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THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF ART.

Read by D. V. Phalen, '89, at a Literary Entertainment given by the Senior Class, in Academic Hall, Dec. 27, '88.



THE great St. Augustine, in one of those moments of fierce self-reproach to which his great soul was delivered up at the recollection of an ill spent youth, exclaimed, "O Infinite Beauty! too late have I loved thee!"

It was the cry of a noble human heart, which had failed to find in finite objects that which could satisfy its longings, and which now perceived that whatever of beauty it had already seen was but a shadow of something greater—but a participation of the Eternal Beauty which resides in God himself. All believers in a supernatural order of things above the natural order that surrounds us, agree with us (though but few realize it as did St. Augustine) that God is the source of all beauty, and that the idea of the beautiful is the divine itself in as far as it is considered as the absolute harmony of the divine thought and will with the divine essence. We believe that as Truth is the object of the human intellect, and Good the object of the human will, so is the Beautiful the object of the sentiments of the human heart. We believe that Reason, that god-like faculty whose dictates our will must obey, is capable of knowing the future destiny of man, can ascertain the existence of a Divine Being. And should we not, so believing, employ the truths which reason has ascertained as rules for

the regulation of our conduct? Should not those who possess that clearer vision of finite beauty, use their wondrous gift for the purpose for which reason must tell them it was intended, viz., the elevation of the soul to Eternal Beauty?

But the artist has still a greater power than that of merely perceiving the beautiful forms of the corporeal world; for these forms take shape within his mind, and react upon his imagination, which out of the material received fashions its own ideal types. In the artist not only is the sensibility highly susceptible to all forms of beauty, physical, intellectual or moral, but there dwells within his mind a certain native fire, a creative thirst, which compels its possessor to reproduce his own ideal conceptions in outward form through the media of the different arts. The sculptor spends years in the study of the beautiful in the human form, as exhibited in its noblest types, then making abstraction of all defects which he has found in individuals he groups together in his mind all their perfections into one grand model, and the cold marble under his chisel takes the shape of an Apollo Belvidere or a Venus de Medici, the ideal of manly or womanly beauty. The poet desiring to create a hero first considers what qualities of body and mind are found in those whose names stand forth most prominently from the page of history, then choosing from one bodily strength, from another

beauty of countenance, from one fearless courage, from another greatness of soul, and uniting all these gifts in the personality of one man, there springs forth from the brain of Homer an Achilles or a Hector.

Such at least was the conception of art as entertained by the ancients. Thus Plato in the *Timæus* says of the artist, that he whose eye is fixed upon the immutable being, and who using it as a model, reproduces its idea and its excellence, cannot fail to produce a whole whose beauty is complete, while he who fixes his eye upon what is transitory with this perishable model will make nothing beautiful. And again, Cicero, in his *Orator*, says that Phidias, that greatest of ancient artists, when he wrought the form of his Olympian Jupiter or of his Athene of the Acropolis, did not contemplate an earthly model, a resemblance of which he would express; but there resided in the depth of his soul a perfect type of beauty, upon which he fixed his look, which guided his hand and his art.

Such productions take their rank as works of art in accordance with the beauty of the original conception, and also in accordance with the perfection of its outward execution. Without the ability of giving adequate outward expression to his ideas no one can lay claim to the distinction of an artist. On this principle all agree. Concerning the necessity of the beauty of the ideal, and what constitutes this beauty, the agreement is by no means so unanimous. Some claim that the highest object of art is served by a faithful imitation of nature. Others again insist that art must rise above nature in the pursuit of ideal beauty. Between these two extremes art has ever oscillated in accordance with the fashion of the time and the peculiar mental and moral bias of the artist. The truth, however, lies between those extreme views. If art be not based on nature it will fail to touch our hearts, but it must enhance nature in order to satisfy our ideal aspirations. A lifeless ideal is equally reprehensible as the opposite extreme, the want of ideality. He who with servile accuracy merely copies the object before him is no more a true artist in the higher sense of the term than the idealistic dreamer who loses sight of this earth in the attempt to grasp the stars. "Genius consists in the ready and sure

perception of the right proportion in which the ideal and the natural, form and thought, ought to be united." Their harmonious union constitutes the perfection of art.

Even dramatic art whose avowed object is the imitation of real life, must acknowledge certain limits in the creation of its illusions. If these are carried too far they cease to interest us. Thus for instance if in the tragedy of *Virginius*, the artist should succeed to impress us with the idea that the father is actually going to stab his daughter to the heart, we should turn from the scene in horror. The teachers of modern realism, in proof of their doctrine, often adduce the example of Shakespeare who stands pre-eminent among the dramatists of modern if not of all times. It cannot be denied that Shakespeare leaned more toward realism. It is that direction also that we find the chief limitations of his art—the introduction of low and trivial objects and dialogues (especially in his earlier productions) and the presentation of revolting scenes of murder and bloodshed as in *Macbeth*, *Richard III* and *Othello*. Still there is no author whose example furnishes a stronger refutation of the pretensions of the spurious realism of our days because none other has painted vice so loathsome and virtue, purity, nobility of heart in colors so resplendent as the bard of Avon. Light and shade are everywhere ably blended but the latter never usurps the place of the former. Whereas modern sensualism would invert this order of things. It is the libertine the reprobate on whom all the charms of the poet's fancy are lavished, while virtue stands in the background decked in the dull garb of insipidity, to serve only as a foil to the former. Unable to follow Shakespeare to those lofty heights whose rarefied atmosphere they cannot breathe, those degraded realists think to surpass him by descending into valleys where pestilential vapors rising from the dank earth wither with their deadly blast all higher forms of life.

The error of this school arises from the principles of sensistic philosophy, which confound reason with sensation, the beautiful with the agreeable. From the fact that the perception of the beautiful is always accompanied by an agreeable sensation they conclude, with justice, that whatever is beautiful is agreeable; but

they also invert the proposition and hold that whatever is agreeable is beautiful. If this conclusion be accepted their deductions therefrom cannot be rejected. The science of aesthetics, they argue, proposes to itself the investigation of the beautiful, and the duty of art is to depict the beautiful in its various forms. But whatever is agreeable, that is whatever can cause pleasure to the senses is beautiful, therefore whatever gives rise to pleasant sensations may form a legitimate subject for the exercise of art. Hence, they insist, the painter whose brush produces figures glowing with such voluptuousness, that in the words of Byron, "we gaze and turn away, and know not where, dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart reels with its fulness," such painter is following the true artistic instinct, as well as that other whose eyes seem to have caught one glimpse of Paradise, during which his hand has transferred to canvas some of the visions of that blest abode. If this be really so, and the object of art be merely to minister to the pleasures of sense, why exclude from the category of artists the maker of bon-bons or the manufacturer of scented waters? Taste and smell are senses as well as sight and hearing. They are considered inferior senses, but why? The sensualists cannot answer, but we know that it is because all the senses are but the servants of reason, and are superior or inferior in as much as they can approach more or less nearly to the throne of their sovereign.

Man is something more than a bundle of fibres endowed with sensibility, he is something more than a delicately wrought nervous organization, he is a being of whom it was said, "thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," he is a being stamped with God's image, and endowed with illimitable aspirations, among them a love for beauty which only the vision of the Eternal Beauty can satisfy. Thus the highest object of art is not to influence our senses, but to purify our hearts and elevate our minds by the contemplation of all that is beautiful and noble and grand. This being granted, the next question which presents itself is whether art, which is so closely allied to religion and morality, is dependent upon them in such a sense as to be subservient to them. The question is one of gravest importance, and has been differently answered in accordance with

the different convictions of the age. There is no doubt that art has gained her greatest triumphs when she was in alliance with religion. Thus the art of Homer, of Aeschylus, of Sophocles, of Phidias, and even of Virgil is permeated and supported by profound religious sentiment. The artist, the poet, in that glorious age was not only to please the eye and delight the ear, he was a seer, a prophet, whose mission it was to raise human life to a higher, nobler plane. And though the ideals drawn from their Olympus were but earthly reflections, nay caricatures of the Infinite as it exists in our Christian consciousness, yet they were types noble and sublime when compared with the loathsome, idolatrous creations of the eastern nations in the early dawn of history. Consequently the heroic characters modelled upon those patterns by those great poets, sculptors and painters stand out in colossal outline against the background of antique life, the wonder and the admiration of all succeeding ages. I do not hesitate to affirm that those artists were the greatest moving forces in the intellectual and moral life of Greece and Rome. And among them Homer stands pre-eminent as the source and fountain head of all that is grand and noble in antiquity. It is true that he has somewhat lowered the gods but he has elevated man.

Again, if we examine the causes of that elevation which art experienced during the period, so-called, of the Italian Renaissance, we find that it resulted from the intimate union with religion. It was under this inspiration from on High that the brush of a Raphael, the chisel of a Michael Angelo, and the pen of a Tasso (and we might add of a Dante, though he is somewhat earlier in date) created masterpieces which like those of old baffle all rivalry and imitation. And even in the time of Corneille and Racine, and of Shakespeare and Milton the religious sentiment though it was not the all-supporting was at least an all-pervading element of life.

The negative side of the argument might be applied with equal force. Thus with the decline of the religious feeling in Greece and Rome, art likewise sank into insignificance. But no more striking picture of the waning of true art without the vitalizing energy of religion has ever been presented than by the condition of art in

our own times. Since the last century art and especially literature has severed its connection with revealed doctrine in the works of its foremost representatives. This is especially true with reference to the continental nations. With regard to England this separation has not been so complete, although notable examples are not wanting. What has been the inevitable result of this apostasy? A striking falling-off in the greatness of the works performed as compared with those of former ages. Not that there is a lack of artistic power, although this is sometimes complained of in explanation of this universal dearth of lofty conceptions in the realms of art. Man has dragged down the Muses from their ethereal dwelling-places above the skies, into the stifling atmosphere of earth, which they are unable to breathe. He has thrust the Divinity from his altars and has erected there for his worship the false idol, Nature, and his own perverted image. Hence absence of lofty inspirations on account of the absence of those noble ideals that centre around that source of perfect beauty, the Infinite God.

Thus the history of the past and present amply proves that art can attain its noblest ends only in conjunction with religion. This does not imply however that art is bound exclusively to the service of religion and morality. As has been stated before, art in its ultimate principles, like everything else that relates to human activity is subject to moral law, and can in no circumstances place itself in opposition to that law. Still the spheres of art and morality are not co-extensive, there is much that enters within the scope of art which is indifferent from a religious point of view. Thus the reproduction of inanimate nature either in color or in song has no direct bearing upon morality. It is only when we touch the subject man, the sphere of morality, that art falls under its law. The object of art is the expression of the beautiful. But in the sphere of human action the beautiful is identical with the good and the true, it is their higher union. Therefore the immediate object of art is the beautiful, but its remote end, its guiding star must ever be the true and the good. It is in this sense

that the vaunted principle of "art for art," so loudly proclaimed in our own day, finds its true interpretation. It may be justly claimed that art, within its own sphere, follows its own laws, but it is false to assert that these laws, in their ultimate tendency, are not subordinate to the dictates of reason and morality. With this restriction it may even be admitted that art is not obliged to pursue a moral purpose by direct and immediate intention. The artist and especially the poet who is true to his noble mission, and selects for the object of his muse only that which is truly beautiful, by reason of the identity in the moral sphere of the beautiful and the good, will encompass the moral end by indirect means. The false realism of our times has emphasized too loudly the fact that art, when too didactic in its moral purpose, is apt to become stiff, constrained and wearisome. Whenever this happens, and examples are not wanting, the defect arises not from the too obtrusive moral intention of the author, but rather from his lack of mental breadth and creative power. That a lofty moral aim pervading and supporting the whole structure of a poetical production is not incompatible with the highest excellence in the realm of art, Milton's immortal epic alone would amply prove. It is the element which imparts to his art that startling magnificence and grandeur, which gives it the character of a hymn of divine adoration connecting man's destiny with the throne of the Eternal.

Thus, there are three channels by which man reaches up to heaven. His reason is ever longing after perfect truth, and his moral nature after perfect goodness while his heart is haunted by visions of perfect beauty. In investigating nature and history, and the depths of his own heart in the search after truth he finds everywhere the image of God looming up before his mental vision, and having learned that his own destiny lies within the bosom of the Divinity, his will seeks to reach that lofty goal, while his imagination prompted by his yearning heart must ever strive to express the fleeting images caught from heaven in earthly shapes of his own likeness.

MORALS AND POLITICS.



It is, indeed, singularly deplorable, especially in our advanced age of civilization, to hear men decry the influence exerted by morals upon political science. We may, I think, in some way account for this by the consideration that in our present age, when all philosophical avenues and by-ways have been zealously and studiously roamed, there are some venturesome, and, in fact, utterly reckless minds who, in their desire to bring about a change in the existing order of things, have most offensively asserted, and most diligently endeavored to inculcate the doctrine that political interests should not be subservient to, nor in any way connected with the higher principles of morality.

To show the error of this preaching is, I think, a matter of serious import to us; for, when the relations between Church and State have been fully and satisfactorily established, then we may expect to see the golden era of the world's history; the earth flowing with milk and honey; the arts and sciences properly cultivated; religion respected; and all the virtues assiduously practiced.

Should we reflect upon the results of this political atheism, what would be our conclusions? We should be obliged to say that it can benefit neither the unfortunate whom it deprives of hope, nor the prosperous whose pleasures it renders insipid, nor the subjects who find their greatest consolation in the practice of virtue, nor the rulers who feel and know that in religion alone can be found the basis of society, the bond of unity among men. Could we but properly reflect upon what would be the condition of society without religion, we might, perhaps, more fully appreciate the blessings we owe to it. Let us turn our gaze, for a moment, to pagan Rome and we may be able to judge of the extravagances into which society would plunge, were it not for the restraining influences exerted by Christian morality. Rome, in the supreme splendor of her political life; Rome the queen of nations and mistress of the world, fell a prey to the depravity and moral rottenness of her inhabitants. Augustus waded

through the blood of his subjects to ascend the imperial throne, and having conquered every obstruction, saw himself firmly established in the royal mastership. He gave a long repose to his subjects, with the result that men gave themselves up to pleasures and to the satisfaction of their passionate desires, and the prevailing calm was dignified by the name of prosperity. There was no morality, consequently no restraint. Under Augustus it was, when this so-called prosperity prevailed, that were sown the seeds which, in aftertime, precipitated the dissolution of Roman greatness and power. When we see this people bow down in reverence before a Nero, a Claudius, a Tiberius or a Caligula; when we see one Brutus slaying his son, and another assassinating his father; when we see a Catiline plotting the annihilation of the senate, we must conclude that these acts could not have been brought about without some natural perverseness, and some innate baseness of heart. To the low state of morals was this condition attributable. Were they but brought under the benign influence of Christianity, and taught to recognize that moral and political sciences go hand in hand, we might, to day, see them commanding the respectful fear of the civilized nations of our day; but, owing to the absence of religion, we have seen how they became an easy prey to the ravages of uncultured barbarians.

The same effects, somewhat less disastrous, may be traced in the history of succeeding nations. We are thoroughly aware of the evils that followed in the wake of the Reformation; and we know that in that great religious revolution, men saw that the doctrines being promulgated were such as would prove a less binding check upon their purely human desires, than those taught by the old and ever pure and unchangeable Catholic worship. Such was the case with Henry the Eighth in England. He saw in the morality indoctrinated by the Catholic Church, a serious impediment in the way of his giving full sway to the baser instincts of his nature, and, under the plea of offended dignity, he saw fit to secede from the Church of Rome with the result that a persecution, most baneful in its consequ-

ences, was carried on for the extermination of that hated body, the Catholics. Monasteries and churches were despoiled of their ornaments, and these grand old masterpieces of architecture were vindictively destroyed. That England's prestige was weakened, and that her character was considerably injured by these occurrences, cannot be questioned. Had she remained firm in her allegiance to her former advisers, instead of being as she is to-day a victim of unceasing fear, she would be enjoying that tranquil prosperity consequent upon the recollection of deeds well done. The cause of this condition was that her morality was based upon principles essentially lax.

The horrors of the French Revolution were brought about by the same cause. All the blood that was spilled; all the lives that were lost; all the excesses that were committed, during the eventful period of 1789 and subsequent years, are directly attributable to the low condition of morals in France, at that time.

From these instances, (a few among the many that might be cited), we can understand that society without religion is open to every assault from the evils of which human nature is capable. Religion is a moderator. Religion it is that soothes the minds of men and prevents their rushing to extremities. Religion it is that points out the duties we owe towards ourselves, towards our neighbor, and towards our God. Politics may be properly defined the science of government. As, therefore, the individual is prior to society, and as, without the individual, society could not exist, so we must conclude that religion, which directs itself to the individual in as much as he is an individual, must be prior and also superior to politics, which concerns itself with the individual only in as much as he is a member of society. Without religion or morality,

politics would exert itself only to the advancement of man's material interests, at the sacrifice of all virtue, man would, under this condition, become a sordid, unscrupulous and avaricious being, and society a cess-pool of lawlessness and infidelity.

"Christianity has shed a new light upon mankind. It is a religion that is adapted to a nation. It is a religion which alone can teach true morality. It is, if we may venture to use the expression, the religion congenial to the present age of the world, as the reign of types and emblems was suited to the cradle of Israel." If we but take a common sense view of the question, we must, necessarily, proclaim that morals and politics are naturally related. Man glories in the knowledge that he is possessed of an immortal soul, the development of which is far more important than that of the body. Conscious, therefore, that the soul is above the body, that mind is superior to matter, that intelligence is nobler than physical endowments, we must also be strong in the conviction that the science of government is subordinate to, and must be founded upon science of religion.

Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the mere form of government will be a matter of secondary consideration among men; that they will attach themselves, more earnestly, to the observance of the moral law, which is the strength of the individual, the prop and basis of every political organization. Let us also hope that, soon, all men will see their way clear to accept the tenets of that one true religion which:—

"Mid fiercest storm
Dispenses sunshine; on the darkest cloud
Paints a refulgent bow, and takes the dregs
From sorrows bitter fount."

W. F. KEHOE, '89.



SLEIGH-RIDING IN IRELAND.



N my first coming to Canada, there was one thing particularly which struck my fancy as a boy, and at the same time appeared to me as an example of Canadian compared with Irish liberty, and that was sleigh-riding.

As the students are now enjoying themselves with skating, sliding and such like amusements, I thought that a few words in regard to the manner in which their *confrères* in Ireland succeed with these sports, would be welcomed by the readers of the Owl.

I will therefore try to amuse my readers by a description of sliding in my own native city of Armagh. In Armagh there are many hills, among which the most prominent for sleighing purposes are Primrose Hill and Callan St: these two being so steep as to make an angle of about fifty degrees, with the street crossing at the bottom. Now, the novelist would say, "the story begins." We will suppose it to be the month of November, towards the end of which the weather gets very cold, and the youths of the city begin to expect "slides" soon. The cold increases and the pupils of the different schools hold a meeting and decide, after a careful study of the heavens that "it's freezin'" and "it's time to water the slide." This last measure being decided upon, they resolve to come out that night about half past nine, each one bringing a bucket of water, the meeting dissolves and the youthful astronomers disperse "for fear the horneys (the name given to the police during the sliding season) might notice them." The boys retire to their homes, and the streets are unusually quiet that evening, so that the "bobbies" think that they need not inconvenience themselves by marching up and down the cold streets, and accordingly they drop into a gateway, muffle themselves up in their deep collars, and await the relief guard. But if the police are at rest the boys are not, for the moment that the policeman (on this particular street) drops off his beat, the watchers come along uttering a mysterious cry, yet one fraught with a pleasant hearing to the many youths awaiting it. Then silently the night

workers assemble and climb the steep hill, each with the prescribed bucket of water, and arriving at the top they proceed, with the greatest solemnity to empty the buckets one after another till all are emptied, when they all go home, to dream of sliding all next day, or to get more water, if there is not already enough on the slide. All is done so quietly and quickly, that by this time the man on guard is probably asleep.

Morning dawns at last, and a great many parents are surprised to see their sons up very early and running about with smiling faces, more cheerful and obliging than was their wont. But the boys have a reason for their merriment, and "it freezed last night" is whispered from one to another in joyful tones. Then the cars, as they call their clumsy makeshift of a sled, are brought out, and lots cast to determine upon who shall watch the "horneys." When this point is decided, the sliders take their places at the top of the hill, each with a car in his hand and at a given signal the sliders take a short run, fall down on their cars, and with a loud whoop the first slide takes place and the slide is formally opened. This goes on for some time, sliding down and climbing the hill only to go down again, till the sport becomes so exciting as to make the watchers think that they have watched long enough, which necessarily occasions some disturbance, as no one is willing to give up his slide. When this point has been satisfactorily arranged after no small amount of arguing, the sliding recommences. There they go: laughing, shouting, yelling, and tantalizing the on lookers who are not fortunate enough to have cars. Their only care seems to be to make the car run faster, when Rush! every car is steered into the channel as the terrific cry "The Horneys; the Horneys! pull up! pull up!" bursts on their ears. Then what a race! Here come the sliders up the steep hill carrying their cars on their backs, and, at their heels—a policeman, a policeman. How strangely it sounds. Old men and women who wish "them young rascals would be put in jail, breaking people's ould bones with their slides," even they would save the sliders from—a policeman. As Sir

Thomas Grattan Esmonde said when he visited your city, the policemen appear to represent the English Government and, as we have a plentiful supply of English Government in Ireland, we have plenty of policemen who come to be looked up on as government men. So, when our young heroes shout "the horneys," every door is opened and is ready to receive the very children to whom but a few moments before, they would have, had they the chance, administered a sound thrashing. The policeman thus baffled walks to the top of the hill, there to await the re-appearance of the youths, in order to have their names at least, for a summons to court: but no, they are too wise for him. One of them, with a car on his back, makes his appearance at the distance of a few yards from the peeler, who seeing the chance of a capture immediately gives chase. It never occurs to him that the fugitive is laughing at him and is only drawing off his attention from the others. Oh no! the peeler in Ireland has an idea that no one is to smart for him: in this case there is one, for the runaway is, "leading him a dance" over walls, etc, till he arrives at the top of a steep hill when jumping on his car down he goes, leaving the poor policeman "feeling awfully cheap." Sometimes this officer, angered by the thought of losing his game, continues the chase by also sliding down the hill, but he is sure to be blocked up, before he arrives at the middle and so reaches the bottom head foremost. But, as is generally the case, when he does not continue the pursuit down the hill, he returns in no very amiable mood to his former guard, only to find all the youngsters who come out as soon as he starts to pursue the other, sliding as gaily as ever. Of course his appearance is a general signal to "pull up." The officer will not be fooled this time at least, and nothing will move him from his post, but ah! they are yet too smart for him. Do what they will, they can not make him leave his post, and yet the sliding is too good to be relinquished, so what do they do? They all retire into some yard or other and hold a council, so near the

policeman, that he can hear their voices, but not their words. At length there is a great calm the meeting is dissolved. Not a word is heard: not a boy is seen. It is said that a calm generally foretells a storm and in this case at least, it is true, for, as the bobby begins to congratulate himself on the success of his exertions, whist! a rumbling noise is heard in the distance and after continuing for some time rouses the policeman from the lethargy into which the great calm has thrown him. After listening for some time the awful truth breaks on him, the sliders have betaken themselves by the back roads to another hill: but the worst of it is that they have been fooling him, and this above all can not be borne. So off he goes and again puts an end to their sliding, but not to their merriment, for far from annoying them, a chase now and again, is almost necessary to keep up the steam. There go the sliders helter-skelter, their cars on their backs, while the policeman's name is coupled with an elegant *soubriquet*, as for instance Herringback Hamilton and Cowd-foot McLaughlin, the former so called from the exquisite shape of his spine, and the latter on account of the exceedingly delicate slap of his pedals while walking: and thus yelling and screaming, the sliding club have the field, only to be again caught at their former slide. This takes place several times each day, until at last the discomfitted peeler retires altogether, whilst the sliders rejoicing in their victory continue their game till late at night, when they retire and after congratulating one another on their escapes during the day, go home perhaps for the first time that day and after partaking of a good supper, go to bed to dream of sleighing on imaginary hills, of fighting with or escaping from imaginary policemen, over whom they always gain a victory, and thus ends the first day of the slides. It may not appear much to Canadian readers, but for young Irish lads it is just so much as to put a stop to study (for the schools are closed for a month), while the frost lasts or while there is any chance of the above scene being repeated.

A. TIMON, '92.



THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



OW far? Up to the topmost top of the "delectable mountain," whence this latter-day Christian could take a bird's-eye-view, so to speak, of the city Elysian? Alas! no. He is not so progressive as that, leastways he has n't got there yet; but here is, in point blank, the truth, because this Pilgrim, no less than John Bunyan's, is an honest man, he inherits from the Father of his Country, the incapacity of telling a lie, even in print. He is an ex-Ottawa College man, and doesn't that stand for Truth and Valor and everything manly? He is no less characterized by a scrupulous, though tardy fidelity in keeping his promises.

Now, when the ever hungry 'Owl,' some weeks ago, in accents most pathetic, if not melodious, appealed to the scattered alumni for food, in the form of letters, personal recollections, etc., in fact communications of all kinds, I agreed with myself that I was in honor bound to fill up a page or so of the uatty magazine classically known as the "Owl." Then I held council with my vanity—my presumption and my common-sense—as to the form my contribution should take: vanity, said: "Autobiography"; presumption emphatically declared in favor of an elaborate treatise on all the great "Questions of the Day"; common-sense silenced these two counsellors, and suggested, "A letter, a plain simple talking letter," *she* said—(I take it for granted, no one questions the gender of common-sense)—says *she*, "when your grave will be grass-grown, and your monumental slab be moss-grown, when twenty generations of 'forget-me-nots' have bloomed and withered over your bones, then, some lineal descendant may give the world the story of your *faits et gestes*. *Mémoires* should not precede their author." Common-sense was equally eloquent on the subject of the "Treatise," I can hear her now, whispering, "long prefaces are about as interesting as autobiographies, in fact they are bores," so, for fear of being confounded with my preface, let me proceed at once. To where? why to 'Pilgrim-land' *i.e.* to Ply-

mouth, Mass., that's where I am now. Business brought me here. Pleasure—such pleasure as is consistent with the title of this "bit-o-writin"—keeps me here, a few days longer, than *canonically* necessary. I'm all right, since "business went before pleasure."

Yes, I have looked on the Rock stamped 1620! I've evoked all my Hibernian-American enthusiasm, to say nothing of my spirit of veneration, and the result is I've had a "jolly time" among all these relics, for relics they are, if I understand the word, that is, if we can use the word outside of religious limits. There's no denying that stone out there was the corner stone of a great nation; true, there are four corners at least, to an enduring structure, and the other three can be easily found by the fair-minded student of American History. Now you don't expect me to go on as a tourist in Europe might do—nor do you expect me, I am sure, to make out the design of this quaint old town. Like every other town, it has grown and changed. The poetical pilgrim likes to think of it, as the late Bard of Cambridge describes it, a town of "seven houses." 1620 is a long time ago, according to the New World standard of time, and in these two hundred and sixty-nine years the little village has, in spite of the straight-laced principles of its founders, yielded to the varying factions of architecture. Yes, even Plymouth has to-day its concrete pavements, its terra-cotta and olive green-houses; yet there is a certain look of ancientness about the place that prevents the visitor from using too strong language anent the craze for the fantastic in house building, and the great number of "way-back" people your correspondent met every time he sauntered forth, reconciled him to the inevitable modernness of the other people and things around the hotels and R. R. station. For instance, I fancied I could account for some of the withering remarks of our "kith and kin from beyond the sea" who have written books on America. As I have no "fortune to make nor to mend," I shall not yield to the desire of setting down my impressions in an octavo, gilt top, etc., besides I'm not from beyond the sea—but a New Englander of Celtic origin—so, not given to

gilt tops, unless as a personal adornment.

This town is a substantial fact, and so is the *Musée*, within whose would-be-antiquated walls I spent some very short hours. There's lots to be seen here, and, I guess I saw it all, took it all in, if you allow me such flippant speech. Botanized, after my own system, all these "May Flower" souvenirs. The old *Navee* itself is not the most conspicuous bit of lumber hereabouts; but the original (?) contents of the precious craft are numerically and unquestionably exhibited. Old Linæus himself would be puzzled as to the classification of all that is shown the credulous Pilgrim as belonging to the genus *May Flower*. I leave it to Linæus or Darwin, or some other of them, to assign the order and class of the specimen at the door, vulgarly called "Sentinel." Yes, there's a sentinel at the door of "Pilgrim Hall"—a most tangible, unpoetical figure, who chills your muse with his "Twenty-five cents sir!" Alas! for the all-pervadingness of the commonplace! The Pilgrims of 1620 could land on Plymouth Rock and appropriate the wide expanse of land and never think of the vulgar necessity of paying the price of it, but your pilgrim of to-day, even though he hails from Boston, don't cross the threshold of that *Musée*, don't look at John Carver's chair, nor on Wm. Brewster's, nor at any of the paraphernalia of Miles Standish; don't tip the cradle that stands between the two chairs, don't look into the goodly array of pots and kettles, without unpoetizing the whole thing with that vulgar "Quarter." However, this 25 cts. fact has its philosophical *raison d'être*. Go on with the pilgrimage!

To return to "first principles" I made a few inquiries about that cradle. It was occupied by one Peregrine White I learned, and remained an heir-boom among his descendants, for he lived and thrived, that Puritan bairn who was almost "rocked in a cradle on the deep." The last owner of this bit of domestic furniture was one John Winslow, at one time governor of Massachusetts. However, I shall not inflict upon you all the solemn thoughts suggested by this cradle.

Such a place as "Pilgrim Hall" should be visited when it is crowded; quite unlike some other shrines I'm thinking of, where solitude is an indispensable condition to the getting penetrated with the spirit of the place; but a crowd here is

the *sine qua non* of an enjoyable time; because one can indulge in certain emotions that betray themselves visibly, if not audibly round the corners of the eyes and mouth and nose, and not awaken the ghosts of those sturdy pioneers, some of whom look down on us from the chromos on the wall with such a look of complex significance, as says they knew something of the realism of life despite the pathetic droop of their peculiar hats, and the ascetic limpness of their collars. In fact: as I gazed up furtively at these "counterfeit presentments" of some of those elders (and juniors) at some of those women of high principles and high heels, I fancied I could trace a look that said they would smile their "second best smile" could they step down from the wall and "play their little hour" on this great world-stage again, those shades of two hundred years ago. Those matrons and maids as I glanced at them, made me feel slightly uncomfortable and I was glad we were not alone my friend and I. Said I to him drawing him gently (?) aside: don't you think taking it all in all, that some men and women find out too late how much they have cheated themselves in the game of life? now look on these pictures (on the wall), and on those (on the floor, perambulating pictures), don't you think Heaven has bestowed valor and ruggedness on some mortals and on others a genius for dancing? Said he to me: "Seems to me I have heard that before." The spirit of brotherly love deserted me, at these words, yet we both agreed not to fight, but to got out into the open air, where we two unworthy children of our grim forefathers (?) allowed the emotions compressed around the eyes and mouth full scope. There, under the grey sky, we breathed more freely, oh! how vociferously we breathed, my Alter Ego and I!—(he won't let me tell his name, because he has not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance.) They say "there's a relief for the too full heart, in tears" *we* can tell of this "Ready Relief" a good, sound laugh can bring to a too full face—and we relieved ourselves—then, bent our reverent steps towards the colossal statue of the "Stalwart Captain of Plymouth," the inconsistent Miles Standish. Inconsistent? well, if that's not the word, please suggest another for a man who bored even his best friend,

John Alden, with the repetition of his pet philosophical maxim, viz: "if you want your business well done, do it yourself," and then sent said, John who was blessed with a susceptible heart, to woo "the fairest maiden of Plymouth," for him the said Miles. The story of Priscilla, the fair spinster is well known to you all, I presume—so spare me particulars, suffice it to say, she was equal to the occasion—indeed to the two occasions; (*vide* Longfellow's version of this Pioneer romance any time out of study hours.)

The aforementioned statue is 150 feet high; and seems as well poised as Miles must have been every time he stood up to assert himself. The mitigated wrinkles of the valiant man's face have a soothing effect on the beholder, who, in spite of himself, loves the man, who generously "played possum" long enough to give his rival a chance of check-mating him—he was as magnanimous, in matters of sentiment as unrelenting in war. Peace to his ashes! and may his statue never "take a tumble"! Peace also to the soul of John Alden—the successful man! Peace to the sweet Priscilla, whose hands never rested till they were folded in death! Peace to the short lived Rose Standish! Peace to them all! The infirmity that has awakened my latent sympathies for all these goodly people is one, the absence of which, "puts man above or below humanity." These sturdy ancestors of ours stand somewhere between these two extremes, and my optimistic soul says most men do. This act of faith, I repeated, without words, as I stood wrapt in pleasurable contemplation of "The national monument," labelled "*Faith.*" Faith, it is "a thing of beauty," this chiselled personation of the power that alone can help us go through the ordeal of life unflinchingly. I looked for *Hope* but there was none, I mean in stone. As for the "greatest of the three," I trust you all have a generous endowment of it and to this charity I commend these vagaries.

I had indeed purposed doing something worthy of the respectable title I presumed to give my venture. I am quite determined, that should my evil genius ever drive me to inflict a new dose on the "reading world," the name thereof will be the last thing written. To some one, whose bump of veneration is of *normaler* size than mine, whose aesthetic and ascetic views are less hazy than mine, must I transfer this honor of bringing out a new edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Such a man, thanks to the rarer atmosphere of your Northern clime, must be easily found among your Ottawa contributors. To him, I unreservedly transfer all "rights" and "privileges."

Yours Meekly,

PEREGRINATOR, 85.

P.S. It strikes me dear OWL that some of your readers may have a sceptical tendency not in matters of salvation, but in matters *Owl-ish*, and they may yield to the wierd thought that this pilgrimage is a fabricated affair, like the "foreign correspondences" of some of our American papers. I haven't heard tell that Canadian editors have yet adopted this easy way of getting news from afar. Perhaps some of said sceptics declare with a big interrogation point (in brackets) that the "*couleur locale*" in Peregrinator's yarn is simply *ravishing*. Well, let me say to these naughty readers, they may write to the genial pastor of Plymouth and ask him, if he did not harbor the author of this letter for a week or so—about four weeks ago? Furthermore, let the slow-to-believe write to the fossilized sentinel at the door of the *Musée* and ask him if he can ever forget a hazel-eyed aubur-haired cheery-voiced Irish-American, who duly paid his "quarter" each time he crossed the threshold of "Pilgrim Hall" during that week! And if all this doesn't suffice then all Peregrinator can do is to comfort the sceptics with the assurance, they will hear from him no more.

P.



ON LAKE AND PRAIRIE.

(Continued from page 130.)

HERE one of our missionaries from the North-West to fall in with the reporters of the large newspapers of New-York or Chicago, he would after repeated cross-examinations, and before he were aware of it, have told them more than he knew himself. The following morning he would be astonished to see in the daily papers an account of most wonderful and thrilling adventures amongst the savages, ascribed to him. According to the reporters the missionary would be pictured as having undergone innumerable hairbreadth escapes, and that if he was not scalped it was simply a miracle.

Up this way, however, our reporters and journalists are not so enterprising, nor do they need to be, for the plain, unvarnished recital of their lives amongst the Indians as told by the missionaries who visit us at times, is so exciting and interesting that it requires none of the high coloring and imaginative additions of the quill-driver to make it read like a romance. We have lately been honored by a visit from one of these intrepid missionaries, who after a quarter of a century spent in civilizing and ennobling the "noble Red Man" has come to take a few months needed rest amongst his brethren. Twenty-five years of prairie and forest life; of a meagre existence among savages, of severe northern winters; of days without food, and nights spent on beds of snow have told on the health of good father Legoff. This good Oblate must have a remarkable love for the poor savages; else, educated and talented as he was, he would not have left the centre of civilization, when everything pointed to a brilliant career for him; and taken his abode in an obscure corner of the Lord's vineyard.

Even during this visit to the East he is busily working for his children of the forest. His long stay among the Montagnais tribes, has not only given him a thorough knowledge of their language, but it has also given him an opportunity for a more than ordinary study of it. This knowledge, he has embodied in a grammar, the first grammar of the Montagnais tongue. He has also written several other works amongst which may be mentioned

a catechism of Christian Doctrine, a translation of the Scriptures, and a prayer and hymn book. Lather Legoff is endeavoring to have these books printed. They will be a great aid to him in teaching the Montagnais children how to read and write, not only in their own language, but also in that of the white men with whom they are coming into contact more and more; but by far the greatest advantage to be gained from these publications will be that the young will more easily learn the truths of religion.

Father Legoff left his station at Cold Lake some time before Christmas last. He set out on horseback and travelled as far as St. Albert where he saw Bishop Grandin, one of the pioneer missionaries of the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie regions. It was at the express desire of Bishop Grandin that Father Legoff finished his manuscripts so as to render them fit for publication. Having rested a few days at St. Albert, where he left his horse, Father Legoff took a seat on a conveyance that is there styled a sleigh, but which, in reality, does not differ from a massive low box made of heavy timber, and thus reached Calgary. On his way thither he was seized with bronchitis. His already much exhausted condition greatly aggravated this ailment and soon there set in violent coughing and spitting of blood. He reached Calgary more dead than alive, and there he was warmly welcomed by his brother Oblates, who carefully nursed him so that in a few weeks he was able to continue his journey eastward on the Canadian Pacific Railway. He could scarcely realize the progress that had been accomplished since the time that he traversed these same regions, a quarter of a century before, on his way to the Indians; then, all was a wilderness, now, it is assuming the appearance of a civilized country.

Though Father Legoff's life has been one of toil and hardship, he still possesses considerable vitality, and speaks of his adventures and sufferings as ordinary occurrences, never failing to dwell wittily on their humorous side. In our next number we hope to present to our readers some of the incidents of Father Legoff's missionary career.



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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SOME SERIOUS SUGGESTIONS.

"There is a necessary theme
 Of which we hate to speak;
 Because as some wise sage has said
 It does involve some check.

We wish that all subscribers pause
 To grasp this subtle thought;
 And soon resolve that they will do
 The self-same deed they ought.

Our business principles compel
 The settling of all bills;
 And how shall we perform that task
 Unless the fountain fill?"

A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Pacific Pharos.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF OTTAWA.

The news that His Holiness, Leo XIII, has canonically erected Ottawa College into a Catholic University will be hailed with joy by every English speaking Catholic of Canada. What, it may be asked, does this add to the university powers already possessed by the College? Let us go back to the time when all Christendom was Catholic, to the dark ages, as they are insolently called by those who ignore the vigorous intellectual life which then flourished. Here we find the origin of universities. Yes, Paris, Bologne, Salamanca, Oxford, Cambridge and many others which counted their students by tens of thousands are monuments to the intellectual activity which then obtained. Then all Christians looked to the vicar of their Divine Master, to the visible head of the Church which had received the command "Teach all nations," for recognition and approbation of these great works. The Church had formed these nations from barbarous tribes, the Church had brought them to a state of advanced civilization, and to the Church, they cheerfully acknowledged, belonged the right to lead them along the bright, never ending, yet perilous road of higher intellectual development. But this is the age of divorce—the Civil authority is divorced from the Spiritual, Education divorced from Religion, Philosophy from Theology, and the Natural Sciences from Philosophy. It is needless to point out the numberless errors, the bewildering confusion, which are the issue. The limit is chaos, moral, intellectual and civil. The Catholic Church true to her motto *Semper Eadem* has ever kept the old paths, has ever indicated the good ways, has never relinquished her God-given right of teaching. Hence, although Ottawa College was previously endowed with university powers by the State, it is a source of great consolation to its self-

sacrificing founders, and of the most sincere joy to the Canadian Church to have Ottawa recognized by the Holy See as a Catholic university. This recognition puts the Church's seal of approbation on the work in an unmistakable manner. It is a guarantee that here religion and science go hand in hand, that the light of Revelation will always shine so brightly as to exclude all danger from the *ignes fatui* of Pseudoscience. Deus Scientiarum Dominus est.

It is almost needless to say that the active energetic interest manifested by the most distinguished son of Alma mater will never be forgotten by the University or by the country which will realize more fully as time goes by, the debt of gratitude it owes to His Grace of Ottawa.

THERE IS IN AMERICA only one other Catholic university, Laval, besides the one in course of erection in the States, the great university of Washington. From the circumstance of the two languages Rome recognized the necessity of a second, an English university in Canada. The new powers with which Ottawa is endowed are those to grant degrees in philosophy and theology, such powers being neither received by Catholic Colleges from the State, nor recognized by them as belonging to the State to give. The courses of Philosophy and Theology then will be those most intimately and immediately affected. As is well known, it is the Pope's express wish, if it be not his formal command, to have St. Thomas studied in all Catholic universities. Of course the various authors whose text books are used in all Catholic Seminaries throughout America drew largely from the Angelic Doctor; but this is not all that is required. Those who receive degrees in Theology must have drunk deeply from the immortal Summa itself.

It would be premature to speak of the modification or improvement which may be made, but the judicious use made of the powers heretofore enjoyed by the

College is a sufficient guarantee that no effort will be spared by the Oblate order to afford every facility to students of taking such a course as will render them in every respect worthy of bearing the new dignity added to the degrees. That they will receive the hearty co operation of the English speaking bishops goes without saying, and ere long we shall see Ottawa university the centre of Catholic thought, representing and dissecting Catholic sentiment and Catholic intellectual progress.

PHILANTHROPY.

Sensational literature is doing more to demoralize the youth of this continent than any other agency whatever. Occasionally we hear of young hopefuls tugging themselves out in quest of scalps; of youngsters who have hardly discarded their knee-breeches stabbing or shooting each other over some *affaire du coeur*, even of youthful suicides. All directly traceable to the perturbation of the imagination consequent on reading the stuff which enterprising publishers furnish them in immense quantities. It may be said that the instances cited are so rare, that they prove nothing. They prove everything. They indicate what an incredible influence sensational reading may have. The distance between the normal state of a healthy boy's mind and that which leads to such crimes is immense, and we must take into consideration the havoc that is made where no such extreme results ensue.

Education, is the favorite panacea now a days for the thousand ills that society is heir to. Sensational literature is the cause, direct or indirect, of many of them. Some such thoughts came into our mind the other day as we read in the *Dalhousie Gazette* that the heart of Dalhousie throbs with gratitude to George Munro, its second founder. Singularly enough, about the

same time we read elsewhere that Judge Wells of Springfield held a "*Fireside Companion*" agent in \$500 for trial on complaint of distributing to minors "literature devoted chiefly to the publication of stories and pictures of crime"; *The Fireside Companion* is one of George Munro's questionable publications. Questionable! Yes, we always like to put things mildly. We have never read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" but we know its general plot. How would "Mr. Munro and Mr. Ornum" do for the title of a similar story! After all there is a nice sense of justice in all this. Who could be so unreasonable as to find fault with the generous fellow who gives one a plaster after cutting his head?

A good many fortunes are made by creating and pandering to a depraved literary taste. What nicer adjustment could be made than to devote a portion of them to the founding of chairs of literature and Ethics! Children, aye, and adults, may revel in pictures of crime, but students acquire a refined taste for polite literature and learn the principles of Ethics. Mother's hearts may throb with anguish but the hearts of students throb with gratitude; a cursed work the mothers say but a noble work here say the students. No matter; we are firm believers in the "survival of the fittest."



A DOUBT AND ITS SOLUTION.

Occasionally when reading in some of our exchanges of the restraints to which it is necessary to subject the Freshman, we have been assailed by a horrible doubt. Vainly we have tried to shake it off until at last we are compelled to ask for aid in ridding ourselves of the burden. The doubt exhibited in all its black deformity is this: Do students in their first year at College really possess such a combination of disagreeable qualities as renders them

obnoxious to all around them! Do they really believe that it devolves upon them to reform the college by first reducing the established order of things to a state of chaos and then erecting a new edifice upon ruins! Is it true that their defiance of law is so bold and their breaches of decorum so flagrant that peaceably disposed students are obliged to resort to the methods of the "Vigilantes!" In short, is it an undisputed fact that the every-day conduct of those creatures is such as to justify the use of the term "fresh" to signify all that is most unendurable in man! Gladly would we answer all these questions in the affirmative, but the up-as-tree if scepticism has fixed its roots in our mind and we cannot. Some demon whispers in our ear, "all this talk of Freshman audacity is buncombe, you know it is. Ottawa freshmen are not fresh, you know they're not; and freshmen are the same beings everywhere, you know they are." Avaunt, thou demon, and tempt us no more! No, we will not believe that it is a fiction, all this we have been reading of the evil-doings of the ungoodly freshman. Were we to do so what horrible consequences would have to be admitted. We would be compelled to believe that this fiction was invented by senior students for a very sinister purpose, viz., that they might have an excuse for exercising their bullying propensities for gratifying low animal instinct which seeks to satisfy itself by making weaker ones suffer. Our conclusion supposes something impossible, therefore our premises must be wrong and the freshmen must be fully as black as they are painted. Indeed when we begin to particularize their offences as they are set forth in many an indictment, we see such is really the case. They will persist in carrying canes (not loaded however), and history records with horror that once upon a time a freshman of a Canadian university shook his cane at a senior. They sometimes try to cultivate

mustaches, which proves them not rational but irrational animals, worthy of the same treatment as a bucking bronco. In universities where co-education exists the freshman has been known occasionally to utter a "how-do-you-do" to some of the lady students, thus showing themselves wanting in every principle of morality. But far more serious than this is the spirit of insubordination and disrespect for authority which causes almost all freshmen to lift their hats to the seniors. This is an evidence that some radical treatment is necessary to remove the germs of anarchist and nihilist from the breasts of these unfortunate first year men. The necessity of a severe training being proved, we may strengthen our case by a glance at the benefits which accrue to the freshman who has been, to use the scientific expression, hazed. He who came to college an embryo pugilist, lunatic, libertine and anarchist, is at the end of the four years of his course invariably found to be a thoroughly wise, honorable gentleman, having such a great respect for law and order as leads him to make all possible sacrifices for its maintenance. Taking all the things into consideration we think it safe to say that our doubt is now dispelled. Let the good work go on, let the freshmen be civilized. The hazers have our heartiest approval.

ATHLETICS.

On Feb. 1st the annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union took place at the Rossin House, Toronto. The following city clubs were represented—Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, London and Stratford; and the following college clubs—Toronto, University, Queen's, Trinity, Upper Canada, and Ottawa College. Our representatives were F. H. Nelson, B.A., '80, sporting editor of the *Globe*, and M. F. Fallon, '89, President of the O. C. A. A. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, H. B. Cronyn, Toronto; 1st Vice-President, F. C. Anderson,

Ottawa; 2nd Vice-President, Ald. Stinson, Hamilton; Secretary-Treasurer, Hugh Smith, Toronto. Ottawa College is represented on the Executive Committee by G. A. Griffin, the popular retiring President of the Union.

* * *

The retiring Executive Committee, in their report, expressed the opinion that the challenge system had proved somewhat unsatisfactory during the past season, owing, it seemed, to the various clubs not fully awaking to its meaning until late in the season. They recommended that the same system be continued for another year, when it would probably meet with more success. They again congratulated Ottawa College, the Union's champions, on having retained the championship of the Dominion.

* * *

Several amendments to the constitution and rules of the game were adopted. A majority of two points will now be sufficient to decide a match; a goal from the field shall count only five points instead of six, and a safety-touch only one point instead of two. The rule against playing graduates on college teams was struck out, but immediately afterwards a new one substituted, by which only those recognized as students by the authorities of their institutions shall be permitted to play on college teams.

* * *

But far more important than the above-mentioned changes of rules is that which permits of heeling-out the ball from the scrimmage. Thus, at last, the wisest counsels have prevailed, and the disgusting element of football is removed. We have long been writing in favor of this change, and now we rejoice that our desire has been fulfilled. Nor can it be said by our worst enemies that Ottawa College men have been influenced by mercenary motives in advocating an open scrimmage game. No other team in the country possessed such forwards as ours. Possibly some of our heavy men may no longer have the same capacity for usefulness as before. Yet are we heartily glad that something has been done to render the game of football less brutal and more enjoyable, both to participants and spectators.

* * *

A proposition to reduce the number of players on a football team from fifteen to

twelve was promptly sat upon—"We don't want to Americanize the game altogether, and that would do it." Now, isn't this a little narrow-minded, to say the least? Should an improvement be rejected simply because it is American? There is no point in which we could more advantageously imitate our cousins than in their genius for appropriating what is best in the customs of other nations. If the Canadian game of football more nearly resembled the American, there is very little doubt that matches could be arranged between Ottawa College, 'Varsity or Queen's, on the one hand, and Yale, Harvard and Princeton, on the other. It will hardly be said that this is an undesirable consummation.

* *

The entertainments given annually by the Athletic Association are always of the best, and this year's was certainly an unqualified success, surpassing, we dare say, all previous efforts in this line. The financial result, moreover, was exceedingly satisfactory. The display of muscle was more extensive than in past years, and astonished not only our city friends, but even those of the students (and there are a few) who are not in the habit of visiting the gymnasium. This is not the place to particularize, but we must say that the club-swinging of Eddie Gleeson and the bar-bell performance of Joe Macnamara did wonderful credit to those youngsters. Bessette and Omer Carrier particularly distinguished themselves on the rings and parallel bars. The success of the entertainment is in a very large measure due to the untiring efforts of Jobson Paradis, Charlie Gaudet and Arthur Sabourin, who trained the different corps in their various movements.

* *

Owing to the limited supply of "the beautiful" during the early part of the winter, snowshoeing was heavily discounted. On January 29th, "Le Castor" sent out its members for the first time, and under a splendid sun about thirty of them tramped gaily forth across the Rideau, through the woods, as far as the church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, where a short halt was made, the boys being kindly received and hospitably treated by the reverend fathers stationed there. Coming back, Labrecque's desire seemed to be to cross as many fences as possible much

to the disgust of the "greens" of which there were quite a few. It happened that the Rideau was again reached at the very spot where it had been previously crossed which led O'Trigger to remark "this proves the rotidity of the earth."

* *

Since then the club has had several tramps. On Thursday, Feb. 21st, about thirty Castors tramped to Aylmer, which they reached at noon. It was a glorious day, and although there was an ambulance in the rear it was not found necessary to use it. After an excellent dinner the boys passed the afternoon away with song and dance, returning at dusk with the news for their less venturesome brethren, that they had a magnificent time.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

As usual our Juniors acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner at the entertainment given on the 30th of January by the Athletic Association. The large and appreciative audience was somewhat taken by surprise when sixteen of our small boys uniformed, each one carrying a pair of dumb bells tripped lightly on the stage to the sound of music. After going through a drill they formed in four columns facing the audience and all the while keeping time with the music went through various graceful but difficult movements with dumb bells. The occasional bursts of applause, told better than words how pleased the audience was by their exhibition of dexterity.

The following are the names of those who took part in the performance:—

F. Lamoureux, O. Paradis, P. Brunelle, A. Rochon, E. Baskerville, A. Vallerand, O. Allard, A. McDonald, H. Landry, D. McGee, H. Glasnacher, H. Quesnel, W. Wier, P. Batterton, L. Dandurand, A. Christin. O. Paradis and J. Clarke sang each a solo, the former "Les Quatres Peches" and the latter "The Ship That Never Returned" Both of the soloists were recalled. J. Macnamara in his performance with the bar bell was graceful and fascinating, and like the swinging of the Indian clubs by E. Gleeson so surpassed all expectations that both gymnasts were obliged to respond to an *encore*.

The exhibition on the whole redounds to the praise both of the Juniors who took

part and of those who carefully drilled them.

A grand championship hand ball match was to have taken place on January 31st, but on account of unfavorable weather it had to be postponed. It will now take place as soon as the weather allows. The following are the names of those who are to take part:—

Club A.	{ E. Capbert, M. Shea, P. Brunelle.
Club B.	{ A. Christin J. McNamara D. St. Pierre
Club C.	{ P. Batterton L. Dandurand E. O'Neil
Club D.	{ E. McGuire A. Plunkett E. Gleeson
Club F.	{ O. Paradis J. Murphy A. Mc Donald

The weather is now all that could be desired for snow shoeing and accordingly our Juniors are taking every advantage of it. Already since the heavy snow fall they have had three long tramps and judging from the number that go each time they greatly enjoy these marches.

So much snow is now on our rink that it appears a hopeless task to undertake to clear it. Courage boys, go at it with a will and you will soon clear it. The one who has done so much towards keeping the rink in good order, D. St. Pierre is at present unfortunately ill, and no one is apparently very anxious to step into his shoes.

The rank of the students in the different commercial classes for the month of January is as follows:—

1st grade:—R. Beaulieu, P. E. Ryan, P. Mellon.

2nd grade:—W. L. Murphy, A. Christin, H. Christin.

3rd grade (2nd div.):—A. Pelissier, J. O'Reilly, J. Rigney.

3rd grade (1st div.):—R. Letellier, E. Gleeson, H. Cameron.

SOCIETIES.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 3rd inst., no regular subject for discussion having been assigned, an impromptu debate took place, in which a goodly number of the members participated. The subject of debate

was: "Resolved that rural training is preferable for a child to city training." On the 17th inst., the question under discussion was: "Resolved that literature is on the wane in the present century." Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick and Mr. J. P. Collins supported the affirmative, whilst Mr. C. J. Kennedy and Mr. John O'Connor upheld the negative. The debate was interesting and lively throughout. The vote resulted in favor of the affirmative.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

Owing to lack of time for the preparation of a regular debate an impromptu discussion was indulged in on the evening of the 3rd inst. The question at issue was whether the study of literature tends more to develop the intellect than the study of the sciences. On behalf of literature Messrs. D. Murphy, O'Keefe and W. Kavanagh spoke loudly and ably, whilst the sciences found staunch supporters in Messrs. Canning, F. McDougal and Craig. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. On the 10th inst. the Society entertainment concluded with the presentation of "Bob Acre's Duel" from Sheridan, which was deservedly appreciated by all present.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening the 14th inst., the question before the society was: "Resolved that the Grecians excelled the Romans in the cultivation of the arts and sciences." Messrs. Lajeunesse and Gaudet advocated the cause of the Grecians, and Messrs. Groulx and A. Carriere supported the negative. The debate was sharply contested, several of the members present joining in the issue. The vote resulted in favor of the affirmative.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

On Tuesday the 12th inst., Mr. D. V. Phelan read his paper entitled "Logic as to its bearing on literature." The work was a highly interesting one throughout, and the clear and concise manner in which it was prepared, clearly proved that the essayist had a true conception of the nature of his subject. Mr. John P. Donovan followed with a few apt references to the importance of Dialectics as a means of developing the reasoning powers of the students, Rev. Father Fillatre also addressed the meeting confirming the remarks of the essayist and saying that a

thorough logical training is the only solid basis for argumentative strength.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The history of Hydraulics was the title of a paper presented before the society at the meeting of Feb. 6, by J. P. Donovan. It proved to be thorough and exhaustive and the subject was illustrated by numerous diagrams. The *critique* was made by W. T. McCauley; and was also an evidence of considerable research.

Mr. F. X. Brunette, on the evening of the 13th inst. delivered a carefully prepared essay on "The Moon." The work gave evidence of great study and a great familiarity, on the part of the writer, with the subject, which together with the stereopticon illustrations afforded by Rev. Father Dontenville, Director of the Society, proved a most interesting presentation. The essay was ably criticized by Mr. Eugene Groulx, who entered deeply into the details of the subject, and brought out much instructive information, which the essayist had omitted to embody in his paper.

EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *College Journal* announces the coming celebration of the centenary of Georgetown University on February 20th. The text of the Latin letters to the Pope, to the general of the Jesuits, and to the universities of the world is given in full and also the reports of the various committees who have to carry out the programme of the celebration. In the literary department of the *Journal* is found a thoughtful article by the editor-in-chief on the "Old, Old Problem," of education. He does not believe that a desire after mere material success should direct the course of our studies, that the classics should be abandoned because they do not assist us to invent machinery. One of the best written portions of the *Journal* is the exchange column whose criticisms are clever and full of meaning.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is now a regular and welcome weekly visitor to our table. Those numbers, which contain the lecture by Prof. Maurice Egan on "Literature as a Factor in Life" and "Æstheticism" we shall preserve most

carefully and shall look forward to the pleasure of reading many more articles from the same clever pen. Prof. Egan, has a strong vein of humour which he indulges perhaps a little too much in these lectures. A series of interesting papers descriptive of the famous Yellowstone Park, by Prof. A. F. Zahm, is very interesting. Undergraduate work is represented in the *Scholastic* by valuable papers on "The Origin of Language," "The Rise and Progress of the English Language," and a symposium on Hamlet. The *Scholastic* holds an enviable position among college papers.

Trinity University Review dons a handsome new dress in honor of the new year. It is no longer edited exclusively by the Arts students, but by them in conjunction with two representatives of the Convocation, and five of the medical school. The editorials which are brief and pointed deal chiefly with literary subjects. In the column of college news there is announced a coming lecture on "The Political Development of Canada" by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, one of Trinity's most distinguished graduates.

The *Earlhamite* is one of the neatest typographical specimens of college journalism which it is our pleasure to receive, but it is spoiled by rolling. The leading article in the February number is on "Robert Elsmere," a book which at present is receiving the same measure of attention as "Volapuk" did last year. It seems to us that it would have been a great deal wiser of Mr. Gladstone not to have noticed the work at all, for his criticism gave it an importance in the eyes of many which it would never have otherwise attained. Now that the damage is done, however, other Christian men like Dr. Baldwin do well to show the fallacies contained in this exceedingly hurtful novel. The *Earlhamite* thinks that athletics should be made compulsory at Earlham, and believes it will soon be so.

We welcome back to our table the erring (*per accidens* we are sure) *Acta Victoriana*. The January number refers editorially to the serious detriment to education caused by under-payment to school teachers. With this we fully agree. An article on "Hazing" expresses disapproval of the violent means sometimes used to civilize the freshmen, and hints

that at Victoria University are employed less obnoxious and quite as effectual methods. An explanation of the methods might prove of interest.

The *Delphic*, from Drake University, is a very handsome paper, but larger type would be an improvement. "The Higher Illiteracy" discusses the reasons why college bred men are so often inferior to their less classical brethren. The reasons, says the essayist, are the ill adaption of means to ends, the unsuitable material many colleges have to work upon, and the haste with which students are rushed through to graduation. The reform of these evils must be the work of the better class of college men. Among the correspondence we notice a very good letter pointing out the importance of college sociables for forming the manners of students. It is pitiable to see educated men cutting a poor figure in society through lack of a little of the polish which is possessed in a ridiculous excess by the average dude.

The leading literary article in the January *Concordiensis* is on "Evolution." The facts which seem to favor the development hypothesis are stated in a lucid manner but no new proofs are adduced. The strange theory, broached within the last two of three years, that the Garden of Eden was situated at the North Pole, forms the subject of a very interesting article, the author of which is as yet unwilling to relinquish the theory of man's Asiatic origin. The poetry of the *Concordiensis* is of an exceedingly amorous character.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is not particularly strong in stories. A writer on duelling admits that Southerners sin more in this respect than their Northern brothers, but maintains that murder, arson and other baser crimes are less frequent in "Dixie-Land." The editorial department is meagrely supplied, but the Collegiana, is first-class and the other departments are very well sustained.

The *College Transcript* is sceptical about the practical use of schools of journalism, but if we mistake not, the incident about Cornell's failure to do a simple bit of reporting for the *N. Y. World* was one of that enterprising journal's own creation. Orations on "The Republic's Debt to Hamilton" and

"Origin of the Belief in Immortality" occupy the literary department. A generous portion of the *Transcript* is devoted to local news.

We have heard much of a series of articles on Canadian poets in the *King's College Record*, but as the *Record* has not visited us for some time we have not had the pleasure of reading them.

The *Mail and Express* of February 13th, contained the first part of a directory of American College and College papers which it will be good for College men to preserve.

Since our last issue the following new exchanges have been received, *Chaddock Monthly*, *Lynn High School Gazette*, *High School Times*, *Argus*, *Amitonian*, *Acta*.

BOOK NOTICES.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, by Rev. John MacLaughlin: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1669 Notre Dame St., Montreal and 155 Church St. Toronto. Cloth 50c. Paper 30c.

Nothing more timely, since the "Tactics of Infidels" has appeared than this work of Father MacLaughlin. In differentism with regard to the various forms of the Christian Religion leads most certainly and naturally to indifferentism with regard to all religion as is amply testified by the continual complaints which we hear from Protestant ministers about non-attendance at Church, and by the appalling growth of rationalism and infidelity. Father MacLaughlin points out how untenable is the contention that all religions, though teaching contradictory fundamental doctrines can be equally good. He then proceeds in a dispassionate logical manner to demonstrate that the true religion must possess certain notes from which he selects two: Unity and Universality, which he treats at length, showing that they are possessed by the Catholic religion and by it alone. Throughout the work the author shows himself an able philosopher, a deeply read historian and a sound theologian. But what is of even greater importance, he, like Cardinal Gibbons, has succeeded in adopting his style to the requirements of the general reader—in being learned without being dry, in being simple without

being shallow. This little work will be most suitable for Protestants who desire to investigate the claims of the Church and will enable Catholics the better to give some reason for the faith that is in them.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

The second volume of this work, now on our table, even better than the first, fulfills the promises of the publisher's prospectus. It is a really handsome volume of 640 pages, half Morocco binding, large type, profusely illustrated, and yet sold for the price of 65 cents; cloth binding only 50 cents—postage 11 cents extra. Large discounts even from these prices are allowed to early subscribers. It is to be issued in about thirty volumes.

The *Manifold Cyclopaedia* is, in many ways, unlike any other Cyclopaedia. It undertakes to present a survey of the entire circle of knowledge, whether of *words* or of *things*, thus combining the characteristics of a Cyclopaedia and a Dictionary, including in its vocabulary every word which has any claim to a place in the English language. Its form of publication is as unique as its plan—the "Ideal Edition" its publisher calls it, and the popular verdict seems to sustain his claim. It certainly is delightfully convenient. It will not be strange if this proves to be the great popular cyclopaedia. It certainly is worthy of examination by all searchers after knowledge. The publisher sends specimen pages free to any applicant. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York, or 30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March is rich in its table of contents. We merely mention a few of the principal articles. The Nun of Kenmare, an biography, an article that deals leniently with Miss Cusack and her curious book; Peter McCorry is the reviewer. Some Thoughts en Passant, by Thomas Hamilton Murray, is of interest to all readers; The Papacy, by his Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia, will be read with avidity; The Biographical Sketches of the Deceased Bishops of the United States commences with its first Bishop, Carroll. These articles, prepared by William Collins, will run through several numbers. An interesting history of "Margaret," a charitable woman of

New Orleans, with an illustration of a monument erected to her memory. Light for those in Darkness gives some account of the recent Colored Congress; the address of Cardinal Gibbons is given. There are besides in prose and poetry, twenty-six articles, on as many different subjects, besides the events of the month. One dollar for six months. Address Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

COLLEGE CURRENCY.

The popular campaign expression, "He's all right," is said to have originated in the University of Michigan.

A professorship of physical culture, with an endowment of \$50,000, is to be established at Amherst College, as the memorial of Henry Ward Beecher.

Benjamin Harrison is a graduate of Miami University. Levi P. Morton is a Dartmouth man.—*Wesleyan Argus*.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale University.

Cornell has not tried the plan of having Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday, as has been said recently.

Harvard men claim that the reason their freshman class is smaller than usual, is the result of the action of the overseers last year in abolishing inter-collegiate contests.—*Ex.*

The Yale Literary Magazine has the reputation of being the oldest college periodical in America. One of its first editors was Senator William M. Everett.

President Cleveland and his cabinet will attend the Georgetown University celebration on Washington's Birthday. The President will confer the honorary degrees on the occasion.

Harvard Athletes have to pass a physical examination before they are allowed to compete at sports. At Johns Hopkins University the candidates must pass an examination in athletics before they are allowed to graduate.

A cablegram from Rome announces the appointment of the Rev. Dr. J. R. O'Connell, now president of the American College at Rome, as Bishop of Richmond, to succeed the Right Rev. John J. Keane,

who recently resigned his bishopric to take charge of the Catholic University at Washington, as its first rector.

Every recipient of a scholarship at Amherst College (U. S.) must sign a document saying that he has not entered a billiard room, except in the college gymnasium, during the term, nor used tobacco, nor drunk liquor as a beverage, nor paid any money as tuition for dancing, and must also send in a signed account of his expenses for the year.

In order to discover the real weight of the much repeated argument that inter-collegiate contests are detrimental to good scholarship, the President of Cornell University has been keeping a record of men who engage in inter-collegiate sports. He finds that they are, as a rule, stronger both mentally and physically than those who do not engage in such exercises.

Georgetown University, the oldest of Colleges in the United States, will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her foundation on Feb. 20th, 21st and 22nd. THE OWL respectfully offers its congratulations, while regretting to hear that Ottawa College finds itself unable to send a representative to the centennial. Georgetown's sons have reason to be proud of their Alma Mater, the excellence of whose teaching needs no stronger evidence than the number of graduates who have distinguished themselves in the various learned professions of the United States.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Mr. Teel was a member of the Rhetoric class of '79.

D. J. Bathurst, '85 is now Postmaster at Dalhousie Mills, Ont.

Rev. Wm. McDonell, '78, is now pastor of St. Margaret's Church, Glennevis, Ont.

Rev. D. J. Dunn, '84, is assistant pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Keene, N. H.

Rev. J. J. Dacey, O. M. I., of last year's teaching staff, is now director of the Juniorate in Tewkesbury, Mass.

Rev. John McKenna, of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, has been elected spiritual director of the Lowell Catholic Union.

Louis Paladeau who attended College of '85 is now business manager for the shipping firm of L. Windmuller & Co., Chicago.

Rev. J. J. Coffey, '73, as editor-in-chief of *United Canada*, the new Catholic paper recently established in Ottawa, is making that journal the ablest exponent of Catholic sentiment in Canada.

Just as we go to press we have received the sad news of the death of James N. Fitzgerald, of Concord, N. H. Mr. Fitzgerald was in College as a student in the commercial department. We tender his bereaved mother and sisters our deepest sympathy.

We learn from a recent issue of the *Gloucester Daily News* that E. P. Morris, a student of '79, and a member of the Parliament of Newfoundland has succeeded in passing a bill through Parliament, to go into effect this month, which is intended to make provision for the comfort of fishermen who go astray in dories, and to furnish relief for families of lost fishermen. The bill is highly spoken of both by the Provincial and American press.

Rev. A. M. Leyden, formerly Professor of Mathematics in the College, was recently made the recipient at the hands of his parishioners of a handsome gold watch and chain. Father Leyden for the past three years, has been pastor of a numerous congregation in Toronto, Ohio. Since that time, he has erected a new church and presbytery, and we understand, purposes additional improvements in the near future, in the completion of which, he has the best wishes of his friends of THE OWL.

Mr. Ben Teel is superintending the preparation for an elaborate production of "A County Fair," in which Neil Burgess will be seen when Proctor and Turner's new Twenty-Third Street theatre is opened to the public next month. Mr. Charles J. Jefferson, a nephew of Joseph Jefferson, has been engaged to play one of the important parts in the piece, which will be given an unusually costly production, with novel scenic effects, the chief of which will be a race course in which horses and jockeys will appear.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE ANNUAL SLEIGH RIDE.

The annual sleigh ride was a long expected event this year, owing to the tardy arrival of our customary quantity of snow. It came at last, though much later than usual and arrangements were made for a sleighing party to Aylmer. The day selected did not turn out to be one of the most pleasant, it was stormy and a high wind gathered the snow into deep drifts, nevertheless, the previous uncertainty of the weather was a warning to the students, and they agreed not to postpone the ride, but to take it at once; accordingly, six large sleighs were engaged, and at 1 p.m., Thursday, Jan. 31st, started with their human freight for Aylmer. It would have been a most dreary drive to one going alone, but the buoyant spirits of 125 students were too warm and lively to be congealed by the cold breath of even a Canadian winter. A number of the students, comprising those who had "been there before" and those who preferred to view our local scenery when disrobed of its mantle of white, and when more gentle zephyrs played over field and lake, remained at the college. Five large sleighs conveyed the party and, as they turned into Rideau st., "Whoa! Napoleon" was started up and continued till Hull was reached. Hull was entered with, "The German Band" which was rendered so effectively that it called all the inhabitants of the Slab City into the streets.

The first stopping place was at a toll gate, which the boys unanimously regarded was a nuisance. Only the first sleigh was troubled, however, and the Treasurer was on hand to settle the bill. Through the woods such cries as "what's the matter with K—," would ring out, answered by an unanimous shout of "He's all right," and then would follow "How's F?" "Ah! he's a dew-drop." Many comical incidents occurred on the way out as well as on the return trip, and these kept the party in the best of spirits. The first sleigh was occupied by the Glee Club which rendered choice selections during the entire journey.

At last Aylmer was reached and a halt was made at the Convent of the Grey Nuns, where a bounteous feast awaited the students. After the meal all adjourned to the parlors, where a couple of hours were happily spent in singing. Soon the sleigh-bells were heard in the distance, and not long after came the sleighs. After expressing thanks to the good and kind Grey Nuns, all departed but not before they had given three rousing "Varsities." Fathers Forget and Emdart together with Brothers Quinn and Gagnon accompanied the boys, and much praise is due to these reverend gentlemen for the manner in which the trip was carried out.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The name of Washington recalls to the minds of our friends from over the border all that is dear and sacred in the character of any single man. That they should thus revere the memory of this truly great man, and look back with pride upon his splendid achievements, is most worthy. Accordingly Ottawa College did not allow the anniversary of George Washington's birth to pass without a celebration which evidenced the fact that absence from Motherland does not dampen the ardor of American patriotism. Preliminaries

being arranged on Thursday evening, Feb. 21, the faculty and students gathered in Academic Hall where a programme of unusual excellence was presented.

The entertainment opened with a very pleasing selection of American airs, entitled "The Jingoos," by the College band, after which Mr. J. P. Collins in a short introductory address, related the leading achievements of Washington, and very fittingly summed up his entire history in the words so familiarly known "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The "Statue of Washington" as recited by Mr. M. F. Fallon evoked the applause it so richly deserved, and we must also congratulate Capt. Jos. Landry upon the almost perfect manner the military corps performed their movements. By his forcible recitation of "Our Flag," Mr. A. C. Reddy impressed the audience with the reasons why Americans love their flag so devotedly.

A tableau, "The Soldier's Monument" came next on the programme, but the hit of the evening was the marching chorus, "We are the Boys." Both the singing and marching were so well done that it is impossible to discriminate between them. Round after round of applause awarded the Corps, kept up till they were compelled to come out again. Mr. R. W. Ivers, sang the solo part.

A farce entitled "A Hard Case" with Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick as "Solomon Easy," and J. P. Smith as "Jermiah Elms" was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, both the actors bringing out the points of their parts in a very clever manner. "An't it fine" was the cry that burst forth from hundreds of throats as the curtain rolled up and disclosed a most magnificent tableau, "The Land of the Free," respecting the Bartholdi statute of Liberty in New York harbor.

The familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle" brought the entertainment to a close. On the whole it was in keeping with the high character of all our Washington's Birthday celebrations, and fittingly honored the memory of Washington.

COLLEGE HUMOUR.

Soph.—"I do wish the dinner-bell would ring, I have an aching void." Fresh—"It must be a misfortune to be subject to the headache."—*Chaddock Monthly*.

Captain Adrian C. Anson has made his annual announcement that his Base Ball Club will win the pennant in 1889; and Chicago has gratefully promised in that event to change its name to Adrianople.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

At a recent performance in the New Haven opera house, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe: "Ain't it too bad those fellows have to go home and go to studying."—*Hobart Herald*.

Bobby (proud of his progress in Latin)—"Pop, what's the Latin for people?"

Father—"I don't know."

Bobby (loudly)—"Populi."

Father (fiercely)—"What do you mean, you young scamp? Lie, do I? By the piper, lad, I've half a notion to baste you."—*K. U. Tablet*.

The following is a portion of an excellent paraphrase of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chin-," written in one of the university papers at Cambridge, England, and entitled "The Heathen Passeur":—

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;

And they found in his palms—which were hollow—
What is frequent in palms—that is, dates!

Professor: "How many days in the year?"

Senior: "365 1/4."

P.: "Where does the 1/4 come in?"

S.: "Fourth of July."

P.: "Why did the ancients begin their calendar on the 22d of March?"

S.: "Because it was Washington's birthday."

P.: "That will do, sit down!"—*Ex.*

"On come where the cyanides softly blow
And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below,
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the sillicates never is still.

Come on, come, tumi-tum-tum,
Peroxide of soda and urani-um.
While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can affect manganese.
While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet science, to thee.

Yes to thee, fiddle dum dee,

Zinc, boraz, bismuth and H₂QIC."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sophomore bold and careless and gay,
One afternoon of a winter's day,
Fixed himself up and went to the play,
It was Richard III and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet.
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
"A horse! A horse!" in a piteous way.
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat they say
And cried the poor King's fears to ally,
"I'll get you a horse without delay,
I know how it is, I have felt that way!"

—*Braunonian.*

A teacher of Brooklyn recently published a compilation of definitions as actually given by grammar scholars in whose minds no proper foundation was laid. Brooklyn schools are typical of the system everywhere. Some of the definitions are the following:

"Stability is the taking care of a stable."

"Stability is stables in general."

"A mosquito is the child of white and black parents."

"Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."

"Ironical, something very hard."

"Tuesia, something to do with getting drunk."

"A phenix is one who sifts ashes."

"Ventilation is letting in contaminated air."

"A rehearsal is what they have at a funeral."

"An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing hims."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"A turbot is a kind of rhetorical style."

"The hoy was cursory when he ran to catch the train."

"A critic is something to put your feet on."

"Cannibal is two brothers that killed themselves in the bible."

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

ULULATUS.

Order 'Mms!

Carry the banner.

One of our invalids has already made his will.

Spittoons are used to protect a portion of the floor.

Robby Dew's classes in gymnastics are very well attended.

The engineers sent a delegate to the carnival to survey the ice palace.

The People's Advocate is endeavoring to obtain a reduction in the price of a hair cut.

Shakespeare's Romeo had but one Juliet, ours has two, and he serenades them nightly.

Col. P— from Lowell has opened a military academy in a corner of the smoking room.

"That infirmary makes a fellow lazy," said Jack. But that didn't keep him out, however.

Several pipe explosions have lately occurred in the smoking room. Moral—Smoke your own pipe.

When the chemistry oral exam. came off,

I took it,

"Take this bottle of gas" I was told by the Prof.

I took it.

'Twas hydrogen sulphide, of which just one whiff,
Was sufficient to knock John L. Sullivan stiff,
I opened the bottle to take just one sniff,

Oh! I took it.

Blueberry in French is "moulin." Such free translations as this would soon destroy the French language.

A recent meeting of the Senior Debating Society brought to light the following poets: Gwith, Be'novian, Georgie Elliot, Gibbons, Sheets and Kelly.

Judging from the affinity he has for a certain part of the loaf, it is safe to predict that a 4th Grade student will soon develop into a crustacean.

A Freshman last week saw the races.

And when he came home thus did speak.

Those steeds may brake records on ice,
But never in Latin or Greek.

Sir Hugh is President of the largest Tobacco Society in the smoking-room. The largest according to membership not according to stock.

It has been discovered that a 3rd Form student's success in the personation of Gratiano is due solely to his facial adornment.

The British Columbia Brass Band has new quarters on the fourth floor, and will give nightly concerts with a change of programme every evening.

Our seniors are, till further notice, once more attempting to grow moustaches. Maloney says if they succeed he'll organize a whiskers society in the 1st Grade.

Teacher (4th Grade)—Now boys, in this composition draw on your imagination. Student (drawing on his imagination for a joke)—Suppose we imagine it is all written?