

# THE OWL.

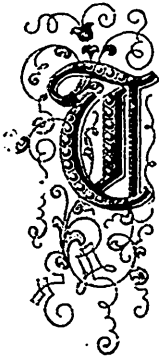
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*"NIGRA SUM, SED FORMOSA."*

(To Our Lady of Loretta, at Issy, France.)



DHINE Image, be it carved in vilest clay,  
With features cloth'd in Ethiopian grace,  
Yet, like some precious stone, emits a ray,  
That lights the charms of thy maternal face  
Whence thou art beautiful ; to love that kneels,  
The shade, that from the faithless eye conceals  
Its latent beauty, mirror-like appears,  
And all th' Exemplar's hidden wealth reveals.

Thus have they seen thee, Lady of Lorette,—  
The grander for thy modest guise of jet—  
Whose filial fondness, seeking thy retreat,  
Brought peasant, priest and prelate to thy feet :  
And thou wert beautiful, their prayers, their tears,  
With thine presenting at the mercy seat.

C. C. DELANEY, '91.

PARIS, Oct. 2nd, 1894.

## HAVE WE ENOUGH TO EAT?



N the August number of *La Nouvelle Revue* M. Oscar Comettant discusses the negative side of the foregoing question, and therein finds what he considers the true solution of the social problem. He maintains that in every period of the history of mankind hunger has been its most unrelenting foe, and, until man succeeds in conquering this degrading enemy, all the discoveries of science will be but so many mockeries of his sad lot.

"To what purpose," he says, "do we talk to a people weakened by privation, of liberty, of equality, of legislative reform, of eternal happiness in another world? So long as the hungry have nothing on their plates the instincts of the brute will prevail over human sentiments. They must eat before all."

"Hunger unsatisfied, the last expression of the poor, will not be silenced by an increase of money in circulation, by any method of its distribution, by the development of industries, nor by the application of any of the socialistic theories which are but forms of spoliation more or less disguised. The remedy must be sought elsewhere."

"At the outset let us lay down this truth: that if every person does not eat enough it is because there is not enough for every person to eat. The rich have stomachs similar to those of the poor. The digestive organs of the one perform the same amount of work as do those of the other. An equal supply of nourishing food is needed by both. Since no portion of our food is thrown into the sewer; since, on the contrary, we utilize even the very refuse of the restaurants and other eating houses, which is sold to the poor in large cities; we must conclude that since large numbers of the human race suffer from want of food, it must be because the supply is not in proportion to their needs."

In support of his contention that it is not money that the poor require to procure the necessaries of life, M. Comettant makes two suppositions. Firstly: "Suppose that all the gold and all the silver in circulation were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth. The amount of gold is estimated at 18 billions of francs, that of silver at 20 billions. The population of the earth being one and a half billions, in this division each person would receive 25.23 francs. Everybody would then be poor, and suffer more or less of hunger. Not because each would have a small amount of money to buy food, but because the supply of food, remaining the same, would be, as at present, insufficient." Secondly: "Suppose that by a phenomenon of nature a large quantity of gold and silver fell upon the surface of the earth, and that all that was necessary was to stoop and pick it up. Everybody would then become a millionaire. But would there be any change in the general situation? A loaf of bread would then cost about 1000 francs, an egg about 500 francs, and everything else in proportion. The wages of the workman would undoubtedly rise; but the price of the necessaries of life would experience a corresponding increase, and the ratio between income and expenditure would remain unchanged. At one time in Paris the same kind of boots which cost to-day 12 francs could be bought for 12 sous. Yet the poor of that period walked in their patched leather boots which soaked up the mud and melted snow of the streets."

"No," M. Comettant asserts, "it is not because money is more or less abundant, more or less equally distributed, that poverty has become universal. It is because the food which nourishes man is not produced in proportion to his needs." Henceforth," he says, "let us not delve into the interior of the earth for precious metals; let us obtain our subsistence from its surface which alone is able to satisfy our wants. Since the portions of the earth already cultivated are not capable of

supplying our needs, cultivation must be extended until that end is attained."

To the question, is not the fertile portion of the earth taxed to almost its full capacity, M. Comettant replies by quoting from a statistical work recently published by M. Ravestein, in which it is stated:

(a) That the population of the globe is one and one half billions.

(b) That the total area of the earth is made up of 28 million square miles of fertile land, 14 million square miles of steppes, and four million square miles of desert. The fertile portion is capable of supporting 207 persons to a square mile. While a square mile of steppes can supply the needs of 10 persons.

"Since," he says, "the fertile areas of the earth can support at least six billions of people, let us exact this from them and all our social ills will be banished forever. We may amend laws as we will, reform existing institutions, multiply benevolent societies. These steps will be only palliatives. The evils will continue to exist so long as the supply of food is not increased, which is at present insufficient to satisfy the wants of the human race. Agriculture alone, extended over the whole earth, can remedy existing evils, and ensure the happiness of mankind."

But by what means it may be asked, can men living in the too crowded districts, be induced to relinquish old associations, and go to a foreign country for the purpose of opening up new homes? Man is a social animal, as we are told, and does not like to separate from his fellows. It requires considerable courage to encounter the trials of opening up a new country. Moreover, every person has not an aptitude for cultivating the soil, and besides much money would be required to establish oneself in a new land. To the first objection, M. Comettant, replies: "When one is unable to gain a livelihood in a particular region, he does not hesitate to cut loose from old associations, nor is he loathe to leave friends who are powerless to save him from endless misery. If it would require great courage to face the hardships of a new country, how much more would he need to bear almost certain distress at home."

The second objection, that all men have not a taste for farming, is met by

citing the result of a practical test.

"The Foreign Office recently published a report of the English consul at Buenos Ayres relative to the attempts at colonization made by the Jews in the Argentine Republic. These attempts were followed by great success. In eighteen months out of the 50 million francs placed at the disposal of the Society by Baron Hirsch, 11 million have been expended and 3000 colonists have been permanently settled. Although for the most part composed of artisans, the new settlers have cultivated 16,000 *hectares*: Half of which is devoted to the culture of cereals, and the remainder to raising live-stock."

M. Comettant not only points out a remedy, but also shows how it may be applied. For such an enterprise having for its object the extinction of poverty and the prevention of its consequent evils daily becoming more formidable, hundreds of millions would be given by the rich, the writer thinks, with pleasure.

He suggests that an international congress purely economic and philanthropic be held for the purpose of placing the fertile areas of the earth at the disposal of those who would cultivate them. These areas should be granted to intending settlers with all the rights of private property, on the sole condition that they be worked by those to whom they were given.

The international congress should decide that all nations represented at this august assembly, offer to the poor of their respective countries the opportunity of procuring homes of their own. Along with a portion of land the intending settler should receive sufficient food to keep him and his family until such time as he would be in a position to supply himself. Moreover he should be given agricultural implements, animals for reproduction, a dwelling, the necessary furniture, suitable clothing and free transportation to the country in which he would desire to settle.

Those who would furnish the enormous sums of money required would be those who have more than is sufficient to keep them. These sums would be raised by means of an impost on the revenue and capital of the rich. This impost for the purpose of

alleviating human misery by more extended cultivation of the soil, should be readily accepted by the rich as a "conductor for the revolutionary thunder bolts," which threaten society at every side. The increased security life and property would receive would more than compensate for the money expended.

To sum up: It is on the products of the surface of the earth alone that man lives. Thousands of human beings are suffering the pangs of hunger. No food is being stored up. No person, no matter how rich, can eat more than his organs will digest. The real cause for so much hunger in the world must be that we have not enough to eat. Therefore the poor of our crowded cities must be enabled to become producers of food for themselves, by having placed at their disposal the fertile parts of the earth yet unoccupied.

When this is accomplished, "it will be no longer argued that wars are necessary; that some of the earth's human inhabitants must die that others may live. Every person will then be prosperous and happy. Those who now envy the possessions of the rich having become owners of property themselves, all jealousy and strife will be at an end."

From a purely material standpoint, M. Comettant strikingly sets forth what is generally regarded as one of the principal causes of our social ills. At the same time he points out a remedy which if applied, would no doubt do much to lessen the sum of human misery. Many among the poor would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of escaping from their present distress.

Yet, even from a material point of view, it scarcely can be admitted that this scheme would prove as effective as its proposer would have us believe.

The most important factor in producing the unprecedented prosperity enjoyed by the United States until within the last two

years, has certainly been the existence of an immense area of unoccupied land, to which the unemployed might freely resort and found new homes. In addition to these areas, the construction of railways and other public works; and the erection of new cities have profitably employed large numbers of men, and immense sums of capital. Never has there been so great and rapid development of national resources and wealth. Yet even there, a comparatively new country, this factor has now largely spent its force; and many, hitherto tillers of the soil, are flocking to the cities.

It is impossible for a country like Canada, or the United States, rich in mineral and forest wealth, possessing manufacturing and shipping facilities unsurpassed by any other country in the world, to engage in purely agricultural pursuits. Manufacturing centres will be formed, around which thousands of workmen will congregate. In a short space of time large and flourishing cities will spring up. This is verified by the phenomenal growth during the past quarter of a century of some of the largest cities of the United States. These cities have now, as we see, their own hungry to care for, disorder and anarchy to suppress.

While acknowledging that poverty is the prolific mother of many crimes, we ought not to forget that man is composed of two natures—the animal and the spiritual. It will not be sufficient for man's happiness to supply him with material food alone. His spiritual wants must also be attended to. Wherever he may cast his lot—in the secluded serenity of pastoral solitudes or amid the open strife of our crowded cities,—his passions will always accompany him, and unless he be imbued with the sound and practical principles of Christianity, these passions will obtain the master hand.

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.

## CAN A LORD BE A POET?

By Very Reverend Eneas McDonell Dawson, F.G., LL.D., Etc.



THE Edinburgh reviewers who criticised Lord Byron must have profited amazingly by cultivating learning on a little oatmeal, when they made the astounding discovery that a

Lord cannot write Poetry.

Let us see what history says to such a pretended discovery, and first let us consult sacred history. David and Solomon were mighty lords in their day, and yet they were poets; their poems counting by the thousand.

Moses was a Lord, and a great one too, the lord and leader of the Israelite people. Notwithstanding this high dignity he was a poet,—the author of those magnificent hymns:—*Audite cœli quæ loquor, Cantemus Domino, Glorioso enim magnificatus est.*

Secular history is nearer us and may be appealed to more at large. The great Celtic bard was a powerful lord as well as warrior among his people, although he owned not the modern designation of earl, marquess, duke, and all that. Nevertheless, he was eminent as a poet. So much so that his poems have stood the ordeal of time and are a living voice in our day, celebrating the events of a bygone age, preserved in the memories and written in the books of the Gaelic people of Western Scotland. They are known only to English readers by the translation of Mr. Macpherson.

It has been maintained that this gentleman was the author of them. But such a position can never be proved. Mr. Macpherson, although he could translate, could not compose such poems. He was utterly incapable. He tried to convince the world that he was a poet by writing some poems. But they found no acceptance with the British public, whilst the

poems of Ossian were enthusiastically received and still hold their place in English literature. The writer has heard portions of them recited by cultivated Highlanders in the original language; and it is well known that there were books containing collections of the renowned Celtic bard's poems. One book, in particular, may be mentioned. It was in the possession of Mr. McDonell of Knoydart, and was known in the family as the "*Red Book.*" It was lent to Mr. Macpherson and never returned.

"The poems of Ossian are highly deserving of attention if it were only that they show the state of society among the Caledonians in the days of the Gaelic bard. The Druids had introduced a civilization superior to that of Imperial Rome inasmuch as its worship acknowledged the one only God, whilst Rome rioted in its absurd polytheism, and practised cruelties unheard of among the primitive Caledonians. Druidism, although it rigidly enforced its social organization, was, nevertheless, a milder system than any other form of heathenism and when Christianity was presented in the second century, it gave up its superstition more easily than any other pagan system. Polytheism, with all its horrors, still reigned at Rome and all sorts of cruelty prevailed, whilst the Christians of North Britain (Caledonia), having become numerous and powerful, kindly received and protected their brethren of the South who were so savagely persecuted by the Emperor Dioclesian.

The success of the Caledonians in repelling the warlike legions of Imperial Rome, gave proof, not only of bravery and patriotism, but also of military organization and skill in the art of war. Without all this, how could they have driven back to the South in a shattered condition, the great army of 80,000 Roman warriors

with which Septimus Severus undertook to subdue the country. So great a conquest neither he nor his son could accomplish. For an account of the battles that were fought between the latter and the Caledonian heroes, we are indebted to the poems of Ossian. The wars of Severus and Caracalla are also recorded in the annals of Imperial Rome.

We come now to speak of poets who were more than ordinary lords,—the lords of a whole kingdom. Among these James I, King of Scotland, holds high rank. When a boy on his way to France by sea, for his education, he was seized by order of the King of England and detained a prisoner for eighteen years. His education, meanwhile, was not neglected; and so many years of retirement gave leisure for study and meditation. When at length he was set free, he came to his kingdom a wise king and an accomplished scholar and poet. Of course the Edinburgh reviewers must have held that this was

impossible; for, if a lord could not be a poet, *a fortiori* a king could not. King James I, however, notwithstanding this unfavourable verdict, wrote some fine poems which have been carefully preserved, and are well known in the literary world.

James V, a prince of great ability, wrote poetry. So also did James VI, although, indeed, this prince was better known as a prose writer. His able work on the qualities of a king (*Eikon doron*), at once obtained for him a European reputation and induced the Pope to say that he was the most learned prince in Europe.

So far from the qualities of lord and poet being incompatible, there appears to be affinity between them. They are mutually attractive; thus, in the cases of Lords Macaulay, Houghton (Monkton Milnes), and Tennyson, the genius of poetry attracted the dignity of lord, uniting the nobleman and the poet.



Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart which, if believed  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

—FRANCIS ANN KEMBLE.



## NOVEMBER.



THE river's face grew hard last night.  
 The last leaf from its swaying throne  
 Has fluttered, brown and small; and lies  
 Upon the ice—alone.

The sun, wrapped in his misty skirts,  
 The West with purple glory dyes ;  
 And, clearly as a cameo cut,  
 The mallard Southward flies.

The crescent moon gleams on her bed  
 Of argent cloud ; by slow degrees  
 Drooping on unseen wings beyond  
 The lattice-work of trees.

Northward gleams one bright star, that says :  
 I guard the seas that lie below !  
 And from the East the wind runs out,  
 And comes—and brings the snow.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

## HOW TO WIN THE RACE.

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

*Continued.*

2. Intellectual.—In running the race of life, it is well for us to be careful of the friendships we make. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps. It is true that a man may consort with evil persons and yet be not himself absolutely evil, may, in fact, oftentimes revolt in his heart against their wickedness; yet even in such a case the proverb applies, for his weakness will be apparent in his not separating from them. So that we shall never go far wrong in judging a man by his companions. It is difficult to lay down any rule for a young man's guidance in forming friendships; but generally it may be said that he should always look up, should always fix upon minds loftier and purer than his own, as Atticus looked up to Cicero, and Cassius to Brutus, and Xenophon to Socrates, and Galen to Hippocrates. Our friendships in this way become a portion of our education, and are made useful in the development of these possibilities of good in our character which might otherwise have been concealed. It follows that we must choose a friend because he is honorable, pure, gentle, manly, refined and truthful—because we can trust to him our weaker nature in the assurance that he will not betray it—because he will encourage us in our better aspirations and ruthlessly arrest the growth of our coarser propensities—because he will not fear to speak to us the words of candid counsel, and, if need be, of stern reproof. The value of such a friend it is impossible to over-estimate. Who shall describe all that Burke was to Charles James Fox, or Herbert Edwards to the gallant Nicholson?

There are friendships we all know of, such as that between Blake and Macdonald, between Hergenroeter and Winthorst, between Childs and Drexil, which amount to a golden union of souls, and involve a close moral and intellectual fellowship of the happiest character.

Strengthened and cheered by such a fellowship, the runner may enter on the race of life with confidence. He cannot be wholly defeated; let him lose everything else, and he will still retain the heart of his friend. It seems to us worth any sacrifice of self to consummate such a friendship, and without self-sacrifice it will forever be impossible. Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed to thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure. A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

A friend's influence upon our character must always be considerable. It was said by those best acquainted with the late Cardinal Manning, that it was impossible to come into contact with him, and not in some measure be ennobled and lifted up into a loftier region of aim and object. Hence the necessity of guarding, in our choice of friends, against natures of a lower order than our own. Unless our will be strong, our purpose high, our own character well balanced, they will drag us down to their base level. But from the wise words or spotless example of a true friend and fit companion, our minds will often receive an impulse to exertion and an incentive to elevated, earnest, and devout thought. On the other hand, there must be something of an equality in friendship. We must give as well as receive. We must really and truly be friends, like Booth and Barrett; not king and serf, like Dr. Johnson and Boswell. No doubt Boswell profited to some extent by his intimacy with Johnson, as a dog does by following a kind master; but the profit would have been greater if the relation between them had been of a different complexion. We do not deny that it is well to be the follower of a great man; honest admiration has a fine effect upon the mind, but this is not true friendship. We can hardly go to our teacher



with that full confidence, that frank confession, that absolute self-surrender, with which we go to our confessor and friend.

To do justice to the subject of the mental training requisite for him who would run worthily the race of life, would claim a volume; so rich is it in suggestion, so fertile in illustration. The young man should learn to direct his life by a noble motive, to think with clearness and decision, to sympathize with all that is true, honest, and beautiful, to discard mean and ungenerous impulses, and in other ways so to conduct himself as that running he "may obtain."

As not less important than that economy of money which is insisted upon so strongly by all our moralists, we would recommend an economy of mental power. Many of us waste our resources in the early stages of our career, forgetful that the race is won by the staying power of the runners. Napoleon gained his victories by his judicious employment of his reserve. The general who risks all his forces in a single charge must expect and will deserve defeat.

Read aright, the fable of the tortoise and the hare points a moral in this direction. The hare was beaten by the tortoise because the latter possessed the staying faculty. At school and at college we frequently see the prizes carried off by the men whom an ignorant impatience had criticised as dull, slow, and incapable plodders, while the dashing, brilliant fellow, apparently sure of victory without an error, was left hopelessly behind in the race. They had no reserve to fall back upon, while the former had a latent accumulation of strength on which they drew at need, enabling them to meet every demand. There are one or more of each in your class. Do you know them?

It is hardly necessary to say that we can hold no such reserve as that of which we are speaking unless we submit to the severest self-discipline. We must be content to wait and watch, to husband our powers, to accumulate materials, to cultivate habits of rigorous thought and exact judgment, to conquer hasty impulses, and enforce a strict restraint upon our passions. The vigor and certainty with which a great painter wields his brush and manipulates

his color, until the thought in his brain becomes visible to all men on the enchanted canvas, have been acquired by long and assiduous practice, by the discipline and self-command of patient years. And this discipline and self-command have given him so thorough a knowledge of his resources that he undertakes nothing which he cannot execute. He is always sure of himself, confident that he can do all that he meditates, and that when that is done he can do yet more. The poet who wrote "Comus" and "Samson Agonistes" knew that he had by no means expended on those master-pieces all his powers. He had still a reserve, a magnificent reserve, at his disposal, and could give the world the grand organ music of "Paradise Lost." Turner had not exhausted himself when he had painted his "Carthage;" many a glorious picture was still to bear witness to the fertility of his genius. It is an imprudent policy for a man to lavish his strength upon a single work, so that all his after-methods should bring with them a consciousness of failure. Look at Philip James Bailey; his one successful poem, published in his early manhood, was his "Festus." It used up his powers, so that he has done nothing since to maintain the reputation he then acquired. On the other hand, a Goethe begins with "Goetz von Berlichingen" and "Werther" to advance to "Wilhelm Meister" and to conclude with "Faust." We allow, of course, for the superiority of genius. But even when this is admitted, it is evident that Goethe's later successes were due to his "reserved power." Blake, in a recent essay, speaks of "the unabated eagerness with which Goethe persevered in what he deemed the duty of self-culture;" even when he was eighty years old, he was still accumulating and husbanding his resources as he had done in the flush of his manhood. One of the lessons to be drawn from his "Faust" is that which we are here endeavoring to enforce, that it is irretrievably folly to exhaust our capabilities at the beginning, that the wise man is he who lays up in his garner to meet after demands. Otherwise, if he should chance to encounter a defeat, as we all inevitably must, or life would be no battle, we shall finish in a

ruin as absolute as that which overtook Napoleon at Waterloo, and for the same reason—the want of a reserve.

A striking anecdote is told of our American general, Sheridan. Returning to his army, on one occasion, after an absence of a few days, he found that it was being driven back before the vigorous advance of the Confederates under General Early. "Sir," said the general whom he had left in command, "we are beaten." And rallying the soldiers by the impulse of his own confidence, he turned the tide of battle, and converted a defeat into a victory. Sheridan had a reserve of moral and intellectual force in which his leader was deficient. At the appearance of disaster the one was demoralized, the other roused and strengthened; the former had spent all his means, the latter had scarcely drawn upon his.

We borrow an illustration from the life of Daniel Webster. In 1830, a debate had arisen in the United States Senate on the disposition of the public lands. At the outset it was not considered an attractive or an exciting subject, and for some days the debate was exceedingly dull. The vast "reserve power" of one man was destined, however, to lift it into historical importance. A speech of a Mr. Hayne, to which Webster, the great orator, was called upon to reply, had been distinguished by much ability, and constituted a very sharp attack upon New England and Mr. Webster, its representative. But Mr. Hayne, says Dr. Thomas, did not understand this matter of reserved power. "He had seen Mr. Webster's van and corps of battle, but had not heard the firm and measured tread behind. It was a decisive moment in Mr. Webster's career. He had no time to impress new forces, scarcely time to burnish his armor. All eyes were turned to him. Some of his best friends were depressed and anxious. He was calm as a summer's morning—calm, his friends thought, even to indifference. But his calmness was the repose of conscious power." He had carefully measured his strength, and was in full possession of himself and his means. He knew the composition of his "army of the reserve." With the eye of a great general he surveyed the whole field of battle at a glance. He had the prescience

of logic, and could see the end from the beginning.

The very exordium of his reply had in it the promise, nay, the assurance of victory. "Men saw the sun of Austerlitz, and felt that the Imperial Guard was moving on to the conflict. He came out of the conflict with the immortal name of the Defender of the Constitution." Of this speech, and the mode of its delivery, a competent authority said, "It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I confess I never heard of anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown." Mr. Webster's biographer adds, that "taking into view the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, and especially the brief time for preparation, the importance of the subject, the breadth of its views, the strength and clearness of its reasoning, the force and beauty of its style, its keen wit, its repressed but subduing passion, its lofty strains of eloquence, its effect upon its audience, and the larger audience of a grateful and admiring country, history has no nobler example of reserved power brought at once and effectively into action." There is a certain amount of exaggeration in this description, but it does not invalidate the appositeness of the illustration. Unquestionably Daniel Webster had a large amount of reserved power, as all consummate orators must have, or they would fall easy victims to their opponents. It is in the reply that true oratorical excellence is manifested; and a successful reply is impossible unless the speaker can draw upon an accumulation of force. The victory is yours when you can impress your adversary with the conviction that you are not putting forth more than half your strength.

To acquire and retain this reserve of power is not easy. It is that part of a man's education which depends most upon himself, nay, for which he must trust to himself alone. Deep, earnest, patient study is indispensable; continuous study, kept up from day to day and proceeding from one subject to another; methodical study, enforcing an exact systemization of our thoughts as of our time. When

Father Burke was asked by a young clergyman how best he could improve his preaching, he answered, "Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! and then if you tap it anywhere, you will get a good stream. But if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you get but a small stream after all." The age of miracles is past, and the cruse of oil and the vessel of meal will not be replenished unless you will fill them with your own hand.

But patient study is not so valuable as patient thinking. We are none the better for our daily food if we are unable to assimilate it. If we store up materials with the diligence of the bee, we need the bee's power of elaborating them into wax or honey. A man whose brain is crushed beneath a superincumbent weight of accumulated facts has no active intellectual existence of his own; he does not think or feel, he simply collects. He has no idea of the relations towards one another of the facts he has gathered, of their comparative value, of their bearing upon particular lines of reflection. He is like the laborer who piles up by the wayside a great heap of stone or iron; what can he do with it until the engineer has planned the road or designed the bridge? But the true student will be laborer and engineer in one; his brain will dispose of the store which his memory has stored and assorted. He will study profoundly, but he will also think profoundly. He will not be content with amassing the thoughts of other men, but will strain them through his own intellectual alembic until he gets at their most precious elements. What will it avail to know all about the stamen and petals of the daisy if he make no attempt to think out the thought that lies in the cup of that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower?"

And from these remarks we may strike out a hint to be of service to us in our studies. We must read to think; we must bring together our material with a view to making use of it. Now there are books which crush thought by their heaviness, and others which dissipate it by their levity. There are books that chill and enfeeble instead of strengthening and stimulating. The wise student will turn aside

from all such, and confine his attention to those books only which will help him in his great work of self-culture. The biographer of Fichte, comparing him with a dry-as-dust contemporary, remarks, that "all the truth written by the latter is not worth a tithe of the false which Fichte may have written. The one gives us a small number of known truths; the other gives us perhaps one truth, but, in so doing, opens before us the prospect of an infinity of unknown truths." And it is just this quality which makes Fichte and writers like Fichte so valuable; they teach us to think. The divine spark set free from the altar of their genius alights upon the inert dulness of our drowsy brain, and quickens it into wholesome activity. They send forth their breath to breathe upon the dead bones; "and behold a shaking, and the bones come together, bone to his bone, . . . and they live."

3. Spiritual.—But now we must turn for a moment to that spiritual training which he who seeks success in life can by no means afford to neglect or forego. Mind and soul are so intimately connected, that what acts upon the one will react upon the other. The intellect and imagination cannot be healthy unless the soul be satisfied and at peace. No man can think generously who does not live devoutly. But to live devoutly we must subject the soul to as rigid a discipline as that which we enforce upon mind or body. Goodness is no spontaneous growth; like knowledge, it can be acquired only by assiduous wrestling. Purity, whether of body or soul, cannot become ours except by slow degrees, step by step, gradually and painfully. The evil spirit can be driven away from us only by prayer and fasting. Says St. Francis of Sales: "The work of the soul's purification neither may nor can end save with life itself;—do not then let us be disheartened by our imperfections,—our very perfection lies in diligently contending against them; and it is impossible so to contend without seeing them, or to overcome without meeting them face to face. . . . David continually asks the Lord to strengthen his heart against cowardice and discouragement; and it is our privilege in this war that we are certain to vanquish so long as we are willing to fight."

It does not fall within the scope of these pages to enlarge upon the helps and hindrances to the devout life. The reader will do well to seek salutary counsel from some books as the "Imitatio Christi," the "Confessions" of Augustine, and the "Lives of the Saints." All of these he may study earnestly and hopefully, and with large profit to his spiritual understanding. But especially would we recommend the "Imitatio," because, as Cardinal Wiseman says, with equal truth and beauty, "it was written by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting;—because it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph, not written on velvet cushions, to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet upon the stones. And it remains to all time the lasting sense of human creeds and human consolations, the voice of a brother, who, ages ago, felt, and suffered, and renounced—in the cloister perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting, and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness." Next to these primary manuals, we would direct the inquirer's attention to Dr. Newman's "Sermons;" the "Faith of our Fathers," by Gibbons; and some of the higher Christian biographies, such as those we find in the history of Canada and the United States, in which we can read of Antoinette de Pons, Marquis de Guerchville, Father Jean de Brebeuf, called the "muscle of this enterprise," Father Jogues, and the courageous and courtly Champlain. All these are books well adapted to preserve the flavor of devout life in the inquirer's soul.

A constant study of the Bible as recommended by Pius the IV. and Leo the XIII. we take for granted. Whatever a man's vocation, this, and this alone, can give it true dignity or crown it with success. In the pages of the Evangelists a perfect life is set before us, by humble imitation of which, and by entire submission to the laws it inculcates, we may hope to realize some of the excellences of a gentle, Christian character. To shape our lives in accordance with the example

given us by the Divine Master, that is the task we must accept and endeavor to discharge if we would run the race as conquerors. The nearer we approach—and, alas! how far off will be our nearest?—the more assured will be our prospect of victory. It is a work to call forth the highest qualities of both mind and soul, and a work which all may joyfully undertake, for it carries in itself its own reward. How exalted the happiness, how serene the bliss, when we are able to bear the burden as if it were light as a spring blossom, and, seeing the crown shining above the cross, to bow the knee in love and gratitude, with the adoring cry, "My Lord and my God!"

And lastly, we would urge upon the reader the duty and the importance of prayer. To us it seems the sheet-anchor of the tossed and troubled spirit, staying and steadying it when winds blow fiercest and waves rise highest. A prayerless life must surely be a vain, an unprofitable, and a wretched life. No one will refuse to identify holiness with prayer. To say that a man is religious, is to say the same thing as to say he prays. For what is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God; to look on everything as His will and His appointment; to submit every thought, wish, and resolve to Him; to feel His presence so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy. That is prayer. And what we are now, surely we are by prayer. If we have attained any measure of goodness, if we have resisted temptations, if we have any self-command, or if we live with aspirations and desires beyond the common, we shall not hesitate to ascribe them all to prayer. Can any be so blind, so mad, so foolish as to enter upon the race of life without seeking the support that comes from communion with the Father? It is the staff of the feeble, the medicine of the sick, the guide of the strong, the consolation of the sorrowful. It lifts the soul up to the throne of eternal love, and binds it there in golden bonds that never gall or annoy. It enables us to submit our will unrepiningly to the Divine will, and fills us with an exquisite consciousness of the Divine sympathy. Into our prayers we convey those thoughts and aspirations and desires, those timid fears and heart-achings, for

which we can find no other channel of expression. We have nothing to say here in reply to semi-philosophical refutations of prayer as a dynamic force. Enough for us to insist upon it as a spiritual power. We are very sure that the heart without prayer is like a ship without a rudder, which the currents of passion will carry against the pitiless rocks. No one who has not tried can tell what a security a devout ejaculation will prove against temptation, or how singular a solace a few words of prayer will afford in the time of doubt and disappointment. Alas for prayerless men!

“For what are ‘they’ better than sheep  
and goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hearts of  
prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call  
them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every  
way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
God.”

Many great and all good men have been prayerful men, seeking with humility of spirit an intimate communion with their Divine Master. The fiery soul of St. Francis of Assisi, the stern heart of Butler, were alike subdued and sanctified by prayer. Brave men like Columbus have found in it an aspiration of the truest courage. It has brought a wonderful

calmness of endurance to poets like Milton and statesmen like Gladstone. It supported the saints and martyrs as they suffered at the stake. It cheered the gallant heart of Sheridan as he rode into battle. It sanctified the genius of Fra Angelico as he breathed life into the painted canvas. There can be no successful work without prayer, which is its crown and consecration; “prayer,” as St. Augustine says, “not that God’s will may be altered, but that it may be done; that we may be kept out of all evil and delivered from all temptation which may prevent our doing it; that we may have the ‘daily bread’ given to us in body, soul, spirit, and circumstance, which will just enable us to do it and no more; that the name of Him to whom we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as noble and sacred as it is, and acted on accordingly.” Prayer, offered up in this humble trustful spirit, may not bring down God to us, but it will raise us up to God.

“Prayer,” says St. Francis, “opens the understanding to the brightness of Divine light, and the will to the warmth of heavenly love; nothing can so effectually purify the mind from its many ignorances, or the will from its perverse affections. It is as a healing water which causes the roots of our good desires to send forth fresh shoots, which washes away the soul’s imperfections, and allays the thirst of passion.”



## THE BOOM SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.



EVER since its foundation, philosophy has been favored with a great variety of schools. Let a man, learned or unlearned, identify himself with a number of new doctrines however foolish in themselves; let him gather a few disciples who

are willing to risk limb or lite for the propagation of these novelties, and immediately a new school of philosophy is founded. The leaders of nearly all schools are ranked among the heroes who have vanquished ignorance; though to say the truth some of them have talked more nonsense than demented beings who never heard the name of philosophy. We attribute this fact to man's inconsistency; but we are at a loss to find a reason for the following novelty. Perhaps it is man's madness. Other philosophers, though they know *for certain* that such a school is teeming with errors, will give years of study to disprove what others hold as truth unsullied; proving thereby of what preposterous balderdash the human mind is capable at times.

Strange as it may seem, there can be no doubt, that many men become great philosophers at least in their own estimation without ever having the faintest idea of the matter treated by that venerable science. To this class belong the members of the Boom School of Philosophy. Lest our readers should confound it with several other famous schools we distinguish it from the Bomb School, embracing nearly all the pernicious errors of modern philosophy which have led to the free and extended use of dynamite, bombs, the dagger, and other socialistic and anarchistic weapons. We further draw a heavy line between the Boom School and the Bum School, which flourisheth in rank profusion in nearly all colleges, and which claims as its special adherents men who love cigarettes, and

hate anything or anybody that smacks of energy. And for the sake of greater clearness, we must distinguish it from a very modern school, holding sway in western towns, and having for its immediate object to boom up coal oil plantations and cactus mines.

The history of philosophy, as nearly all those who have studied it know, is a dense science. It requires such an overwhelming amount of twisting, backing up, and scrambling over the same territory, in order to screw out the origin of any school; such a prodigious number of jaw-breaking names connected with the members and branches of this school, that it is no wonder many students wished the business consigned to oblivion. No such difficulty hinders the historian of the Boom School. Its rise and progress are within the memory of men whose whiskers are not even gray. The illustrious founder as well as his associates still flourish. To begin at the beginning, we say that previous to 1870 not the slightest vestige of this school was to be found. In that year the Improvement Company on the Upper Ottawa determined to establish a boom in order to avoid a certain rapids about one hundred miles above the capital of the Dominion. A small wooden shanty was built; and the supervision of the boom was entrusted to three notable personages, viz.: Tom Knott a middle-aged North of Ireland man with just learning enough to be dangerous; Demas Violet, a Frenchman who had found his former name of Lavolette too long, and anglicized it into the present form, at the earnest solicitation of foreman Knott. The other worthy was called Jim, or Old Jim, for he had rafted the earlier part of his life on the Upper Ottawa; and being offered this lucrative position had, in his old age, gladly accepted. The work imposed upon the boom gang was not arduous; the big steamer with its tow, came to the head of the rapids on an average once in twenty-four hours. Hence there was

many a drowsy summer afternoon, and evening in the fall which would have been spent in useless sleep, had not the enterprising foreman, Mr. Thos. Knott, put together his subtle brains, and persuaded his two companions that nothing better could be done, than to while away their spare time in philosophical discussions. Old Jim was delighted, and Demas declared that it was the "best ting he never tink about," though truly he was oftner in dreamland when the discussion waxed heavy between the other two, than anywhere else. The trouble with Violet was that he could never "comprend bien" the terrifying mental abysses into which the foreman and old Jim threw themselves with ease. For they like true philosophers were afraid of nothing; they swallowed the most hair-splitting distinctions and objections as easily as a dish of baked beans; because we have their own words for it.

Tom Knott invariably opened the discussions with some antiquated axiom from a not less antiquated almanac which he had near him. In the early days of the Boom School old Jim made it a point to oppose Knott on all subjects, till his opposition became a mere matter of course. It was enough for the foreman to express such an opinion on such a subject, and old Jim invariably thought otherwise. In this particular he greatly resembled certain embryo-philosophers of high repute, whom we have the pleasure of knowing. If any man dared impeach their private judgments, he was sure to be visited with wrath; and strange to say, these very men, would on any slight pretext, shamefully apply the curb and bit to their judgments, by wilfully forcing them into a contradictory and ridiculous supposition, provided that it was diametrically opposed to what their professor taught. Well is it said: "What fools these mortals be." However, in the Boom School this unwarranted opposition on the part of old Jim brought on a crisis. Often the discussions became so fierce; such a prodigious amount of pounding on the deal table, stamping of feet, and billings-gate accompanied them, that poor Demas would be forcibly ejected out of dreamland, and made an unwilling participator in the hurly-burly.

On one occasion he awoke just in time to prevent what, beyond doubt would have terminated in the complete destruction of the Boom School. Tom Knott had had delivered the thesis: "The pen is mightier than the sword," fresh from his almanac. He began to defend it with rare eloquence, particularly emphasizing the fact that *absolute loquendo* the pen was not mightier than the sword; but it was true, nevertheless, that at present the pen ruled the destinies of whole empires, while often the sword only carried out what was begun with the pen. Old Jim according to custom vehemently opposed this thesis; maintaining that the two could not be compared literally or figuratively, because they were of a different *genus* and used for different purposes. The discussion went on gently with the pounding of fists on the table, and stamping of feet, but in the end it resembled a howling menagerie. Demas awoke, and found his two companions dashing out doors, loading each other with choice epithets. He arrived on the scene of battle, just in time to preserve the credit of the immortal Boom School. For there was foreman Thomas Knott, white with rage, making frantic dives with an old rusty crow-bar at his companion who was displaying no less agility with a hand-spike and cant-dog attacked,—a powerful weapon in the hands of an old riverman like Jim. A few eloquent and philosophical words from Demas Violet restored peace. "Me toujours tink dat a philosopher never fight; because he never do noting; he jus only tink; you are a crack sort of philosopher for fight like bulls." This speech coming from so ordinary an individual as Demas stifled the two pedants to such an extent, that dropping their arms like red hot pokers, they ran to their respective bunks, and gave themselves over to refreshing sleep. Thus was the credit of the Boom School saved. And the fact only illustrates a well known truth, that men of meagre genius have often saved philosophy from many pitfalls into which it would have undoubtedly been thrown, had it been left entirely to the greatest intellects. We might add that history is always repeating itself; for the Boom School is not the only one which has seen a grave philoso-

phical discussion ending in a free fight, or the fisticuffs. The honor is divided among a number of famous schools.

It would be difficult to determine exactly what tendency was uppermost in the Boom School. As Macaulay says: "Man, in short, is so inconsistent a creature, that it is impossible to reason from his belief to his conduct or from one part of his belief to another." In regard to theory we are in doubt whether sensualism or spiritualism prevailed; but we vouch for certain that, at dinner-time when a tempting mess of pork and beans was placed on the deal-table, the rankest sensualism held sway. Even Tom Knott, who on most occasions was very transcendent of matter, forgot all his theories on asceticism, and plunged head first (figuratively speaking) into his favorite dish, thereby giving his animal propensities the upper hand. But this is a common fault among philosophers. There are many who belong to more pretentious schools than the present one, who shun base sensualism, as they would a rattlesnake; but who at meal-time turn all theory into thinnest air, and torment the digesting juices of their stomachs far more severely than ordinary men. We unhesitatingly affirm, however, that old Jim and foreman Knott were terrifically addicted to positivism. They never came to blows on any question after the first memorable encounter; but each man clung to his opinion as tenaciously as a drowning man holds to a straw. No quarter was given on any subject. Nothing could shake their faith in the infallible correctness of the respective judgments which Nature had bestowed upon them. It seems to us that no science suffers so much as philosophy from this kind of positivism. Every school is at daggers' end with every other school; every individual member of every school is positive that every individual member of every other school must have been stark, staring mad, to propound such gross absurdities.

Personally Tom Knott was very eclectic in his philosophical speculations. Every man's opinion was entitled to some consideration, save that of old Jim; for he now was wrong on all questions by force of habit. It finally

came to pass, as years rolled on, that foreman Knott used to have everything his own way; he became at the same time the *defendens* and *arguens* of all theses. Practice had made perfect, just as it always does. Whenever any subject was brought up, he immediately supported his contentions with such thundering rhetorical manoeuvring, at the same time pelted such a volley of jumbled up arguments and objections against the ramparts of the enemy, that old Jim in utter disgust and discomfiture would leave him an easy victor. It became evident as these triumphs went on, that old Jim's *intellectus agens* was not so agile as it used to be; yet he had the satisfaction of a philosopher, in knowing that he was right, despite the rantings of his adversary.

The writer spent a night with the boom gang and had the extreme pleasure of hearing Thomas Knott, foreman, expatiate on a variety of topics. After we all were seemingly bunked for the night, he arose, and going to an obscure corner of the shanty, appeared with an old and worn almanac, the *supreme criterion of truth*. Then having moved a heavy pine block alongside the bunk, he drove one end of his double-bladed knife into the wood, while the other end supported a tallow candle used on state occasions only. This done, he propped himself up comfortably with the blankets and read that: "A certain governor, in the early days of American history, enacted the following law; 'He that doth not work shall not eat.' "Now I don't know, began the foreman Thomas Knott, whether my pinion bout this here matter is alright, cording to the minds of the fresh gentlemen as arrived this evening. But I firmly believe that the governor as thought of such a law knew a darned sight more practical philosophy, than any other man I ever heard tell bout. Now lookye here, whats the use of talking about your supraphysical absurdities of this one or that one. Why don't yer knuckle down to business right off, and strike at the root of the evil. If such a man won't swallow yer doctrine, why just reduce the amount of eatables for that person. Of course don't chuck down on him too hard; give fair warning; and do it gradally and with reason as becomes a



philosopher. But if the villain perseveres just shut him off straight. You'll find out, when yer as old as me, that philosophy is not what it is cracked up to be; you'll find that every philosopher, when his stomach is full, is ready to burst with pernicious doctrines. But you just take that man, and put him on small rations for a while, an he always comes down a few pegs, an considers any doctrine good nough, if it only makes his victuals a sure thing. And to stick right to the question I claim that after a man does eat, he should take one hour's sleep. You know that in this here age of lectricity there is too much thinking and not enough rest. I, as a philosopher, who wishes the most good to his fellowmen, recommend that one hour after each meal should be given to sleep as the antidoter to this cursed agility on the part of the man's brains. I know just what I am talking bout. Lookye here, I have the daily experience of well nigh on twenty-five years at my back, an I have put this here question to a multitude of men, an every one of them always considered one hour's rest little enough. My reasoning is mighty close. You know we are in this world to follow the rules of the reason and conscience what Heaven gave us. Now my own as well as the reason of every man as I know, declares that

sleeping one hour after meals is an absolute necessity in this here age. What argument can be brought against me on that score?" The foreman stopped short. He waited for old Jim or some of the fresh gentlemen to show fight in the way of a few objections: None were offered, because nearly everybody was asleep, and even if they were not, it is highly improbable that they would feel disposed to argue against the pleasure of sleep, at so late an hour. So the gallant foreman Thos. Knott retired unworsted.

And thus flourishes the Boom School. Let pedants howl and weary students follow the examples of their illustrious predecessors; but verily if there is not so much truth in the ideas of the immortal Knott, there is a great deal more balm for the worn-out minds of embryo-philosophers, than in many more pretentious systems. For as great men say, there is scarcely any system of philosophy but at least contains some truth. And whenever in the future great questions trouble us, we shall refer the case to the judgment of the Boom School of Philosophy; being assured that if we obtain neither logical nor metaphysical truth, we will receive an answer easy to swallow, easy to understand, and not too hard on our now nature, if we are concerned therein.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.



## THE MYSTERY OF THE THATCHED HOUSE.

(Selected.)



I was my fault that we bought the Thatched House. We wanted a country home, and, hearing that this one was for sale, we drove many miles one showery April morning to view the place.

Aunt Featherstone exclaimed against the house the very moment we came in sight of it. It was not the sort of thing we wanted at all, she said. It had not got a modern porch, and it was all nooks and corners on the outside. The lower windows were too long and narrow, and the upper ones too small, and pointing up above the eaves in that old-fashioned, inconvenient way.

I left her outside with her eye-glass levelled at the chimneys, and darted into the house to explore. An old woman preceded me with a jingling bunch of keys, unlocking all the doors, throwing open the shutters, and letting the long levels of sunshine fall over the uncarpeted floors. It was all delicious I thought; the roomy passages, the numerous chambers of all shapes and sizes opening one out of another, and chasing each other from end to end of the house.

I said to myself in my own wilful way, "This Thatched House must be my home!" and then I set about coaxing Aunt Featherstone into my way of thinking. In May it was all settled. The house was filled with painters and paper-hangers, and all through the long summer months they kept on making a mess within the walls, and forbidding us to enter and enjoy the place in the full glorious luxuriance of its summer beauty. At last, on driving there one bright evening, I found to my joy that the workmen had decamped. I sprang in through one of the open dining-room windows, and began waltzing round the floor from sheer delight. Pausing at last for breath, I saw that the old woman who took care of the place had entered the room whilst I was dancing, and was

standing watching me with a queer expression on her wrinkled face.

"Ah, ha! Nelly," I cried triumphantly, "what do you think of the old house now?"

Nelly shook her gray head, while she said:

"Ah, Miss Lucy! wealth can do a deal, but there's things it can't do. The day 'll come when you'd as soon think of sleeping all night on a tombstone, as of standing on this floor alone after sunset."

"Good gracious, Nelly! I cried," what do you mean? Is it possible that there is anything—have you heard or seen.

"I have heard and seen plenty," was Nelly's curt reply; and not another word could I wring that evening from her puckered lips.

This was only the first shadow of the truth that came upon us in the Thatched House. It came by degrees in nods and whispers, and stories told in lowered tones by the fireside at night. The servants got possession of a rumor and the rumor reached me.

The Thatched House was haunted, it was said, by a footstep, which every night at a certain hour, went down the principal corridor to the dining-room. The tradition of the lonely shade was as follows: The builder and first owner of the Thatched House, was an elderly man, wealthy, wicked and feared. He married a gentle young wife, and was cruel to her, using her harshly and leaving her solitary in the lonely home for long winter weeks and months together, till she went mad with brooding over her sorrows and died a maniac. It had been her custom, when alone to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and to walk up and down the dining-room, wringing her hands till the morning dawned; and now though her coffin was nailed, and her grave green, the unhappy spirit would not quit the scene of her former wretchedness, but paced the passage, and trod the stairs, and traversed the hall night after night as of old.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

Whilst the sun shone and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my eyes to the memory of old Nelly's hint. So long as the summer lasted the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odors, and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, to shudder at the windows all through the dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Aunt Featherstone was a dear old, nervous, cross, good-natured, crotchety, kind-hearted lady, who was always needing to be coaxed. I heretofore, as long as it was possible, I kept the dreadful secret from her ears. About the middle of November she noticed that I was beginning to look pale, to lose my appetite, and to start and tremble at the most common-place sounds. The truth was that the long nights of terror which passed over my head, in my pretty sleeping-room off the ghost's corridor, were wearing upon my health and spirits. Morning after morning I awakened, weary and jaded, after a short unsatisfying sleep, and resolved that I would confess to my aunt, and implore her to fly from the place at once. But, when seated at the breakfast table, my heart invariably failed me. I accounted by the mention of a headache for my pale cheeks, and kept my secret.

Some weeks passed, and then I in my turn noticed that Aunt Featherstone had grown exceedingly dull in spirits. "Can any one have told her the story of the Thatched House?" was the question I quickly asked myself. But the servants denied having broken their promise not to mention it in her presence. Things went on in this way for some time, and at last a dreadful night came. I had been for a long walk during the day, and had gone to bed rather earlier than usual. For about two hours I slept, and then I was roused suddenly by a slight noise just outside my door. I sat up shuddering and listened. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart to try and keep its throbbing from killing me; for distinctly in the merciless stillness of the winter night. I

heard the tread of a stealthy footstep in the passage outside my room. Along the corridor it crept, down the staircase it went, and was lost in the hall below.

I shall never forget the anguish of fear in which I passed the remainder of that wretched night. While cowering into my pillow, I made up my mind to leave the Thatched House as soon as morning broke, and never to enter it again.

I had heard of people whose hair had grown gray in a single night, of grief or terror. When I glanced in the looking-glass at dawn I almost expected to see a white head upon my own shoulders.

During the next day, I, as usual failed of courage to speak to my aunt. I desired one of the maids to sleep on the couch in my room, keeping this arrangement a secret. The following night I felt some little comfort from the presence of a second person near me; but the girl soon fell asleep. Lying awake in fearful expectation I was visited by a repetition of the previous night's horror.

I suffered secretly in this way for about a week. My aunt groaned over me, and sent for the doctor.

I said to him: "Doctor, I am only a little moped, I have got a bright idea for curing myself. You must prescribe me a schoolfellow."

Hereupon, Aunt Featherstone began to ride off on her old hobby about the loneliness, the unhealthiness and total objectionableness of the Thatched House. She never mentioned the word "haunted" though I afterwards knew that at that very time, and for some weeks previously, she had been in full possession of the story of the nightly footstep. The doctor recommended me a complete change of scene; but instead of taking advantage of this, I asked for a companion at the thatched house.

The prescription I had begged for was written in the shape of a note to my dear friend Ada Rivers, imploring her to come to me at once. When I wrote "Do come for I am sick," I was pretty sure she would obey the summons; but when I added, "I have a mystery for you to explore," I was convinced of her compliance beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It wanted just one fortnight of Christ

mas Day when Ada arrived at the Thatched House.

"What is the matter with you?" said she, putting her hands on my shoulders and looking at my face, "you look like a changeling, you little white thing! When shall I get leave to explore your mystery?"

"To-night," I whispered, and looking round me quickly, shuddered.

Ada laughed at me, and called me a little goose; but I could see that she was wild with curiosity, and eager for bedtime to arrive. I had arranged that we should both occupy my room, in order that if there was anything to be heard, Ada might hear it. "And now what is all this that I have to learn?" said she, after our door had been fastened for the night, and we sat looking at one another with our dressing-gowns upon our shoulders.

As I had expected a long ringing laugh greeted the recital of my doleful tale. "My dear Lucy," cried Ada, "my poor sick little moped Lucy, you surely don't mean to say that you believe in such vulgar things as ghosts?"

"But I cannot help it," I said, "I have heard the footstep no less than seven times. If you were to sleep alone in this room every night for a month you would get sick too."

"Not a bit of it" said Ada, stoutly and she sprang up and walked about the chamber. Ada always meant what she said. In half an hour we were both in bed without a further word being spoken on the matter. So strengthened and reassured was I by her strong happy presence that, wearied out by the excitement of the day, I was quickly fast asleep. When I opened my eyes next morning the first object they met was Ada sitting in the window. She was pale, and her brows were knit in perplexed thought. I had never seen her look so strangely before.

A swift thought struck me, I started up, and cried, "O Ada! forgive me for going to sleep so soon, *I know you have heard it.*"

She unknit her brows, rose from her seat, and came and sat down on the bed beside me. "I cannot deny it," she said gravely; "I have heard it. Now tell me Lucy, does your aunt know anything of all this?"

"I am not sure," I said, "because I am afraid to ask her."

"Well," said Ada, "we must tell her nothing till we have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I asked beginning to tremble.

"Nothing very dreadful little coward!" she said laughing; "only to follow the ghost if it passes our door to-night."

I gazed at Ada with feelings of mingled reverence and admiration. It was in vain that I tried to dissuade her from her wild purpose. She bade me hold my tongue, get up and dress, and think no more about ghosts till bedtime. I tried to be obedient; and all that day we kept strict silence on the dreadful subject, while our tongues and (seemingly) our heads were kept busily occupied in helping to carry out Aunt Featherstone's thousand-and-one pleasant arrangements for the coming Christmas festivities.

Bedtime arrived again too quickly. We said our prayers, we set the door ajar, we extinguished our light, and we went to bed. I had just commenced to doze a little and to wander into a confused dream, when a sudden squeezing of my hand, which lay in Ada's started me quickly into consciousness. O horror! there it was—the soft, heavy, unshod footstep going down the corridor outside the door. Ada crept softly from the bed, threw on her dressing-gown, and went swiftly away out of the already open door.

What I suffered in the next few minutes I could never describe. Then through the silence of the night there came a cry. It seemed to come struggling up from the dining-room underneath. Unable to stand the suspense, I sprang out of bed, rushed down stairs, and found myself standing at the door of the haunted dining-room.

"Ada, Ada!" I sobbed out in my shivering terror, and thrust my hand against the heavy panel. The door opened, I staggered in, and fell forward on the floor, but before I fainted quite, I heard a merry voice ringing through the darkness.

"O Lucy! your Aunt Featherstone is the ghost."

When I recovered, I was lying in bed, with Ada and my aunt both watching by my side. The poor dear old lady had so

brooded over the ghost stories of the house, and so unselfishly denied herself the relief of talking them over with me, that pressing heavily on her thoughts, they had unsettled her mind in sleep. Comparing dates I found she had learned the story of the spirit only a few days before the night on which I had first been terrified by the footstep.

The news of Aunt Featherstone's escape flew quickly through the house. It

caused so many laughs that the genuine ghosts soon fell into ill-repute. The story of the weeping lady's rambles became divested of their dignity and grew therefore to be quite harmless. Ada and I laughed over our adventure every night during the rest of her stay and entered upon our Christmas festivities with right good-will. As for Aunt Featherstone, I must own that she never again said one word in disparagement of the Thatched House.



There is no crown in the world  
 So good as patience ; neither is any peace  
 That God puts in our lips to drink as wine,  
 More honey-pure, more worthy love's own praise,  
 Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean  
 The iron hands of anger.

—SWINBURNE.



## PARLIAMENT HILL.

“ Right in the midst a hill fit throne for rule,  
And crowning this were stately structures, towers  
And domes and gothic arches, quaint with rich  
Device of ornament.”

“*Eos ; an Epic of the Dawn.*”

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.



To avoid disappointment, do not expect too much. This sketch is not intended as a review of Ottawa City. It will not contain even all that the writer knows about the subject ; and what

he does not know would fill several large volumes. Its object is to call attention to a few of the places in Ottawa—*ore* in particular—of whose artistic merits so much has been said and sung.

The glory—the heart—of Ottawa, is the block of buildings erected on a bold bluff, which safeguards the city from the river. They are blessed with a site peculiarly happy, resting on a grand eminence falling almost precipitously to the water, covering an area of about four acres. They form three sides of a quadrangle, which is laid down in plats of grass, plants and flowers, crossed with broad paths. Towering above this square on either side, are Canada's National Buildings for the accommodation of Parliament and the Civil Service. Their erection was begun in 1859, the first stone being laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860, and completed at a cost of \$5,000,000, and in their offices 1400 public officials draw \$1,400,000 yearly for their services. The first session of Parliament was held on the 8th June, 1866, memorable as the time of the Fenian invasion. This permanent seat of Government was selected by Her Majesty in 1857, and in 1867 it became the Capital of Canada. On the 1st July, 1867, the confederation of the chief provinces of British North America was effectuated with a brilliant celebration, and the spirit that prompted that commemorative cere-

mony has since lived to honour the recurring anniversary of the greatest day in our history.

From whatever point Ottawa is approached the Buildings stand out against a cloudless sky in all their magnificent proportions and varied architecture. Lowell aptly describes them when he says: “Their splendour, their fine commanding site, together with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, place them in a very enviable position compared with other structures used for similar purposes, and must ever be objects of interest to the tourist and stranger, and pride to the people of Canada.”

In all they number four: the Parliament House, the Eastern and Western Departmental Buildings, and the Langevin Block. The three first structures are on the “hill,” the last stands on Wellington street, forming the fourth side of the quadrangle. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, describes the style of those on the “hill” as that of pure gothic, unsullied with fictitious ornamentation. These structures which are ranked among the glories of the architecture of the world, are based on the fashion of the XII. century with a simplicity adapted to this country. Age is fast adding fresh beauty to the cream-coloured sandstone used in their construction. The finishings are of Ohio freestone, while in the arches, doors and windows, red Potsdam is employed.

Chief among all is the Central Block, a noble structure 475 feet long, 370 feet in breadth, rising to a height of 180 feet, with a massive clock-tower 225 feet high. The depth from the entrance to the back of the library is 570 feet. Its distance from the street and great altitude from the river give it unusual grandeur. Here the Commons and the Senate chambers

are located. The Commons is an oblong hall fitted with 215 seats and desks for the use of the members. The ceiling is supported by sixteen ponderous pillars. A broad gallery runs around the chamber, which is frequently thronged with various classes from all parts of the Dominion to hear the "*Wisdom of the Land*" deal in their prosaic way with matters from which only genius could draw inspiration. Here assemble annually the legislators of the country. Some a thousand miles away from the surf-beaten shores of the Atlantic; from the Great North-West; 3,000 miles away to the Pacific Ocean, beyond the barriers of the Rocky Mountains, and from every village, town and city. It is then that this noble pile of buildings with many-coloured windows is brilliant. It is then that the usually quiet streets are busy, that the hotels are crowded, that society's convivialities are kept up for three joyful months.

Looking down upon the assembled members, one recalls the mighty figures that have gone. The walls of the chamber seem yet to echo the thrilling words of a Macdonald and a Cartier, of a Mackenzie and a Dorion, of a McGee and a Howe. May their works and deeds remain as links binding the old to the new, and may the new bells of the chamber ever

"Ring in the nobler modes of life  
With sweeter manners, purer laws;"

till its pillars shall tremble at the sound of the Almighty trumpet, and its firm foundation mingle with the mass of universal decay.

The other half of the building is occupied by the Senate. This apartment is more attractive with its crimson drapings, rich velvet hangings, and select assemblies. It is frequently the theatre of other pleasant gatherings—the Vice-Regal receptions, when every one can make the acquaintance of Her Majesty's representative in real republican fashion.

Many will remember the first official levee of our popular Governor-General a short time ago, but to justly describe that event one's pen should be dipped in liquid gold and rainbow tints. The gaily decked reception room, the soft strains of music, the kaleidoscopic blending of colour in velvet, silk, satin and gauze, the

gleam of jewels, the fairy flitting forms, the courtly cavaliers, the gay uniforms of the military, the scarlet gowns of the judges, to say nothing of the gorgeous dresses of the ladies, all combined to make a scene like unto the night when "Belgium's capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry."

To the east and the west of the Central Block are the departmental buildings. Practically in harmony with the central edifice, though not of so imposing proportions, they are of great external beauty and add to the general effect. The Eastern building is most picturesque with its broken front and pleasing variety. It has two facades at right angles; one 400 feet and the other 250 feet in length, and a gracefully designed tower, whose lofty dome serves as a guide far and near. The Governor-General's office, Privy Council chamber, the departments of the Secretary of State, Justice, Interior, Dominion Police, Auditor-General and Finance, are in this block. The western building is nearly similar to the eastern, with a frontage of 220 feet on the square, and 277 feet on Wellington street, and a tower 296 feet in height, known as the Mackenzie spire. In the basement are stored the Archives of Canada, which form a collection of historic documents and transcripts unequalled on the continent. The departments of Railways and Canals, Public Works, Militia, Trade and Commerce, Customs, Inland Revenue, Marine and Fisheries are here located. The Langevin Block, although out of harmony with the structures opposite, has a magnificent appearance. It was constructed in 1883 at a cost of \$787,000, after the style of Louis XIV. The nation's official business has increased so rapidly since Confederation, that the erection of this building was indispensable, and in fact ere long another structure will be necessary to accommodate the growing number of Canada's public servants. The Post Office, Agriculture, Indian Affairs and Patent Department are to be found in this building.

The Library which was completed in 1877, stands in the rear of the Commons. It is of octagonal shape, resembling the chapter-house of a cathedral. The inside is circular, 290 feet in diameter. The

walls are four feet thick, and have sixteen sides, with a flying buttress at each angle. Anthony Trollope declared that to see this building was worth a trip across the Atlantic. It is an architectural gem of exceptionally external grace, and well deserves the encomiums that have been passed upon it by all visitors. The flooring is of Canadian oak, ash, cherry and walnut, the fittings and bookcases in pine, three stories high, with eight divisions. The inside workmanship is superb in its elaborately carved wood. The varied and richly tinted bindings form a beautiful contrast to the varnished pine-panels, no two of which are designed alike. The room is well lighted, with artfully devised recesses for reading and studying. The centre is adorned with a noble life-sized marble statue of Queen Victoria, by the late English artist, Marshall Wood, a replica of which work is also to be seen at Calcutta. Marble busts of distinguished personages are also treasures of this room. Its late head, Dr. Alpheus Todd, is everywhere a recognized authority on constitutional law. The distribution of literature in English speaking countries has assumed such proportions, that to keep pace with modern thought, not to speak of the treasures of the past, more room must soon be found for incoming volumes.

It now contains about 250,000 volumes, the production of the greatest minds for ages:—in poetry, in fiction, in the literature of the fine arts and of the sciences, in biography and in history. As the use of literature is to bring the minds of men into contact, into fuller understanding with each other, and into greater sympathy with each other, through what agency can so much be accomplished in that direction, as through our Parliamentary Library?

A broad carriage drive runs round the three blocks, encircling handsome and well-planned flower beds and stretches of green lawn. Longfellow once wrote:—

“Do you not know that what is best  
In all this restless world is rest  
From turmoil and from trouble?”

This can in part be obtained in the pretty summer house that overlooks the cliff, where the weary can rest and feast their

eyes on the entrancing beauty around. A charming view of the river and of the distant mountain range beyond, is afforded. The broad, silver, shining water, losing itself in the far distance, is bright and picturesque in the irregularity of its outlines. The stream hurries and plunges along. Steamers and tugs go up and down with barges of timber for the markets of the world. The tender strains of “*A la claire fontaine*,” and many other traditional French airs, float up on the evening breeze from the rafts congregated at the base of the wood-fringed cliff, strains which link the Past with the Present, floating down intact from the primitive days of the early French rule. On the opposite bank is the city of Hull, its distant cottages blending with field, farm and forest, to form a landscape beyond description.

Then comes the faint buzz of the saws from the Chaudière mills, where the boiling mass of water hurls itself over the rocks. When seen in the purple shades of evening the tumbling body sends forth various colored sprays, changing every instant, and blending together so beautifully that one would think it spouted up rainbows instead of water. Then there are the timber slides, which almost every visitor to the city has gone down. Even the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duke of Albany, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia have experienced this exhilarating and exciting pastime.

Winding round the slope of the hill, shaded by trees in wild profusion, is “*Lover’s Walk*,” where, when the mercury hovers in the nineties, an enticing spot is offered for a stroll; view the gleaming river flowing leisurely below; hear the thundering sounds of the misty cataract, “*by distance tamed*,” softened to sweet music as they come mingled with the murmur of the waters splashing against the rock, or gently rippling over the myriad shrubs and flowers at the base. Here you can laze yourself in dreamy contentment, embowered in trees, and completely shut off from city life. The breeze from the stream brings with it a touch of sharpness. The silver river gleams, busy and beautiful, many feet below. Its calm waters glistening in the sun, throw back from its clear



depths a tremulous reflection of the disordered slopes on either side, while floating upwards come the mingled sounds of country life. Birds talk and sing to you. The black and orange oriole stops a moment to salute you. A greenish-blue gleam shows the presence of the kingfisher, who is too much intent on prey to talk. The supposed sound of the bumblebee and a tiny ball of emerald, sapphire and opal, reveals the presence of the humming-bird, while from a neighbouring branch come the sympathetic note and irrelevant chaff of the Canadian bird. Overhead the robin is speeding through the clear blue on a double mission of endearment, the affection of a mate and the devotion of a parent. The clear note of the linnet, the twitter of the field lark, a touch of music in the thin small voice of the pewee, the low liquid warble of the tree sparrow, and the heartier song from the topmost spray, continue the delicious performance, while the tiny sprite sounds his silver bell to command the attention of the sylvan audience. And so does nature speak;—"the language of the sense and purest thoughts."

What has been said so far of Parliament Hill, will apply also to Major Hill Park, a beautiful place of recreation, largely favoured as a pleasure resort in warm weather. Its dry and elevated position, its cooling shade and sylvan retreat, woo every breeze, and render it conducive to health and enjoyment. A deep gorge separates it from the "Hill." It is covered with large trees, many of which are hundreds of years old. It is beautifully laid out, having fountains, winding walks and avenues, and is profusely planted with flowers of every variety and beauty. With its smooth and well-kept coat of velvety grass, the resort is one of the most popular, where the weary can be refreshed by the perfume of flowers, and be removed from the heat and dust of the city.

At its farther end is Nepean Point, with its lordly brow rivalling the steep promontory where the Parliament Buildings are erected. On certain days the boom of cannon and the curling clouds of smoke remind us of another Queen's Birthday or a Dominion one, and the opening and closing of Parliament.

This is perhaps the best vantage point

to view the Buildings in all their picturesqueness. The rock is clothed with trees, flowers and shrubs, "mingled in the most admired disorder," as Shakspeare hath it. Towers, pinnacles and buttresses, seem heaped upon each other. As Mr. F. A. Dixon has remarked, they are sufficiently near to be taken in as a whole, and yet far enough off to be merged in the grace-giving veil of the atmosphere, their effect in the warm glow of the sun as it sets in the west is simply delightful to the painter's eye. Bit by bit their dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses fade out in the subdued tones of evening, changing from the "symphony in red" to a "harmony in gray," till moonlight makes them all glorious as a "nocturne in silver and black," the whole forming a picture inexpressibly beautiful.

The ascent to the clock tower is a weary one, but a glance around banishes all feelings of fatigue. Where is there to be found a more attractive scene than that spread out before the vision. At your feet lies the city, with its wide, regular and uniform streets, shaded with trees. To the east, to the west, to the north and to the south, there is a magnificent panorama, rich in the variety of its beauty, and unlimited in its attractiveness. The numerous windings of the Ottawa spread out ever-changing gems of natural scenery. About a mile distant are the Rideau Falls, exceedingly beautiful cascades tumbling perpendicularly over a rocky descent of some fifty feet.

Two miles away is Rideau Hall, round which revolves all that is important to the society people of Ottawa. It is a cozy and comfortable structure in the midst of a grove of old trees. Surrounding the Hall is a handsome domain of ninety acres, divided into parks, drives and fields. The Hall is but a shapeless jumble of buildings. Beauty of architecture it cannot claim, and one is almost tempted to turn away with a laugh from the view of its conglomerate architecture.

The banks of the Gatineau are studded with clusters of cottages. Away—

"Where the sunny end of evening smiles—  
Miles and miles,"

are the dark Laurentians, with lakes, seared and moss-grown cliffs, places, indeed, where man is yet a stranger, and

the locomotive's whistle does not startle the drinking deer on a misty morn. These places present unrivalled attractions for the artist, while farther down, the manifold surgings and leapings of the river's falls would delight a painter's eye, and be a fit haunt for the unscared Dryad of the woods. W. P. Lett considered that nothing could surpass the wildness and grandeur of this river and its shores, and that nothing could be more picturesque and beautiful than the mountains, valleys and lakes of this region.

The dark background is interspersed here and there with the gayer, lighter tints of the trees, with promise of greater beauty in the autumn, when the lips of the frost-king shall have kissed them into scarlet and gold; and beyond, the slanting rays of the setting sun are gilding the lighter feathery fringe of the fading hills, while farther down the vista the view is inter-

cepted by the mellow tints of the surrounding fields.

And now having bestowed my modicum of praise, I must end. What can be seen by a cursory inspection cannot fail to enlarge the horizon of the beholder, and to impress him alike with his own insignificance, and with the wonderful achievements of human ingenuity in rearing such structures. In purity of art, manliness of conception, beauty of outline and nobility of detail, the work of the architects is entitled to the very greatest praise which architecture can receive. They can justly claim the words of the poet;—"A monarch they crowned thee long ago on a throne of rock."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness."

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.



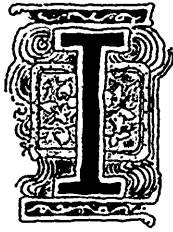
### OCTOBER.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,  
The purple hued astors still linger in bloom;  
The birch is bright yellow, the schumachs are red,  
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## ADRIAN IV. AND IRELAND.



T has ever been a familiar cry of non-Catholic writers that the Catholic Church is inimical to the free examination of obscure historical questions wherein the truth, if fully ascertained, might prove embarrassing; and that consequently she places a barrier to all original research in such directions. No charge, however, could be more unfounded. The Church has nothing to fear from Truth, but everything to gain, and hence her defenders have never avoided such points of history. On the contrary, they have always invited their free and open discussion, and have moreover devoted themselves to the most laborious researches in order to aid in clearing away the mists that time has gathered about them. The question of Adrian IV. and Ireland is a case in point.

In regard to this much discussed question, Catholic writers may be classed in three distinct divisions, corresponding to the different stages through which the question itself has moved in its passage from obscurity to light. The first class act upon the defensive. They feel obliged to admit the authenticity of the Bull and the force of the arguments of their opponents. They content themselves, therefore, with merely defending the action of the Pontiff, pointing out that formerly, not only Ireland, but "all islands to which the Sun of Justice, Christ, has shone forth," were considered as the property of the Holy See, so that Adrian acted within the strict limits of his jurisdiction in thus exercising sovereign authority over a Christian island.

The writers of the second class likewise acknowledge the authenticity of the Bull, but they abandon the defensive tactics of their predecessors. They seize the very evidence produced by their opponents and skilfully employ it as a means to justify the conduct of Adrian, to exonerate him from any connivance with the schemes of Henry II. and to free him from any blame in regard to the evil consequences of the transaction. Their

argument is substantially as follows. From the terms employed both by Henry in his request, and by Adrian in the Bull, it is evident that it could have been neither in the intention of the Pope that Henry should invade Ireland and occupy it as a conquered land, nor in the intention of Henry to awaken any such suspicion in the mind of the Pontiff. On the contrary, Henry simulates a holy zeal for the glory of religion, protesting that his aim is merely "to enlarge the bounds of the Church, to restrain the progress of vices, to correct the manners of the people, and to increase the Christian religion." Adrian, on his part, makes no mention of any grant of possession or of absolute sovereignty; for, be it borne in mind, there were two kinds of Sovereignty acknowledged in the Middle Ages: an absolute sovereignty that ruled the people and the land, and a sovereignty that claimed only the homage of the petty rulers and left them in the full enjoyment of their independence. The Bull grants to Henry but this latter nominal sovereignty, as is clear from the language therein attributed to the Holy Father, who "approved the enterprise as one prompted by the 'ardor of faith and love of religion' and declared his will that the people of Ireland should receive Henry with all honor and revere him as their lord." Here the Pope merely approves Henry's entry into Ireland as a sort of religious crusade, while he expresses his desire that the English monarch's right of lordship over the island should depend upon the free will and choice of the people. Evidently, then, Adrian must be considered to have been influenced by a laudable and sincere desire of furthering the cause of religion and of restoring peace and order among a people ever the most devoted in its allegiance to the Holy See. This is the position taken by our own Dr. Arcy McGee in his *History of Ireland*. "We must always bear in mind," he says, "the picture drawn of the Irish Church by the inspired orator of Clairvaux, when judging of the conduct of Pope Adrian IV., who in the year 1155, —the second of his pontificate—granted

to King Henry II. of England, then newly crowned, his Bull authorizing the invasion of Ireland. The authenticity of the Bull is now universally admitted, and both its preamble and conditions show how strictly it was framed in accordance with St. Bernard's accusations. It sets forth that for the eradication of vice, the implanting of virtue and the spread of the true faith, the Holy Father solemnly sanctions the projected invasion: and it attaches as a condition the payment of Peter's Pence for every house in Ireland."

McGee, it will be remarked, states that the authenticity of the Bull is universally admitted. His assertion, however, is too general, for many historians and men of research have long declared the Bull to be false, and have not hesitated to accuse Henry II. of having forged it. These writers, pursuing the aggressive policy of the historians included in our second class, have borne the war into the very heart of the enemy's position, and have brought the controversy to a triumphant issue. They have subjected the documents advanced in support of the authenticity of the Bull, the written request of Henry, and the Bull itself, to a most piercing criticism, and have brought to light such a mass of internal evidence of forgery, as scarcely requires the aid of the external testimony derived from other sources. Let us briefly glance at this aspect of the question.

The principal witnesses brought forward by the enemies of the Catholic Church and of Catholic Ireland, are John of Salisbury, Henry's ambassador to the Pope, and Giraldus Cambrensis. Now, John of Salisbury has left in his *Polycraticus* a record of his actions in Rome during his visit to the Holy Father. Yet, although he there records many most trivial affairs and occurrences, he nowhere speaks of the Bull. Nor does he make any mention of it in his *Metalogicus* until the last chapter, and this chapter is written in a style so markedly different from the rest of the work and from the general style of this writer, that there is every reason to believe it was not written by Salisbury at all, but was afterwards added by interested parties. As to Giraldus Cambrensis, his words are remarkable for their utter inaccuracy, both as to dates

and facts. In regard to the Bull itself, his text is altogether faulty. He states, likewise, that the Bull was first published at Waterford, in a synod held there for that purpose, yet the annals of Ireland contain no record of any such synod. Henry, indeed, might have summoned a council of the English bishops to whom he had given sees in Ireland, but why did he not publish the Bull before an assembly of the bishops and princes of the land, and how does it come to pass that the annals of Ireland fail to mention the convention of Waterford?

Again, the date of the Bull was given by some as 1154. Now it is well known that Adrian ascended the Pontifical throne in December, 1154. Thus it was impossible for Henry to receive the news of Adrian's election, send an ambassador to Rome, and obtain such an extraordinary favor before the close of the year 1154, that is to say within the short space of one month. Even now, in this age of the electric telegraph and the lightning express, it would be impossible for the sovereign of England to receive the news of the election of a new Pope, send an ambassador to Rome, set the machinery of the Roman Court in motion, and secure a like signal favor in a like period of time. If the Bull, therefore, actually bore the date 1154, this alone were sufficient to prove the forgery; but, unfortunately, the original document has disappeared and the date may have been incorrectly placed upon the existing copies. At any rate, the many inconveniences arising from such a date were recognized, and it was put aside for the less embarrassing one of 1155.

It is a significant fact, too, and one that must not be lost sight of, that a belief in the falsity of the Bull has always been current among the Irish themselves. A manuscript of the 14th century bearing evidence of this belief is still preserved at Rome. The document in question is a letter to the Pope written by the then Lord Justice of Ireland, wherein he accuses the Irish of many heinous crimes and states that they "reproached Henry II. with having conquered Ireland by means of false pretenses and of false Bulls."

But, you will ask, what about the rescript of Alexander III., mentioning

and confirming the Bull of his predecessor? "I answer (in the words of Father Tom Burke) that Alexander's letter is a forgery as well as Adrian's. I grant that there are learned men who admit the Bull of Adrian and Alexander's rescript, but there are equally learned men who deny that Bull and I have as good reasons to believe one as the other, and I prefer to believe it was a forgery." Strong words these but the judgment they express is by no means unfounded as a slight examination of historical facts will prove. For it could not be said of Alexander, as it has sometimes been declared of Adrian, that he knew not the man with whom he had to deal. Henry had supported the antipopes against Alexander himself, and had caused every Englishman to renounce his allegiance to this Pontiff, and it is very improbable to say the least, that he would have sent this un governable monarch to settle the affairs of the Church in Ireland. Alexander's opinion of Henry may be gleaned from one of his letters in which he addresses the following severe rebuke to the king: "Instead of remedying the disorder caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the Church and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men." And it is this turbulent monarch who had proved himself a very thorn in the side of the Roman Pontiff; it is this unscrupulous king whose hands were still red with the blood of the martyred à Becket; it is this monster of cruelty, this incestuous defender of an adulterous traitor, whom the Vicar of Christ is said to have sent to Ireland as an apostle of morality. Surely, absurdity is stamped on the face of such an assertion. It is worthy of remark, too, that the rescript of Alexander III. is dated from Rome, yet at this very period, the Pope, owing to the troublesome times, did not reside at Rome, but successively at Tusculum, Segni and Ferrari. Three letters from Alexander to the Irish Bishops, written about the same date as that assigned to this Bull of confirmation, were dated from Tusculum. Why, then, was his Bull dated from Rome?

There is still another standpoint from which this question must be regarded.

Was Adrian IV. a Pope likely to grant such a request as Henry demanded of him? Certainly not. Adrian was a model of virtue, a man whose personal merit and sanctity had elevated him from the lowest rank in life to the Chair of St. Peter, in which exalted position, as historians unanimously testify, he ever distinguished himself by his noble and lofty sentiments and his scrupulous zeal in the discharge of the duties of his sublime station. Is it credible, then, that a Pope, so remarkable for the sanctity of his life and the purity of his views, so zealous for the cause of religion and the welfare of his spiritual children, should have granted so extraordinary a privilege to the turbulent king of England, to the spiritual and temporal detriment of so Christian a people as the Irish? Could he, the common father of Christians, have acted so carelessly concerning a matter of such vital importance to the Irish race—a race famed alike for its saints, its science and its glorious history? Assuredly not. He refused a similar request from Louis of France; why, then, should he grant so signal a favor to Henry of England to whom he was indebted for nothing, and from whom he had nothing whatever to expect?

Father Tom Burke goes a step further. He proves that the Church in Ireland did not stand in need of reform at all; that in fact, it was more prosperous in every respect than the Church in England at the same time. It is true, he tells us in his first lecture in answer to Froude, that 300 years of war with the Danes had sadly demoralized the Irish Church. But immediately after these wars had ceased, a great religious revival took place among clergy and people, and Ireland once more proved herself worthy of her glorious title of "insula sanctorum et doctorum." While three Irish saints, St. Malachi, St. Celsus, and St. Lawrence O'Toole, reigned together in the Church, Irish monks again became famous for sanctity and science, and bore to foreign lands the sister lights of faith, civilization and learning. Indeed, so prosperous and peaceful was the condition of the Church in Ireland, just previous to the Norman invasion, that it drew forth the highest expressions of praise from Lanfranc and St. Anselm, Archbishops

of Canterbury, under William the Conqueror and William Rufus, respectively.

The latest work on this question of such absorbing interest to members of the Irish race, is from the pen of Stephen J. McCormick, the scholarly editor of the San Francisco *Monitor*. In reviewing Mr. McCormick's book, the *Catholic World*, of September, 1889, says: "The *Bullarium Romanum* contains a Bull of Adrian IV. Conferring upon Henry II. of England the Sovereignty of Ireland, and another Bull of Adrian's successor, Alexander III, confirming the grant. Both Bulls are of suspicious brevity and obscurity, were never known to the public till several years after their supposed issue, and were claimed and used by one of the most unscrupulous and brutal, though one of the ablest, of the Norman monarchs—the murderer of St. Thomas Becket. A document of this sort, unused and unknown until twenty years after its date, should be void from staleness, and that would be a sufficient answer to its allegation as anything in the nature of a grant of power. But the controversy runs deeper than pleas to the validity of the Bull; it concerns its genuineness. Mr. McCormick has collated the authorities on the subject, has investigated the question at the Vatican library itself, and has established a fair historical doubt—that, at least; an impartial mind, will, we feel certain, readily concede that the Bulls were forgeries." Of Cambrensis, it thus speaks: "Geraldus Cambrensis has been the chief reliance of those who have accepted the Bull, he being a contemporary writer, or almost contemporary with the seizure of Ireland by Henry. \* \* \* The fulsome laudation of Henry, by this work, is enough to cast suspicion on him: 'the Alexander of the west, 'the invincible,' 'the Solomon of his age,' 'the most pious of princes,' 'who had the glory of representing the fury of the Gentiles, not only of Europe, (that must mean the Irish) but likewise of Asia beyond the Mediterranean,' are specimens of his "loquebar in conspectu regum." But when the king was dead, the *Courtier Chronicle* abused him with an extravagance of condemnation and invective in excess of his previous flattery. It is clear that Cambrensis was a mendacious, perhaps a bribed, witness,

as is fully enough gathered from his preface to the book, "*The Conquest of Ireland*."

On the one hand, then, we have the sanctity of Adrian's life, and his scrupulous conception of the obligations of his sublimic office. We have the notorious character of Henry II., his unenviable reputation at the Roman Court, and the utter absurdity of his being sent by the Vicar of Christ as delegate apostolic to reform the Irish Church. In addition, there is the impossible date (1154) by some assigned to the Bull. There is the firm belief in the falsity of the Bull, ever current among the Irish themselves. Finally there is the stubborn fact that the Church in England under Henry II., stood in greater need of reform than did the Church in Ireland. On the other hand, what? The altogether unreliable works of Giraldus Cambrensis, the suspected testimony afforded by the *Metalogicus* of John of Salisbury, and a papal rescript of as doubtful authenticity as the Bull it is said to confirm. This is the question in brief. Many additional proofs are given demonstrating to a nicety the forgery of the Bull, but the subject is too vast to be here considered at length. The student desirous of pursuing the question further will find it fully and most interestingly treated by Dr. Fredet, Cardinal Moran, Mr. McCormick, and especially Rev. Father Burke in his answers to Froude. Suffice it to say, that these fearless defenders of Catholic Truth present a weight of evidence in support of their statements that cannot fail to convince the impartial mind and force it to subscribe to these emphatic words of the famous Irish Dominican above named, wherein, having demanded whether it were likely that the Supreme Pontiff should have sent as Apostle to Ireland, "the murderer of bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and of every form of liberty that came before him," he answers: "No, I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust, as by a stroke of his pen, to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people that ever bowed down in allegiance to him."

*THE RIDEAU RIVER.*

RIDEAU, stream that runneth ever,  
 Dainty, tidy little river,  
 Gleaming like Apollo's quiver,  
 Mimic flood ;  
 Tripping lightly through the meadows,  
 In and out amid the shadows,  
 Of the wood.

Laughter-loving little rover,  
 Edging gaily fields of clover ;  
 Of the plaintive plover, lover  
 Ever true ;  
 Poet mournful of the twilight,  
 Fill with tears the tender eye might  
 Hearing you.

Rideau, like thy tiny river,  
 Thus our life is running ever ;  
 Never ceasing, resting never  
 From its source ;  
 Now it hails the happy meadows,  
 Now it feels the growing shadows  
 Of its course.

J. H. SMITH.

Rideau Park, Ottawa.

## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

--Two Gentlemen of Verona.

7—A recent issue of the "New England Magazine" contains a paper by S. A. Link which imparts much information concerning the literature produced in the Southern States in general, and touching the leading pioneer writers of that locality in particular. We are reminded by the writer at the beginning that the press teems to-day with books and articles from Southern pens, and every month produces its new Southern author. Indeed, such is the fact. Our essayist does not say so, but it really seems as if the South has conquered the North in every department of literary invention. Nor is the victory surprising if we but recollect that the Northern intellect is becoming as arid and sterile as the New England farms whence the people are flying in hundreds. The movement which has led to the intellectual supremacy of the South dates subsequent to the great war of the Southern Rebellion, which, with the best blood of America, erased from the proud escutcheon of the South the foul blot of slavery. Before that event, the South produced statesman and soldiers whose genius it were impossible to overlook. Some good things in a small way were written also, but generally literature had to give way to politics and the pursuits of active life. *Florence Vane*, by Philip Pendleton Cooke, and *My Love is Like a Summer Rose*, are respectable minor poems. *Georgia Scenes*, by Judge Longstreet, was the precursor of the dialectic writing of our day, and as he was the originator of a method of expression in which the editor of these Notes has found little to admire and less to commend, the good judge may be dismissed with the wish that he had either not meddled with literature at all, even though we were to lose all he has produced, or made his personages use correct grammar and polite language. But Judge Longstreet, very probably, did not foresee that the few pebbles which he

flung would cause the Great Geyser of American authorship to cast up a mixed stream of vulgarity, bad grammar and outlandish orthography.

The war brought out many good singers. *Maryland! My Maryland!* by Randall; Henry Timrod's *A Cry to Arms*; Ticknor's *The Virginians of The Valley*, are examples which most will recall, and Father Ryan sung the woes of the people, and his *Conquered Banner* swept like a wail over the Southern land. Our magazinist might have added that Father Ryan was endowed with more of the "sacred flame" than any other writer of verse produced by America; Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell not excepted.

Just after the war, J. W. Davidson called the roll of Southern writers, and 241 answered; of these 112 were poets. Wars produce poets in a ratio apparently corresponding with the extinction of other luminaries. How much of this Southern writing was purely ephemeral is best ascertained by comparing Mr. Davidson's list with the annals of a current history of American literature.

But while many persons published books, and some of these, like the works of Caroline Lee Hentz, circulated widely, the number of persons who took literature pure and simple as a life work could be counted on the fingers of one hand; which abstention indicates, if it does not prove, that literature was not then a paying occupation. The novel was at that period only becoming the mouthpiece of the English-speaking, world-wide race. The new novel now is sought more eagerly and devoured more greedily than the New Testament. Of dead Southern writers who lived by and for literature, when we have named Edgar Allen Poe, William Gilmore Simms, John Esten Cooke, Poul Hamilton Hayne, and Sidney Lanier we must stop—and some of these, at times, turned aside to profaner things.



8—The most striking literary figure in the South subsequent to the War was undoubtedly Edgar Allen Poe. Much has been written about the author of *The Raven* and the *Tales*, from Griswold's bitter attack in the shape of biography to Edmund Gosse's lately recorded judgement—a judgement which places Poe at the head of the American, if not of the modern, poets! Poe made *The Southern Literary Messenger* and "The Messenger" made Poe. Almost all who wrote in the South, previous to the war, contributed to this journal. The sprightly pen of Poe, while often tipped with gall when he essayed the critic's task, gave much encouragement to his brethren of the craft from the section which he always claimed as his home.

9—The Fenimore Cooper of the South was William Gilmore Simms. He was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806. Irish, Scotch and English blood comingled in his veins; and it may be remarked in passing, that many other eminent men of his locality were of mixed descent. His early opportunities for a classical education were not good, but he read much and various and began writing at an early age. Actual practice is the best school-master. He read law but turned from the legal profession to edit a paper in Charleston. In this publication he opposed Nullification, on which account chiefly the journal became unpopular and failed. Literature became his lifework henceforth, and he was a very versatile man. Richardson in his recent work on *American Literature* says: "Simms was a poet, dramatist, Shakespearian editor, essayist, aphoristic philosopher, historian, biographer, lecturer, legislator, pro-slavery apologist, journalist, magazinist, critic, and, above all, novelist." Ignatius Donnelly alone is a modern rival of Simms in the number and extent of his intellectual exploits.

Simms began as a poet, as is the fashion with young writers; and during his distinguished career managed to produce several volumes of verse. His versification usually bears marks of haste and at times of carelessness and is now almost unread. He also published more than fifty volumes of prose,

besides sketches and articles innumerable, but the works which remain, and by which he will be remembered, are tales with a historical background. His first novel was *Martin Faber*, published in 1833, and was rich in promise of future achievement. *The Yemassee* is considered his best story, and his admirers will agree that if not his very best it is at least amongst his best. A portion of his stories were brought out a few years ago in ten volumes, and many of his shorter tales found favor with the public. "Some of these works," says the *New England Magazine*, writer "had an immense circulation when first published. There is rugged strength and merit in much of Simms' work, far beyond what is found in some which is much more read to-day." This appreciation is just. Compared with James or Howells, or with any other leader of the "Boston school of novelists," Simms simply makes away with all the honors. Still the following judgment passed upon Simms by Poe cannot be voided, because it is also just. Says Poe: "The writer evinces a strange propensity for minute details of human and brute suffering, and even indulged at times in more unequivocal obscenities." Others besides Poe have reasonably complained that the conversation of his characters contains too much coarseness and profanity. This comes from his effort at "literal truthfulness," a naseous striving shared by several writers of our day. But his masculinity gives him a strength and a grasp which Mr. James and Mr. Howells might surrender their all to obtain. Although he might have adhered more closely to the demands of modern refinement with great advantage to almost everything he wrote, the faithfulness of his scenes to the times in which their chief interests transpired gives them a permanent literary value. Simms was the Maecenas of the youthful writers of his day; for whom he kept open house at Woodlands and was ever ready to give them the benefit of his advice. The war seemed to daze him. The tragedy was too real. The close of the great struggle found him in poverty, his house burned, and his valuable library destroyed by the Federal invaders of his State. His wife—the second he had married—died,

and he was left alone. Overwork hastened his end which came in 1890—a sad enough termination to a most noteworthy career.

10—What Simms effected for his section John Esten Cooke performed for Virginia. This writer was born at Winchester in 1830, completed his education at sixteen, and studied law, which, like most men of a lively imagination, he soon abandoned for literature. His novels written before the war are better than those produced later. He became careless, wrote too rapidly, and without due reflection. His rough characters are not so profane as those of Simms—not following the example of “our army in Flanders.” When the great moment arrived, Cooke laid down his pen, entered the army as a private, rose in rank and surrendered with Lee, having made during the “time which tried men’s souls” a fine record for fidelity and courage. His accomplished pen was thenceforth busy portraying scenes through which he passed. *Surry of the Eagle’s Nest* is understood to be autobiographical. His novels of the war had immense popularity at the time. His *The Virginia Comedians*, Richardson pronounces the best novel written in the Southern States before the war. Cooke belongs distinctly to the romantic-sentimental school, not the pseudo-realistic. He aimed to produce novels and short stories of incident and passion rather than sketches of local scenes and characters. Cooke died in 1860 leaving no unworthy heritage to his people. The books he produced are many and their subjects most various, but all are handled in the manner which only a master can employ.

11—The poet laureate of the South was Paul Hamilton Hayne. This title, Mr. Link informs us, comes to him of right, by his art and by his inspiration. So far as the latter claim goes, however, we take it that Father Ryan had a better title. But time will settle this point much more accurately than the conflicting declarations of brawling critics. Hayne wrote a number of valuable prose articles, but he was primarily a poet, and truly a poet. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His father, Lieutenant Hayne, who was lost at sea, was a nephew of Robert V. Hayne who met

Webster in the arena of debate. Paul graduated at Charleston College and came from school a full-fledged poet. He early became an editor, first of a paper, then of a magazine. He had published three volumes of poems before the war, in which tempest of ruin he lost his property, except some land in the pine barren of Georgia. Thither he went after his misfortune, with his faithful, helpful wife, and built a cheap cottage, there to begin with his maiden pen a struggle which has already carried his name on the wings of the wind to every American home, but which at the time hardly earned daily bread. From “Copes Hill” poems reached the pages of all the magazines. In fact, Hayne had to write much to keep the dinner pot replete. But his enforced isolation and up-hill work did not sour his spirit. Nature was his companion, and in him the voices of the pines, the phrases of the woods, the winds, the clouds, the waters, the night, the flowers, all found an eloquent interpreter. He gave to his verse a graceful scholarly finish, and his best poems will repay careful study. Early in July, 1886, Paul Hamilton Hayne died, deeply regretted throughout the States whose aspiration and woes he understood and expressed in musical numbers.

12—Sidney Lanier, another representative bard of the South, was born in 1842 at Macon, Georgia, from which town some of his first verses were dated. He served in the war as a private through choice. In 1868 he was a country school teacher, still later a clerk in Montgomery, Alabama. Yet, he managed to obtain for himself some recognition as a composer of verse; for in 1876 he was asked to write the *Centennial Cantata*. He began to write soon after coming out of the army when his health was shattered. History hardly furnishes another case of such stubborn work in the face of death. He wrote while actually gasping for breath; he wrote while his frail life was burning away with the fever-fires of consumption; his last and most ambitious poem *Sunrise*, was written while his temperature was literally at one hundred and four. Lanier was a musician as well as a poet. In fact, he took the form of music for his model of verse. Our essayist makes no mention of Lanier’s

work on *English Prosody*, his *Science of English Verse*, to be exact, wherein the principles of music are applied to versification, but I venture to say, on my own untutored authority, that this treatise, is valuable and deserves to be republished, as it is, I learn, now out of print. His music carried Lanier to Baltimore where his ability met with friendly recognition. Subsequently his literary talent made him a place in Johns Hopkins University, where his improvement was rapid as he found books to his hand and a congenial atmosphere for work. Poor Lanier died at an early age, being only thirty-nine when in September, 1881, consumption carried him off. The place of Sidney Lanier among the poets of America has not been settled by criticism, or rather by the consensus of public opinion and time, two better and truer judges than individual criticism; but that place cannot be a mean one. No one doubts that a longer life would have given him a rank among the great Princes of Song. Lanier has left us one novel, *Tiger Lillies*, two volumes of lectures, some books for boys, and his volume of poems, published after his death.

13—He who reconciles us to our surroundings is a true friend, because he procures for us contentment in comparison with which the fabled gold of Ophir and the pearls of Guzerat sink into utter insignificance. In this world of ours where woes are numerous and lasting, and joys few and transient, the man who increases for us the number of the latter while breaking the deadly force of the former, merits our sincerest affection and most sterling admiration. Surrounded by trouble and hedged in by care, he who can excite in us a cheerful emotion, or awake a cleansing moral feeling, and who can at the same time move us to innocent laughter, is a benefactor to our race. In the shipwreck of life—and life is an eternal shipwreck of our hopes—the intrepid mariner who dares the storm with a jest, and laughs aloud in the teeth of the tempest, deserves the love of the crew, who learn from him the priceless art by which care is conquered and sorrow allayed. Such a friend, such a benefactor, such a cheerful, superior spirit was he who, crowned with numerous years of honor and renown, passed from among us the

other day—the genial humorist, the graceful poet, the scholarly essayist, the thoughtful man of science—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and began the study of law, which he abandoned for the nobler study of medicine. Having attended the hospitals of Paris and other European cities, he began practice in Boston in 1836; in 1838 was elected professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in the medical school of Harvard University, from which he retired in 1882. As early as 1831 his contributions in verse appeared in various periodicals, and his reputation as a poet was established by the delivery of a metrical essay, entitled, *Poetry*, which was followed by others in rapid succession. As a writer of songs lyrics and poems for festive occasions, he occupied first place. He was for many years a popular lecturer. In 1857 he began in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a series of articles under the title of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, which were followed in 1860 by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, in 1872 by *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, in 1885 by *The New Portfolio*. In addition he published *Astraea*, in 1850; *Currents and Countercurrents in Medical Science*, 1861; *Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny*, 1861; *Borderlands in Some Provinces of Medical Science*, 1862; *Songs in many Keys*, 1864; *Soundings from the Atlantic*, 1864; *Humorous Poems*, 1865; *The Guardian Angel*, a novel, 1868; *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, 1870; *Songs of many Seasons*, 1874; *John L. Moltey, a Memoir*, 1878; *The Iron Gate and other Poems*, 1880; *Medical Essays*, 1883; *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, 1883; *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1884; *A Mortal Antipathy*, 1885; *One hundred Days in Europe*, 1887; *Before the Curfew*, 1888; and numerous poems recited at various reunions and dinners. He also contributed largely to current medical literature, as well as to the literary journals and reviews. A series of genial papers entitled *Over the Tea Cups*, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during 1890. This witty, original and brilliant writer, died of old age, on Sunday, 7th of October.

The foregoing chronological list of works by Doctor Holmes, consisting as it does of volumes in prose and volumes in verse, proves that the author, to use the words of his friend and admirer, the late editor of *Harper's Magazine*, George William Curtis "took the road with his double team of verse and prose, holding the ribbons with unsurpassed lightness and grace and skill. . . . guiding those fleet and well-groomed coursers, which still show their heels to panting rivals, the prancing team behind which we have all driven." In less ornate language, Holmes was distinguished both in poetry and in prose, and this mastery of the two methods of expression made him one of the most distinguished of American literary men. He is the last of the little band of authors whose genius did so much towards making the literature of America assume a national importance and show signs of a distinct national life. Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes were writers of strength and purpose, who, hailing from the immediate vicinity of historic Plymouth Rock, and feeling the blood of the Mayflower pioneers flow in their veins, did more to break the dismal power of the oppressive and depressive Puritan spell than all the world besides.

His literary method throughout all his labors, was, as that learned and really helpful critic, Edmund Clarence Stedman well points out, a survival and not a renaissance. "He wears the seal of that past Georgian day by direct inheritance, not from the old time in England, but from that time in England's lettered colonies, whose inner sections still preserve the hereditary language and customs as they are scarcely to be found elsewhere. His work is as emblematic of the past as are the stairways and hand-carvings in various houses of Cambridge, Portsmouth and Norwich." He was the perfect mannered old gentleman who when music stirred within him arose from his antique arm-chair, and reaching down the ancient and begrimed violin from its honored place, drew it to his breast with the gentleness of love, and, bowing to the company with an old-time grace, touched its strings till they gave out a melody as old and sweet as seasoned wine. We find it difficult to picture Doctor Holmes as a

young man, although no young man could be lighter of heart or merrier than the rollicking, jesting Harvard wit and Laureate. It is the courteous old gentleman of the "knee-buckle time" who shows behind his verse; because he was a poet of the old school. And if we turn to his prose we are instantly wafted away to the literary gardens which Richard Steele, that doughty Christian Hero, and Hazlett and Lamb and Thackeray have rendered fairy. When Doctor Holmes wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and its slightly less worthy successors—those delightfully original, familiar, colloquial, periphrastic essays—those witty yet wise comments upon men and manners and life as they appear to the educated New England mind—he demonstrated beyond question or cavil that he was a fit companion for the very best and greatest of those princes of colloquialism whom I have named. Even Monsieur Montaigne himself might make room beside him for the genial Autocrat and gain by his *voisinage*. The Autocrat was the liveliest of monologists.

Holmes wrote two novels, *Elsie Venner*, the strange story of a young girl tainted with the ophidian madness that so vexed her human soul, and the *Guardian Angel*, a less marvellous though, mayhap, more entertaining fiction. Certain aspects of New England life and character are treated in these stories with incomparable vivacity and insight. There is a dinner party gathered together in *Elsie Venner*, which, so long as English remains a living tongue, will never be dissolved. The tales are both full of the briskness and acuteness of observation, and the same effusiveness of humors and characteristic Americanism which, intermixed and mingled, composed the chief and abiding charm to the famous trilogy of the breakfast table. In those stories the acute Yankee asserts himself, indeed, but Fielding and Richardson and Sterne—Sterne depurated of his vulgarity, Fielding subdued and rendered more gentle though not less humorous, Richardson surcharged with vivacity—peep betimes over his shoulders and again we are borne back to the days of old when our romancists told their stories with a method far different from that now in vogue, but, perhaps, none the

less artistic and effective on that account.

The poem which brought Doctor Holmes into notice was the *Metrical Essay on Poetry*, a lengthy effort in rhymed pentameters, delivered in Harvard in 1836, by means of which the young doctor—he was young then—managed to fill the old bottles of Goldsmith and Pope with new wine pressed out of fresh New England grapes. Seven years before, in 1829, he graduated at Harvard, and began to contribute to the *Collegian*, which loyal and laudable action the graduates of Ottawa University might find it to their advantage manfully to emulate in the beckoning columns of this journal. The powerful lines *Old Ironsides*, full of lyrical fervor, voice as potent a burst of impassioned poetry as ever flowed from an American soul. Then followed with the years the poems, grave and gay, the verse of occasion and the society verse, with so much of which we are all familiar. Some of his finest, serious poems are *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The Two Streams*, *Welcome to the Nations*, *The Living Temple*, *The Two Armies*, *The Voiceless*, *Under the Violets*, *Avis*, *Iris*, *Union and Liberty*, and *The Silent Melody*. But it is no easy matter to point out the finest where little is less than good and where there is absolutely none entirely bad. There is a group of his *Vignettes*, in recollection of his favorite modern poets, Wordsworth, Moore, Keats and Shelley, which, Mr. Stedman reminds us, owe their cadence to that gift of sympathetic vibration which poets seem to possess. The sound of the *Ballad of Bunker Hill* is

always to me like “treading living embers,” to quote from the poem itself. There are poems among his later works, such as *At the Turn of the Road*, which appeared in *Over the Tea Cups*, that are full of music.

The humorous verse is so abundant and so good that it becomes well-nigh impossible to cull examples with any hope of displaying the most assertive qualities of the whole. *To an Insect* was a suitable prelude for a whole volume of the drollest verse. *The One-hoss Shay*, *Parson Turell's Legacy*, *How the Old Horse Won the Race*, *The Boys*, *Bill and Joe*, *Dorothy Q.*, *The Heights of the Ridiculous*, *Evening by a Tailor*, and many more light and comic efforts might be cited, which, if properly sequenced, would display Holmes' genius now rollicking, then drolly meditative, and again, as in *The Last Leaf*, as a tearful smile of the deepest feeling; in short in every phase and mode which it is possible for humor to appear. Though Holmes could laugh and jest without end he seldom sneered and eschews the bitterer sort of satire almost entirely. His was

“That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of nature, which, with attic point,  
And kind, well-tempered satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.”

Jester, homilist, and man of feeling, his was a career that shed a new lustre on our common humanity, his a genius whose delight it was to advance religion, patriotism and justice, his a desire to make men better and wiser and more loyal to the virtues which prompt to high thought and righteous action.



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## GOOD READING.

Though the subject of reading is one which has been treated of so often that it might well be termed trite, yet, how, and what to read, are questions whose import cannot be too firmly impressed upon the student's mind. Especially at the present time do these questions demand serious consideration when the world of literature is being overflowed with books so baleful in their effects upon the reading public.

First, the utmost discretion must be exercised in the selection of books. Such as tend to destroy character or to produce a vitiated taste must be carefully avoided. On the other hand, it is of the greatest consequence that the student should endeavor, by a regular course of reading, to become familiar with the productions of the best authors.

Having decided upon what to read, another question presents itself, namely, how to read. The importance of this the general student seems entirely to overlook. The reader must enter into the spirit of the book; he must not merely glance hurriedly over its pages, but he must carefully read and thoroughly digest every portion of it. "No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as the soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store." There is more benefit derived from one book read thus than from the careless perusal of an indefinite number. He who reads for mere pleasure and seeks only to follow the thread of the story may collect the few ideas that float upon the surface, but he will ever remain a stranger to the more precious pearls which lie concealed at greater depths. These will be revealed to him only by earnest and persistent effort.

With regard to good books the students of the University are rather fortunately situated having within their immediate reach the University and students' libraries which contain many excellent volumes. Owing to the close proximity of parliament they have access to one of the best collections of books on the continent, and thus are afforded every opportunity of good reading. Under such favorable

circumstances each student should make, at the beginning of the year, a selection of books to the perusal of which he would daily devote a certain amount of time. The benefits to be derived from such a course of reading are inestimable, for good books contain not the mere "casual talk," but "the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men."

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### HAZING AT OUR DOORS.

Yes, the hideous thing is at our very doors. So long as it remained out West or came no nearer than Harvard, Yale or Princeton, we felt comparatively secure. Of recent years it has invaded the University of Toronto, but its latest development is of all the most surprising. To keep a student all night stark naked in a cold room and oblige him to sing and dance and recite his family history is incredibly brutal and villainous and could be the work of none other than cowardly blackguards. It is conduct that would shame the vilest classes of London, New York or Chicago. Everyone feels this, yet because we are a long way removed from the scene of the infamy, the true nature of the act does not seem to strike us so forcibly as it should. If distance do not lend enchantment to the view, it at least disrobes it of some most disgraceful features.

But to-day there is a case almost in our very midst. Every Canadian is aware of the existence at Kingston of the Royal Military College, and we would dare to say that up to a very recent date almost every Canadian was prepared to uphold it as the paragon of institutions. In fact its boast was that it drew its students from none but irreproachable sources, and that its influence and training tended to form the ideal young man. There are people who did not always believe its professions, but their suspicions and doubts were met by

a smile or a sneer. The R. M. C. Cadets were popularly supposed to be above suspicion and beyond reproach.

This illusion might have been indefinitely prolonged had not a young Toronto cadet tired of the treatment he received at the hands of his seniors and deserted from the college. The result of the official investigation has not yet been made public, but enough is known to seriously affect the reputation of the institution, its methods and management. With several cadets under arrest and the assertion of the Commandant that the deserter was justified in what he did, it will take more than the motto "Truth, Duty, Valor," and the self-assumed title "Gentlemen Cadets" to clear the accused of the charge of being simply varnished blackguards made up for exhibition purposes. It looks like another case of the "whited sepulchre" or "the goodly apple, rotten at the core."

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### THE INEVITABLE.

Experience, the most successful of all teachers, imparts many a sad and bitter lesson to those who frequent the benches of her lecture-room. During the last few years, the Catholics of Manitoba have been the pupils of this ubiquitous pedagogue but have been rudely awakened from their elysian slumbers to the stern reality that it is not always advisable to cast oneself within the enemy's lines and trust to golden promises for justice and impartiality.

Confiding in the honor and circian representations of the Protestants, the Catholic College of St. Boniface was induced to affiliate with the University of Manitoba. As a result, St. Boniface College is crippled and completely at the mercy of an overwhelming majority of Protestants who are not possessed of sufficient generosity to allow a single Catholic

graduate a place on the University Council. Even Protestants themselves, as we glean from the Manitoba papers, denounce in no doubtful terms this uncalled-for outburst of religious bigotry.

Other Catholic colleges both in Canada and the United States have also recently been made aware of the fact that such unnatural alliances result in naught but disaster for both schools and scholars, and remorse for those who have been so imprudent as to allow the cause of Catholic education to fall into the hands of its deadliest enemies. What Catholic colleges gain by such a course is difficult to see. Catholic students still flock to Protestant institutions; Harvard and Yale retain their Catholic clubs and societies and the Catholic under-graduates at Toronto University are just as numerous as ever. Why should this be? Catholics have their own universities; why in the name of common sense do they not support them?

Almost every other day we hear that some rich Protestant has donated thousands of dollars to establish or endow a university; yet, though we have many wealthy Catholics, such gifts to Catholic colleges are "like angel visits, few and far between." And still it must be clear to everyone that liberal endowments are the only means by which Catholic colleges can withdraw from these unbecoming and injurious alliances and take their natural place side by side in the struggle for educational rights; then and then only can we reasonably expect to see Catholic universities reach that degree of perfection which they have attained on the European continent.

Could this desired result be brought about, higher Catholic education would receive such an impetus as would leave no grounds for complaint. By all means, let Catholics awake from their criminal carelessness in the all important matter of

education, and ever bear in mind that the maxim "ubi concordia, ibi victoria" can be as appropriately applied to education as to other matters.

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#### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

That Noah Webster defines plagiarism: "the act of purloining another man's literary works, or introducing passages from another man's writings, and putting them off as one's own; literary theft." And furthermore that the bearing of this remark lies in the application of it—to use the words of a distinguished author. It has reached the ears of the Owl that certain articles or at least certain portions of certain articles that have appeared in its pages had already formed part of essays in other magazines or reviews. There has been no opportunity so far of verifying the statement and it may be entirely without foundation. Still it can do no harm to have a declaration of principle on the matter. Neither the Owl nor any other journal can defend itself successfully against plagiarism on the part of contributors who have a tendency in that direction. It would require a thorough acquaintance with the whole range of literature—ancient, modern and contemporaneous,—to be secure against such attacks. Moreover, college journalism would become a mockery and a farce, if the belief were at all founded that student writers are not at all times strictly honest and conscientious in their literary efforts. There is only one defence and it we shall adopt. The columns of the Owl shall be forever closed to anyone guilty of the shabby trick of palming off as personal work the result of another's labor. We shall simply bestow on such offenders, should there ever be any, the consideration of the clearest and severest exposure.



## EDITORIAL NOTES

The controversy provoked by St. George Mivart, on the doctrine of eternal punishment is at length concluded; and those eager fanatics who have been looking forward to the secession from the Catholic Church of one of her learned members, are again doomed to disappointment. That distinguished scientist, Mivart, has withdrawn his published opinions on hell, and bows in obedience to the verdict of the Congregation of the Index.

Rev. Dr. Kolbe calls attention to a new departure in shorthand originated by Catholic missionaries, to an Indian tribe. The language of the tribe never having been written they chose ordinary shorthand for the medium of writing. And now when these Indians learn English, which they do very quickly, they turn out reporters "straight off," at least as far as reading and writing are concerned.

During a recent visit to Europe the Bishop of Dutch Guiana applied to a community of sisters in Holland, for six religious to minister to the lepers in his diocese. The Bishop's difficulty was not in getting the required number, but in making the selection, as ninety of the nuns immediately expressed their willingness to devote their lives in succoring these poor castaways. These noble women will in all probability soon form subjects against whom Filthy Fulton and bigots of his stamp will vent their hatred.

St. Winifred's shrine in Wales the scene of so many miraculous cures in times past, is again exciting general interest in Great Britain. The marvels of healing are being renewed. And besides being vouched for by priests and able physicians, have been investigated by a press commission. The evidence adduced is very satisfactory and the most skeptical are being convinced. Crowds are flocking to the shrine and cures continue with emphatic frequency. Among the most striking cures is that of Miss Charnock, of Preston, England. A helpless cripple for life and pronounced hopeless by medical science, Miss Charnock was completely

cured on the 7th of August after being immersed in the miraculous water.

Early last month it was announced that a sextuple photographic telegraph had just been completed for the Yale observatories. This new telescope may revolutionize the present astronomical methods and lead to valuable new discoveries. It has six cameras instead of one and can cover a field in the sky equal to that which would be occupied by 2,400 full moons. With this wonderful gain of perspective not only does it seem probable that it may reveal new facts relating to meteoric heights, but also that it may cast new light upon the moon as a living world. Enlargement of the negatives of the Lick observatory last year revealed the existence of a new lunar crater, and the Arquipa observatory has discovered evidences of actual physical change.

Dr. O. W. Owen has just published three volumes entitled "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," which the writer claims to have discovered and deciphered. The doctor in these books adduces some very plausible arguments in proof of the contention, that Lord Bacon, is the true author of the dramas, now known as Shakespeare's works. The writings certainly show their author to have made a deep and careful study of both Bacon and Shakespeare. Still we think it will take some very convincing proofs to shake the faith that tradition has handed down to the present admirers of the immortal poet. Yet on the other hand when we find such names as John G. Whittier, Francis Parkman and Justin McCarthy among the admirers of the doctor, we think there must be a deep impression against Shakespeare left on the mind, after a perusal of the Cipher story. In this issue the OWL merely makes mention of Dr. Owen's works, but when the story is completed we may make a further comment on them.

Rev. Mr. Junor of the Dutch Reformed Church of New York City estimates the population of the metropolis, is thus divided with respect to religion: Roman Catholics, 762,666; Churchgoing Protestants, 258,666; Non-churchgoing Protestants, 253,333; Heathen, 325,335. This

proportion which also holds for other large cities shows a great falling off in Protestant churchgoing. Dissension and doubt have made heavy inroads on the Protestant faith. Commenting on the above figures the New York *Sun* observes: "The only Christian Communion upon which modern skepticists seems to make no impression is the Roman Catholic." Rev. M. Sheedy in his "Studies in Church History" claims the explanation for this is obvious. In the Catholic Church there is unity. In the Protestant bodies there are and ever must be, divisions and sects.

Astronomers and observers in general have noted and recorded many oddities among the various comets or "hoary stars" that have appeared in the heavens. Josephus says: "The comet of the year 70 A.D. was the shape of a sword, and hung over the city of Jerusalem a whole year." "Metia's comet" of the year 1102, had the form of a plow, but without anything resembling handles. The crook near the "moldboard" elongated until the star stretched out in a V shape, and looked like a flock of fiery geese. The comet of 1221 looked like the flukes of an immense whale, the resemblance being so strong that it went into the histories of several widely separated countries as the "whale comet." Donati's comet, when first seen on June 2, 1858, was in the shape of a tadpole. On October 3, it was sword shaped, and six days later it was the *counterpart* of the wing of a gigantic bird.

An eminent medical authority claims that a great deal of contagion is due largely to nervous apprehension and fear: "Fear causes radical changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease, it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady. It is a well understood fact that excessive anger infuses a toxic element into the secretions, and the bite of a man in a state of frenzied rage is almost as deadly as that of a mad dog. Fear destroys the restive capability, and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge and makes way for the enemy. In seasons of epidemic, therefore it is necessary to cultivate tranquility and cheerfulness, to

learn not to fear and to surround ones self with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical defiance of anger.

We are glad to note in the *Catholic Record* that in New South Wales a Grand Master of an Orange Lodge uttered a prayer for Pope Leo XIII. The following remarkable words were uttered, we hope with sincerity: "And we may well unite with our brethern of the Roman Catholic Church in praying that the physical sufferings of His Holiness may be few and that his going hence may be brightened by the light of grace."

A new era has certainly dawned upon us when such a prayer is heard in an Orange Lodge, a place where His Holiness is ordinarily consigned to the tender mercies of His Plutonic Majesty.

The Owl congratulates Mr. Neild on his new departure and hopes he may long live to spread his broad-minded ideas among his brethern.

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### OBITUARY

We have just learned of the sad death of an old comrade, in the person of Thomas McCusker, of Phoenix, Rhode Island. During the three years which he spent amongst us as student of chemistry he was a universal favorite, and the news of his sudden death brought grief to all his acquaintances in the University. He had been pursuing the study of medicine at Bellevue Hospital, New York, for the last two years, and gave every promise of a most successful career in his chosen calling, but it was decreed otherwise and death has taken him away to an early grave. Among the students he was esteemed and honored for his sincerity good nature and truthfulness. His memory will not soon be effaced from the hearts of those with whom he lived as friend and fellow-student. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives and pray that God may strengthen them in their affliction.

May his soul rest in peace.

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*THE ANNUAL RETREAT.*

The exercises of the annual retreat began on Sunday, the 14th of October, and were concluded on the Thursday morning following. The Very Rev. Rector gave the daily conferences. Rev. Father Constantineau preached the English sermons and Rev. Father Antoine the French. The students entered seriously into the spirit of the retreat, and, if appearances are to be trusted, profited much by this highly important event in the College year.

On the evening of the closing day the members of the choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I., rendered a special musical programme at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It has rarely been the good fortune of the students of any year to hear such really excellent singing as that furnished on this occasion. The Owl desires to congratulate most sincerely the Rev. Director and his choir and to urge them to continued effort in this direction. Those who composed the choir on the occasion in question were: Rev. Bro. A. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Messrs. Léveque, Clancy, Paillefer, Payment, Keho, Vermette, MacKie, Ryan, Shaw, McKenna, Fleming, Gosselin, Martin, Girard, Morin, Phaneuf, Smith. Mr. Jos. Tassé presided at the organ.

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*NEW BOOKS.*

"The Pearl of India," by M. M. Ballou, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

The above is the title of a beautifully written book relating the incidents of a tour through the Island of Ceylon. A description of the principal places of interest, of the customs and occupations of the people of this most remarkable island, deservedly styled "The Pearl of India," has been pleasantly interwoven with the historic associations of the place. The author's remarks when treating of religious topics especially attracted our attention as being a serious blemish upon an otherwise extremely interesting and instructive story. Throughout he exhibits alike utter distaste for everything Catholic and blatant ignor-

ance of the doctrines and rites of a Church which he attempts to condemn. The fact that several times within her history the Catholic Church has suffered depletion in numbers as well as loss of worldly prestige because she refused to make concessions upon matters concerning religion is sufficient to convince the unbiased mind that she would tolerate within her fold no amalgamation of Catholicity and paganism, no departure, however slight, from her doctrines. The essential difference between Catholicity and all other forms of worship is that the former is divine in its origin, whereas the latter are only human institutions, the mere outcome of private judgment, and consequently subject to all the changes which affect the inventions of man. The same faith was preached to the Romans by Peter and the other apostles as to-day thousands of zealous Catholic missionaries are spreading throughout the world; and this sameness of belief has been preserved simply because the Catholic Church has denied to her children the right of private judgment on certain matters of religion. The author's remarks upon the Jesuits, numeraries and the manner in which Catholic missionaries conduct their missions, are the product of an imagination deeply imbued with prejudice.

"Coeur D'Alene," by Mary H. Foote, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Coeur D'Alene" is one of those books with which the reading community of now-a-days is so abundantly supplied. It possesses no literary perfections and otherwise has nothing to recommend its perusal. For the lover of good books, who has always an object in reading, "Coeur D'Alene" cannot have the least attraction.

"Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," discovered and deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M.D. Howard Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The author of this book claims to have discovered in the works of Francis Bacon a cipher story which proves that the latter wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, Green, Peel and Marlow, the works of Edmund Spencer together with many of the productions of several

contemporaneous writers. Though the proof of this would not materially affect those writings, still, it may be said that this opinion is now held by many critics. Notwithstanding that little is known about the life of Shakespeare it will require much persuasive argument to uproot from the popular mind the conviction that he and Sir Francis Bacon, as they may be known from the works most commonly ascribed to them, are two widely different persons; and much difficulty will be experienced in over-balancing the well founded reasons already existing for such a belief.

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### EXCHANGES.

The *Ave Maria* is so well known to Catholic readers, that it is unnecessary for us to more than mention its name for recognition. The monthly part includes four weekly numbers of some forty pages each of good reading. It does not pretend to matter of a speculative or scientific nature to any great extent, but aims at plain reading, such as stories, travels, biographies and the like, which are instructive and edifying, especially to young readers. Not a few choice bits of poetry contribute to the general excellence; while the September number contains an elegant frontispiece of the shrine and vicinity of Lourdes.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* ranks among the best college publications, in our estimation as a journal of high class literature. The number at hand contains two articles which especially attracted our notice. One was "American Aristocracy," the other the first of a series on "Pathos in Literature," which promises to be an interesting one. This is the sort of literature which should more often grace the pages of college journals, instead of the giddy romances and love-sick doggerels so abundant in many magazines of this class. The author becomes at times a trifle obscure, a fault, however, which becomes more pardonable when we consider the sublimity of the subject he handles. He betrays an enviable erudition in the best classics, ancient and modern; his inferences are original, and seem the result of genuine accomplishment

in the study of literature. The paper contains a rather large proportion of local miscellany, which is only rescued from our censure by the bits of good humor interspersed.

The *Catholic School and Home Magazine* is one of those now quite numerous periodicals, devoted to the purpose of supplying Catholics with wholesome literature, free from the plague of sensationalisms and formal theories, so demoralizing and so abundant in general magazines.

The *Oberlin Review* has come to our table this month in a new dress. The paper now presents a very respectable exterior. The editorial column has an item of self congratulation on the continued success of twenty-one years; another giving notice of the competition and requisites for positions on the staff. The paper is extremely newsy; besides the editorials which cover a page and a half, and some chronicling and book notices, there is no attempt made at serious composition. It is filled up chiefly with personals, and actually reports how each individual spent vacation. Now it may indeed be of interest to Bowers who "read German and killed potato bugs" that "Miss Parry did nothing much," but it seems as though those confidences might with better taste have been privately interchanged among those concerned. We understand the difficulty of getting out a representative number in the first month of college work, and we make due allowance therefor, but we hope to see in the columns of the *Review* for the future, literature of interest to those who are so unfortunate as not to enjoy the acquaintance of the *personae* of the college.

So accustomed are Catholics to hearing the institutions of the Church reviled by her Protestant enemies, that it is always a grateful relief to meet a Protestant fair-minded enough to give to any Catholic organization the merit he perceives in it, even though his mistaken views prevent him from seeing its best features. In the *Harvard Advocate* of June, we found an article on "The Spirit of the Jesuits" which immediately engaged our attention,

not only by its vigorous, manly style, but by its evident sincerity. The author challenges anyone "to examine the work of Ignatius, to read Xavier's almost apostolic spirit, or to consider the brave sufferings of the Canadian missionaries and then feel contempt for the Jesuit still." His admiration for them is, however, mere hero-worship, he does not stop to analyse motives, or to weigh results, and just here he would discover the greatest admiration, for, surely, it is in their motives that we should most admire the society of Jesus. He attributes their success entirely to perfect organization, but ignores the likelihood of its being due, at least in part, to the blessing of God upon a work so pleasing to Him. The gist of the article, is that there is a deplorable tendency toward disintegration in the political, social and religious life of our generation, and that we need some powerful organized force to meet and check it, as the society of Ignatius tided the flood of the Reformation. His exhortation is that we be prepared to join this great movement of the future, which, by a union of Christendom is to heal the disease of our generation. He even goes so far as to use the Catholic Church as an example of the power attainable by compact organization, but it never seems to occur to him, or at least he does not admit it, that this same Roman Catholic Church may eventuate as the great universal movement he predicts. To any unbiased student of religious thought, it must be evident that there has been a decided tendency towards Catholicity throughout this century. Nor has this tendency been a local one. Indeed, in some communities it has resulted in the entrance of whole schools into the Church; but aside from this, it is evident, from the numerous innovations into almost every Protestant creed, that there is a continual evolution going on in the sects, which is surely leading them back to their ancient Mother. When this evolution will have been completed, when Christianity will obey one head, and be no longer handicapped by countless internal divisions, when private judgement will submit to superior authority, then will we have a union of Christendom, which can counteract the evils of disintegration and decay,

and which did counteract them for fifteen centuries. The spirit of the Jesuits is simply the spirit of the whole Catholic Church, and it is that spirit alone, which can render Christianity capable of fulfilling its mission.

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#### *PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.*

The enthusiastic and hearty welcome which our Football team received in the hands of their old schoolfellows in Montreal on October 6th evinced in a striking manner the attachment that our McGill Alumni feel for their Alma Mater of by-gone days. To say that we appreciated the cordial reception extended to us would indeed be expressing our feelings most inadequately. At this meeting of old comrades many were the reminiscences recalled of pleasant hours together spent in the class-room and on the campus. Among those who came forward to greet us as we stepped from the train were: Messrs. Proderick, Tierney, Beaulieu, Keenan, Sparrow, Dandurand, and Mousseau, all medical students of McGill. After the football victory many other familiar faces were recognized in the crowd who assembled at the depot. Messrs. Tètreau, Mellon, Brunelle, Charlebois, McCoshen, Beatty, and others lent their voices to swell the sound of the ringing "Varsities" that broke forth as we drew away from the Montreal depot.

Whether one travels East or West he is sure to meet some of our Alumni distinguishing themselves in the study of every profession. In Osgoode Hall we find Messrs. J. P. Smith, and Frank McDougall taking their first year in the study of law and Mr. G. A. Griffin who is entering upon his third year.

Looking over the papers from across the water, we were confronted with the announcement of the marriage in Paris of Dr. Joseph Masson, formerly a member of the class of '89. All those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance here unite with the OWL in extending to himself and bride most earnest wishes for their future happiness and success. We have heard indirectly that the Doctor's brother,

Damien, is also to become a benedict; if such be the truth, best wishes to him also.

On the 22nd of September last in the Cathedral, New York, Rev. Frederick C. F. Mudgett, of the class of '90, was ordained to the holy priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Corrigan. Rev. Father Mudgett, who is a member of the Society of the Priests of the Mission, will be stationed in New York. We wish him a long and useful priestly career in the service of the Lord.

One of the staunch friends of the OWL is Mr. John T. Coyne who left College in '84. Old friends of "Jack"—and who was not his friend?—will be pleased to learn that his commercial prosperity and proverbial good-humor were not in the least affected by the labor difficulties and financial crisis in the United States. He writes us a cheering letter from his home in the great city of Chicago.

Mr. C. A. McCarthy, '92, is associated with his brother David in the management of the extensive brewing and malting business of their late father, Mr. John McCarthy.

Amongst those who assisted at the victory of the College fifteen over Britannia in Montreal were Mr. E. J. Leonard, '89, and his brother Fred. They came from Sweetzburg, P.Q., to see their old College win—and they are going to come again for the same purpose on November 3rd. Mr. E. J. passes his final law examination in January next. His brother is engaged in commercial business.

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### ATHLETICS.

The football season is now upon us and already dame nature has signified her disapproval of the continuance of summer sports by profuse contributions of somewhat frigid zephyrs. Throughout the different football centres the old pig-skin is tossed about and each club surmises from the development of its material the success or failure of its team.

On September 29th the Intermediate Series in the Quebec Union began with a

scheduled match between the Ottawa College and Ottawa City teams. The game was a splendid exhibition of foot-ball and after a hard struggle was won by the College by a score of 18 to 10. That our team displayed a decided superiority over their opponents in scientific and skilful play may easily be inferred from a comparison of the two teams and a glance at the score. The Ottawa team was made up largely of players who had the advantage in weight and size over their young opponents, both of which, however, were easily offset by the agility and team-play of the College. The Ottawas seemed to have been heated to a pugilistic temperature and many of their players were guilty of rather mean conduct towards their younger and lighter opponents.

Mr. J. McDougal, of the O.U.A.A., acted as referee, while Mr. W. Young of the O.A.A.C. fulfilled the duties of umpire. The teams were:

College—Walsh, Lafleur, Prudhomme, Bonner, Boucher, Foley, Holland, Fallon, Quilty, Garland, Copping, P. Murphy, Beaulien, Dulin, Fahey.

Ottawa—S. McDougal, H. Pulford, D. Pulford, Ackland, Quinn, Tovey, Taggari, Watters, Kenny, Skinner, Fleming, Murphy, Bristowe, McLean. Buckram.

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On Saturday, October 6th, 'Varsity went to Montreal to play a scheduled match with their old rivals, the Britannias. The weather was all that could be desired so far as we were concerned, but was a little disagreeable to the bulk of the spectators who were obliged to sit in the cold for an hour and a half and witness the defeat of their team in a poor exhibition of foot-ball. The score was 21 to 3. As this was the first game of the season, it was looked forward to with great interest, and many conjectures were made, especially as the College team was weakened by the absence of some of its favorite backs. The game was gentlemanly throughout but slow and unscientific. Passing the ball, that feature of the game which always commands outbursts of applause, was conspicuously absent, while

the following up of the forwards was somewhat of an unknown quantity, particularly on the part of the wings. In the first half the play of our forwards was good, the rushers locked in and formed an impenetrable barrier. During the second half the contrary was the case and the Britannia forwards repeatedly broke through the College scrimmage. This should not be, particularly when we consider the strength and stature of our scrimmagers. The wings do not get down or follow up with that spirit and speed which should characterize them in a championship match. Let the backs acquire coolness and accuracy in passing, the wings speed and agility, the scrimmagers method in locking the centre and our lost laurels shall return to their accustomed and proper abode.

A. G. B. Claxton was referee and E. Molson of McGill University umpire. The teams were :

Britannia—Patterson, Barclay, Barry, Ross, Crowley, Brown, Linton, Russell, Carter, Dr. Vipond, Saunderson, Whithan, Gordon, Barry, McRobie.

Varsity—Belanger, Shea, Gleeson, Copping, Lévêque, Clancy, Codd, Gobeil, McCready, Vincent, McDougal, Foley, Lee, O'Brien, Boucher.

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Saturday, October 13th, began in an exceedingly disagreeable manner. A dull sky, a raw wind and a pelting rain did what they could to quench the early ardor of enthusiastic foot-ballers. Yet those who had the courage to come out—and they were many—were rewarded by the heel of a fine afternoon and a grand exhibition of foot-ball. The first match was in the intermediate series between the 2nd team of McGill and the 2nd team of the College. Shortly after one o'clock the players line up as follows :

College—Beaulien, McCarthy, Garland, Kehoc, Fahey, Prudhomme, Shaw, Holland, Fallon, Walsh, Quilty, Bonner, Lafleur, Fleming, Tobin.

McGill—Drinkwater, Davidson, Primrose, Turner, Todd, Wilkinson, Baker, King, Howard, McLea, Wilkin, Gilday, Lynch, Laurie, McLeod.

Mr. Savage, of the Montreal club, acted

as referee; Mr. Shillington, of the Ottawas, as umpire.

McGill won the toss for goal and decided to play with the wind. The kick off was returned by a beautiful punt into touch. In the throw out, McGill captured the ball and a scrimmage followed. Now the two teams confronted each other and the College forwards proved equal to their opponents. On the other hand, it was quite apparent that the back division of the College was not up to the required standard. The play for the remainder of the first half, consisted of a number of scrimmages devoid of method and form. McGill's wings were fast, and followed up with a spirit that kept our backs continually on the defensive. Only one good run was made, and that by McGill when by a series of beautiful passes they covered about forty yards. At the end of the first half the score stood McGill 11 and College 7.

During the 2nd half the play was similar to that of the first, and McGill added five points more to their score, whilst the College was obliged to content itself with one. Time was about up when by agreement, the two captains called the game to allow the seniors to begin. The referee accordingly declared the game over, the score being McGill 16, College 8.

Now came the match of the day. A large crowd had gathered by this time, and awaited patiently the appearance of the two teams. The boys in garnet first left their quarters, and were received with a rousing "Varsity;" they were soon followed by the Ottawas, who also came in for their share of applause. Both teams appeared to be in good condition and the knowing ones hinted that the game would be for blood. But it wasn't to any great extent. The referee was Mr. Drinkwater, captain of McGill 2nd team, the umpire Mr. Savage of the Montrealers. Both officials gave perfect satisfaction. At the sound of the referee's whistle the teams lined up as follows :

Varsity.—Belanger, Gleeson, Troy, Copping, Leveque, Codd, Clancy, McCready, Boucher, Vincent, McDougal, James, Foley, O'Brien, Lee.

Ottawa.—S. McDougal, Ackland, Watters, Young, Tovey, H. Pulford, Bradley, J. McDougal, D. Pulford, Lay,

McLean, Kenny, Clarke, Buckham, Cameron.

The game began during a downpour of rain, together with the renewal of a strong wind, which had some time previously subsided. College won the toss and decided to play with the wind. The excitement was already intense. From the kick-off, College rushed the ball into Ottawa territory, where a number of hard scrimmages took place. Finally Ottawa secured the rubber and punted into touch. In the throw out Ottawa captured the ball and passed to the backs. Here a great deal of fumbling ensued, and gave the College wings an opportunity to dribble. As a result the ball was carried back to Ottawa territory and a punt from the forwards forced the Ottawa full back to rouge. On resuming play at the twenty-five yard line, College again rushed the ball into Ottawa territory and in a very short time secured two more rouges. Our team was now playing a very scientific game. From the kick-off the Ottawa forwards followed up with a dash that forced our backs to kick out in touch. On a foul throw-out by Ottawa, the College was awarded the ball, and by unselfish and beautiful passing crossed the line thus obtaining the first touch-down. At this period of the game the wind and rain ceased, and the spectators smiled with satisfaction. The ball having been faced, Ottawa kicked-off and the College backs attempted some passing but failed to gain much ground, a scrimmage followed and here the wings on both sides appeared unmanageable, but a warning from the referee decided matters and averted future difficulty. Towards the end of the first half Codd received a serious sprain and was forced to retire, Prudhomme replacing him in the wing. Just as the whistle blew College secured another try and goal. The score now stood Varsity 16, Ottawa 0.

For the second half both teams appeared with renewed energy and were eager for the contest. Ottawa made the attack and succeeded in rushing the ball into College territory, when a punt by the backs favored them with their first and last point. College now became the aggressors and never allowed the ball to come within 50 yards of their goal. Ottawa's scrimmage

was excellent and did effective work, but their back division lacked anything like combination, and was obliged to punt the ball into dangerous localities. Point after point was added to the College score until Referee Drinkwater declared time up, and the score 26 to 1 in favor of Ottawa College.

#### OUR TENNIS CLUB.

Tennis became a regular game among the students only last spring. The Club then organized has grown steadily; and now seems to possess all the requisites for a successful future. The officers for 94-95 are: Pres, W. Walsh; Treas., J. R. O'Brien; Sec., Jos. Tassé; Mang.-Com., Thos. Ryan and G. Fitzgerald.

The first regular game with outside players took place on Sept. 18th; when Lieut. D. R. Street and Mr. H. C. Robertson representing North Sydney, (Cape Breton), met a team from Ottawa University. The University was well represented in Messrs. J. R. O'Brien and E. Baskerville, who, though they did not win, played an excellent game, considering that their opponents are among the crack players of Nova Scotia. The score was 2 to 1 in favor of North Sydney. By Sets; 6-2; 5-6; 6-4.

Great interest was manifested in the tournament which began on Sept. 29th. There were four championship events. In the University singles, (first round) —Garneau beat Tassé; Nevins beat P. Baskerville; J. R. O'Brien beat E. Baskerville; Fitzgerald beat Graham. (2nd round)—Nevins beat Garneau; Fitzgerald beat J. R. O'Brien; Ryan beat Delaney; Walsh beat Fleming. The matches for the class championship doubles and the University doubles are in progress, and we will be able to name the winners in these different events in the November OWL.

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#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On Thursday, October 18th, the stock-holders of the Junior Department held a most enthusiastic meeting in the First Grade class-room. J. Cincinnatus Dempsey, President of the board of directors



occupied the chair. The first business of the meeting was the election of a board for the ensuing year. The following persons were chosen to represent the different classes of the Commercial Course:

First Grade, C. Vernon; Second Grade, E. Gauvreau; Third Grade (B), L. McDowell; Third Grade (A), J. McMahon; Fourth Grade, J. C. Dempsey. The appointment of an assistant junior editor was then considered by the new board. The applications for this popular position were more numerous than ever before, and, as a consequence, considerable discussion was indulged in. Chairman Dempsey spoke at length upon the importance of this appointment. He contended that the greatest discretion should be exercised in selecting the person for this position. He must have all the qualities attributed to the Sovereign by Blackstone in his commentaries on English law. In addition to these, he must possess the wisdom of Solomon, the optical capacity of Argus, the silence of the oyster, the subtlety and ubiquity of ether. In view, then, of the gravity of the situation, he named Herr. Phanenf and Sherman O'Neil as a commission to examine the applications and testimonials and report at the next meeting. There was then read a communication from Hon. T. F. Finnegan, asking why the Junior Department was allowed to be printed on the last page of the University Magazine. The junior editor being called upon for an explanation, we rose to reply. Borrowing our figure from last month's salutatory, we remarked that if our little bark would weather the storms of the sea of journalism, it must needs be heavily weighted in the stern. Furthermore, we contended that by its proximity to the ululatus column, its liability to fall under the eye of the average college reader was greatly enhanced. The explanation did not satisfy the meeting, and, in solemn tones the chairman read the following resolution:

Whereas: we have noticed that, during the past year, this department has been accorded space on the last page in company with the ululatus.

And whereas: the explanation given by the junior editor has been humiliating in the extreme.

Be it resolved that, while admitting the cogency of some of the editor's remarks, we desire to enter a vigorous protest against junior matter being used for literary ballast. And be it further resolved: that ex-assistant Cowan and Mr. J. McMahon wait upon the directors of the Owl, and demand that the Junior Department be given a more conspicuous place, under the penalty of having to face the opposition of a new competitor in the literary field. The resolution was carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

The Junior Editor begs to apologise for the scarcity of news items this month. He hopes, when his assistant is appointed, to be able to bring the department up to the usual standard.

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

First Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Patry.</li> <li>2. F. Corcoran.</li> <li>3. A. Chevrier.</li> </ol>
Second Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Larose.</li> <li>2. J. Neville.</li> <li>3. A. Lauria.</li> </ol>
Third Grade B	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Coté.</li> <li>2. C. Bastien.</li> <li>3. E. Barclay.</li> </ol>
Third Grade A	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Cassidy.</li> <li>2. A. Kehoe.</li> <li>3. V. Lemay.</li> </ol>
Fourth Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Stuber.</li> <li>2. P. Turcotte.</li> <li>3. H. Desrosiers.</li> </ol>

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### SUBRIDENDO.

GLASGOW TO NELSON.—When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph, "Glasgow to Nelson." "Just: so!" said one of the bailies; "and as the toon o'Nelson's (Neilston) close at haun, micht we no juist say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles?' and so it micht serve for a monument and a milestone, too."

A father of some marriageable daughters not far from here had occasion to have a sofa upholstered, and here is a list of what was found between the back and the cushion: Forty seven hair pins, 19 suspender buttons, 3 mustache combs, 13 needles, 35 cigarettes, 8 photographs, 217 pins, 76 grains of coffee, 46 gloves, 27 cuff buttons, 6 pocket knives, 15 pocket chippis, a vial of homeopathicis, 34 lumps of chewing gum, 50 toothpicks, 28 matches, 39 collar buttons, 11 neckties, 2 love letters, a few pieces of candy, 2 dimes, 3 quarters, 1 nickel, 8 buckels, 5 lead pencils, 1 pen and 4 buttonbooks. — Mount Vernon *Argus*.

#### HIS ATHLETIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He would exercise his biceps with a mallet in croquet.

He could wield a tennis racket in a very charming way.

To see him punt the foot-ball would really do you good.

But he couldn't, wouldn't undertake to split the kindling wood.

—*Washington Star*.

#### THE WAR OF RACES.

HERE are two stories—new ones, the writer thinks—in which a Christian and a Hebrew cross verbal swords.

A passenger in a crowded car on the elevated road in New York saw, or fancied he saw, that his neighbor was making grimaces at him. "You look as if you wanted to eat me," he presently remarked testily.

"I couldn't," replied the other man. "I am a Hebrew."

A still neater retort is attributed to one of the Rothschilds. It was at a reception in Paris that a traveler who had views on the "anti Semitic" question, was descending upon the beauties of the island of Tahiti. "There are neither hogs nor Jews there," he finally said.

"Indeed!" replied Rothschild. "Then you and I ought to go there together. We should both be great curiosities there."

—*Munsey's Magazine*.

American Student—Don't you have football in Germany?

German Student—No; nothing but duels and riots.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—"Mine frent, I know mine feet was meant to be walked on, but dot brivilage pelongs to me."—*The Angelus*.

HAIL FOR THE SINNERS.—It is a well-known fact that hail, as a rule, does not fall over a great stretch of country at a time, but only here and there. Sandy, a neighboring farmer and rival to Jock, was one day grumbling to that worthy old gentleman about the hardness of fate, which had, by the means of hail, destroyed a fine field of corn for him, while it had never come near Jock. "Aweel, Sandy," said Jock "we're tell't that the rain fa's on the just and unjust alike, but I think the hail fin's oot the sinners."

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth a fortune—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a 75 cent hat, but she prefers one that costs \$27—that's toolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's labor. The editor of this paper could write a check for \$80,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's rough.—*Ex.*

#### ULULATUS.

Beaten "out of sight"—a defaulting team.

A two-foot rule—keep off the grass.

Telford has succeeded Tim as proprietor of the hand-Bald alley.

Seest thou yonder tree? Get thine axe and Hewitt down.

Willie is quite a *case ch*?

The Shamrocks put a Wall on Quinn; the Collage, a Garland.

"Now Joe, Gobeil" said the captain and Joe went.

Did you ever see Bob McCredie for a rush?

"TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS."

The man who sells the peanuts hot

Came up to me and said,

Whenever students came and bought

He went without his bread.

I looked at him in anger hold

But soon did I relent,

When in a whisper me he told,

"They ask off ten per cent."

The following is attributed to an aspirant for honors in Matriculation English: "A pair of slippers that do not fit is a bad thing to have on one's hands."

McC-r-th-y is at work on an epic which will have for a title "Life and Death." He promises to give us something that will embrace the whole philosophy of human existence—and a little more.

This year there are just 4 *Mor(e)* in the senior department than in the junior.

We remark that the "big yard" is wholly devoid of that Gay appearance which was so prominent last year.