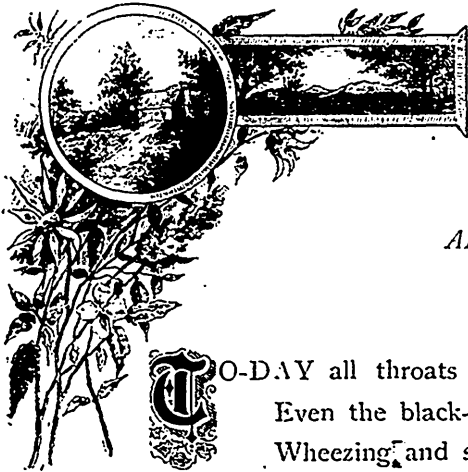


THE OWL.

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APRIL VOICES.

TO-DAY all throats are touched with life's full treasure,
Even the black-birds in yon leafless tree,
Wheezing and squeaking in discordant glee,
Make shift to sing, and full of pensive pleasure
Here the bold robin sits, and at his leisure
Whistles and warbles disconnectedly,
As if he were too happy and too free
To tune his notes and sing a perfect measure.

Across the steaming meadows all day long
I hear the murmur of the frogs. In schools
Shy harping lizards pipe about the pools.
From hedge, and roof, and many a garden gate,
The cheery sparrow still repeats his song
So clear, so silver-sweet and delicate.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE BLACK-FOOT COSMOGONY.



A T H E R
Legal, an
Oblate Mis-
sionary at
McLeod,
Alberta,
sends us the
following
account of
the Black-
foot tradi-
tion of

creation, or Cosmogony, which seems to us all the more interesting, as it has been dictated by an old Indian. We therefore feel pleasure in offering it to the readers of THE OWL.—EDITOR.

* * * * *

To the best of my belief our Indians, especially those of the Black-foot tribe, have no tradition of their own concerning the Deluge. Some of them, however, have spoken to me of such a tradition, but of one which seems so like the Biblical version, that I have no hesitation in believing it to be only an importation. They themselves, being questioned on this fact, acknowledge that they do not know whether it comes from their ancestors or from the early explorers, and some of them even positively adhere to the latter opinion.

They have, however, a tradition which has erroneously been taken for that of the Deluge. This is the one I purpose laying before you, in its original phraseology, a literal translation of the Black-foot text. Its perusal will show beyond a doubt that it treats not of the Deluge, but of Creation.

The Old One (the Demiurge of the Black-foot, called in their language *Napiw*) wandered o'er the surface of the boundless sea. His little brother, the beaver, was with him; so were his two little brothers, the otter and osprey; (the Black-foot have a kind of veneration for this bird, which they call *Matsiseipiw*) his little brother, the musk-rat, was with him too. At that time the beaver's tail was straight, and the musk-rat's was large and flat. The Old One said to his young brothers: "Dive and try to find and bring me the earth." Then all these four

dived, and after some time they all reappeared on the surface of the water, except the musk-rat, who remained a while longer at the bottom. But they brought nothing with them. They dived again; but the otter, the beaver and the osprey soon returned, with the same unsuccessful result. They all thought, on account of his not appearing, the musk-rat was drowned. At last his head was seen peeping above the surface, and as he came near them he fell into a swoon. The Old One stretched out his hand and took him up. He then examined his paw, which he kept closed, and found in it a small portion of mud. "Behold the earth, my little brothers," said the Old One. Then he added: "Dive again and look for a stone." They all dived once more, and returned one after the other. The musk-rat, however, remained under water some time longer than the others; he brought up a little stone which he gave to the Old One. (Some attribute all this success of the musk-rat to the osprey.)

Thus far the tradition could easily be referred to the Deluge; but let us proceed.

Then the Old One finished making the earth; for this he took four days. Of course the portion of earth which the musk-rat found, or brought up, was very little; but the Old One breathed on it, and it became immensely large. (Some say he scattered it about as the sower scatters the seed.) The next day he made the Rocky Mountains, and the day after he made the woods and rivers, the fishes and all the animals that walk upon the earth. The following day he made all the birds.

After this he undertook to make human beings, and first made woman. To accomplish this he cut off one of his own legs, and in two days he completed the work. The result, at first, was not satisfactory, for it happened that her eyes were in a vertical instead of being in a horizontal position. Her mouth, too, was vertically divided. She had no nose, and her ears were too long by far. She had eight teeth altogether, four on each side. He next made her fingers and toes, but she had only three fingers on each hand

and three toes on each foot. Thus far the work went the first day, as the Demiurge was weary. "Let us wait awhile," said the Old One, "I will finish to-morrow." He then fell asleep, dreamed of his work and saw how he should finish it. Next morning he resumed operations. He caught hold of the woman's ears and clipped them short; he completed the number of fingers and toes. He changed the position of the eyes and mouth, he gave her a nose and added the teeth which were wanting, and he saw that all was good.

After a lapse of four days the woman gave birth to a child. Then she and the Old One held a council during four other days. In this deliberation the Old One proposed: "Children shall be able to run when they are but four days old." "No," said the woman, "it shall not be so, but newly born children shall be enveloped in swaddling clothes, and the old men shall carry them about." The Old One was not satisfied with this, but, however, he consented. "If this dried buffalo's dung," he said, "floats and goes freely with the current, man shall not definitively die, but at the end of four days he shall rise again." Here he flung the dung into the river, saying: "No, man shall not definitively die, if this cow-dung goes with the current." But the woman spoke and said: "No, man shall definitively die; they shall weep for the dead, if this stone sinks man shall definitively die," saying so she threw the stone into the water. Seeing that it went to the bottom, she said: "Yes, when any one dies he shall be mourned and wept for." "Let it be so," said the Old One. Now, it happened that the woman's child died, and she said to the Old One: "Hold! we will make a new decree." But the Old One said to her: "No, go and weep."

The Old One spoke again, saying: "Man shall eat the bark of trees and the pellicle which contains the sap. He shall not swallow his food, and if this be observed, food shall not be definitively consumed. The buffalo, kids, and all birds and animals, that walk upon the earth, shall come to life at the end of four days." "All animals," said the woman, "shall die for ever, so shall the buffalo, kids and all birds, and man shall eat buffalo." The Old One: "There shall be wild fruit even in winter." The woman: "No, all the

fruit shall have fallen then." The Old One: "Men shall not tan the buffalos' skin." The woman: "Yes they shall tan it." The Old One: "Only one provision of wood shall be required for fire, for the wood shall not be consumed." The woman: "No, they shall go every day to look for wood." Thus, by the ill will of the woman, things are so bad in the world. Such is the Black-foot tradition of the Creation.

The celebrated Abbé Petitot, at one time missionary in the Mackenzie District, was himself mistaken as to the significance of this tradition, which he referred, like many others, to the Deluge. For the Montagnais also have a tradition almost the same as that of the Black-feet, and it is this one he relates in his essay. But he stopped at the second point. If he had continued he would have discovered that there was no question of the Deluge. He also makes an allusion to the crow and the dove, which certain other authors speak of; but, for my part, I have no hesitation in saying that this has nothing to do with the original tradition of the Montagnais.

* * * * *

A few notes will serve better to illustrate and bring into prominence the eminent value of this Indian tradition.

Notwithstanding the first impression that might be received from the perusal of the commencement of his paper, Father Legal has already shown that this tradition does not at all refer to the Noachian Deluge.

Consequently the tribe of Black-feet, and probably the other Indian nations of the same family, have no traditions whatever of the Deluge. We have here a revelation of the highest importance, in the present controversy concerning the universality of the Deluge. It would be indeed difficult to conceive how the remembrance of a like cataclysm could have become totally obliterated from the minds of a primitive people.

The Old One is the name given, in Indian simplicity, to the Demiurge. At first one would be tempted to smile; but this word, to those who reflect, will be a subject of deep thought. God, the Creator, for the Indians, is the Old One, that is to say the Eternal. Have we a concept more precise with regard to this Unnameable Being, we who, in compari-

son with the untutored savages, are so proud of our theological knowledge? We also conceive Him, as a being unmanacled by the decrees of time, existing before them, and consequently incommensurably *old*. Does not Daniel, in the same chapter, call him three times the "Ancient of Days" '*hattig iamîn*'? Nay, those who maintain that there is a certain affinity between the Indians of the North-West and the Israelites, will find perhaps here a precious argument in favour of their thesis; for the quotation in Daniel proves this expression to have been popular among the Hebrews at the time of the Captivity.

With the Biblical Genesis and Geology the Indian tradition affirms the total submersion of the terrestrial globe in the beginning, and its consequent emersion, the real succession in the development of creation, expressed, as in the Mosaic account, by the mysterious term of *day*, and in the last place the apparition of Man.

The Demiurge is assisted by certain animals familiar to the Black-feet; while we listen to this proof of Indian fetichism, have we not at the same time a faint echo of Revelation, showing us the Angels, witnesses and perhaps co-operators in the mundane Creation?

From the moment of the creation of man the Black-foot Genesis compound in the Old One a double biblical personage: the Demiurge and Adam. Hence it is that distinct mention is made of the woman only. The origin of the latter is related in a manner wonderfully analogous to the Biblical recital; there is

nothing left out, even to the mysterious sleep of Adam.

Then came the sad account of the fall and its fatal consequences. Instinctively the Indian thought has dressed it in its present fanciful forms, and it is touching to see the state of bliss, which is the dream of the savage, and of which the primitive sin has deprived him; but, beyond the form, there is at the bottom a marvellous correspondence with the Bible. The woman it is who is the prime cause of all evil; the Old One inasmuch as he represents Adam yields to the suggestions of the woman; inasmuch as he is Demiurge sanctions and pronounces his irrevocable decrees. Thus the echo of the great drama of the Garden of Eden has been carried unbroken even to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. And remark that we have here an indigenous tradition and not something of European importation; the Indian stamp is authentic enough, and the tribe of Black feet is about the only one of the North West which has unfortunately remained refractory to the influence of the Gospel.

In finishing let us express the hope that the other Missionaries of the North-West would follow the example of Father Legal, and of so many Missionaries in other parts of the world. Their researches, on account of the great number of years of infinite relationship with the savages, are far more authentic and unbiassed than the accounts of travellers or others who go amongst the Indians through curiosity or in search of facts in support of some pet theory, and whose work is nearly always cursorily done. G.

MEANING OF THE WORD ART.



WE are all a set of refreshing humbugs, according to "Miss Moucher" and perhaps, in our oft-times superficial attempts at gaining what is generally called "culture," we may sometimes feel ourselves half deserving of the little hair-dresser's classification.

We have probably dabbled enough in music to manage a criticism of a concert, at least to our own satisfaction, but to many of us, the word 'Art' presents a vague jumble of Fra Angelica's Saints and decorated tambourines; Pre-Raphaelite landscapes and brass plaques. Goethe tells us that "happy is he who at an early age knows what art is."

Certainly the task of giving the definition is far beyond the power of a feeble student, but we may perhaps by speaking about it get somewhere nearer the true meaning of the word, so short in its utterance so long in its significance.

According to Ruskin "the art of any country is the exponent of its social and political virtues;" while Lessing, followed by some German and many of the English critics, affirms that the aim of all art is pleasure; or stated more definitely: Art is the *interpretation* of the world of matter; the human heart, its joys and fears, its tenderness, in such a way as to give pleasure.

Ruskin's cry of: "truth first, beauty afterwards," struck an answering chord in the hearts of the truth-loving English people, in whom the moral sense is more strongly developed than the artistic. In reading his works sympathetically, one can scarcely divest one's self of the idea that art and morals are identical; that to learn to draw a beautiful curve is to render one's self incapable of uttering a falsehood: that the power to catch the hue of a sunset cloud and to keep one's self unspotted from the world must needs go together; that training a people to lead a moral life necessitates teaching them how to use a water-color pencil.

The doctrine that "Art is one of the natural forms assumed by joy," could not have gained ground with the hard-work-

ing upper-middle class of commercial England like Ruskin's seemingly more serious theory, that art means a definite gain in morals and intellect, and above all, in the accumulation of facts. The nobleness of play is not always understood, and the value of an imagination that brings to us pleasant fancies to cheer our jaded spirits, is often passed over as unworthy of recognition.

The theory that art should be a perfect imitation of nature was a peculiarly acceptable one, for it brought the general public out of the vagueness of an unexplored region and set it up in business on its own account. Every man has seen an oak-tree, then if there be an oak tree in a picture and a dispute arises about the color, what is easier than to object to the tint in the picture, as being greyer or browner than an actual tree would be against that back-ground? When the vital question is: does it hold its right relation? is it as much darker than the sky in the picture as the real tree is darker than the real sky? is it not made greyer because we have no pigment bright enough to give us the golden sheath of sunshine lying across the emerald sward, and so our poor colors must be coaxed into brilliancy by the softened foliage.

The danger of Leonardo's doctrine (which, by the way, he himself never followed) that a picture ought to be like the representation of the scene in a mirror, is one that, generally speaking, can only hold with very young painters. Ere long the artist finds that, not having nature's palette to work with, his highest light can only be made to represent the sunlight by the judicious forcing of some tones and the lowering of others; that while he lingers to catch the exact twist of the faggot lying at his feet, the subtle spirit of the scene has escaped him; that his imagination must e'en play around the mountain's brow heightening it somewhat, or, lo! on his canvas appears but a stunted hill, for he has lacked the quivering air and shadow-giving clouds that raised the blue mystery far into the sky.

We sometimes ask ourselves, why it is that the representation of a scene often gives us more pleasure than the scene itself would do; one would think that the

landscape with real men and women would appeal to us more forcibly than the most masterly combination of paint or canvas. Is it not because the artist, dwelling on the aspect that appeals to him most strongly, emphasizes those parts that express his feeling, subordinates whatever may interfere with it, and presents the whole to us translated into simple and more comprehensible language than many-voiced nature deigns to use.

"Art is the spirit of free self-delight, creating for itself various forms and modes of expression."—"The noble play of the intellect, heart, imagination, governed by laws of beauty and fitness." Not always mirthful play, for "our saddest thoughts make our sweetest songs;"—and in the inscription: "All hope abandon ye who enter here," beauty has touched a note of despair: and here one difference between art and nature is manifest; we know that we are being deceived and the deception is pleasing, while the reality would cause us keenest suffering.

To wander with Dante, in imagination, through those terrible regions at the other side of that mystic gate gives us intense pleasure. We love to have our emotions excited, especially those that, in ordinary life, are rarely used. To feel, to live, the words are almost synonymous. And then, we always have behind us the knowledge, that if the fears grow too oppressive, we can jerk our wandering fancy back to common-place safety again.

The child's discordant shriek of terror in Schubert's "*Erl King*," excites a sympathetic shiver in the audience. Were the scene actually before us, this terror would be too strong and amount to pain.

An artist may suffer keenly while, out of crude materials, he creates the artistic whole to be put before us; but if he has done his work well, our pain is softened by the ever present beauty, till it serves but as shadow for our joy.

Clear-eyed Emerson, who sees right into the heart of things, tells us, that, "though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not";—but a sensibility that is weak may be strengthened, and one that is confused may be cleared and purified.

None of us can see everything for ourselves; one arrests for us the swirling clouds in their flight, and shows us the melting tenderness of their delicate outline;

another directs our eyes downward to the beauty that points every blade of grass and slumbers in every pebble. The bare brown trees tossing their graceful arms against the winter sky, cry out to some one understanding heart, to sympathize with them in their desolation, and show the heedless passer-by, that even in their hour of woe, they have not forgotten their duty of being beautiful.

To each one of us there may be given a special insight into some little corner of mighty Nature's heart; and as all material prosperity is brought about by exchange, intellectual riches are augmented in the same manner.

The portraying of the grandeur and mystery of death; the foaming of a cataract; the anguish of "the struggling heart which sinks with sorrow," may be beyond our powers, for most of us possess but very small coin in the way of original ideas, but we must remember that often the smaller the change the more useful it is, in the trivial affairs of life—and after all, what is *trivial*? The meanest flower that blooms gives me a "joy too deep for tears," throws a flood of glory over every field-daisy that will not fade while English tongue is spoken.

Two peasants saying the "*Angelus*," in a potatoe field! How many of us would pass them by, with an interested glance perhaps, but forget them at the first turn of the road. Seen by the light of Millet's genius the "*Angelus*" now vibrates through Europe and America—Not to encourage us in idealizing the future was the imagination given us, but to enable us to spiritualize the present.

When in dreary winter, wearied with our dull round of cares, Mendelssohn takes us into the forest and bids us dance with his light-footed peasants on the yielding green, while above us, the trees murmur glad melodies in the summer air, and the streamlet babbles a joyous accompaniment—when Beethoven gathers the witching "*Moonlight*," in his magic fingers, and in its very essence we bathe our tired souls,—when Carlyle (in some of his exalted words) teaches breaking hearts the majesty of suffering, helping to strengthen those who must ever chant minor chords in the great symphony of life, do we not then feel that art is the great Master who brings us into sympathy with Nature and with "Nature's God"? H. N.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES DICKENS.



ABOUT the year 1838, my father took a small but charming cottage about three miles from Exeter, the chief city of Devonshire, on a long lease from a Dr. Brown, a retired London physician. It had a large and beautiful garden with a good sized orchard, and was called Shillingford-Cross Cottage, as the old village cross of Catholic days, which was about to be broken up for paving the high road, had been purchased by the Doctor, who was an antiquarian, and having been removed from the village, which was adjacent, had been planted in the middle of the lawn. About midway between our town residence in Exeter and the cottage, was the house of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, the father and mother of Charles Dickens. It was not long before we were introduced to them by our landlord, Dr. Brown, who was a great friend of theirs; and the introduction so soon ripened into intimacy, that they often came to spend an evening with us, as they had been in the habit of doing in Dr. Brown's time, bringing with them a fine intelligent boy, Charles Dickens' younger, and, I believe, only brother, who was about twenty years his junior. Charles doted upon this boy, and gave him the nickname of "Boz." I was the happy possessor of a faithful dog of the tan terrier-breed, and having been an ardent admirer of Charles Dickens, from the date of his publication of "Sketches by Boz," and the "Pickwick Papers," I had paid him the questionable but by no means uncommon compliment of calling my favorite dog by his *nom de plume*, "Boz." The celebrated novelist was deeply attached to his parents, whom he came down from London to visit, as often as he could get a holiday. On one of these occasions, as he had his little brother on his knee, he told him he was going to write a book, and that he would say it was written by "Boz" so that people might think that his brother was the author of it. The matter-of-fact father, who was listening to this speech, treated it with the greatest contempt, not believing that his son could ever be guilty of such an

unbusinesslike proceeding. One can imagine his surprise, when a few months subsequent to this a magnificently bound presentation copy, which I had often the pleasure of handling, of "Sketches by Boz" was sent by the author to his brother. On one of the frequent occasions when the Dickens family were our visitors at the cottage, my dog was wild with excitement, and was racing among my flower beds, to the no small detriment of my tulips and hyacinths, of which I was justly proud, and I kept calling out, "be quiet Boz, be quiet, or I will have you chained up." To my great surprise the little boy began to cry and went to his mother saying that he wanted to go home, for I was going to lock him up. We had some difficulty in consoling him, as he fully believed that he, the original "Boz" was the one to be fastened up; nor did we succeed until we had the dog an unwilling prisoner. I well remember how amused Charles Dickens was when the story was related to him. * * * My mother was a very attractive specimen of a middle-aged Quaker lady, and was greatly admired by the distinguished author. This was as evident to my mother as anyone else, so that one day I heard her ask him not to introduce her as a character in any of his writings. He promised to obey her, though with some reluctance, as he admitted that he had made a sketch of some of her doings and sayings, in order to connect her with a book he was about to write. I went to live in London in the year 1842, and one of the first visits I made was to my friend Charles Dickens, who resided at that time in a large house near Regent's Park, which he called Devonshire House, perhaps from the fact of his father, mother and brother being resident in that county, which justly bears the title of "the Garden of England." I was introduced to his young wife, whom I found so fascinating, and apparently so fond and proud of her husband, that I was greatly shocked in after years, to hear that they had agreed to separate, on the plea of incompatibility of temper. Though they did not, after their separation, live together, Mr Dickens made a handsome allowance out of his large income to his wife, and their

children were in the habit of visiting both their father and mother freely, and carrying affectionate messages or letters to each other. During my residence in London, which lasted about eighteen months, I was sometimes invited to breakfast at Devonshire House where I often met both literary and artistic notabilities,

whose very names I now forget, with the exception of the two Landseers and their sister, Daniel Maclise, R.A., and the celebrated engraver, Cousins. After my removal from the great metropolis, I never had the pleasure of meeting Charles Dickens or any of his interesting family.

L. C. P. F.

HOCUS-POCUS.

Boss Town, April 30, 1890.

Dear Owl :



SPRING poem is what you want, a real inspired rhapsody on the mendacious theme, but your dull correspondent has not yet sinned against the "fitness of things" to the extent of committing a vernal rhapsody (to paper)—no, his poetry, like all that's good and true in him is suppressed, indeed: were you to see him now as he nestles close to the tepid steam coils, in his room, you would scan his face in vain for anything that rhymes with "ethereal mildness." It is to save himself from a *brown* study, that he banishes the thought of a *green* one, and from past experience turns to THE OWL for comfort: THE OWL is his turtle dove, his nightingale, his skylark. All that ornithology has done for poets, THE OWL does for me, only I can't set the odes etc. to any tune. What's the news from Boston? Well, barring the topic of Spring openings down on Washington street, the year two thousand has not yet come, so the shops hold good, barring all you can see for yourself in the papers on file in your cosy (?) reading room, barring the Sunday doings in Tremont Temple, and some magic lantern revelations out on Jamaica Plain, there's no news as I can gather. Public Schools and Parochial Schools all full to overflowing, the wrong *text book* gets into some Dominie's hands now and then, E PLURIBUS UNUM

is still translated into ERIN GO BRACH, so you see there's nothing new in these parts.

My text, hocus etc. authorizes me to ignore the unities of discourse, *ergo* I ramble. I have some good chances of noting some of the notabilities as come to town, (I'm speaking indefinitely with regard to time,) *Max O'Rell!* was here once, you know and was well received—as to his book on Jonathan—you don't want a review of it do you, after all that has been said? Such books are only to be enjoyed, not analyzed. It amuses me though, to see Jonathan laughing so good naturedly at himself. Howells knows the old man better than Max, and in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" holds the mirror up to the queer American face with much better effect, don't you think so? It makes precious little difference what the flitting foreign connoisseurs say of us, they may come and they may go, but we go on for ever, and Max O'Rell or any other man may poke fun at us as long as it gives him fun. Please don't ask me my opinion of "*Looking Backward.*" I'm too straight-forward to duly appreciate anything requiring an abnormal direction of my orbs, and Mr. Bellamy's version of the Golden Age needs a few supplementary chapters—don't ask me about any of the newest books, not even about the "Book without a parallel!" When Mr. Gladstone condescends to immortalize a little girl's autobiography, why that will do; the great statesman must unbend sometimes I suppose, a propos of "The parallel," haven't you heard that one of the Boston Lights has found a

counter part for the free spoken Russian girl? If you please no less an ideal than *Santa Theresa of Avila* comes to the scintillating critic's mind as she studies the morbid heroine, whom somebody less well disposed has called "Marie Bask-in-herself." But here's an old book, not old as the *Arabian Nights* nor the *Talmud* but a book one can read with interest the second time and that's saying a great deal of a novel isn't it? John Boyle O'Reilly's "*Moondyne*" has, I presume, from a novel point of view, been fairly judged long ere this. As for the escaped convict himself, admiration, etc. is still at high tide. Of course you know he is one of the pet lions of the *Boss Menagerie*, sometimes called Boston; not long ago talking with some western folks about the author of "*Moondyne*," and of the "Amber Whale," etc., I concluded that after all, cattle kings, wholesale dealers in treacle, soap, patent suspenders and shoe strings are not altogether wooden. J. B. O'Reilly has charming manners, a good head of hair, and a genuine Irish ring to his laugh, to say nothing of the twinkle in his eye, long life to him! There's a disturbing grandeur about that *Moondyne* which one doesn't shake off right away nor is "Mr. Wyville" purely ideal, since he believed in the American absurdity: that all men are equal. He was almost as sanguine a believer in the universal democracy as Mr. Leete of the prospective Boston,

Homologation (vide some recent theorist on the process of becoming monkeys,) is one of the new words much sounded down here among the *elite*; Massachusetts does not lead in literary matters only, a little pamphlet is now being discussed at the High-teas, and to be sure it is going to cut up the Romanists most fearfully. "No ballot for the man who takes his politics from the Vatican." This quotation suffices to set us on our guard against the awful (?) struggle coming. In the mean time, we are enjoying the return of the robins and other heralds of the new season. Soon the cry of "strawberries" will be heard in our streets, even though the delusive quarts measured out to us with the unscriptural measures of green peas, are of a nature to make one say hard things about one's fellow-beings. Still spring brings with it a something that awakens

within us, the fraternal instinct, and "*Homologate*" we wont.

God bless all gifted men and their gifts, but why in the name of all that is clever does such a man as Justin McCarthy give us such consummate silliness as is going round with his signature? It is true some of his novels are written by Mr. McCarthy and Mrs. Praed, now who's accountable for the silliness, to say nothing of the moral significance of some things that have followed "The Right Honorable?" Will the Owl answer for the sake of setting the great man back in his normal state of splendor in the mind of one foresworn admirer of his?

Who will say that politics especially Irish politics affect the powers of fancy negatively? Beaconsfield showed that an English statesman might dream dreams such as no mortal ever dreamed before. McCarthy has made good his claim to *dual* power in spite of the above cantankerous remarks, and here comes Win. O'Brien with his romantic laurels fresh upon him: "*When we were Boys*" does not teem with romance a la Beaconsfield, still it is likely to survive being sat upon even by English critics. I wish some of the great literary infallibles would help me formulate the correct dogma anent Tennyson's latest, perchance his last poem; *Demeeter and Persephone*. To those whose loving admiration for the singer was so much dampened by *Vastness and Despair* and a few other wails of a few years ago, *Persephone* comes as a reassurance: the faith by which alone the poet is a divine messenger, asserts itself in this lament of *Demeeter*. We feel indeed that as the aged poet draws near the end his progression has been ascensional. That indeed "he stands on the heights—with a glimpse of a height, that is higher."

Speaking of heights—shall we not have to climb very high to fully appreciate the fact that a great man, in the completest sense of the word great, went out from amongst us. When Father Hecker stepped out from the heights of religious perfection, of noble and useful manhood to to that other height just above him of everlasting companionship with God? What a thrilling, interesting story Father Walter Elliott is telling us of his father and friend! Verily giants are of all times.

PERRY GREENE.

NEW AND "OLD MORTALITY."



ES, we are all ticketed for the "Walley of the Shadder": There's no denying that; idle words, all that might be advanced to the contrary! This bit o' talk is not meant to be a homily on the utterances of St. Paul or of any other equally positive teacher, but somehow, *mortality* and *immortality* are the words that keep sounding in my what d'ye call it—conscience, or heart, or ears? since the privilege has been mine of making a sort of personal acquaintance with a goodly number of mortals who have (some of them,) long since put on immortality and are now standing

"With a crown upon their forehead,
A harp within their hand",—

(or something to that effect) and this is how these by-goners have been recalled: The Reverend Father Fox, who has been our guest of late, was happily and generously inspired, to bring with him some of his treasures, and to allow them a free circulation among his friends. Sincerest thanks would these friends beg to offer the dear Reverend Father, with the heartiest congratulations on the value of his splendid collection.

"AUTOGRAPHS, FAC-SIMILES AND LITERARY CURIOSITIES," that is what is inscribed on the back of an immense album containing, indeed, all that the title indicates. There are autographs and franks, a large number of them, addressed to the "Rev. Charles Laurence Prideaux Fox," giving ample evidence that the Rev. gentleman has had, both as a Catholic and a non-Catholic, in England, Scotland and Ireland, (including Canada) a large circle of friends and most "desirable acquaintances."

The hierarchy is largely represented, the peerage, the political and literary world also. The most interesting and surely the most precious among the autographs belonging to people of this time are those of their eminences Cardinals Manning, Newman and Cullen. Father Faber's should come in here, this is his

place by "right divine" and the dear, sweet soul of him is manifest in a charming letter addressed to Father Fox. Mr. Gladstone's large and rather rugged signature bespeaks the rugged feller of trees and the no less rugged crier down of shams. Carlyle's—well, every one has heard what effect it always had on the devils! (the printer's to be sure)—and no wonder—how they ever got those porcupinish pen strokes into print, must remain among the unsolved problems, still there are worse specimens than Tom C's. If handwriting really bears any relation to the character of the writer, some very changeable and inconsistent people have come and gone since scribbling began, "and wonderment guesses" when was that? The most legible hands, as well as the neatest, omitting of course, a great number of beautiful specimens from distinguished ladies, are the fac-similes of many of the great classics of the eighteenth century. Addison, Pope, Swift, Steele, Sterne, etc., with a few exceptions, write as if they went about everything in a cool, calm, stately, starchy way, too dignified or too artificial to be in a hurry. Fancy, Addison in a hurry! Ye stars! They were, no doubt elegant wielders of well-trimmed quills, those bewigged classics, and they took complacency in their chirography it's evident! Richardson, Fielding and Smollet are so much alike, one could readily believe they set one another head lines for practice. It is worth one's while to read some of these carefully worded epistles, suggestive of "best brown snuff." There's a peculiar tone of politeness suggestive of high heels and perfect frills, albeit the shirt may have been limited to the fill. Suggestive too, of hearts, as genuine as the starched bosoms supposed to cover said organ. More than suggestive of a law tide in *cash*, indeed some of these gracious "bits o' writin" are irresistible appeals for small loans. There's one from Sterne to Garrick thus: "This morning as I was making my final preparation for that journey ("The Sentimental Journey"?) I discovered I had twenty pounds less than a gentleman should have on setting out, do me the favor," etc.—No doubt the

twenty pounds were forthcoming—no less doubt they were never returned. Wm. Penn's chirography does not bespeak a knight of the quill, it looks like a small boy's hopeless attempts. Chatterton's is beautiful, something like the best French script. Bulwer Lytton's looks as if a fine cambric needle were the medium of transmission, from his heart to his ink pot thence to his scented paper "lift it with care, fashioned so slenderly" you know. Dan O'Connell's stands out in bold, free, distinct assertion of a stout pen and firm fist. The late Sultan of Turkey, all due salaams to his *manes*, in a missive to Beranger the French Burns, has put down something that looks very emphatic and sweepingly graceful; not unlike our elegant short-hand traceries are these oriental hieroglyphics; and are we to judge of the great Bonaparte's decision of character, his cold genius, by his pen and ink performances? If so, then hand writing, like dreams, must be interpreted negatively. Circumstances after all, give a man a variety of characters, and the great "Fallen Idol" was at St. Helena when the "last will and testament" was traced, and that was not the hero of Jena and Austerlitz. The extract of the will contained in this collection says: "Je meure dans la religion Catholique et Romaine dans laquelle je suis ne il y a plus de cinquante ans—Je desire que me cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé." Poor fellow, the writing speaks of utter abandonment of all earthly projects, it speaks of suffering in mind and body, it says: "I'm not myself at all at all" here, with no one to bully. The metaphysical poet, Wordsworth has a child's hand, it seems to indicate a knowing sympathy with such earnest prattlers as the "Little Cottage Girl" and "Lucy Grey." "Bobby Burns" bleas his kindly heart! sets down his fresh, beautiful thoughts with a hand that has been stiffened by clumsier utensils than a pen, yet the characters are all well formed, they bespeak close application, the pot hooks are almost faultless. As for Martin Luther and his confreres, Calvin, Knox, Melancthon, etc., it may sound like pre-conceived dislike to say so, but verily if they ever saw on this side of Erubus, the Prince thereof, it must have been while they were driving the quill, their scrawls look as if the hand that held the pen or

stick or whatever it was, had been engaged at the same time in shying off some goblin or other; to put it mildly, one feels like intoning "Shoo Fly" while gazing on it. A most *telling* writing indeed!! Every one has seen fac-similes of Shakspeare's ink sketching. If the printers of his day had started the query, as to "who wrote the plays" Shakspeare or the D—1? it would be small matter of wonder. A letter from Sir Isaac Newton bearing the date of 1862, is surprisingly legible and studiously correct; how could it be otherwise, dated from Trinity College, Cambridge? Mr. Ruskin writes like a nervous lady, who persists in using a very fine pen in spite of the '*spazzims*' every third line must cause. Davy Garrick's struggling lines evoke a happy, easy-going mortal, who can't see why all this fuss is made over the fact of "Jordan being a hard road to travel."

Of the many letters directly addressed to Father Fox, one of the most simply beautiful is from Richard Doyle, the artist who severed his connection with 'Punch' on account of some insulting caricatures of the Holy Father (Pius IX)—The letter does not bear on that subject; it is a mere note from which it can be no indiscretion to quote a few lines, as indicative of a happy character; he says: "Dear Charles, Sebastapol est pris fal de ral da riddle da ray!! this is partly to say I do intend to start for Scotland and don't intend to go to Crimea. J—— is sketching from what's-her-name, nature, etc. I hope to pay you a visit on my way back again I send you in haste the only good thing I have heard a clown say as yet; on Pantaleon doing something indicative of more than ordinary idiocy, this clown said, addressing the audience: "He fell down stairs and broke his leg when quite a child and has never since been able to learn his multiplication table." In the near vicinity of this joviality you come upon a bit of grim beauty, the epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, printer, written by himself, in 1728,—he died only in 1784.

" Benjamin Franklin,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here—food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more eloquent edition,
Revised and corrected by the Author."

A few days before his exit, this man who took such a healthy view of death, struck off another bit of sublimity requesting it to be inscribed on his slab :

“If life is compared to a feast,
Near four-score years I’ve been a guest
I’ve been regaled with the best
And feel quite satisfied.
’Tis time I retire to rest,
Landlord, I thank you,
Friends, good night.”

Isn’t this a graceful and hopeful “shuffling off the mortal coil”? Among other grim things that are not beautiful are the *fac similes* of Marie Stuart’s death warrant, her freckled cousin’s penmanship is suggestive of creeping things, a squirming little coil-like appendage hangs from each letter, giving the document a most unpleasant look irrespective of the cruel meaning of the hideous words. The warrant for the execution of Charles

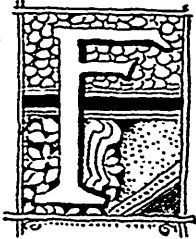
the First is also a monument of wanton fierceness, it tells of hard hearts and hard hands. The sight of this document might have gone far towards restoring the mental equilibrium of poor “Mr. Dick” so painfully realistic is its tenor.

To do anything like justice to this interesting collection, one must sit down and leisurely examine each treasure. This rapid survey must be considered as merely an attempt at a condensed though hearty acknowledgment to the owner who kindly permitted us a peep into this portable British Museum. Not the least interesting part of the collection are the copies of old newspapers many of them bearing on topics that now furnish history with its most thrilling pages. Some of these I will endeavor to describe in the next number of THE OWL.

L. P.

FORGIVE THEM.

“When I shall be lifted up I shall draw all things unto me.”



FATHER forgive them, they know not what they do,”

These men for whom my life-blood ebbed away,
Remember not the rage, the taunts, the hate
Poured out in torrents on that woful day.
Appeased thy justice, calmed thine ire
Aroused by foul transgressions multiplied ;
Father, forgive, and from abysmal depths
Draw those for whom I fain again had died.

My plight-word this : All hearts to draw
Unto mine, now, when from the heights
This earth-world lov’d and lost, I saw.

F. F.

THE OWL.

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VOL. III. MAY, 1890. No. 9

AGAIN.

With the next number of THE OWL, Vol. III. will come to an end. At the same time THE OWL will become the property of the University. Quite a number of our subscribers are indebted to the present management for their subscriptions, and we are anxious that these dues be paid ere the close of the current school year. We have sent more than one reminder to the parties interested, and as they have received the paper for some time, and still continue to receive it, we are unable to account for their neglect. Those of our subscribers who find this note marked are most respectfully requested to take some action in the matter.

IN THE CAUSE OF TRUTH.

No engine managed by human hands is doing better work for the enemy of mankind to-day than the printing-press. Invented by the Catholic Guttenberg, improved by the Catholic Caxton, its magnificent possibilities were just beginning to be realized by those who would have made it an unmixed boon to mankind, when it was seized on by the creatures of the Reformation, and set to the task of assassinating Truth. "The liberty of the press" was noisily proclaimed; that is, the minions of evil were given *carte blanche* to spread their soul-destroying ideas broadcast over the world: Truth alone was compelled to be voiceless. The consequences of this satanic action are most clearly seen at the present time. The press of to-day enjoys the most unbridled license; the liberty given all men by the Lutheran revolution to express freely their religious opinions however fantastic, has been used until the *religious* opinions being exhausted, they have begun to draw on *irreligious* ones. Surely if the Fathers of the Reformation could see the result of their labors, they would be terrified at the sight. When they began to attack the fortress of dogmatic belief, they merely meant to tear down some portions and remodel the rest, but the superhuman Genius who inspired their councils was bent on nothing less than its total destruction. Could Knox, Calvin or Luther revisit this orb to-day, how piteous would it be to see them gazing at the ruins of what was dear to them! Would they have anything in common with their children of now? Yes! they would still find burning in the breasts of those children one of the feelings begotten by them—an intense and undying hatred of Catholicity. The work which they were first to begin is still raging. It matters little that the ranks of the enemy number more infidels than heretics. It is now as it was in the days

when our Founder said, "he that gathereth not with me scattereth." It is the same old conflict between right and wrong, between truth and error. But, happily, truth is now availing herself more successfully of that machinery of war which first was hers, but which being torn from her by the rebels was perfected by them with diabolical skill and used with telling effect against its rightful owner. Not even yet can truth derive such service from these engines as her opponents. She can use them only fairly and honorably, while fraud and falsehood, those powerful helps, are freely used as motors on the other side. It is impossible to expect that the literature of truth can be diffused as rapidly and as widely as that of error. Yet though the former must not make use of all the methods employed by the latter, she may and does adopt many of them. The energy expended by the emissaries of error in disseminating their doctrines and making them popular can and ought to be imitated by the messengers of truth. The desire of such imitation is the reason why are founded many societies: temperance societies, societies for mental and physical culture, benevolent and insurance societies, etc. Noblest among these many excellent unions stands the *Catholic Truth Society*. Established in England by pious and progressive men, understanding well the needs of their country and age, it is designed to give those non-Catholics who are disposed to learn the truth, an opportunity of doing so. Everyone knows what a powerful propagator of Protestantism has been the *colporteur*, distributing from house to house tracts leaflets, stories, popular works of controversy, all imbued with the Protestant spirit. The *Catholic Truth Society* proposes to establish a similar propoganda without, however, bringing to its aid that offensive meanness which bigoted fanaticism did not always scruple to employ. Laymen are

to be the principal workers of the society, for they can enter circles which never open to a priest, and can hold communication freely with those who withdraw themselves within a barrier of icy reserve at the sight of a Roman collar. The following are the means chosen by the Society for the dissemination of Catholic Truth:

1. The publication of short timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for if necessary) on the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity.

2. The prompt and systematic correction of mistatements, slanders or libels against Catholic truth.

3. The promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news, as church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of Catholic charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and anything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic Church.

4. The circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts and Catholic newspapers.

5. Occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest.

6. Supplying jails and reformatories with good reading matter.

A branch of the Society has been opened in St. Paul under the patronage of the great Archbishop of that city. Toronto enjoys the presence of another; and it is to be hoped that every city and town in Canada and the United States will soon be numbered among the supporters of the Catholic Truth Society

ROLLING STONES.

Some sage fathered the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, and few proverbs have a wider extension as regards either truth or their usage. This is said to introduce a particular application. There is a large number, a continually increasing number, of students

attending Catholic colleges who never remain settled long enough in one place to accumulate any of the moss of knowledge. They begin student life with a well defined purpose—to graduate at the earliest possible moment. For them the shortest way is the best; they have no desire to blister their feet on the royal road to learning. Hence after a serious study of various prospectuses they choose a college—*Alma Mater*—the one least likely to intoxicate with deep draughts from the Pierian Spring. If by any mischance a mistake were made in the choice, immediately another college is sought out where the course is lighter and where, perchance, a year may be gained. And so this annual or biennial migration goes merrily on, working incalculable harm to all concerned. Where will it end? Who is responsible for it? It must be evident to everyone that those itinerant students injure themselves, often grievously wrong the institutions they leave, and always bring reproach on the cause of Catholic education.

Three removes are as bad as a fire in material things; the like is true in matters intellectual, and about the only thing those students ever know is topography, acquired by extensive travelling rather than by study. There is another quality in which they are not deficient—self assertion. They push themselves into the highest positions without any regard to the necessary qualifications; they are considered as representatives of the education imparted by Catholic Colleges, and therefore the shame of their failure reflects but slightly on themselves. There are two remedies for this evil. Firstly, let the directors of Catholic institutions insist on the production of certificates of qualification in the matters previously studied; students seldom leave where they are succeeding in their classes. And secondly let those who feel inclined to change frequently their intellectual

pasture-land reflect on what Poor Richard says:—

“I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.”

A ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

We have recently been honored by a brief communication from an enterprising friend of education, who wishes to know the cost of inserting two short cards, of about four lines each, in *THE OWL*. One of these “ads.” makes known the fact that the institution of which the advertiser is president, (and from some recent developments we infer that he also comprised the greater portion of the faculty) is ready to confer all academical degrees on deserving candidates; the other hints that the furnishing of a certain number of names of persons anxious to obtain degrees would go some ways towards making a candidate deserving. It is probable that quite a number, if not all college papers received like applications, but to the credit of college journalism it must be stated that one alone, of our numerous exchanges, published the cards. We have frequently heard it stated that money was a more powerful factor than knowledge in procuring professional sheepskins, but till now we had never seen the “business” of selling diplomas so openly advertised. No wonder that the degrees of American colleges are looked upon with suspicion! No wonder that there is a growing determination on the part of foreign universities to ignore them!

The abuse became so flagrant and dangerous in the matter of medical degrees that the law intervened and to a great extent repressed it. In other branches of science the evil still exists, and will grow day by day, until reputable institutions unite and adopt some method protective of their own interests and of

their graduates, and make their degrees possess their real value and be indicative of real work. Cases are most frequent where institutions seem to make their lists of graduates lengthen out by an indiscriminate conferring of degrees, oftimes on subjects who had never been within sight of the walls of the institution. Besides, we have now opportunities of pursuing "non-resident" and "mail" courses of instructions, in institutions whose real estate consists of a certain P.O. box, and where the amount of knowledge required for a degree fluctuates according to the state of the market.

These prove a great boon to the anxious seeker after knowledge, or rather after the badge of it, whose ambition it is to change the commonplace Mr. Brown or Jones into the pedogogical Prof. Brown, M. A., or Dr. Jones. The royal road to learning has been discovered at last; not in the tomes of science but in the advertising columns of a newspaper, and is coming to be a very popular thoroughfare. The one in search of a "dear *Alma Mater*" needs now but do a little corresponding; and ere the dog days are over, from distant Arizona comes the———*Daily Screamer*, with the welcome intelligence that he can now affix Ph. D. to his name, and with the remarks of the President of Swollen Creek University, complimenting the successful candidate on the excellence of his paper on the "Literary Beauties of the Multiplication Table," which obtained the degree for him. His next move is to "make assurance doubly sure" by seeking an *ad eundem* degree in some institution whose diplomas possess value, with a success that, sometimes, dampens his enthusiasm.

On behalf of so many *bona fide* students who work faithfully and earnestly, pursuing a course of study for many years, we protest against this depreciation of academical degress. Their diplomas should be evidences of their work and

their learning, they should indicate that the possessor has obtained a certain proficiency in literature, arts and sciences, and in this manner they would be of real service to the owners, and would be worth working for.

Ambition and enthusiasm are potent elements in study; what a depressing effect will it not have on these qualities in a student when some one who had left school several years before him, whose knowledge was nine tenths assurance, flaunts in his face a degree obtained by the latest process? It is in the power of our higher institutions to destroy the evil. They can easily decide upon some fixed standard, and they have influence enough to secure the legislation requisite to regulate the conferring of degrees. We trust that some action will be taken in the matter in the near future.

On Sunday evening May 3rd, Brother M. Chalifoux rendered up his soul to God. During the ten years of his life as an humble lay brother in the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate he had never been overstrong, yet, with admirable fortitude he busied himself continually with the works assigned to his care, and made himself of incalculable benefit to the congregation wherever the work of construction was in progress, particularly at the University and in Hull. Brother Chalifoux was endowed with rare mechanical ability, and leaves a monument of his enquirening skill in nearly every house and church of the order in the Dominion.

His final illness began in January last and he bore his sufferings to the end with the patience and heroism characteristic of a true religious. *Requiescat in Pace.*

ERRATUM.—For the second word of the eighth line of Mr. Lampman's sonnet "April" on the first page of this number, read "trim" for "tunc."

EXCHANGES.

The University *Forum*, hailing from the University of New York, now before us for the first time, does credit to the institution from which it comes. Its table of contents is as interesting as it is varied, including the productions of the arts, law and medical students. Julian Norton has the first portion of a biographical sketch of Thomas A. Edison, the continuation of which we hope to have the pleasure of perusing. From the law school there is "The provinces of the written and the unwritten law" and "The lawyer in Politics" both excellent articles. The number also contains "A few remarks concerning Football," which add not a little to the value of the Journal. The portrait of Dr. John Hall, chancellor of the University is frontispiece in the February issue. It is printed on heavy coated paper, and is apparently under the control of an able and energetic board of editors.

Twinks, one of our new exchanges, has a neat and appropriate cover, but careless binding makes comment on its contents an impossibility, as pages 3, 4, 5 and 6 are the only ones that have reached us.

From away across the Atlantic comes *The Raven*, the Downside School magazine. Though *The Raven* has lately been suffering from the inactivity of the literary pens of Downside, the April number more than assures us of its entire and complete recovery. "Some of the wonders of New Zealand" is a vivid description of this rapidly rising colony, and "The great defeats of the Roman Empire," excellently written, is a concise history of the success and reverses of the greatest empire of antiquity. Much space is devoted to locals, society notes and correspondence.

We gladly welcome to our table the Pennsylvania College *Monthly*, from Gettysburg, Pa. This journal which has much of the appearance of a magazine, is nevertheless, judging from its contents, a thoroughly student organ. Its editorial department is more extensive than that of the average journal, and is directed with marked ability and apparent good judgment. "Scott's Lady of the Lake," by Sanford B. Martin is the leading article of the April number. The last pages are given to literary notices and reviews of periodicals and pamphlets, which if possibly dry, at times are varied by the humorous college locals.

Another of our newly found friends is the University *Beacon*, which hails from Boston University. It come to us with the advent of a new board of editors and as startling changes are announced soon after initiation as possible, we hope to derive much benefit from further intimacy, and will welcome the *Beacon* as a regular visitor to our sanctum.

The April issue of the Cornell *Magazine* is before us. It cannot fairly be called a college journal, its splendid literary department making it truly worthy of the name it bears. Prof. Tuttle's "Journalist Abroad," is especially interesting. It is a glowing recital of the experiences of an American-born journalist, in one of the leading social and commercial centres of Europe where, it appears, press rights are not so broad as they are on this side of the Atlantic. H. S. Gutsell tells "The story of a famous picture." It is "The Angelus" the masterpiece of a master hand. It seems that America is destined to be the resting place of this famous production, and perhaps deservedly so, for Millet had admirers here when "The Angelus" waited for a buyer and before the public called it "famous." "Here and there in the Library" is pleasing notwithstanding the difficulty there is in following the author in his hurried wanderings. This is our first acquaintance with the *Magazine* but we hope it will be lasting.

La Revue Athlétique from Paris has recently found its way to our table. It is published by M. Pierre de Coubertin, secretary of the Committee on Secular Education in France, and includes in its columns the productions of some of the most noted French writers of the day. Among others we might mention the names of Jules Simon, Gerard, of the French Academy; Dr. Rochard, of the Academy of Medicine; and G. de Saint-Clair, president of the French Athletic Union. The current number has a lengthy review of the history of Cornell University from its foundation up to the present time. M. G. Storchly, contributes the first portion of what promises to be an instructive paper entitled "Gymnastics among the Ancients." Educational items and reviews make up the remainder of the contents of this interesting little periodical.

The Critic, New Haven, for April has an appropriate frontispiece in the class of '90. Notable among its contents is the

article entitled "Fagging in English Schools" The role which Tom Brown played at Rugby, at least during the first years of his sojourn there, does not commend itself to the mind of the school-boy who has been taught to "hold as self-evident, that all men are born free and equal." And certainly it is one of the customs which claim the censure rather than the approval of right thinking people, as little is heard in support of it except in England where it has grown to be national. A better selection of subjects would improve the editorial column, as items of merely local interest are somewhat out of place in such a leading position.

The *Cadet*, the organ of Maine State College is one of the most readable of our exchanges. The April number which is not behind the ordinary standard, has some pertinent remarks on the subject of examinations, no doubt suggested by the fast approaching close of the term. "Physical training in public schools," however trite the subject may be, is deserving of careful perusal, and by none more than the parent, who as the writer in the *Cadet* has it "does not intend that his child shall work and suffer, as he has done, all his life," and at the same time, jeopardize the health of that child by a too exclusive intellectual development.

Acta Victoriana continues to be numbered among the most prized visitors to our table. The April number includes, together with the customary batch of College items, personals etc., a lengthy editorial on that mooted subject "Specializing." Our contemporaries from Cobourg are rather inclined to throw in their lot with the already too numerous class which advocates specializing in a college or university course. The few years spent in studying by the average student, are indeed, short enough, which of itself is a necessary evil, but to spend these few years in the cultivation of one branch of science to the exclusion of all others, would be to add another evil less pardonable, because unnecessary, and more injurious in its consequences than the first. After a thorough grounding in the various departments of a college curriculum, it is not then improper, on the contrary it is quite in order, that the graduate student should specially devote himself to that branch of science for which he has found he has a peculiar aptitude.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION IN AYLMER.

The College Dramatic Association, showed more than a mediocrity of talent in the rendition of "The Ghost," a comedy in three acts, at Aylmer P. Q. on May 7th.

The little troop left the College late in the afternoon, and after an hours ride found themselves at their destination. That the drive was an exceedingly pleasant one will go without saying. The weather was rather cool—a fresh breeze, somewhat sharp, bringing a ruddy tinge into the cheeks of the youthful proteges of Thalia. But who would dare insinuate that those, who had so often before, in the very heart of winter braved the onset of frost and storm, and on this very highway—who would dare surmise that such as they would seek shelter, from a gently fanning gale, behind the driver's box, or wish the journey at an end? The wind, cold and strong as it was, had the good grace to waft back to the Capital the sweet harmonious strains that flowed from the throats of our warblers in the buss. Harmonious strains they were, and how could they be otherwise? Did not Billy out-reach himself on that occasion in the execution of his difficult task of leading the choir and orchestra *en route*? Suffice it to say that during the whole journey a continuous storm of melody raged with all the impetuosity and fury which it so often assumes in recreation hours.

Appropriate choruses and a rousing 'varsity cheer announced to the good people of Aylmer the arrival of the company. In the convent hall where the play was enacted, a grand reception awaited them, all was in readiness; the stage and costumes through the indefatigable exertions of Rev. Dr. Balland, the Director of the Association; the supper—or, what may more properly be called a banquet—through the kindness of the good sisters, Mr. Chas. Devlin and his amiable assistants, the young ladies of Aylmer. After justice had been done to the sumptuous fare—justice such as College boys alone know how to administer—the actors repaired to a smoking room allotted to them for the occasion, where the generosity of Mr. O'Reily had provided ample material for fumigating purposes.

At eight o'clock, the hall was densely crowded. The evening's programme was opened with a duet, splendidly executed by Misses Woods and Devlin. "The Chafers and the Bees," a quartette, sung by Messrs. Ivers, Woods, Tetreau, and Charboneau elicited a storm of applause and only manifested more clearly that these gentlemen still sustain the reputation which their gift of rare vocal powers has already gained them. Next followed a comic duet in French which was admirably rendered by Messrs. Genest and Charboneau. Before the opening of the play proper, Miss Devlin and Mr. Cormier afforded the audience a piano-violin duet, the execution of which displayed in an apt manner the qualifications of the performers. The production of the "Ghost," which followed, was, beyond doubt an admirable exhibition of what perfection may be reached by good steady practice, coupled with no mean ability and skill. Mr. Woods, who impersonated Garrick, the actor, accomplished his difficult role in a most creditable manner. The character of Plump the landlord, was ably sustained by Mr. Smith, whose histrionic career is well known to the boys. His acting in the "Ghost" secures for him a wider fame and gives grounds for great expectations in the future. Mr. Ivers, as Blind, the Magistrate, sustained his reputation as a genuine comedian. Entering into the spirit of his character, as he did, he let everybody see clearly that he was fully at home on the stage. Mr. Kehoe, in the character of Wild, accomplished his role to perfection, and Messrs. Hallissey, Proderick and Doyle in their respective parts, as well as the newsboy, painter's assistants and soliders, left little room for improvement—the soliders especially, whose graceful movements in the drill were if not the admiration, at least, the astonishment of everyone.

"Tromb-al-Ca-Zar," a French opera, which formed the second part of the evening's programme, was well rendered by Messrs. Paradis, Tetreau, Charboneau and Carrier. The vocal abilities of these gentlemen are so well known to the students, that there is no need of stating that their singing and acting drew unbounded approbation from every side, Mr. Charboneau, as a comedian finds few to approach him. On the whole, the entertainments was a grand success. The actors, indeed, are deserv-

ing of much praise for their co-operation in a work so commendable—for, let it be known that the play was produced for the benefit of the convent—but to the Rev. Dr. Balland alone, is due, in the widest sense the favorable issue of the students exhibition at Aylmer. After the close of the evening's amusements Mr. T. P. Foran, an old graduate of the University, thanked the students on behalf of the sisters. His short, but sparkling address was responded to by the boys in a good old varsity "rah! rah! rah!"

In the dining hall below a wholesome repast awaited the company, songs were sung and mirth and jovialty indulged in until the signal for departure was given, when the boys returned to their means of conveyances, while the fitting ditty of "Good night Ladies!" broke the "solemn stillness of the midnight air."

The return trip was attended with all the life and gaiety that could reasonably be expected at such a late hour of the night. Everyone seemed well pleased with the result of the undertaking, but more especially with the hospitable reception extended by the kind sisters, who left nothing undone to render it pleasant and agreeable for their guests. They may rest assured that their generous treatment was highly appreciated by the students and will not soon be forgotten. The whispered wish that at some future date another such trip be undertaken to the same locality* and for the same purpose, can leave no room for doubt as to the sentiments of those who participated in this one.

AMONG THE JUNIORS.

The spring games are now in full swing. Base-balls, foot-balls, hand-balls, lacrosse-balls and bawls, fill the air during every recreation. The chief attraction however is base-ball. Already four or five presumptuous nines from the city have been taught that they should know to play ball much better before appearing on the diamond in the College yard. The closest game was that between the "Young Unions," and the first team of the small yard. The score standing 12 to 9 in favor of our boys. They were placed as follows:—

R. Beaulien, c. ; E. Gleeson, p. ; Belcourt, S. S. ; Bourgeois, 1st. b. ; Connolly, 2nd. b. ; Cameron, 3rd. b. ; Weir, r. f. ; Gibbons, l. f. and W. Brophy, c. f. Each one played excellently, and indeed it is hard to pick out those who played best. Gleeson distinguished himself at the bat, and also in the box. Weir at right field made some pretty fly catches, while Brophy and Connolly each made a double play.

The Nigs and the Howls played another game on the afternoon of Thursday the 8th inst. Since their last appearance the teams have been entirely re-modelled.

The members of the present teams are :—

Nigs.		Howls.
A. Vallerand,	c.	A. Malo.
David,	p.	A. Beaulien.
R. Valade,	s. s.	H. Leveque.
E. Vallerand,	1st. b.	C. McGee.
A. Robert,	2nd. b.	E. Leveque.
Landry,	3rd. b.	Perras.
Beauchemin,	r. f.	Corcoran.
Glasmacher,	l. f.	A. Belanger.
Slattery,	c. f.	R. Belanger.

At first fortune favoured the Howls, and their score ran up to 26 while their opponents had but 6. To ward off defeat the Nigs made some important changes in their team, and managed to win by a score of 55 to 34, which shows how closely the both teams watched each other. Some very brilliant plays were made. E. Vallerand, A. Vallerand, Beauchemin and Glasmacher, each made a home run ; while 2 base hits and 3 base hits were so numerous that they became monotonous.

The Juniors Gala Day takes place on May 27th. A long list of games has been posted up on the alley, and ambitious youths may be seen at all times reading it over to see what events they will be able to take part in. Charron does a lot of drop-kicking of late, and some of the boys say he is practising for the 27th. At the hand-ball alley, A. Malo, Gleeson, R. Beaulieu and Tessier may be seen practising every time they get the chance. This also looks like preparing for the 27th. Maloney and Verrault have issued a challenge to any two of their own size and weight to a hand-ball match to take place some time before the end of May. It is likely that if two boys can be found small enough to match against

them, the match will be played after supper on the evening of the gala day. The "Ems" and the "Keys" who are to play for the Championship of the small yard on the 27th, have had an exhibition match in which the Keys won by a score of 8 to 5.

CELEBRATION OF THE PATRONAL FEAST OF THE RECTOR.

On Monday evening, May 19, the classes came to a close half an hour earlier than usual, and the students repaired to Academic Hall, when the Rev. Rector of the University, Father McGuckin, soon experienced for the first time at the hands of the students the time honored custom, of anticipating the patronal feast of the Rector, by an address expressive of the sentiments of the student-body toward him. Upon the entrance of the Rev. Rector and the faculty, the band struck up a stirring melody, which it continued till the party were seated on the stage. At the conclusion of the music, Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick stepped forward and read the following address :—

To Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., President of Ottawa University.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

It is indeed with feelings of the purest joy and admiration, that we the students of Ottawa University, take the liberty to approach you on this the occasion of your Patronal Feast, to tender to you our sincere congratulations and to express our appreciation for the admirable manner in which you have discharged the onerous duties imposed upon you, as president of this institution, during the scholastic year now drawing to a close.

When, but a few short months ago, we were accorded the privilege of extending to you on your arrival in our midst, a few words of welcome, we knew you but by the deeds of true Christian valor, which you were daily performing in the farthest limits of this broad continent.

These generous, long-enduring and self-sacrificing acts of your missionary labors, were performed without consideration of worldly honors, of human favor, or popular applause, nor for any other paitry or fleeting consideration, but for the sole motive of devoting your life and energies, for the greater honor and glory of God, for the salvation and elevation of your fellow-man.

These noble acts of unselfish devotedness, are indeed sacred and imperative titles to the love and gratitude of those among whom you labored so long and faithfully, but what has been to welcome a loss, has proved to us a gain, for already Dear Father, by your kindness and affection for us, always coupled with the firmness of a fond and

devoted parent, by your untiring zeal, and unceasing attention to our moral and intellectual development, in short by your indefatigable efforts to remove from our path, the evils and dangers, that beset the young student on all sides, and to strengthen us for the battles of after life; you have unconsciously ingratiated yourself into the hearts of the students of this institution.

But not alone to us, and to the devoted fathers, whom we feel honored to call our teachers, are your many noble and truly Christian qualities made manifest, but to the Catholics of Ottawa at large are you known as the staunch and fearless defender of the teachings of our Holy Mother Church.

Under your wise guidance, and skilful administration, we feel perfectly confident that Ottawa University will continue to hold the high position it has attained among the institutions of learning of this country, and that you may be long spared to watch over its interests, and to guide both its teachers and students by word and example, is our most sincere and heartfelt wish.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was followed by Mr. Jos. Landry who read in French an address expressive of like sentiments. Rev. Father McGuckin replied to the addresses in feeling terms. He congratulated the students on the harmony that reigned amongst them, and evident determination they exhibited of making easy the onerous tasks of their superiors in the management of such a large institution. He had been amongst them too short a time to feel that he could claim any of the credit due to those by whose efforts the University maintained its present high position. He felt that he was described in the address just read as he should be, not as he was. However he would endeavor to attain the high ideal placed before him, and counted greatly on the assistance of the students in doing so, and which if granted as faithfully, would make Ottawa University a glory to our religion and to our country.

The students were very much impressed by the words of the rector, and as the party left the hall, made the walls re-echo with the famous varsity cheer.

ATHLETICS.

The base-ball team returned from Burlington, Vt., on Friday May 9th, somewhat disappointed over their defeat by the University of Vermont base-ball team of that city, but all highly delighted with their trip. On arriving in Burlington they were met at the station by numerous friends among whom were Messrs. Culbert and Graves, both former students of

Ottawa University, and who did all in their power to make the boys' visit an enjoyable one. In the evening they were invited to attend a banquet in company with the students of St. Joseph's College. Thursday forenoon was spent in seeing the places of interest in the city and visiting friends. In the afternoon both teams practised in the Athletic Park, for a short time previous to the match.

The day was most delightful, and consequently a large crowd had assembled to witness the game. During the first two innings, the Burlington team failed to score, while the boys in the second innings scored twice. In the fifth innings, owing to a wild throw by Donnelly, who up to this time had been playing a faultless game, the Vermonters scored seven runs. During the remainder of the game both sides played equally well.

The score at the close stood as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.								
	AB.	R.	1B.	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
L. Allen, 1b.	6	2	0	1	0	5	0	1
J. Allen, 3b.	6	3	1	2	1	1	5	5
Hill, 2b.	5	2	3	1	0	8	3	0
Hoyle, l.f.	5	2	2	1	0	1	0	1
Barrett, p.	4	1	2	1	1	1	2	0
Stewart, c.	5	2	3	0	1	7	5	0
Abbey, r.f.	1	1	1	0	1	2	0	0
Cheney, c.f.	5	2	2	1	1	1	0	0
Allen, s.s.	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	2
	45	16	15	7	5	27	15	9

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.								
	AB.	R.	1B.	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Guillet, 1b.	5	0	0	0	0	10	0	1
Donovan, c.f.	4	0	1	3	0	3	1	1
Shea, c.	5	0	0	1	1	4	3	1
Murphy, 3b.	4	1	0	1	0	2	0	0
McCarthy, l.f.	4	1	0	0	1	1	0	0
Clarke, p.	3	2	1	1	0	1	7	0
Donnelly, r.f.	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	1
Codd, 2b.	4	0	1	1	0	3	3	2
Smith, s.s.	4	0	2	0	0	2	1	2
	37	5	8	8	2	27	15	8

Score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
University of Vermont.	0	0	2	0	7	2	0	2	3—16
Ottawa University.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—5

Umpires—Hart and Johnson.

Scorer—Morgan.

Owing to the dramatic entertainment given by the students on Wednesday evening at Aylmer, three of the members of the first base-ball team, could not leave. This to a large extent accounts for the defeat of the team. Mr. Smith

who so ably filled the position of short stop, is a student of St. Joseph's College, Burlington. The boys are loud in their praises of the grand reception they received, and of the gentlemanly conduct and fair play of the University of Vermont team. A return match is expected when a much closer and more interesting game may be expected.

Lacrosse is once more booming. During the past two years, it was almost entirely neglected, in order to give the foot-ball players a chance to practice and become familiar with all the "new rules" that were from time to time introduced. Now that the Champions have retired from the union, there will be no more necessity for such new rules, as of course it makes very little difference whether the Ontario Challenge Cup is in Kingston or Toronto, so long as it is outside the walls of Ottawa University. Still whoever may succeed in obtaining the trophy, we will be most pleased to meet them at the close of next season, on any neutral ground in Ottawa. The Junior Lacrosse League of Ottawa will be composed of the following teams: Oskosh, Young Capitals, Independents, Gladstones and Ottawa University. The following gentlemen were chosen a committee to draw up a schedule of games for the coming season: Messrs. J. L. Chabot, D. McDonald, T. Bate and J. McGoey.

The following are the dates arranged for the University team:

May 31	Ottawa University	v.	Independents.
June 7	"	"	Gladstones.
14	"	"	Young Cap's.
21	"	"	Oskosh.
Sept. 13	"	"	Young Cap's.
20	"	"	Oskosh.
27	"	"	Independents.
Oct. 4	"	"	Gladstones.

All matches will be played on the University Athletic Grounds.

Mr. D. A. Campbell who graduates this year, has resigned the captaincy of the Lacrosse team and Mr. D. McDonald has been appointed to fill the position.

At a recent meeting of the Montreal Athletic Association, Secretary Black, in his report said, that "it was only fair to the Ottawa College foot-ball team to say that they were anxious to have a match with us, and when they cancelled their match with Toronto, they immediately notified us they would play us on the

date Toronto wanted." The reason assigned by Mr. Black, for not accepting the challenge, is, that their team could not be got together on so short a notice. This, as we have said before, in answer to the Montreal Correspondent of the New York Sporting Times, is the true reason why the game did not take place.

The M. A. A., may well feel proud of their foot-ball team. They have held the championship of Quebec for many years, and in all probability will hold it for many years more. The championship of Canada was theirs till '88, when it was wrested from them by Ottawa College. To regain this title, is no doubt their highest ambition, and the wearers of garnet and grey will always be in readiness to meet them. The game of '89 was no criterion of the foot-ball that can be played by those two teams, and when they again meet it is to be hoped the lovers of Rugby will not be so sadly disappointed.

The regular biennial field day will be this year on the 8th of June. This is a most suitable date for a grand gala-day, at the close of the terms' study and before the examination begins. The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, will be assisted by the following gentlemen, in making the necessary preparation for the day's sport: Messrs. Delaney, Tetreau, Landry, Ivers and Charbonneau.

The thanks of the students at large is due to their numerous friends in the city and elsewhere, who have so kindly offered prizes for the various contests. The following events will constitute the programme:

- 1.—100 yards dash.
- 2.—220 "
- 3.—100 yards with hurdles.
- 4.—Putting the shot.
- 5.—440 yards run.
- 6.—Running high jump.
- 7.—Obstacle race.
- 8.—Pole Vaulting.
- 9.—Running hop, step and jump.
- 10.—Standing broad jump.
- 11.—Running broad jump.
- 12.—Two mile walk.
- 13.—Two mile race.
- 14.—Hand ball.
- 15.—Smoking race.

The one who scores the highest number of marks, wins the all-round championship. In 1885 it was won by W. C.

McCarthy, in 1886 by C. Huck and in 1888 by W. F. Kehoe, who obtained forty points out of fifty.

ORDINATIONS.

REV. C. DUNN.

On Sunday the 20th ult. the Rev. C. Dunn was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Mr. Dunn was graduated in 1886, from St. Therese, whence he came to the University where he has just completed the theological course. His Grace with his usual kindness held the ordination service at Hawkesbury, the home of the young priest. Such a privilege is always duly appreciated, but in this case doubly so, as Mr. Dunn was the first priest ordained in this part of the country. The church could not accommodate all who came to witness the ceremony which was to make their fellow townsman a priest for ever, a fact which speaks volumes both for Mr. Dunn and his native parish. The church was tastefully decorated and the altar literally covered with flowers.

The Archbishop sang High Mass, Vicar General Routhier, acted as High Priest; Father Langevin, Director of the Seminary, as Deacon of Office; Mgr. Tanguay and Father Towner, as Deacons of Honor, and Father Brunet, of St. Therese College, as Master of Ceremonies. The choir was under the leadership of Dr. Brady of Vankleek Hill. Many other priests of the diocese showed the esteem in which they hold Mr. Dunn by being present on the Sanctuary.

After the ceremony, His Grace preached an able sermon on the priesthood of Christ, showing that it was prefigured by the priesthood of the old law whose bloody sacrifices were to give place to a "clean offering" to be made in God's name "from the rising of the sun even to its going down." This "clean offering" is the sacrifice of the Mass. A sacrifice necessarily implies a priesthood. Our Divine Lord Himself celebrated the first Mass at the Last Supper, and at the same time commanded His Apostles to do likewise in commemoration of Him. St. Paul ordained Timothy and told him to ordain others. After proving that the priesthood was divinely instituted, and that the power of ordination was transmitted by the Apostles to their successors, His Grace pointed out the sublime func-

tions of the priest, the holiness and purity of life required by him, and applied to the newly ordained priest, the words of St. Paul to Timothy, "neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the imposition of the hands of the priesthood." The people he exhorted also in the words of St. Paul: "Let a man so account of us as the Ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." The sermon of which we necessarily give but a very imperfect outline, was a masterly exposition and defence of Catholic doctrine, every argument supported by scriptural citations.

Vicar-General Routhier preached in French in his usual forcible manner.

During his stay amongst us Mr. Dunn by his manliness and Christian virtues won a high place in the esteem of faculty and students. We feel the greatest pleasure in tendering to our late fellow-student our congratulations, and we sincerely hope that he will be granted many happy and useful years in the Holy Ministry.

REV. J. A. GRATON, O.M.I.

His many friends who have left the College within the last few years will, we feel sure, be pleased to learn that Rev. J. A. Graton O. M. I. was a few weeks ago promoted to the priesthood. It was with more than ordinary heartiness, that every one at the College extended to Father Graton their sincere congratulations, on the occasion of his ordination, and wished him *ad multos annos*. He came to the University from the Scholasticate, Archville, four years ago, and since his connection with the professional staff the efficiency and impartiality with which he has discharged his duties, have won him the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. He has the rare and happy quality of winning golden opinions in the play-ground as well as in the class-room. His theological studies, notwithstanding the considerable portion of his time he devoted to teaching and discipline, were completed before the regulation term, and his early ordination is an eloquent testimonial of ability and hard study, as well as of the confidence reposed in him by his superiors. Being now able to devote all his energies to the interests of his students, Father Graton's services to the University will be still more valuable in the future than in the past.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

E. J. McDermott, who was here in '85, is a member of the Pittsburgh, Pa, city council.

George Perrault, a commercial graduate of '88, was in Ottawa lately, and paid a short visit to his Alma Mater.

Frank Devlin, commercial graduate of '85, is the purchasing agent of the McClure Coke Co., Scottdale, Pa.

R. Culbert, of the Engineers of '88, is following the medical course of the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

Leo Phelan, B. A. '86, has recently graduated an M. D. at Queen's College, Kingston, and gone to locate in Omaha, Nebraska.

R. Chevrier, who was here in '86 is one of this year's batch of M.D.'s. sent out by Laval. Dr. Chevrier ranked first in his class.

Dr. D. Phelan, of Kingston, came up to Ottawa to witness the representation of Alfred the Great, the title role of which he himself personated in "the brave days of old."

We regret to have to announce that the health of Rev. F. J. McGovern, S3, secretary to His Grace the Archbishop, has failed to such an extent that he has been obliged to seek a southern climate. We pray that Father McGovern's recovery will be rapid and that we will soon see him amongst us again.

"Rev. John C. Ivers, a native of Springfield, Mass., and a priest of the diocese of Springfield, has just successfully passed his examinations for the degree of Bachelor in Theology. He has the high honor of being the first to present himself for examination, and the first to receive degrees from the new Catholic University at Washington." This is from the Boston *Republic*. Father Ivers is a B.A. of '86. Congratulations and best wishes for continued success, Father John!

Rev. W. D. McKinnon, S3, is meeting with wonderful success in the management of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael Cal., to which he has just added a magnificent new wing. On the occasion of the opening of the new wing, State Examiner Maslin spoke in the following terms of our friend: "This Asylum was in a terrible condition at the time I speak of, but now it is without an equal in the State for cleanliness and efficient superintendence. Father McKinnon is a splendid man, of great executive ability, and he is right in carrying out the system of industrial training as the greatest of all preventives of crime. It costs much less to teach a boy a trade than to punish a criminal."

ULULATUS.

"Christmas to the bat, New Year's on deck!"

Passus et sepultus est was recently translated "He passed from the sepulchre."

Recent Definitions: Garments; something to hold up stockings with. Knight; a man who fights at night.

Patty says that his rapid growth does not put him to any extra expense for clothes, as he has them made of some elastic material that enlarges and contracts according to the state of the season and the diet.

Heard tell o' the mighty yacht
That across the fields was bracht,
To sail on Railton's peaceful little inland lough,
In such a shallow spacht,
Very soon it came to nacht,
Broken into pieces by a mere protruding rough.
P. O' B.

One of our aspiring "gown-men," in his early years had been frightened by the going off of an alarm clock, and ever since, when he wants to awake at an early hour in the morning, he sets his mental alarm clock, and never fails to arise at the appointed time.

Demonstration by Veterinarian. "The horse has been endowed with certain qualities. In order to protect himself, his limbs must be constructed in a certain fashion. The horse in his free state invariably runs and never trots. Did the horse possess reason, he would invariably trot when he wanted to run. Therefore, gentlemen, the natural gait of the horse is running."

We the undersigned, being caught in the storm of the evening of May 25, were compelled to take refuge in the Fague Ann Hotel, at the south-west corner of the campus, and do hereby thank the proprietor for his kind attentions to us, and congratulate him on the excellent sanitary arrangements of his house.

E. ROON.	IVAN SULL.
A. GRY CULTURE,	B. ROCKVILLE.
O. WENS.	S. OLDRAM.
L. E. DONN.	D. RYESKULL.

IN THE PHILOSOPHERS' DORMITORY. The dim light from the half-urned-down lamp sent its flickering yellow beams throughout the entire extent of the philosopher's dormitory, and formed a tracery on the wall in light and shade, of the high ends of the iron beds. The fresco'ng, however, was broken in one portion by the profile of Mr. Blanc, thrown on the wall, caused by the elevated knees of the seven-foot philosopher trying to accommodate himself to the six-foot bed. One of the sleeping Solons opened his eyes, and gazed on the mountain. Vacation at last, he thought. "What a glorious relief! I'm going to climb that mountain!" he cried, and he started down the valley. Crash! He was on the floor; and the noise awoke the sleepers who moved in their beds, and our dreamer shrieked as the mountain appeared about to topple over on him. A moment later he was thoroughly awakened, and going to the mountain maker said "Say, Dunc, are we going to have an oral in Physics?" The giant muttered. "Here y'are Mick, pass it long," and then tuned his snore to B flat.