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THE ELEMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH SANITATION.

FROM AN ENGINEER'S STANDPOINT.

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All philosophers agree that man is a social being. His very reason, which differentiates him from all other contingencies that people the universe, is the cause of his seeking mutual intercourse and intellectual relations.

This natural feeling of sociability, this innate desire for society, necessitates the congregation of individuals, be it in cities, in towns, or in villages. But in this connection man is no more exempt from the general laws of nature than in any other. Comfort, bliss, and satisfaction are never found unalloyed; there always exists something of an evil tendency to mar that which, in fact, may be intrinsically good. The assemblage of individuals entails numerous physical evils; it increases the undesirable and yet unavoidable reactions which the different states and conditions of the atmosphere produce in the human body, and often greatly augments the offal and excremental nuisances which, for a single person, would be inappreciable, since, instead of being affected by them, the elements would dispose of them by their then ample chemical and physical actions. But when there is question of an entire village, town, or city, then the ingenuity of man is severely taxed, and all his faculties come into requisition in order to pronounce

upon a method of treating refuse, which, while it is even initially most objectionable, still continues to develop its incipient noisomeness, and becomes, in a short time, excessively deleterious to the health of the community.

It scarcely devolves upon us, in the present limited essay, to enter into any minutiae concerning the cause of the propagation of disease and epidemics, which, from established facts, are known to accompany accumulations of filth; yet it may perhaps not be amiss to make some general statements concerning the matter. The fact that the collection of excretal, kitchen, or any similar refuse, is disgusting to all the senses, is too patent to require any comment. We have such a natural loathing for matters of so putrescent a nature that we instinctively try to avoid them. Our brethren of a more extensive chemical knowledge, may form their pills of sewage and take them down in order to sustain their theory that sewage is not poisonous in itself; yet our spontaneous repulsion from similar contact with such ordure, should be sufficiently strong to withhold us from anything so revolting. But since there have been certain gentlemen of the chemical profession who have been sufficiently disinterested to experiment upon themselves for the cause of science, we cordially thank them for such loyal investigation, and we are glad to avail ourselves of any scientific truths which they may thus have brought to light. In fact, the progress of medical and

sanitary science has developed the microbic theory; and the study of vegetable and animal infusions by the aid of the microscope, which ferrets out secrets that would otherwise be forever hidden, has manifested the truth that there exist innumerable minute germs whose fermenting growth occasions all the dissatisfactions to which the animal organization is liable. These micro-organisms, whose life is so antagonistic to our own, may be classed as the anaerobic bacteria. Their rankest development takes place in the moist and dark and hot compartments where sewage is collected. The damp walls form admirable supports to which the germs may cling, and the omnipresent ammonia is ever at hand to nourish them and make them thrive. When any means of exit is afforded, these bacteria are carried away by the wind and are implanted wherever chance may happen to throw them. If they enter the lungs or intestines, their presence will soon become known by the outcropping of some of those diseases which, for centuries past, have ravaged entire communities. The wind, no doubt, is a powerful agent in distributing these causes of infection, yet there are other ways in which disease may be spread. Refuse, in a state of putrefaction or fermentation, and still more if it contain the excreta of diseased individuals, is an exquisite source of pollution to otherwise potable waters into which it may be discharged.

Thus we see that both air and water may be polluted, and that they may convey their noxious constituents with them into the lungs or into the intestines. And since both air and water are essential to the existence of man, and since the human constitution requires them to be of a certain purity before consumption, it follows that both air and water must be supplied to communities in the necessary state of purity. Air exists in ample abundance all about us. We must keep it sweet and pure such as nature has given it to us, and we must not surcharge it with more impurities than it can take care of and convert into innocuous substances.

The air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportions of one fifth of the former to four fifths of the latter.

Impurities are indeed present, but of these the most considerable is carbonic acid, which should not exceed the limit of three hundredths of one per cent according to Dr. Angus Smith. Both oxygen and nitrogen are odorless, colorless and tasteless. Oxygen is the life sustaining element; yet it can not be breathed pure without disastrous effects. It exists not only in air but constitutes also eight ninths, by weight, of water. Nitrogen is a dilutant and, of itself, can do naught but extinguish life. Carbonic acid has an acrid taste. It is the element which supplies the carbonaceous tissues of the vegetable kingdom. It might be an item of interest to quote from Professor Huxley, that each individual takes daily through his lungs about three hundred and fifty cubic feet of air, which, in its passage, changes from four to six per cent of oxygen for from four to five per cent of carbonic acid. Air receives its pollution, not only from animal breathing, but also from the secretions through living pores and from the ammoniacal gases which are engendered by organic putrefaction. Marshy soils and stagnant waters emit deathly exhalations, and the manufactural products of commerce are also fertile sources of contamination of the atmosphere. Solid impurities such as pollen, plant seeds, dust, and equine ordure, float about, adding their quota of harmfulness. The sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and series of marsh gases, which are produced in damp and impermeable soils, are exceedingly infectious, and give rise to those inexplicable complaints which are covered by the general term "malaria." Since the engineer knows what constitutes pure air, and since he knows what elements are most prolific in destroying its purity, and since, finally, pure air is essential to the health of the community, it follows that it falls within the province of the sanitary engineer to devise means for avoiding atmospheric pollution and for maintaining a constant and uncontaminated supply for each and every individual. The mass of air which surrounds our globe is an admirable disinfectant. The oxygen, which it contains, combines with putrescible matter, and, by its action, tends to purify and convert into innocuous substances that which, if deprived of this contact, would

be most injurious in its effects upon the animal organism. Besides the oxygen which exists in its admixture with nitrogen, there is also another form of this same element, which is known as ozone. Three of the original atoms are supposed to exist in this combination, and its action seems to be even more effective and energetic than its constituent alone. It is the great counteragent of all that is foul and obnoxious. From Dr. Cornelius Fox we learn that "The oxidation of metals, the decomposition of rocks, the germination of seeds, the growth of plants, the falling of dew, rain, hail, and snow; the collision between air currents of different degrees of humidity proceeding from opposite quarters with one another, or with the earth; the evaporation which is continually proceeding from saline fluids, such as oceans, seas, and lakes; the dashing and splashing, the smashing and crashing of the restless waves on the rocky coast, are all concerned in the simultaneous development of electricity and ozone." Yet, notwithstanding the enormous bulk of the surrounding atmosphere, it is possible to produce impurities in such quantities that the amount of scavenging influence immediately at hand, is inadequate to completely oxidize them. Such sources of impurities must be avoided, and when we come to speak of the earth, we shall state how it should be drained so that its surface may not be a cesspool of filth exhaling infection with its noxious gases. But it may be wise to say here in general terms that no accumulation of refuse or filth of any kind should be allowed within, under, or about any dwelling.

But air is not the only essential to life. Water is equal in importance, since it is as impossible to do without the one as without the other. There is no question but that we breathe *in* volume upon volume of air and that we thus take into the lungs an amount of hurtful matter which is considerable, due to the fact of constant accumulation. This necessitates most careful inspection of that which we must breathe. But water is also indispensable; and as the intestines are exceedingly delicate organs, we should not allow them to receive the contact of whatsoever might be injurious to them or occasion any interior functional derangements.

Water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion of one volume of the former to two of the latter. The weight of the oxygen is, however, eight times that of the hydrogen. Unlike air, water consists of the chemical combination of its two constituent elements, so that the properties of the elementary substances are changed by their intimate association. Like air, it may be polluted. Matters may enter it and be dissolved; chemical action may take place or mechanical mixture may be the result; suspended particles of every conceivable size or shape may float on its surface or in its depths, so that its purity is greatly affected. In fact, it is just as rare to find pure water (H_2O) as it is to find a pure mixture of twenty one per cent of oxygen with seventy nine of nitrogen. This will not be difficult to believe when we consider that our purest waters have been drawn into the atmosphere by a process of vaporization, and have fallen upon the earth again in the form of rain, washing down, in their descent, such matters as they may have met with on the way. Then, while percolating through the earth, say even under the most favorable conditions, they will assimilate inorganic matters, becoming nevertheless, exceedingly pure due to their perfect filtration. Water is an excellent solvent, perhaps the best that exists; for there is nothing that will not, in time, succumb to its action. Since water is so delicate as to be thus readily affected by foreign substances, and since the intestinal organs share with it this same delicacy, it is natural to assume the conclusion that the water supply must be exceedingly pure and entirely free from any thing which is liable to cause any abnormal condition in the recipient. Our purest supply of potable water is to be found in deep wells such as have been bored in Brooklyn. Deep springs, which have entered the ground miles above the place where the boring is made, have necessarily traveled a great distance, passing through porous layers of sand and gravel, and thus filtering out every impurity so that it offers forth a limpid stream of exquisite refinement. In some places rivers and lakes are depended upon. It is evident that, when this is the case, no sewage or filth of whatever the nature should be allowed to

empty into them. With a foolish rashness, thinking merely to be rid of a nuisance which is before their eyes, some will rush the refuse of a town into the very source which is to supply them with their drink. Nor is this an exaggeration; for we read how, at one point, the Thames was a receptacle of filth while at another, a few miles below, it furnished its flood as potable water. The Romans afford us a similar example. But it is not necessary to traverse the ocean to find an exemplification of imprudence. At Troy, the inhabitants befoul the Hudson with excrementitious matter and offal, while, at Albany, this same water, which has delivered the northern city of its filth, is supplied for household usage. Water from shallow wells should always be regarded with a certain degree of suspicion. It often affords a palatable drink, yet there is always some uncertainty as to the soil and matters which it has passed before forming the well which appears so refreshing. Street and surface liquids may drain into it: stagnant marshes may be sufficiently near so that some of their putrescence may ooze through; and also, which is very likely and extremely dangerous, ammoniacal liquids may percolate from vicinal cesspools, privies, or manure pits. But should there be neither wells, springs, lakes, nor rivers of sufficient magnitude or purity to afford a wholesome supply, then an artificial storage basin must be resorted to in order to collect the water which falls from the skies. In this connection our attention must be directed to the phenomena which occur in nature in relation to the rainfall. The better the engineer is acquainted with the daily, monthly, and yearly fall of rain, not only with average quantities but also with maxima and minima, the better will he be able to meet the wants of the town or city which may have relied upon him for the supply of its drinking water. But a longer discussion of this topic would lead us into a subject different from the one which is at present to be treated; consequently it were more prudent to leave the question of water, while still dwelling on the fact that water acts upon impurities by carrying them away to the sea, and that, if this enormous exit, this inexhaustible receptacle, did not exist, the result of excremental accumulations would be the pollution

of the water and not the purification of the sewage. One would not build a tank and throw into it however so little sewage, with the hope that this would become pure and clean. No one would touch the water, however large the tank and however small the quantity that may have been emptied into it. In comparison with a river, the assumption of a tank, coupled with the idea of a size which it would be likely to receive from our financial and labor capacity, seems truly absurd; yet in what light would a comparison stand between a river and the ocean?

The Earth! Yes! it is written with a capital letter and followed by an exclamation point. Why should we not use this mark of distinction and pause a while in consideration? We return, for an instant, to our days spent with classical mythology, and remember the maternal goddess. In the Earth we have had our incipency: on the Earth we live; on the Earth we shall have passed our days of joy and sorrow: to the Earth we must return. Such is our destiny! Is it strange that we should have paused while writing—"The Earth"? The earth bears the crops that feed us. It is studded with all the beauties of landscape that delight the eye. It rears its mountain heads and rugged peaks, whose grandeur strikes the admiring mind with awe. The earth is good for us, and becomes such as we make it. The Being of Infinite Perfection has made everything with reason and for some good. It is for us on all occasions to find that good which, for every creation, existed in the mind of the Maker. The earth is a contingency of such varied composition and constituents, that surely nothing is wanting there. And it is indeed so, especially in the consideration of the present subject. The mineral world is continually being assimilated by the vegetable kingdom, and it is the animal kingdom that should return to the terrestrial crust, such matters as will supply the deficiencies occasioned by vegetable rapacity. Such is the process of nature. And if it could always be carried out, a great deal of annoyance would be avoided. But great difficulty is often encountered, especially in cities, and in countries where the character of the soil does not encourage agricultural pursuits. We must adapt ourselves to our modern

methods of living; and, in pursuance of this order, it is frequently inconvenient to make the return which would otherwise be so desirable. Yet, from the variety of its constituents, and from the amount of air which it can collect within its pores, the earth is an excellent deodorizer and disinfectant; and recent experiments with it, in this connection, have given most satisfactory results. But as true goodness and beauty never go far unaccompanied we must not be surprised to find certain kinds of soil which are excessively ungrateful. Clay and loamy soils form very unhealthy sites: for they are quite impervious, and fail to allow a free percolation of any water which falls upon them or collects within their crevices. They often contain pockets where water remains and stagnates. Marshy ground is also very objectionable; and, when its liquid comes under the category of fresh waters, it becomes an exceedingly prolific source of ill-health, of disease, and of infection. The slow change in the water level allows uninterrupted stagnation to go on. In dry weather the ever putrescent water in part evaporates with its organic matter and in part recedes below the surface, which allows the air to be sucked in and to be impregnated with the fetid germs which have been propagated. Nothing now is needed but wet weather to raise the level of the ground water and thus expel the air along with its impregnation of germs. If the water

happen to be salt instead of fresh, the danger is not so great, as there is, in connection with salt water, a continual ebb and flow, which changes the water to a certain extent and thus interrupts the putrefaction. The only way to make clayey and marshy ground inhabitable is to collect the water into drains, suitably placed, so that it will run off and never be allowed to stand for any length of time. Perfect under-drainage of the subsoil and also of the surface is absolutely indispensable for the maintenance of good health among the individuals who may have congregated upon such a site.

For man's comfort, nothing should be considered too good, especially when his health is under consideration. That blessing should be cherished and courted with undying ardor. The first law of man's nature is that of self-preservation, preservation, not merely against the concerted attacks of scheming fellowmen or the voracity of ferine beasts, but particularly against the fomentations of an unknowing world,— against the lurking contaminations of microscopic production. The consideration of a long and happy life was offered in compensation to those who would be faithful observers of the fourth commandment. Since Heaven, then, thus holds life dear, let us, too, strive to increase the joys and lengthen the period of this—our too short geotic sojourn.

W. A. H. '88



SHADOWLAND.

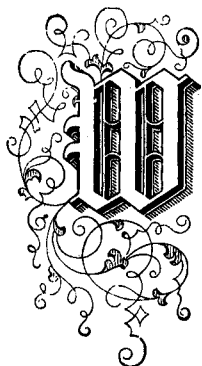
H! in that sunless land ne'er cease
 To walk gray figures of the past,
 Where wraiths of shattered idols cast
 A gloom on present paths of peace.
 And from the travelled shores of years
 The ghosts of wasted hours arise,
 With silent lips and speaking eyes,
 And dripping with remorse's tears!

Or from that lake of splendid dreams,
 As golden once as hope's high brow,—
 But turned to bitter blackness now,
 And fed by sorrow's hundred streams,—
 The shades of seared ambition loom,
 Like fickle friendship turned to hate;
 And with the mocking hand of fate
 They stab the victim of their doom.

And if, perchance, there should unroll
 Before the mind some brilliant page,—
 Unsought, but given to assauge
 The bitter current of the soul;
 Yet still remains some leaven there
 To mar the joy—the thought that he
 A solitary guest must be,
 And that none else the feast may share!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

ONCE MONARCH OF THE PRAIRIES.



WHEN first the great discoverers of this continent began to penetrate far inland, they found an animal well worthy of mention in the history of America. The bison or the buffalo, as he was more commonly called, existed in countless

herds from the great prairies of the North-West Territories to the wilds of Texas. The animal has been spoken of and described by a great many early historians. The first graphic description of it is due to the great explorer, Father Marquette. An early mention of it is found in the records of the Conquest of Mexico; Montezuma points out the buffalo to Hernando Cortez, as being a rare animal in the south, although very common in the north.

Notwithstanding the important part it has had in the early history of our country, many persons in the United States and Canada have never seen a full-grown buffalo. Those exhibited in travelling shows and circuses are usually poor specimens of this magnificent animal. It resembles in many respects the European buffalo; with this vast difference that the latter animal inhabits the mountainous parts of Europe, whilst the American buffalo belongs exclusively to the prairies. Another difference is in their appearance, the bison being more low-set and having a much shorter mane than the buffalo. In many respects the bison resembles our domestic cattle though he is much larger, a full-grown male being about twice the size of an ox.

Under the neck hangs a heavy growth of hair and the whole head, neck and shoulders are covered with a great brown mane like that of a horse. This mane is sometimes a foot long, and falling over the animal's eyes gives them a hideous and savage appearance. The rest of the body is covered with brown curly hair like the wool of a sheep, though much

stronger and thicker. The bison also has quite a large hump on his back, which tends to make him appear exceedingly large and formidable. A peculiar fact about the way in which the hair falls over the eyes is that it prevents the animal from seeing, while in the act of charging or flying from foes. He will make wild charges upon his assailants and pass quite close without doing the least harm; or when pursued whole herds have been known to dash over precipices or into obstacles without deviating a particle from their onward course.

Accounts of the numbers of these animals which once roamed over the prairies of the great North-West are truly astonishing, and it should be a subject of deep regret that of the grandest animal of our continent but five hundred representatives remain. From the notes of celebrated travellers we learn that thousands upon thousands of them were annually slaughtered to supply the wants of the Indians and early settlers. It is claimed by certain hunters that in one especially good season, they travelled for twenty days on horseback through a continuous herd, "seeing nothing but skies and bison for miles together," the prairie being littered black with them. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that so many of the early settlers adopted the peltry trade to acquire wealth, and thus commenced the war of extermination upon the buffalo.

So given up to the chase were the inhabitants of the plains that the buffalo-hunt was the mainstay of whole communities. The Indian lived entirely by it, and it was the life of the famous Red River Settlement and of remote and isolated places in both the United States and Canada. These annual hunts, however, never caused any remarkable decrease in the herds. It was not until the great Canadian Pacific Railway began to find its way across the continent that the extermination of the monarch of the prairies began, for by this enterprise all the difficulties of transportation were success-

fully overcome. According as civilization advanced the buffaloes were driven farther west. As autumn began the Saskatchewan herds always moved farther north, and when the cold season came on they retired to the woods and there passed the winter. As a proof of their hardy nature and great powers of endurance, the buffaloes were nearly always fat in the spring. A peculiar fact concerning their wandering tendencies is that for long periods they have been known to leave certain districts altogether and after the lapse of some years return in great numbers to their old feeding grounds.

The methods adopted by the hunters to slay the buffalo were numerous and varied. Before firearms became common among the Indians, bows and arrows were the only weapons used. The bow was usually about four feet in length and made of a wood called choke-cherry: in order to strengthen and keep it from cracking it was wrapped with sinew. The arrow was usually about half as long as the bow and was made of the saskatoon willow, which is very remarkable for its toughness. In order to prevent it from deviating in its course after being shot from the bow, a row of plumes was fastened along the lower part, for about six inches above the notch. It may appear very strange to many that an Indian, armed with such a small weapon, will attack and kill a huge animal like the buffalo. But such is the strength of these arrows, and the dexterity with which they are handled, that certain Indians have been known to shoot an arrow through the body of a buffalo and into that of another.

Many of the hunters formed small settlements in the interior, and hunted the buffalo in parties for the sake of the robes, which were in great demand, and sold at enormous prices in the great cities of the east. This system was organized early in the century, and was continued down to as late as 1869. Foremost among these, was the "Red River Settlement," situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, where the City of Winnipeg to-day stands. This settlement each year organized a buffalo hunt, in which half of the population of Red River took part. They would start out early in

the season, taking supplies and all they required for a hunt which often lasted months at a time, and in which were secured the pelts of thousands of buffaloes. They had no trouble in disposing of large numbers of them to the Hudson Bay Company's agents and those of other eastern firms stationed at Fort Garry. The agents would then forward them to the eastern markets, where they were sold at an enormous profit. One may form an estimate of the immense profits made by these dealers, when it is known that large quantities of robes were annually purchased as low as a bag of flour a skin, and sold in the eastern markets at all prices from \$30 to \$75.

The economic uses of the buffalo were of vast importance in those days, and many were the privations the Indians and early settlers would have suffered were it not for these "gifts of the Great Spirit," as the red men were wont to call them. As I have stated before, the Indians depended almost completely on the buffalo. Their tepees, saddles, clothes, harness, all were made of the skin of this animal. But the greatest benefit which the Indian derived from the buffalo was the pemmican made of his flesh. This meat was the most common article of food. The thighs and shoulders were generally considered the best parts for the preparation of pemmican. They were sliced into large sheets, and rolled into solid bales, in which condition the meat would keep for years, so long as it was not exposed to the rays of the sun.

The improvident Indian was no longer satisfied even with deadly firearms as a means of destroying the noble buffalo, when an unlimited number of skins could be disposed of. Whole herds were driven over precipices and thousands killed at once. To effect this a number of hunters took up their positions in such a manner that they would be able to head the buffaloes toward the precipice over which they wished to drive them. The animals, upon hearing the wild shouts of the Indians and seeing them approach on horseback, turned to flight. On and on they go, continually gaining speed, until suddenly the foremost of the herd are seen to slacken their speed a little, but it

is only for an instant, as the next moment they are pushed headlong over the abyss. Then comes a terrible scene. Those in the rear, pursued and urged on by the horsemen, force those ahead of them over the precipice, until all, save a few perhaps which preferred to meet death by the arrows and bullets of the hunters, have been driven into this frightful death-pit.

It is said that the Indians in their superstition believed when they had succeeded in driving a herd to a precipice that if they allowed any of them to escape they would never be successful in their hunts again. Thus they acted with the determination of killing every one, and this they generally accomplished.

The merciless chase was, of course, the main cause of the disappearance of the buffalo, but not the sole cause. Large numbers of the animals perished in the great prairie fires. On the approach of the flames the buffalo, instead of taking to flight, as one would naturally be led to suppose, waited till his ruthless destroyer reached him and stood overwhelmed by fear. He made no effort whatever to escape, but with haggard eye awaited the approach of the flame and was burnt to death. Great numbers were also drowned every spring. When upon emerging from the woods, they began to find their way northwards, in many places rivers of considerable size would impede their progress, and the ice at that time of the year having become unsafe, hundreds of them would crash through, and in the panic which

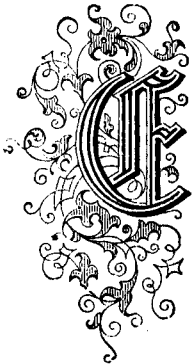
invariably followed, all would be drowned. Notwithstanding the great numbers thus destroyed, they were comparatively few to the thousands which were done away with in the chase. Thus man and not nature has been mainly instrumental in the annihilation of the buffalo.

Why were means not taken to prevent the extinction of the lordly bison? Undoubtedly it was impossible in the vast prairies of the North-West to prevent unlimited destruction on the part of the greedy and ruthless Indians. What might have been done was to domesticate the buffalo. Sir Donald A. Smith has several tame buffaloes, about all left in Canada, at Silver Heights, near Winnipeg. Americans from the Western States, a few years ago, bought our last herd, which had been domesticated at Stony Mountain, Man. These experiments prove that the plan of domesticating the bison might have been successfully carried out. This means would not have preserved the vast herds which once roamed over the prairies, but it would have prevented the entire disappearance of a noble animal, closely associated with the history of the continent. Even yet the species might be preserved were the few tame buffaloes, scattered throughout the country, brought together and properly looked after, but this will have to be done very soon, or only seign robes and whitened bones strewn over the plains of the North-West will be left to recall the former monarch of the prairies.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96.



ARCTIC VOYAGES—PAST AND PRESENT.



OVER since Columbus sailed across the Atlantic with the hope of discovering a shorter route to the East Indies, progressive navigators have been engaged in attempts to pass round this continent on the north and thus to reach Japan, China, and India. The importance which a short passage to the Orient once possessed is quite apparent, when we consider that commerce with the East has always enriched the nations which have carried it on; for the rich spices and other articles so much prized in Europe, were sold at very high prices, enabling the maritime nations to realize immense profits on the imported products. The Spaniards and Portuguese, three or four centuries ago monopolized this trade by jealously guarding the routes by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Magellan's Strait, which were the only ones available at that period. The other European nations, gradually realizing the importance of eastern trade, sent out expeditions to search for new and shorter ways of reaching China and the East Indies; thus originated the continued series of voyages to the Arctic regions. When the commercial object disappeared, expeditions continued to be made in the interest of science.

As early as 1576 Frobisher, an English navigator sailed across the Atlantic with a view of searching for a northern passage to China. On reaching this continent in the vicinity of Davis' Strait, he landed and collected some specimens of plants and stones which he observed along the shore. When he returned to London the gold-finders declared that some of the ores contained gold, and immediately the greatest enthusiasm was evinced. In the following years fifteen vessels were sent to bring home the precious metal,—but in the end what was supposed to be gold, turned out nothing else than a valueless stone.

A few years later John Davis, an able, scientific seaman, undertook a number of voyages in search of the north-west passage. He sailed up the strait which bears his name and examined the north-west coast of Greenland, which he called "The Land of Desolation." In a tract published by him on his return to England he ably sets forth his arguments in favor of the discovery of a north-west passage.

Whilst the English were engaged on the American side of the Arctic Sea, the Danes, under Willem Barents, were endeavoring to accomplish a north-east passage along the coast of Siberia. Their efforts resulted in the discovery of a great portion of the Russian coast, and in making known the nature of the Polar Sea in this direction; but as their ships were stopped by the ice pack and floes, they failed to make the passage.

Thus we see that before the dawn of the seventeenth century, bold seamen were gradually penetrating the northern regions to east and west, in order to further geographical discovery and, if possible, to find a new and shorter route to the rich oriental countries. The seventeenth century itself was marked by the still more energetic prosecution of the explorations which had been inaugurated by Frobisher, Davis and Barents.

Henry Hudson, in the employ of the Muscovy Company, made a number of voyages, between 1607 and 1610, in which he discovered a great portion of British North America, along with the strait, bay, and river which bears his name. A direct consequence of his explorations on the eastern coast of Greenland, were the flourishing whale fisheries established off Spitzbergen. The name of Baffin is also connected with the discoverers of this period. He sailed up Davis' Strait and into Baffin Bay, which he navigated to its northern extremity, Smith's Sound. In this voyage he made magnetic observations, which, even in our own time, have been utilized in scientific works. During the greater part of this century, private English merchants, as well as com-

mercial companies, continued to push forward the work of Arctic exploration; so that the additions to geographical knowledge included Hulsøn's Strait and Bay, Davis' Strait, Baffin Bay, as well as the North Atlantic from Greenland to Nova Zembla.

The next hundred years were spent in settling the ownership of the discovered lands and in reaping the profits of the different industries established, rather than in prosecuting the discovery of either the north-east or the north west passage.

In the beginning of our own century, however, the interest in Arctic exploration was revived; for in 1818 a reward of £20,000 was offered by the English government for making the north-west passage and of £5,000 for reaching 89° north latitude. Judging by this it would seem that it was then considered an easier task to reach the 89th parallel of latitude than to round North America; but the north-west passage has long since been discovered, yet the highest latitude so far attained is 83° 24'. As a consequence of the renewed interest, several expeditions were sent out under Ross, Parry, and Franklin, all of whom afterwards signalized themselves by their great achievements in Arctic exploration. Parry in 1820 sailed from Baffin Bay to the west into Lancaster Sound, where, being stopped by the ice, he successfully passed the winter on Melville Island. This was the most westerly point so far attained; and, in fact, had Parry been able to pass through the strait which lay before him, he would have entered upon the open sea and have easily reached Behring Sea. But the very obstacle which impeded him, afterwards brought disaster to many an Arctic expedition. For on the American side of the Arctic Ocean, the only openings for the tremendous fields of ice constantly drifting southward from the pole, are those of Lancaster and Smith's Sounds. Both are too narrow and shallow to allow the vast floes to pass, so the ice is jammed between the islands and piled together in vast irregular masses. In this way the channels are almost continually blocked, and navigation is rendered very difficult and dangerous, for when a vessel is caught in the ice nothing can save the ship itself, and the only means of escape for the crew,

is to trust to the ice and endeavor to reach the coast. After his return to England Parry undertook another expedition, but failed to accomplish anything further in regard to the north west passage. Finding it useless to attempt to proceed further to the west, he turned his attention toward the pole, and proceeded by way of Spitzbergen, in the North Atlantic. Leaving his ships there he took to the moving ice, and attempted to reach the pole in sledge-boats. He succeeded in attaining the high latitude of 82° 45', but his attempt proved that it is useless to trust to the drifting ice in polar exploration.

Captain John Ross, a contemporary of Parry, whilst on a voyage in 1829 to the north-western seas, located the north magnetic pole in latitude 70° N. and longitude 96° W. The magnetic needle in the northern hemisphere points to the magnetic pole, and consequently for all places east of the 96th meridian the needle will deviate west if true north; and for all positions west of it the needle will deviate to the east. Another interesting feature about the magnetic pole is its scientific bearing, for it is the centre of the great auroral displays so frequent in the far north. The monotony of the long winter darkness, which lasts for more than four months, is broken by this beautiful aerial phenomenon occurring here in all its grandeur.

The northern lights have their centre at the magnetic pole, and hence it is generally believed that they are connected with electricity. Directly over the pole a crimson arch is formed and bright rays shoot out from it covering the sky in all directions with an ever changing sheet of flame. For miles around the arch can be seen, and the position of the magnetic pole located. One of the chief scientific objects of northern voyages is to determine clearly the cause of these brilliant displays, and thereby to shed light on the real nature of magnetism and its phenomena.

After Ross several navigators were sent out from England, but it was not until Sir John Franklin's famous voyage that anything of interest or advantage occurred. Franklin had been appointed Governor of Tasmania in recognition of his great services in the exploration of Arctic America. At the end of his term of office he was

prevailed upon to once more attempt the north-west passage; so in 1845 he started on his voyage with the two ships, the "Erebus" and the "Terror." England looked with admiring eyes on the departure of her favorite seaman, and all wished God-speed to the bold adventurers. When last seen and heard of, he was proceeding up Baffin's Bay with all hopes of success. In order to accomplish the passage he was obliged to sail through the archipelago off the eastern portion of the American coast, and then to continue his voyage on the upper sea to Behring Strait. Franklin, after safely passing the winter of '45-'46 on Beechey Island, sailed southward to reach the free channel, which, from the land surveys of the Hudson Bay Company, he knew to exist along the mainland of America. But at McClintock Channel he met the fate of many an Arctic explorer by being caught in the treacherous drift ice and being obliged to abandon his vessels. It was afterwards learned that his party pushed boldly on toward the coast and actually discovered the long-sought-for passage.

For three years no tidings of Franklin had reached England, since he had been seen in Baffin's Bay, and as some anxiety was beginning to be felt, Sir James Ross, a nephew of the noted explorer, was dispatched to bring relief to Franklin. Ross returned to England in the following year without any tidings of the expedition, and on this the country became thoroughly alarmed. A plan of search was immediately formed, and all possible means were employed to ensure its success. Several of the most famous and trustworthy Arctic explorers, among whom were McClure, McClintock, and Beecham, were sent in different vessels to examine every portion of the regions to which Franklin had sailed. Sledge parties were dispatched in all directions over the ice to find some trace of the lost explorers, but their efforts were in vain, and they returned to England without the slightest knowledge of Franklin's fate. Although these expeditions failed in their principal object, they had the effect of causing the Arctic islands and channels to be thoroughly explored, and, in fact, they led to the ultimate discovery of the desired passage. For, in 1851, McClure, during his search

for Franklin, succeeded in reaching the last island which had to be passed in order to enter the open sea. But at this very place his vessel was caught in the ice and he was obliged to remain there for two years. At length a party from Kellet's expedition reached the destitute crew and conveyed them to their vessel. McClure thus actually discovered and traversed the north-west passage, although not in the same ship, and partly by travelling over the ice. For this great accomplishment parliament granted £10,000 to himself and crew, and on him was bestowed the honor of knighthood.

In the following years it was learned from the Esquimaux that Franklin and his crew, after leaving their ship, which had been caught in the ice, proceeded for a great distance on the floes, and really made the passage; but in the end, from the combined effects of fatigue, starvation, and cold, they perished miserably on the ice. Years afterwards the bones of some of the unlucky men were found buried in the snow.

As the north-west passage has been shown to be impracticable for navigation, and owing to the building of the Suez Canal, unnecessary as a shorter route to India, Arctic exploration in later years has been directed more toward the north, with the object of examining the higher regions and of reaching the pole. One of the most remarkable voyages took place in 1875 under Capt. Nares. With the two ships, the "Discovery" and the "Alert," he pushed on through Baffin Bay and Smith Sound to Lady Franklin Bay, near the northern coast of Greenland. Here winter quarters were established, but the "Alert" pressed onward till it reached the ice-covered sea which bounds Greenland on the north. From this point sleighing parties were arranged to push onward over the ice and examine the coast; one under Capt. Markham reached the remarkable latitude of $83^{\circ} 20'$.

Although the project of sailing west round North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had been abandoned as infeasible, that of going to the east along the coast of Siberia was undertaken and successfully accomplished by the veteran Arctic explorer, Nordenskiöld. After two preliminary voyages, he succeeded in

rounding Cape Tcheluskin, the most northern point of the Eastern Hemisphere, and he almost effected the passage in one season. But his ship became frozen in the ice and he was forced to remain on the coast till the following spring. When his vessel was liberated he sailed through Behring Strait and reached Yokohama on September 2, 1879.

The Americans have in late years taken their share in Arctic exploration, and among the most notable of their expeditions was the one in 1882 under Lieutenant Greely. He established himself in winter quarters at Lady Franklin Bay, and several parties were sent out to explore. One under Lockwood attained the highest point ever reached, $83^{\circ} 24' N.$ latitude. No provisions arrived for the explorers during the summer of 1883 so Greely and his men started for Smith Sound where they expected to find a vessel. But none awaited them and they were obliged to winter on the shore in a small hut. When Bucaro reached the expedition the following spring all had perished but Greely and six companions, and they had suffered dreadfully from want of food. Their experience shows the necessity of always providing a depot-ship at a convenient station.

Within the last few years Arctic expeditions have become so numerous as to excite but local comment: yet owing to the diversity of the routes and the magnitude of the preparations, the three expeditions of 1893 have excited universal interest.

Robert E. Peary, a young American, who has already gained fame as an Arctic explorer by his journey over the interior ice of Greenland, intends to pursue the familiar route by way of the west coast of Greenland. At Inglesfield Gulf he will establish a post, and leaving his ship there will proceed with five or six men across the ice-cap to the extreme north of Greenland. When he reaches the coast he will endeavor to explore the land discovered by Lockwood, — the highest yet attained, — and if possible to push on to a still higher latitude. The difficulties of the task undertaken may be slightly appreciated from his own description of a twelve mile journey over the rough ice: "My feet were bruised on the sharp chaos-strewn rocks

which cover the icefoot borders of this land of rock. . . . I was strongly tempted to go on, but my footgear precluded it: the soles of both kamiks (mocassins) were cut through and the edges of sharp rocks had cut my feet. It was even questionable whether I could fix up my footgear in order to get back without serious injury to my feet." His chances of success in attaining a higher latitude than that already reached are thus summed up by General A. W. Greely, the noted Arctic explorer: "The endurance, determination and skill of Lieutenant Parry are beyond question, and his moderate success most probable, but as to his attaining the farthest north and mapping out the north-eastern boundaries of the archipelago discovered by Lockwood his chances of success are inconsiderable."

The practical English are sending Mr. Jackson to try a route which according to the opinion of the experienced gentleman just quoted, presents the best features for attaining a high latitude and for exploring the yet unknown portions surrounding the pole. He goes direct to Franz Josef Land, situated on the 80th parallel to the north-east of Europe; from here he will, with ten men, proceed as far as possible in dog-sledges. When land fails he will take to whale-boats and examine if the North Pole is accessible by way of Franz Josef Land. His plans are carefully prepared and unless some accident occur he probably will manage to thoroughly explore this country and to come very near that much sought for point—the pole.

Dr. Nansen, an energetic and courageous Norwegian, is the third scientist striving for Arctic fame. Disregarding all established rules of Arctic navigation and setting aside the adverse opinions of the most experienced scientists and seamen of our day, he intends to allow his ship to be caught in the ice-floes and to drift with them. He claims that a current sets in from Behring Strait, through the Arctic Ocean, over the North Pole and down the east coast of Greenland. He will sail to the new Siberian Islands which skirt this supposed current and boldly strike out into it. His success depends first on the correctness of his views regarding the existence and direction of the current, and then on his ability to escape the incessant

dangers to life on the drifting ice. Nansen's ship, the "Fram," has been built to be uplifted and thrown on the ice by the pressure of the surrounding floes, but that it will act in the manner desired is denied by all authorities, English and American, who have given their opinion on the matter. George Melville, of the United States Navy, states that a ship, even the most perfectly constructed, to withstand lateral pressure "would be an egg-shell in the power of the mighty masses of ice, never at rest, but always grinding, like the everlasting gods, . . . even the granite hills and islands." The fate of the "Fram" seems clear. How will the crew fare when cast without means of escape on the treacherous ice? While Greely's ship, in his expedition of 1882, was caught in the drift, some of his men took to the ice and lived there in snow houses. Here are his own words for what they experienced: "Our own floe was from forty to fifty feet in thickness, and yet it tumbled and cracked like chalk under the tremendous pressure of the surrounding floes. As the edges of these

immense masses of ice ground against each other, with terrible groaning and almost irresistible force, their margins were covered for several rods with thousand of tons of broken ice. . . . Just as the whale boat party quitted their snow house a shock of unusual violence split our floe again, and a wide crack, running through the abandoned house, speedily swallowed up a portion of it. Even as we rolled up the tepee, a narrow crack formed under our feet." The experience of all Arctic explorers has been the same, which does not bid fair to Nansen's bold enterprise. Greely, commenting on Nansen's project, says: "In my opinion the scheme is unwise, impracticable, and is little short of suicidal."

Which of the present three explorers will accomplish the most or perhaps succeed in reaching the pole, time alone will tell. Whilst we are awaiting the issue of their ventures, let us hope that none will meet with a fate similar to that which befell the heroic Franklin.

JOS. McDOUGAL, '94.



A good example is the best sermon.—FRANKLIN.



METHODS AND AIM OF GRECIAN UNIVERSITIES.



WHILE so many are commenting upon the question of education and are clamoring for an improved system in our schools and colleges

and such conflicting opinions are expressed on this subject, would it not be well to give some consideration to the manners and the modes of instruction which were in vogue in Grecian universities? For, though they had none of those inventions such as electricity and steam which ought to prove of inestimable aid to modern society, yet history clearly demonstrates that the general public of Greece was far better educated than the common people of the present day. The manner in which the Grecian youth was educated ought also to be more interesting because of the proud position which Greece held among ancient nations in everything that was noble; all species of literary composition were there brought to a wonderful degree of perfection; there, eloquence received its first stimulus from Pisistratus and in Demosthenes reached a height equalled neither before nor since. That architecture, now so much admired for its simplicity and beauty, originated in the Grecian mind; the other arts also were nursed and cultivated by the Greeks, and, encouraged by a favorable form of government, made rapid strides till suddenly brought to a standstill by the hand of a foreign tyrant.

In Athens especially did the question of education early excite interest and receive a liberal portion of attention, but it was not until after the classic period that higher education received any consideration from the Greeks. In Sparta the Lyncurgan constitution had for some time watched over educational interests and the Spartans failed to gain that pre-eminence in learning for which the Athenians became renowned. The character of the Spartans, as well as the constitution by which they were governed, was less suit-

ed to the obtaining of scholastic distinction. The Athenians were a people of high intelligence and of keener perception and consequently received an education with greater facility. Lyncurgus, in his constitution, considered education as an inferior attainment and aimed only at the physical development of the Spartans, designing thereby to prepare them primarily for war. Thus he subordinated everything to that object and gave but little attention to mental development. Much more favorable also was the democratic government of Athens than the aristocracy of Sparta; for where an aristocracy reigns freedom is checked and with it progress in any of the arts.

It is to the Sophists that Athens owes the origin of her higher institutions of learning and though the more noted philosophers such as Socrates and Plato made them the object of their severest invectives, it does not follow that on that account they should be entirely condemned. Many of them, among whom were Gorgias and Hippias, were men of great ability and held in high public esteem. Though they falsely professed to teach in a short time everything that was necessary, and, contrary to the custom of the time, received money from their students, their efforts were not void of good results. They travelled from city to city accompanying their instructions with public displays, and it is noteworthy that many of the leading politicians of Greece, at that time, were men who had formerly attended their schools. It cannot be denied, however, that the Sophists allowed their desire for riches and public esteem to influence their actions so much that in some ways they proved an evil. Upon oratory, for instance, by striving to invent means whereby they could support either side of a question, they had a most degenerating effect.

To assist those of the poor who were desirous of obtaining an education, rich students often gave their masters large sums of money. This naturally induced

a great multitude of the Greek youths to give up other pursuits for a philosophical education. Thus agriculture and commerce were neglected and some of the cities of Greece, Athens especially, became overcrowded with youths seeking the instruction of the Sophists. Very often poor students were forced to live in extreme want, having scarcely the wherewith to sustain an existence. Sometimes several dwelt in the same room, used the same books and partook of the coarsest diet, so great was their eagerness for an education. Another evil result of free education in Greece was the number of 'learned idlers' to whom it gave rise. Young men, after receiving an education from the Sophists, refused to follow any of the lower occupations, being unwilling to leave 'their station in life.' Thus we see that, though this method of obtaining higher education for the poor, had good objects in view, it was carried to excess and resulted rather in evil than good. Even to-day the University of Athens is supported by a state endowment and education is provided free to every Greek. Plato, by bequeathing his property to his school, began the plan of endowment by bequest. Subsequently other distinguished philosophers did likewise, at the same time naming their successors. The title of *scholarch* was then applied to the head master. In time the students chose their *scholarch*, but as this often gave rise to serious disputes the Areopagus assumed this power and in later days the selection of one to fill this office was often referred to the Emperor of Rome.

Professors were maintained by a state salary and also by a fee which they received from the students. Through eagerness to increase the number of their disciples, however, the latter was often neglected and finally almost entirely disregarded. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to remedy this state of affairs until at last it was agreed by the *scholarchs* that the fees of the students of the several schools should go into a common treasury whence they were to be divided among the different professors according to rank, little consideration being taken of the number of attendants at each school. The leading professors received immense salaries, lived in luxury and were held in great public

esteem, while ordinary instructors received scarcely enough to provide for the necessities of life.

About the third or fourth century A.D. students' clubs were formed with the object in view of assisting masters to increase the number of attendants at their lectures. The eagerness and opposition of the clubs of the different schools reached such a height that they often armed themselves when in quest of new students, and on some occasions a miniature battle between them was the result. Students of distant lands were frequently canvassed before leaving home to attend a certain school, but upon their appearance at Athens were seized by members of another school and forced to attend the latter. Finally the government found it necessary to interfere and restrain their violence. Previous to such organizations clubs had originated in the different schools, but they were of a national character, designing merely the association of those who came from the same district. Thus the Bœotians formed one club, the Athenians another. There existed also dining societies whose object was to encourage the discussion of philosophical questions and to bring masters and students into closer relation with each other. Though at first those meetings were simple in plan, they soon became luxurious banquets.

The manner in which a new-comer was initiated forms an interesting feature of Grecian university life. The assembled students accompanied him through the agora to the baths. Here those from behind forced him onward and those in the baths refused him admittance. After thoroughly trying his temper by the roughest of treatment, they allow him to enter the baths. Then he is recognized by the students as one of themselves.

It appears from writings of those times that a course in one of the universities extended over a period of from five to eight years; but it is altogether likely that such a length of time was not required for one pursuing the ordinary course, but for him who was desirous of following some special study. Fewer subjects were required to be studied and consequently greater proficiency was attained. The curriculum in university courses now com-

prehends so many different branches of study that an extensive knowledge of all is altogether impossible.

Institutions of learning like those of Athens were situated at Rhodes, Tarsus, Massilia and at Alexandria. The latter was attended by students from all the surrounding countries.

People wonder why it is that the Greeks were so much better educated than we. How is it that they, though knowing but little of the physical sciences, though mankind has had centuries wherein to improve upon their methods of teaching,—how is it that they still surpass us in learning? There seems to be one chief cause,—the lack among moderns, of that quality which was the principal trait in the Grecian character. It is the virtue of self-denial and a desire to perform everything for the common good. It was the practice of this virtue that won for Greece distinction not only in the educational sphere but also in the political sphere, and gained for her all the glories that she ever attained. It was the secret of Grecian success in the school-room and on the battle-field. What a beautiful spectacle Grecian heroes present to us! For their country they lived and for their country's welfare were prepared to forfeit everything they possessed. Life was dear to them but their country was dearer. The heroes of Thermopylae might have escaped, and without fear of being justly termed cowards, had they fled upon the first appearance of the Persian myriads whom they could not hope to defeat. But they knew that even the short space of time in which a million Persians would be meting out death to a handful of Greeks would be of invaluable service to their countrymen. For this reason they resolved to die, nor did they think that they could die in a better cause.

But now the motto which every man seems to have before him and to which he diligently adheres is, "God minds the man that minds himself." Self-love and an inordinate desire for riches have displaced the noble qualities of the Greeks. Everyone seeks an education which will 'advance him in life' and enable him 'to take his place in society,' while he entirely

neglects the cultivation of that quality which is necessary to make him a man, namely, human charity. Was it not this self-love and this craving after riches that brought Greece to grief? The Grecian orators traitorously allowed themselves to be bribed by Alexander and sold their country and their honor for a few paltry coins. And this cowardice, this act most unworthy of the history of Greece gave rise to one of the greatest orators that the world has ever produced. It was in condemnation of those traitorous deeds that Demosthenes delivered his greatest masterpieces of eloquence.

Among the Greeks learning was a great and highly respected attainment. We are informed that during the Peloponnesian war the Athenians were defeated by the Syracusans and their army forced to surrender. A portion of it was sold into slavery and the remainder imprisoned in quarries and dungeons where it had to endure all sorts of hardship. But Plutarch tells us that the verses of Euripides purchased for many of the captives their release. They recited some of the writings of that poet and so delighted the Syracusans that they received their liberty, though but a short time previously Athens had inflicted upon Syracuse and her allies, the Spartans, most humiliating defeats. Thus it is not to be wondered at that the Greeks should themselves desire to be educated since they treated the learned with such profound respect. The common people of now-days would not appreciate many of the orations delivered to the Grecian public so advanced were the latter in comparison to the masses of to-day.

Education at the present day is not valued at its true worth and until a higher estimation of it and of its true object is formed we cannot hope for better results. Among the Greeks higher motives than those which prevail in modern society seemed to impel the masses to seek an education. The chief cause of this degeneration of education appears to be a false utilitarian view which modern society has taken of the object of education.

IN THE PATH OF PIONEER PRIESTS.

By J. K. Fortu, LL. B.



UNDER the above heading, the scholarly editor of *The True Witness* is contributing a series of most interesting and instructive articles to the *Art Maria*. One at least of these, that which appeared on the 14th ult., treats so happily of names and scenes

familiar to many readers of the OWL, that we feel justified in giving it space in our columns. Read:—

II.—A “NORTHERN CATHEDRAL.”

The third day of my tramp over the Black River hills was eventful, inasmuch as it was then that I first beheld—and I thought at the time I was the first white-man to behold it—one of those miracles of nature, which during so many centuries had been lost to the world. Imperial Titus left a majestic arch, which, after the Coliseum and the Pantheon, may be considered the grandest relic of ancient Rome. On that September day Simon and I passed beneath an arch that will exist in its present perfection ages after the last stone of the Arch of Titus shall have crumbled into dust. Mighty are the monuments that stand by the Nile; stupendous the ruins unearthed by Sir Henry Layard at Balbec; mystic the gray round towers of the Gobhan-Saer,—but what are all these compared with this *natural* arch spanning a Northern creek? Long before the birth of man, in the dizzy cycles of unreckoned years, in the dimness of the old carboniferous epoch, it existed. Some prehistoric cataclysm, some volcanic upheaval, some Titanic giant at play, may have produced this mighty wonder. Its pillars will still be there, firm as the earth, long after Macaulay's notorious New Zeal

ander shall have made his pencillings upon the broken arch of London Bridge

In my later rambles, whether on tours of exploration or in search of game, I have often returned to this Northern archway. I liked to gaze upon the tiers of columns that, like the Finland granite pillars in front of the Church of St. Isaac in St. Petersburg, form a vista of wondrous beauty. The rock excavations seemed to me as extraordinary as those discovered by the Oriental traveller, Doughty, in “Arabia Deserta.” I found impressions—perchance they may be inscriptions in some unknown language—that would be as surprising to any contemporary American antiquarian as was the name of Laodikia on the slab of marble unearthed by William Cochran amongst the ruins of the seven cities in Asia Minor. It seemed to me that here were traces of a lost civilization as remarkable as any found in the land of the Montezumas.

Exteriorly this arch spans a chasm forty feet in breadth, and hangs over seventy feet above the waters of the little North River. It is about twenty-two feet wide and fourteen feet thick. From its concave side is suspended a row of stalactites, gradually decreasing in length on either side; the centre one being about nine feet long, and the smallest less than three feet. On the convex, or upper side, is a corresponding row of stalagmites, resembling glass-tipped spikes upon a castle wall. As the autumn sun went down, and its rays shot through the archway and played upon these prismatic needles of rock, the effect was truly wonderful.

When I contemplated this unexpected scene for the first time, my guide Simon had tact enough to allow me a half hour of uninterrupted meditation. In the midst of my day-dream I was startled by the sight of an object that I had little expected to behold adorning that natural archway.

Again and again I looked, inspecting it from different positions; but there it was, a perfect stone cross. Instantly my fancied glory in being the first white-man to tread this ground vanished forever. I was even beginning to suspect that the whole immense fabric before me was the work of man, when Simon came to my assistance. "You are surprised," he said, "to see a cross upon the apex of the arch up there." I confessed that I was somewhat puzzled. "Ah," said the old man, "there is a strange history connected with that cross! From here it looks like carved work, but up there you will find that it is made of three huge, rough stones. One is placed upright, the second is laid horizontally upon it, and the third is placed uprightly on the second, thus forming a cross. That cross tells a story of suffering and triumph."

Forty years, or it may be longer ago, when Ottawa, the present capital of Canada, was the little village of Bytown, Mgr. Guigues, the first Bishop of that portion of Canada, had his humble See at the junction of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers, within sound of the then giant falls of the Chaudière. There were no railways in those days, and the telegraph was un heard of. Travellers upon the Ottawa, or Grand River, were obliged to go in the Union Forwarding Company's steamboats and stages. In that day it was a journey of seventeen hours to reach Pembroke, a distance now compassed in four. From Pembroke the shantymen, as the timber-makers were called, scattered in different directions—some continuing up the Ottawa, others ascending the southern tributaries, while still others struck out into the north. To reach their destination in the woods there were only two methods of locomotion: on foot or in a canoe. In winter time, however, there were rough roads for the *portageurs* who brought up the winter's supply of provisions for the lumbering depots. Once or twice every winter, certain priests, whose mission it was to bring the light of faith to the Indian and the consolations of religion to the backwoodsman, set out from Bytown or Pembroke, and proceeded to visit the Indian camps and lumner shanties scattered through that forest wilderness. They travelled in sleighs or on snow-shoes during the cold months, and with their canoes

upon their backs in the summer and autumn.

In those days of Bishop Guigues the principal missionaries in that almost unbounded diocese were the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. One of their community in particular has left his name as indelible upon the rocks of the Ottawa valley as is that of Marquette and Joliet upon the shores of the Father of Waters. From Bytown to the "height of land," in every village, wigwam and shanty, the very mention of Père Reboul was sufficient to insure safety and hospitality, his name was talismanic in its effects upon the people of that primeval region. Father Reboul, with a companion, left Bytown every year about Christmas time—just when the sleighing was good and the ice solid,—and travelled until March from one shanty to another, bringing to the poor *voyageurs* the sacramental graces so much needed in their exposed lives. In the summer he generally went in time to meet the timber "drives" as they floated down the tributary streams toward the Ottawa; or to meet the Indians of the North, who had been hunting and trapping all winter, and who generally descended with their furs to the settlements, where they expected to meet the traders.

It was during the warm months that good Father Reboul made his way up the Black River for the first time. As he was passing on toward the Cavreau he was informed that Tenicketi and his band of Tête-de-Boules were camped upon the North River. Father Reboul immediately turned back and paddled his way toward them. It was a glorious opportunity for meeting some threescore of Indians, whose feet might not walk so near civilization for several years to come. It was then that this noble, courageous and indefatigable missionary came upon this Northern natural arch. And there, beneath its shadow, by the cool stream, under the swaying elms and trembling maples, sat the sixty children of the forest. It was in vain that the noonday sun shot its rays toward the earth: beneath the forest foliage and in the cool recess of the natural archway the aborigines squatted around their fire, and ate, smoked and chatted.

After taking "pot-luck" with the Indians, the priest baptized ten children,

married three couples, heard the confessions of nearly all present, and preached a lengthy sermon in the language of the tribe. In honor of their having met the priest, the Indians resolved to have a day of rest and enjoyment. This suited Father Reboul's purpose: for there were some few among the Indians who were uninstructed in the faith. During the night the two priests were kept busy instructing these, and preparing them for baptism. On the morrow, at sunrise, Father Reboul went up to the natural bridge, and in the very centre of it he caused a huge upright stone to be placed, and another horizontally upon it forming a pretty rough-looking letter T. Upon this altar the enthusiastic missionary said Mass: while below in that vast amphitheatre, beside the stream and beneath the trees, in presence of that Northern marvel of nature, the whole band of Indians looked upon the greatest of all miracles - the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. After the Mass Father Reboul caused a third, but smaller, stone to be placed upon the one that had served as an altar, and thus the cross was formed. He was the first priest to ascend the North River, and his Mass was the first ever celebrated in that wilderness of trees. Many of the dusky children that knelt, as the Host was raised, were gazing for the first time upon the Adorable Sacrament.

Ever afterward Father Reboul loved to go back to his Northern Cathedral, as he called this place: and several times he repeated the Holy Sacrifice upon that primitive altar. Since then the lumberman's axe has cut down nearly all the valuable pine in that part of the country; the advance of civilization has thinned the game; and in consequence the North

River route has become almost unknown. The timber-cutter passes on to some more inviting section of the country: and the Indian has ceased to hunt there, and comes no more to meet the Hudson Bay Company's agent. The district is deserted by the white-man, the Indian and the wild beast: but Father Reboul's Northern Cathedral remains, and it shall remain as a magnificent monument to the memory of the brave priest who first bore the torch of faith into the valley of the Ottawa.

Imagine that scene: the Indians kneeling in the valley, and gazing up in wondering and child-like faith; that glorious work of the Creator for a temple, the rough rock for an altar; the rising sun shooting his burning rays over the tops of the trees, and playing upon the stalagmites of the archway; in the centre of all, the majestic form of Père Reboul, his head uncovered, his gray locks floating upon the morning breeze; and holding high above him the Sacred Host for the adoration of those wandering Indians.

When Simon Obomsawin had ceased speaking of Père Reboul, I looked again at the archway. The sun had almost disappeared; methought I caught a glimpse of the Oblate missionary standing before this altar of rock. As a child I had known Père Reboul, when he was growing very old. He has long since gone to his eternal rest, to meet the spirits of the poor Indians and *voyageurs* whose conversion and salvation were due, under God, to him. Simon and I knelt beneath the cross-crowned archway of the Northern Cathedral, and united in a *De Profundis* for the eternal rest of Père Reboul.



A CANADIAN SHRINE.



ON the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, twenty-one miles below the ancient Capital of Canada, is a beautiful and interesting spot known as Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Amidst all

the vicissitudes of our country's history this beautiful region has undergone very little change. Its picturesque environment, its island and river have been the silent witnesses of some of the most exciting events in our early history. But what has made Ste. Anne's a place of such great interest, what has woven about this spot a halo of sanctity and veneration, are the wonderful and striking events which occur here daily through the intercession of her whose name it bears. These events were synchronous with those which resulted in the loss of Canada by one nation and its gain by another. Yet while the latter are now of the past and are worded on the pages of history, the former still continue to be repeated and are not less wonderful and striking to-day than they were two centuries ago.

Of the first settlement of this particular portion of Canada history does not furnish us with very authentic information. We learn from tradition, however, that in the early part of the 17th century some Breton sailors, being overtaken by a storm while cruising the St. Lawrence, made a vow to Ste. Anne to whom they had often had recourse in their native Brittany, that if she would deliver them from shipwreck they would erect in her honor a chapel upon the spot where they would first land. Ste. Anne heard their prayers, and the next morning they reached the shore in safety. In fulfillment of their promise the sailors constructed a rude stone chapel, which was destined to become famous throughout the whole continent of America.

In 1645 the first missionary priest, Father St. Sauveur, arrived at Petit Cap as it was then called. The Jesuits sent

Father Vimont in 1646 and Father De Quen in 1647 and 1648. Two years later the first grants of land were given to the colonists at Beaupré. Father Andrew, a Jesuit, came on a mission to the place in 1657, and on the 28th of July of the same year he baptised Claude Pelletier, who afterwards became a Franciscan lay-brother, under the name of Brother Didace. In March 1658, Father De Queylus, a Sulpician of Quebec, sent Father Vigual to bless the foundation of a new church. M. d'Aillebonst, the then Governor, accompanied him for the express purpose of laying the corner stone. At this period there were but ten churches in all Canada. At Tadoussac there was a small stone chapel which had been erected by the Jesuits for their Montagnais neophytes, who, on returning from their hunting expeditions, resorted thither in large numbers. Quebec had four churches, while Montreal had but one, belonging to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu.

The special devotion to Ste. Anne, which had so auspiciously begun on this continent, soon took deep root and rapidly spread throughout the thinly settled country. That this devotion was pleasing to God, was made manifest by numerous and striking miracles. From the records kept by Father Morel we learn that the first person to obtain relief through the intercession of the good Ste. Anne, was Louis Guimont a farmer of Petit Cap. He had been afflicted for years with rheumatism and was a helpless cripple. It is related that he went through devotion to place three stones in the foundation of the Church which was then building, and was immediately restored to perfect health. The news of this miracle spread far and wide, and pilgrims of all classes came thither in large numbers seeking relief from their infirmities.

As yet there was no souvenir of Ste. Anne to be offered for the veneration of the faithful. Through the zeal of Mgr. de Laval, however, a precious relic was obtained from Carcassone, France,

and was exposed for the first time on March 6th, 1670. This relic was a portion of the Saint's finger and is vouched for by the Cathedral chapter of Carcassone. Letters attesting its authenticity may be seen hanging in frames on the walls of the sacristy at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. A second relic was presented to the Church in 1880, by Rev. Father Charmetant, procurator for the African missions. It is a fragment of a rock extracted from a room in the house in which Ste. Anne lived. This room is at present the Crypt of the Basilica of Ste. Anne at Jerusalem. The Bishop of Carcassone contributed a third relic in 1891, and on the feast of Ste. Anne, July 26th, 1892, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII sent a new souvenir to the famous Basilica. This relic is a part of the wrist of Ste. Anne. It was exposed to the veneration of thousands in St. Michael's Cathedral, New York, where it was kept for a few days before being sent on to Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

As the population of Canada increased so also did the fame of this little hill-shaded sanctuary, and about the year 1871, the church was found to be too small to accommodate the ever increasing number of pilgrims who visited it. Accordingly in May of that year it was decided to erect a larger and more commodious one. A joint pastoral letter was issued by the Bishops, asking for aid to carry out the project. From all parts of the country large subscriptions flowed in, and in 1876 arrangements were made for the construction of the present structure. A dispute arose as to whether the third new church should be built upon the former site, or removed to a greater distance from the river. The ecclesiastical authorities were requested to decide the question and their choice fell upon the old site. The old Church was taken down, and a chapel was constructed from the same material and surmounted with the old steeple and bell of 1694. The new Church was solemnly blessed and opened for public worship on October 17th, 1876. In the same year a papal rescript was received from His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, by which he declared Ste. Anne the patroness of the province of Quebec. The new edifice was consecrated with imposing ceremonies on the 16th of May, 1889, by

His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau in presence of ten Bishops and a large number of priests. It was placed in charge of the Redemptorists, who had been at Ste. Anne since 1878. The sacred structure is of Corinthian architecture and measures two hundred feet in length, with a height of fifty-six feet interiorly, by one hundred and five feet in breadth. The towers are one hundred and sixty-eight feet in height, and contain a set of beautiful chimes whose melodious reverberations each morning at five o'clock, awaken the sleeping pilgrims to another day's devotion. In the façade there are three entrances flanked by fluted columns with pediments. Over each door is a slab on which are carved the emblems of the three theological virtues: Hope, Faith and Charity, represented by the anchor, the cross and the harp. The whole is surmounted by a magnificent statue of Ste. Anne, in carved wood, copper gilt.

The richness and exquisite beauty of the interior is in keeping with the imposing magnificence of its exterior. From time to time rich and beautiful presents have been given in honor of Ste. Anne, by persons of illustrious rank. Various paintings on the walls commemorate remarkable deliverances from shipwreck and other dangers. Chief among these is a painting by the famous Franciscan, Le Brun, which was presented by Marquis de Tracy in 1667. It represents our Blessed Lady, Ste. Anne, and two pilgrims, a man and a woman in prayer. At the base of the picture are the arms of the donor. This work of art hangs behind the main altar in the Basilica. In the same year the Queen of France, Anne of Austria, presented to the church a beautiful chausuble, embroidered by her own royal hands. The ornaments consist of red, white and black arrows, and the whole is richly wrought in gold and silver. A silver crucifix was given by the hero d'Iberville. A costly reliquary adorned with precious stones, and two pictures by Le Brun, besides the relic already mentioned, are the gifts of Monseigneur de Laval. In 1875 a magnificent banner seven feet and a half long by four feet and a half wide, was presented by His Excellency, Lieutenant Governor Caron of Quebec. On one side of it is a picture of Ste. Anne teaching the

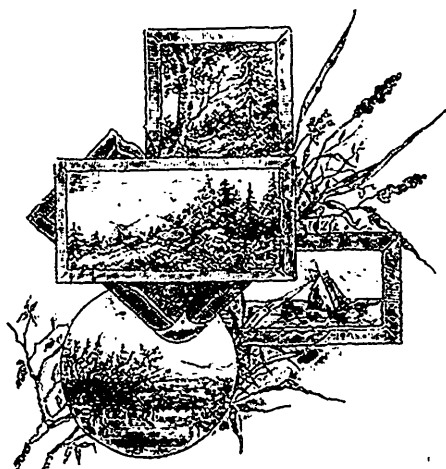
Blessed Virgin. Above and below is inscribed, "Ste. Anne, consolation of the afflicted, pray for us." The reverse of the banner represents St. Joachim as a pilgrim going to the temple with his gift of two white doves. In the centre of the middle aisle, a few feet in front of the altar rails, stands a magnificent, carved, wooden statue of Ste. Anne, which came from Ghent, Belgium. But the most interesting and impressive objects in the whole sacred edifice are the two pyramids of crutches and other surgical appliances which occupy a space on either side of the main entrance. Reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling, is row upon row of souvenirs of every description, silent but palpable evidence of the favor with which God regards the devotion to the good Ste. Anne.

The village consists of one principal street running along the slope of the hill up the zigzag foot-paths of which pilgrims climb to visit the different places of devo-

tion there. The population consists of about one hundred and fifty families, who retain to a great extent the primitive customs of their fore-fathers. In each house is to be seen a little sanctuary neatly fitted up, and before which a light continually burns in honor of the Saint.

The pilgrim coming here for a few days from the noise and bustle of city life finds a haven of peace and quiet, which he is very loath to leave. The very air seems to impart a spirit of devotion. In whatever direction the eye turns it rests upon some object of piety. The solemn chanting of the pilgrims as they come and go, the look of tenderness with which loving friends assist the cripple to the altar rails, the expression of joy and gratitude which animates their faces, as the poor sufferer experiences or hopes confidently for relief, all unite in producing upon the mind, impressions, which, during a whole lifetime, are not likely to be obliterated.

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.



ON A RESERVE.



THE modern descendants of the Indian tribes of Ontario, residing on reserves, bordered by thriving white settlements, have in very many cases lost their language, and with it their national character. Surrounded on all sides by whites, the Indian follows their occupations, mixes freely with them, sends his children to similar schools, speaks English fluently, and as a result, he has, to a great extent, ceased to be an Indian, except in name, appearance, and in his tribal relation to the Dominion Government.

There are a few reserves that are exceptions to this rule, notably amongst which is the Chippewa-Ottawa reserve on the Grand Manitoulin Island. Looking at the map of Lake Huron, one will notice that near its eastern end, the Island is nearly cut in two by two deep bays. The peninsula thus formed is the reserve. Here, surrounded on all sides by water, and comparatively separated from white settlements, and from the too often pernicious influence of white men, the Indian has succeeded in reaching a fair state of civilization, while still retaining his language, national character, and many of his old customs.

The reserve is about thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide, and contains about eleven hundred inhabitants. They are almost altogether self-supporting, receiving only about five dollars apiece every year from the government. About two-thirds of the population are fishermen and the rest, farmers or mechanics. The principal village is Wikwemikong, which contains a population of about five hundred, and is beautifully situated on a large bay of the same name. The Industrial School, the Jesuit Monastery, the Church, and the Convent, all large fine buildings, stand out in bold contrast to the whitewashed cabins by which they are surrounded.

The Industrial School is under the

direction of the Jesuits, and, in connection with it, are a saw-mill, shoe-shop, carpenter shop, and tin-shop, where the Indian boys are employed learning trades, when when they have finished their course in the school. These shops are in charge of lay-brothers of the Jesuit order. Many of the boys are also taught farming on the farm belonging to the Monastery. The convent is under the care of devoted women, who have given up the world to labor here among the Indians. The girls are taught besides all the ordinary branches of a common school education, music, sewing, cooking, laundry work, and house-keeping in general. These two boarding schools, all the shops and the saw-mill, compose the Wikwemikong Industrial Institution. It is supported partly from the fund which the Indians of this reserve have to their credit with the government, and partly by grants from the government itself. The shops have been successful in turning out a number of first-class mechanics, many of whom have obtained positions in white villages on the Island and elsewhere.

The Indian child in school shows clearly the effect of the former habits of his race. The Indian's life was one that tended to develop the senses at the expense of the reasoning power. In drawing, writing, or any other imitative art, the young Indian far excels the white boy. His memory, too, is better, but imagination, originality, and inventiveness seem to be totally lacking. In arithmetic or any other subject where reasoning power is required, he almost completely fails. As a rule he is docile and obedient, but once aroused is terribly obstinate. Music is almost a passion with Indian children, and they learn to sing and play by ear with astonishing quickness.

In spite of the existence of these two schools, in which English has been taught for a number of years, Indian is the language and the only language of the people. Probably not one-tenth of them can speak English. Chippewa (Otchipwé

or Ojibway), the language spoken here is a dialect of the great Algonquin family of languages, which included even the Cree in the North-West and the Montagnais in Eastern Quebec. It has been reduced to a written language by Mgr. Baraga, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, and his dictionary and grammar, books of about four hundred pages each, are considered as the standard authority by everybody using the language, even by the Indians themselves. Chippewa has quite a literature consisting of prayer-books, hymn-books, and lives of the saints. As in former years Indian was taught in the schools, there are but few even of the old people who cannot read and write their own language. In the church all the sermons and public prayers are in that language.

The affairs of the reserve are managed by a council of three and a chief, chosen every three years by the "great council," of which every adult man on the reserve is a member. With it rests the final decision in all matters of importance. No distinction is made between the half-breed and full-blood Indian, all being alike members of the tribe and of the great council. Owing to their communistic system of land tenure, there are no taxes of any kind. The roads are built by voluntary labor, and the schools are supported as before described.

Their system of land tenure is rather peculiar. All the land belongs to all the people, and the right of private ownership is never acknowledged. A member of the tribe may use a certain portion of the land of the reserve as a farm or a garden. He may also sell to another member of the tribe, but not to a white man or Indian of another reserve. But they do not consider this as selling the *land* but simply "selling his work" on the property in question. For the same reason, the land of an Indian cannot be mortgaged, nor taken as security for debts of any kind. On the other hand, the great council may dispose of an island or any other part of the reservation to the government, or to a private individual. All the timber, fruit, or any other natural product on the reserve, is also considered as the property of the whole people.

A curious feature of civilized Indian life is that the old-time legends and folk-

lore, though scarcely believed in, are not forgotten, but are still handed down from generation to generation. Many of the legends are uninteresting, silly, and fanciful, but a few are poetic in the highest degree. Doubts have sometimes been expressed whether Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was really a collection of Indian legends or a product of the poet's fertile imagination. But there is no doubt whatever, that, although altered and ornamented to suit the taste of the poet, they are for the most part, genuine legends. One can still find on this reserve the stories of "The Killing of Pearl-feather," "The Hunting of Nahma, The Great Sturgeon," "Kwasind the Strong Man," etc., almost exactly as told in Longfellow's Hiawatha. Hiawatha himself, they call Manabozo, and to him the old-fashioned Indians, as the modern Indian says, attributed the creation of the earth and the animals. They also have a legend of the flood, which reminds one of Noah and the raven. It runs as follows. "Manabozo was in the top of a large tree with the water touching his feet. With him were the beaver, crane, wild duck, and muskrat. He sent them down in succession to the bottom to bring up a piece of clay with which he might recreate the earth. All failed but the muskrat, and with a piece of clay thus obtained, Manabozo re-created the earth." There is another legend which resembles the scriptural account of the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel. According to this story, they were at one time pursued by their deadly enemy the Sioux, to the edge of a broad river, which they had no means of crossing. For a while they were in great danger, but the "Kind Spirit" favored them; the river "stopped running," and they escaped by crossing on the "dry bottom." The existence of this legend certainly seems to favor the theory of the Hebraic origin of the Indian race.

Somewhat distorted accounts of the early events of Canadian history can also be found amongst them. The name of Bondiak (Pontiac) is still mentioned with respect and admiration. According to the Indian version of his exploits, his lacrosse ruse was everywhere successful, and his reverse at Detroit is completely forgotten. The war of 1812-14 is also a fruitful sub-

ject for Indian story-tellers, and they seem to have the principal events of the war very correctly. One can find many an old Indian whose dim eye will light up with patriotic fire, as he tells you how his ancestors "aided by the Englishmen" defeated the "Long Knives" (Americans) in battle after battle. Many families have their heirlooms, which money could not buy, and they seem to take great pleasure in displaying them for the admiration of the visitor. These heirlooms are generally daggers, old "Brown Bess" muskets, old fashioned rifles or swords bearing G. R. (probably Georgius Rex) and a crown embossed on the hilts. These have, of course, been handed down from their ancestors who participated in battles of 1812.

These Indians have not altogether abandoned their old methods of curing diseases. Although a doctor appointed by the government and paid out of their Indian fund, resides near the reserve and visits them regularly, many of them still continue to patronize their own "Medicine man" and to follow the Indian system of doctoring. Besides the use of herbs and roots, this consists in sweating. The patient, clothed only in a loose wrapper very tight at the neck, is placed on a chair. Beneath him is a vessel of boiling hot water, from which the steam rises. The result is that the perspiration streams from every pore. Many whites who have tried this treatment claim that it is followed by good results.

Corpus Christi is the great Indian holiday. For days before and after, all work is suspended. All the fishermen return from the fishing grounds, and from all the reserves around Georgian Bay, and from the North Shore come hundreds of Indians in steamers and sail-boats. Two bands of Indian musicians from the Saugeen and Cape Croker reserves, are generally on hand. They all seem to regard Wikwemi-

kong as a sort of national capital. During these few days there are sometimes three or four thousand people in the village. The procession is sometimes over two miles long. Around the Blessed Sacrament marches an armed guard of uniformed young men, and at every little altar, where the procession halts for Benediction, a salute is fired.

This short sketch would be incomplete without a further reference to the work of the Jesuits in this part of our province.

The chief mission of the Jesuits is at Wikwemikong. Attached to this mission are about a dozen priests under whose care are all the reserves of Lake Huron and the Island. Worthy successors of Brebœuf and Lallemant, they generously give time and talent to secure the advancement of the poor Indians. In summer they visit the different missions in small sail-boats and canoes, and in winter with dog-sleds, and often on snow-shoes, as unheeding of the dangers of wind and wave, of cold and privation, as they are of the praise or censure of the world.

One cannot speak too highly of the patience, zeal, and untiring perseverance of the Jesuit lay-brothers under whose charge the apprentices of the school are placed. It is mainly through the efforts of the Jesuits, that the Indians have reached their present state of civilization.

The Manitoulin Island Reserve as far as material prosperity is concerned, leaves but little to be desired. Every one on the reserve is comfortable, and rapid progress is being made towards refinement and higher civilization. Thanks to the work of the schools, the next generation will speak English, and with the Indian language will disappear the old customs, memories, and ideas of the past.

P. J. COONEY, '97.



THE SQUIRE'S RESCUE.



HOW to account for this adventure, or what explanation to put upon it, I cannot tell, but it began after a very prosaic fashion. After a long drive to a little country station, I found

to my dismay that I had missed the train. Missed the train! There was no other till noon the next day, so I could only ask the station-master how to get to Witcherley village, which lay a mile and a half off across the fields. I confess I entered the village inn, the Witcherley Arms, with no great expectation of comfort or good cheer. I sat down, however, and suggested dinner to the open-eyed country maid.

She was more startled than I expected by the idea. Dinner! there was boiled bacon in the house, she knew, and ham and eggs were practicable. I was not disposed to be fastidious under present circumstances, so the cloth was spread, and the boiled bacon set before me, preparatory to the production of the more savory dish.

I paid little attention to a conversation carried on between my landlord and a bumpkin who was drinking his beer sullenly at a small table, but was conscious that they spoke of the "Squire." My bacon was not inviting, so I sat looking at it in a day-dream. By and by my attention was attracted by a voice without. This was followed immediately by a quick, alert footstep, and then entered the room an old gentleman, little, carefully dressed, precise and particular, in a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a spotless white cravat, Hessian boots, and hair of which I could not say with certainty whether it was grey or powdered. He came in as a monarch comes into a humble corner of his dominions. There could be no doubt about his identity—this was the Squire.

The old gentleman turned his quick eye upon me—strangers were somewhat unusual at the Witcherley Arms—and then upon my boiled bacon, which I still only looked at. He drew near with suave but compas-

sionating courtesy. I told him my story—I had missed the train.

"If you do not mind waiting half an hour, and walking half a mile" said the Squire immediately, "I think I can promise you a better dinner than anything you have here—a plain country table, sir, nothing more, and a house of the old style; but better than honest Giles' bacon." I accepted with thanks the Squire's proposal, and we set out immediately for the manor-house. It was a house of no particular date or character—old, irregular and somewhat picturesque. The big hall-door opened from without, and I followed the Squire, with no small curiosity, into the noiseless house. We went at once to the dining-room, a large, long apartment, with an ample fire-place at the upper end—three windows on one side, and a curious enlarged alcove in a corner. Presently a middle-aged man-servant entered the room, and busied himself quietly spreading the table—the Squire in the meantime entering upon a polite and good-humored catechetical examination of myself. There was nothing inquisitive or disagreeable in the Squire's inquiries, on the contrary, they were pleasant indications of the kindly interest which an old man often shows in a young one unexpectedly thrown in his path. I was by no means uninterested, meanwhile, in the slowly completed arrangements of the dinner-table, all accomplished so quietly.

When Joseph, the servant, had nearly finished his operations, a tall young fellow in a shooting coat, sullen, loutish and down-looking lounged into the room, and threw himself into an easy chair. He did not bear a single feature of resemblance to the courtly old beau beside me, yet was his son, notwithstanding, beyond all controversy—the heir of the house. At dinner the young Squire sat opposite me. An uneasy air of shame, sullenness, and half resentment hung about him, and he never spoke. In spite, however, of this uncomfortable companionship, the Squire kept up his lively, vivacious stream of

conversation without the slightest damp or restraint.

It seemed to me that at the conclusion of dinner our attendant lingered with visible anxiety, and cast stealthy looks of mingled awe and sympathy at his master, and exercised a watchful and jealous observation of the young Squire. The old gentleman, however, pared his apple briskly, and went on with his description of a celebrated old house in the neighborhood, which, if I had another day to spare, I would find it very much worth my while to see. "At another time" said the old gentleman, "I might have offered you my own services as guide and cicerone, but present circumstances make that impracticable."

As he said these words the young Squire turned his flushed face towards his father without lifting his eyes and seemed trying in vain to invent words for something which he had to say, but all that he seemed able to articulate was a beginning—"I say, father: father, I say."

"I understand you perfectly," said the old gentleman. "Come back as early as you please to-morrow, and you'll find all right." The lout left the room as resentful, sullen and ashamed as ever. The Squire leaned back for an instant and sighed heavily.

"Now that we are alone," he said finally. "we may as well be comfortable. Take the wine, Joseph, into the oriel. We call it the oriel, though the word is a misnomer: but family customs, sir, grow strong and flourish in an old house. It has been named so since my earliest recollection, and for generations before that."

"And for generations after, no doubt," said I. "Your grandchildren—"

"My grandchildren!" exclaimed the old man with a look of dismay; "but, my good sir, you are perfectly excusable—you are not aware of the traditions of the house. The fact is, sir, you have come among us at a family crisis. One of the remarkable peculiarities of our race is that the offspring of every marriage in this house is one son." The words were said so solemnly that I started.

"One son!"

"One son," continued the Squire with dignity, "enough to carry on the race and

preserve its honor. The existence of the family depends on this wise and benevolent arrangement of nature. We were once rich: but that is a period beyond the memory of man. Nothing remains to us now but the manor-house and lands of Witcherley. In the ordinary course of nature, as people call it, with younger children to be provided for, the house of Witcherley, sir, must long ago have come to a conclusion. But the most solemn heirloom of the house is a family vow—a vow which, I am proud to say, has never been broken in the entire known history of the race."

"I beg your pardon, I should be grieved to make any impertinent inquiries," said I—for the Squire came to a sudden pause, and my curiosity was strongly excited "but might I ask what that was?"

The old gentleman sipped his wine slowly. He kept his eyes fixed upon the table. It was not nervousness, but pure solemnity; and it impressed me accordingly. "When the heir is of age," he began, "and disposed to marry, according to the regulation of the family, the father ceases: one generation passes away and another begins. Sir, my son is on the eve of marriage: he will be Squire of Witcherley to-morrow."

I was half subdued, half appalled by the composure of the old man. "I beg your pardon," said I, faltering, "I have misunderstood you. You give up a portion of your authority—a share of your throne. Oh, by no means unusual, I understand."

"You do not understand *me*," said the Squire, "nor the ways of this house. I spoke nothing of share or portion; there is no such thing possible at Witcherley. I said, simply, the father ceases and the son succeeds."

"You mean to withdraw—to leave the house, to abdicate?" I gasped, scarcely knowing what I said.

"Sir," said the Squire, looking up with authority, "I mean to *cease*."

It is impossible to give the smallest idea of the horror of these words. I cried aloud, yet it was only in a whisper; "Why—what—how is this! Murder—suicide: Good heaven, what do you mean?" and I rose excitedly.

"Be seated, sir," said my companion, authoritatively.

How I managed to sit down quietly again, I cannot tell: yet I did so, overawed by the quietness of my companion.

"And your son," I exclaimed abruptly, with a renewed sense of horror.

"My son," said the Squire, with a sigh

"Yes. My boy knew his rights, I was perhaps dilatory. Yes—yes, it is all perfectly right."

"But for heaven's sake, tell me! What are you about to do?" cried I.

"Sir, you are excited," said the Squire, "I am about to do nothing which I am not quite prepared for. Do me the favor to ring for lights, the bell is close to your hand: Joseph will guide you to the postern."

I rang the bell, and Joseph appeared, "Take your lantern and light the gentleman to the end of the avenue," said the Squire. Having no recourse but to follow Joseph, I went out with no small amount of discomposure; I caught the old servant by the arm at last, when we came to the door, "Your master!" I cried, "if there is any danger, tell me, and I will go back with you and watch all night."

The lantern almost fell from Joseph's hand, however he answered: "Danger? the Squire's in his own house." Saying which, he abruptly closed the postern door.

I stood irresolute for a moment and then turned from the gate, and pushed back towards the Witherley Arms. Within the little bar, the landlord and his wife were holding consultation together in an excited and uneasy restlessness, something like my own. I asked hastily if there was any constabulary force in the neighborhood "Polis; Lord a mercy! cried the landlord "the gentleman's been robbed, I see a constable myself."

"I have not been robbed; but your old Squire is in some mysterious danger; I am sure you know what I mean," cried I.

"I know nought about the Squire's danger," said Giles sullenly "If the Squire takes notions, what's that to a stranger like you, that'll maybe never see him again?"

"Takes notions?" I caught at this new idea with infinite relief. Certainly this looked the most reasonable explana-

tion. Yes, to be sure; everybody had heard of such. I received the idea eagerly and calmed down at once, after all, the wonder was, that it had never struck me before; and then the confusion of the young man, the anxiety of Joseph. No doubt they trembled for the narrative with which the unfortunate old gentleman was sure to horrify a new listener. I became quite "easy in my mind" as I revolved all this, I could almost have laughed at myself for my own fears.

By-and-by the house was shut up, and I retired to my room. I cannot tell whether the story of the evening was the first thing which occurred to me when I awoke next morning. But my mind immediately rebounded with excitement and eagerness into the former channel, when I looked out from my window. Immediately under it, in the pale drizzle of rain, stood the Squire's son, dressed as his father had been, in a blue coat with gilt buttons, "Let them drink our health, and see that the bells are rung." I heard only these words distinctly, and the young Squire strode away.

I rushed downstairs.

"What has happened? What of the Squire?" I hurriedly asked of my landlord.

"The Squire? Its none o' my business nor yours neither." Saying which Giles fled, and left me unanswered and unsatisfied. Turning to his wife, who appeared immediately with my breakfast, I found her equally impracticable, she, poor woman, seemed able for nothing but to wring her hands, wipe her eyes with her apron, and answer to my eager inquiries, "Don't you meddle in it, don't you then; O Lord! its Witherley ways."

It was impossible to bear this tantalizing bewilderment. I took my hat and rushed out. I hurried along the road to the little postern gate. To my surprise, I found the great gates open. I hastened up the dark avenue. The hall-door stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open. Roused by the sound, Joseph came forward to meet me. "I want to see your master, beg him to see me for a moment: I will not detain him," said I.

"My master, sir, was married this morning; perhaps you could call another day."

"Married! Now Joseph," said I, "I want to see the old Squire.

"There's no old Squire, sir," said Joseph with a husky voice.

"Joseph what do you mean?" cried I. "I'll have you all indicted for murder, every soul in the house. Where is the old Squire?"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder. "Will you hold your tongue, will you be quiet, will you leave this house?"

"No," cried I, raising my voice and shaking the old man off. "No I'll ascertain the truth before I move a step."

I pushed my way as I spoke into the dinning-room, Joseph following opposing me feebly. Every chair stood as it had stood the day before.

A kind of hysteric sob of terror escaped from the old servant's breast, when he looked at his master's vacant elbow-chair. "I'll go sir, I'll go, I'll call my master" he said, with a cracked unsteady voice; and he went out of the room. I heard Joseph's step, timid, yet hasty, shuffle up the great echoing stair-case. My thoughts were of the blackest. I concluded no better than that murder, cowardly and base, was in the

house. Fired with excitement, I feared nothing.

At length, as I listened, a foot, sounded upon the stair. The door creaks upon its hinges—now—My dearest friend; you cannot be half or a hundredth part as much disappointed as I was; for as the door creaked, and the guilty step of the parricide advanced, and my heart beat with wild expectation, I awoke.—I am ashamed to confess the humiliating truth—awoke to find myself in my own crimson easy-chair, after dinner, with the fire glowing into the cosy twilight, and no dark avenue or lonely manor-house within a score of miles. Under the circumstances, I am grieved to add that the deepest mystery, a gloom which I fear I may never be able to penetrate, still hangs darkly over the ways of Witcherley, and the fate of the old Squire.

Had Joseph's young master come only five minutes sooner, but fate is inexorable; and though I have made investigations through a primitive nook of country, and missed a train with resignation in the pursuit of knowledge, I have never fallen upon that rainy pathway across the field, nor come to the Witcherley Arms again.



KINTYRE TO GLENGARRY.*

By Very Rev. Æneas McDonnell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.



GLENGARRY is the name of an important chief of McDonells who claims to be the chief of the whole clan. More than this, his family can boast an

existence of over eighteen hundred years. Learned men of Scotland have traced it to Conn, of the hundred battles, who came from Ireland to Scotland in the year one hundred and twenty-five of the Christian era. Scotland had received Christianity together with the higher civilization which ever accompanies it, in the second century; and this state of things never suffered any serious interruption until the present time. It is well known how carefully the Christians of the early centuries preserved their records. To all who are aware of this it is easily understood how we know as much about Conn and other warriors of his time as about Julius Cæsar and his Romans, who, fifty years before our era, attempted the subjugation of Britain. The literature of the Celtic tribes which has come down to our time, presents another undoubted proof of their antiquity as familiar to us as the Æneid or Cicero's orations, as the Iliad or the Philippics of Demosthenes. Conn of the hundred battles reigned over the Ulladh in Ireland about the year 125 of the Christian era. He was succeeded by his son, Airt or Art; after Art came Cormack and then Cairbre Lechmechair, (Ruadh or red-haired.) Hence the country occupied by his descendants was called Dalruadh and its

inhabitants Dalruadini. Cairbre was succeeded by his son, Achaius Dublin, the father of Coll Uais who, after reigning fifteen years in Ireland, was driven from his dominions by his cousin-german, Mauritius. He fled to Scotland and settled in the district of Kintyre. His descendants afterwards assumed the title of Kings of Argyle. He returned to Ireland where he died about the year 337. His eldest son, Achaius, succeeded. Eric or Erc, grandson of Achaius, further colonized Kintyre, which, with the neighbouring country, was divided among his three sons. Fergus obtained Kintyre, Laurn, the district of Lorn, and Angus, the Island of Isla. Angus left a son, Murchad, who married his cousin Erca, the daughter of Laurn. Murchad left only one daughter who was married to her cousin, Godfrey, son of Fergus. By this marriage their possessions were united. Gorrie or Godfrey succeeded Fergus; but it appears that Fergus had an elder son whose name was Domangart, the ancestor of several kings of Scotland, particularly Kenneth McAlpine who in 843 conquered the Picts and thus constituted all Scotland one nation. This important change caused the capital of Scotland to be transferred along with the stone of destiny to Scoon. Godfrey was the second son of Fergus and Erca. He remained in possession of Kintyre, to which other lands were gradually added. His descendants afterwards assumed the title of Kings of Erraghael (Iargael). From this Godfrey the Clan McDonald are lineally descended. Kintyre was still in the possession of Godfrey's descendants in the time of King Robert Bruce, and later still when Richard II of England escaped into Scotland.

A few more chiefs, Nicl, Suina, Warradha, Sollad, and we reach Crynan, Abthane of Scotland, (Abthanus, quod est aliorum Thanorum Prefectus, Buchanan,

* Authors consulted: *Father Innes' Critico! Dissertations*; *Chalmer's Caledonia*; *Dr. Smith, of Campbellton's Isles*; *Account of the Isles by Munro, Dean of the Isles in 1547*; *The Early Settlement and History of Glengarry in Canaan by J. A. McDonnell, of Greenfield*; *Montreal, Wm. Foster, &c., 1893.*

Rer. Scot :) who married Princess Beatrix, the daughter of Malcolm II, the victorious King of Scotland (1004) who beat the Danes in twenty pitched battles and so saved his country and his crown. Beatrix was his heiress. Of her marriage came Duncan, King of Scotland, the predecessor of a long line of statesmen, kings, and Donald or Domhuall, who continued the line of the Abthanes. By regular descent we come to Somerled who married a daughter of Olaus, King of the Isles, and in her right succeeded to that principality which his descendants enjoyed without acknowledging any of the Kings of Scotland their superiors until the time of Robert II, whose daughter, Margaret, became the wife of John, Lord of the Isles. His successor, Reginald, was sent by his father as ambassador to the Court of England with a numerous retinue of cavalry. His name is appended to a charter granted by King Malcolm IV to the Abbey of Dunfermline in which he is styled Rex Insularum. His brother, Reginald, came next. This chief was distinguished by his liberality to the religious institutions of the time. He appropriated the lands of Kilbride in Arran to the Abbey Church of Paisley. He likewise founded several churches and monasteries and endowed them with lands out of his principality of the Isles. He is praised for his loyalty to the King of Scotland, Alexander III, whom he assisted in his expedition against the Danes in 1249. His son, Donald, who succeeded him, was equally liberal. He richly endowed the Churches of Kilkerran, Saddle and Icolmkill. He died in his castle of Dunavertie, Kintyre, and was buried with regal honors at Icolmkill. His son and successor, Angus, was chosen by Alexander III of Scotland as one of the six regents during the minority of his grandchild, Queen Margaret, the "Maid of Norway." His son and successor, Alexander (Alastair), was equally generous to the churches, particularly Paisley, Kilkerran, Saddle and St. Mary of Icolmkill. His funeral in this venerated place must have been largely attended, as it was required that 900 head of cattle should be slaughtered as an item of the hospitality extended to the mourners. His successor, Angus Mor, received (1307) and sheltered King Robert Bruce in his

time of distress at his castle of Dunavertie in Kintyre. It was a stern and successful defiance of that powerful monarch, Edward I, of England, who, at the time, was master of all Scotland except the territories of the Island Prince. But this was not all. When the fortunes of Bruce began to revive, McDonald came to his aid, fought with him at the head of 3,000 of his men, at the battle of Bannockburn (1314). He commanded the reserve of Bruce's comparatively small army of 30,000 men, which was all that could be brought against the English force of 100,000, consisting of Edward I's veteran's. Bruce was not to be discouraged. Addressing his Island friend; "my trust's in thee, brave Donald," he commenced that memorable battle which proved to be a glorious victory. Bruce now confirmed in his sovereign rights conferred, by charter, on the Island Prince, the privilege of holding the right wing of the Scottish army. This honour the successors of Angus continued to enjoy until they were deprived of it at Culloden. His grand-son, John, who succeeded his son, Angus Og, married the daughter of the Earl of Strath-Earn, afterwards Robert II. This marriage proved an unhappy blending of the Stewart and McDonald blood. Donald, the first son of the second marriage, was a most wicked man, unworthy of his father-in-law, who, during his long reign of 20 years, loved and maintained peace to the great honour and benefit of his country. Donald, in pursuit of his iniquitous purposes, murdered his brother Reginald and usurped the sovereignty of the Isles. Notwithstanding his ambition, his line failed and came to be represented by a lady, Margaret, the daughter of Celestine, the last male heir to the usurping Donald. This lady married Alexander, eighth Macmihc Alastair, and so reunited the two branches of the family. In the reign of Robert III, King of Scotland, (1390), the Family of the Isles still occupied Kintyre, dwelling in their mansion of Dunnavertie. It fell to their lot, one day, to entertain an unexpected visitor. Richard II, the deposed King of England, was found sitting by the kitchen fire as an unknown mendicant. He was recognized there by the Prince's sister-in-law who had seen him when he was suppressing a

rebellion in Ireland in the days of his glory. He had escaped from his keepers, two gentlemen of high degree, who were too loyal to hold their sovereign too strictly as a prisoner. He fled to Ireland. But, as that country was under the sway of his usurping successor, he did not consider himself safe there, and in the guise of a wandering pauper, traversed Ireland, and, arriving in the nearest part of Scotland, Kintyre, he confided himself to the ruler of that district. He was kindly received by Prince Donald and his family and treated with all honour and hospitality. Donald, however, considering that it required a stronger man than himself to protect the fallen monarch, sent him, escorted by the Lord Montgomery, to the court of King Robert III, at Stirling. He was graciously received there and treated with all the honour due to a King of England. He lived an honoured guest in the Palace of Stirling nineteen years, receiving at times members of the highest English nobility, but never consenting to any of their proposals for restoring him to the crown. He died at Stirling in the year 1419, and was interred in the church of the preaching Friars with an inscription over his tomb, showing his name, dignity and the date of his decease. The church and tomb are swept away, but the inscription remains, carefully preserved in the archives of Scotland. It is as follows :

Anglic Ricardus jacet Rex ipse sepultus
 Lancastre quem dux dejecit arte mota prodicione.
 Prodicione potens scepro potitur iniquo.
 Supplicium luit hunc ipsius omnigenus.
 Ricardum inferis hunc Scotia sustulit annis,
 Qui caastro striveling vite peregit iter,
 Anno milleno quaterceno quoquedeno
 Et nono Christi regis finis fuit iste.

The Family of the Isles continued to prosper until the time of Donald, the son of Prince John's second marriage, by his crimes and usurpation destroyed the high title of the family. They still continued to hold an important place in the country. Such was their influence that Charles II created their representative, Aeneas, a Baron of the United Kingdom. This chief went to assist his neighbor, McLean, in some warlike affair with 500 of his people. He was received with honour

and treated to a banquet at which the sacred vessels of Iona, which had been carried off by an enemy at some former period, were freely used. Such desecration shocked McDonell, and he resolved to retire. The sacred objects were immediately sent to him as a present from his friend McLean. He could not, however, be prevailed upon to remain ; but allowed his men to continue their aid to McLean. The last chalice of Jona, which was of the purest gold, was afterwards presented by the Family to the late Bishop Ranald McDonald, at whose decease it fell to his successor, Bishop Scott, of Glasgow. It was used with honour in Saint Mary's Church until, one night, that the sexton had neglected to lock the safe in which it was kept, it was stolen. The thief, when detected by the police, had it broken to pieces ready for the melting pot. (See Sir Daniel Wilson's "*Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.*")

It now remains to commemorate, in a few words, the concluding glories of the ancient Family of the Isles. They now had their name from the land, Glengarry, which they occupied. Alexander, who was living at the time of George IV's visit to Scotland in 1822, was much distinguished by his judicious conduct when commanding a brigade for the suppression of the outbreak of the end of last century, in Ireland. His brother, General Sir James McDonell, who commanded the Coldstream Guards at Waterloo, realizing the importance of preventing the enemy from passing the farm buildings of Hougoumont, kept the gate shut against them alone till Sergeant Fraser came to his assistance, and then other soldiers. This is the account which the general himself gave of the affair. Some patriotic person left a legacy to the bravest man in the British army. It was referred to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace of Wellington sent the money to General McDonell. He, in his turn, divided the sum with Sergeant Fraser, who, he said, was the first who came to assist him in keeping the gate shut. No doubt, it was the skill and bravery of the British officers and private soldiers with their allies, that won this battle ; but, the battle would not have been so easily won if Hougoumont had been taken. All will agree, there-

fore, that the poet is justified in saying :

“ Agincourt may be forgot
And Cressy be an unknown spot
And Blenheim's name be new :
But still, in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont
And field of Waterloo.”

Many Glengarry men, as well as other clansmen of Scotland, had sought homes in the thirteen colonies of North America before the war of independence. When the separation of those colonies from the mother country came, they remembered their origin and adhered to the country whence they sprung. They found refuge and homes in British North America, greatly increasing the population of those colonies which now form the seven provinces of the Canadian Dominion. Their numbers were greatly added to by the continuous emigration of their fellow-clansmen who came to the Canadian colonies sometimes in a body, sometimes separately. A Catholic priest, Rev. Alex. McDonald, towards the end of last century brought his whole congregation, 500 in number, to these new countries. Bishop McDonell brought his disbanded soldiers, after having obtained with much pains and influential negotiation, of the British Government, that lands should be given to them in Canada rather than in the West Indies. Arrived in Upper Canada, their patriotic leader secured grants of land to the clansmen who had come before them as well as to themselves. All this was done in the years 1803 and 1804. An important chief, Macdonald of Glenaladale, sold his estate in Scotland in order to enable him to emigrate together with a numerous body of his tenants to Prince Edward's Island, at the time known as St. John's. Others followed, and such a tide of emigration accounts for the now flourishing population of Canada's Maritime Provinces.

Mr. MacDonell's book chiefly concerns, as the title indicates, such men of Glengarry connection as have won for themselves more or less distinction in Canada. Many of them figured in the war of 1812. It was impossible, therefore, to refrain from honourable mention

of that war and its bright achievements. It is shown, as is fitting, at some length, how bravely, determinately and successfully the Canadians held their ground, unaided, against the United States, at the time become a powerful nation. The brilliant affairs of Chateauguay, Lundy's Lane and Queenstown Heights are duly commemorated ; and, finally, it is told with becoming praise, how the strong men of Canada, assisted by some of Wellington's veterans, drove the enemy from their much loved home and country. Others besides military characters receive their just meed of honour. None more than the Hon. and Rt. Reverend Bishop McDonell, who, by every means that a patriotic churchman could employ, encouraged the soldiers of Canada in their arduous struggle. It would require a volume to recount the labours of this patriotic Bishop. First of all, his arduous toil as a missionary priest in Glasgow at a time when the Catholics there were few in number, and far from being in favour with the other citizens who have since come to entertain more friendly views and have learned to respect their Catholic fellow-citizens, now so numerous, amounting to a third part of the whole population. When Bishop McDonell's friend, Alexander of Glengarry, commanded a brigade in Ireland for the suppression of the rebellion at the end of last century Bishop McDonell was chaplain to the force, and materially aided the commander by his wise counsel: The native yeomanry had acted in the most cruel manner towards the unarmed people, driving them from their homes and using their churches as stables for their horses. The conduct of the chaplain and his friend contrasted finely with the atrocious proceedings of the native soldiery. The Glengarry men sought the terrified people in the bogs and mountains to which they had fled, restored them to their homes and helped them to cleanse their churches and fit them once more for public worship. This was indeed a new way of quelling rebellion : but as it was the most humane so was it the most successful. Such important service was recognized by the statesmen of the day. If it be asked how Bishop McDonell became so popular and possessed such influence with the British authorities as to

obtain from them for his people in opposition to their views, lands in Canada which they had little hope of holding, in preference to any amount of territory in the West Indies, we have only to point to Ireland, its rebellion, the result of injustice, and the successful humanity with which it was treated. Some persons have found fault with Bishop McDonell because he favoured the Conservative party. There was no other party to favour or from

whom to obtain favours. They have said that he was merely a politician. Even so; but what was his policy? To honour the existing powers, exercise unobtrusively the high duties of a bishop, preach assiduously the Gospel of peace, promote with all his power the interests of his people, together with the welfare and happiness of the whole country, found missions, build churches and extend by all fair and legitimate means the domain of truth and right thinking.

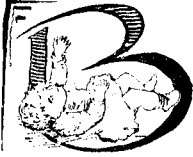


Straight my eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape around it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallow gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide :
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies.

—MILTON.



A SIESTA.



BABY-boy on the floor asleep,
 Tired of his baubles gay,
 Ruddy sunbeams straying across
 Cheeks where the dimples play ;

Golden curls on the carpet strewn
 Mischievous hands at rest,
 Rosy lips in a tempting pout,
 As if by an angel's prest ;

One little stocking fallen down,
 One chubby leg left bare,
 One tiny shoe a-missing too,
 But what does the baby care ?

He's journeyed off to Slumberland,
 Region of gilded dreams ;
 Over his face so purely fair
 Bliss of a Seraph streams.

Innocent, pure, and free from care,
 Nothing disturbs his rest,
 Naught of the morrow troubles him,
 Come what there may—'tis best.

Dear little sleeper, slumber on,
 Babyhood's dream is sweet,
 But like the fabled Mercury
 Flieth on winged feet.

Tarry long 'mong those mystic paths,
 In the realm of fancied joy.
 Ever thy dreams be bright as these,
 Beautiful baby-boy !

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

EDIFYING SOUVENIRS.



HAVING been requested by the editor of the "OWL" to add something to its columns, I promised to contribute a page or two of such matter as I think should form a special feature in the College journal. The Owl has won an enviable repu-

tation by its articles on the most varied subjects, showing an extent of research, and elegance of style, which testify eloquently to the fact that the students of Ottawa University receive sound and practical training. It occurs, however, to me that the organ of the University would add to its worth and interest, by opening a department wherein would be chronicled some of the edifying souvenirs associated with the names of a number of alumni who have passed to the life beyond the grave. So far, apart from a few obituary notices, differing but little from each other in tone and sentiment, how much has been said about those of our deceased alumni, who distinguished themselves, if not by displaying brilliant parts, at least by their truly Christian virtue? Or rather, what attention has been given to those companions who possessed not only generous gifts of nature, highly cultivated by earnest study, but also gave to those who knew them the example of a truly Christian life? An institution as important as the University of Ottawa, must have on its death-roll, the names of a few, whose lives could well be held up to the imitation of their successors within its walls.

In this communication I take from the admission roll of the students in the sixties, the names of three boys well known to many of your readers. Richard Aumond, William McKay and Joseph Duhamel; or Dick, Bill and Joe as we used to call them. Dick, a native of Ottawa, entered the commercial course a few years after me; Joe, also an Ottawaite, a little later, and Bill stepped

into the classical course, shortly after his arrival with his parents from Quebec, in 1866. I mention the three in one breath, for I find so few points in which they differ and so many in which they agree in their spiritual career, that separating them would injure the pen picture I am endeavoring to give of them. The priesthood was the goal for which those three souls were aiming. How they prayed and studied, to prepare for it in the most worthy manner! How often indeed would they engage in friendly discussion about the relative advantages of the secular priesthood, and the priesthood in a religious order! Joe, we saw, was settled upon becoming a secular priest; his uncle the now illustrious Archbishop of Ottawa, being, we boys thought and said, the example he wished to follow. Bill was somewhat reticent, but we learned enough from him to know that he would be a religious, and a Jesuit. As for Dick, there was such a harmonious combination of good sense, piety, and fun in him, that we hardly knew what to make of him. It often happened that when our kind teacher, Father Barrett would reward us "good boys" by leaving us in class to ourselves, the question of vocation would come up. Arguments, many and strong were advanced to show how the quiet and retirement secured in religion, was advantageous to piety and learning. Dick would allow the point, whilst expatiating on the glories of active zeal in a parish, and the sweets of the zealous "curé's" life, in his *own* house close to his neat little church, and among a devoted people. Poor Dick died during the vacation which preceded the time fixed for his entrance into the Seminary. God was satisfied with his generous determination and took him to Himself. Bill breathed his last amidst the calm and fervor that reign in a Jesuit Novitiate. Joe alone was allowed to enter the sanctuary, ascend the holy mount, and offer the Victim of our Redemption. His sacerdotal career was not long, but of him it

has been said, zeal for the house of God did him honor, he did much in a short time. His greatly lamented death has left a lasting impression among his school-mates, and those who like him have entered the holy ministry.

Those three boys were prominent on all occasions and in all matters in which the spiritual welfare of the students was concerned. Having spent many years with them in close intimacy, I can pause and reflect how their piety was of that mature character which God imparts to youthful souls in order to render them soon ripe for an eternal reward.

Their attention at "class" prayers and their reverent attitude during the "beads" were evident; and they were among those, always to be found in Catholic Colleges, who, on Saturday evenings, frequently leave the study-hall for the chapel to prepare for their confession. Dick was a boarder and so was Bill, but only occasionally, whereas Joe was not, and on Communion days he had to walk a long distance to the College, and this at all seasons. The faith of our three friends towards the Blessed Sacrament shone throughout all their conduct during the Mass at which they approached the Holy Table.

The chapel was a favorite spot for those three favored souls. The present magnificent University Chapel is laid out in that portion of the College first built. It is a coincidence worthy of attention that the room which was used originally for a chapel has become a portion of the new chapel. The altars here are of delicate and costly material and splendid design, but very few, if any, remain to tell the history of the statue on our Lady's altar. This statue followed or rather accompanied the cross from room to room as the location of the chapel changed. It is a copy of a prize statue in Italy purchased for us by Father Derbuel, a man of artistic taste, who was our director at the time. It was he also who, in giving meaning to the pose of the statue, had painted on the tomb of the altar the words: "Venite filii, audite me." How appropriate to the institution is the motto! Around this altar once a month did the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin meet. Dick, Bill and Joe

were, of course, amongst us. and in due time and succession, they presided over us as prefects. They were great decorators of altars, and on the eves of our Lady's feasts they could be found at work, constructing frames of various designs, pasting colored and gold paper on old boxes, making paper flowers, &c. In the month of May they would organize parties among the boys to go into the woods for moss.

They were earnest and conscientious in this occupation, and yet they were the most agreeable companions and the liveliest of play-fellows. They had their parts in the plays given during the year, could joke others and bear pleasantly jokes made at their expense, as well as generally sharing in the fun of the season.

Born musicians, they were of course utilized by Father, then Brother Balland. We were all four in the band. Dick played the bass; Bill, the ophicleide, and Joe, the baritone, and occasionally the bass. They sometimes came in—and who was ever exempt?—for a share of Brother Balland's musical strictness and corrections. "Bang! bang!!" and down would come the director's baton on the book-stand, and silence deep followed. "C'est mal!" Brother Balland would cry out: "Richard ton instrument est faux! McKay, c'est un si bémul que tu as là; mais Joe, mon garçon, tu vas trop vite! allez; allez; à reprendre; un, deux," and then all three would good naturedly try the piece over again. They were equally ready to appear at the concerts organized now and then; Bill, however, being a good performer on the piano, preferred sounding notes to singing them.

There is one thing which stamps the young student with the seal of greatness and it is the confidence placed in him by his superiors or teachers. When a teacher trusts a young man, not precisely because he ceases talking when the bell rings, or keeps silence in study hours—which may be found in characters of a deceitful and grovelling nature—but because he recognizes the necessity of order and though unwilling to betray a companion for order's sake, he will not hesitate to tell the truth, such a teacher knows that he has by him an honorable mind augurs well for such a student's future success. Of such material were our three friends. They enjoyed this

confidence which they did not purchase with any unjust proceeding against their fellow students or by officiously prying into their conduct; and as a result their companions esteemed them. Held in the highest regard both by students and professors; successful in their studies to a very creditable degree and models of piety, such were my three schoolmates in life, and their deaths coming so closely one after the other have served to draw the attention of those they left behind to the examples they have given us and to appeal to the alumni of the University of Ottawa to walk in their footsteps.

I have written those few lines as a tribute of admiration to three companions much esteemed by all who knew them, not forgetting how gratitude for many kind favors received at their hands, should have prompted me to this loving labor. The list of our holy dead does not begin and end with these three names and we hope that other pens will present to the readers of the OWL many more who have deserved well of the institution which stored their minds with human knowledge whilst adorning their souls with the virtues of the saints.

C.



Oh, a wonderful dream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

--B. P. TAYLOR.



LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.—MONTAIGNE.

12—So little has been written or said concerning the *Influence of National Character upon English Literature* that no apology need be offered for briefly treating such an important theme in these columns. It is a vital topic concerning which no student of literature can afford to be quite ignorant, and, happily, it has so much of innate interest that few persons of intelligence will learn anything about it without desiring to find out a great deal more. Even when handled in the most compendious manner possible, the subject is so broad that it will be necessary here to carry over a portion of the discussion to a second article and the issue of another month. An effort however, will be made to render this unavoidable division less inconvenient to the reader by placing it where a lengthy prose may be advantageously entered upon. I may further premise that the remarks I am about to offer have for ground-work a lecture delivered in Dublin by the Rev. James Byrne, M.A., before a literary society which is now defunct, and two small anonymous works which were issued in Paris at periods far removed from each other but both within the past ten years. Thus as the sources of my information are not numerous I have not hesitated to add to the stock of knowledge procured from them a few opinions of one who has for a long time given this matter his best consideration.

The people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain *and*—there is great virtue in that word “and”—Ireland have sprung from two sources distinct in race and in character. The great mass of the English and of the Lowland Scotch are of a Germanic stock; the majority of the Irish, the Welsh, and the Highland Scotch of a Celtic origin. It is necessary, therefore, in order to form a distinct idea of the character of the national mind, that

we should notice the distinctive features of these two elements. We may, however, for the sake of brevity, leave out of account the Welsh and the Highland Scotch, as these have never possessed such a distinct national existence, as is necessary to maintain a distinct national character strong enough to make itself felt in English literature.

In general, then, it may be stated that Germanic thought is slow, Celtic thought is quick. Whence this difference has arisen it is not possible to say with any degree of assurance. It is a race-note brought into being by each and all of the formative influences which go to the molding of a separate people. All that can be said in addition is, that the southern or tropical races of men think quickly, the northern slowly, and that it is probable that the character of the Celt was formed and fixed under southern influences, that of the German in the north of Europe. For it would appear from the earliest accounts which we have from the Celts, that they had brought with them from their original Asiatic abodes a matured national life, of which the Germanic tribes, though sprung from the same original stock, were comparatively destitute. Thus, we find the Celts and Germans, at a very early period of history, widely differentiated the one race from the other. I have said that the Irish people are principally Celts. The same may be said of the French. And whether we compare French thought or Irish thought with Germanic thought we shall, I think, find that this is the most obvious fundamental distinction between them; Germanic thought is slow, Celtic thought is quick.

We must, however take into account another quality of thought before we can have a clear idea of the character from which our literature has sprung. Some

minds, prefer to occupy themselves with external things, the material objects of sense about them; others take pleasure in musing on their own ideas. I will call the former outer (objective) minds, the latter inner (subjective) minds, and it will be found important to note this distinction in forming an estimate of national characters. Indeed more than one of our modern literary historians make this difference between the national minds the distinguishing mark of the two schools in which they divide the writers and thinkers of the world. Among the Germanic tribes the Anglo-Saxons had an outer mind, the German proper has an inner. Perhaps, but it is only a hypothesis, these national differences arose from the different degrees in which the respective nations were occupied with industry or with adventure when their national character was forming. For there was nothing in primitive industry to furnish matter for musing thought; it fixed the mind on external things. It was adventure with all its stirring memories which turned thought inward, and made it a luxury to muse. But those speculations are thrown out as hints merely. We must not allow ourselves to drift upon the ocean of theory. Still, the hypothesis may be accepted, in lack of a better, for what it is worth.

The Saxons who settled in England came from the more settled northern or low German stock, and as soon as they entered England their adventures ceased. When once the Britons were expelled, the Saxons had nothing to do but to repel the encroachments of strangers and of each other. During their lengthy settlement of about five hundred years prior to the Norman invasion, they seem to have acquired a particularly outer and material character. Of this, two indications may be mentioned, their sensuality and their want of the sagas or tales which preserved the memory of heroic adventure. In this they differed from the Scandinavian, whose life of bold adventure wherever his ship would carry him maintained a spirit of adventure which was fed continually by musings on the glories of the past and the chances of the future. Now the Lowland Scotch have come principally from the Scandinavian stock, and they have a more

inner mind than the Anglo-Saxons. Still more inner is the modern German mind, which has come from the stock of the southern or High German, who was always adventurous, and in whom this character was kept up by the boundless field opened to him in the rich provinces of the Roman Empire. Nothing can be more clearly marked than the inner character of the German mind compared with the outer character of the Anglo-Saxon. The former love speculation, the latter practice. The former would evolve truth out of the depths of his own consciousness, the latter from external observation. The former is never content with facts till he can convert them into principles, nor the latter with principles till he can convert them into facts. The typical Scotchman, who, however, is much more rare than the Scotchman who is not typical, is in these respects intermediate between the German and the Anglo-Saxon.

A similar distinction within the Celtic family separates the Irish from the French. The Irish were descended from the oldest offshoot of the Indo-European stock, the first wave of emigration which passed over Europe from that centre. If, as I have conjectured, the Celtic character was formed in a southern climate, it is in vain to look for any trace of the formative causes, which may have given to the Irish mind an inner trend, and to the French an outer trend. Those causes had acted before the Gaels first went west and the Gauls had left their Asiatic abodes. But that this distinction between the Irish and French is real and fundamental, will appear, I think, to any one who will analyze their respective characters.

The Frenchman, though quick, is most definite. His whole mind is concentrated in the glance which he directs to an object. Hence his clearness of thought, his quickness and precision of contrivance. But he has his limitations. No object, for example, which does not admit of this definite conception, which requires that he should muse over it and ponder it that he may probe it to the bottom and grasp all its details, is suited to his genius. His is the lightning flash, not the beam that falls from the sun throughout a lengthened day in June. If we add to this that the

Frenchman somewhat wants sensibility, and is deficient in superfluous strength and depth of principle, we shall have before us the symbolical son of France, the quick, bright, gay, happy personification of an agile outer character of mind.

The Irishman, on the other hand, has somewhat of an inner musing nature. The outer object often fails to engage his full attention. He is a dreamer. He is a thinker of the thought which is not materialistic. He lives in a realm of spirits. Hence his ideas are apt to be indefinite, because liable to be mingled with another train of thought not directly connected with them. Hence also his carelessness, his inattention to appearance, his disregard of consequence, all implying a want of concentrated attention to his actions. If, however, his mind be fully concentrated he is capable of more depth of thought than the Frenchman. But his mind, is not always fully concentrated. He loves the mystery on which he can muse without end, from which flows his fondness for religious thought. His sensibility is strong and impulsive. He can be led. He cannot be driven. He is capable of principles which centuries of persecution cannot shake. Witness the history of Erin, the Niobe of nations; and witness also his devotion to his religion, his country and his friends.

Such, then, are the main features of the national character possessed by the people who inhabit the mother-land of English literature. This is, perhaps, the proper place to state that I have used the term "Anglo Saxon" throughout the foregoing paragraphs in a connection which will not be justified by history. History may be searched from cover to cover without disclosing anything resembling an Anglo-Saxon nation. For the present no more may be said concerning this point. It will be well also to remember that the English have been subjected to a most powerful and exceptional formative influence. This exception was (as the reader will probably have guessed before I have time to write out the words) the Norman Conquest. The English received from the Norman Conquest an infusion of French character which gave to the English mind a certain amount of French

quickness and innerness, and made it a trifle more bright and subjective than it was originally. Still, the Saxon is the main element in it, and the English mind may still be described as a slow and outer, the Scotch slow, more inner, and more forcible, the French quick, definite, and inner, and the Irish quick and inner, with a capacity for depth when the circumstances are favorable.

Here those humble and unassuming speculations must rest for the moment. In the next issue of this Journal I shall endeavor to show how the traits of national character possessed by the British people have influenced English literature.

13—A new work by Sir Charles Dawson entitled, *Some Salient points in the Science of the earth*, is about to issue. The volume is to be profusely illustrated. It is to consist in great part of papers and discourses which have fallen out of print or become difficult of access. Those stray leaves have been revised by the author and illumined with the latest rays from the lamp of science. The distinguished author, in illustrating his theories, has whenever possible, confined himself to Canada, a patriotic discrimination which should, one would suppose, give a special interest to the work for Canadians. Sir Charles Dawson seldom fails to make scientific speculation and discussion as interesting to the average reader as a novel by Marion Crawford.

14—In a note to the third volume of the latest London edition of *Thomson's Poems*, Viator writes: "The excellent poem of *Winter* was written in the year 1724, some few months after the author's arrival in London, from Edinburgh. He had no friends here but Mr. Malloch, his schoolfellow, who then lived in the house of the Duke of Montrose, in Hanover Square, as tutor to the Duke's two sons. I remember Mr. Malloch (who soon after changed his name to Mallet) and I walked, one November day, to all the booksellers in the Strand and Fleet-street to sell the copy of this poem; and, at last, could fix with Mr. Millar, who then lived in a little shop in Fleet-street: and the chief motive with him was, that the author was his countryman: for, after several arguments, we could but get three pounds! . . .

The poem sold so well, that Mr. Millar gave Thomson fifty pounds for the second, *Spring*; the copy-money was increased for the *Summer* and *Autumn*: and when printed together, so many editions were sold in a few years, that this grateful bookseller erected that monument to the author's memory now by Shakespeare's in Westminster Abbey: but his own works are his best monuments." Coleridge, seeing a soiled copy of *The Seasons* lying in the window-seat of an obscure inn on the sea-coast of Somersetshire, said, "That is true fame." The popularity of those delightful poems still equals that of any work in the language. Thomson was a dull boy when at school. Being one day overheard to exclaim, "Confound the Tower of Babel!" He was asked by the teacher what he meant; when he replied, "If it were not for the Tower of Babel, there would be no languages to learn!" He was then studying Latin and Greek.

"A first-rate talker," says John Timbs in his racy *Century of Anecdote*, "generally estimates the pleasantness of his circle by the share which his own conversation has had in contributing to its pleasantness. This is often evidently unconscious, Johnson, when he talked for a whole evening, among other professed talkers, used to say, on taking leave, 'Well, sir, this has been a good evening; we have had good talk. The communication of mind is always of use. Thought flowed freely this evening.' The egotistically talkative Johnsons are still quite numerous, but it is to be feared the learned Johnsons have followed the Dodo. Talking, as understood and practiced by the great lexicographer, is almost a lost art."

15 Lessing, the great German author and critic, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home, one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing, "no matter—I'll call another time!" It is on record that some famous men now living have been unable even to find their own doors through the oppressive abstraction

brought on by dining long and late.

16 There is a fine touch of nature in the concluding sentence of one of the letters which Carlyle wrote from Scotsbrig, a farmhouse near Ecclefechan, and which was published last year. "The country is beautifully silent," Carlyle wrote, "clear and pure, above and below—no noise in it but that of the fresh winds (with here and there a nasty railway far off) and occasionally the song of birds."

17 Although the shelf that contains all my choicest and most beloved books is neither long nor deep, the essays of Mr. Frederick Harrison are never refused a place in its most frequented corner. The vigor which this author always displays is a tonic in itself. His paper on *The Choice of Books* is a hard blow at bibliolatry, one of the greatest superstitions of our times. This work possesses every requisite to cause an uneducated reader to think about what he reads. He may not agree with Mr. Harrison either in his principles or in his application. He may be excused from holding that August Comte is a modern Savior. He may be pardoned for believing that positivism is not a perfect rule of faith. Thus differing with his author, the untrained reader of Mr. Harrison's essays and speculations will find himself occasionally repelled by a certain hardness and dryness, or puzzled by what seems wilful perversity in his author, but those qualities are invariable in the work of Comtists, and Mr. Harrison can hardly be expected to rise high above the level of his master. But this book on books teaches in good, hence notable language, several useful facts among which we may enumerate the ones which declare that the physical act of reading is not a virtue, that to be too eager in reading the newest things is folly, and that the greatest difficulty in reading is to choose one's books.

18 Edward Eggleston is, in my humble opinion, one of the best writers of fiction that America has produced. He resides away up in North-Western Vermont, in the midst of the primeval woodland, and far removed from any railway, in a rambling old homestead, rejoicing in the quaint designation of "Owl's Nest." He is as vigorous as his books, and his flow of spirits is as

generous as are his physical proportions. There is something leonine about his craggy head, with its bushy iron-gray hair and beard, which encompass it about like a mane; and his earnest talk reveals not only the enthusiast, but the student of men and manners. His versatility is as amazing as his energy is unbounded. He has been a Methodist preacher, a poet, a journalist, a novelist and is now a historian. His genius, I think, manifests itself best and fullest in his stories and tales. For several

years past new tales from Mr. Eggleston have been as scarce as angels' visits, the reason being that the popular novelist, in an heroic moment, set aside the better portion of a decade in order to write a *History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies*. While employed upon this work, he says he is haunted, as he expresses it, by novels which he longs to write; and certainly his host of readers will welcome the day when he begins to materialize the spirits of the plots with which he says his brain is teeming.



Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

—POPE.



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BE GENEROUS.

The greater part of life's success or failure depends upon the habits acquired during the time of youth. The careless, laggard student, remains in after life what he was at college. If whilst there he was wont to sleep quietly over his unprepared lessons, he will afterwards sleep just as quietly over his professional duties. So too, the student, who at college was noted for selfishness and meanness, will, in all probability, remain selfish and mean throughout his life. If during his sojourn at college he does nothing towards the advancement of any student organization, if he makes himself the one and sole

object of his attention, later on in the world he will do nothing conducive to the welfare of society, and will continue to make self the object of his every action. And just as at college, such a one has but few friends, and meets with coldness and contempt in whatever direction he turns, so in after life, his friends will be few and he will find his journey through this world cold and dreary. Supernatural incentives urging men to practice charity and generosity are not by any means wanting, but leaving the consideration of these aside for the present there is an argument *ad hominem* which, did the selfish student but seriously reflect upon, he could not fail to see that he is the victim of an illusion. He considers what he does for others as loss, what he does for himself as gain. He forgets that man is a social being, and as such must sometimes make an effort towards the welfare of society. He who is unwilling to make this effort is cast off by society as "a tree that bears no fruit." It will not do for the university graduate to be thus cast off. The tramp and sewer-digger can sneer at the claims and whims of society, not so the professional man. The latter must be possessed of a certain amount of policy. When the family physician or lawyer is called upon by the over philanthropic mistress to contribute towards the purchase of tooth-picks for the orphans of the Sandwich Islands, it behooves him, if he has his best interests at heart, to comply with the request, and that too, with a certain amount of enthusiasm. Hence it is more necessary for the student to learn early the art of being off-handed, and of playing the world's game of give and take, than it is for him to master Greek verbs and Hebrew roots. As a practical conclusion: let each student contribute his share of labor and cash towards the support of the different literary, dramatic and athletic organizations within

the walls of his *Alma Mater*. And let him do so, not merely for the sake of the immediate good which he may obtain from such organizations, but let him do, so on principle, let him do so that he may be a living member of the student body, and not the dry, lopped off branch which is cast aside as being neither useful nor ornamental.

DEBATE.

As the season for organizing our debating societies approaches, new students and those who, in the past have not taken much interest in the societies would do well to think over the advantages of being an active member of a debating society. Debate is one of the important features of a university course. After the class-room, it holds first place as a means of development for young men. The foundation laid in the college course may be solid, a massive and complete structure may have been formed upon it by the pursuit of higher university studies, but all avail little if the student has neglected debating, and is at the end of his course, incapable of expressing his ideas. In truth, a course of studies is but a means to aid a man to attain his end, and to enable others to see more clearly, and to arrive at that common ultimate end for which all are created. If man is incapable of conveying his ideas to his fellow-men, no matter how learned he may become, he is of little benefit to society.

It does not suffice to belong to a debating club, each student must be an active member, he should take part in the debates and thus further the society's welfare. By debate the student is obliged to study his subject, to arrange his ideas in an orderly manner, to deliver them before his fellow-students. By so doing, a habit of order is created in the mind, and that timidity and

difficulty of expression, which is necessarily found in the young debater, gradually gives place to courage and self-possession.

A debate is not advantageous solely to those who participate in it, but to all who attend, for they often know little about the subject previous to its discussion. Each student should if possible, advocate that side of a question which he naturally espouses, and the subject should be given to those who would speak their true convictions, for or against, in compliance with the words so truly spoken, that the debater should utter the "verae voces ab imo pectore." Though all will not become orators, yet all can become good speakers, and no student need despair, however great his defects. If we are determined to become speakers, and take the required pains, the attainment of that aim lies within the reach of every student.

Debating has, in the past, taken a foremost place in Ottawa University. During the winter months no fewer than three well-organized debating societies have held weekly discussions. It is to be hoped that the importance of these societies will continue to be recognized, and their prosperity, if possible, increased. Success depends to a great extent on the committees chosen by the students. No class should elect a representative who is not willing to make some sacrifice of time and personal convenience, and to co-operate cordially with his fellow-members in bringing about spirited meetings, and securing attractions which will from time to time, vary the monotony of regular debates.

EVER ONWARD.

There is nothing in this world that does more to guarantee a man's success than perseverance, combined with sound sense. We hear of gifted men whose flights to fame were made with the greatest ease,

but generally these wonderful flights are imaginary rather than real. They usually owe their origin to the blind admiration of unthinking minds rather than to facts. Be they what they may, however, they offer very poor models for ordinary mortals to turn to.

The greatest orator among the ancient Greeks, conquered nature, and wrested from her a gift she seemed unwilling to bestow upon him. The world's conqueror, Napoleon, in his youth, planned, plotted and fought, and first failed, but persevering, planned again, fought again, and finally triumphed. The early struggles of the late lamented Irish leader, Parnell, offer another excellent example of what perseverance can do. Not only in the political world do we find the worth of perseverance exemplified, but in the world of science and art as well, and even in the lighter occupations of men, as in sports and pastimes.

Looking at the "living present" we see many remarkable men, some of whom will in future ages be spoken of as geniuses. Have any of them made their way to lofty places without long and arduous struggling? Within our own narrow circle, we have all seen brilliant comrades grow weary and drop out of the race, while their slower, but more persevering brothers moved onward and upward, till they seem to have achieved wonders. The constant drop wears away a stone, so does constant application of the mind clear away the greatest difficulties, so too does constant training of the body give it strength and grace, however weak and ungainly it may have been.

Perseverance is one of the great qualities the student should strive to acquire. He has many excellent opportunities of cultivating it. Immediate success sometimes fails to reward generous effort; hours and days occur when only great resolution

can secure application to books, and application does not seem necessary, just then, for ultimate success. Success, complete and lasting, will eventually be his who has learned to persevere in work in such circumstances. A victory over an inclination to discouragement or to ignoble ease, does more to develop pluck and manliness than do hours and days of congenial occupation. Push ever onward, let fortune smile or frown, inclination urge or retard, *labor improbus omnia vincit.*

BAD COMPANIONS.

A deplorable fact in our days is that a large percentage of those who are enclosed within the dark confines of prisons, is composed of those who have not yet passed beyond the years of tender childhood. It is natural to endeavor to find the causes of this sad state of affairs. Their name is legion, but we think that the most potent is bad company.

Bad companions are even as the locust-plague, "Like the Harpies, they smear everything that they touch with a miserable slime." A bad companion will not send one boy to perdition, he will draw in his train a numerous coterie, he will soon scatter broadcast his infernal plague and will bring sorrow to many a grief-stricken parent. The destructive rust spreads, and ere long corrodes the unalloyed metal of pure morals. All are aware of the baneful effects of a bad companion upon the character of an innocent youth. The latter first reluctantly yields to the influence of one, deep-dyed in the vices of the world, shortly the novelty wears off, he plunges deeper and deeper into vice, and at length falls a victim to unrestrained passions. How many an innocent youth, the hope and joy of a tender mother and a loving father, has bade adieu to the home in which he was taught to love virtue, and

detest vice, has entered the stern battle of life, and has had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a bad companion. The almost inevitable consequence is, that he falls a prey to this "wolf in sheep's clothing" and instead of being a source of consolation to his devoted parents in the evening of their lives, he darkens the sunset of their earthly career by his disgraceful conduct.

Bad companions are especially dangerous for the student. Every one of us, however limited may be his experience, can quote some examples to prove this statement. The hard-working, pains-taking student, casually meets a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, they enter upon a conversation; the latter adroitly manages to persuade the former to absent himself from an hour's study. When this is accomplished a few times the drone has won the victory. The formerly energetic student is persuaded to forsake the narrow and stony path that leads to knowledge and is induced to journey upon the broad and smooth way of ease and ignorance. This evil is all the more to be dreaded for it is a noteworthy fact that an idle student ever endeavors to insinuate himself into the good graces of a laborious one, for the very simple reason that he despises those of his own class.

Every student in choosing a companion is placed between two alternatives; on the one hand, bad companions and ignorance, on the other, good companions and knowledge. On such a question there can be no quibbling, the student makes his choice and must abide the consequence of his election. Students be cautious in selecting your companions! It is a golden rule, never to admit amongst the number of your friends, one whom you would be ashamed to introduce within the sacred precincts of your family circle.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Last month His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons celebrated the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the rank of a Bishop. Though the Cardinal himself wished to have only a private celebration, his priests would not allow such an opportunity to pass over quietly. They assembled in the Cathedral and celebrated the day as the Church usually does such days with Pontifical Mass and Vespers. At the High Mass, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, delivered a powerful sermon, during which he reviewed the life and labors of Cardinal Gibbons. Among the many gifts presented to the Cardinal was a jewelled case, from the Pope.

Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, thus discusses Alaska's wealth: "The country is rich in minerals of various kinds, and a great deal of money will be taken out of it during the next ten years by capitalists who are plucky enough to invest while the tide is running. The timber possibilities are also very promising. There is an abundance of spruce and cedar, both varieties attaining enormous size, and both very valuable timber. The salmon fisheries are also very noticeable commercial factors, and operated as they usually are with canning factories, they must naturally yield large profits to the investors." He thinks American capital can be safely invested in Alaska, with reasonable certainty of profitable returns.

The Catholic Poles have now become so numerous in Boston, that they have been given a priest of their own nationality to minister to their spiritual wants. Rev. John Chmielinski, is the name of their pastor.

The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, Liverpool, Eng., announces that the Rev. P. Gugliemoti a Dominican, has just published the tenth and last volume of a most remarkable work entitled "History of the Pontifical Navy." The reverend gentleman began his work by studying his subject under all its aspects, and composed a navy dictionary, which is considered by competent judges to be, the most important work of its kind extant.

The Holy Father has sent a congratulatory brief to the learned writer.

By the death of Marshal McMahon, France loses one of her greatest field generals and bravest soldiers. He entered the military school of St. Cyr, while very young and after graduating in 1830 entered active service in the Algerian wars. In 1855, he led the attack on the Malakoff, in the assault on Sebastopol. For his bravery in that charge he received the cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1859 he won the victory of Magenta, for which Emperor Louis Napoleon made him Field Marshal and Duke of Magenta. In his campaign against Germany, McMahon's plans were over-ruled by the feeble French Emperor, who, coerced by political warriors, insisted on holding nominal command of the army; thus the brave general suffered many reverses. The French people, however, appreciated his worth and in 1873, elected him President of the Republic, an office that he held for six years. McMahon was a soldier of the true Christian type, without fear or reproach. He died on the 17th of October at the age of 85 years.

With the news of the death of Marshal McMahon also comes that of the death of Charles Gounod, the celebrated French composer. "Among the worthiest and most beautiful of his unrivalled gems are masses and other religious compositions for the service of the Church. Gounod lived and died a fervent Catholic."—*S. H. Review.*

The members of the National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain, of which the Prince of Wales is the President, has sent to the leper settlement of Molokai, a large handsome stone cross which was erected at the settlement, Sept. 6th, in honor of Father Damien. The presentation was made by the under-secretary of the Foreign Office, and accepted by the Catholic Bishop of Panopolis.

UNIVERSITY BAND '93-'94.

Our Band for '93-'94, owing to several favorable circumstances starts out with exceptionally bright prospects. Rev.

Father Gervais, who in past years has won golden opinions both from the members of the Band and from the public, will continue as Director for the general practices and on public occasions. He will be assisted by Rev. O. Lambert, O.M.I., who will see that all members do what is expected of them. Under their joint leadership, and by good work on the part of the members, the Band will assuredly be the best that the University has seen for several years. The following is a list of its members:—

Clarinets—Messrs. Jos. Tassé, J. R. O'Brien, A. Keho, and F. Lappé.

Cornets—Messrs. W. Brophy, C. Keho, E. Mousseau, W. Trainor and Charlebois.

Altos—Messrs. E. Fleming, Qungley and G. Olivier.

Baritones—Rev. A. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., and Mr. A. Mackie.

Bases—Rev. O. Lambert, O.M.I., and Messrs. W. Herckenrath, M.A., Prenoveau and Proulx.

Drum—Mr. E. Tessier.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

SOUVENIR OF THE DEDICATION OF NEW ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH is the title of a handsome booklet prepared in the University. Among the excellent cuts which it contains are the portraits of the Archbishops of Ontario, Dr. Tabaret, Founder of the University, Dr. McGuckin, our Rector, and the venerable Pastor of St. Joseph's, Father Pallier. The *Souvenir's* literary work is, like its general appearance, tasty and elegant; a really beautiful feature is the happy grouping of appropriate illustrations around the touching verses entitled, "Twin Temples," reproduced from the last Christmas number of the OWL. The illustrations and historical sketches of Catholic institutions in Ottawa, which it contains, make the *Souvenir* worth having in every Catholic home in the Capital.

CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT, OR HOW THE PROBLEM WAS SOLVED, by Francis J. Finn, S.J., Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, publishers, 1893.

Father Finn's renown as a pleasing story-teller is so widespread that criticism

of this, his latest work, is unnecessary. Yet, where merit appears it should be awarded its due meed of praise. "Claude Lightfoot" is a thoroughly Catholic tale, Catholic in tone, in sentiment, and in sympathy. It is a page of college life, bright, pure, and intensely interesting, recounting the adventures of a boy at the opening of his school career, narrating the temptations to which he is subjected, his manner of conquering them with the help of God's grace, and describing his manly and successful efforts to walk the narrow way, notwithstanding the presence of circumstances unfavorable to his undertaking. Claude is a fine character, a splendid specimen of a clean-souled, joyous-hearted, athletic little fellow, growing into a perfect manhood under the fostering care of Catholic priests, and the guidance of his pious sister. A record of a college baseball match, and another of a fishing excursion during vacation, are little gems of description, and throughout the volume there runs a vein of quiet humor that serves to season the tale. Taken all in all, it is an entertaining book, and will prove profitable as well as amusing reading for Catholic youths.

THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW, issued monthly in university and college interests. The *University Review* springs into life from the ashes of the dead "College Fraternity" which limited its sphere of action to one single phase of college life—the Greek letter societies. In the new magazine these societies are not disregarded but are relegated to a special department. The object of the Review is to present to its readers a series of articles, not only upon the different universities of the United States, but also upon those of foreign lands. The leading article of the October number is the first of a series upon that far-famed institution—the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne was established by a pious and learned priest, Robert, who became known by the name of his native hamlet, Sorbon. The Sorbonne was soon acknowledged to be the foremost school of theology in France. Old age, the destroyer of all human institutions, has placed its mark upon this monumental pile of buildings and they have been torn

down to make way for a magnificent structure that is now in the course of erection. The church, however, which was built by the famous Cardinal Richelieu and contains his tomb, is to be spared. The writer of this paper must be congratulated for his broad and liberal-minded views.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for September has outdone all contemporary magazines in the matter of World's Fair literature. Not one essay alone does it give on this much talked of and written about subject, but the whole number is devoted to White City descriptions and the issue is certainly the best souvenir of the Fair that one can have. The great undertaking is viewed in its every phase and every phase is presented by a different observer. John Brisben Walker, the editor, contributes "The World's College of Democracy." Mr. Walker treats the World's Fair as a large university whither the democracy goes to receive an education in ethics, politics, art and science. Walter Besant, the great novelist, gives "A First Impression" in his usual pleasing style. "Never before, in any age, in any country, has there been so wonderful an arrangement of lovely buildings as at Chicago in the present year of grace," is what Mr. Besant says of the Fair buildings. Julian Hawthorne contributes "Foreign Folks at the Fair," Murat Halstead, "Electricity at the Fair," and Ex-President Harrison furnishes an article on "Points of Interest." Besides these mentioned, there are six articles, all treating of the Fair. Then there are some good stories: "Joe," by William R. Lighton, "Is he living or is he dead," by Mark Twain, and "A Traveller from Altraria," by W. D. Howell. The engraving of the number is exceptionally fine. There are nearly one hundred half-tone cuts, some half page, some full page, and presenting to the reader as many different views of Chicago's famous Fair. The annual subscription of \$1.50 is a mere nominal one, and 12½ cents goes but a very short way towards paying for the excellent work done on the World's Fair number. This number has already run through three editions. No better time than in the year of the World's Fair could the *Cosmopolitan* have chosen to

give to the world such a marvel in the line of magazines.

EXCHANGES.

The *Varsity* of Toronto University is a newsy little Journal yet it is too light and unassuming to properly reflect the thought and doings of the great institution whence it hails. It contains but few literary and scientific essays, and scarcely any original poetry.

There is much about the *McGill Fortnightly* that pleases us. It records the doings of McGill students neatly and concisely. Its articles are short and spicy. However, here and there in its columns, there is a decided lack of good taste.

Climate, say the wise ones, has a great influence over man's temperament, under a warm climate grains, fruits, etc., mature faster than in a cooler locality. On perusing the columns of the *Athenaeum*, from the sunny plains of West Virginia, one would be inclined to think that human beings mature faster in the South than in the North. The editors of the *Athenaeum* have a word of advice for everyone. In their journal they give practical lessons, not only to their fellow students but also to their professors, aye they even throw out some useful hints to the very statesmen of the great American Republic.

The *Red and Blue*, impresses as favorably. Its verse is particularly good. Two or three of its stories are fairly interesting. The *Red and Blue*, offers two prizes for the best and second best stories written by any student of the institution whence it comes. The prizes will be fifteen and ten dollars respectively. Such an offer seems to us highly commendable and deserving of imitation by other college journals.

The editors of the *Coby Echo*, intend this year "to allow the so-called articles of the Rhetoric and Literature Department remain undisturbed in their wane barrels and obtain material at first-hand only." If students after studying literature and rhetoric for three or four years are not

able to write a readable article on a literary topic, we ask what practical use do such students intend to make of the studies they have pursued?

In the *Cadet* appears a first class article entitled "The Advantages of a Technical or Scientific over a Classical Education." The writer's style is pleasing, and his arguments lucid. We do not agree with his conclusions. He seems to ignore the fact that in every community there must necessarily be leading minds to supervise and direct the community to its proper end. The object of classical education is to train such leading minds. In his opinion, education seems to be merely a means whereby personal gain and success is to be obtained.

The *Abby Student* is before us. The article entitled "Hamlet" displays deep thought and nice discernment. We wish to compliment the *Student* on the number of articles it contains written and signed by students. It is impossible to know who is the author of much of what is written in many of our exchanges. Why do student amateur journalists place their light under a bushel? Why do they not come out boldly with their names and classes?

SPORTING NOTES.

OTTAWA CITY VS. OTTAWA VARSITY.

On Wednesday, November 1st, on the College Grounds, Ottawa City and Varsity played the first of a series of games to decide the city championship. The Ottawas had beaten Varsity in the last practice game on the Metropolitan Grounds by a score of 6 to 4, and they had also defeated the Toronto city aggregation in a stubbornly contested game, so that they went on the field fully confident that they would win a decisive victory and settle the question of which is the better team. But alas, for the vanity of human hopes! They left the field defeated by a score of 16 to 2. The Ottawas had made some changes which they thought would strengthen their team; Hugh Carson of lacrosse fame was looked upon as a decided acquisition, but his work showed that he was not in condition and was

unfamiliar with the game. Russell at half back was looked upon as a star but he also failed to shine. On the whole, the Ottawas weakened their team by would-be improvements. The Varsity boys on the contrary were even stronger than ever, Lee and Vincent on the wing were in their old time form and Ed. Murphy at half-back is a decided gain.

From the start of the game Varsity rushed the ball into Ottawa territory and by good kicking among the college backs the ball was sent over the Ottawa goal line and the Ottawas were forced to rouge. Lee, by a beautiful run, scored a touch-down and Guillet converted it into a goal. The Ottawas managed to secure two rouges before time was up and the half ended 8 to 2 in Varsity's favor.

In the second half the play became somewhat rough and squabbles were frequent. This a decidedly unpleasant feature especially in what is supposed to be a friendly game, and referee should do all in their power to avert it. Those who were mostly accountable for the roughness were the wing men. Before time was called Varsity added 8 points to their score and the game ended, Varsity 16 Ottawa 2.

Mr. W. C. Little of the O.A.A.A. was referee and Mr. L. Kehoe of the O.U.A.A. was umpire. The teams were:

Ottawas. Kavanaugh, Russell, Ketchum, Codd, Young, Shea, Pullford, Curtis, Lay, Fosberry, Chittick, F. McDougal, Cameron, Bradley and H. Carson.

Varsity. Belanger, Troy, Ed. Murphy, Gleeson, Dandurand, Lee, O'Brien, Foley, Prudhomme, Clancy, Lévesque, Joe. McDougal and Vincent.

MONTREAL VS. OTTAWA UNIVERSITY AT MONTREAL.

On Saturday, November 4th Varsity went to Montreal to have a friendly game with their old rivals, the Montrealers. The weather was all that could be desired for a football game, as it was warm enough for the spectators and cool enough for the players. The wind was not strong enough to influence the play in any way, and the sun never in the least bothered the contestants. The spectators did honor to their city by giving a hearty welcome to the visitors and cheering them

for every good play. The home team also deserve the greatest credit for the gentlemanly and courteous manner in which they treated the Varsity boys both on and off the field.

The game was throughout open and swift. There was an agreeable lack of that incessant scrimmaging and falling on the ball, which so often renders a rugby match uninteresting. The backs on both sides were sure in catching and accurate in kicking. Fry for Montreal made some phenomenal catches and swift returns: whereas Gleeson for Varsity was a model of coolness and good judgment in his running, passing and kicking, Ed. Murphy and Dandurand also played in fine form: for during the whole game neither of them made an error. Troy played a brilliant game, but at times he made some dangerous mistakes by kicking the ball on the roll, and by not being in his position. Amongst Montreal's forwards Higginson did effective work in tackling and Baird and O'Brien made some splendid runs.

The college forwards played a swift and determined game. The heeling out was sure and the passing out from the line effective as Varsity generally ground on the throw out by not losing time.

Toward the end of the second half they showed lack of condition. On the whole both teams were very evenly matched and this, along with the fact that the game was open and clean throughout, accounts for the enthusiasm which was displayed from start to finish.

The referee Dr. Walker, and the umpire Mr. McDougall gave the utmost satisfaction. The teams were:

VARSITY.		MONTREAL.	
Belanger	Back	Branch	
Dandurand	} Half-backs	Savage	
Gleeson		Fry	
Ed. Murphy		Scagram	
Troy	Quarter-backs	Ward	
Clancy	} Forwards	Jamieson	
Gobeil		G. James	
Guillet		H. Routh	
McCready		Poff	
Vincent	} Wings	Armstrong	
J. McDougall		Higginson	
Prudhomme		Buchanan	
Lee		Baird	
O'Brien		James	
Lévesque		O'Brien	

'Varsity gained the toss and played down field with the wind which was slight. From the kick off Montreal rushed the ball down into 'Varsity but it returned by a neat punt from Gleeson. The play was up and down field for some time, both sides punting and catching with great accuracy. The Montrealers at length forced the ball over 'Varsity goal line by a splendid punt from Fry and Belanger was obliged to rouge. But the college boys now rushed matters and brought the pig-skin into dangerous proximity to the Montreal goal-line. From a throw-out 'Varsity passed back and Troy punted over the line and Ward rouged. The spectators were now thoroughly aroused and the excitement grew apace. For some time after this the ball travelled up and down with surprising rapidity as the backs on both sides never failed to catch or kick. Danourand made a beautiful run, and it looked as though he would secure a try, but Fry was equal to the occasion and brought him down. The collegians steadily worked the ball down field till there was a scrimmage near the Montreal line. From the heel-out Troy passed to Murphy who dropped a goal. The score now stood College 6 Montreal 1. But this did not last long. The Montrealers soon sent the ball up field and Baird by a fine run brought the ball over the line, but was forced into touch-in goal. Before going in, however he touched the ball down and the referee allowed the try. Fry failed to convert it into a goal and the half ended 6 to 5 in favor of 'Varsity.

In the second-half the play was even faster and more interesting. Montreal easily secured a rouge, making the score six to six. From this until within a few minutes of the call of time the ball shot back and forward between the backs and the play was swift and hard. The spectators were wild with enthusiasm and the players were straining every nerve to win. It was really a battle of giants. Just six minutes more to play. Montreal made a beautiful pass out, Baird got the ball, started down the field like a deer, and crossed the line, a try for Montreal. It was all up with 'Varsity. The immense strain of the last half hour was relieved, but they were beaten. They tried hard to rush the ball into Montreal territory

and save off defeat, but it was useless. The Montrealers, just before the whistle blew, secured another try but failed to kick the goal, and the finest rugby game of the year ended. Montreal 15, Ottawa 'Varsity 6.

At a meeting held to organize the third teams and to arrange a schedule of matches for them for the fall and spring the following gentlemen were elected a committee of management: Messrs. Murphy, Fitzpatrick, Walsh, Smith and Keilty. The schedule drawn out for the fall between three teams captained by Messrs. Murphy, Walsh and Fitzpatrick, was as follows:—

Murphy..... Fitzpatrick.
 Fitzpatrick..... Walsh.
 Walsh..... Murphy.
 Murphy..... Fitzpatrick.
 Fitzpatrick..... Walsh.
 Walsh..... Murphy.

The first two games in the series have been won by Fitzpatrick's team. The interest manifested by the young footballers is gratifying to note, and the work done proves that 'Varsity will have good material from which to choose in the selection of future first teams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

We are pleased to be able to note that our remarks of last month regarding the lack of enthusiasm among the officers of the J. A. A. have had an effect, to some extent at least, upon those towards whom they were directed. On the morning after the publication of our last number, a decided change seemed to come over the juniors and a greater interest in the different athletic sports was manifested. The animation and activity of the present month presents a pleasing contrast to the dullness and inertia of the one immediately preceding it. It is well that such is the case. If it were otherwise we should have either to put our threat to resign into execution, or to have recourse to the authority we possess, of declaring the several offices vacant, and of issuing writs for a new election. This no doubt, by a certain section of the juniors would have been considered *ultra vires*, but we are informed by the ex-assistant junior editor,

who knows whereof he speaks, that our action would have been sustained by a very large majority of the student body. However, the rapid change that has taken place has rendered these extreme measures on our part unnecessary, and we believe that the effect produced will convince those, who have heretofore been at all sceptical, that the influence possessed by the junior editor is by no means a minus quantity.

In reply to the advertisement in our last number, for an assistant junior editor, seventy-three applications have been received. The position is evidently a very popular one, and rightly so. The apartments set apart for the holder of this office have been tastily fitted up, and a place has been secured at the head of the infirmary table. We had decided to accept the application of a gentleman from Syracuse, a young man of well-known musical abilities, but we are withholding the appointment for special reasons. To successfully fill this position it is absolutely necessary that the assistant editor devote to his duties his whole attention. We understand the afore-mentioned applicant is trying to raise a moustache, and is therefore disqualified *ipso facto*. If he is prepared to deny the rumor we shall be pleased to hear from him as soon as possible.

On Wednesday Nov. 1st, the Junior First team played a very interesting football match with a team from the city. The game was very close, the score being 1 to 1. Captain Martel at quarter, and Fortin at half showed up well. As did also Leclerc, Phaneuf and Morrison.

The Junior Third team, under the management of Captain Angers, defeated a city team on Nov. 4th, by a score of 14 to 0. The game was very rough. In the second half Fatty and Angers were slightly injured. The latter had to leave the field. "But" attributes the victory to the superior quality of the Tutti Frutti with which the players were plentifully supplied.

The members of the B. K. and C. H. Co., have been performing their duties more satisfactorily of late. A large number of the students consider this is greatly due

to Joe, who has been a "constant" attendant upon them for some time past.

Notice: The partnership heretofore existing between the Member for Pembroke and the Member for St. André de Avelin, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

Signed: The Minister of Agriculture.

Tim, is trying to introduce a new feature into football. It will necessitate an increase in the number of players, by one. The player in the new position is called the push. The adoption of the innovation would, we think, very much improve the game.

Texas, who is making a deep study of the habits of the wild-cat, tells us that this animal is very fond of pie.

Phillippe has sold his interest in the hand-ball alley to "Gilly." The latter took possession about two weeks ago.

The recent tick-tack tournament terminated in favor of Belanger by a score of 12 to 6 over Dempsey.

Fatty, put a tooth-pick in your place, please!

Charlebois, dribble the ball!

The following is the rank in the classes of the Commercial Course for the month of October:—

First Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. S. Tetu. 2. J. Burke. 3. C. Kavanaugh.
Second Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. L. Latour. 2. V. Lemay. 3. J. Tobin.
Third Grade B	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. Turcotte. 2. T. Bradley. 3. G. Casman.
Third Grade A	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. J. Stuber. 2. J. Dempsey. 3. P. O'Connor.
Fourth Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. D. Kearns, 2. E. Donegan. 3. J. Mortelle.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

J. P. Smith, F. McDougal and L. Phillion, all '93 men, are in a leading law office of this city.

Gerald Lonergan and A. Dufrésne, who were at one time members of the civil engineering class, are now completing their studies at McGill University.

S. J. McNally, of the class of '90, successfully passed his final medical examination last spring and is now practicing in Michigan.

P. J. Cullen, '93, is teaching in Detroit, Mich.

Owen Clark, who was last year captain of the 'Varsity fifteen, is pursuing his theological studies in Baltimore Seminary.

L. Jacques, of last year's graduating class, is studying medicine at Laval.

T. A. Troy has a position on the staff of the *Ottawa Daily Citizen*.

R. W. Ivers, '91, W. J. Leonard and C. Valcourt, are studying medicine in Baltimore.

S. J. Hallissey is attending the theological course of studies in Baltimore Seminary.

J. J. Meagher, H. J. Canning, and I. A. French, all members of last year's graduating class, are theological students in the Grand Seminary of Montreal.

Four erstwhile Ottawa College students figure on the McGill College Foot-ball team: C. Gaudet, '94, who captains the team, W. S. Proderick, of last year's graduating class, C. Sparrow, of last year's matriculating class, and P. Brunelle, who matriculated in '92. Of the four C. Gaudet is studying law, and the other three are medical students. J. Tierney and F. Keenan, two of last year's matriculants, are also studying medicine at McGill.

Of the two Coyne brothers who were such prominent members of our last year's Dramatic Association, Henry studies theology at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and James is studying medicine in Michigan University.

F. Owens, '92, is following a course of medicine in New York city.

W. McNally, at one time a member of the class of '91, is completing his last year in the medical course of Bishop's College.

A. Archambault and O. Paradis are preparing to become members of the bar of Quebec.

SUBRIDENDO.

ICH BIN DEIN.

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deux ;
He no pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,
" Non possum both avoir ;
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls ;
Et both sunt very agathae,
Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philouñ the duo maids ;
Resolved proponere to Kate
Before this evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there ;
Kai quite forgot his late resolve
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed similing on the new tapis
Between puellas twain ;
Coepit to tell his love to Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes ;
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow.
With cheeks as rouge as wine ;
And offering each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered " Ich bin dein."

—Selected.

ULULATUS.

Foot-and-a-half ; who's down ?

" Indade I won't," said the Kingstonian.

The way those buns disappeared, the lad from
the Emerald Isle seems to have a bon *appetit*.

The night of October 31st was rather a hollow
eve in the College ; nothing in it at all.

It was too fishy for the Montrealers to meet a
Shark on the football field.

Professor : Mr.——How does it come that
you got such a beautiful translation of Livy this
morning ?

Dull Student : By--by reading often my *Hor(a).e.*

The only difference between one of our students
and our Thanksgiving turkey is, the one is a bony
turk, while the other is a *Tony B.*

Billy the Kid claims that Washington Cyclopean
is ready for all comers.

The indignant second form attribute their
recent defeat to the Looney referee and the
Fo(o)ley umpire.

Sandy and Herbie were the head-lights of the
banquet.

AN ODE TO VANDERBILT'S COLLAR.

O ! chaste six inches of snowy linen,
Which took ten days of earnest spinning,
To give to thee thy form,
And now you deck the long, lean neck,
Of a millionaire, true born.

II.

When first you from my loom I took
On your perfect form I long did look
O'erjoyed with your appearance,
But your lofty place, neath such a face,
Makes me sad beyond endurance.

III.

O ! Spotless collar of thee I sing
Thou art dear to Van—as his diamond ring,
Which cost a little fortune,
But with howling cries, we sympathize
With you in your distortion.

IV.

When persons see you from afar
They think a white-washed fence you are,
Or a penitentiary wall,
So shake that collar, though it cost a dollar
And the lads shall cease to bawl.

Our footballers say Kingston is not like Chicago
—It has no fair grounds.

R——e got a haircut.

There's a Woolie here from Cambridge
He is a dead-game sport,
He'll take a hand in any game,
But football is his forte.
He tackles low, like Lee he runs,
And the ambition of his dream
Is, when he goes home to Cambridge
He may play on Harvard's team.

That collar again
Some say 'tis to fence in sheep
And truly o'er it no sheep could leap.

As a compromise we have inserted the above
verses on the collar, and unless poems on this sub-
ject cease to pour in we shall have to keep our
mail-box locked as we must keep space in it to
receive our ordinary mail matter.