;
Within which flowed his blood;

But having had recourse

To art, he walked upon
A wooden leg which seemed
To help him well along!

Now in a charge, a cannon-ball
Had struck the wooden limb,
He tumbled o'er, his comrades stopped
Alarmed and gazed at him;
Said one: "Quick! quick! a surgeon,
run!

Another "Fetch some water!"
But he with features grave and calm,
Said: "Bring me to a *carpenter*."

(The author of the following called at the Sanctum twenty-seven times in two days, begging to have something inserted in these columns. He wore us out.)

The Alderman could take the bottom of a card box, write a scrawl on it and make it an infirmity pass for a year. That's genius.

Vaudy could scribble his name at the bottom of a useless sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—in his mind. That's imagination.

The Executive Committe can take 500 discarded circus tickets, stamp the Association seal on them and make them worth one half-dollar each. That's money.

The storekeeper can buy pies five for a cent and sell them at two for five cents. That's business.

A student can get a pair of shoes for five dollars but he prefers to get them for nothing. That's preference.

Our rink-cleaners will bustle and clean the rink after every snow storm. (?) That's speculation.