

THE OWL.

VOL. IV.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 6

PENELOPE.



N the spacious banquet-hall of the absent Odysseus, ranged round the festive boards, are the suitors, who hail from many lands; some from Dulichium, others from Samos, others again from Zacynthus, and from Ithaca itself others still. The tables groan beneath the weight

of savoury viands; the ruby grape-juice flows in streams; the rafters and armour-hung walls ring with the lay of the inspired Phemius, as he sings the return of Greece's victorious sons from fated Iliion. The heart-stirring strains rise to the apartments above, where Penelope sits with her maidens engaged in the work of the loom. Among the deeds of mighty heroes before the Trojan gates the song recounts those of Odysseus, and thus brings to the sorrow-stricken queen the remembrance of her lord, strong of arm, and wise of word. The very mention of that dear name recalls such sad memories that she cannot bear to hear it. Accompanied by her maids, and bathed in tears, she descends to the banquet-hall, and impertunes Phemius to desist from the recital of this tale, which rends her heart. Telemachus tells her that the bard is inspired, that if the lay causes her grief, the gods are to blame; then bids her retire from the reveling of men, and apply herself to her womanly duties. The harshness of tone strikes a discordant note in our minds, and recalls forcibly the classic ideal of womanhood, and our Christian one. She receives his words with deference, and returns to her apartments, but not to the loom. The image of Odysseus rises up before her mind, as

she knew him in glorious manhood, before disastrous war tore him from her bosom, and opens the flood-gates of her sorrow. Her tears refuse to be restrained, until Athené soothes her heart in sweet slumber.

Thus does Homer introduce to us one of the most lovable characters fashioned by the genius of man; the noblest ideal of a perfect wife and mother. Here, however, we find no detailed description of her person. Minute word portraits are foreign to Homer's art. His characters manifest themselves by their action. As we study the action, the hero or heroine, as the case may be, is clothed with a personality suited to the action, and varying as regards minor details with the imagination of the reader. Those hair-strokes in the portraying of persons, which are deemed so essential by modern writers, appeared to Homer superfluous. Therefore, we search in vain through the *Odyssey* for a minute description of Penelope's personal appearance; yet do we know that she is beautiful. A few touches here and there, a single epithet, "queenly," "fair," suffices. The rest of the picture is easily filled out by the reader's own fancy, especially when considering the impression which her noble presence makes on all that enter the magic circle of its influence. The pivotal point in Penelope's character is her heart, so strong in its noble affections. Love is the mainspring of all her actions, and the source of all her misery. This love was central in two objects—Odysseus, her absent lord, and Telemachus, her darling boy. It sprang, in the first place, from the very nature of the heroine, which was sweet, mild and gentle, ore of the natures, which, like the vine, must have something

to cling to, else they wither and die. But though gentle and submissive, her feelings find ready and forcible utterance when the occasion demands. Her age knew nothing of that self-repression which modern society imposes especially on the fairer sex, and which accounts for the number of icebergs one meets on the social high seas of the present period. In the days of the *Odyssey* it was different; noble blood had not then been thinned by luxury and licentiousness, and the passions and sentiments were strong in the offspring of princes. But this is only one of the jewels that civilization has dropped on the path of progress. Penelope's emotions are all strong. In her anger and indignation at the suitors, she will burst forth like a mountain storm, the whirlwinds of her passion tearing away the obstacles which calmer reason may oppose, as when nearly distracted by the news of Telemachus' departure she bids a servant haste and inform Laertes of the fact, and implore his aid. In a calmer mood, she would at once see that the old man could be of no assistance. Her maid, Euryclea, who is not overcome by passion, reminds her of the uselessness of such a proceeding, and advises her to supplicate the gods instead, who will render her assistance in the trying hour. Her grief is always most poignant, and torrents of tears are continually furrowing her fair cheeks. But when some new and awful danger presents itself, as when she hears of the suitors' plot to assassinate Telemachus, her agony is such that she casts herself on the floor as though deranged, and finally faints away. When her joy rises highest, as when she meets Telemachus returned, and again when she is assured that the slayer of the suitors is her own Ulysses returned after so many years of cruel separation, her feelings so overcome her that she loses the power of speech and swoons away. All her emotions and passions, then, are strongly marked. But stronger, greater than all, transcending all other was her love for her husband and her son.

This deep affection for Ulysses, which springs naturally from her loving heart is, moreover, in keeping with the noble object on which it is lavished. He was a right royal hero, indeed, a favourite in the camp and at the court. When Telemachus went in search of him, old Nestor told the

young prince that Ulysses and he had never been divided in council, and that they bore a brotherly affection for each other; not only this, but that no man was ever loved by an immortal, as was Ulysses by Athené. When the youth proceeded to the Spartan court, Menelaus, speaking of his father, said that of all the griefs he bore, the murder of Agamemnon, and the pollution of that prince's home, and the death of all the Grecian chiefs who left their bones to moulder around the walls of Troy, none preyed upon him so much as did his ignorance of Ulysses' fate. Eumæus and his other faithful servants are always loud in his praise as a kind master; and the joy of his old dog Argus on seeing him returned, forms one of the most beautiful and affecting passages in the poem: He was remarkable for his delicacy towards women, and his good-fellowship among men. In addition to these good qualities, he was one of the most pious of the chiefs; and possessed to an extraordinary degree the two great requisites in those days for a man, namely, wisdom in council, and strength on the field of battle. But above all, his home affections, his love for his wife and child, shone resplendent. Even Calypso failed to retain him in her halls. No wonder that Penelope should love such a man. This love is the source of all her grief. She could have become the spouse of almost any prince of Greece; but she could not bear the thought of being the wife of any other than Ulysses,

"His country's buckler and the Grecian boast."

The continued presence of the suitors and their importunities puzzle her as to how she may delay a marriage with one of them. Her ignorance of Ulysses' whereabouts, and the waste of her son's substance keep the cup of her agony full to the brim. She has her own *Odyssey* at home, one of awful, smothered suffering, and deep-seated despair. Her continual grief might, in another poet, be tedious, and even in Homer would be such, were it not supported by a queenly dignity which renders it the more affecting. The poet, also, seeing that nature could not endure such a continuance of poignant grief, introduces Minerva as casting sweet sleep over Penelope, and sending her dreams of good omen, whenever she becomes completely exhausted. But in

the picturing of her wild sadness, and her heart-sickness from hope deferred, Homer has given us some of his most touching conceptions. For instance, when all other expedients for the delay of the hated marriage are exhausted, and she goes in search of Ulysses' bow to test by it the suitors' strength, she takes it from the hook, where it has hung so long, and sitting down upon a stool, she bathes it with her tears, and caresses it as if it were the hero himself. Again is there a lovely picture presented to us, when we see her in the dead of night, unable to sleep, with her surging thoughts, going out on the roof, and there, in the excess of her grief crying out to the stars that twinkle and glitter far above her. Such scenes as these stir the heart and move us to tears. There is nothing cold in their description; everything is warm and glowing. And what would appear affectation in another character, in Penelope is simple nature.

Her thoughts continually feed upon the hero; whenever she appears, she speaks between her sobs of nought but him; and is so engrossed by these thoughts that she lives a sort of ideal existence.

We see her move around through the palace, from her apartments to the banquet hall and back again, up and down that stair-case, until we almost grow familiar with her step. But all this moving around and attending to her household duties form the mechanical part of her existence. Her real life is within herself, and is bound up in the thoughts of Odysseus.

The parting words of Odysseus as he pressed her to his breast were always ringing in her ears: "Take care of Telemachus." Nobly has she fulfilled his commands as regards her son. Notwithstanding the presence of the suitors and the insolence of the servants, she succeeded in bringing Telemachus to man's estate all that his father would desire. No thoughts of self occupied her mind or prompted any of her actions.

Her moral character is well preserved throughout, and stands out in striking contrast with the degradation of her unfortunate sister Clytemnestra, who looms up once in a while in the poem; and with that of the weak though beautiful Helen—not the Helen of the Odyssey, but the Helen of the Iliad. Though the same, these two are different.

The heroine of the Iliad is far from being a model of virtuous womanhood. Through her weakness, she falls a prey to godlike beauty and manlike seductions. In the Odyssey she has repented of the follies of her youth, is once more the queenly consort of Menelaus, and for any indiscretion she may have committed, the gods are blamed.

Whereas Penelope is so sensitive in her spotless purity and modesty of demeanor, that we never see her enter the banquet-hall alone; she is always accompanied by her maids; she says herself that "it is not meet that she should be seen, alone, unguarded, in the walks of men." Even when Ulysses disguised as the old beggar converses with her, she bids the maids place the stools at proper distance for conversation.

Her fidelity to her husband through all these long years is the most remarkable and admirable trait in her character. Twenty years are a long time, in which many memories can be effaced, and many passions become cold. But increasing years only strengthened Penelope's loyal affection. And yet no woman's love was ever put to such a test. In the first place she had every reason to believe Ulysses dead; and knew that the people expected her to marry one of the numerous nobles who sought her hand. In the next place, these suitors were wasting the substance of Telemachus in such a prodigal manner that, however great his wealth, it must soon be expended. The only way to save her son from ruin was to marry one of them.

A strange mode of wooing they had in those days. No less than one hundred and eighteen suitors besieged the palace, made themselves quite at home there, gave Penelope to understand that they were prepared for an extended siege, and would, if necessary, starve the garrison out. This they proceeded to do forthwith. They instituted a system of perpetual banquetting that bespeaks a digestive capacity such as we, of the nineteenth century, are unacquainted with. If they did not happen to be eating or drinking, they played quoits and hurled the spear to whet up another appetite. Consequently, the flocks and herds were fast disappearing before the insatiate greed, and as they grew not again like the crops, they were an irreparable loss. For being rivals, these suitors agreed wonderfully well,

never a fight about the fair queen disturbed their life of mirth. They appeared well satisfied with everything around them, and especially with the bounty of their festive board. Nor is it unlikely that to some the good cheer they found in the palace proved a greater attraction than the hand of the fair queen itself. Yet, with all their large number and extensive influence, the wealth and splendor of some and the noble lineage of others, and above all, the unfeigned admiration which all show to the object of their quest, prove beyond peradventure that to their eyes the noble spouse of Ulysses, irrespective of her wealth and regal dignity, was a prize such as could not be found throughout the land.

The incredulity with which Penelope receives any tidings of the hero forms a peculiar trait in her character. She is always ready to listen to any news of him, but if the news should point to his early return, she discredits it. She is afraid to express any hope of Ulysses' returning, lest she should be disappointed, and cast into deeper gloom than before. She deceives herself about her own feelings. Though she would persuade herself that all hope of his return is in vain, down at the bottom of her heart a lingering ray still survives. She will credit neither Telemachus, nor the old beggar (Ulysses), nor even her old and trusted servant Euryclea, when they bid her hope, or tell her that her long-lost lord is actually present. When Euryclea informs her of Ulysses' return, and of his slaying of the suitors, she tells her it cannot be he, but that it must be a god who has assumed his form. Even when placed face to face with the returned hero, resplendent in that godlike beauty bestowed upon him by Minerva, her greeting is cooler than we expect. Some critics hold that this interview lacks the fire and interest that should characterize it. But this is an injudicious contention. It must be borne in mind that, though love is the dominant sentiment in the heroine, it is controlled by a noble prudence, and a lofty dignity.

She had been so long separated from Ulysses, that she had grown to think it impossible that he should ever return: her mind was thrown into such a turmoil by the late events in the palace that she could not at once collect her thoughts; her love prompted her to rush into the arms of him who claimed her as his own, and there in a few moments live all the joys of the twenty lost years; but her prudence held her back, reminding her of Helen's fate on account of her want of caution.

She had no tangible proof of Ulysses' identity. She had not seen the scar on his leg, as had Euryclea. She had been told that he had slain all the suitors, and sent their souls to Hades. How could any but a god perform such a mighty deed? Homer would not have been true to the character had he made her at once throw down that prudent reserve which through her long trial had so nobly sustained her. But when at last the evidence is forced upon her yearning heart, that it is really Ulysses, her long-lost lord who stands before her, she gives full scope to her pent-up love, and from the excess of joy, she swoons away on his breast.

And in the radiance of that sacred hour she stands before us as the noblest type of her sex that pagan antiquity has bequeathed to us. Through the mist of ages her gentleness, her purity, her unalterable affection, and, more than all, her unswerving fidelity to duty, stand out from the pages of that marvellous book, as anticipations of that still brighter and loftier ideal of womanhood Christianity was to reveal to the world.

It, furthermore, gives evidence, that these elements of life and character that come nearest to our christian ideal, are the ones that furnish art with its noblest conceptions; and Homer's creations throughout bear witness that true genius when left to its own natural guidance, unbiassed by the cavilling sophistries of warring schools, will only among such find food for its inspiration.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.

DEATH AND BIRTH.

(FOR THE "OWL.")

The house is silent for the night ;
 The blinds are down ; the inmates sleep ;
Without, the wind, with footsteps light,
 Flits softly on from deep to deep ;
The while, within, the human breath
Flits on, flits on, from birth to death.

From birth to death ? Ah, surely no !
 Far rather say, from death to birth :
We die into this world of woe,—
 A breath from Heaven, just touching earth,—
And, breathing on while Death doth sleep,
Are borne again unto The Deep.

FRANK WATERS.

Cornwall, Ont., 15th Jan., '91.

ST. BENOIT-JOSEPH RETREAT.

" Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately and fair,
 And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountain, and air,
 With wonder's soul near you,
 To share with, and cheer you,
 Make Paradise there."



WHENEVER I read those lines of Thos. Davis I am reminded of a spot on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about five miles from Montreal; and whenever I see that spot I am reminded of those lines of the "Minstrel of

Mallow." Leaving behind us the clash and bustle, the dust and smoke, the eternal hurry and clatter of the commercial metropolis, we emerge, tired and weary with the strife of daily struggles, into the almost absolute repose that seems like the fabled Halcyon to hover about this delightful place. Seated upon a rock and gazing upon the giant sweep of the great water below one feels a new life, while the flood itself is an image unalterable of life. There, of a summer evening, one might forcibly recall that picture in Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity," when he speaks of "the sun setting slowly in the West, the moon rising calmly in the East, immensity above us and immensity below; it would seem as if the Almighty were bending over the abyss, staying the sinking sun with one hand, raising the trembling moon with the other, and lending, through all space, an attentive ear to the suppliant voice of his creatures." Far away to the north the blue and distant Laurentians fringe the horizon and intermingle with the clouds of heaven; off to the south-east the evening star, sole one of the celestial throng yet visible, hangs over the huge head of Belœil—like Coleridge's vision of dawn in the vale of Chamouni. South-west rises the glittering spire of Longueuil's magnificent temple, scintillating in the departing rays, and rising an emblem of existence—crushing with its ponderous base the enmities of life and pointing, with its cross-capt summit, to the regions of peace and eternal love. Around and far away, stretch fer-

tile fields, broad acres, wooded hills and verdant vales, dotted with cozy cottages or more conspicuously marked by wealthy homesteads. Away down the river, from between the hamlet of Varennes and the Church of Pointe-aux-Trembles, rises a column of smoke; approaching slowly but surely, like Israel's pillar of old, it towers into the amber air. It is from the funnel of an ocean steamer—majestically the huge courier of the deep ascends until all its grand proportions stand out distinctly defined against the sky. From a little distance comes wafted on the evening breeze, the refrain of the raftsmen's song, and still more sweetly falls the toll of the Angelus from the silver-like bell of Boucherville's pretty church. Well might Moore have sung of this scene:—

" I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,
 Above the tall elms that a cottage was near:
 And I thought, if there's peace to be found in this
 world,
 For the heart that is humble, it surely is here!"

Although the ubiquitous genius of progressive civilization—as moderns call it—has not yet marred the scene nor disturbed its holy repose, still the angel of Christian charity has spread its wings over the place and beneath their shelter a glorious institution has sprung into existence—an institution destined some day with proper encouragement—to prove a boon to the country and a source of blessings to its inhabitants. There are some whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry and the steam-engine; but there is another standard more lasting whereby the thoughtful measure the strides of a nation's advancement. Along the highway of progress the institutions, educational, charitable and religious, are the milestones that indicate the march of progress. It is a people's duty to preserve and guard them where they are to be found, and to establish and foster them where the field is yet unoccupied.

One lustrum ago and the place above feebly described was unmarked by any such index of general advancement; a little while since and the Brothers of Charity, whose mission is to care for the physically and mentally weak, to raise fallen humanity, to encourage and guide wavering nature, going forth in search of pastures new, where their ministering care might be required, were led by Providence to this beautiful, romantic and picturesque spot; and there they laid the foundation of that grand and massive structure that rises, in elegant proportions, from yonder slope and whose turrets are crowned with the emblem of all Love, Truth, Charity and Salvation. The long windows of the elegant chapel tell the stranger that Religion has found an abode within those walls and that Faith abides in its sanctuary. While the tinkle of its bell calls the dark-cloaked religious to devotion beneath the frescoed dome of that little temple, we might steal in for a few moments and ramble through the lengthy corridors. It will not be an intrusion!

How white and clean everything seems: the high, airy rooms, the lengthy well-lighted halls, the scrubbed floors and polished ceilings, the bath-rooms, refectories, billiard-halls and even cellars. Coils of pipes tell that winter's severities are not felt, washing machinery tells that cleanliness is the first rule of the place. There is a member of the community at hand quite prepared to afford us all the information required. Let us ask him what is the object of the establishment.

"Our mission," says the brother, "is to study the infirmities of life and then to utilize our knowledge by applying it to the care of those mentally or physically tottering. You have prisons for the guilty and asylums for the mad, but where else can you find the proper treatment for the mild maniac, the victim of alcohol, the epileptic, the idiotic or homeless? I speak not of the indigent: for them there are refuges enough, but I mean those whom old age or weariness of life's battle renders restless in the world, and who have no means to procure the comforts of a home, free from the dangers that would surround them outside. There are sons of well-to-do families whose parents cannot keep them at home and will

not send them to public asylums; here they have protection and comfort, attendance and care. We have a regular daily visit from an experienced medical man, our brothers are trained to care and cure, if it is possible, the bodily sick or mentally weak."

"But," I would ask, "are sick and well, fools and sane persons, epileptics and retired business men or students all together?"

"By no means"—he replies: "We have wards in accordance with the number and variety of the patients; while the boarders—that is those who are merely seeking quiet and retirement have their rooms completely to themselves and their public apartments are secured from the intrusion or annoyance of those whose company they do not desire. We welcome Protestants as well as Catholics; but our house is essentially Catholic and the only one of its kind in Canada." Such would be about the sum and substance of the Brother's reply.

While we read so much about those excellent societies and institutions for the protection of animals, of children, of females, of social order, and I know not what else, might we not feel it a duty to write a few words about this society and institution for the special protection of humanity, of the infirm, the aged, the afflicted, the unfortunate? The epileptic is there tenderly cared for and protected against himself; the declining years of the friendless are softened by ease and attention; the dipsomaniac is restrained from those excesses which eventually kill the body and slay the soul—or else he is effectually cured by medical treatment and by moral suasion, until he is enabled to resume his station in life, master of his passions and conqueror of himself.

Glorious, picturesque spot! grand and noble institution that adorns it! The natural beauties of Long Point are worthy of this magnificent country; the natural and super-natural blessings of St. Benoit-Joseph's Retreat are their fit companions. May no desecrating hand ever mar the splendors of the one; may no profane iconoclasm ever frustrate the beneficent design of the latter! Such are the hope, desire and prayer of a true

THYENDAGA.

Translated from the story of an Indian as given in a New York paper.

BY VERY REV. AENEAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL.D.

In wild Muskoka's rocky bounds
 An aged Indian made his rounds,
 Twice forty years he roamed and more,
 Careful each covert to explore,
 The red men's haunts, their scenes of strife,
 The features all of Indian life.
 A solitary man was he,
 Yet not ungenial as you'll see.
 The Indian Tribes were gone, indeed,
 But none as yet came to succeed.
 Rarely wayfarers came to view
 Those arid lands, some science new
 Therein to learn and raise their fame,
 In fields unknown to plant their name.
 So roamed a stranger once and spied
 The native man, to him applied
 In courteous words, the Indian mind
 Better to gain "Things known to few
 Can scarce have 'scaped your searching view.
 If 't please you, then, to me disclose
 The purpose of that rent which shows
 Through tangled brake and ivy green—
 It's something of the past I ween,
 More than at first it doth appear,
 Or one can guess, though near."
 The Indian then: "Me now could tell
 A tale, me thinks, will please thee well;"
 Anxious the old man's tale to hear
 The stranger willing lent his ear.
 "Long, long ago, where was our stay
 Last night, and whence we came away
 This morn, there dwelt upon the land,
 Of Iroquois a numerous band,
 My powerful Tribe; their honest pride,
 In peace and plenty to abide.
 On land was plenteous store of game,
 Best of fish in the river came.
 Corn, as we laboured, gave our toil
 Rich harvests from the fertile soil.
 Happy our people, then, and strong;
 Their lot too good to bless them long.
 The white man came and they are gone;
 In tott'ring age I'm left alone.
 Fire-water of the whites so foul,
 And mall-pox eat into the soul
 Of every brave this land around,
 And swept them from their native ground.
 Our chief of chiefs, so brave in war,
 Great Matchedash, our guiding star,
 Right wisely ruled the land all o'er;

Our people all revered his power.
 To this high chief no son was given;
 A daughter came, bright gift of Heaven;
 Minnekoma, the name she owned;
 With radiant beauty she was crowned;
 Bright as the sun at early morn;
 Swift as if made the earth to scorn,
 Or beat in strife the fleetest deer;
 Her eyes, like stars, were seen to peer,
 Her raven locks in ringlets fell,
 Her smile a fascinating spell.
 With gifts young braves her favour sought;
 Not thus the maid was to be bought.
 Ojetka, bravest of the race,
 Persistent claimed the fair one's grace.
 Far and near sought he best of game
 For her delight, yet still his flame
 She scorned. Her parent he must gain;
 Gifts numberless; but all in vain.
 Much did the warrior chief essay
 The maiden's stubborn will to sway.
 He failed, and was in angry mood,
 At being strenuously withstood;
 Yet loved he his sweet daughter well,
 And would not 'gainst her will compel.
 It grieved him he could not prevail
 His child to gain; nought could avail.
 What led the maiden to say "nay,"
 None knew. The secret now we'll say.
 Her heart a Huron held, by name
 Thyendaga, of warrior fame.
 'Twixt the Iroquois and his race.
 Peace reigned. Bold he sought the Chief's grace.
 Much wealth in costly gifts he brought;
 Still the Chief's favour was not bought
 Coldly the Huron slighted he;
 Union with him there could not be.
 No more was Thyendaga seen;
 Ojetka, as if nought had been,
 Right careful sought his grief to screen.
 One evening, as the sun went down,
 He took his way, to all unknown,
 As Minnekoma slowly strayed,
 In suitable disguise arrayed,
 Into the woods, none dared to spy
 Her secret tracks or watch her nigh.
 Ojetka sought a game more bold,
 Presumed not the straight way to hold
 That Minnekoma careful took,
 But seemed another way to look;

Then, turning, came upon the trail
 Of Minnekoma ; to prevail,
 Now, confident, he crept along,
 Briars and brushwood close among,
 Slow, silent, panther-like, to gain
 The secret so long sought in vain.
 Reached he soon a spot clear of wood,
 Where once some Indian wigwams stood ;
 There Minnekoma, lending ear,
 Was seen, as if some sound to hear.
 Lo ! cooed a wood-dove, then forth strode
 Thyendaga from that abode,
 The cavern dark, in the rock's face,
 Secret and secure hiding place.
 A moment more, the warrior chief,
 To young Ojetka's sudden grief,
 Was in his loved one's fond embrace.
 Ojetka then, as at the chase,
 An arrow from his quiver drew ;
 But paused ere yet it powerful flew.
 He dared not speed the fatal wood
 While friend and foe together stood.
 Turning, they came to him more nigh ;
 Then flew his arrow swift and high.
 The maiden, fortunate to spy,
 With sharp and penetrating eye,
 The latent foe, the Huron brave
 Down pressed and sudden safety gave.
 Ojetka, then, from covert sprung ;
 His tomahawk aloft he swung,
 Fiercely aiming a deadly blow
 At the bold chief, who was not slow
 The war to wage, but ready stood,
 And strong and swift the foe withstood.
 Down powerless came Ojetka's stroke ;
 Now Thyendaga's anger woke ;
 Quick on the foe as lightning's flash,
 The Huron chief was seen to dash,
 With sharp tomahawk pierce the brain
 Of brave Ojetka sudden slain.
 " Victory ! " cries the Huron brave.
 Seize him Iroquois, as they gave
 An answering shout, six from the chase
 Returning, quickening their pace.
 The captive brave was promptly bound
 And powerless borne along the ground,
 Two warriors between. Next their care
 Was to the dead. Reverent they bare
 Ojetka's lifeless corpse along,
 Raising aloud the mourning song.
 The Council met ; 'twas clearly shown
 In self-defence was overthrown
 Their comrade, Ojetka ; in vain ;
 They must avenge the warrior slain.
 To death the Huron they condemn ;
 The tide of wrath nought less could stem.
 To a strong tree they tied him fast,

That night they doomed to be his last.
 Sad Minnekoma watched all night,
 Hoping to aid her loved one's flight.
 Too vigilant the guarding train ;
 Her efforts all to save were vain :
 Ere chance occurred 'twas brightest morn ;
 Then was the Huron taken down,
 The worst to bear of torture known,
 His doom the gauntlet, cruel pain,
 Designed to calm the vanquished slain.
 Now ready all, the warriors clam,
 They sure have gained their cruel aim,
 When lo ! by a single strong bound
 The agile Huron clears the ground ;
 And swift as a sped arrow flies,
 The foe pursues ; his flight defies
 Their utmost speed, he gains the flood :
 For a moment on its margin stood,
 Then plunged into the friendly tide,
 Certain there the last trace to hide.
 The baffled foe gives up the chase,
 Finding no more a single trace.
 From vain pursuit they prompt are gone ;
 The Huron, now that he's alone,
 Refreshed his way-worn, aching limbs,
 To the hid cavern safely climbs.
 The Iroquois braves, no vestige found,
 Concluded sure the Huron drowned ;
 With shame and rage they sped away
 To gibes and laughter a sad prey.
 All danger past, the dark abode
 Our Huron left and took his road
 The tribe to join. They joyed to see
 Their valiant warrior once more free.
 Twice had the silver moon run through
 Her monthly course when to renew,
 Her sorrowing mind, the maiden bent
 Her lonely steps the stream anent,
 Where fell Ojetka. Long she stood
 In most sad and dolorous mood,
 Whispering oft her loved one's name,
 When lo ! from the dark cavern came,
 Ruffling sounds of the shaking wood,
 A wood-dove cooed ; then sudden stood
 Thyendaga once more revealed
 From Minnekoma long concealed.
 None could express the maid's delight
 When sure no phantom met her sight ;
 The warrior's care promptly to guide
 To covert sure his happy bride.
 When night came down and darkness reigned
 O'er wood and plain, 'twas now to gain
 The river's side ; there waits his will
 A swift canoe. No fear of ill
 Now near, the Huron speeds away,
 Bearing his bride, that happy day,

To home secure, where sound of strife
 No more can vex the Chief and wife.
 Enraged, the Ir'quois searched each place ;
 But all in vain their frantic chase.
 Great now was the brave Huron's name :
 High 'mong Ir'quois rose Huron fame.
 Their warlike power was past belief ;
 Gifts rich and rare from Ir'quois' chief.
 Choicest presents, all that could please,
 The much vexed manes to appease

Of slain Ojetka Hurons sent,
 And now the Tribes, on peace intent,
 Rests Thyendaga from the fray,
 And, chief become, prepares the way :
 A treaty's struck that aye in song,
 Will highest Indian fame prolong.
 This tale is true, brave Indians say,
 And John, full many a long day,
 In health survived his passing race
 That time was destined to efface.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.



THE position held by the plebs, or common people, towards the patricians, or higher class of Rome, was a very inferior one. The latter alone had political rights. Each patrician acted as patron to a number of clients attached to him personally, and whose interests it was his duty to protect, while the client had in return to render him certain fixed services. The patricians also were exclusively invested with the honors of priesthood, the care of sacred things, the administration of justice, all civil and military preferments, and the right to pass the final decision on whatever the kings might refer to their tribunal. Hence arose that deadly jealousy which for so long a time existed between these two classes. Besides this great difference in the authoritative powers of either class, there was the vast disproportion between their respective fortunes: nearly all the wealth and lands of the republic were in the hands of the patricians, whereas most of the plebeians suffered from poverty and distress. Their misery was also greatly aggravated by the oppressive usuries, a result of the law of the debtor and creditor. Accordingly, the plebs arose in mutiny and demanded that the Senate do at once deliberate with respect to their grievances.

The first concession received by the plebs was the suspension for the time being of the effect of the laws with regard to insolvent debtors. But to counteract

this, there was chosen from among the ranks of the patricians, one who was, in seasons of great peril, invested with the power of a supreme magistrate, whose authority should supersede every other in the nation and from whose decision there was no appeal. Thus was the office of dictator established. The first to be raised to such an exalted dignity was Spurius Lartius, in 498 B. C.

A short while after, fresh dissensions arose between the two classes concerning the hitherto unsettled affair of insolvent debtors and their treatment. Large numbers, both of the army and people, driven almost to despair and seeing themselves unaided by the Senate, withdrew from the city and encamped on what is now known as the Sacred Mount. A deputation of ten was sent to effect a reconciliation and the return of the seceders. The principal mediator related to the people the celebrated fable of the Stomach and the Limbs. They understood its connection with the question at issue and were soon induced to consent to treat with the Senate, who granted a full acquittal to the insolvent poor and an entire abolition of their debts. But as a security to prevent the recurrence of similar evils, the plebs asked and obtained that two of their number should be elected annually, to whom they might appeal for assistance and who should watch over their interests. Such was the origin of the Plebeian Tribunes. Their power was afterwards increased and the right of intercession, whereby they could put a veto on any public business, was vested in

them. About this time, also, the people obtained the right of having two Ediles appointed from their order, whose duty it was to take charge of the markets, provisions, public buildings and shows.

The next subject of debate that arose between the two classes was the equal partition of land among the citizens, a proposition known by the name of the Agrarian Law. Much of the lately conquered lands had not been thus divided, and their occupation or purchase had been tampered with by some few wealthy and powerful individuals. This course of action did not please the plebeians, and they clamoured loudly for their equal share. They soon found a champion of their rights in Spurius Cassius, one of the consuls. He, in concert with the tribunes, proposed a redistribution of the lands, so as to give the plebeians their due share. This proposal was, of course, very agreeable to the people; but, as it struck at the wealth and power of the patricians, the latter stubbornly opposed it. However, the consul, more than anyone else, contributed to the ruin of his cause; for, on his proposing that the Latini and Hernici, allies of Rome, should enjoy the same privileges as the Romans and share with them in the new division of the lands, he was convicted as being guilty of treason and condemned to death. Thus perished the first projector of the famous Agrarian Law. The measures taken failed in their intended effect, and the project remained to be a lasting source of dissension between the two classes. On the part of the lower classes, it became a subject of reiterated demands; nor could the Senate succeed in diverting them from their purpose, otherwise than in occupying them almost constantly in foreign wars.

Very soon after this, the plebeians were accorded many new concessions. The first was the passing of the famous Publilian Law, which referred the election of the tribunes to the *comitia tributa*, the general assembly of all the tribes in one body. The two tribunes, Volero and Latorius, having stationed the people in arms on the Tarpeian Hill, the Senate had no choice but to yield a reluctant consent. By the same law, the number of tribunes was increased from two to five. Before long, their tribune, Sp. Scilius, gained a great victory for the

plebeians, by obtaining the enactment of a law which made it a capital offence to interrupt a tribune, when engaged in the act of addressing the assembly. But the patricians soon had their revenge. War being declared against the Aequi and Volsci, the plebeians had to serve under the haughty Appius Claudius, a patrician. He treated the plebeians with the utmost rigour of discipline, and upon their refusing to fight, he redoubled his severity and freely used the rods and axes of the lictors.

Before this time, 452 B.C., the Romans had no written laws. In 462 B.C., one of the tribunes, Terentilius Arsa, proposed that a commission be appointed to draw up a code of laws, which might put a check to the arbitrary power of the patrician magistrates. This motion, naturally enough, gave rise to violent debates. For ten years angry disputes and bloody contentions occurred between the two orders. At last, the resistance of the patricians was overcome and three deputies were sent to Greece to study and collect from the laws there in vogue whatever they might deem best and most beneficial to the Roman people. Upon the return of these deputies, ten commissioners were appointed Decemviri, to draw up a regular code of laws. They were given one year to effect this. The result of their labor was that a body of laws, called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, was published in a clear and concise form, and received the sanction of both the Senate and the people. The Decemviri, during the first term of their office, fully answered the expectations of the public, and it was decided that the members should be chosen from the two classes. The first Decemviri performed their duties so sedulously, justly and satisfactorily that now no assemblies of the people were held and the Senate was rarely convened. But it so happened that the new Decemviri, not satisfied with the length of their term of office, retained the sovereign power, even after this term had elapsed: and hence Rome again beheld all the excesses of despotism and tyranny that had marked the reign of Tarquin the Proud. Soon afterwards, the Decemvirate was ignominiously expelled from the city, and forced to relinquish its power. New tribunes were elected for the plebeians and Valerius and Horatius were raised to the consularship. These

consuls obtained the right that the persons of the Ediles and other plebeian magistrates, be declared equally sacred with those of the tribunes.

An attempt was made about this time, 444 B.C., to throw open the consulship to the plebeians, but it proved unsuccessful. A compromise, however, was effected, whereby a board of consular or military tribunes, taken from either order, the patrician or the plebeian, should be annually appointed. Slowly, but surely, amidst internal dissensions and external wars, were the plebeians rising to an equality with the higher order. In 421 B.C., they were accorded the dignity of questorship, and thus they became eligible for the Senate. The questors were the paymasters of the state. Their duty was to receive the revenues, to make all the necessary payments for civil and military services, to register the laws passed by the Senate and to transact all matters of a like importance. Originally, there were but two; later on, the number was increased to four.

In 376 B.C., the tribunes of the people proposed three laws, known as the Licinian Rogations, which were intended to lessen the double grievance of poverty and political inequality, under which the plebeians were still groaning. One of these bills procured immediate relief for debtors, by deducting from the principal the interest already paid on borrowed money. But the most important of these Rogations was

that which demanded that in future two consuls should be annually elected, as formerly, but that one of the two *must* be a plebeian. These reforms were, of course, violently opposed by the patricians. Ten years after their introduction, the people triumphed and the Rogations became law. Consequently the plebs were now allowed to present themselves as candidates for the dictatorial, consular and censorian dignity. But for this partial loss of their privileges, the patricians found a compensation in two new offices being established in their favor: that of Praetor, for the administration of justice, and that of Patrician Edile, for the better superintendence of the public shows and buildings. But even these offices became, in the course of time, common to both classes. The *plebisaita*, or decisions agreed on at the comitia of the tribes, were made to be binding on all the citizens, whether they were sanctioned by the Senate or not. The patricians strove hard to evade this new law, but in 286 B.C., on the occasion of the last secession of the plebeians, it was re-enacted by the dictator, Q. Hortensius.

Such was the mighty and protracted struggle of the plebeians and patricians in Rome, a struggle which gradually undermined the state, became the occasion of many terrible conflicts, and eventually resulted in the complete overthrow of the Roman republic.

T. A. WHITE, '93.



THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

AIR :—*“Believe me if all those endearing young charms.”*

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height
 When the red sun of Autumn was low ;
 'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,
 Where the waves of the Ottawa flow.
 But the glance of his eye, as he gazed on the sky,
 Was as dark as the cloud in the west ;
 For he stood by the wave that does constantly lave
 The spot where his forefathers rest.

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone,
 To seek from his troubles a rest ;
 He has sought out the region where brilliantly shone
 At evening, the sun in the west.
 He stayed not to weep where his forefathers sleep,
 He dropt not a tear on their grave,
 But sadly he fled from the honored and dead
 That sleep by the Ottawa's wave.

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more ;
 Where his council-fire blazed on the height,
 To-day, towards the heavens sublimely soar
 The signals of Canada's might.
 When the evening is still, on the old barrack hill
 Towers a structure majestic and grand ;
 And a bright golden ray from the god of the day
 Gilds the monument spire of our land.

J. K. FORAN.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

“Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from its strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That He, who made it and reveal'd its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute and more industrious still,
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fixt
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountains flow'd their light.”
Coroner's Task.



PHILOSOPHERS and scientists of all ages, but more especially of recent times, led on by natural curiosity and an insatiable craving for hidden knowledge, have endeavored to fathom the mystery which seems to surround the origin of the planet upon which

Providence placed them.

In this endeavor, after profound study, extensive research and prolonged reflection, many have formulated various theories according to which, in their opinion, a satisfactory explanation of the earth's origin, might be arrived at, and the existence of the whole solar system be accounted for. The most plausible, as well as most interesting, among these, and that to which the majority of thinking minds have adhered, is known as the *Nebular Hypothesis*.

This theory was first propounded by the German philosophers, Swedenberg and Kant and was afterwards upheld, but modified, by Laplace, who so thoroughly identified himself with it that it is now commonly called Laplace's theory.

According to this celebrated French scientist, the earth was not created in the state in which it, at present, exists, but was evolved from an immense mass of matter by a series or regular succession of various causes, in accordance with certain well established physical laws

Laplace and his predecessors conceived an immense empty space wherein the Author of all being, in his own good time, created and placed a massive globe of un-solidified matter. This globular mass of incandescent vapor, they supposed, imme-

diately began to condense and lose its heat, and, consequently, underwent contraction at its surface. The surface molecules were thus brought into closer proximity, and the density of the outer portions was necessarily increased.

The result of this increase in density was a proportional increase in the attractive force of gravitation which was exerted upon these surface molecules from the centre; and, as soon as the attractive force had increased to a degree sufficient to overcome the resistance which was offered by the underlying strata of vapor, large portions of the surface were naturally drawn towards the centre of the vaporous sphere.

In falling, however, they did not follow a direct path from the surface to the centre; but, although the interior gas was not dense enough to offer a complete resistance to them, nevertheless, it opposed their progress to an extent sufficient to turn them from a straight line, and give them a direction to one or the other side of the centre.

These incrustations at the surface were, of course, irregular masses: and, as a kite when its tail has been broken off, flounders about in its descent, or as an irregularly cut stone when thrown into a river, inclines to either side in its downward path, so these masses of condensed gas were driven to either side of the straight line that would fall between the surface and the centre. But that an equal number of these conglomerations should have fallen towards both sides of the centre is highly improbable; so that it was safe to assume that a greater weight was exerted on one side of the gaseous globe than on the other, the result of which was a slow rotation of the whole sphere.

But now, as condensation of the molten mass went on, contraction likewise took place, which, according to a well-known law of physics, gave increased rapidity of motion to the rotating body. The first result of this increased motion was the expansion of the central belt or zone, and a corresponding depression or flattening of the mass at its poles. A large and dense ring of gas was thus collected over the equatorial plane, which, in time, separated from the main body, but still continued to revolve around it. All portions of this ring, however, were not equally dense; and, consequently, those which had arrived at a higher degree of liquefaction, attracted the lighter molecules of the less dense vapors, causing the ring to break and roll up into one vast body. The fact of its breaking up, however, did not impede its original motion nor change its direction. It still revolved at a distance from the primary globe, where, in due time, owing to the rotary motion imparted to it, it attained a spheroidal shape, and became the first planet in our system.

As time went on, another gaseous ring was formed about the original mass, and, by the same process as above described, gave birth to a second planet. Condensation of the main body still went on; the rapidity of its rotation was rendered greater, and with it, centrifugal force was augmented; other rings were formed, detached and broken up, until, finally, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury were successively thrown off, leaving our present Sun as the centre of the whole system.

What had happened to the central mass, occurred afterwards in regard to each ring that had been cast off—that is, each ring, after its alteration and change to the planetary form was not immediately solidified; and, while yet in a vaporous or liquid state, formed minor rings of its own, which, in time, became those inferior planets known in astronomy as satellites or moons.

Such in brief is the Nebular Hypothesis, and as such was it conceived by Laplace, who would thus account for the formation of our present solar system, and for the origin of the terrestrial globe we inhabit.

At first sight, this mode of explaining the creation of the universe, or of that

part of it which more closely concerns the human race, seems quite arbitrary and without foundation or proofs; but, upon closer examination, the probability of the theory becomes more and more apparent. It must be remarked, however, that Laplace's hypothesis is widely open to discussion, and, although sustained by many striking and almost convincing arguments, is yet devoid of all such proofs as would place it beyond the limits of doubt and uncertainty.

One of the first pleas that may be brought forward in defence of the Nebular Theory is furnished by geology. The crystalline structure of Archaean rocks would indicate that at some remote period the globe was in a state of fusion, and that after a great quantity of its heat had been radiated, a crust was formed. The probability of the earth's being formerly a molten mass is, moreover, strengthened by the fact that as the crust is penetrated downwards the temperature increases, and would tend to show the existence of a central fire. If, as the Nebular Hypothesis holds, the earth at one time contributed to form, with all the other planets, a vast nebulous sphere, and, if it was thrown off in the form of a ring, which became, like the other rings, a rotating body, at an exceedingly high temperature, it must follow that its condensation or cooling began at the surface and continued towards the interior. Hence, the fact of an internal fire not only perfectly accords with Laplace's supposition, but also goes far towards establishing its soundness. But, that this increase in temperature, as a descent is made from the surface towards the centre, is due to an interior fire, is still an unsettled question. Volcanic eruptions would seem to demonstrate the existence of such; but volcanoes, it has been shown, may be produced by other causes. Geysers, or hot springs, meet the same objections. But there is still one argument, besides the plutonic rocks of the earliest period, which favors the Nebular Hypothesis, and which seems almost incontestable. It is the shape of the earth itself. That the earth is an oblate spheroid is not to be denied; and that it attained this shape owing to its rotatory motion on its axis is almost unquestionable; but had it been always as hard, always as solid as it is at present, its motion could never have given it the

shape it now has without continuing the process up to the present time. But, the polar regions of our planet have long ago ceased to be affected by that force which at one time actually flattened them. This depression of the arctic and antarctic zones must have taken place when the terrestrial globe was in a more plastic state than at the present time—that is to say, when the earth was a molten mass.

The Nebular Hypothesis is, moreover, strengthened by proofs drawn from analogy. Astronomers, who have observed the movements of Jupiter and Saturn, have noticed that a constant change is taking place upon their surfaces; that, from all appearances, these planets are still in a state of fusion. May it not be inferred, then, that all the other planets, the earth included, consisted of intensely heated nebulae, which, during the long ages, presupposed by Laplace's theory, was produced by condensation to a solidified form? The large masses of nebulae, so often seen in the heavens at the present time, and, as Herschel claims, undergoing a transformation from the gaseous to the liquid state, would likewise seem to confirm the opinion that the earth and all the other planets owe their existence to the same material.

There is another fact, however, that is often cited in support of the evolutionary theory of Laplace. It is the striking similarity of motion with respect to direction found to exist in the planetary system. That all the heavenly bodies of the solar system should have the same direction, and move almost in the same plane in their paths around the sun is hardly to be accounted for by chance. For, besides the eight great planets, there are over one hundred and thirty minor ones, which, without exception, move in their orbits in a similar direction. If the earth's direction be adopted as a standard, the chance, then, that any one of the one hundred and thirty-seven other planets should revolve in the same direction will be one-half, since it may have a motion in one of two ways only. And, hence, the chance that all the planets should revolve in a similar direction, will be represented by a fraction whose numerator is one and whose denominator two raised to the one hundred and thirty-seventh power. Chance, then, can scarcely be appealed to as the cause of the admirable unity, or similarity of

direction in the motion of the planetary host.

Another argument, and, perhaps, the strongest adduced in support of the Nebular Hypothesis is drawn from the extraordinary fact of the Sun's undiminished heat. That the earth receives its heat almost exclusively from the sun will scarcely be objected to. But how it is that the sun can radiate so much heat without becoming cooler, or without losing its heating power altogether, is a question that has puzzled the greatest astronomers and philosophers of the world. Some have proposed one solution, some another, but almost all these solutions have met with so many objections that they have failed to satisfy the greater number of scientists. It was thought, at one time, that frictional electricity might be the source of solar heat; and, at another, that the sun is a body undergoing slow combustion. Some have endeavored to explain the sun's heat from the fact that meteoric showers annually fall upon the sun's surface. But when these different opinions have been sifted, very little remains to sustain belief in any one of them.

There is, however, a mode of accounting for solar heat which is far the most plausible, and, at the same time, in perfect harmony with the doctrine of Laplace.

Physicists claim that there exists in every body latent or stored energy as well as energy of position, and that none of this energy is ever lost. If, for instance, two molecules of matter, owing to their innate energy, are sustained at a certain distance from each other, then, as soon as this distance is lessened, a portion of that energy originally required to keep them in their relative position, is no longer necessary. But, as no part of the original energy may be squandered, that which is superfluous to the purpose of retaining the molecules in position, is now converted into some other form, such as heat. Or again, a body in falling to the earth is said to produce heat; for, while the body remains suspended, a certain amount of energy is required to overcome the attractive force exerted upon it by the earth. But, as the body falls, the attraction is no longer resisted by the stored energy of the falling body, and hence the amount of energy once employed as a resisting power, is converted or transformed into heat, which,

in truth, is nothing else than the former energy under a different form.

It, then, these principles are applied with respect to the sun, as a source of heat, it is quite evident that the cause of solar heat will arise from a contraction of the solar molecules, and, consequently, of the entire body itself. For if it be supposed that, at one time, the sun was far larger than it is at present, that it extended far beyond its present limits, and that it has been undergoing a slow contraction during the countless ages allowed the period of creation, then, its affording heat is easily accounted for. Its molecular constituents were, undoubtedly, widely separated at first; but after large masses had been cast off to form the several planets now existing, the remaining portions were, with less difficulty, drawn nearer the centre, and accordingly nearer to each other. The energy required at first to keep them at a comparatively great distance apart, was there no longer in requisition, and made itself visible under the form of heat.

It may be argued, then, *a posteriori*, that as solar heat cannot be accounted for either by electricity, meteoric showers, or combustion, and as there must still exist a reason for it, the most probable conclusion to be arrived at is that contraction of the sun can alone be the source of its warmth.

This mode, then, of explaining the problem of the sun's undiminished heat, is not only in perfect harmony with the Nebular Hypothesis, but fully bears out its leading tenets. For, if the sun is undergoing contraction at the present time, there is no reason to doubt that such an action has been constantly maintained since the very beginning, so that the further back we go, the larger we must find the sun to have been, and we must finally reach a time when the solar sphere occupied the entire space twixt our earth and its present location. And, if we proceed further, we must necessarily arrive at a period when the sun extended far be-

yond the most distant of the known planets.

Other arguments might, indeed, be adduced in support of the Nebular Hypothesis, but the foregoing are deemed sufficient in the present exposition of the theory. They suffice to show that Laplace's supposition is no mere arbitrary figment, but that on the contrary, it is well founded upon many extraordinary coincidences which admirably concur to render the whole theoretical fabric well worthy of consideration. The theory is strictly evolutionary, and, as such, gave birth to Darwin's far bolder, but far less probable hypothesis. While Laplace's supposition meets no serious objection, the Darwinian doctrine clashes with the most evident truths of christian philosophy. Alterations of matter can be easily understood, when the changes do not exceed the power or outstep the limits of the material order; but, when that change, which matter undergoes in its passage from an inanimate mass to a living body, is in question, then, there can be no doubt of the absurdity of attributing it to evolution. For, as water would never become fire, no matter how high or low its temperature might become, so, inanimate matter could never reach animation by any progressive process, so contrary are life and death. Between these latter there is no succession of steps, no more than there is between good and evil; for what is not alive is dead. Progress can, indeed, be made in every order, but that by a programme peculiar to any order, its transformisms should step from one order to another, cannot be admitted, nor does Laplace's evolution consist in such a progression. It is the evolution of the solar system from a massive globe of incandescent matter, but it does not reach anything higher than the material order. Hence, Laplace's theory conforms to reason; it is not involved in a tangled skein of absurdities and contradictions; and, sustained as it is by many facts otherwise unexplainable, should not be rejected.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

THE PURIFICATION.

Clear as the stream gushing forth from the fountain,
Spotless and bright as the foam-crested tide,
Pure as the snow-drift on yon lofty mountain,
Wert Thou, and yet wouldst Thou be purified !

Free from original sin's foul pollution,
Which none escaped but the Saviour and Thou
Still, didst Thou suffer the Old Law's ablution,
Teaching that men to God's mandates should bow.

Blinded by pride to our own degradation,
Longing at times, still to imitate Thee,
Seldom we seek our soul's purification,
As Thou didst, Mother of all purity.

Virgin unsullied, yet hear our petition,
Since Thou'rt the channel thro' which graces flow ;
Grant us the favor of perfect contrition,—
Such as may render us whiter than snow.

C., '91.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

(Carefully selected from various sources and compiled specially for THE OWL.)



WORD TENNYSON, it seems, does not look with favour upon the attempts often made to connect particular localities with scenes described in his poems. He cuttingly observes that it would be no more than civil to credit him with a little imagination; the poet is a painter, but he is also a decorator. He does not pretend to present a place in every detail as if he were a photographer, or a real estate agent.

William Sharp, speaking about the *Sonnets* written by the late Sir Aubrey De Vere, truly remarks that "they are not nearly so widely known as they deserve to be." Of Mr. Aubrey De Vere, the third son of the poet just mentioned, he states that Mr. De Vere undoubtedly ranks among the foremost sonneteers of our time.

Those who desire to learn how the French Canadians of days gone by lived, thought and acted, and at the same time to enjoy a delightful story well wrought out, should possess themselves of "No. 26" of *Appleton's Town and Country Library*. The number indicates the translation, by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet, of the sprightly romance *Les Anciens Canadiens*, the *Canadians of Old*, with the composition of which Mr. Philippe A. De Gaspé solaced his seventy-sixth year. The narrative treats, in a pleasing and masterly manner, of those stirring times when, to quote its words, "The King of France was paying his red allies only fifty francs for an English scalp. His Britannic Majesty, richer or more generous, was paying a hundred for the head of a Frenchman."

Frank J. Matthews' *Father Mathew, his Life and Time*, is said to be one of the most agreeably written among recent biographies.

Literary Society in Belgium has been for some time in a state of intense excitement over the discovery of "a new Shakespeare." This is Mr. Maurice

Malterlick, a young Belgian poet of Ghent, whose maiden work, a five act drama called *La Princesse Maleine* is pronounced by M. Octave Mirbeau, to be more tragical than *Macbeth* and more extraordinary than *Hamlet*. But this is a case wherein the majority will be more likely to believe that Mr. Mirbeau was mistaken in his estimate than that the world is really blessed with a second Shakespeare. We shall wait with interest, not unmixed with doubt, further news of the literary progress of Mr. Maurice Malterlick.

A very interesting work from the pen of Mr. William Maziere Brady has just been published in Rome. It is entitled *Anglo-Roman Papers*, and consists of three elaborate essays on the English Palace in Rome; the eldest natural son of Charles II.; and memoirs of Cardinal Erskine, Papal Envoy to the Court of Charles III. The palace is that which was given to the English King, Henry VII., for the use of English Kings and Ambassadors to Rome.

On the claims of Disraeli to greatness of the highest rank, Mr. Froude, in his *Lord Beaconsfield*, just published, makes the three following discriminating observations: First of all, he has left behind him nothing of permanent or enduring value to mankind; secondly, he never forgot himself in his work; thirdly, much as we may admire his character it was not quite "an English character," and this may have prevented his intellectual and moral qualities from having fair play.

John Richard Green, author of *A Short History of the English People, The Conquest of England*, and other valuable and interesting works of a similar nature, wherein much more attention is given to Chaucer than to Cressy and much less is said about Cabals than about Caxton, was born at Oxford and educated in its grammar school. He lived many years in London, as a curate of one of the non-conformist churches, and died in 1883, just one year before his last work was published.

Mr. Y. Wemyss Reid is out with a *Life of Moncton Mills, Lord Houghton*, which renders full justice to its subject as a serious and effective writer of both prose and poetry, if not as a busy and apparently dissatisfied politician.

The International Journal of Ethics, is a new half-crown quarterly, published in London, as the official organ of the Ethical Societies of Great Britain and America.

Reviewing his new book, *On Right and Wrong*, the *Nineteenth Century* remarks of Mr. William Samuel Lilly: "Nothing can be much more effective than his replies to Mr. Herbert Spencer in the chapter on Materialistic Ethics, and in the appendix in which he gives his rejoinder to Professor Huxley's reply." Pity such an exceptionally gifted Catholic writer should waste so much of his talents in propping up social caste and effete conservatism as he does in his *Century of Revolution*, and to a less obtrusive degree in the work under discussion.

The *Boston Pilot* publishes the following eminently just *résumé* of the life and works of the American historian who died 17th January: "The death of the historian, George Bancroft, at the venerable age of ninety years, removes one of the pioneers of American literature, and a man who had filled important political and diplomatic posts in which he helped to make as well as to write history. While Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, he established the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, which will be a more enduring monument to his memory than the historical work to which he gave his life. As a writer he is more distinguished for research and compilation of facts than for any especial charm of style, in the latter quality falling immeasurably below his contemporaries, Prescott and Irving. He has many prejudices, too, which prevent him from attaining to the philosophical impartiality without which the historian's work is worse than valueless."

Among Italian Reviews, the quarterly *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, of Turin, and the bi-monthly *Rassegna Nazionale*, of Florence, contain historical, biographical, and literary matter of lasting value. Those interested in religious questions, however, should turn to *La Civiltà Cattolica* which they will find brimful of deep and pertinent discussion of questions relating to our holy faith.

When Talleyrand died forty-two years ago his *Memoirs* were reprepared but he forbade their publication till thirty years should elapse, and when this period had expired his literary executors found a further postponement necessary. However, within a few days ago the long withheld papers are to be published. When we recollect that they treat of a statesman whose public services began under Louis XVI., and were continued in diverse circumstances and situations under no less than eight different masters, and in the face of frequent and radical changes of government, we can form some idea of the amount of public interest that attaches to the forthcoming book. Chateaubriand once said: "When Monsieur Talleyrand is not conspiring he is making corrupt bargains," and the epigram seems to have been grounded on truth. But history testifies that while some of his plots ended in the ruin of his superiors, he never betrayed France. The career of a churchman who left the altar to become a statesman notorious for his selfishness and deceitfulness may not be very edifying reading, but if truly portrayed it will not be without its salutary lesson.

The last of the eleven volumes of the Stedman-Hutchinson *Library of American Literature* has been published. "Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson," says *The Century*, "have done American literature, American history, and American patriotism, a great and lasting service." The collection forms a conscientiously compiled exhibition of American prose and a splendid anthology of American poetry.

February 5th, 1891.

OFT ON THE SLIPPERY PAVE.

[AFTER THOMAS MOORE—MORE THAN A MILLION MILES.]

Oft on the slippery pave
 This winter-time has found me ;
 No ashes strewn to save,
 And glary spots around me.
 The jokes, the jeers
 That reach my ears,
 Which ragged urchins mutter,
 As standing there
 I tack and veer
 And then slide in the gutter.
 Thus on the slippery pave
 This winter-time has found me ;
 No ashes strewn to save
 And glary spots around me.

When I remember well
 The times that I have stumbled
 'Mid giggle, laugh and yell.
 As o'er the walk I tumbled,
 I feel as though
 I'd like to go
 With shot-gun, club or billy
 And beat, or shoot
 The mean galoot
 Who chopped his front so illy.
 Thus on the slippery pave
 This winter-time has found me ;
 No ashes strewn to save
 And glary spots around me

February 7th, 1891.

W.

= The Owl. =

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

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

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.
 C. C. DELANY, '91.
 F. L. FRENCH, '91.
 J. P. COLLINS, '92.
 C. D. GAUDET, '92.
 D. MURPHY, '92.
 J. P. SMITH, '93.
 L. J. KEHOE, '94.
 J. McDUGALL, '94.

Business Manager:

T. A. WHITE, '93.

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

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 6

OUR FUTURE STUDENTS.

The recent arrangement by which a uniform Leaving Examination from the High Schools will be accepted for matriculation of the Universities cannot fail to be of immense advantage to High School students, and to none more than to our Catholic boys. These on entering the High School have no very decided opinions as to their future. Heretofore they began to study for no particular examination, and having nothing definite in view did their work very indifferently. The University in common with other Catholic Colleges has its own preparatory department, whose studies were arranged regardless of the High School curriculum.

Hence the High School student could have no precise knowledge of his standing were he come to Ottawa. While he could graduate from other universities in four years, here he might have to spend five or six; and to make the complete classical course without previous attendance at the High School required seven years, with, perhaps, a year in the commercial department. Catholic parents, as a rule, cannot or will not send their sons to college for seven or eight years; having to support the High Schools at their doors, they naturally expect some return from them. While our preparatory course was not in harmony with the course in the High Schools, these sent us very few students. Now, however, that the Leaving Examination which should be the objective point of every High School student, has been accepted as the equivalent of matriculation Ottawa can expect for this course, a reasonable proportion of students who will be able to graduate after the usual four years.

Whether it would be more advantageous to spend seven years in College instead of four, is a question which, as far as Ontario is concerned at least, it were idle to discuss. In 1839 three hundred and forty-five pupils, from the Separate Schools alone, passed the Entrance Examination to the High Schools. Bearing in mind that there are about thirty thousand Catholics attending the Public Schools of the Province, we may place the number of Catholics that entered the High Schools in '89 at five hundred. The entire number at present attending these schools can not be less than fifteen hundred. The majority of these are boys, as Convents are more numerous than Colleges. If no High School work were done by Convents and Colleges, our quota of High School pupils would be three thousand. As matters stand, therefore, Ottawa should draw a large proportion of her students from the High Schools. From a religi-

ous point of view little is to be feared from this use of the High Schools, at least by those who afterwards take a course at the University. At any rate the only remedy is to place the University course within easy reach of the High School graduates, and to make our Separate Schools more efficient, more thoroughly Catholic.

The first step in the latter direction is to compile a uniform series of text-books. Three years ago THE OWL advocated this as the first important reform to be effected in the Primary Schools. In the March number, '88, we read: "The

Public School books and the Separate School books are identical. The teachers receive no special Catholic training; so all the benefit of the Separate Schools, outside of a quarter of an hour's catechism daily, is purely negative. The teachers being Catholics will not of course intensify the Protestant coloring of the text-books; they may to a certain extent counteract this in their oral explanations. But that this falls far short of what it should be, requires no demonstration." True, the Christian Brothers who have charge of a few of our schools have a series of their own; but this want of uniformity sometimes, as in Ottawa city, gives rise to considerable inconvenience. Hasty or ill-considered action, however, could only make matters worse. A committee of thoroughly competent and representative Catholic educators could be got together who would prepare a series satisfactory to all concerned and inferior in no particular to that of the Public School series. Sub-committees could be appointed to deal with certain books in detail, subject to the approval or revision of the whole committee. A single teacher, no matter how successful, should never, in our opinion, prepare a text-book on any subject. Experience proves that he will give undue prominence to his hobbies; even if he could succeed in com-

piling one free from positive defects, he would certainly be guilty of some sins of omission. If we are not to have a repetition of the endless changes inflicted on the Public Schools, the matter should be dealt with by a competent committee. Some difficulty might be feared with regard to the Readers, as lessons selected from the Public School Readers, for critical study, form part of the Entrance work. These lessons could be published in cheap form for Entrance candidates; or better, equivalent lessons from their own series could be substituted for Catholics. This is a concession that might be reasonably looked for, as it follows logically from the fact that Catholics have a right to attend both Separate and High Schools.

To anyone objecting to non-Catholic education even for the space of the High School course we should simply point out the undeniable fact that the High Schools are used by Catholics. The University, by making it possible for High School students to take a four years' course in Arts, has afforded the only means of counteracting the effect of secular education, or rather of satisfactorily supplementing it. The suggestion we have made with regard to the Primary Schools is such that if acted upon will the better prepare Catholic boys to make use of the High Schools without detriment to their religion, and apart from this, make the Separate Schools, what common sense as well as the interests of religion demand they should be—distinctively Catholic.

REASONS WHY.

A few short years of college life and then the struggle with the world. Ours is now the duty of preparation; a duty so sacred because involving so much; a duty which, whether courageously met or basely avoided, shall determine in how far

we have realized what it is to enjoy the rights and exercise the functions of citizenship. No matter what be our future pursuit, there will always be room for doing good. If we accept priestly responsibilities our aim will be the saving of souls; if we occupy the editorial chair our task should be the instruction of thousands; if we enter the whirl of politics we should have a share in bringing about the temporal welfare of a community. The idea seems to prevail that for this last mission no special training is needed, that the legislator, like the poet, is born, not made. This is false, and we desire to strenuously combat the notion. The study of political questions will alone qualify us to assume political duties. Our purpose is not to fashion demagogues: for, under heaven, there is no greater bane than the demagogue, who has tongue enough to wag without brains enough to guide it. No, but we want every student to be able to grasp intelligently those weighty themes which so intimately and closely affect our social well being. It may be urged against us that what we advocate would do an injury to study: and destroy, perhaps, that friendliness between pupil and pupil which otherwise might have been continually preserved. This argument would be unanswerable did we hold that the bitter discussion of party politics is means to be employed for the attainment of political knowledge. But we do not. The gulf between the two is vast and deep. The tumult of the one is fascinating, but dangerous: the quiet of the other is dull, it may be, but useful. As members of society, we are compelled to protect our neighbours' rights as well as our own. Equity demands this from us; and its exactions we may not spurn. So far as regards the temporal progress of mankind, the political worker is perhaps supreme in the power he wields for good or evil. Hence the urgent necessity for every student's

being thoroughly familiar with the knotty problems that perplex the public mind; and with the great principles that underlie all legislation. If he be not acquainted with these matters, and should, however, determine to enter public life, his position might be compared to that of the rough mechanic striving to trace the delicate outline of the lily. Let him learn that for every vote given, and for every statement made, he is answerable, first to God, and then to those whose interests he holds in trust; that justice, in its rigor, forbids the recognition of caste; that the law is made for rich as well as poor, and for poor as well as rich; that wealth does not render good that which was bad under the cloak of poverty. Let him understand that the politician who uses his influence to advance the claims of monopolies or "rings" is a traitor to his duty and an enemy of the common good; that, if the public man do this, justice will cry for reparation, and its voice will not be hushed, though it be unheeded. When the student fully realizes the wisdom of these counsels, he will be prepared to meet the obligations of after life, however great or grave they be; and it may perhaps result that he will be powerful in extracting from modern politics much of the dross that is mixed up in them. No reasonable doubt can exist that there is room for cleansing. If students could but rouse themselves to feel the gravity of the danger that threatens society, while abuse of privileges is mingled with political action, time alone would be required for setting right our social organism. College is, we all admit, a place for study: but study should be comprehensive. It should not be confined to those matters only which are met with, inside the four walls of a class-room. If we should thus restrict our information, we would be in a sorry plight when, later on, we would be brought face to face with problems, of whose possibility we did not

dream. To avoid the emergency, we must, during our leisure time, become conversant with those questions, upon the proper treatment of which depend so largely the stability and prosperity of our country. This being done, we may be sure that our influence for good will be great; and that the public conscience, now unfortunately so inert, shall advance towards the recovery of its normal sensitiveness.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

Intellectual development is the measure of human happiness. Just as truth is predicated of an object, in so far as it accords with the concept of its author, so also the happiness and well-being of a people, vary with the condition of the superior element in its members. The infallible law of causality finds its confirmation on every page of history—given the greatest intellectual development, we necessarily find the maximum happiness. Evidently development is accepted here, in none of the distorted senses so frequently applied to it, otherwise, the intestine struggles of Rome, for instance, in the noon-tide of its intellectual greatness, would remain an inexplicable paradox. Whether or not it is the outcome of our tendency to adapt things to our wants, we will leave an open question, but the fact remains, that many of the expressions of our language have a wider meaning than their nature can justify. If, for example, we asked "What is the province of a University?" one answer would be "technical instruction," whilst others, equally confident, and, perhaps with a greater show of reason, would contend that the University should afford "general culture." Technical instruction, no doubt, enables the student to exert his energies in the direction in which his talents naturally lead him, and to such a course, when wisely pursued, no reasonable objection

can be taken. All men are not similarly endowed; some are specially favored in one direction, others in another, and it is incumbent upon all, to occupy their proper rank in the special domain thus assigned them. Yet, for the very reason that its scope is wholly individual, a too-restricted course of training has often no other result, than to hide the goal, to which all culture should tend. Every branch of knowledge has its devotees, but, unless the superstructure of the scientist, or the philologist, or the mathematician—master though each may be in his sphere—is built upon the firm basis of a liberal culture, his technical lore is a meagre possession. He is like a competent lawyer, unacquainted with the language of his jury; like a fully-armed knight, without a charger to carry him into the fray. The University has failed to prepare him, to take his place on the battle-field of thought and action, for, forgetting that he is an integral part of a social organism, she sends him forth, an individual perfect of his kind, but with nothing common to the other members of his class.

The work of the University then is plain. It is the centre of intellectual activity, and as such, it should, in the first place, exercise an elevating influence over other institutions of learning within the limits of its jurisdiction. This influence, consists in directing the work of the lower schools, in the manner best adapted, for the preparation of the student for the University course. By so doing, it fulfils the two-fold mission of increasing the efficiency of the Primary School and of ensuring to itself, an ample store of precious material. In this sense, the foremost institutions of our time understand their duty. Germany has its *gymnasiums*, the very portals, as it were, of the University, and the fact that there is not a single field of study, which the German has not invaded, is no slight testimony to the wisdom of such a course. In France the

same principle prevails, for the *petits seminaires* gauge the standard of their work, by the requirements of the University. With how much benefit the system has been employed in England, Oxford and Cambridge, best can tell, for, from the *public schools*, they have gathered their brightest ornaments. In the second place, the University has to deal with future citizens, and it should form good ones or none. To do this, to enable us to assert the rights and discharge the duties, which are ours by the very fact of our existence, it must be universal in its scope, universal in its interests. This does not entirely forestall the attainment of individual aims, but when the two are incompatible, the claims of the latter must be abandoned.

We learn, through the *Aberdeen Free Press*, that the Rev. Aeneas Chisholm has been elected to the position of President of Blairs College, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the former incumbent, Father Grant. Father Chisholm completed a brilliant course of philosophical and theological study at Rome, matured and enlarged his views, during upwards of thirty years of active ministerial labor, and enters upon his new duties with the promise of shedding increased lustre on his important office. As parish priest of Banff, he ever identified himself with all that promoted the mental and physical welfare of the young, occupying for a number of years, a seat on the Parochial School Board. We bespeak an era of prosperity for Blairs, under Dr. Chisholm's *régime*. He is the holder of principles which, if reduced to practice, will more than sustain the brilliant reputation which the Scotch University has ever enjoyed.

FATHER PAILLIER'S RECEPTION.

Father Paillier, the devoted pastor of St. Joseph's Parish, returned a few days ago from Montreal, after a somewhat prolonged but successful treatment of his injured eye, the entire loss of which, at one time, seemed certain. Grave apprehensions were at first felt by his friends, and by none more so than by his parishioners, as to the outcome of the delicate operation which he was forced to undergo, hence the news of his steady improvement and the recovery of his sight was received in Ottawa with increased joy. Shortly before his return the members of St. Joseph's Parish decided to manifest their heartfelt sympathy for their beloved pastor, and soon, arrangements were completed for his formal reception. On his arrival in the city on the 5th inst., he was met by the Parochial Committee and escorted to the College. At eight in the evening, a representative body had gathered in the University Hall, and a few moments later, Father Paillier entered in charge of the committee. He was greeted with a burst of genuine applause, the choir singing a hymn of "Welcome."

Hon. R. W. Scott then came forward, in the name of the parish, and read the following address: -

Rev. A. Paillier, O.M.I.:

REVEREND AND BELOVED FATHER,—
The members of St. Joseph's congregation desire to offer you a heartfelt welcome on your return to the parish in improved health, and to express the happiness they feel in the hope and belief that you are rapidly recovering from the great affliction you so long bore with calm and Christian resignation.

We need not repeat what you must have observed, that we all deeply sympathized with you in the sufferings you so patiently endured, and when it became necessary to seek elsewhere that rest and remedial treatment so essential for the restoration of your sight, the cause for your enforced absence from the parish created profound sorrow among us. It was, however, some consolation that we could unite together and offer up our prayers to the Throne of Mercy beseeching our Heavenly Father that it would please Him to restore to his flock in

renewed health and strength our much loved pastor. To-day we see that our appeal has not been in vain.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since you were selected to watch over St. Joseph's parish, and in that long period, you have given daily proofs of the interest you felt in the spiritual and temporal happiness of the charge committed to your care. In the interval of time the sympathetic tie between the pastor and his flock, has, year by year, increased in warmth and strength. Now, words fail to express in fitting terms those sentiments of affectionate regard entertained by the members of St. Joseph's congregation for their beloved pastor.

We pray that God may grant you many years of improved health and vigour to discharge those duties to which you have devoted your life on earth.

(Signed,) R. W. SCOTT,
Chairman.
W. H. BARRY,
Secretary.

P. Baskerville, J. J. McGee, Wm. Kehoe,
John O'Leary, M. C. MacCormac, T. J.
Richardson, Geo. Duval, Committee.

Ottawa, 5th February, 1891.

Mr. Scott added that the congregation desired to show their love and devotion to their pastor, by presenting him with the altar service on the table before him, which he would use when performing the most sacred functions of the ministry during his life, and which afterwards would be a perpetual memento of the affection felt by the people of St. Joseph's for their zealous pastor. Father Paillier was visibly affected, when he rose to respond to the kind expressions contained in the address, and to thank his people for their magnificent offering. Filled, as he is, with the true religious spirit, he said, he could not regard such manifestations of esteem, in any other sense than that of reverence paid to his priestly character, but, it is well known that it is in his uniform kindness and fatherly solicitude for his parishioners, that have won for him so warm a place in their hearts. He repeatedly thanked them for the kind wishes embodied in their address; for their handsome gift, and more particularly, for their generous thoughtfulness in praying for him when a temporary separation

from them became necessary. He then descended into the body of the hall and greeted his flock individually, happier apparently than ever, for he seemed to feel that he was in St. Joseph's once more.

ORDINATIONS.

A solemn and most impressive ceremony took place on the morning of the 3th inst. in the University Chapel, when Revs J. Gascon, L. Blondin and O. Chévrier, O.M.I., were raised to the dignity of priesthood. The Order of Deacon was at the same time conferred upon Rev. Alex. Motard, and that of sub-Deacon upon Rev. J. Arnauld, J. Quinn, O. Perreault and W. Camire, all four of whom are members of the Oblate Congregation. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, by special request, held the ordinations in the University Chapel, as Rev. Father Gascon is a graduate of the institution. The students attended in a body, as well as a large number of friends of the rev. gentlemen.

A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation, in the afternoon, of a handsome set of volumes by the students to the Rev. Father Gascon as a token of their respect and esteem. The Rev. Father, when a student, was a general favorite, as is evidenced by the fact that after an absence of three and a half years he is still held in such high regard. After listening to addresses he made a feeling reply, in which he warmly thanked the students and assured them that their kindness to him would long be remembered. Before dispersing the students gave a rousing V-a-r-s-i-t-y cheer for the newly anointed priest.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, TRANSLATED INTO IROQUOIS. By the Rev. N. V. Burtin, O.M.I.

Father Burtin, the venerable missionary of the Iroquois Indians at Caughnawaga, gives a striking evidence of his zeal for the salvation of his poor savages, as he calls them, in the volume he has just published. It is a complete history in the Mohawk dialect of the books of the Old Testament, and must represent an almost

incredible amount of labor and perseverance. It was written, the venerable author says, to fill a long-felt want. Until now the Iriquois have had in their own language only prayer-books and a few bible tracts. Realizing the great utility of a knowledge of the Bible for the proper understanding of the dogmas of Christianity, Father Burtin undertook to furnish the Indians under his charge with a bible-history in their own language. His book will be intelligible to, and no doubt will have an extensive circulation among, the Indians of Sault St. Louis, St. Regis, and Lake of the Two-Mountains in the Province of Quebec, the Mohawks scattered throughout Ontario, and the various tribes, descendants of the Five Nations, in the United States. Father Burtin is making smooth the paths of his successors among those Indians, as Father Legoff by his publications among the Montagnais tribes of the North-West.

AVE MARIA Monthly Part for January, 1891.

The *Ave Maria* begins the New Year well. A glance at its table of contributors reveals the names of Charles Warren Stoddard, M. F. Egan, Christian Reid, Rev. Reuben Parsons, and Eliza Allen Starr, foremost among the Catholic literary men and women of our day. It unites instruction and amusement for both young and old, while it never loses sight of its prime object "to spread the love of Our Blessed Mother wherever our tongue is spoken." Its large and ever increasing circulation, and the high favor in which it is held by literary critics, show that it is doing its work in no half-hearted manner. The *Ave Maria* has no rival as a Catholic family magazine.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

This excellent journal continues to improve in literary and artistic merit. We know of no means more effective to make the actualities and possibilities of our young Dominion fully known and appreciated, than the programme laid down and carefully followed by the publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated*. The name of the periodical implies its aim--the presentation of Canada's claims to recognition in the literary, artistic, social, political and commercial spheres. No success can be too great a recompense for such services.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—No publication comes to our table that is more highly prized than this old, substantial journal. Aside from keeping the public fully posted respecting new inventions and scientific developments, it contains a vast amount of the practical and useful. The engravings are of remarkably high order, and matter accompanying them is so tersely put that such subjects as might, under ordinary circumstances, be considered dry and heavy, are not only readable, but highly enjoyable. It is the best conducted scientific journal in the United States, as well as being typographically the handsomest. Its circulation is larger than all the others of its class combined. Subscription price, \$3 per annum. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.

EXCHANGES.

The *Delphi* for January has an exceptionally fine literary department. Seldom, during the course of our exchange labors has it fallen to our lot to read an article superior to that on "Byron and Morality." Its keen insight into the true character of this poet's writings; its high moral tone, and its scathing denunciation of the so-called realistic school of literature, are salient features which call for high commendation. To say that the style is worthy of the matter is to give it the highest praise. The article on "Micro-Organisms," although not written by a student, tends to enhance the literary merit of the *Delphi*.

We have noticed in several of our exchanges the statement that not a single College journal is published in England. This is a mistake; two such, the *Raven* and the *Stonyhurst Magazine* being regular visitors to our sanctum from "the tight little island." The December number of the latter is before us, and compares favorably with most similar publications issued on this side of the water. Too much prominence, probably, is given to football, but if the *Magazine* sins in this, many of us, too, are equally guilty. The lack of a regular editorial department is, however, a feature regrettable.

The *Varsity* is ever replete with news about our sister institution, the University of Toronto, and is consequently a most

welcome visitor to our table. Much adverse criticism of an action of the faculty in not awarding a prize medal has been a prominent feature of the *Varsity* for some time past. The literary department falls below our expectations. The *Varsity* being a weekly, of course it cannot be expected to contain as many literary essays as a monthly journal, still we think an improvement in this line might easily be made. In other respects the paper is fully up to the standard.

The *Queen's College Journal* for January is an unusually good number. A fine cut of the Queen's doughty football team serves as a frontispiece. Though we suffer little from such grievances as those of which the *Journal* speaks, we are in full accord with the following: "An examination paper which deals fairly with the subject, which confines itself within the limits of the subject and is unmistakable in its meaning, subserves the end for which it was intended; but a paper of any other nature, while it is an injustice to pupils, at the same time shows either the ignorance or conceit of the examiner." The literary matter of the *Journal* is excellent, and is especially interesting, inasmuch as it treats of Canadian writers. Were it more extensive, however, it would greatly enhance the value of the paper.

The St. John's University *Record*, in a poetical prologue to its fourth volume, tells us it will in future appear in shorter clothes. We congratulate it on the change. Its form has long been its worst feature. We like the article, "In the Living Present." It has the ring of the true metal about it. Whining about the past or dreaming about the future are alike worse than useless. The present alone is real, and he who does not clearly see this and regulate his acts accordingly must inevitably be hindmost in the race of life.

The first copy of *The Young Canadian* has reached the sanctum. It is a journal for the young, devoted to fostering a true national spirit in our Canadian youth. Its mission is a noble one, and we wish it all success. An interesting article, recounting a voyage across the ocean on a Canadian line, is a noteworthy feature of the present issue.

The *Muhlenburg* is a literary journal—a thing which can be said of but few of

our exchanges. We were particularly pleased with the article "Gratitude a Motive for Fidelity." The writer rightly condemns in strong terms the not unfrequent outbreaks of students against authority in many of our American Colleges. "Ingratitude," says he, "must be at the bottom of such upheavals," and we are inclined to believe the statement. Yet, if there be one to whom the student is indebted, it is to him who is guiding him out of the darkness of ignorance, and leading him into the clear light of knowledge. With this issue the staff of the *Muhlenburg* makes its final bow and leaves the stage of College journalism, and it takes with it our assurance that its part has been well played.

The January number of the *University Magazine*, from Chapel Hill, N. C., contains an interesting memoir of the late Rev. Charles Phillips, D.D., LL.D., in his lifetime a member of the faculty of that University. A well executed cut of the deceased gentleman makes an appropriate frontispiece to the magazine. We smile as we read the modest but "we feel competent to shoulder the responsibility" salutatory of the incoming staff. The *Magazine* complains that "not many college periodicals have yet reached our desk." This somewhat surprises us, as the *Magazine* is in every respect well worthy of a place on the exchange list of all our sister journals.

LOCAL NOTES.

We regret to learn that His Grace Archbishop Taché, of Manitoba, whose not unfrequent visits to the University were always an occasion of pleasure and gratification, is now detained by illness in Montreal, whither he had gone on important business in connection with his extensive diocese in the North-West.

The first term examinations came off, as usual, during the last week of January. Their results were not only indicative of the successful efforts made by the professors in the last few months, but, in general, showed no lack of diligent study and application on the part of the various classes. They were, on the whole, quite encouraging; and, with the rest afforded by the holiday which followed them, the

boys seem tully prepared for the next half year's battles.

Extensive preparations are being made for a suitable celebration of Washington's Birth Day anniversary. Leon Haid's celebrated historical drama, Major John André, and a Chinese Comedy are being rehearsed for the evening's entertainment.

The billiard table, which was in a rather dilapidated condition, has, at length, received a new covering. It is hoped that the boys will give it better usage hereafter.

We are pleased to hear that Rev. Fr. Jacob, O.M.I., whose recent departure, occasioned no little regret, has safely reached his new home in British Columbia. In a letter to the University, in which he desired to be remembered, especially to the boys, he tells us that the balmy spring climate of British Columbia is far more agreeable than the wintry atmosphere of the capital, but that still the loss of the many warm hearts, which he sustained by his separation with his old friends in Ottawa, is scarcely compensated for by the genial breezes of the Pacific Coast.

The students took advantage of the valuable lectures recently delivered at St. Patrick's Church by the distinguished Paulist Father Elliott, the greater number of them attending the entire course.

Rev. Father Duhaut, O.M.I., who, during Rev. Fr. Pallier's absence, attended to the duties of St. Joseph's parish, and whose occasional visits to the College made the students think of "old times" when he was among them, has returned to his parochial ministry in Hull, P.Q.

ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual entertainment of the Athletic Association took place on the evening of January 28th. The spacious Academic Hall was packed to the doors, a fact which proves the good impression made by similar entertainments in the past. The programme opened with a selection from Verdi's famous opera, *Hernani*, rendered by the College Band. The piece consisted of seven distinct movements, which were so well executed that the band may safely be said to have scored a triumph. The *Allegretto*,

Euphonium solo and the galop were particularly delightful, and were received with marked favor by the audience. "Practice makes perfect" seems to be the motto of the Cecilian Society, and the success attained bears ample testimony to the truth of the old adage. It were unfair, however, to attribute this entirely to practice, for to the talented and energetic director of the society, Rev. F. Gervais, much of the credit is due.

After the applause had subsided Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick stepped before the curtain and in a few well-chosen words pointed out the necessity of athletics, especially to the student, and referred with pride to the brilliant record of the Association in football and other sports. The curtain then rose and disclosed a company of soldiers in British uniform who went through a military drill. Many of the movements were quite intricate, but were executed without a hitch. All praise is due to Mr. J. Landry, who had the supervision of this portion of the programme. The dumb-bell and bar-bell exercises, which were next gone through, heightened the favorable impression already made. The inimitable Mr. R. Ivers came next with a song which, as the saying is, fairly "took down the house." He received a hearty encore. The first portion of the programme concluded with a French farce "Le Photographe," which was well put on, Messrs. Genest and Charbonneau being particularly effective in their respective roles. In the interval, selections from Canadian songs were given by the band in a style in keeping with its former performance, the transitions being especially striking. A song by Master J. Casey, "Whisper Gently, Mother's Dying," held the audience spellbound and was deservedly encored. Special bar-bell exercises by Messrs. Carrier, Gibbons and Gleeson were watched with close attention and were highly creditable to the young performers. A duet by Messrs. Charbonneau and Genest was followed by the swinging of the Indian clubs. In this Master Gleeson gave a special exhibition, and showed himself possessed of a degree of skill seldom surpassed even by professionals. An English farce, "A Confidential Clerk," concluded a most successful entertainment. The characters were all well supported.

SOCIETIES.

Want of space has hitherto prevented us from recording the doings of the Junior Debating Society, but we now gladly seize the opportunity of making amends for the past. Greater interest than ever is being shown in this society this year, a fact we are pleased to note, for it assures us that its members will, in the future, be able to sustain the present high standard of the senior society. The society is to be congratulated on securing the services of Rev. W. Smith as Director, for his popularity and experience as professor of English in the college make him eminently fitted to prepare the juniors for the heavier work of the senior society. The other officers are energetic and well qualified to improve the standard of the society. They are

- President.....S. J. Hallissey.
- Secretary.....A. E. Bourke.
- Committee {
 -J. S. Murphy.
 -W. Leonard.
 -G. Baker.
 -W. Fagan.
 -J. Lonregan.

The first debate was : Resolved, "That Capital Punishment should be Abolished." J. Murphy and J. Rigney supported the affirmative, and S. J. Hallissey and W. Fagan, the negative. The debating was sharp and to the point, Mr. Murphy arguing "that if one animal, for instance a horse, kills another, the offender is not executed, but on the contrary is punished by increased toil," concluded that similar treatment would be the more sensible punishment for rational criminals. Though the negative was strongly upheld, the decision favored the affirmative.

The subject of the second debate was "Whether poverty or riches best develop character." A. E. Bourke and Geo. McCrea thought that poverty was best suited for developing character, but the society thought otherwise after listening to the remarks of J. E. Ryan and T. O'Brien. On the following evening the question was: Resolved, that "The Ancients were superior to the Moderns." E. Cornell and G. Baker defended the affirmative, but after an interesting discussion, the decision favored the arguments of Jno. McDermott and C Sparrow of the negative.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

On account of the examinations, but

three meetings have been held since our last issue. The first was : Resolved, that "The theatre is detrimental to morality." Affirmative, M. F. Fitzpatrick and I. French ; negative, J. C Moriarty and Jno. McNally. The debate was one of the best of the year, and was decided in favor of the negative. At the next session, H. J. Canning and C. J. Mea argued that "The University course should not be shortened," against the affirmative of J. P. Smith and W. Cavannagh. Many sound arguments were brought forward on each side, but the vote went with Messrs. Canning and Mea.

The subject of the last debate was, "Resolved that the Confederation of the United States is not destined to last." On the affirmative were T. A. Troy and S. J. Kehoe, while J. P. Collins and M. Powers defended the negative. The debate proved more than usually interesting, as was evidenced by the number of speakers who rose from the house. All showed themselves well acquainted with the resources, politics and Government of the neighboring Republic. The vote of the society went with the negative. We were much pleased with the presence of Rev. Father McGuckin, Rector of the University, and Rev. Fr. Gascon, an old member of our society, who has just been raised to the dignity of the priesthood. There is no doubt that their presence infused much more than the usual spirit into the debate, and the society takes this opportunity of cordially inviting them and the other gentlemen of the faculty to visit us whenever the opportunity offers. We also noticed with pleasure that the attendance was much larger than usual, and hope to see this continue for the future.

THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

The patriotic subject chosen for the last discussion of this society drew a large audience. It read as follows : "Is l'évis superior to Montcalm?" Messrs. Masson and Tétreau defended the affirmative. The former showed, both by his statements and his delivery, that he had mastered his subject. Mr. Tétreau made an able second. Scarce less can be said of Messrs. Charbonneau and Gagnon, who upheld Montcalm, the old French capital's last defender. Many of the members present then enthusiastically pronounced themselves for the one or the other of the two heroes.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Our young editor is no more. The spring, the head, the very fountain of our Junior Department, has ceased to be. Yet, what a glorious departure to realms unknown! "Nothing in his life became him half so well, as the leaving it." He died as one who had been studied in his death, to throw away the dearest thing he owned, as if 'twere a careless trifle." And now, after youth's fitful fever, he sleeps well. Though short, his life was full of deeds, grand, noble and sublime. For weeks past he was noticed to turn a little *pale*, and J. B., very gravely and in a tone and language decidedly peculiar to himself, was heard to whisper, "Poor fellow, he will soon kick the *bucket*." And so indeed he did, not, however, till much of his work was done. But why should we now mourn him gone, who, though a martyr to the cause of literature, died so full of honors and almost at the very pinnacle of human fame? His generous heart desired no more than that we should speak him fair in death. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Of the treasures of this world he had little, and though rewarded in some slight degree for his invaluable services, by a considerable salary, still, under the benevolence of its dispenser, it sank to almost nothing. His testament he wrote with his own hand. His cat, the constant companion of his office hours, he intrusted to the care of J. B. His books, those embalmed minds, which were his inseparable comforters, he distributed equally among his classmates. His collated manuscripts, a life's work, he left as a legacy to the OWL. To all of us he has left, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but his name, which is our pride, and his example, which will continue to spur us on to greater and nobler actions.

At the recent semi-annual examination, the following boys having obtained the required marks, were promoted to the second grade:—S. Leveillé, A. Campeau, P. Baskerville, J. Esmonde, Jos. Frechette, H. Jones and A. Groulx.

Civil engineering must be a grand study to increase the cubical contents of brain and body. The junior member of that class has been obliged to borrow one of the senior's caps, and also to procure two mattresses for his bed.

The following is the rank in class, in the Commercial Course, for the half-yearly examination:—

1st Grade	1. Baskerville P. 2. Leville, S. 3. Esmonde, J.
2nd Grade.	1. Brophy, C. 2. Garneau, L. 3. Baby, L.
3rd Grade, B	1. McDougall, J. 2. Tobin, H. 3. Quinn, J.
3rd Grade, A.	1. Mellon, P. 2. McCabe, J. 3. Gray, G.
4th Grade.....	1. Brophy, W. 2. Laplante, O. 3. Weir, W.

On January 10th a very interesting game of hockey was played between the 3rd team of the Seniors and the Juniors' 1st, D. McDonald being referee. The teams are as follows:—

JUNIORS.		SENIORS.	
P. Connolly.....	Goal.....	D. A. McDonald.	
W. Brophy.....	Point.....	G. Paradis.	
J. McCabe.....	Cover Point.....	P. Clancy.	
W. Weir.....	Centre.....	D. Laplante.	
P. Slattery.....	Forwards.....	O. Christin.	
O. Allard.....	".....	E. Caphest.	
C. Kavanagh.....	".....	P. Brunelle.	

Although the Seniors had the best possible 3rd team they could get together, still, it proved an easy victory for the Juniors.

On January 24th the Juniors won another victory, when the 3rd Grade beat the 2nd Form by a score of 3100. If the Seniors wish to win a game this season, they had better pull themselves together and do a little more team play. The Juniors have challenged the 2nd team of the Seniors, and are looking forward to another grand victory.

We are sorry to have to announce that Mr. Goulet, president of the skating rink, has thought it necessary to resign. No doubt the coming Dominion election will require considerable of his very valuable time. Mr. Moncion has been appointed to succeed him.

We are pleased to see that our young friend, B. Fitzpatrick, is once more in our midst. He is his former self in everything, manners, looks and gestures, though judging from his reduced weight, we are led to believe that deciphering the half-obliterated carvings of buried generations is not the most agreeable work in the world.

ATHLETICS.

The second match in the City Hockey League was played on the Rideau Rink on January 15th, and resulted in favour of the Ottawa team. Mr. D'Arcy Scott of the Rideau H. C., officiated as referee, and Messrs. J. A. McDougal and J. F. D. Lemoine were umpires. The following were the players:—

<i>Ottawas.</i>		<i>Varsity.</i>	
C. Kirby.	Goal.	Morel.	
Green.	Point.	Reynolds.	
Kerr.	Cover Point.	Sparrow.	
Ross.	Centre.	McDonald.	
Young.	} Forwards. {	Trudeau.	
H. Kirby.		McDougal.	
Bradley.		White.	

When Ross and McDonald faced the puck, the general feeling seemed to be, that Ottawa would have a walk over, but this impression, though perhaps somewhat strengthened by the first ten or fifteen minutes' play, was soon after removed. An attack was made on the Varsity goal, but Sparrow and Reynolds worked well on the defence and Morel made some clever stops in goal. The Ottawas were playing a splendid forward game, but found it harder to score than they, perhaps, expected it would be. The Varsity forwards then took charge of the puck and transferred it to less dangerous territory. Some very fast and clever play was done by the forwards of both teams. Finally, after a desperate dash on the part of the Varsity men, McDougal succeeded in scoring the first goal for the Varsity. From this until the end of the first half, the puck travelled from one end of the rink to the other. Both goals were attacked, but neither effected any change in the score. The second half was begun by Ross winning the face and passing the puck to Bradley, who brought it within a few feet of the Varsity's goal, but Reynolds sent it to the middle ice. McDonald received it shortly afterwards, and he, White, McDougal and Trudeau stormed the Ottawas' goal, but Chauncey Kirby was equal to the occasion. Green transferred the puck to the centre and from there it went to Varsity's goal, and H. Kirby by a beautiful shot, scored for Ottawa. With the score even, both teams went to work with an air of determination. But soon, the Ottawas appeared to have the advantage, as they hotly besieged the Varsity citadel, which must have fallen before their fierce onslaughts, were it not for the faithful guardianship of Morel. In the end, however, the Ottawas succeeded in their efforts, Bradley doing the needful. There remained but little time in which to play, but Kirby's sure aim augments his team's score by one, and the match ended in Ottawa's favour. Score, Ottawa 3; Varsity 1.

The match was a much closer one than the score would indicate. The Ottawas have a splendid team and the Varsity men were certainly better than ever before. H. Kirby, Ross and Bradley distinguished themselves for Ottawa. It would be hard to say who played the best among the Varsity forwards, but Reynolds, Sparrow and Morel deserve special mention for their work in the first part of the match. The Ottawas will now play the final match with the Pirates of Dey's Kink, and the winners will be champions of the city league.

The Ontario Rugby Union held its annual meeting in Toronto on January 21st. There were present delegates from eleven different clubs. A rule was adopted empowering the referee to penalize falling on the ball in the scrimmage, or playing off side. The penalty is that the opposite side shall have the option of a free kick or an advance of five yards. A simple majority of points is sufficient to decide a match. Formerly, a majority of two points was required. The goal posts must now be twenty feet high instead of thirteen feet. In case of a touchdown behind the goal, the ball may now be brought directly in front of the goal. It was also enacted that a player who persistently violates the rules or is guilty of unfair or rough play, should be reported to the committee, and that body shall have the right of suspending him. We are of opinion that if a referee would rule off a player, for a part or the whole of a match, it would be a more effective means of preventing violation of the rules and rough play, than that adopted by the Union. A safety touch counts two points instead of one. This, we think, will give rise to a great deal of wrangling, as it is often difficult to decide between a safety touch and a rouge. The rules, of course, distinguish between the two, but when it comes to giving a decision on the field of play it is often found to be a more difficult task. The appointment of goal judges and touch-line judges has been made compulsory, and field captains have been abolished. A motion to reduce the number of players was introduced but was thrown out. In this we are somewhat disappointed, as we had expected to see the Union effect such a change. The Hamilton delegates strove hard for a reversion to the challenge system, but the majority decided otherwise. Another meeting of the Union will be held on April 25th.

On February 6th an exhibition game was played with the Gladstones on Dey's rink. After an hour's interesting play the score was, Varsity 2, and Gladstones 1. Mr. E. Dey satisfactorily performed the duties of referee.

ULULATUS.

Examinations ! Latin Translations !! Greek Orations !!! Perspirations !!!!! Congelations !!!!! Close Escapations !!!!!

Bellamy's Latin Grammar. Advance sheet.
1st Declension -- *Rose ah ! Rose eh ?*
Rose hem ! Rose oh !!!

The OWL screeched a hearty welcome to the "Fighting Editor" as he returned laden with spoils like Achilles of old, after doing up the County of Renfrew. But the sage fowl dropped a silent tear on beholding the havoc wrought on his upper lip, the result of a fierce encounter at the "Metropolis."

We are glad to announce the safe return of our "Scaouwt," who represented the University at the funeral of Sitting Bull.

ODE TO AN EMBRYO MUSTACHE.

(By 'Stache.)

Smooth it out carefully,
Soft silky hair,
Handle it tenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Artist Tonsorial
Warn to beware,
Lest with his razor
He lop off a hair.

Let not the frost touch it,
Dear little thing !
Stay within doors with it
Until the Spring.

Train it to upward curl,
Color dark brown,
Naught can compare with it
Then, in the town.

When in the Spring time the
Winter's cold snow
Melts from the earth, and the
Soft zephyrs blow,

Hirsute development
Trust to their care,
And let them penetrate
Each single hair.

The skaters have been greatly alarmed at the re-appearance of the rainbow, fearing it may forebode an approaching thaw.

Teacher : The site of a school cost \$700, the school itself twice as much. What do you mean by the site of a school ?

Pupil : What you can see of it.

Why do you say that all roads lead to Rome ?

Young Boy : Because when you enter on a road you begin to roam.

What is the most talked-of book in the house ?
Negari non potest *quin* "Mill" sit "on the *Loss*."

A tyro in the English language, on seeing the notice announcing a rehearsal of the play "Major John André," inquired what they were going to do with the *mayor*. Reply : "Farm 'er."

Why have the professors of the 3rd grade such an easy time in class ? Because they have *cushings* to sit on.

The *Dean* of the Philosophy Class thinks that the most favourable place for the observation of shooting stars is on the hockey rink.

What difference is there between Greece of old and our senior study room ?

The former had no Calends while the latter is decked all around with Calendars.

ODE—THE DOG IN THE STUDY.

A big black dog with ambition fired,
To a Freshman's knowledge and rank aspired,
So he left his companions and made a call
To secure him a desk in our Study-Hall.

"Aim high," was his motto—but ah ! his aim
Was too high, he discovered, when class-time
came :
How ambition's bright light from his eye 'gan to
fade,
When he found himself fired to the lower grade !

With a weary step he began to crawl
Away to the door of the juniors' hall,
Where peals of laughter and shouts of joy
Now greeted the ears of the "new dog-boy."

But again, his talents, tho' "rich and rare"
Were too few to secure him an entrance there ;
So, disgusted, he cried, in the saddest of tones :
" *Ad bona revertam*, I'll return to my bones !"