

THE OWL.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1894.

No. 5.



THE LESSON OF THE TREES.

The tall trees stand without fear, without pain,
 Though summers gather their gold and go :
For life is a thing to be lived ; it is gain :
 In the bounty of June or the winter's snow ;
They are earth's, they are God's, and whatever may be,
They stand, as we ought to do, straight and free.

ARCHIBALD LANFMAN.

SATIRIC POETRY.



IN the appreciation and enjoyment of Art we have perhaps a greater blessing than in any other natural grace we possess. Art allures the soul upward to the brighter world of truth and beauty. By its subtle insinuations it has power to awaken in us the highest, noblest sentiments of our nature, and by repeating them, to create in us a permanent nobility.

All Art is imitative and the highest object of its imitation is man himself in his physical and mental nature. If it represents other objects than man, it is only through their bearing upon him that they have interest. The queen of all Arts is poetry. The other arts can imitate material man, and all the beauties of nature, but poetry alone possesses the royal power of picturing man's mental nature. It is not indeed as minute and definite in its delineation as the others, nor can it, presenting its images indirectly to the mind, be as vivid in its representations as those which appeal directly to the senses; but, if it has the definiteness of none it has the comprehensiveness of all. Although we cannot see the "lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea," or the "ploughman homeward plod his weary way," as though the scene lay on canvas before us, yet we perceive it little less distinctly, and along with it, what no other art alone could afford, we hear "the curfew toll the knell of parting day" and feel the "solemn stillness of the air."

Poetry is therefore the embodiment of all the Arts. Its object is the expression of the beautiful in language. To accomplish this, its primary aim must be to please, and through pleasure to instruct and elevate. Its subject must be particular, for we cannot perceive beauty in the abstract; and although it deals with the same subjects as science it does so for a different object and in a different manner. If it deals with a historical fact it must clothe it with special charms, the creation of the poet's imagination. If it undertakes primarily and principally to instruct, it oversteps the bounds of its province, and

to preserve its identity as poetry, it must introduce digressions and entertainments of its own in order to pronounce the shibboleth.

From this it would follow that that species of poetry known as the Satire is not poetry in the fullest sense of the term, because it is essentially didactic. It aims at the follies and vices of men, and tries by exposing them to the search-light of ridicule to show their baseness, and to turn popular sentiment against them. In treating of such abstract subjects it departs from the ideal of true poetry and has to make amends for so doing in another way. The one redeeming quality, aside from the charm of verse, upon which it relies in order to furnish the requisite amount of pleasure is its wit. And although it is banished from the company of the more exquisite orders of poetry, it constitutes a little realm of its own, and has a unique mission of its own. The satire has been one of the most effective instruments the world of letters has ever used for the correction of human morals, and if we compare it with other classes of poetry in reference to wholesome influence it will occupy no humble place in our estimation. From its infancy it has been the "terror and aversion of fools and knaves." The serious gravity of the Romans eagerly employed it in censuring public and private vices. And in modern history it has been the sting of literary men against personal rivals and enemies, as well as public foibles.

Satire is the name the ancient Romans gave to a species of poetry of which they may be said to be the inventors. It is interesting to trace the derivation of the name as it throws some light on its primary character. The word *Sature* was used in its substantive signification to denote a dish filled with a medley of ingredients, and hence the original Roman satire was probably a medley of lyric and dramatic representations; but the keen banter and the coarse jocularities of those unwritten productions bore little resemblance to the earnest carping criticism of later satire.

The first to deal with men and manners

in that peculiar manner which has ever since been recognized as the satirical, was Lucilius. Few of his works are extant but from the remarks of Cicero and Horace it is evident that he was a remarkable poet.

After Lucilius the satire, with all other kinds of poetry, languished for a time, and not until the age of Horace was there any improvement or addition made to the former. Horace's satire sketches the manners and customs of the Augustan age in Rome. "Arch Horace strove to mend." His satire though occasionally bitter enough is generally genial, playful, and persuasive. The manner he chose is shown by his own words in which he inquires.

"—quamquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

He set before himself the task, and gloriously he accomplished it, of developing the old Roman satire. Under his hand it developed into a branch of composition peculiarly his own, and in the peculiar species of it in which he dealt, he has been unrivalled. The position he takes in criticising men is that of one of them, in his manner of treating follies and vices he has been happily likened to a picador playing around a mad bull. Always observant of prudent moderation, he still enforces his words with such sound sense and gay and lively wit that he exerted a very powerful influence not only upon the age for which he wrote, but upon all whom his satires have reached.

A century later than Horace, when Rome was the Rome of Nero and Domitian, and when Roman society had fallen into the last stage of decay, the satire became in the hands of Juvenal a "sæva indignatio" to scourge the monstrosities of that depraved city. His style differs from that of Horace in the attitude he himself assumes in meting out chastisement. He is not like Horace, a man of the world, to parry with vice, but a stern reformer. He does not make satire a branch of comedy, but a battering ram against tyranny, corruption of life and taste, and the crimes of a degenerate society. His humor is scornful and piercing.

Nearly at the same time, Martial, improving on the older Roman models, gave to the epigram that satirical turn which it

has ever since possessed. The brevity and polish of the Latin language was never better exemplified than by this gifted writer.

During the Middle Ages the satirical element was abundant in the literatures of England, France, and Germany, but it was not the satire of former times. It had deteriorated into a rude lampoon, directed not against general vice but against special objects, usually the clergy and religious. One really important composition however, should be noticed as the first product of its kind in Western Europe. "Reynard the Fox" is a genuine satire and a landmark in literature. It was a tint, unperceived by the ancients, and showed how cutting ridicule could be conveyed in a form difficult to resent. Most of the dramatists of the seventeenth century were more or less satirists, but the range of their works is too wide to be properly called such. In France the first formal modern imitation of the ancient classic satire appeared from the pen of Vauquelin, who is called the founder of the French satire.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries both England and France produced their best satirists. Satire in the shape of political lampoons was very abundant during these times. "Butler's Hudibras," perhaps as true a representative of satiric aims and methods as can be found, was a lampoon against the Puritan party. Above these meager attempts at this time appear such magnificent monuments as "The Rape of the Lock," "The Dunciad," "Absalom and Achitophel."

The first great English satirist is Dryden, although his satires did not, like those of the Ancients, attack vice in general, as indeed little modern satire does. "Absalom and Achitophel" is a political satire in the style of scriptural narrative. Dryden ingeniously applies the incidents of the rebellion of Absalom against David to Charles II and his party. It is considered the most forcible, subtle and finely versified satire of the English tongue, shows the finest qualities of the language as a vehicle of reason and description, and is a masterpiece of vigorous character painting. He renewed the war against the same enemies in "The Medal," and in a third, "MacFlecnoe," brought confusion on literary rivals.

Pope, the other great satirist of modern times, is chiefly distinguished as such by "The Dunciad." It is a fine model of fierce, sweeping, powerful satire, in which he annihilates his hordes of literary enemies. In the latter part of the poem he gives a sketch of the gradual decline and corruption of taste and learning in Europe, in which he finely displays his talents. The plot of the poem is the Iliad of the Dunces. Pope represents the throne of Dulness left vacant by the death of Shadwell, and the various aspirants to the succession as engaging in a series of trials like the Olympic games of old, to determine who should inherit it. The palm of stupidity was given to Theobald, Pope's successful rival in editing Shakespeare. In the "Imitations of Horace" he fits the topics of the Roman poet to the persons and vice of his own day. One of the best instances of his sparkling wit and raillery is "The Rape of the Lock." It is considered by some the very best of his works both in plan and execution.

Besides these two more permanent satirists, there were many others whose works show the satiric element less distinctly; Moore, Burns, Cowper, Churchill and Johnson were some worthy of special mention.

In France the best satiric poet was Boileau. His distinguishing work in this line is a series of twelve satires. In these he ventures to castigate the leaders of the world of letters. Malice has no place in his satire; he follows the type of Horace, always pleasant and gay, never cruel. He laughs at his contemporaries, nothing more. His "Poetic Art" is also enlivened with touches of didactic satire.

With one or two notable exceptions nothing of especial importance to literature has been produced in the satiric strain during this century. Byron gave vent to his rage against an unfavorable criticism in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he assailed not only the critics who had censured him but almost all the literary men of his day. He might have been the greatest of satirists had his mind lent itself to a calm and disinterested observation of life, but his morbid sensitiveness and low cynicism led

him into passionate and intemperate invective against what was good as well as what was evil in his day and thus deprives his work of the praise that is due to his noble style and diction. In our own country, James Russell Lowell has produced almost the only instance of American satiric poetry. During the Mexican War he was very much opposed to the war policy. In the "Bigelow Papers" he assumes the Yankee dialect, and by his sparkling native wit gives expression to his own sentiments in very persuasive yet inoffensive language. He represents perhaps as high a moral level as has ever been attained by satire.

It may be remarked that the really good pieces of satiric poetry are comparatively few, but it must be remembered that not a small proportion of the best satiric expression has not been put into verse, especially in modern times, and although satiric poetry has declined, it is not because of the decline of the satire element, but because of the general decline of poetry that it has fallen into disuse. Thus few masterpieces of satiric poetry have appeared in these later days, nevertheless, the spirit of satire has in no age been so generally diffused as in the present century, only instead of the stately verse of a Horace or a Pope, it now uses as its vehicle the comedy and the caricature. Originally employed as a scourge of general evil, it has now become the weapon of all contention and controversy. Satire is the natural accompaniment of freedom of speech, but when common to all it is likely to be perfected by few; and consequently in our day the office of the studied satire and much more the satiric poem has been usurped by the press, assailing the vices of the day as they arise. Satiric poetry, although now a thing of history is nevertheless a branch of literature by no means to be neglected. Not only does it furnish some of the grandest monuments of the didactic order of poetry, but transmits to us the finest models of keen, poignant wit and the originality and robust vigor of true satiric genius.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.

THE FATHER OF THE LAND LEAGUE.



BY future generations, the present period of Irish history, will certainly be regarded as one of great importance. Its importance consists not only in being a period of transition from thralldom to freedom, during which all other great events of the world are eclipsed by this final struggle of the Irish nation, fighting for her national rights, but also in the fact that in this struggle are engaged some of the proudest names that adorn the political history of mankind

Yes, when generations shall have come and gone, and the memory of the living shall have faded away in the long lapse of ages, if we are to judge from the history of the past, we are surely justified in conjecturing that, the names of the great Irish leaders of the present period will still live green, not only in the memory of their own nation, but even in the memory of the world. We have an O'Connell, who successfully championed the cause of the true Faith, against an odious system of legalized religious intolerance; a Parnell, who successfully championed the cause of the freedom of his fatherland against the tyranny of the Saxon power; and a Davitt, whose grand struggle so well begun, gives fair promise, in its happy consummation, to end forever the frightful outrages of heartless landlords against a long oppressed people. Yes, the name of Michael Davitt deserves to live in the hearts of the Irish people for ages and ages to come, for it was he who inaugurated this warfare against the greatest enemies of their homes, against landlordism.

The early years of this national hero, were not spent, as might be supposed, in great institutions of learning to prepare him for the onerous task of his after life. No, but the school of stern, aye harsh experience tutored him and thoroughly prepared him for it.

He first saw the light of day in a little place known as Straide, Co. Mayo, in 1846. His father was a very respectable and industrious farmer. But these were days of gloom and sorrow for many an Irish heart, and such indeed they proved to be for the Davitt family, for early in the year 1853, their landlord, with the characteristic clemency of his class in Ireland, cast them out on the roadside because they were unable to do an impossibility, to give him more money for rent than could be obtained from the fruits of the soil on which they lived. This was the first lesson young Davitt received to prepare him for the great fight he would afterwards engage in, and though he was then a child of tender years, this was a lesson he could never forget.

The Davitt family, crossed over to England, settled down in Lancashire, in a place called Haslingden. Here the father found employment in the insurance business, while the youthful Michael busied himself at some sort of light work in a cotton mill. While fulfilling his duties here, he one day met with a severe accident, and through it lost his right arm. This probably proved a piece of good fortune to him, for while he was unable to work, he had an opportunity to attend school. He afterwards learned the art of printing and in the meantime tried by every means possible to increase his yet scanty store of knowledge.

When a mere boy, in his teens, he manifested a lively interest in the political affairs of the land of his birth, and contributed articles both in prose and verse to the *Irish People*, the then official organ of the Fenian Movement in Ireland. Later he joined this organization and devoted himself heart and hand to its interests. This led to his arrest in 1870. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. The treatment he received during this term of his incarceration was worse than brutal. He lived it through however, and was liberated

in 1878. On this occasion, over a hundred thousand people turned out in the city of Dublin to do honor to and welcome him and his fellow-prisoner Mr. McCarthy. This long term of prison-life, though it was little over half of the original sentence, and the cruel treatment there received, completed his stern course in the school of experience. All the while he thought carefully over the affairs of his beloved country, and finally, came to the wise conclusion, that it would be hopeless and foolish for the Irish people, in their present condition, to attempt to battle for freedom by force of arms.

Shortly after being released from prison he came to America and on this side of the Atlantic was warmly received by all classes of Irishmen. The Home Rule movement had now begun to work its way among the Irish people and those who sympathized with them in their struggle. Irishmen were divided into two distinct camps, Home Rule and Fenian. Mr. Davitt however found himself inclined to take a middle course. He would, as we have said, join heart and hand with the Fenian movement if he thought anything was to be gained for his country by so doing. He had, however, already seen how futile were such attempts as these men proposed to make. As for Home Rule it was to say the least, a policy more hopeful of success, but under the circumstances he saw something else that certainly claimed his more immediate attention. The tenant-farmers were the greatest sufferers in the existing state of affairs. Davitt was a child of the people, he felt for the people and now he would live for the people. He had studied their grievances seriously and the result of his study was now to be set forth as a new doctrine, a kind of political eclecticism, the doctrine of the Land League: the people of Ireland were to become owners of the soil.

He hoped in this to unite all under one common banner. It is true he succeeded to do so in the end, but at first he seemed to have been regarded as an enemy by both parties. Many Home Rulers looked upon his policy as one that was doomed to failure itself, but destined to destroy their newly awakened hopes before its own ruin. As for the Fenians, they

declared that whether a failure or a success, Mr. Davitt's policy tended to wean the Irish people from the good old doctrine of the sword, and was therefore deserving of no respect whatever from true Irishmen. Its author, however, heeded not the adverse criticism of the few rash minds that sprung forward at the first moment to denounce him. He consulted many of the leading Irishmen on this side of the water during his stay in the United States, and then returned to his native land to prepare the people for the struggle.

At Irishtown, a place within a few miles of the ruined home of his childhood, on the 28th of April, 1879, he called a great meeting. It was a momentous affair. Strict order reigned throughout. speeches were delivered that thrilled the hearts and raised the dying hopes of that great multitude of wronged people. Among the most notable of those taking part in this first step toward organizing the new movement, were, Messrs. O'Connor Power, M. P., Thomas Brennan, John Louden and J. Ferguson. Other meetings of a similar nature followed and at last the attention of all Ireland was aroused.

The Home Rulers about this time began to grow weary of Mr. Butt's too moderate course in parliament; even among his followers in the house quite a few were anxious to assume a bolder attitude against the government. Mr. Parnell was especially noticable in this regard. Mr. Parnell had watched too with great attention the opening of the Land war by Mr. Davitt. His keen insight into human affairs enabled him to see how important this movement was likely to become. A failure of crops helped to aggravate the situation, and tended to strengthen the determination of Mr. Davitt's followers, and to make them cling fast to their newly awakened hopes. Words of warning uttered by Mr. Parnell and other Irish members were resented in jeering and scornful tones by the British Ministers. This action of the Government brought Mr. Parnell into Mr. Davitt's camp. Mr. Parnell saw now that there was no remedy applicable except that proposed by Mr. Davitt; he determined therefore to unite the cause of the Land agitation with that of Home Rule and wage an unremitting war to the end.

He returned to Ireland after the session

and took up the fight with Mr. Davitt. They called a great meeting of the Irish tenant-farmers in Dublin and there organized the Irish National Land League. This became one of the most powerful organizations of its kind ever known in Ireland. All classes rushed into its ranks. The close of this year brought on the horrible sight of the famine-spectre. Messrs. Parnell and Dillon hurried off to America to seek aid for their starving people. But ere that aid could reach the people, the dreaded famine was upon them. What a harvest of death there would have been, had not American generosity been aroused by the cries of a nation in hunger! Mr. Parnell's mission to America brought in a quarter of a million of dollars. And what did the British Government do? What an awful truth! It did nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve its own starving subjects. The Land War was now in full progress. The League was engaged in feeding the famine-stricken people, while the landlords were busy endeavoring to cast them from their homes. Resistance was offered occasionally and sometimes with success. All the time Mr. Davitt was busy with the grave cares that now rested upon his shoulders. Parliament next was dissolved and a new election was sprung upon the country with little or no warning. Here again Mr. Davitt showed his wonderful abilities.

In the new parliament, the Irish Party was much stronger than it had ever hitherto been. The Tories under Lord Beaconsfield suffered a most disastrous defeat at the polls and Mr. Gladstone was triumphantly returned to power. But now the crises had come; the Irish nation was up in its wrath against landlordism. The Landlord Party was aware of the danger in store for them and no pains were spared by them to malign the people of Ireland, especially the League, in England. True, the people, excited and enraged against the landlords, notwithstanding the many warning words spoken to them, by their leaders, especially by Mr. Davitt, often gave way to regrettable excesses. These, were exaggerated a thousand-fold by the time they had gone the rounds of the English Press. The effect of all this was most damaging to Irish interests. The members of the new government first appeared

quite willing to deal justly with the Irish people. They were even charged by the opposition with having dangerous sympathies with Irish Home Rulers. Now, however, they gave away under the pressure of British public opinion, and brought in a new measure to counteract the charges of their opponents: a coercion act for Ireland. It is needless to dwell on this, suffice it to say, it spoiled many of the good effects intended by that great measure of reform successfully passed by Mr. Gladstone, the Irish Land Bill. In the close of the year '80, and the beginning of '81, the Irish leaders were subjected to a most severe trial. One and all, they were cast into prison charged with "having conspired to impoverish landlords by inducing tenants to refuse to pay their lawful debts." Mr. Davitt was among the number. He was released on the 6th of May, 1882, the day on which the worst fruits of the Coercion Act were reaped, the day of the murder of Lord Cavendish and Thos. Burke. Again in '83 Mr. Davitt was called upon to answer for his fidelity to the Irish people and as a consequence once more found himself within the prison-walls of Portland. As a protest against such treatment he was elected to Parliament by the County Meath. The House, however, declared him disqualified, owing to the fact that the full term of his first imprisonment had not yet expired. His disqualification was afterwards removed, but he firmly refused to accept a seat, declaring that he had resolved to enter the British House of Commons, only when the government in power would be ready to grant Ireland her rights, Home Rule. He kept his promise.

He afterwards visited America and brought back with him his partner for life, a handsome bride. His noble stand in that famous trial "*The Times vs. Parnell*" is too well known to need repetition here. In later years his devotion to the old cause has been no less ardent than it was in the earlier days of the League. He entered Parliament with the first Home Rule Government that ever went into power. He took a foremost part while there. His words of wisdom, spoken on the floor of that historic chamber, were read the world over, and admired by all. He

was unseated on the ground of clerical intimidation in his behalf. This brought forth from his pen a splendid defence of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The article appeared in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* of the year just closed. Not only within the limits of his own country, does Mr. Davitt find favour among the masses. He is a journalist by profession, and some few years ago he started a paper, the *Labor World*, in London. It has since become one of the ablest advocates of laboring men's rights in the British Isles, and its proprietor, even in the land of the Saxon, is now esteemed as one of their noblest champions. Nor is his influence confined within the limits of the laboring classes alone; we find on the eve of the last general elections one of the greatest journals in England, one that had long been opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, the *Morning Chronicle*, deserted the Unionist party, and fully acknowledged that it had

seen the error of its ways through the light emanating from the able articles of Mr. Davitt, and as a consequence has since given hearty support to the Liberal party.

Thus we see Mr. Davitt has been one of the most powerful factors in bringing about a great revolution in his own country, and what is more, has effected a real conquest of the English people, and that without drawing the sword. After Parnell there is probably no other man of the present period to whom his country is so much indebted. He prepared the way and Parnell mustered the great constitutional army that effected this wonderful revolution, a greater revolution than Napoleon caused with all his bloody battle-fields and ruined homes. Ought not then the names of such great and good men, be forever cherished and gratefully handed down to posterity? Yes, the name of Michael Davitt shall live.

W. E. CAVANAGH, '93.



That strain again : it had a dying fall ;
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour.

—SHAKESPEARE.



THE POPE IN THE SECOND CENTURY.

By Very Rev. *Æneus McDowell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.*



ALTHOUGH constantly opposed and cruelly persecuted the church was in its perfectly organized condition in the earliest ages of its existence. It has been asserted that the authority of the Pope was not everywhere accepted. In the Church of Asia, for instance, Bishops ruled, it was said, without reference to Papal authority. An important case which arose and was much discussed, by its final settlement put an end to this fallacy. The Asiatics kept Easter according to the time of the Jewish Passover—a practice which they derived from their predecessors, the Jewish converts who chiefly constituted in their time, the Asiatic Church. This might have been tolerated as long as it was only a matter of discipline. But when its supporters dragged it into the sphere of doctrine by maintaining that they held the practice by apostolic institution, it could no longer have the sanction or even the silent approval of the Pope. The Asiatics were obstinate, and Pope Saint Victor found it necessary to act with the greatest vigour, in other words, to apply the highest exercise of Papal authority. He cut them off from the Communion of the faithful. Even in that early age excommunication was recognized as a powerful as well as severe punishment. It was felt to be such by the Asiatics; and they, at first, resisted. After much discussion and the powerful mediation of the celebrated Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, they abandoned their heretical opinion and were reconciled to the Pope. This being done, it was not thought necessary that they should change their time of keeping Easter for that of the universal Church. They were allowed to hold it as coming from the Jewish converts, their predecessors. The Pope's authority, as sanctioning or forbidding, could not be more

clearly illustrated. In ordinary matters the Bishops rule; ("In quo vos posuit Episcopus regere Ecclesiam Dei,") while on occasions of great difficulty and high importance, such as that which occurred in the Church of Asia, the supreme power confided to Peter must intervene, ("Confirma Fratres tuos.")

In Asia Minor it had been the custom in honour of St. John, who founded the churches of that country, to celebrate Easter according to the time of the Jewish Passover, that is, on the fourteenth day of the moon of the Jewish month of Nisan, on whatever day of the week it should occur. Early in the second century Pope Anicetus endeavoured to persuade Polycarp to hold the feast on the following Sunday, as was the practice at Rome and all the other Churches of the world. Polycarp, however, from respect to Saint John, whose disciple he was, did not relinquish the established custom, but persevered in observing it without any breach of friendly relations with the chief Pastor. The successors of Anicetus, Soter and Eleutherius laboured still more in order to obtain uniformity in the matter. In doing so they were not wanting in veneration to Saint John and the other apostles, who in the beginnings of the Church of Asia Minor had to deal with many Jewish converts, and hence were obliged to admit several Jewish observances. But now that all other Churches had abandoned such observances, there existed no longer any cause for continuing them. Jerusalem itself, its people having become chiefly Gentile Christians, had ceased to celebrate Easter according to the time of the Passover. There remained no reason, therefore, why the Christians of Asia Minor should persist in retaining a Jewish custom. At the beginning, indeed, the Jewish converts were the most numerous. But, in the time of Pope Saint Victor, the Christians of Gentile origin were more prevalent, both as regarded numbers and importance.

The Bishops of Palestine understood that their brethren of Asia had adopted a doctrinal view of the question, and so expressed themselves in a synodal letter which they sent to Pope Victor. Their chief, Theophilus, of Casarea, called them together in council, and when he had shown them his commission from the Holy Father, they expressed their concurrence with the Universal Church as to the time of celebrating Easter, saying that the practice was derived from the tradition of the apostles. They declared, moreover, that their Brethren of Asia *had strayed from the true belief*, and that their conduct could not meet with the approval of the Church, especially as they held that their view was of Apostolic institution. It was this *erroneous doctrinal belief*, therefore, which Pope Victor hoped to correct by means of excommunication which, as Chief Pastor, as was universally recognized, it was in his power to apply. That there was an error of doctrine is still more clearly shown by the reconciliation which, through the mediation of Saint Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons, soon after was brought about. This eminent prelate prevailed with the Asiatics and induced them to abandon the doctrinal error which they connected with their practice. Upon this the Pope did not hinder them from adhering to the custom of their country, merely as a disciplinary regulation. The word of a Pope, however, is of great weight even when it does not concern doctrine; and that of the venerable Saint Victor was not without effect, and the faithful Christians of the Asiatic Churches, guided by its light, conformed, as the historian, Eusebius relates, to the universal custom of the Catholic Church. This happy conclusion must have been reached soon after, in the time of Pope Anatolus, who ascribes the reconciliation of the Asiatics with his predecessor, Saint Victor, to the good services of the renowned Saint Ireneus of Lyons.

Thus was the authority of the Pope, as successor of Saint Peter, universally recognized, one Church only dissenting for a time and finally abandoning its dissent. Notwithstanding the violence of the heathen persecutions and about a hundred years before they ceased, this supreme authority was everywhere firmly establish-

ed. The Bishop of Rome ordered councils to be held in the most remote nations of the Roman empire and beyond the bounds of that empire, and in obedience to his orders councils were held. In those councils doctrine and discipline were discussed; and the result of their deliberations was imparted by synodal letters to the chief Pastor. It was made manifest to all, and handed down to future ages by the most glorious testimony,—the testimony of all tribes and tongues and people of the known world that throughout the vast extent of the Church, east and west, in lands of great renown, the very centres of the earth, where Nimveh and Babylon flourished of old, as well as in Italy and Gaul, there existed unanimity of belief and practice. The Church, therefore, was ONE,—ONE in doctrine and her important discipline. From the action of Pope Saint Victor and other chief Pastors of the early time it is clear that the Popes did not wait till the middle age, nor till any future age, for an explaining, unfolding and developing of their high commission. They understood it and acted upon it even as they professed it, from the first. "Confirm thy Brethren" (*confirma fratres tuos.*) Such was the charge delivered to each one of them in the person of Peter. The duties of this charge they all, in their day and generation, faithfully fulfilled; and if the fulfilling of them in the time and by the ministry of Saint Victor, came to be attended with an unwonted degree of notoriety, celebrity, glory even, it was not without a purpose in the Providential guidance of the Church. That purpose was, need it be said, that the whole body of the people of Christ should be closely united by the ties of their common faith and discipline,—that they should be ONE, as their Divine Master prayed that they should be. (John 17, 20, 21, &c.) It must be admitted, considering the distinct record that has come down to our time, that in order to learn what was taught and believed in the beginning and the ages which immediately succeeded, discussion is not so necessary and will not be so profitable, as a fair and unprejudiced examination of the annals of the past.

We cannot think of the time of Pope Saint Victor in the second century without calling to mind the wonderful growth,

numbers and power of that Society which was destined so soon to eclipse the empire of Rome, and to give new moral and political life to the nations when that empire was finally laid in the dust. The Church at this early period existed in full vigour, not only at the great heart of the state, and in the more important cities, but also in the most distant provinces and even in lands the most remote, beyond the charmed circle of imperial sway. In every region of its domain, already wider than the vast Roman world, this society exercised its high functions, assembled its Senates under the eyes of its ONE CHIEF, deliberated, debated, enacted laws, pronounced on vital doctrine; and, what would appear incredible, if not given to us on the authority of undoubted history, its laws were obeyed and its teachings accepted by its immense following in every clime. Judge what this following must have been everywhere, when within the limits of the empire it was more numerous than the worshippers of the gods and the adherents of Imperial Cæsar. Those hosts of Christians could have rebelled, and not without every prospect of success, against the tyrant emperors who persecuted them. But, they were restrained by the principles of their Divine religion. So spoke Saint Maurice, the renowned Captain of the Theban Legion that was massacred by order of the cruel Dioclesian, "we are not driven into rebellion, even to save our lives, for here we have arms in our hands, and we do not fight because we have the

will to die rather than to slay." Neither strength nor numbers were wanting if the Christians had been inclined to make war on their oppressors. "For what warfare," says Tertullian, "should we not have been able and willing, even at great odds, who so readily offer ourselves to death, if our religion did not oblige us rather to die than to slay." If they had chosen to withdraw from the empire, it would have been as a vast solitude by the loss of so many citizens. "More enemies," adds Tertullian, "would have been left than citizens. But now you have fewer enemies owing to the number of Christians."

It would be well if the statesmen of the present age considered these words. If ever the Christian people anywhere unsheath the sword against them, it will be because of the defective education that is forced upon them; it will be because, having been pounded in the mortar of modern "civilization," they will have become incapable of appreciating the high principles of religion which were so gloriously illustrated throughout the three hundred years of heathen persecution. Let the states of to-day be politic if they cannot find it in their souls to be rational and humane. Let them cause, or at least allow that the children of the Church be educated, as their fathers in the faith were educated, and, the governments the least deserving, may rely on having fewer enemies as the number of their Catholic subjects shall be greater. They may even count on citizens as loyal and devoted as the contemporaries of Maurice, Tertullian and Pope St. Victor.



NECESSITATING CAUSES OF SANITATION.

By Walter A. Herckenrath, M.A., C.E.



T behooves the writer of a subject such as the one mentioned in the title of this article, to enter into profuse apologies to his readers before attempting his literary attack. The topic is avowedly nasty, and it is of a nature to offer exceeding opposition to genteel presentation.

The subject needs most careful treatment in order that it may be transmitted with a certain amount of delicacy and yet with truth and plainness. The task is an arduous one; for it may almost be considered an absurdity to imagine that the eye and the ear can be reconciled to that which necessarily affects them with extreme disgust.

In the October number of the *Owl*, the elements were considered in their connection with sanitation. What is the source of their pollution? This question is by no means irrelevant. The reply to it must be based on an economic standpoint; and every consideration must be referred to its relation with man. Consequently the answer, as perhaps already guessed, will be, that the most abundant source of elemental contamination is that complex substance, sewage, which is such an extremely powerful agent of evil.

The object of this article is to determine what sewage is:—and perhaps the best way to proceed, is to consider it in its constituents. Among the first and the most powerful of these must be classed animal excretions and secretions,—faeces and urine, and products evolved from the skin. Human excrement and that deposited by our domestic animals,—among which the horse is the most liberal contributor,—are materials which can be collected and gotten rid of; but there is also emitted from the lungs and from the skin, a quantity of solid matter which is by no

means inconsiderable. In fact, sewage should be considered not only such matter as is really collected in sewers, or disposed of mechanically in any other way whatsoever, but all substance that *ought* to be collected and kept from air and water. Animal secretions bear no mean proportion to animal excretions, and calculation shows that it would require one million carts to remove the yearly ejecta of the people of the city of New York. These evolutions from animal organisms are subject to immediate chemical action as soon as they come into contact with the air, whose oxygen converts them into various gases, among which may be mentioned, carbonic acid, sulphuretted and phosphuretted hydrogen, and sulphide of ammonium, all of which have a most pernicious effect on the pulmonary and intestinal tissues. Life can not subsist in their presence; while, even in small quantities, they are exceedingly revolting to the sense of smell. There is not a class of animals in existence, which can assimilate, by any healthful process, matters that have been once evolved; nor is it possible to live conveniently in close proximity to them. This explains why gregarious animals never remain long in the same place and why they never graze on the same spot where they have once left their droppings. Among the components of this class, man alone seems to have often forgotten the impositions of nature.

Among the evolutions from the skin, some go into the atmosphere, where they are precipitated; others attach themselves to the clothes, from which they are collected in the process of washing and go to constitute sewage in combination with soap; while a third part, increased by external depositions, is daily washed from off the hands and face, and from the rest of the body at times of bathing.

All the fore-mentioned emanations are derived from the living economy, but there

exists also other filth which originates from other sources. The wastes from the kitchen are made up of vegetable and animal offal, and of inorganic refuse such as soap, ashes, cans, parings, grease, and all such filth as is usually designated by the household term of "slops." Rain water, which washes leaves, dust, bird deposits, and similar impurities from roofs and gutters, and amasses filth from street surfaces, forms a nuisance which must most decidedly be gotten rid of. The refuse from barns and stables forms another constituent of sewage; while the animal offal from slaughter houses swells the bulk of disagreeable enumerations; and in certain towns or cities where manufactories exist, it is necessary to add such refuse as emanates from dye, print, bleaching, and chemical works, as well as from tanneries and from silk, wool, and paper factories.

What sources of disgust! Man worries and toils and often effects extremely little. He is like the mountain that heaves and swells, and, after all, gives birth but to a mouse. Or leaving the domain of fable for the realms of poetry, we might say with Pope:—

"In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one, single, can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too, some other use."

And a careful investigation of past and existing systems of sewerage will faithfully picture the inconceivable agony that man has gone through, and the multitude of contrivances to which he has had recourse in order to free himself from the ordure of his own production. And yet so futile have been his earlier attempts that a comic paper speaks of—

"The sewage that should feed the land,
Made poison for the town:
The streams, but sewers for the strand,
To drink its ordure down.
The home, a den where human souls
In beasts' lairs bestial grow:
And hand in hand, that sister band,
Vice, Drunkenness and Woe."

There is no question that contact with filth is pitifully degrading. The distressing thought that foulness is unavoidable and irremediable, is most potent in engendering carelessness, in blunting the senses, and consequently in lowering the tastes, and in causing individuals to accept in-

decency without a blush, the result being stupidity and brutishness. It is thus that an explanation is offered for the depraved morals and disgusting crimes of such as live huddled together in chambers of putridity. With no pleasure at home, it is no wonder that so many spend their evenings at the accursed bar, endeavoring to assuage their griefs by drinking from the cup which is, at best, but a momentary Lethe and most usually a powerful current to dissoluteness and depravity. And since, therefore, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," it is manifest what duties should devolve upon an engineer when facing the problem of sewage.

As an antithesis to the difficulties which human art encounters, how admirable that single act of nature which "serves to second, too, some other use!" The human exhalations are discharged into the atmosphere where immediate oxidation takes place. And in the very same breath, as it were, the vegetable world takes up the discarded products and utilizes them in a process of assimilation. And, in like manner, the earth, when allowed to receive the fecal and urinary dejecta, withdraws the ammonia and other substances, which are exquisitely nutritive to plant life, and allows ought else either to pass away or to remain while oxidation and purification are going on, the thoroughness of the action being proportionate to the clayey condition of the soil. Nature is an admirable economizer and dispenser; yet it is not always possible to copy her designs. Nevertheless it is our duty to maintain everything about us pure and clean. The mind and the soul partake of the condition of the body; for a healthy body is the domicile of a healthy mind, an acute intelligence.

To leave this division of the subject in the present state of its discussion, would be leaving the reader with an incomplete answer to the question: "What is Sewage?" Still more remains to be said in order to convey an adequate idea concerning it. In order that the methods of treating it may be properly and justly discussed, a perfect intelligence of it is absolutely necessary. From the very nature of its constituents, which are more or less independent, one from the other, and from the nature of the sources whence these

same constituents emanate, it follows that the quantity of sewage produced must have a weekly, a daily, and even an hourly variation. It is evident that the twelve hours which surround midnight, will witness the minimum production of noisome matter. After seven or eight o'clock in the morning, the generation of fecal substance and the flow from wash basins, urinals, sinks, wash-tubs, and baths, begin and quickly reach a maximum. About noon, the addition is kept up from the kitchen and from the stables, from the markets and from the slaughter houses. And wherever factories exist and where their refuse is collected with the other wastes, a continuous supply is afforded which greatly increases the chemical complication of the admixture. On Mondays which are generally devoted to laundry work, a still greater production takes place in the forenoon; while, on Saturdays, a greater flow will most likely be occasioned in the afternoon from the baths, as it is generally at the end of the week that a man prefers to betake himself to the benefits of universal ablution and thus free himself from any contamination with which he may have come into contact during his past week of labor.* As a result of experiment, it has been found that seventy per cent of the sewage flow occurs during the twelve hours of day-light, and that as much as from six to eight per cent is generally discharged during the hour of maximum generation. If the water supply be one hundred gallons per individual, and if we assume the maximum hourly discharge to be eight per cent of this quantity, then eight gallons, or one fifteenth more than one cubic foot, will be the maximum amount per head for which it will be necessary to provide, since seven and a half gallons are computed to the cubic foot. And on the assumption that ten individuals occupy each of the sixteen hours which are allowed on an average, to each city block, the sewage discharge becomes for the entire block $16 \times 10 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ or one hundred and

seventy (170) cubic feet. And since one block is nearly the equivalent of an acre, the latter, where necessary, may be substituted for the former. If the surface and storm waters are to meet with contemporaneous consideration and treatment, then the number one hundred and seventy becomes very slight in comparison with the amount one thousand eight hundred and fifteen (1815), which represents the number of cubic feet of storm water which must be disposed of from each acre of surface. In the vicinity of New York our usual storms rarely exceed one inch per hour, of which one half runs through the sewers in the same length of time. One acre contains about forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet, and if we multiply this by one half inch expressed in feet or one twenty-fourth ($\frac{1}{24}$), we obtain the number one thousand eight hundred and fifteen (1815), which represents the cubic feet of flow from one acre in one hour. By assuming this number as the basis of our calculations, we need have no fear of transgressing the inferior limit of the size of sewer required.

In the above discussion of the maximum hourly percentage of sewage production, there occurred what may appear to have been an unwarranted shift from sewage to water supply. The few following remarks will be a justification for the change. Let us take the population of New York to be, in round numbers, two million; then the number 2038465760 will express, in pounds, the excretal productions of the city's population. This figure will justify a former assertion made to the effect that it would take a million carts to free the city from the evolutions from the human organism; for 2038465760 pounds correspond to about one million tons. Consequently it would take one million carts, each of one ton capacity, to remove these matters. This amount also corresponds to the yearly individual excretion of one thousand pounds. And since investigation establishes that the average gallon of dejecta weighs 8.3 pounds, and since it takes nearly 7.5 gallons to make one cubic foot, the above 1000 pounds represents 120 gallons or 16 cubic feet. Reducing these to daily statistics, we find that an average individual produces each day ejecta of the weight of $4\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and of

* On the very day of writing this sentence, a Saturday, the writer happened to visit a Turkish Bath establishment: and conversation with the proprietor led him to conclude that his statement concerning the Saturday afternoon frequency, was perfectly correct. W. A. J.

the volume .33 of a gallon or .044 of a cubic foot. The corresponding discharge from a city block would amount to $160 \times .044$ or 7 cubic feet per day. A daily water supply per individual of one hundred gallons, or thirteen and one third cubic feet, corresponds to $160 \times 13\frac{1}{3}$ or about two thousand one hundred (2100) cubic feet of discharge per block. A comparison of the two figures, 7 and 2100, shows that the former is but one three hundredth part of the latter, so that, if sewage removal is to be effected by water carriage, it is unnecessary to take the amount of excretal substance into consideration. The limits of good sense are by no means transcended by an assumption of the water supply as a basis for sewer calculations. Even though the supply should be as small as twenty gallons per head daily, yet it would even then exceed the faecal and urinary matter by the factor sixty. And there is little fear that less than twenty gallons be assigned by any corporation.

This article might be summed up in the statement that under the head of sewage should be comprehended all possible material, produced in connection with human life, which is offensive to all or to any one of the senses, and which if left to itself, is of a nature to putrefy and to contaminate that which is essentially needed for the support of animal life. For the benefit of the sanitarian there should be in the English language another term which should comprise filthy pools and marshes along with sewage. He could then define it as all filth which should not be tolerated, due to its antagonism to animal life. The necessity of thoroughly draining a site would then force itself upon every engineer undertaking the sanitary work of a town. Drainage and the removal of fermenting lakes and marshes should not be

separated into a class distinct from sewage when a sanitary problem is under discussion. Their effect upon health, claims equal consideration with the disposal of refuse matters. However good a system for disposing of wastes may be, yet sanitary conditions are entirely disregarded if drainage fails to meet with consideration. Both are inseparable. The necessitating causes of both are identical, since they are equally offensive to the senses and equally detrimental to health and life. This similarity should be sufficient to class them in common. The only difference is that the presence of stagnant water is independent of man. It would exist just as well without him. Sewage, on the other hand, is the refuse left from all that which has concurred in maintaining the life of man or in securing his comfort.

This consideration of sewage under the head of its constituents and of the irregularity of its production would enable one to penetrate thoroughly into the discussion of its removal. The utility of the investigation is an apology for the introduction of the subject. The removal of sewage is indeed an absolute necessity, but first it must be determined what sewage is; and it were really the acme of absurdity to refuse to approach the matter, through a false sense of delicacy. A crying evil must be vigorously attacked; and, in matters of such importance, one can do much more efficient work when wearing overalls than when retaining gloves of kid. But, just as the overalls will necessarily become smeared, so will the delicacy and refinement of a cultivated nature be affected by such unwholesome contact. Yet the overalls admit of washing and so does the delicate nature which requires for its cleansing none other than the negative waters of abstraction.

W. A. H., '88



A DINNER BY MISTAKE.



HAD been reading really hard at Oxford through the last term, and my very unusual industry had been followed by a languor and weariness which so awakened my dear mother's solicitude

that she never rested till she had persuaded Dr. Busby to prescribe sea-air and a total separation from my books. I don't know why I came to an out-of-the-way watering place, except that I was too languid to have a will of my own, or to care for the noisy life of country houses full of sportsmen.

The little place to which I had come improved upon acquaintance. I bathed, I walked, I climbed, I made friends with the boatmen and got them to take me out in their fishing-smacks; but still, with returning vigor, I began to crave not a little for some one to converse with more congenial to me than those honest tars and my loquacious landlady. I inscribed my name on the big board at the library; I did all that man could do to make my existence known, but nearly a week passed away, and still my fellow-creatures held aloof. One afternoon, however, as I opened the door of my little sitting room, I beheld—most welcome sight—the white dinner-cloth and lying upon it a card—a large, highly glazed, most unmistakable visiting-card. With eager curiosity, I snatched it up, but curiosity changed to amazement when I read the name, “Sir Philip Hetherton, Grantham Park.” My impatience could not be restrained till Mrs. Plumb's natural arrival with the chops, and an energetic pull at the bell brought her at once courtesying and smiling.

“I suppose,” began I, holding the card with assumed carelessness between my finger and thumb—“I suppose this gentleman, Sir Philip Hetherton, called here to-day?”

“Oh yes, sir, this afternoon, not an hour ago.”

“He inquired for me?”

“Yes, sir; he asked particularly for young Mr. Olifant, and said he was very sorry to miss you.”

“Ah, I see. Is Sir Philip often in Linbeach?”

“Well, I don't think he has many friends here, sir; at least I never understood so; but he owns some of the houses in the town, and he is very kind to the poor.”

“Does he see anything of the visitors?”

“Not to my knowledge, sir. He sometimes rides in of an afternoon, for Grantham is only four miles from Linbeach; but I don't think he ever stays long.”

After some reflection I came to the unwelcome conclusion, that Sir Philip Hetherton must have been laboring under some strange delusion, and that I should see and hear no more of him. A day or two later, however, I was strolling slowly along one of the shady country lanes, when I encountered a portly, gray-haired gentleman, mounted on an iron-gray cob, and trotting soberly toward Linbeach. The thought crossed, could this be the veritable Sir Philip? I faced round, and returned to Linbeach far more briskly than I had left it. I had scarcely stepped into Mrs. Plumb's passage, when that personage herself met me open-mouthed, with a pencil note in her hand.

“Oh, Mr. Olifant, I wish you had come in rather sooner. Sir Philip has been here again, and as he could not see you, he wrote this note.”

I opened the note and it contained—oh marvel of marvels! an invitation to dinner for the following day.

“I told Sir Philip that I thought you had only gone down to the beach, sir; but he laughed and said he should not know you if he met you. I suppose you don't know him, do you, sir?” Mrs. Plumb added insinuatingly.

“No,” said I, thinking within myself that the baronet need not have been quite so communicative. However, this confession of his, at any rate, threw some light upon the subject, and suggested a

solution. He might have known my father or mother. His own apparent confidence began to infect me, and I wrote off an elaborate and gracefully worded acceptance.

Seven o'clock was the hour named for dinner, and I had intended to be particularly punctual, but the wretched donkey-boy who had solemnly promised to bring the basket-carriage punctually to the door, did not appear till ten minutes after the time. So it happened that, despite hard driving, it was several minutes past the hour when we drew up under the portico at Grantham. A gorgeously arrayed flunky appeared at the hall door, and before I fully realized my position, I stood in a brilliantly lighted drawing-room, full of people, and heard my name proclaimed in stentorian tones. The next moment the florid gentleman whom I had encountered on the previous day came forward with outstretched hands

"Glad to see you at last Mr. Olifant, very glad to see you. Let me introduce you. Lady Hetherton—my daughter—my son Fred. Come this way, this way.

And I was hurried along helpless as an infant in the jovial baronet's hands. Dinner was soon commenced. We were slowly making our way round the dining-room, when, just as we passed the end of the table, Sir Philip turned and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"I have scarcely had time for a word yet," he said, "but how are they all in Yorkshire?"

I don't know what answer I gave; some one from behind begged leave to pass, and I was torn on utterly bewildered. Yorkshire! What had I to do with Yorkshire? And then, all at once, the appalling trait burst on me like a thunder-clap—I was the wrong man. I instantly determined that I would not then and there declare myself an embodied mistake, but trust to my wits to carry me through the evening and leave explanations for another season. I made a dash for a central seat where I might be as far as possible from both host and hostess. But my manoeuvre failed. Lady Hetherton's soft tones were all too audible as she said: Mr. Olifant, perhaps you will come up here; the post of honor."

There was no help for it and I went.

We had hardly been seated three minutes when Lady Hetherton turned to me.

"We were so very glad that you were able to come to-night, Mr. Olifant; Sir Philip was saying that he had almost lost sight of your family."

I murmured something not very coherent about distance and active life. And then, in the faint hope of turning the conversation, I asked if they were often in town.

"Not so often as I should wish. By-the-by, Mr. Olifant, the Fordes' must be near neighbors of yours. I am sure I have heard them speak of Calveston."

I did not dare to say they were not, lest inquiries should follow which might betray my extreme ignorance of Yorkshire geography in general, and the locality of Calveston in particular; so I chose the lesser peril, and answered cheerfully, "Oh yes, quite near—within an easy walk of us."

"What charming people they are!" said Lady Hetherton, growing almost enthusiastic. "Katie is growing very pretty. Don't you think so?"

"I do; she is going to be the belle of our country balls." And then, in the same breath, I turned to the shy Miss Hetherton beside me, and startled her by an abrupt inquiry whether she liked balls. She must have thought, at any rate, that I liked talking, for I plied her with fresh questions, and deluged her with a flood of varied eloquence. Was I not aware that Lady Hetherton's conversation with the solemn old archdeacon opposite flagged from time to time, and that, at every lull she looked toward me as though concocting fresh means of torture. But I gained the day; and at length with secret exultation watched the ladies slowly defiling from the room. Poor innocent! I little knew what was impending. The last voluminous skirt had scarcely disappeared when Sir Philip left his chair, and advancing up the table, glass in hand, seated himself in his wife's place at my elbow. He leaned forward, and said cheerily: "Well, now, I want to hear all about them."

Before I had framed my answer, the baronet proceeded: "I don't know any of you young ones, but your father and I were fast friends once upon a time." It

was plain that Sir Philip liked to hear himself talk, and my courage revived.

Said I: "Years and cares do work great changes in most men; I daresay you would hardly know him now."

"I daresay not. But is he well and as good a shot as in the old Oxford days?"

"Just as good. He is never happier than among his turnips." And then I shuddered at my own audacity, as I pictured my veritable parent, a hard worked barrister, long since dead, and with about as much notion of firing a gun as one of his own briefs.

"And so you are at Merton?" said Sir Philip a moment later.

"Yes, I am at Merton," said I, feeling it quite refreshing to speak the truth.

"Ah, I'm glad your father has stuck to the old college."

The mystery stood revealed. I had recorded my name on the visitor's board as H. Olifant, Merton College, Oxford; and by a strange coincidence Sir Philip's former friend had belonged to the same college, and owned the same initial.

The baronet, leisurely sipping his wine, again turned to me and said: "Have you seen any of the Fordes lately?"

"Well, no—not very lately," I replied slowly, slowly. "To tell the truth I don't go down into those parts so often as I ought to do."

"There's a family for you!" Sir Philip went on triumphantly. "Has Willie passed for Woolwich yet?"

I could not say that I knew, but the good baronet's confidence in Forde genius was as satisfactory as certainty. So I said, "he's sure to pass, quite sure."

Here there was a general stir, and I contrived to make my escape to the drawing-room. If I could have only escaped altogether; but it was not yet half-past nine. I ensconced myself in a low chair, guarded by a big table on one side, and on the other by a comfortable, motherly-looking woman in crimson satin, to whom I made myself agreeable, in the delightful persuasion that she at least knew no more of the Fordes than I did. But my malignant star was in the ascendant, for Sir Philip soon assailed me again. "Well, Mrs. Sullivan," he said, addressing my companion, "have you been asking about

your little favorite. Katie Forde I mean. You have not forgotten her yet, have you?"

No, unluckily for me, Mrs. Sullivan had not forgotten her. I was charged with a string of the fond, unmeaning messages which ladies love to exchange, and it was only by emphatically declaring that I should not be in Yorkshire for many months, that I escaped being made the bearer of sundry curious notes and bulbs to the fair Katherine.

But Sir Philip soon interrupted us. "There's a cousin of yours in the next room, Mr. Olifant, let me take you to her."

I heard and trembled. A cousin. Oh, the Fordes were nothing to this! Why did people have cousins; and why, oh why, should every imaginable evil befall me on this disastrous evening! My host led me to a lady who was serenely examining some prints. "I have brought him to you, Miss Hunter; here's your cousin, Mr. Olifant."

She held out her hand with a good-humoured smile, and at the same time Sir Philip observed complacently: "You don't know one another, you know." Not know one another, of course we didn't; but I could have hugged him for telling me so; and in the joy of my reprieve, I devoted myself readily to my supposed cousin, a bright, pleasant girl, happily as benighted regarding her real relatives as I was about my imaginary ones. The minutes slipped fast away, the hands of the clock pointed at ten, the guests were beginning to depart, and I was congratulating myself that the ordeal was safely passed, when, happening to turn my head, I saw Sir Philip once more advancing upon me, holding in his hand a photograph-book. My doom was sealed! My relentless persecutor was resolved to expose me, and with diabolical craft had planned the certain means. "There!" he exclaimed, stopping just in front of me, and holding out the ill-omened book—"There!" you can tell me who that is, can't you?"

It was a baby—a baby of a year old, sitting on a cushion, with a rattle in his hand, and it was of course unlike any creature I had ever beheld.

"Hm, haw, surely it must be a Forde."

"Of course it is," and Sir Philip clapped me on the back in a transport of delight.

I could endure no more. Another such victory would be almost worse than a defeat. I started up, took an abrupt farewell of my host, and despite his vehement remonstrances, went in search of Lady Hetherton, and beat a successful retreat. Not till I was snugly seated in the arm-chair in Mrs. Plumb's parlour, could I believe that I was thoroughly safe. What was next to be done? Of one thing there could be no doubt—an explanation was due to the kind-hearted baronet, and it must be given. It took me a long time to concoct the epistle, but it was accomplished at last. In terms which I would fain hope were melting and persuasive, I described my birth and parentage, related how I had only discovered my mistaken identity after my arrival at Grantham, and made a full apology for having then, in my embarrassment perpetuated the delusion. The letter was sealed and sent and I was left to speculate how it might be received. Would Sir Philip vouchsafe a reply, or would he treat me with silent contempt. The second day's post came in and brought me nothing; and now I began to be seized with a nervous dread of encountering any of the Grantham Park party by chance, and this dread grew so

unpleasant that I determined to cut short my visit and return to town at once. I packed my portmanteau, settled accounts with Mrs. Plumb, and went off to take my place by the next morning's coach. Coming hastily out of the booking office in the dusk, I almost ran against somebody standing by the door. It was Sir Philip, and I stepped hastily back; but he recognized me at once, and held out his hand with a hearty laugh.

"Ah, Mr. Olifant, is it you? I was on my way to your lodgings, so we'll walk together," and not noticing my confusion, he linked his arm in mine, as he continued: "I got your letter last evening. I always like talking better than writing, so now I have come to tell you that I think you've behaved like an honest man and a gentleman in writing that letter, and I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, though you are not Harry Olifant's son. My lady is just the least bit vexed that we should have made such geese of ourselves; but come over and shoot to-morrow, and we'll give you a quiet dinner and a bed in your proper person, and she will be very glad to see you. Mind, I expect you.

After all my resolutions, I did go to Grantham on the following day, and my dinner by mistake was the precursor of a most pleasant acquaintance, which became in time a warm and lasting friendship.



A SOLILOQUY

On Beholding the Tomb of Napoleon.



DOME majestic, crown'd with glittering spire,
 A shrine, where myriads gather, gaze, admire—
 Befitting tribute to thy memory,
 Thou jest of all that's born of royalty!
 More for the shadow couldst an orb desire.
 Whose splendour sank in dim captivity?

But were thy ashes stirr'd with quick'ning breath,
 This gilded shroud, which mantles thee in death
 Would scarce suffer to feed ambition's flame—
 The craving heart, whose undiverted flame—
 Nor bauble was nor perishable wreath,
 But conquest, glory, and a deathless name.

Were thy proud spirit from the shades to rise.
 No concave dome, save the far-reaching skies,
 Could measure its great thirst insatiate
 To make of earth one undivided state;
 And, like the Sov'reign whose domains comprise
 Broad heav'n, be here the single potentate.

But ah! the spark, that animation lent
 These crumbling remnants, prematurely spent
 Its vital force in that consuming lust!
 And what remains?—a tomb, a stolid bust,
 Artistic blocks of stone, a monument,
 To mark another Alexander's dust!

Oh! could thine eyes, by morn's resplendent light
 Releas'd from Death's interminable night,
 Behold thee rais'd in bronze 'neath this rich pile
 The cold metallic lips, meseems, would smile;
 That one, whose corse should rear this palace bright,
 Was left to pine in lone Helena's isle.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

Paris, Nov. 10th, 1893.

ATHEISM INCOMPATIBLE WITH TRUE POETRY.



POETRY is defined the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination. The poet's primary object is to please and to move. True, he may, and in fact ought, to instruct and to reform, but this he does only indirectly. The source of pleasure in poetry is the beautiful. The beautiful is founded on the three great notions revealed to us in all things viz: Unity, truth and goodness. In poetry, then, as in every other art, the beautiful is identical with the good and the true, it is their higher union. Whence it follows that the first requisite of poetry is truth, that is the representation of life and of all things as they really are. It is understood of course, that this does not entirely exclude idealizing. The phenomena, which form the subject matter of poetic productions, are identical with the real phenomena of human life and the visible world. For that reason the same laws must be exhibited in the production of poetry which, in accordance with eternal wisdom, are manifested in the order of nature and of life.

But how can the atheist poet be true to nature? He may, indeed, give a life-like description of a brute animal, or paint in a masterly manner, a landscape, but when he attempts the delineation of human character, he oversteps his mark. For him man is nothing more or less than a bundle of fibres endowed with sensibility, a mere brute destined to sojourn for a few years in this world, and then pass away into nothingness. Right reason, on the contrary, teaches that man is composed of a body and a rational soul, is endowed with lofty aspirations and will, after having spent his allotted time on earth, live forever hereafter in a state of happiness or misery proportionate to his merits or demerits. Even the pagan poets had, at least, an indistinct knowledge of this much. The christian knows far more, he

is aware that man is, a being of whom it is said, "Thou hast made him a little less than the angels," a being stamped with his Creator's image and so precious that for him an Omnipotent God suffered and died. The atheist's conception of man, is altogether false, consequently his delineation of human character necessarily lacks truth and beauty, and is incapable of affording the reader any real, lasting pleasure.

For the Godless poet, however sincere and moral he may be, life at best is aimless, empty, dreary and monotonous. He is without the first essential of a healthy, human existence viz. hope. On all sides of him are human sufferings, and human misery; he beholds the aged decrepit man begging bread from door to door, he hears the mournful cry of the fatherless child and the despairing moan of the fallen woman, and what consolation has he to offer to his fellow-creatures? What antidotes can he prescribe for sin, misery, sorrow and the weariness of life? He may, indeed, extol good fellowship, sentimental tenderness and the natural virtues, but, can he by so doing, set at rest a troubled, aching, human heart?

It is impossible for one who denies the existence of the Supernatural, to please by representing life as it is. His principles compel him to pursue one or the other of two courses equally opposed to the spirit of true poetry. He is either disheartened by the pains and woes of life, and, *ipso facto*, admits his inability to attain the real object of poetry, which is to please. Or he deals only with sentiments which are characterized by that sensualism and materialism, of which Zola is the most notorious exponent in modern times.

There have been poets of this latter type who have prided themselves on being true to the mission of poetry, and who were even favourably regarded by some critics of good report. Those who extol art, in which the spiritual, the ideal element finds no place, argue thus: The proper object of art is the beautiful, which is ever accom-

panied by an agreeable sensation. From this they conclude that the beautiful and the agreeable are convertible. Therefore, say they, whatever is agreeable is beautiful and is the proper object of art. If this reasoning be admitted, the most sensualistic and depraved rhymsters are placed on a level with the most moral and lofty minded poets that have ever charmed this dreary world with their kindly presence. If we follow out the principle in all its consequences we are forced to conclude that the head of the culinary department, and the manufacturer of scented waters, are artists of the first order since they produce what is agreeable. The flaw in the argument adduced lies in the fact that it is based on principles of sensistic philosophy. The sensist teaches that man is merely a sensitive being, is without a rational soul. For one blessed with the gift of reason, man is a rational animal and his senses are to be governed and directed by his reason.

Though the primary object of poetry is to please, it is by no means the only end to be obtained. Horace declares that the instructive, the practical, must form a part of all art. In the words of that great authority, he who mingles the useful with the pleasing, carries the highest applause in delighting his readers. Lessing, the foremost critic of Germany, asks: "What poetry is there whose duty is not to foster and strengthen our human instincts: our love of virtue, our hatred of vice." Every kind of poetry ought to improve its readers. A poetic character which lacks the elements of virtue lacks purpose. To act for a purpose is that which elevates man above the lower creatures. To write and imitate with a conscious purpose is that which distinguishes the man of genius from the scribbler and rhymster.

The godless artist, denying the source of all good, finds it impossible to clothe morality with a pleasing garb. Nor need we wonder at this since virtue without religion is simply a sham. He who is all-knowing has said: "Without Me you can do nothing." What incentives does atheism supply to urge men to practice virtue? What rewards does it offer to those who, like a Saint Francis De Sales, or a St. Vincent De Paul, devote their talents, their strength, their life their all, to the service of distressed humanity? The

godless poet with the insignificant means at his disposal, at best, only attempts to please. To move, to instruct, to better the world, is altogether beyond his power. He wishes us to be satisfied with his artful but purposless productions. It is true that the greatest poets occasionally produce work, the sole end of which is to please, but this they do only for the sake of exercising their faculties in the beginning, or to fill up vacant spots in their large picture, and place therein points of rest here and there. The atheist on the contrary is continually forced to exhaust his talents on mere trifles. As a consequence his effusions are generally bombastic, high-sounding, and meaningless. He will, for instance, extol love to the skies, and lavish it with choicest epithets, but if God, the human soul, hereafter, etc., are all a myth in what is man's love superior to the sexual attraction existing among brutes. Exaggeration and fustian may tickle our ears and elicit our admiration for the imaginative powers of him who produces it, but it cannot be called poetry.

Shakespeare makes Hamlet speak thus: "Do not overstep the modesty of nature: for anything overdone is from the purpose of art, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, 'as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and presence."

History bears out the assertion that poetry, in fact all art, has thrived best when in alliance with religion. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Virgil, were all firm believers in the existence of a Supernatural Power. And this belief was the source of much of their inspiration. What is it that makes Homer's heroes such grand noble types of manhood? Undoubtedly their colossal greatness lies in the fact that they were able to compete and compete successfully with the gods themselves. True, by acting thus, the mighty Grecian bard, lessened to a certain extent the dignity of the gods, but he nevertheless enhanced man's power and glory. Later on it was through inspiration from on High that Dante and Tasso were enabled to chisel out their immortal masterpieces. The age of Corneille and Racine, and even that of Shakespeare and Milton, was a

religious one. Sad to say among many of the best singers of recent times, faith in Divine revelation has been partly lost and its place has been usurped by a new revelation—so named by its devotees—-which was to proceed not from above, but from man's own yearning heart and teeming brain. Liberty and science were made gods, and with their triumph it was confidently hoped the millenium of a perfect human existence would be reached. Vain hope doomed to bitter dissapointment! Science instead of overpowering religion has been made the hand-maid thereof, by the genius of such men as Cuvier and Pasteur. Human liberty has triumphed wherever civilization reigns, but the world, except when looked upon by the light shed from Calvary's Hill is still a dreary, dismal place. And anything of value produced by the poets of this later school, is due not to the intrinsic worth of their principles but to the influence exercised over them by christianity. Those, who like Swinburne, persistently resist this influence and openly profess atheism, both in theory and practice, give utterance to nothing worthy of the name of poetry.

Mr. Swinburne's literary career, is perhaps the strongest argument that could be adduced in support of the proposition we are attempting to prove. His first drama, the "Atalanta," which appeared in 1865, won for him the approval and commendation of the most eminent critics of the day. The power of imagination therein displayed, surpassed that of any writer since the days of Shelley, and this, in addition to his skill in delineating human character bid fair to make of him one of the greatest poets in the whole history of English literature. Much was expected of him, but he has sadly dissapointed his early admirers. He is not wanting in poetical power, but he lacks the inspiration that springs from

noble ideas. As his imagination cannot soar up the supernatural and the infinite, it is deprived of the grand imagery which their contemplation affords. His pictures of human life therefore, are wanting in breadth and depth and are bound up in the shallows of our natural existence, and the fact that they are garnished with virbulent anti-christian inventions and base platitudes, to please certain palates, has estranged from him still more, the thoughtful portion of the English reading public. As a result of his shallow principles, Mr. Swinburne's later works are characterized by that wordiness and diffusiveness which is ever found when lofty, noble ideas are wanting. However he has lived long enough to learn that he who seeks pleasure solely as an end finds nought but bitterness and woe. This dearly bought knowledge has assigned to him a place by the side of Byron, De Musset and the other disciples of the "Poetry of Despair," who rail at the world, at life, at everything, the good and the bad alike. Mr. Swinburne has been logical in his writings and has followed out his principles to their sad consequences.

For the great poet then, the ideas of the true, the good and the beautiful, and their living synthesis the Divine, are not empty abstractions but take possession of his mind with an ever increasing fullness and engender a lofty elevation of his feelings. He realizes that the true, the good and the beautiful, are but revelations of the Divine. He contemplates the grand vistas of speculative and scientific truth, the lofty conquests of the human will, the heroic example of perfect lives, and such contemplation is the source of his inspiration.

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



SPORTS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.



AMONG warlike peoples, feats of strength, speed and endurance have ever excited admiration and commanded that popular support necessary for the development of national games. Festive days were dedicated by the ancients to some national deity and games were held either to amuse the multitude or to satisfy the will of the gods. For the competitors there was no other inducement than emulation or at best the prospect of a small reward.

The nations most conspicuous among the ancients for their agility and celebrity were Greece and Rome. To these nations then we must look for the earliest form and fullest development of ancient games.

In Greece, the games were generally connected with, or formed part of some religious observance, celebrated at fixed intervals of time, and connected by myth or legend with some hero, demi-god, or local deity. The most noted place for the games was Olympia, an enclosure in the rich plain of Elis. The celebrity of the Olympia games led to the institution of several others, similar in nature, but less in importance, such as the Nemean, Isthmian and Pythian games.

An international law proclaimed a general suspension of hostilities whereby the Greeks from all parts were enabled to attend the festivals without danger or hindrance. Another law mainly regarded the athletes. It obliged them to undergo a course of training for ten months in a gymnasium before entering any contest, and to appear before a tribunal on the festive day to prove by witnesses that they were of pure Hellenic blood, and had no stain, religious or civil, on their character. Afterwards they swore that they would refrain from employing fraud or guile in any of the sacred contests. At the approach of a great festival heralds proclaimed from the mountain fastness of Thessaly to the remotest colonies of

Cyrene and Marseilles the truce and all warfare ceased. A safe conduct during the sacred interval was assured to all and the different tribes assembled and formed a band of union among the Doric race.

The contests at the festivals consisted of exhibitions, displaying all modes of bodily activity, the principle being races on foot, with horses and chariots, contests in leaping, wrestling, boxing and several others of minor importance. The games were increased according to the interest and popularity they gained. At Olympia, a festive day was held every fourth year, and the different events of the programme were contested in the following order:—

Foot-race.—This usually attracted much attention, and the number of competitors entered for it was generally large. The distance at first was two hundred yards: afterwards it was extended to four hundred yards, and finally at the fifteenth Olympiad it was extended to three miles. Tradition has handed down no records for any of the distances, but certainly the speed displayed was not above the ordinary among modern athletes. The runner relied wholly upon his strength and endurance, ignoring both style and form of running.

The encumbered race was, as at present, very exciting and frequently elicited the most enthusiastic applause especially from the friends of the contestants. At present this contest is termed the fatman's race. Among the Greeks it was customary, if a man did not come up to the required weight, to wear a heavy armour. Plato highly recommended this as a preparation for military service.

The Chariot-race.—This was considered the most important of the national contests. Rich and poor alike competed in it. It was introduced in the twenty-third Olympiad and held in the hippodrome, a race-course, laid out on the left side of the hill of Kronos. The course was noted as having one sharp turn, which brought death to many a hero. Sometimes twenty chariots entered one race and the danger the charioteers were exposed to was appalling. Pausanias

informs us that a mysterious horror was associated with the sharp turn in the course and the horses, after passing it, started in terror without visible cause. Milton has given us a graphic picture of this part of the course. Races on horseback later on became very popular. The course was the same as that used for the chariot races; so the success of a race depended as much upon the skill of the driver as upon the swiftness of the horses.

Wrestling.—At the eighteenth Olympiad wrestling was introduced. The rules governing it differed little from some of the modern regulations, save that the limbs were rubbed with oil and then covered with sand. Struggling on the ground was disallowed and three throws decided the victory. Plutarch styled it the most artistic of athletic contests.

Leaping.—The only leap practiced was the long jump. Dumb-bells were used as also was the spring-board. Phayllus was said to have leaped 55 feet, which is out of the question.

Boxing.—At the twenty-third Olympiad boxing contests were introduced. The boxers wore straps of leather on their fists and wrists. The blow, however, was not so terrible as that delivered by the Roman cestus, but the rules governing it were exceedingly severe. The contestants could not employ their whole strength, as the death of an antagonist not only disqualified a combatant but was severely punished. In the paneratum, a combination of wrestling and boxing, the use of straps and even the clinched fist was forbidden.

The rewards for the various events were different in each of the four athletic resorts. At Olympia, the victor received a garland of olive branches cut with a golden sickle from the kallistephanes, the sacred tree brought by Hercules, from the dark fountains of Islet, to be a shelter, common to all men, and to provide a crown for noble deeds. A herald proclaimed the successful contestant's name, parentage, and country. The Hellanodical placed the olive crown on his head and a branch of palm in his hand. His name was inscribed in the Greek calendar. On his return home fresh honors and rewards were abundantly bestowed upon him. If he was an Athenian, he received five

hundred drachmae and free rations for life in the Prytaneum; if a Spartan he had as his prerogative the post of honor in battle. Poets like Pindar and Simonides sung his praises and sculptors like Phidias and Praxiteles were engaged by the state to carve his statue. Many considered an Olympian prize to be the crown of human happiness. Cicero, with a Roman's contempt for Greek frivolity, observed that an Olympian victor received more honors than a triumphant general at Rome.

Among the Romans the *Ludi Publici* included not only public games, but also feasts and theatrical exhibitions and as in Greece, were intimately connected with religion. The exhibitions were held in the circus and amphitheatre, each capable of holding over three hundred thousand. Many of the games were borrowed from the Greeks, and carried out in a similar manner. The duty of looking after the athletic contests devolved upon the consuls who defrayed the expenses from the treasury.

The tastes of the Romans present a wonderful contrast to that of the Greeks. In Greece the exhibitions served to instruct the youth, and develop spectators and contestants both intellectually and physically, in Rome they tended to degrade the youth, and to develop base passions. The mob looked upon games as one of the two necessities of life; and the circus or amphitheatre became at once a political club, a fashionable lounge, a rendezvous of gallantry, and a playground for the million. Political adventurers were not neglectful of the opportunity to obtain notoriety and influence.

On the festive day a procession was formed at the capitol. They marched to the forum, and then to the circus or amphitheatre to indulge in a list of sports which consisted of chariot-races, foot races, the *Ludus Troiaic*, *Munus Gladiatorum*, boxing and wrestling, &c. The patricians, did not compete in any of the contests and for one of them to enter brought him infamous reproach. The chariot race differed little from that of the Greeks save that the course was better adapted for the event. Three and occasionally four horses were employed instead of two. The Roman charioteers

were professionals, whilst the Greek charioteers were amateurs and acted through love of amusement and fame. The Roman drivers, may be compared in popularity and fortune to modern jockeys. The Ludus Troiae was a sham fight, or, a modern military review. The actors were Patrician youths illustrious both by proficiency and descent.

The Munus Gladiatorum consisted in a struggle between criminals, captives or trained hunters and wild beasts. It was a refinement of the common savage custom of slaughtering slaves, or captives on the grave of a warrior or chieftain. During the inauguration of the Colosseum as many as five thousand wild and four thousand tame beasts were slaughtered in one day. Later on the bull-fight, which Julius Cæsar enjoys the doubtful honor of inventing, was introduced.

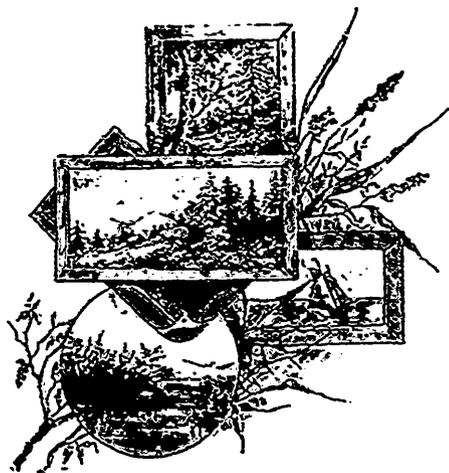
In the wrestling matches the combatants had more scope under Roman law than under the Greek. The same freedom was allowed the boxers. The Greek leather straps were exchanged for the cestus, a rough glove, without fingers, made of tough hide and interlaced with

strong bands. Contestants were allowed to battle until one of them would own defeat.

The above contests flourished among the Romans until the downfall of the empire. Yet the games were not free from the attacks of the most learned men of ancient times. Besides the strictures of Cicero, already mentioned Xenophanes complains that the wrestlers strength was preferred to the philosophers wisdom, and Euripides, in a well known fragment, holds up to scorn the brawny swaggering athlete.

From the above description it is evident that among the Greeks the contests were for the participants, while among the Romans they were for the spectators. The Greeks strove for fame in order to be and appear honorable, the Romans strove for fame to gain distinction. The Greeks trained for the contests; the Romans practiced little whenever any bodily exertion was required. Consequently the Greeks had a decided advantage over the Romans, and were their superiors in all bodily exertions.

W. LEE, '96.



GENUINE GEMS.



DELIGHTFUL task! to rear
the tender thought.

To teach the young idea
how to shoot,

To pour the fresh instruc-
tion o'er the mind,

To breathe the enlivening
spirit and to fix,

The generous purpose in
the glowing breast.

—*Thomson.*

Education is a better safeguard of
liberty than a standing army. If we
retrench the wages of the schoolmaster,
we must raise those of the recruiting
sergeant.

—*E. Everett.*

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—*Shakespeare.*

When a deed is done for freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling
on from east to west,

And a slave where'er he cowers, feels the
soul within him climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime

Of a century, bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of time.

—*Lowell.*

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time :
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death.

—*Shakespeare.*

I think it must somewhere be written
that the virtues of mothers shall, occasion-
ally, be visited on their children, as well
as the sins of fathers.

—*Dickens.*

The eternal stars shine out as soon as
it is dark enough.

—*Carlyle.*

When a man has not a good reason for
doing a thing, he has one good reason for
letting it alone.

—*Scott*

Call not that man wretched, who,
whatever ills he suffers has a child to love.

—*Southey.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart :
'Tis woman's whole existence.

—*Byron.*

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.
Nine times out of ten the first thing a
man's companions know of his short-
comings is from his apology.

—*Holmes.*

Such people there are living and flour-
ishing in the world—Faithless, Hopeless
Charityless—let us have at them, dear
friends, with might and main!

—*Thackeray.*

Who would be free, themselves must
strike the blow.

—*Byron*

A generous fierceness dwells with inno-
cence,

And conscious virtue is allowed some pride.

—*Dryden.*

Every absurdity has a champion to
defend it : for error is always talkative.

—*Goldsmith.*

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll
deserve it.

—*Addison.*

Morn,

'Waked by the circling hours, with rosy
hands

Unbarred the gates of light.

—*Milton.*

I believe the first test of a truly great
man is his humility.

—*Ruskin.*

No man doth well, but God hath part
in him.

—*Swinburne.*

Our little systems have their day :
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

—*Tennyson.*

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman
smiled.

—*Campbell.*

New occasions teach new duties ; time
makes ancient good uncouth

They must upward still and onward, who
would keep abreast of truth.

—*Lowell.*

TEA PLANT AND DRINK.



THE following brief notes will not satisfy the aspirations of anyone who desires much knowledge regarding our common wholesome beverage, but the author hopes that they may not be altogether uninteresting to the average tea-drinker.

If we give any credence to the legends of the Chinese, we must believe that in the flowery kingdom, tea has been known from time immemorial. What we are certain of, is that this plant indigenous in Assam, has been cultivated in China for at least one thousand years. It belongs to the evergreen species, and would, if permitted, attain to a great height, but, for the sake of convenience in picking, it is kept pruned to the average height of about four feet. It was introduced into Japan in the thirteenth century. In Ceylon its cultivation was many times attempted without success, until within the last half-a-century, when, on the decline of the coffee-plant, many of the inhabitants gave their whole attention to tea. The result has been, that the Ceylonese product is now famous throughout the tea-drinking world.

Of late years the production of tea has been tried in nearly all the countries of the world, but its success is mainly due to cheap labor, available to such a great extent in the East. Hence it is that although introduced and successfully raised in the Southern States, the cost of labor is altogether too great to permit successful competition with the Chinese producers. The people of this part of the United States may, however, look forward to the time when mechanical devices will take the place of manual labor, and the Southern States may be then able to supply at least the national demand.

For an exuberant growth of the tea-plant, a warm climate where rains are frequent and copious, is necessary. Other requisites for the successful cultivation of the tea-plant, are drains and furrows, con-

stituted in such a manner as to allow the water to run off easily. The advantage of this drainage is exemplified in the Chinese plantations, most of which are situated on hillsides. The plant, however, will grow in any good arable soil which is free from stagnant moisture.

Before it can be picked, the tea-plant must have attained the age of three years, by which time it has sent forth many shoots, from which, together with the leaves of the plant, the tea is made. The maximum yield of the shrub is reached at about the age of eight years, after which it begins to deteriorate. Picking the tea, that is, stripping the plant of its shoots and leaves is a rather delicate task, for very often the slightest injury received by a plant kills it. In China, a prosperous tea-garden has from fifteen to sixteen hundred plants. The average annual yield per plant is rated at one fifth of a pound of manufactured tea.

In the manufacture of tea the leaf is subjected to four processes, viz,—drying, rolling, fermenting and firing. The quality of the tea depends principally upon the fermentation. After being plucked and left to dry, or wither slightly, the tea is rolled between the hands, then it is put aside to ferment. During fermentation, it must be carefully watched, and when the color has sufficiently changed, it is, in favorable weather, exposed to the sun for about an hour. This having been done, it is immediately put through the firing process, that is, it is subjected to a brisk heat in warming-pans over an open fire, and then all work is completed except the sifting of the tea. These are the processes by which black tea is manufactured. In green tea the manufacture is carried on somewhat differently.

The manner in which tea is prepared and used varies in different countries. In some it is customary to take both the leaves and the liquid; the leaves being powdered in order to admit of their being swallowed easily. Except in China and Japan, something is usually added to the tea; milk and sugar in the British Isles

and America, lemon juice in Russia, and some kind of spirits in other countries of Europe.

Regarding the quality of tea we may be guided by the following rules. The darker the liquor the stronger the tea; and the nearer the approach of the infused leaf to a salmony brown, the purer the flavor. Black tea of good quality, should in infusion, yield a bright, clear, brown liquor, agreeable to taste and smell.

In the many chemical components of tea, the most important in infusion are the essential oil, theine and tannin, the flavor of the tea depending largely on the essential oil, and what is called the strength of the tea, on the tannin. Theine is an alkaloid, identical with the coffeine of coffee, and can be extracted by infusing the tea for about ten minutes. But if it is infused longer, the amount of tannin becomes greater, which is very injurious on account of its tendency to impede digestion. Their lack of knowledge of how to prepare tea, no doubt led the Europeans to infuse it too long, when they began to use it, whence it was long regarded as very injurious to health. Dr. Lettsom in his "Natural History" says: "The first vice of that pernicious custom of drinking spirits was owing to the weakness and debility of the system, brought on by the daily habit of drinking tea." Doctors of course will always disagree, but

it is pretty generally admitted now, that tea is a very wholesome as well as pleasant drink. It is certain that the theine contained in tea satisfies some craving of the human system, for it is the characterizing constituent of other substances in constant use, such as coffee, cocoanut, etc.

Dr. Edward Smith, experimenting on the physiological effects of tea, found that while the amount of nutriment contained in the quantity of tea one usually takes, is not sufficient to be of use in building up the system or in supplying heat, it has however, a very marked effect on the vital functions, particularly stimulating respiration, as shown by the increasing amount of carbonic acid thrown off by the lungs after taking it.

The Chinese, who are accustomed to the constant use of tea, are careful never to drink any which is less than a year old, as by that time the oil has sufficiently evaporated and ceases to be injurious.

Any of us who have felt the dulcet strength and animating blandness of tea sufficiently blended with real farm-house cream, will agree with Lo Yu, when he says of tea: "It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude, and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens or refreshes the body, and cleans the perceptive faculties.

E—'95.



A nun hath no nation.
Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,
There her land! there her kindred.

—OWEN MEREDITH.



TOBOGGANING SONG.



STAR-LIT night,
 Toboggan light,
 A chute like a mirror gleaming,
 A winsome girl,
 And away we whirl
 As if shot from a cannon seeming.

Hurrah ! for the slide, the merry slide,
 Hurrah ! for the frosty breezes,
 Hurrah ! for the chute and the steep hill-side,
 Loudey shout as it keener freezes !

Our spirits rise
 As we skim the ice
 With the speed of the lambent lightning,
 We whizz along
 With joyous song,
 Checks flushing and eyes a-brightening.

Hurrah ! for the snow, the silvery snow,
 Hurrah ! though in clouds it fold us :
 Hurrah ! for the sparkling, crackling crust.
 Oh, there's nothing on earth to hold us !

The slide is done,
 We backward run
 With rollicking song and chorus :
 Then down once more,
 While the winds they roar,
 And the stars they are shining o'er us.

Hurrah for the winds, for the stars hurrah !
 And for Canada's winter weather !
 Hurrah ! for the old toboggan-slide,
 Give a shout for it all together !

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

23—Two divisions of the subject continued in this paragraph may be found in Note No. 12 and Note No. 19, to which the reader is respectfully referred.

Scotch thought is somewhat more forcible and more subjective, or inner, than English thought. The difference between them, however, is not so great but that Scotch thought might harmonize with, and nurture by its sympathy, a genius whose individual tendencies were strictly English in their nature. This, at least, was possible before Scotch genius had fully developed itself, and established its own school of thought and feeling. Before the birth of Burns and Scott and the school of Scotch Philosophers the genius displayed by the Gaels north of the Tweed was not often of a distinctive sort. It contained little that was racy of the Scottish soil and less of what could be traced to an exclusively Scottish intellectual source. At such a period, English genius, already fully developed in its characteristic form, would act powerfully on the literary tastes and tendencies of Scotland, interfering with the free growth of whatever in these was peculiar to themselves. It was, consequently, to have been expected that the first great Scotch contributor to English literature would display a genius not strongly marked with specially Scottish characteristics. Besides this, while the prevalent French taste in England was due in a great degree to the reaction against Puritanism to which religious absurdity English thought was wholly unsuited. In Scotland there was no such reaction. On the contrary, the Scotch nation had stamped the features of its forceful and inner genius on its religion, and in it had so fixed them, that down to the present they have maintained a most retentive grip. While, therefore, in London, wit and elegance were playing on the surface of things, most pleased with watching their own feats and listening to their own music, in Edinburgh a more

profound and slower style of thought prevailed. There James Thompson was drinking in Nature's beauty, and her own sweet voice was sounding through his thoughtful soul, soon to break forth in that poetry of nature which, in love and fervor, was unequalled in England till near a century later. What Thompson owed to his Scottish birth, and blood was his freedom from the repelling influence of that aversion to slow brooding thought which prevailed in Puritan England, but from which Scotland was free. Otherwise Thompson was essentially English, and his genius drew its inspiration from that faithful love of nature which I have described as harmonizing completely with English thought.

Soon after Thompson's time, Scotch genius assumed more distinctly its own proper forms. A number of writers appeared who countenanced and encouraged each other's Scottish tendencies and established an independent development of genius in conformity with Scottish ideals and in harmony with the national character of thought. A band of philosophers also arose, the depth and strength of whose thoughts and reasoning marked out Scotland as a land of thoughtful and forcible minds, while the direction which their investigations took pointed to the inner world of mind and morals as their appropriate sphere. This same slowness of thought favored research, and this innerness of thought gave strength to that tenacity of historic memories from which I have conjectured that it originally sprang. Thus, the compilation of history was congenial to Scotch genius, if my analysis holds true. Robertson, Hume, Smith and Reid, demonstrated at all events, that it is characteristic of Scotch thought that history should flourish along with philosophy.

This tenacity of historic memories may be observed in another form in Walter Scott, whose genius was nurtured by them.

The author of "Waverley" possessed no remarkable power of delineating character, though he could draw forcibly a single passion or peculiarity. Furthermore, his eye for nature was hardly such as to observe her in the glory and beauty of poetic vision, but all his faculties were quickened and rendered more poetical by that spirit of the past, which of itself raised his thoughts from the actual to the ideal, that this power of reviving the spirit of the past was the predominating element of his genius may not only be seen in his works, but inferred by either tracing the growth of that genius in his own history, or observing the effects which it left behind it. Now, to appropriate and renew the spirit of the past, belongs only to a genius which has the depth and thoroughness that slowness gives, and that power of seizing strongly a mental tact or habit which implies strength and innerness. A reliable authority in literary matters, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, has described Scott's distinguishing qualities in terms which fully confirm me in the view I have taken of this magnificent writer of romance. "It would be difficult to name another instance of a mind so habitually balanced between the real and the unreal," says Mr. Palgrave, referring to Scott's genius. "There have been those who had, for example, a stronger grasp of past ages; but they have either comprehended them regretting, as Hallam and Macaulay; or having distinctly preferred them and adopted their ways of thought. Poets, again, have manifested as great a power as Scott over the actual and the present, as Burnes and Crabbe—but they had no sympathy with the past, or have chosen their subjects in the past, as Dryden in his Fables, and Byron in his Plays,—but theirs was a simple poetical expedient, not a sympathetic revival of former times; or they have lived in an ideal world, a Shelley, but then that world was their own creation, and entirely absorbed them: or they have believed in and reproduced, their own age, together with long anterior, as Milton, but then their older subject matter was religion; or, in another way, as Shakespeare, they have recast all ages in their own mind; or were barely conscious of the difference between the ages, as Chancer and Dante. But it will strike every reader

how decidedly Scott's poetical conception of the past and his relations to the present, differ from those just enumerated. As a child of the critical eighteenth century, and the son of a shrewd Scotch solicitor, Scott was, on one side a born sceptic in romance, the middle ages, and Jacobitism,—as a cadet of the Scotts of Hayden and a man of the strongest imaginative temperament, he was likewise a born believer. For, not only his writings, which in the strictest sense reproduce himself, but his life and character, present a continual half-conscious attempt at a real and practical compromise between these elements." In the details, what struck his contemporaries was plain but genial common sense; in the whole, what strikes the later student is the predominance of the poetical impulse." Mr. Palgrave is perfectly correct so far as he goes. I have essayed to trace the roots of Scott's genius somewhat further, with what success it is not for me to say. Let me conclude this portion of my subject with a general remark on Scott and his writings. From Scott's earliest years his genius fed on tales of the past and Scotch tradition, and grew into conformity with these; and the sum total of the effects of his works, alike in poetry and in his prose, was to generate a mediæval, high-church, monarchical spirit, and to surround all Scotland with such a halo of romance that it became all classic ground. Let me take the pleasure of adding that he was a genius also who joined to his great talents the worth of a good, honest, and honorable man.

But of Scotland's many highly-gifted sons, Burns was the most richly endowed with the sacred fire of poetry. He was alike gifted and wretched; the glory and the shame of literature. As in general the highest development of the spirit of man can be attained only when its native tendencies are in harmony with external influences, so was Burns the very impersonation of the mind of his countrymen, endowed, however, with a spirit whose vital action was poetic rapture, and which was tuned by the hand of nature herself to form in sympathy with all her voices. The full harmony of his genius flowed into his songs, of which the remark of Mr. Pitt was pre-eminently true, that he could think

of no verse, since Shakespeare, which had so much the appearance of coming sweetly from nature. Under the fragrant birch trees, in the heathery glen, or among the moonlit sheaves, the gushes of music flowed warm from his heart. The range of it is not large, and one mellow, plaintive, delicious love-note always returns upon the ear in beauty. But the songs of Burns were no mere out-pouring of rich sounds. He composed with rapidity, yet devoted much time and patience to corrections. This is hardly the place to discuss with Matthew Arnold how much Scotch whiskey had to do with the inspiration of poor Burns, but some who have tasted the nectar of his native land, say that the poet might have sought for inspiration from a more unpleasant source. "I should have taken him," said Scott, "had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his linaments. The eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling and interest." What expression of sense and shrewdness reveals to us the same strong deliberate thought which gives to Scotchmen in general their characteristic soundness of judgement. It was this quality in Burns, refined and sublimed as in a superior nature, which enabled him to see and judge for himself the facts of man and nature. It was this same quality which gave such truth to his ideas, bring-

ing his spirit into actual contact with the reality of things instead of being satisfied with the reflections of them in the conventionalities and generalities of literature. To this same slow, strong quality of thought we may attribute that graphic force and racy life which animate the poetry of Burns and show the observant habit of his mind, and that rich humor which belongs to him who looks closely into things as they are, and sees their incongruities.

Were I to be asked what was the leading element in the genius of Burns, what was the very centre of his strength, I should answer that it was his vivid sense of the various states of the spirit of man, a faculty similar in kind to that which I have already noted in Scott, but far greater in intensity. Scott could appropriate to himself and awaken in others the spirit of the past, but Burns dwelt as a mighty wizard with all spirits which sway the human soul as his familiars. This powerful sense of the various passions and sentiments of human nature expressed itself by its own sheer force in language which seems as if smitten, by the strength of the thoughts to receive and return an exact impression of them. Such seems to me to be the essential nature of the genius of Burns. Slow, forcible, and inner, his spirit thought deeply and observed closely, and, in the realm of passion and sentiment, bore unlimited sway. The defects of Scotch genius are to a considerable degree similar to those of English genius, and I shall therefore not dwell on them here.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship? I will tell you ;
 Eyes that weep for others' wrongs,
 Shoulders bearing others' burdens,
 Lips repeating others' songs.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
 When brave courage is unmanned
 Asking naught, but trusting fully,
 Quick to soothe and understand.

—*The Jewish Messenger.*

HISTORIC IRELAND.



HERE is not a land on earth to day that possessesso chequered a history as Ireland. 'Tis but a small place, smaller than many States in the American Union, nevertheless it has made considerable noise in the world, even from the dim and dark old days further back than history itself—days whose story is told in olden legend and hoary tradition handed down from sire to son, through the dusky generations that have intervened.

The children of Ireland hold a unique place in the universal history of mankind. No people I verily believe with the exception of the Jews have suffered so much without being swept off the earth altogether; no people have waged the combat against the oppressor so persistently, so vehemently and so long. The beacon-star of hope has ever shone on the horizon, but has never yet reached the mid-day meridian. The "promised land" has ever been in sight, but has never been quite reached.

Why is this? Are the Irish people anathematized? Are they God-destined to be slaves unto their brethren for all time? Verily it would seem so. They are scattered throughout all lands, toiling beneath tropical suns and arctic skies for the living denied them in their own poor country, hunted, persecuted, banned, outlawed, a people in every respect fit to compare with those of any other land. The world must and has acknowledged that the Irish are in no way second to the inhabitants of any other nation on earth. Universal history proves their abilities and worth. Have we not in every department Irishmen leading the van in the progress of all other nations? Some authorities will have it that an Irishman (St. Brendan) landed on the shores of America four hundred years before Christopher Columbus was born. Of the Twelve who signed the Declaration of America's Independence nine were Irishmen. To the indomitable valour

of Ireland's sons and their descendants this great land owes much. Meagher Sheridan, Sherman, Jackson, Grant are names that can never die while America possesses a history to record their gallant deeds. Continental Europe too with her boasted civilization owes not a little to Ireland's children. Irishmen fought and won Fontenoy for France; in the history of the wars in the Low Countries the name of Sarsfield is emblazoned in golden letters. Dillon's name also tells the tale of Cremona where the Irish Brigade though arrayed only in their shirts, rushed out in the darkness of night at the sound of bugle call, and repulsed with a daring, grand and irresistible, the fierce troops of King Louis.

Even from a pacific point of view, the continent of "light and leading" owes much to the little western isle. The students of Europe flocked to the schools of Ireland, ere the Saxons, whose descendants are her taskmasters to-day, had reached the blessings of christianity. Men of science went out from Ireland's halls of learning to found Universities and Colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land, and they can yet be traced in tracks of living light from the coasts of France to the shores of distant Sicily.

I have said no land can show such a chequered history as Ireland. I can also fearlessly assert that no nation can boast a greater or a prouder one. Ireland is indeed a land with a history older than her lakes and her hills; a land of saints and scholars, of kings and bards and heroes of high renown; a land of grey legends and olden romances, of traditions holy and hoary, richer in the blood of her martyrs, stronger in the virtues of her people than all other nations, with their armies and revenues and ships upon the sea.

The valour and wisdom of her children have gone to make up the greatness of almost every land on earth save herself. It has been said by an eminent authority with the slightest suspicion of a taunt that "the talent and bravery of Irishmen have

enriched all lands save their own." Irishmen bow their heads and accept the taunt. Alas; it is but too true.

A MacMahon guided the destinies of France through years of turmoil and blood; a Taaffe, by his wisdom and valour, added laurels to the brow of Austria; a Gavan Duffy ruled "wisely and well" one of the most important colonies in Her Majesty's dominions, and our own Canada has to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the memory of a D'Arcy McGee. Ireland claims a bright page in the history of every land, but the nation which has benefited the most by the valour and wisdom of her children is the nation which is responsible for their slavery and misery. The "Union Jack" waves over five-sixths of the world. Who helped to plant that flag on the battlements of conquered nations? 'Twas the sons of Ireland, the sons of that land which has been looked down upon, scorned and persecuted by the very tyrants whose invincible greatness Ireland helped to build.

England has ever treated Ireland with a merciless severity. From the fateful day on which the Plantagenet king landed on her shores the English have swept along through her green valleys, planting their unhallowed footsteps deep in blood and tears. I do not wish to open widely the dark pages of Ireland's history. There are landmarks in that history as black as the shades of Hades, epochs the mention of which causes Humanity herself to hang her head and blush. With a shudder we read of the long, dark night, of the Penal Days when 'twas treason to be a Milesian," when the Irish altars were desecrated and the Irish priesthood were banned and outlawed, with a price on their heads as on the heads of ravening wolves. Yet in that dismal time of woe and suffering did any apostacy, did any treason cast a stain on the annals of Ireland. No; thank God, a thousand times No! No schism, no heresy ever sprang from the soil of Ireland. The Irish people kept the lamp of Faith bright and burning before their God and handed it down to their children as the most precious heirloom they had in their power to bequeath. And that lamp still burns brightly in Ireland; Saxon nor Norman, Dane nor Devil, nor all the powers of darkness and

Hell could ever prevail against it to quench one spark of its holy light.

Then we have the bloody march of Cromwell, that "scourge of God" as historians fitly term him. The soul sickens at the thought of the brutalities and outrages of this fiend in human form. Neither age nor youth he spared. Oh! how many of the fair young virgins of Erin had to fly to unfrequented woods and dells and mountain fastness to preserve their purity from the ruthless savagery of Cromwell and his horrible hounds of war. The chief characteristics of Cromwell's bloody march through Ireland, were smoking homesteads, desecrated shrines and outraged virtue. The Irish people got their option of "Hell or Connaught," but they preferred the latter, thinking that the former would be small enough for the psalm-singing Oliver himself. Truly Ireland's sun had set behind the blood-stained hills of despair and death. Reader I will draw the friendly cloak of oblivion over these sad pages of Ireland's sad history and summarize what I would say, by quoting the words of the greatest living historian, a Protestant Irishman, Mr. William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

"The past of English Government of Ireland," says Mr. Lecky, "has been a tissue of brutality and hypocrisy scarcely if at all surpassed in History." Yet what does the past history of Ireland reveal in face of all this brutality and hypocrisy Mr. Lecky speaks of? It tells of a race that has never decayed; it tells of a people who have never lost their faith or their love; it tells of a nation as strong in its every purpose to-day, for every high and holy aspiration as in the ages that are past, and gone for ever.

Though for the past 890 years Ireland has beheld waving from her turrets the banner of an alien race, to-day she still remains unconquered and unconquerable. One cannot help thinking that a land which has suffered so much without being swept off the earth altogether. I cannot help thinking indeed, that God Almighty must have a great future before her. The days of her sufferings one may think are over. The great Liberal Party of England, the party of enlightenment and progress, the party whose eyes are not blinded by religious fanaticism and a racial hatred, has at last

extended the hand of friendship to long suffering Ireland. Instead of sending subjugators and exterminators across St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea with the sword in one hand and the Saxon Bible in the other, they send over ambassadors of peace bearing aloft the olive branch and proclaiming aloud that holy motto proclaimed at the dawn of redemption, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

They no longer look on the Irish people as Helots and Ishmaelites, a nation of Idolaters worshipping at the shrines of Crom and Baal. At last the English people have realized that the Irish are not so black as they have been painted. And now that England has consented to shake hands across the yawning gulf of centuries of hate and persecution, poor Ireland is endeavouring to prove herself worthy of the confidence reposed in her! Her children have consented to let all the wrongs and sufferings of the past become history, not party politics, and from the teachings of the past they have learned the lessons of mutual respect and toleration for one another, instead of bitterness and enmity. Discord has ever been the bane of Irishmen. It has been the obstacle which has ever barred their way in their onward march to the "Promised land." Tom Moore used to say, "while their enemies join in hate they never join in love." But I think at last Irishmen are about to join hands in friendship for their common weal and drive the demon of discord, irrevocably into the Red Sea. The chasm of religious hate is about to be spanned, and irrespective of class, or creed, or clan, Irishmen are going to take their stand on the broad platform of *Unity*.

"Start not Irishborn man!
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you."

The voices of a united people must be recognized. Forty millions of Irishmen at home and abroad to-day unite their voices in one grand and mighty appeal, clamoring for redress of centuries of oppression and wrong. What power on earth can stand before that clarion appeal for justice! Of course there is an infinitesimal part of the Irish race, which, how-

ever, would not count a molecule in the great whole, that do not raise their voices in consonance with their brethren in demanding justice for their country: on the contrary, strange, as it may seem, these benighted beings raise their feeble voices in a weak and silly clamour for more coercion, more tyranny, more misery and poverty for themselves and their countrymen. I mean the Ulster Orangemen. The Owl circulates in the Universities of the United States. Well probably the word "Orangeman" will sound strange to the ears of an average American. Canadians understand the term, but the American may pause and ask its meaning.

Oh! son of a free land! thou who hast had the good fortune to have been born beneath the sheltering folds of the "Stars and Stripes"—that banner which waves welcome, but at the same time defiance to every alien flag—I will try and tell thee what an Ulster Orangeman is. The Orangeman cannot think for himself. He blindly follows whithersoever he is led and if you ask him why he beats an old goatskin under a broiling July sun and curses a certain old gentleman in far away Imperial Rome, he cannot tell you his reasons for doing so; he has a series of parrot cries consisting of "Derry," "Aughrim" and "The Boyne," "To h—l with the Pope," and "No Surrender," and as the parrot does not understand the words it utters, neither does he. He is a fool,—the tool and the dupe of vile men who use him for their own sordid ends and traffic on his ignorance.

A few Ulster landlords, and one or two Clerical firebrands are the leaders of the Ulster Orangemen. These men work for their own base motives. They well know that their tenure of office and power, depends on how they fan the flame of bigotry and keep it burning, by setting man against man, but their tricks are too transparent not to be seen through by even the most stolid intellect: their standard is almost deserted save by a few of the lowest scum of society—the most ignorant, most depraved and degraded of the human species. However the Orange faction or to use an Americanism—"know nothingism" is dying out, will soon be dead in the North of Ireland. Ere another decade

rolls into the ocean of time, Orangeism will be "a thing of the past."

Every cloud is gradually rolling away from the skies of Ireland, the noonday sun will shortly flood the hills in Freedom's light. It only requires Irishmen to keep cool, to keep steady, and above all united. The grand old pilot of the Liberal ship is steering their bark with an unerring compass into a safe anchorage of peace and contentment, after its being tossed about for seven centuries on the tempestuous seas of strife and bloodshed. Of course the loud-mouthed demagogues of the Tory Party—men like Joe Chamberlain and Arthur James Balfour—for their own aggrandizement will tell you, and come over here to tell it, that Gladstone is going to disintegrate the British Empire and rouse religious strife among men. Is this talk not absurd? Gladstone disintegrate the British Empire!—that empire for which he has done so much—the empire that he devoted his mighty energies and unparalleled talents to build up—he whose wisdom spread the "Union Jack" from almost pole to pole and meridian to meridian. And then the cry of religious liberty! Why has Gladstone not proved himself the great friend of civil and religious liberty?

Gladstone is not going to haul down the "Union Jack"; neither is he going to set up an apotheosis of his own. Oh no! Gladstone in his own wisdom is going to weld the two nations strongly together by the bonds of Friendship and Love. During seven centuries he is the only English Statesman who has successfully solved the Irish problem. A great political mathematician, he has found a key to the mysterious question which puzzled his predecessors.

The Irish people do not want separation from England as some will tell you. Separation is only the dream of the theorist, the vision of a fanatic. Ireland only wants a voice in making her own laws and shaping her own destiny. This she must have and this England will give her if she only remains true to herself.

Therefore I would say to Irishmen the world over—"Be patient! bide your time! join hands in brotherly love; the day of your emancipation is at hand. Soon your long suffering country will rise from the grave of thralldom, shake its dull cements from her fair shoulders and take her place amongst the proudest and fairest of earth's nations."

JOSEPH DEVLIN, '97.



A MOULTED FEATHER.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
 And a certain use in the wood, no doubt,
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about;
 For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle feather!
 Well I forget the rest.

— ROBERT BROWNING, in *Memorabilia*.



The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

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

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

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VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1894. No. 5.

SANCTUM NOTES.

With the present issue the Owl begins its seventh year. Few now in the College were here to witness the stir the first number, sixteen pages, created just six years ago. None of those whose names appear as contributors in Vol. I, are now with us; the last representative of the first editorial staff to depart was Rev. D. A. Campbell, who completed his theological studies in Divinity Hall, last June. The first editors, faced, and overcame great difficulties; the Owl is a monument to their energy and ability.

We drew attention last year to the fact, that rolling the Owl as tightly as possible, and then securing with a strip two or three inches wide, torn from a sheet of foolscap, detracts from its good appearance. Our remarks, we were gratified to notice, for some time reduced the number of copies sent by students in that damaging form. It is again getting large, however, so we repeat: send your Owl, as we do from the sanctum, without rolling or folding, in a wrapper which will entirely cover it, and it will be more highly appreciated by your friends.

* * *

Why do not the many exchanges which monthly come to the sanctum, find their way to the students' reading room? They would furnish much desirable reading matter, give an insight into college life in other institutions, and, we believe, convince Ottawa men that they may well be proud of Alma Mater, and of our Wise Bird. We are ready to hand over scores of the best college publications to the Reading Room Committee, if files are provided for them. Our exchange list is longer and better than any we have seen published by other college journals.

A SECOND WORD.

An occasion for fault-finding presents itself at every turn to one so inclined, and hence it is that as a rule little attention is paid to those who are habitually complaining and grumbling. On perusing college vehicles of thought, one cannot fail to perceive that the average student is more prone to ventilate his grievances and annoyances than to bear them patiently. The editors of most university journals seem to feel it their strict duty to devote an editorial every month or so towards the enlightenment of the faculty. One paper, for instance, will suggest that the author-

ties of the institution whence it comes, immediately set about equipping the gymnasium; another journal will call attention to the wretched condition of the campus; still another will declare that the reading-room as at present managed is a disgrace to the college of which it forms a part. Such complaints are sometimes well-founded and sometimes greatly exaggerated. In our opinion, however, this mode of procedure on the part of college journalists is not altogether mere useless fault-finding. There can scarcely be a doubt that students have a right to give utterance to honest, well-digested criticism. It is fitting that they should from the beginning of their course learn to know and to maintain their rights. In this as in all other things, however, moderation should be observed.

Some time ago, we saw fit to make mention of the unsatisfactory condition and management of the student library. It is exceedingly gratifying to see that our remarks have been received in the spirit in which they were given, and have been productive of good fruits. The library is now placed "on a business footing." Many of its heretofore gaping shelves have been furnished with new and choice volumes and the books belonging to it can now be had at a minute's notice. Under the present and efficient direction the library cannot fail to prosper. The students should, and we feel certain do, appreciate the praise-worthy efforts of the prefect of discipline in making much needed improvements in the library. Let us show our appreciation by faithfully and generously complying with the regulations laid down for those wishing to make use of the books.

KINDNESS.

What noble sentiments are aroused with the mention of this word! How universal

its application! Kind words; kind deeds; what powerful instruments for good. Kindness should be the treasured possession of all; but in a precious casket should the student guard it as his brightest jewel. The every day life in college offers opportunities to each student to practice kindness.

How frequently do we find students who enter the university with the best intentions, who are determined to complete their course regardless of sacrifice, but who, perhaps after a week, or a month, are seized with melancholy or disgust for their new life, and without proper consideration leave the university and discontinue their studies? Here is where the kind word is needed, this is where the kind act would have produced its effect. This dispondency might have been easily unrooted; this change, perhaps the blight of a fruitful life, might have been avoided by one kind word; for "Rich gifts cannot the sinking heart uplift, but by kind words its inmost depths are stirred." Students of a happy disposition can have no idea of the worth of even a single word of encouragement kindly spoken to a melancholy companion. The latter is forced, as it were, to throw off that bothersome and heavy cloak which drags him into discontentment, and assume the light and pleasant garb of his companion.

When the embryo of such mighty effects is virtually contained in one kind word, how much greater effect must a kind act have, which is we say the theory brought to real practice! There are indeed students of a reckless character, on whom a kind word or a kind act may seem to have no effect, but sooner or later they must acknowledge its value. Ere long they are found enlisted in the cheerful ranks.

Should not every student endeavor to practice kindness when it is productive of

such good results? Cultivate this practice which is averse to selfishness, which cannot exist together with pride, which is a bitter enemy of jealousy. Let each student have a kind word for the despondent, let none be wanting in kind deeds, knowing that "A kindly act is a kernel sown, that will grow to a goodly tree; shedding its fruit when time has flown down the gulf of eternity."

— ♦ —

VOCATION.

A most grave question, one to which every student must give his sincerest attention is that of vocation. For us students, who are now preparing to launch our bark upon the sea of life, this should be the all important subject of consideration, lest not being fully prepared and having a course not perfectly mapped out, we may fall victims to the raging winds and the merciless waves. Everyone, when studying, should have before him an object: he should ever think of that with which he is hereafter to be engaged, and by every means in his power endeavor to prepare himself to perform the duties attendant on it.

Those who study with no definite object in view, have no ambition to spur them on; they have no goal to gain and consequently easily acquire habits of carelessness and indolence. When students, who spend their college days in such a manner as this, come to that stage at which they are expected to take part in the affairs of the outside world, they are in great embarrassment. They have no determination to succeed in any path of life: but, if that which they first choose does not suit them, they enter another. Thus they continue, and, as the rolling stone gathers no moss, so they, in most instances, fail to gain success.

How different with him who has resolved

upon a definite course! Ever applying himself, and unwilling to be enticed by the false allurements which meet him, he prepares himself to battle with the world. In college he has encouraged habits of determination, regularity, and application, and these thereafter will be to him of inestimable value. He will certainly meet with adversity, but will be a victor to his trials by perseverance. His life will be useful and happy, and he can look back upon his youthful days with satisfaction, to know that those hopes to which he then looked forward and which cost him so much noble exertion, have, in part, at least, been realized.

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WELL WORTH ATTENTION.

Proficiency in any art means power. No one can excel in everything, but the student who has the ability to do well in some special branch of knowledge, and through neglect or sloth fails to do so, undoubtedly is guilty of injustice to himself. On more than one occasion we have pointed out the rare opportunities afforded in this institution for the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. Of course some may think that music and classical training have but little in common. This is an erroneous notion. A college course is intended to prepare those who follow it for the battle of life. To know Latin and Greek is a very good thing, and supposes a great amount of toilsome labor, but a good singer, or a good musician of any kind, is far more welcome in social circles than a pedant. And as students are to live in society, and even be leaders there, surely they should not think the art of music beneath their attention.

Music is not only an accomplishment, but its study develops the faculties of the mind just as any other subject taught in a University course. What better training

is there than vocal music for one who aspires at becoming a public speaker? Many of the students see the advantages to be had from the study of music, and join one or other of the different musical organizations in the college. But this is not enough. Untiring perseverance is the only sure road to success. The fact of belonging to the band or to the choir will not make any one a musician unless he attends the practices and makes the best of the advantages placed at his disposal. There is no reason why Ottawa University should not have a first-class choir and a first-class band. There are in our midst quite a number of good vocalists, and their merits would soon become conspicuous if they would but form a singing class and have regular practices. Let the vocalists, the members of the band, let all who follow a course of music, whether vocal or instrumental arouse themselves, practice conscientiously and perseveringly, and we feel certain that before many months the boys of '93-'94, can boast of musical organizations equal in proficiency, if not superior, to those of any preceding year.

ORDINATIONS.

Two days previous to the great feast of the Nativity of our Lord His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, ordained the following in the Basilica :

Priest—A. Bellemare, O.M.I. Deacons—B. Pilon, O. Corbeil, P. Philion, G. Tourchette, and C. Lambert, O.M.I. Subdeacons—Wm. McCauley, H. Major, Bro. Sebastin, and Bro. Maritius. Minor orders—Bro. Paschal, Bro. Barnibas and Bro. Evo. Tonsure—H. Delmas, O.M.I., and P. Gagné, O.M.I.

Rev. Father Bellemare was a prefect of discipline in the University last year. On Sunday, the 14th of January, he celebrated High Mass in the University Chapel. He goes forth to his labors in the Lord's vineyard accompanied by the

best wishes of many warm friends here.

On the same date the Rev. T. M. Donovan was raised to the priesthood at St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass. Father Donovan made his classical course in Ottawa University and graduated with the degree of B.A. in June, '90. He studied theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and in the Catholic University, Washington. The Owl and his many old friends still among us, wish him success in his new career.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Prince Maximilian, nephew of the King of Saxony, has been ordained a priest. The ceremony was performed at Reichstadt, Saxony, on the 29th of December last.

There are more students of Irish blood in the different Roman Universities than of any other foreign nationality. At the conferring of degrees lately in the Propaganda, nineteen of the forty-five Doctors in Philosophy and Theology bore Irish names. This is another illustration of the truth referred to by Cardinal Manning, when he said that at the Vatican Council, St. Patrick could claim more mitres than any other Apostle.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, who was Speaker of the House about half a century ago, has contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* for January, his reminiscences of Daniel Webster, particularly in regard to his reply to Hayne and his general methods of preparation for his wonderful oratorical efforts. Mr. Winthrop is one of the few men living who knew Webster intimately in his prime, and this paper is one of unusual interest.

A short time ago Right Rev. Bishop Keane read a paper on "The Relation of Philosophy with Science" before the Society for Philosophical Inquiry, in the philosophical lecture room of the Columbian University. The paper has been pronounced one of the ablest, if not the ablest, ever read before the Society.

For many years it has seemed a settled fact that St. Patrick was a native of France, though many Scotchmen claim the great apostle as a fellow-countryman. But now comes the Rev. Albert Barry, C. SS. R., with an able article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in which he maintains that St. Patrick was a native of North Wales. The Saint's father, Calphurnus, the gifted writer, attempts to prove, held a high office in the Brito-Roman city of Caer- Legion or Caerleon, on the Dee, the modern Chester. Like the other magistrates and civil rulers of that city, he possessed a country villa, and Father Barry concludes that this villa must have been in the Vale of the Clwyd, where, according to ancient Irish writers, Saint Patrick was born. The Vale of the Clwyd is, it is true, many miles from Chester, but in those days, observes the rev. gentleman, "well-trained steeds bore men to and fro upon the splendid Roman road." Father Barry's contention, whether it be accepted or rejected, must excite wide-spread interest.

The following clipped from the New York *Ledger* will be of interest to all geological students. At a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Madison, Wisconsin, an interesting paper on "The Age of the Earth" was read by Professor C. D. Walcott, of Washington. He places the age of the earth at about 45,000,000 years, dividing the periods of geological time as follows:

	Years.
Cenozoic (including Pleis- tocene) about	2,900,000
Mesozoic	7,240,000
Paleozoic	17,500,000
Algonkian	17,500,000
<hr/>	
Total time of sedimentary rocks	45,140,000

While this estimate is less than that made by many authorities, it is not so low as that made by several. Winchell placed the age of the world at about 25,000,000 years; Lyell made it 240,000,000; Darwin, in a general way, placed it at 200,000,000; Geikie at 73,000,000. Other estimates range from 100,000,000 to 600,000,000 years. At the rate of the deposit

in the ocean to-day, it would require, he calculates, 1,200,000 years to deposit the 6,000 feet of limestone, which cover an area of 400,000 square miles on the plateau of Utah and Nevada, that were formerly sea-bottom. The sandstones in the same region and shales are 15,000 feet thick, and for their deposit he assigns 16,000,000 years. With these figures as a unit, he reaches the conclusion given in the table cited above.

St George Mivart, in an article in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, shows that, both in his written articles and in his submission to the decrees of the Sacred Congregation, he was guided by what he believed to be the dictates of reason and sound judgment. He also shows clearly that the Pope, when teaching *ex-Cathedra*, cannot fall into error either as regards faith or morals. Mivart then gives the various grounds on which a book may be condemned, and concludes his article with the following words: "Whatever may be the fallibility of this or that authority, I have certainly not the least pretension to be infallible myself! Therefore there may be theological errors, quite unknown to me, in my articles, and it is at least certain that in some passages their tone was such that offence might easily have been given. Moreover it cannot surely be supposed, I think myself an unerring judge as to the opportuneness of what I may have advanced. What is lawful is not always expedient. Obviously even the absolute truth must not be used and everywhere proclaimed." This paper proves conclusively that St. George Mivart is a great scientist, but a greater Christian. In Mivart we find an example of the true Christian scientist, who, though placing confidence in the power of man's intellect, still remembers that the human mind is finite and liable to err, and that, consequently, there is a sphere beyond which all is shrouded in mystery that cannot be penetrated by human reason.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of this popular magazine surpasses

even its usual high standard. It is adorned throughout with many splendid engravings. Such excellent articles as "Germany and the Catholic Party," "Economic wrongs as a woman sees them," "Are Catholics tolerant!" would win a fair name for any magazine. "What's to be done?" an article on the course which the American Congress should adopt since it has repealed the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, deserves special mention on account of the masterly manner in which the writer treats this vexed question.

THE ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.—Cardinal Manning says: "All works of charity are good, but the surest and best are two.—The education of children and of priests. Indeed the latter contains the former; for there is no spiritual work which a true pastor will not accomplish; the seeds of all good works are in his heart." Hence we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an easy opportunity for all to encourage these two desirable objects. The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have established an institution at Watertown, N.Y., which aims at helping deserving young men who aspire to the priesthood to follow their vocation in spite of straitened circumstances. *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* has been issued for the Christmas holidays in the interest of the work, 25 cents will procure a copy of this publication and a certificate entitling the holder to the spiritual advantages of benefactors of the School. Address Rev. F. Derichemont, M. S. H., Watertown, N.Y.

THE WEEK.—A journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts. Published in Toronto, Ont. This journal is generally replete with interesting articles on the various subjects included in its programme. The burning questions of the day are usually discussed in an impartial manner.

THE COLORED HARVEST.—Published at Baltimore, Ind., with the approbation of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. This paper is published and sold for the benefit of St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College. The aim of

the institution is to prepare young men for the priesthood, that they may go forth and spread the glad tidings of the Gospel among the poor, despised negroes. All should subscribe for the *Colored Harvest* and thus aid the good work. Business letters should be addressed to Rev. J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Ind.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.—In the January number of this magazine we notice two contributions from the able pen of Charles Gordon Rogers, who is too well known to our readers to require an introduction. "An Impression" an exquisite piece of poetry composed in beautiful and simple words, describes the delicious and lasting impression made upon a youth by a face "strangely sweet" which he had seen "in the frosty street." "A Christmas story without a Plot" proves Mr. Rogers to be a story writer of no mean order. He who composes a Christmas story, enters upon a well-beaten path, and is in great danger of becoming a mere imitator of the host who have preceded him. Mr. Rogers steers clear of this Scylla and is original and natural. Despite the title, we find many little plots in "A Christmas story without a Plot." We see many "Ketchums" in the busy, hum-drum world, who are imposed upon by the "Dobsons."

EXCHANGES.

Christmas has come and gone, and judging from the large number of tastefully gotten up special issues of exchanges before us, we feel that the season of "peace and good will" has been honored in a right royal fashion, at least, by college journalists. We heartily congratulate the editors of the many excellent holiday numbers before us, and confidently hope that all their undertakings during the coming year will be crowned with as much success.

The *Randolph Macon Monthly*, contains a thoughtful article entitled, "Relation of Moral to Intellectual Development." Its author makes a plea for moral development in educational institutions. He speaks the truth when he says: "Many

popular works of fiction give countenance to the belief that piety and intellectual poverty are closely allied. They do not boldly affirm that this is true--that religion flourishes mostly in mental weakness--but their whole trend gives support to this notion." The writer treats his subject ably enough, but we fail to see that he suggests any practical remedy for the prevailing spirit antagonistic to piety, of which he so bitterly complains. In our humble opinion the mere reading of the Bible in the public schools will not avail much towards the attainment of the end desired.

The Christmas number of the *Dial*, has an attractive appearance. Its contents are fairly interesting.

The special number of the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, is filled with short spicy articles. We fail to see in it any original poetry. In fact, at present there seems to be a more than usual lack of original verse in the majority of our exchanges. "There is ever a calm before a storm" says the sage, and his saying just at present makes us think of Spring, Gentle Spring!

Dr. Harper is authority for the statement that only one college president in the United States receives as much as \$10,000 per annum, President Jordan, of Leland Standford, and only two others as much as \$8,000. Ex.

The corps of editors of the *University of Chicago Weekly*, are paid for their services. At the Boston University the faculty has voted to allow work done on college papers to count an hour's work in the course, allowing seven hours per week for the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants. Ex.

The Christmas issue of the *Bates Student* contains a neat engraving of the editorial staff of that journal. The *Student* is slightly overburdened with editorials. They are all, however, pointed, and well written.

SOCIETIES.

A largely attended meeting of the members of the Senior Debating Society

was held shortly after the Christmas holidays, for the purpose of selecting a committee and transacting other business. The French students having determined that it would not be advisable for them to form a separate society this year, have amalgamated with the senior society and will hereafter take part in its regular debates. The following were chosen to form the committee of management for the coming year:--J. Murphy, C. Mea, W. Walsh and E. Fleming. Rev. Father Patton will be director.

A large audience was present at the first debate of the Senior Debating Society. Not was it at all disappointed for the contending speakers ably upheld the opposite sides of the question under consideration. The subject of debate was,--Resolved that the indiscriminate adoption of modern inventions merely to expedite labor is baneful to the best interests of society.--Messrs Murphy and Holland, supported the affirmative; Messrs McDougal and Quilty the negative. The vote was a close one, the negative securing a majority of only five. Several members spoke from the house.

At a meeting of the Junior Debating Society, composed of the Fourth Grade, and the First, Second and Third forms, those elected to office are as follows:--President, E. McCabe; vice-president, J. Tobin; committee, O. Laplante, J. Ryan, E. McDowall and E. Donegan. Rev. Father Howe has been asked to act as director.

The first debate of the Junior Society was also largely attended. The subject was,--Resolved that Nero was a better emperor than Caligula. Messrs McCabe and Ryan argued for the affirmative, Messrs Laplante and MacDonald for the negative. The vote gave the victory to the negative by a majority of one, forty-six votes being cast for the affirmative and forty-seven for the negative.

The Scientific Society in a short time will re-commence its entertainments. Those of the students who last year were fortunate enough to attend its interesting

and instructive meetings know what benefits are to be derived from them. The members of the sixth and seventh forms ought especially to take a deep interest in this society, as the topics discussed are of the utmost importance to them and the instruction given can be more thoroughly appreciated by them; as to the members of the other forms, an enjoyable evening could not be spent in a more advantageous manner than by attending the meetings of the Scientific Society. It is to be hoped that the society will uphold the reputation which it has gained for itself in the past, and that the same encouragement, which it has heretofore received from the students, may greet its exertions in the future.

ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

During the two scholastic years preceding the present one, for some reason or other, the annual athletic entertainment was conspicuous by its absence. In fact, looking back with an impartial eye it would seem that athletics generally have been a little on the wane for the past two or three years. It is said to be a historical fact that among enterprising peoples a period of lassitude and ease is ever followed by a more than ordinary display of energy. This seems to be true of the O.U.A.A. This year the Athletic Association, in all its departments, has taken a steady, well measured step forward. Its annual calisthenic entertainment took place on Wednesday, the 20th of Dec. A goodly number of Ottawa's citizens attended, and judging from their frequent outbursts of applause, they found the entertainment an excellent one.

The programme opened with a selection from Mullot excellently rendered by the College Band. Mr. Jos. McDougal then stepped before the curtain and briefly explained the nature of the different performances which were to be presented and pointed out, in a happy way, the many beneficial results accruing to students from participating in gymnastics.

Next followed a hand-drill in which twelve senior students took part. The various movements were neatly gone through with musical accompaniment.

After this the dumb-bell exercises by the juniors so favorably impressed the spectators that they frequently signified their appreciation by hearty applause. After the seniors had gone through a number of movements with indian clubs, Mr. E. Gleeson came forward bar-bell in hand and by his dexterity and coolness soon convinced those present that though only an amateur he can hold his own with the average professional gymnast. A declamation entitled: "La Nuit de Decembre" gracefully rendered by Mr. G. H. Prenoveau brought the first part of the evening's programme to a close.

During the interval the Band furnished choice music. Then followed a farce appropriately named "A Sea of Troubles." The object of the farce of course was to amuse the audience and so well did the different characters do their duty that even the cynic Diogenes would have been obliged to smile, at least, had he been present. The chief features of the second part of the calisthenic exercises, were the walking pyramid and the grand final pyramid. The latter we believe was what the newspaper man would call the "hit" of the evening. The whole affair was a complete success. Great credit is due to Mr. J. O'Brien for his pains-taking efforts in drilling both the senior and junior students in the different exercises which made such a creditable showing.

SPORTING NOTES.

Snowshoeing has always been popular among the students. The present season should witness much activity among the lovers of this healthful exercise, judging from the amount of snow that covers Mother Earth. Some individual trials have been already made with pronounced success. Let us soon see the long and regular tramps of yore.

* * *

The Ottawa Hockey League has been re-established for the season 1894, and is composed of the following clubs:—Ottawa Juniors, Electrics, Ottawa College, and Aberdeens. To make the competition between these young clubs all the more keen, the league intends to purchase a fifty dollar trophy.

The following is the order and date of these games in which the 'Varsity Hockey Club' will take part

Jan. 24th, Ottawa College vs. Ottawa Juniors.

Feb. 2nd, Electrics vs. Ottawa College.

Feb. 14th, Ottawa College vs. Aberdeens.

Feb. 26th, Ottawa Juniors vs. Ottawa College.

Mar. 7th, Ottawa College vs. Electrics.

Mar. 13th, Aberdeens vs. Ottawa College.

* * *

From the schedule the 'Varsity' team is to compete for the city championship in a series of six games, meeting each of the other three teams in two contests.

As the first date, the 26th of January, is not distant, it will be necessary to set to work and commence training in real earnest. Nearly all the players of last year can respond to the call, and good new material is not wanting. If we wish to be in the race for the championship, nearly as much practice and skill will be required as in football, as the rival clubs contain some of the cleverest players in the country.

* * *

A new feature, and a good one, is the formation of a cadet corps. An experienced instructor has been secured. After the first essay at drilling he pronounced himself delighted with the evident pleasure and spirit with which all enter into this excellent exercise. Drilling will take place three times a week.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

More than two weeks having now elapsed since the beginning of the present term the Junior Editor considers that a mere mention of the fact that the college has re-opened is sufficient to convince his readers, especially that portion of them who spent the Xmas vacation at their respective homes, that such is truly a reality. Whether the present term, with regard to athletic sports, will be characterized by lethargy or activity, depends to a great extent upon the Juniors themselves, but especially upon those in whose hands is the management

of the affairs of the Athletic Association. We trust that the business ardor with which the officers were animated for a few weeks previous to the expiration of the past term, may not be cooled to any appreciable extent by the reaction which will likely succeed the indulgence in festivities during the Xmas season. An association resembles a living body in that it is composed of a head and different members. The officers constitute the head and the rank and file, the members. The head is the source of all action, and it matters little how robust and active the members may be, if the head is not capable of performing its proper functions. It is quite evident then, that it is the duty of the officers of the J.A.A. to do their utmost to accomplish what is required of them in order that the present season may be a pleasant and successful one.

The Juniors have constructed a large and commodious hockey rink, which will likely be the scene of many exciting contests during the winter. The different teams will be organized in a few days and as usual, will be composed of nothing but the best material.

Through the efforts of Rev. Father Larganière the Junior Snow-shoe club has been re-organized. A large number of the students will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity of participating in the many pleasant tramps which will take place, from time to time, during the winter.

The "Lawrence Bard" was tendered a very warm reception upon his return a few days ago. He is at present dispensing some of the latest jokes, but his experience at the World's Fair will, doubtless, furnish some interesting themes for his poetic pen.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of December:—

First Grade	{	1. S. Tctu.
		2. J. Burke.
		3. A. Aumond.
Second Grade	{	1. D. Morrison.
		2. J. Tobin.
		3. W. Burke.

Third Grade B { 1. P. Turcotte.
2. T. Bradley.
3. G. Casman.

Third Grade A { 1. J. Stuber.
2. L. Street.
3. J. Dempsey.

Fourth Grade { 1. D. Kearns.
2. E. Lonegan.
3. J. Jacques.

sible position in the employ of the C.P.R. at Schreiber, Ont., is in the city on a holiday visit to relatives and friends. He was much surprised at the growth of his *Alma Mater*, and could scarcely realize that the St. Joseph's College of his student days had evolved into the present University.

Mr. Albert Morel, commercial graduate of '88 has returned to the city from South Dakota, and accepted a situation in the Department of the Interior.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Rev. Mr. C. C. Delany, '91, has gone to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, to more fully prepare himself for the sacred dignity of the priesthood. After spending some time in France he will continue his studies in Rome, the fountain-head of Catholic truth. It affords us great pleasure to have this opportunity of acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude which we owe to Mr. Delany for the many valuable services which he was ever ready to perform in the interest of the OWL. His graceful poetry and finished prose have done much to win for our journal a fair name. We wish our ex-editor thorough success in his new labors. Our present number shows that distance does not prevent Mr. Delany from giving very tangible proofs of interest in *Alma Mater* and her journal.

Mr. Jobson Paradis, a member of the class of '90, is engaged in the study of painting and drawing in Paris, France. May his well-known artistic tastes and talents lead on to a successful career!

We learn with pleasure that Mr. J. T. McNally, '92, and Mr. Thos. Curran, '91, are winning golden opinions for themselves at the Propaganda, Rome. Mr. McNally lately obtained the degree of Ph. D. and Mr. Curran that of B. D. We extend our sincere congratulations to both gentlemen.

Mr. Alfred O'Connor, an old student of the seventies, now occupying a respon-

Rev. James McKechnie of the class of '85 is now a curate in Worcester, Mass.

SUBRIDENDO.

FOOTBALL.

I took the gentle Annabel
To see a football game
And thus unto a friend of hers
Did she describe the same :

"O May, you should have seen them play,
'Twas such a lovely sight ?
And though the first game I had seen
I understood it quite.

"First came the Vales, all dressed in blue,
Then Harvard came in red,
One fellow yelled, the rest all tried
To jump upon his head.

"And then one fellow stopped and stooped,
And all the rest got round :
And every fellow stopped and stooped
And looked hard at the ground.

"And then another fellow yelled,
And each man where he stood,
Just hit, and struck, and knocked and kicked
At every one he could.

"And then one fell upon his neck,
And all the others ran,
And on his prone and prostrate form
Leaped every blessed man.

"And then the ambulance drove on,
And loading up with men
With twisted necks and broken lungs,
Went driving off again.

"Oh, football's just the cutest game!
It cannot be surpassed;
But yet it really is a shame
To use up men so fast."

—*Boston Courier.*

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

Why is it that in summer time,
Your piece of ice is small,
While in the early winter time
You seem to get it all?

And this is capable of proof,
Despite the well-known facts,
That heat invariably expands,
And cold always contracts.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEN AND NOW.

"The world is mine," he said,
As he proudly left old Yale,
With the firm belief that he
Held the world fast by the tail.
But the years have come and gone,
And his spirit has grown meek:
He is selling tape and thread
Earning just fifteen a week.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

ULULATUS.

Deed it an, niggah!

Sandy can't be coming back, *can he?*

Say down dare, after you.

The boys fear that maple sugar will be scarce,
as there are no signs of sap.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED.

In the quiet stairway corner,
Our College timepiece stood,
Its face was like white marble,
And its body was made of wood;
But last month came an evil day,
Its pendulum ceased to swing,
No longer it marked the hours of time,
Nor did its tocsin ring.

Then a placard was placed upon it,
'Twas a very uncommon sight,
Upon which was legibly written,
The following words, "Not right;"
Then the head they took from the body,
That head more precious than gold,
And placed it aloof on the window,
Exposed to the frost and cold.

When the externs came next morning,
Each in amazement peered,
At the face so sad and solemn,
And the casement all besmeared;
Some turned at the foot of the stair case,
And homeward retraced their way,
To tell their friends of this College clock,
That had strangely gone astray.

It stood the test of work for years,
And faithfully played its part
It is a precious heirloom,
Dear to every College heart.
Old clock you now are fixed anew,
To your old time fame ascend,
Have the bells to ring at their proper time,
And the routine right again.

All persons are hereby warned to cover their
mirrors when filou strays around.

His masterpiece is "A Snowshoe Tramp at
Midnight."

What a pretty little moustache he got ready
during the holidays.

The keen Gatineau air has not only hurried on
the growth of Jean's asparagus, but has also im-
parted a rich and glossy color.