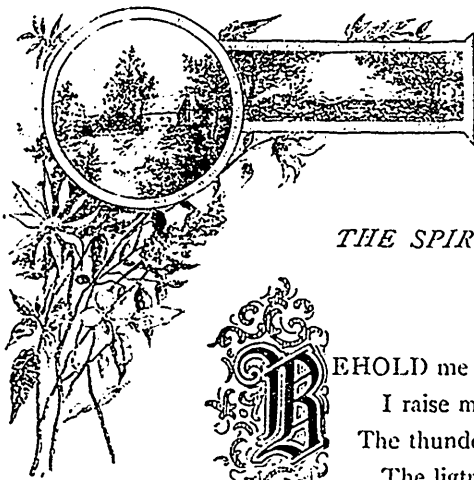


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THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.



BEHOLD me! Spirit of the Storm!
I raise my hand, the waves dash high,
The thunder crashes loud and free,
The lightning cleaves the lurid sky,
The ships upon the ocean's breast,
At my command, are torn and tost,
And no one sees each ship go down,
Nor hears the awful cry of "Lost!"

But sometimes all my strength departs,
Bound down as with an iron chain
My strong will seems, and all my words
Are truly fruitless and in vain ;
I feel my savage power decrease,
The winds and waves another voice obey,
Which whispers calmy, softly : " Peace ! "

L. T.

A PERICLESIAN RETROSPECT.



PERICLES is no longer a denizen of this world. This is one of the few moss-grown facts upon which the amiable race of chroniclers have agreed not to disagree, consequently, the mournful intelligence wasted to us through the long vista of centuries that have passed since the "Golden Age" of Greece, is in every respect worthy of implicit belief.

Pericles died—became a cherub—and was "gathered to his fathers," in the year B. C. 428. Notwithstanding the remoteness of the event, and the pianissimo influence of time in subduing our emotions, we naturally feel chagrined at being forced to concentrate our crocodile-ic pathos in the usual exponent of grief—an extensive Sahara like *mouchoir*—an expedient to which the American humorist had recourse while viewing the grave of his "revered parent," Adam, in the far-distant East.

Uncomplimentary, as it may seem to the memory of the brilliant Athenian, it is indisputably true, that the catastrophe extinguishing one of the brightest stars that ever rose above the Greek horizon, in no wise disarranged the machinery of the universe, nor (thanks, perhaps, to the scarcity of Joshuas) caused the sun of progression to "stand still."

Let us close our Israelitish eyes to the charms of the "golden-bovine," our ears to the aggressive sounds of modern civilization, and, deaf to the jangle of confused noises issuing from this great nineteenth century "work-shop" of a world—fly on the wings of fancy to Greece—the land of music and poetry, and the home of Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Anaxagoras and a host of other illustrious men. We will enter Athens at twilight, the hour best adapted to dreaming, and rest our practical selves on the rock of the Acropolis, in the shadow of the Pantheon. The pediments of the superb statue of Pallas Athene ornamenting the Pantheon, and supposed to be the chef-d'oeuvre of the immortal Phidias, are among the treasures of the British Museum, a fact eloquent of

the development of the national organ of acquisitiveness. It would not be a matter of much surprise, if, sometime in the future, an enterprising antiquarian were to unearth the core of that dramatic apple of Arcadian renown, whereby hung no less a tale than "Paradisé Lost." We will suppose the heat and tumult of the day over, and everything wrapped in that peaceful quiet peculiar to the hour when—"Day, like a Pilgrim reaches the western gate of heaven, and Evening stoops down to loosen the latches of his silver shoon."

How beautiful the city looks bathed in the soft colors of the glorious sunset! Now that the un-pharisaical sun no longer brings the ravages of time and weather into conspicuous prominence, the Corinthian facades of the houses look almost beautiful in the fading light. The streets are comparatively deserted, save by occasional groups of laughing children. The men are gathered picturesquely about the Doric columns of the Portico, listening enraptured to their beloved Socrates, while the women sit in the low door-ways chatting or hushing their children with some softly murmured Homeric, Sapphic or Pindaric fragment. The modern lullaby had not yet broken upon the ear of profundity—saturated infancy, and one cannot fancy the metaphysical eye-lids of Grecian baby-hood condescending to close to anything less than an epic set to slow music. Imagine "Young America" sauntering into dream land to the strains of Goethe's "Faust!"

It is not difficult to conceive juvenility of the Periclesian Age ignoring the usual preliminary *Ma* and *Pa*, and exercising its untrained vocal organs in an exhaustive analysis of the Eleatic, Pythagorean or Stoic philosophy. The time of Pericles stands out conspicuous among the ages of the world for the number of great men it produced.

The century before had been favored with the philosophy of Xenophanes—who founded the Eleatic school—and Pythagoras had come home from a sojourn in Egypt and Babylon impatient to astonish the Athenians—(ever ready to "hear something new") with that fantastic error—the Transmigration of Souls.

Notwithstanding the unselfish appropriation of the garden of ideas by the "Lords of Creation," there were a few adventurous woman writers, chief among whom shone Sappho, the greatest of Greek poetesses. (600 B.C.)

But the second period of Greek literature was made particularly conspicuous by the lyrical poems of Simonides and Pindar—the "Theban Eagle"—and the genius of Herodotus—called by his appreciative contemporaries—(who had not learned the amiable art of withholding applause until petitioned for acknowledgment by the virtue-inscribed tombstone) "The Father of History."

If one of the fair Greek maidens ferried over the Styx by grim Charon, would be permitted to bid farewell to Elysian fields for a brief sojourn on earth, what overwhelming metamorphoses would meet her gaze. She would be especially appalled at the transitory nature of all things pertaining to this "Vortex of existence"—all but the live-for-ever race of termagants, who, like a certain domestic animal, are numerously endowed in the matter of lives, and who have not lost an atom of the acidity peculiar to shrews—from the fretful spouse of the wise Socrates down to sharp-tongued Dame Van Winkle. If the maiden, newly arrived from Elysium, were possessed with a grain of discernment she would not hesitate to decide that Zantippe deserved the olympic palm in the acid tournament, for, knowing the gun-powdery temperament of the Athenian shrew, one can't imagine that the pacific Socrates ever had even a moderately comfortable dose, while every one is aware of the goodness of Dame Van Winkle in indulging her timid spouse in his genius for sleep.

Had the unconventional call of the telephone been audible in the Periclesian Age, one could easily imagine the sort of conversation carried on between Mr. and Mrs. Socrates over the wires. The telephone interview would doubtless open with the usual prefatory "Hello!" repeated with different modulations of the voice, and ending with an impatient staccato. Let us picture the ugly philosopher stationed at one end of the line and the peppery Madame Socrates, in a high state of agitation, at the other. "Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!!" "Is that you Zantippe?" (Drat the man) "Of course it's ME, who

else did you think it was? What possessed you to bother me just now of all times when the greens are on the verge of burning, and the meat done to a crisp, I'm sure I can't tell." "There, there, Zantippe," comes over the wires in a persuasive, soothing monotone, "don't worry yourself into a fever over a handful of greens. The fact is—Hello!—did you catch that? the fact is, Plato, Alcibiades and myself have had difficulty in settling some knotty question of vital importance, so you will have to postpone dinner an hour or so later than usual."

This was doubtless the occasion on which the amiable Zantippe showered linguistic torpedoes upon her Caudleized spouse, together with the chilly contents of a water-pail, causing him to smilingly remark that "after thunder follows rain." Would that the Socrates of earth were not lost among the overwhelming army of dudes that have descended upon modern ages and threaten to stare undude-fied humanity out of conscience from behind the impressive eye-glass.

After all, dandyism is a measles that seems to have afflicted mankind with more or less fatality since the days of Cæsar—who, we are told, paused in the excitement of battle to brush a speck of dust from his carefully-draped toga.

Despite the hosts of elderly wiseacres perpetually wagging their dubious heads over the question of the superiority of modern civilization, let us ignore the absence of a Pericles to gild our century—and although we cannot boast a Socrates we have occasion to rejoice in the possession of the apostle of aestheticism and the Crowned Prince of Pugilists—what more do we want? That jaunt into the long-ago, has no philosophical bearings, no harm is meant in fact nothing is meant, it is but a bit of vagabondage, such as one is apt to drift into at twilight when the fitfulness of the "clear—obscure" gets into the tongue, I mean the pen, because in my case there is no one within talking reach just now, but I was beguiled into conversational shiftlessness (which THE OWL alone could endure) not to be thought of in broad daylight. What a deal of comfort there is in vagabondage of all sorts, owlsh conversational in particular! Relieved of the responsibility of filling up pauses: with a lot of verbal débris, nothing is pleasanter than to loaf around inside

one's self now and then. I suppose, though if indulged in too frequently it will lead to mental pauperism. Fancy the erection of lugubrious buildings with the legend over the door (in golden letters on an ebony back-ground!) "Home for Mental

Indigents." Let's keep away from that Home (?) even though quite determined to go a sauntering now and then here and there, without aim or motive.

M. L. T

A RONDEL.



LAUGHTER and smiles outweigh all trials,
 Whene'er, where e'er, whose e'er, they be,
 And loop-holes for escape we see
 From out all dangers, at all whiles,
 If we but watch with eyes merry ;
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,
 And follow after if we flee.
 The early morn their charms beguiles,
 Only to ask, to gain, need we,
 Their faithful guard through all life's wiles.
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,
 Whene'er, where e'er, whose e'er they be !

L. M.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD IN ENGLISH
LITERATURE.



MHILST Englishmen have just cause to be proud of their intellectual growth as expressed in their literature, they have also reason to regret certain phases of that growth as tending rather to tarnish than to brighten their national fame. And of such a character is the literature of the transition period. True, it must be admitted that this period, extending as it did from the breaking out of the civil war to the advent of William, Prince of Orange, was not favorable to literature, owing to the unsettled state of political affairs in England. But we do not complain so much of the quantity as of the quality of the writings then produced. They are indelibly stamped with two characteristics that, fortunately, have long ceased to form the stock in trade of English authors; a servile imitation of French ideas and taste, and a moral turpitude the more blameworthy that it was universal. In the writings of Milton only are these features not found; in their place are characteristics that entitle him to be ranked as an author of the Shakesperian age. All the other authors, from the poet laureate to the merest scribbler, sought to fill their compositions with obscene allusions and to write them in the French style and as much as possible in the French language. In a poem by Dryden, for instance, on the coronation of Charles the Second the following lines are to be found:

"Hither in summer evenings you repair,
To taste the fraicheur of the cooler air."

The melodious Tuscan so much studied during the reign of Elizabeth was now neglected. To quote 'Greek or Latin was pedantic, but to garnish speech with scraps of French was the height of good breeding. The better to imitate their French Masters the English authors translated the tragedy in rhyme but it soon dropped and died. As imitation is not a characteristic of the English people one is naturally led to enquire how it came to be so extensively practiced at the time under discussion. The answer is soon

found. France had then attained the zenith of her glory. In arms she had no superior; in literature no equal. What other country could point to poets like Racine, prose writers like Fénelon orators like Bossuet? The literary glory of Spain had set; that of Germany had not yet dawned. In England the Shakesperian age of colossal intellectual power had passed away; the age of scrupulous correctness and classic purity had not yet been ushered in. Hence France was without a rival. She ruled the world with a power more absolute than that of the Roman empire; for when Rome was the military master of Greece she was her intellectual slave. Here then is the reason why French words, French ideas and French taste passed as native coin in England. It would have been well if English writers, whilst they so scrupulously modeled their ideas and language upon French patterns, had also imitated French morality. For whatever be the character of contemporaneous French literature that of the age under consideration was in general irreproachable from a moral standpoint. But they chose rather to take the dross and leave the gold. Their writings one and all are marked with a hard-hearted shameless licentiousness at once revolting and inhuman. But the evil to a certain degree brought its own remedy. The writers of that period did not realize that drapery is more attractive than exposure, and that the imagination is caught more by delicate hints which leave it ground to exert itself than by gross descriptions whereby all speculation is put to an end. The drugs they administered were so strong as to produce nausea; and this nausea at length brought about a reaction. But in the interim they wallowed in the mire to their hearts' content. Whilst this depraved spirit pervaded all literature it was in the drama especially that it thrust itself forward in all its hideousness. And to this do the plays of that age owe their banishment from the modern stage. Many of them are of undoubted excellence and were it not for their depraved character would beyond doubt be amongst the foremost plays of the day. To the student

history this universal turpitude of literature admits of an easy explanation. When the Puritans first became known as a distinct sect, their peculiar attire, long faces and scriptural phrases were a constant butt for the wit of the gallants of the court. This went on for two generations, but in spite of it the saints became more and more numerous; at length they rose up in their might, conquered, and grimly smiling, trod down the scoffers without mercy. To them books were the instruments of the devil, and authors his agents, to be treated accordingly. The theatres were closed, the actors were flogged. But this could not last. The violent contraction of so elastic a spring must be followed by a recoil as violent. And so it proved. No sooner was the Restoration an accomplished fact than this recoil was felt in all its force; everything that the Puritan had effected was now execrated. Because he had been scrupulous about small things; a total disregard for all that is right and proper was now shown; because he had preached a stern morality, licentiousness of the most depraved character was openly practised. The theatre was naturally the place where these sentiments could be best paraded. Hence as soon as they were reopened the plays put upon the boards were such as to drive away all but those of the most frivolous character. The influence which the plays had upon those who remained was to make them crave for something more depraved. The authors as in duty bound pandered to the public taste. Thus the authors continued to corrupt the audience and the audience the authors until the turpitude of the English stage became such that it has seldom been equalled and never surpassed in any age. And into this maelstrom of corruption all the great authors of the day

were drawn by the exigencies of a literary career. For whilst a poet of the first order could scarcely earn his bread, the poorest play-wright could live at his ease and even grow wealthy. Hence anyone engaged in literary pursuits turned his attention to the writing of plays whether fitted for it or not. No better example of a great genius turned from its proper field of labour can be had than that of Dryden. As a satirist and didactic poet he had no equal in his own age and few superiors in any other. But that he had no talent for dramatic composition must be made evident by a single perusal of one of his plays. Yet it was at these that he spent his best years; and he, the author of the greatest lyric ode in the English language, wasted his energies and prostituted his genius in catering to the degraded taste of a vulgar rabble. In fine, to complete the debasement of literature, the most savage party intolerance was introduced; the authors goaded on by the remembrance of the treatment they had formerly received at the hands of the Puritans now displayed towards them an animosity that equalled their immorality. The theatre was again used as a vehicle for taunts against those who advised leniency towards the vanquished. Dryden's satire "Absalom and Achitophel," which MacCauley calls the greatest of modern days, deserves to be deeply censured for the vindictive hatred therein displayed towards the Roundheads. Thus we find something objectionable even in the greatest production of that age. Hence from whatever point of view the literature of the transition period be examined there will be found but little to be praised and much, very much to be condemned.

D. MURPHY, '93.

TORQUATO TASSO.



HE successor of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio and Ariosto, the predecessor of Alfieri, Torquato Tasso ranks among the great poets of Italy, and of the world.

Living as he did in the 16th century, the period of growth and development of the European literature in general, but of decline for the Italian in particular, his glory, at least during his lifetime, was dimmed by the recollection of those who had gone before; Dante and Petrarch were dead. After the sunset twilight falls. Tasso perhaps was the first star that glimmered through this twilight; a star that shone with a clear and steady light but whose radiance was very different from, and very inferior to, the fiery, penetrating liquid light of the sun. A comparison between Tasso and the author of the "*Divina Commedia*" would be superfluous, and uncalled for. There be degrees of glory. In one of the chapels of the beautiful monastery of *Sant Onofrio*, in Rome, is a monument in honor of Tasso, on the base of which is inscribed the simple expression: *Pro Fide*. These two words are the very note of his famous epic, the *raison d'être* of the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" and his surest vindication of the accusations made against him. "For the Faith" he wrote; in the faith he died.

The same century, almost the same year that saw the Italian poet tuning his lyre to sing the glories, the virtues, the chivalry and the faith of the Christians bombarding the walls of Jerusalem, beheld the English Spenser, his flight arrested, his wings clipped by the earthward tendencies of the so-called Reformation, writing his laborious pastoral, his intended epic poem, in honor of the virtues, the graces and the golden locks (?) of "good Queen Bess." Which poet wrote with the nobler object need not be asked; the one heads the long list of English "literary snobs," to cull one of Thackeray's choice expressions; the other clasps hands with the "great and gentle spirits who rule us from their ruins"—he forms a link in the long chain of the great ones, great in consecrating their minds, their

results and all their energies to the faith; who found but one motto worth their acceptance, *Pro Fide*. In Tasso's age, the crusades were still considered "Holy wars." The glorious result of the first crusade was not yet forgotten; a ninth crusade was yet a possibility and men still dreamed that one day the Kingdom of Jerusalem would be re-established. Thus the theme of his poem was popular—a necessity for success. Written as it was when the poet's mind was sometimes clouded by insanity and always darkened by brooding melancholy, mingled perhaps with remorse for the short-comings of his youth, these considerations condone many pages that are reprehensible from a moral standpoint. The heart of a poet is exacting, and Tasso's was not an exception; Like every other of the noblest gifted his life had little happiness aside from his exceptional misery of a long and harsh imprisonment.

His "*Jerusalem*" received critical and appreciative praise from all sides, save from those whom he most wished to hear, or at least notice his work. The few generous words of admiration he waited for in vain from a certain number in "high places" outweighed, in his morbid disappointed judgement, the flood of praise that poured in upon him from the rest of world.

A few months before his death Pope Clement VIII. summoned him to Rome to receive the laurel crown, which in his younger days he had so ardently longed for. The poet, worn out in body, and with his mind no longer filled with the illusions of earthly glory, in obedience to this summons, returned to Rome, where, refusing to accept the costly apartments prepared for him, he lived quietly and peacefully with the monks of *Sant Onofrio*, and in the sunny gardens of the monastery even yet is shown the old oak tree, under which was Tasso's favorite seat. The month of April was appointed for the ceremony of the coronation, but as the winter glided by the poet's health became more feeble and his mind more detached from worldly things.

It was on the morning of the 25th of April, 1595, the eve of the day fixed for

the solemn recognition of the great man, that he, Torquato Tasso, listening calmly to the chanting of the pious monks who were grouped around him, and without a murmur of regret or dissatisfaction upon his lips, yielded up his soul to God. Yet to the last his fondest hope had been checked, the dream of his life had been unfulfilled—but he who had chosen this peaceful holy retreat as his last resting place had ceased to care for worldly pageants since he had meditated in those silent cloisters—from the summit of the loveliest of the Seven Hills of Rome, he had taken a broad view of the world and of its glories and turned from them without even a faint desire for what during so many painful years had kept his soul in sadness. He died content here, comforted by religion, content not to hear the acclamations of the Italian populace in the capital. No, his earthly ears heard not the “*Vivas*” showered upon the author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. He died one day too soon for that. He knew not of the funeral honors he received; He did not see the laurel and the cypress mingled together on his coffin but his tired, melancholy eyes unclosed upon a different pageant from that arranged in the Roman Capitol. The crown he received upon the 25th of April was a true laurel, a wreath of victory for he had “fought the fight, he had won the race, he had kept the faith.” It was fit that this beloved convent of Sant Onofrio should be sacred to the memory of two souls who there found their pleasantest pastime, St. Philip Neri’s resort was a fitting one for Tasso. There was a sweet harmony linking the souls of the poet so full of faith and of the saint so full of poetry. Here Tasso came to learn how vain is the love of glory, here he saw how

sad it is to be the victim of that love of the creature, here too Philip Neri found beautiful confirmations of the wisdom of his choice in losing all earthly love and glory and allowing nothing to absorb his soul but the love of the Creator. Three centuries have passed away since Tasso’s death—the critics still declare his poem the grandest epic of modern times always leaving aside the *Divina Commedia*. Even Voltaire, the flippant enemy of everything that possesses a sacred character or religious tone, was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the author of the *Jerusalemme*. And he did not hesitate to affirm that Tasso was, in some respects, superior to the literary giants of antiquity, Homer and Virgil.

The Italians themselves, who are certainly the best judges of their countrymen, are fond of instituting comparisons between Tasso and Ariosto. In their opinion Tasso wrote the better poem—but Ariosto was the better poet. The *Orlando Furioso* pales beside the *Jerusalem*. Ariosto is more admired by men, Tasso by women. Ariosto can be enjoyed only if read quickly, Tasso must be read slowly.

The critics of other nationalities content themselves with silent admiration of these two great if not equally great poets and leave the Italians to formulate whatever dogmas they will in regard to the relative merits of both. Whatever be the final decision, the poet who sang of the achievements of the noble Godfrey de Bouillon, calling his poem in the first place in honor of the chivalrous and gallant Duke of Lorraine the “*Goffredi*” instead of the *Gerusalemme* will never be undeserving of the place of honor assigned him among the few whose names are imperishable.

M. L. S.

Peace to Torquata’s injured shade ! ’Twas his
In life and death to be the mark where wrong,
Aimed with her poisoned arrows but to miss ;
Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song.

IN THE LAND OF THE AZTECS.



FORMING the southern portion of our Continent is a country which is a veritable paradise on earth. To it God has given in profusion what to other countries He has given only in part. Here may be found

all that is calculated to charm the eye, to please the senses, and to captivate the mind. Mountains whose snowy crests pierce the clouds, deep and luxuriant valleys, extensive and fertile plains, crystal streams, flowers of every hue, birds of brilliant plumage, the varied climates of the earth, with the natural productions peculiar to each, from the sugar-cane, indigo plant, plantain, and mahogany of the tropics, to the cedars, pines, and firs of the North. Its lofty mountains, its streams and valleys are filled with the precious ores of gold and silver, while the baser metals, tin, copper, lead, and zinc, are found in great abundance in certain parts of the country. Here too are found the amethyst, the agate, the jasper, and the opal stones. Here grow, abundantly, the olive tree, the cocoa palm, the almond and every kind of edible fruit known in Europe or America, all growing spontaneously, and owing to the peculiar construction of the country, all of them, as well as every kind of European garden vegetable, may be obtained in the markets throughout the twelve months of the year. This country so favored, this country of romance, and need I say it also, alas! of tragedy, I had long desired to see. Many years ago I read of its beauties and of its sad history in the glowing pages of Prescott. To me it was ever a land of dreams, a land of mystery, around which clustered thoughts like unto those excited by a perusal of the Arabian nights. I longed to behold it, yet never could I find the time, the opportunity of doing so, till early in the spring of 1882 when circumstances favored my desire, and with a friend I hastened to embark on the long coveted voyage. The day on which we sailed from New York was a most disagreeable one. Chilling blasts from the N.E. swept the city, the rain poured down in torrents. But 24 hours after the spires of New York

faded from our view, we met the warm breezes of the South. The dreaded coasts of North Carolina and Hatteras, the terror of sailors, were safely past. Then winter was for us no more. It was July at sea. The genial breezes from off the coasts of South Carolina and Florida fanned our cheeks. There was scarcely a ripple upon the waters. I began to experience an absolute peace and contentment of mind. Thoughts of home, thoughts of the duties of life no longer troubled me. My mind was at rest like the waters upon which we sailed. And, indeed, it appears to me that nothing can give mental and bodily rest like a sea-voyage. I do not believe that an active mind or body can get it elsewhere. I would send every tired person to sea (and many of us who are sick are only tired), where resignation and idleness are thrust upon us. Four days from New York we sighted the island of Cuba. This island was discovered by Columbus in his first voyage. Once it was the outpost of Mexico, and around it and that country traditions cluster. Its history is interwoven with that of Mexico. As we sailed along the waters that wash its shores I could not but admire the fertility of its soil, the ever-green verdure of its fields, the beauty of its scenery. Soon the spires of Havana caught our enraptured gaze. The city is lovely, situated along the water's edge, thence gently sloping upwards. The houses are of a whitish color and of a Moorish architecture and glistened as we saw them in the evening sunshine, like things of beauty. The city is protected by a walled fortress called Morro castle. As we sailed by it I happened to raise my eyes aloft to a tall tower that reared itself from out the midst of the fort, on the water's edge, and there I saw sculptured, in letters about eight feet long, a name that seemed strangely to comport with the place. It was not a Spanish name, nor yet was it French, English or Italian. It was a name that had a Millesian ring about it, in short it was the name of an Irishman, "O'Donnell." No wonder that in regarding such a name, and in such a place, a story told by a writer of the 17th century occurred to me. "That the first man that landed

and reached shore from Columbus' ship was an Irishman, Patritus Maguiras," Patrick Maguire. But the name O'Donnell thus placed aloft on the tower of Morro castle, to greet the traveler's eye on his approach to Cuba, brought then other thoughts to me. It recalled to my mind another island, far across the waters upon which I sailed, an island that gave birth to the exiled race of him whose name is sculptured on Morro's battlements. Here said I, is an island whose persecutors say cannot rule itself. Here is an island, Ireland, whose children an infamous government has imprisoned, exiled and compelled to seek a home or a grave in all other lands. And yet, oh, strange fatuity! when that same government demands, in its hours of need, a cool, determined head to uphold its waning rule in all parts of the world, she calls upon the sons of that Island which she calumniates in saying that it cannot rule itself.

Our stay at Havanna was a brief one, and as the place has been often described I will not weary your attention by a description of it. I will only say in passing, for the information of young men, that in Cuba the cigars are good and not over cheap. On Saturday, Feb. 18th, after a glorious sail on the Gulf, we saw the shores of Mexico. A vertical sun was blazing right over our heads, gilding everything it lighted upon with a dazzle and a glare impossible to describe. Directly ahead was Vera Cruz, the city of the "True Cross." On our right was the walled and apparently crumbling fortress of Juan de Ulloa, the scene of many a battle and stirring event. On the left, the ancient Aztec Isle of Sacrifice. It was on this island that the ancient Aztecs, the once proud race that inhabited Mexico, annually cut out the still palpitating heart from the breast of a handsome youth who for 365 days they had treated as a king. The heart thus cut out, was then offered to idols, their gods. The city of Vera Cruz, all pink, the window shutters of light green, the houses built of adobe or gray earth, all solid and stunted, immediately claimed our gaze. Church towers surmounted by gilt crosses, flashing in the sun-light stood out in bold relief against the pale blue sky, while here and there the crest of a stately palm or cocoanut tree raised aloft its tapering branches. Dim and shadowy spectres, gigantic

mountains, veiled in garments of cloud, filled up the back ground of the city, while away in the distance, 80 miles from the latter, towered the snowy peaks of mount Orizaba, standing up, far beyond the clouds, a white-clad angel, a sentinel of heaven. Arrived at anchor, our steamer was immediately surrounded by a swarm of boats, blue painted, and occupied by boatmen arrayed in white drawers cut away at the knee, and around their waists a white or red sash. Their breasts, arms, feet and legs were naked and of the color of roasted coffee; their teeth white as the snow on Orizaba, their eyes and hair black as the raven's wing. They all spoke a language to me unfamiliar. I flatter myself that I knew some English, a little French and Latin, yet was I a dumb man among these people. I had to fall back on the primitive language of gesture. How gladly we sprang ashore! How joyfully we planted our feet on solid earth. The mole or wharf was filled with people, all curiously arrayed. Here the poor clad Indian, there the swells of the town with shining black hats, skin-tight pants with rows of silver buttons down the leg. In Mexico if a man has only a gray felt hat, or sombrero, bound with gold or silver lace, he walks as a swell, though his lower limbs may be encased in tatters. The city of Vera Cruz was founded by Count Monterey at the end of the 16th century. Its population now is about 24,000. The town is much exposed to the deadly *zomito*, occasioned as it is supposed by the bad quality of the water, the reflections of the sun upon the sand and the emanations from the marshes. The streets are admirably clean, but this cleanliness, strange to say, is owing to no effort on the part of the inhabitants. The credit is entirely due to the *sopilotes* or buzzards, for it is to these birds that the contract for the city's cleanliness is leased. These birds may be counted in hundreds in the streets, on the sidewalks, perched on doorsteps, balconies, roofs and church towers. Woe to the man or boy who would lay a hand upon them. I visited one of the churches and found that there was piety in Vera Cruz. There I found, as in the city of Mexico, the faithful engaged in prayer all day long. At 12:30 that night we started for the depot our destination being the city of Mexico—distant 260 miles. The railroad

between Vera Cruz and Mexico is a marvel of engineering skill. It ascends 7,600 feet into the mountains, passing from the hot to the temperate zone, and from the latter to the cold country. It spans ravines, scales precipices and plunges through the bowels of the mountains, then up into the clouds it goes, and finally glides gracefully past the shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe into the city of Mexico. To build this line it required 36 years, and its cost to the government was over \$13,000,000. Slowly we sped past the crumbling walls of Vera Cruz. The beautiful, the unknown, the mysterious land was before us, the land of which conquerors have dreamed and poets sung. For 25 miles from Vera Cruz the country is flat, showing here marsh, there a cheerless waste of sand. But soon we had entered upon the beauties of which we had heard so much. Aromatic odors, borne by caressing breezes saluted our nostrils, vegetation took the place of sand wastes, and the scenery in all the voluptuousness of its superb beauty dawned upon us; a scenery so grand, so glowing, so varied that we seemed journeying in Fairy-land. Mosses and ferns, flowers of every hue sparkled around us. Creepers clung anorously to the yielding trees. Beautiful! glorious! magnificent! we cry as we speed rapidly past sugar-cane and coffee plantations, banannas, palms, cocoanut trees and orange groves; and ere our greedy eyes could devour the loveliness around us we were plunged into the many tunnels, that here and there pierce the mountains. Onward! forward! and expectation was on tiptoe as we whirled into the town of Orizaba. Here we halted for refreshments.

A few miles brought us to the Baranca del Infernillo—or Little Hell. The Baranca is a chasm that divides two craggy steeps whose dizzy depths the sun never penetrates. Onward! Onward! and new joys open before us. On our right stood verdant clad mountains, dappled with bright flowers and crowned by glorious forest trees. To the left the valley extending itself in all its beauty and rich in colors as a Turkey carpet; while high above rose Orizaba, raising its snowy crests towards the Italian sky, like a bright spirit of air. At a place called Maltrata we awaited the down coming train from Mexico, and we watched for it high in air like people gazing up at a balloon. Soon

we beheld it passing along the verdure clad summit of the mountain. Now it disappeared behind a jutting cliff, again it became lost in tropical foliage, presently the white smoke betrayed its presence, then zigzag it went in and out and over and over until it reached the level of the station. Here, at Maltrata, we saw fine specimens of the Indians. They are all Catholics, as indeed they are throughout Mexico. I could not help noting their modest, simple conduct, their smile of happiness as they offered to us for sale their flowers, oranges and banannas. They were all barefooted and bareheaded. Happy Indians, content in their mountain homes, they know not the sorrows and vices of the world! Here, at Maltrata, I saw the Mexican mode of salutation among gentlemen. They approach, shake hands vigorously, then they fall into each others arms and pat one another between the shoulders. And here it may not be out of place to mention the etiquette in Mexican homes when visitors call: When you enter, you find the hostess seated upon a sofa, two chairs are near at hand. If it is a man he bows—if one of the gentle sex she kisses the hostess on both cheeks and is kissed in return. Then the hostess extending her arms and turning the palms of her hands upwards makes this pretty speech, which indeed means nothing: "I am enchanted to meet you. I beg and crave of you to make this home your own. It is yours; everything in it is yours. Pray consider my family, my servants and house as yours."

At every little hamlet, as we passed, we saw a church. The cross was everywhere. If they erected a rick of hay the cross was at the top of it. Over their simple cabins, on every crag—every rock, on every place where an accident had occurred, or a man lost his life, a cross was erected inviting the passers by to pray for the soul of him who was suddenly called away. After a stay of twenty minutes at Maltrata we resumed our journey skywards—"Excelsior" our motto. Upwards, upwards, ever upwards, the train wound like a serpent, skirting ledges of rocks, swinging round curves till the cars leaned unpleasantly over, diving into the very hearts of the mountains, on one side a wall of rock, on the other a fall of 3,000 feet. Upwards, upwards, till the beautiful valley of Maltrata lay beneath us 3,000

feet, a soft verdant sward in the lap of the great mountains, an emerald of great value glistening in the midst of a beautiful Mosaic. Oh! the beauty, the grandeur of that valley—it seemed like an Eden, sheltered by its encompassing mountains from worldly storms and strife. At Boca del Monte—mouth of the mountain—we had passed from the warm to the temperate, from the latter to the cold climate. Three zones, so to speak, in a few hours. New scenes now met our

gaze. From thence to the city of Mexico the country assumes a level and sandy appearance. Here, for the first time, we met the magny plant from which the Mexicans extract their national beverage called pulque. It is to them what wine is to the French, lager beer to the German. It tastes like sour milk—or buttermilk, which it also resembles in color. The Indians toss off pulque by the quart. It is very intoxicating.

(To be continued.)

AND.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE.



HERE are men *and* men! ends Mrs. Jones sententiously, not to say a trifle viciously, as she concludes the recital of Mr. J——'s peccadilloes, which she has been pouring into the sympathetic ear of her intimate friend,

Mrs. Smith—spelled with a *y* and final *c*, if you please, kind printer.

"There are women *and* women!" soliloquizes Mr. Jones in a fit of spleen, leading to that odious thing—a comparison between Smythe's wife and his. "Oh! yes there are women *and* women!" repeats Mr. Jones with a frown or a sneer—according to the length of his nose—a man with a long nose generally dons a sneer, a man whose nose bespeaks good natured breadth or unruly angles or generous curves is capable *only* of a frown. Sometimes, irrespective of noses, the sneering man and the frowning man blend into one most unamiable entity, whose wife certainly leads the life that Mr. Mantalini of immortal memory would have designated, "a demned horrid grind." In fact, it is an all-around grind, the life that is led in most families, whose members are in the habit of giving the retort courteous—and—contemptuous, to one-another, in one of those vexing and humiliating phrases: "There are wives *and* wives!" "There are husbands *and* husbands!" "There are brothers *and* brothers!" and so on, indefinitely, for this trite and brief repartee is yet capable of much novelty and expansiveness. After all, what does it mean? There is some-

thing tantalizing and enigmatic in its compressed expressiveness. It is sometimes the essence of cruelty. Sometimes hatred and sometimes contempt are given full rein in its brief compass. Occasionally it conveys to us a breath of admiration and astonishment. That emphatic, all-susceptible *and* has even been known to veil, but not to conceal, a most delicate and exquisite compliment. What is it not capable of—this ambiguous and convenient particle?

Who has not occasionally, when sore pressed for wit or reason, sought and found its aid? Who is brave enough to fly its smiling double-faced friendship and hold to plain honesty? And what has honesty to do with *and*? Just this, that there never was a more irreproachably genteel and highly polished handle of that shining mahogany portal—INSINCERITY, than this same subtle *and*.

A highly-polished brass door-knob is such a pleasing object to contemplate, that I am half certain you are all shutting one eye meditatively and borne back, in fancy, to the good old times of *Pinafore*, are softly whistling, with bated breath and glistening eye, the triumphant refrain:—

"I polished up that handle so carefully
That now I'm ruler of the Queen's Navy."

If you remember the ensuing moral of the song, there is but little use to say a word in favor of good old-fashioned rough and ready honesty.

After all, who is so little of a coward as to take and make sincerity his own forever? But then, there is sincerity *AND* sincerity!

OWLET.

THE OWL.

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ENTHUSIASM.

A spirit of inactivity is abroad, and we should deeply deplore the fact. We possess every facility for improvement as regards mental culture: we have our Debating and Scientific societies, why are we not interested in their advancement? The Directors of these were not urged to organize them by private motives. Personal aggrandizement and personal gain are far from their thoughts. Their aim is higher, nobler, more unselfish: they are striving to educate us in those matters which they know will be so important for us in after life—they are seeking to instil lessons of true Catholic science so that we may be afterwards able to meet, and meet with a

firm front, the attacks so artfully directed against the cherished truths of our Religion. What then is the duty of the hour for us? It is to give our prompt, active and generous co-operation to the promoters of these Societies so that we may constantly advance in the path of merit and perfection. And this, moreover, is a duty as binding and sacred as that by which we are held to love our neighbors as ourselves. It is a duty which as men we should not shirk and which as students of a Catholic University should be sweet and pleasant to us. Let us try to understand the great truth that duty and smiles should be inseparable.

In the pursuit of our studies also is there a lack of enthusiasm. We should not be so narrow-minded as to consider our term here as a term of imprisonment and our tasks as a punishment. We should not consider the College as a place in which lessons are to be learned not for the purpose of culture but because the laws of the Institution impose this obligation. Lessons learned in such a spirit are lessons never thoroughly learned. For many amongst us the time is drawing nigh when our College course will be ended. After that we will be called upon to play a part in the drama of life. Will the summons find us prepared? The answer forces itself upon us that it will not unless we become more zealous in our own proper education, for it is by close, consistent study that we can hope to maintain the high standard at which we should aim if we expect to deserve the character for integrity of purpose and high minded interest in all the affairs of life to which as Catholics we should all aspire. There is amongst us a lack of love for study and in consequence a lack of enthusiasm in it, for we cannot be enthusiastic over what we do not love. Love of study is easily acquired, all that is necessary is zeal in the pursuit of it. Let us then become zealous in study, and by

this means build up the reputation of our Alma Mater, for its good name depends in a great measure upon our actions and utterances in after life. Let us throw off the pall of inactivity that enshrouds us let our tread be no longer to the tune of the funeral march, but to the inspiring strains that enliven the soldier on to victory. A time there was, and it is not yet distant either, when enthusiastic work characterized the students of Ottawa; when scholarly ambition rested not satisfied with the preparation of the class work, when original research in science, literature and art was so common, and marked as to merit the encomiums of the highest authorities in educational matters in the Dominion. Why is this not so at present? Our facilities for class and individual work have been much improved, our numbers have been increased, yet lethargy seems almost universal. We hope to see a marked change in this respect before long, for as students of the Catholic University of Ottawa, we owe to our Alma Mater and to ourselves a recognition of our duties as students and an active determination to prove faithful to them.

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CATHOLIC CLUBS

The single anomaly in this world more inexplicable than a Catholic student in a Protestant University, is a Catholic students' club in a Protestant University. That an individual Catholic student should be occasionally found there is sufficiently perplexing, but that a number of Catholic students should have the unpardonable audacity to insult the whole Catholic educational body by establishing themselves into a club in such an institution, is beyond what we used to consider the range of possibilities. It was reserved for this prodigy-producing 19th century to favor us with the sight. The Catholic students of Yale recently organ-

ized one of those societies with a membership of one hundred, and published the fact to the world. The *N. Y. Catholic Review* commenting on their action says: "It has always been a mystery to us how the Catholic students of Protestant or Infidel Universities have been able to keep any kind of faith in their souls. . . . If they never read a book from the Yale library whose character is unknown, or is known to be inimical to Catholicity, and if they follow out the rules of Catholic life with the utmost exactitude, they may escape with enough faith to give them entrance into eternal life, but we have not much hope for them." They cannot possibly fulfil those conditions. There is an absolute and intrinsic contradiction between following the rules of Catholic life with the utmost exactitude, and, willingly and without any necessity, pursuing a course of studies in a Protestant institution. That those students willingly attend Yale, we suppose; that they are urged by no necessity, we are certain.

With characteristic Western energy the Catholic students of Michigan University went a step further than their Eastern brethren. They called their club the "Foley Guild," in honor of Bishop Foley, of Detroit. What exquisitely delicate minds those students must have, to thus offer to a Bishop such strong evidence of the progress of true Catholic principles of education in his diocese. Not uselessly does the "Foley Guild" propose as one of its objects "the intellectual advancement of its members." The gems of the guild evidently need polishing, else they had been more appropriately named than after a Catholic Bishop.

The parents of those young men desire to have cultured sons; this could not be if they attended Catholic colleges. There are positions in society that the young Catholic cannot reach without the passport of an Infidel training, and this consideration outweighs all others. It is a

fact worth observing that those students and their parents travel altogether in Protestant company; they attend the shortest Sunday morning mass; only specially impressive ceremonies, or the mother's new sealskin sack, could induce them to visit the parish church any other time. We hope that they may always be as well satisfied with their surroundings as they seem to be now.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

History is philosophy teaching by examples. Christian history should exhibit the more or less perfect application of the principles of true philosophy to the life and manners of Christian nations. Hence the immense importance of the study of history, and its influence on the serious student of philosophy. We should choose by preference the history of those writers which have best realized the high ideal of a Christian state, and have swerved least from the paths of national rectitude. First, therefore, among our historical studies should be found the history of Ireland; no other nation gives us such lessons of heroic constancy amidst the severest trials; nowhere else do we see such fierce and long-continued persecution, borne with sublime endurance for the sake of truth and righteousness. We view as little less than a crime, that Irish parents should allow their children to grow up ignorant of the glories of their forefathers; of the piety, the learning, the patriotism of which every age, yes every page, of Irish history furnishes us with numerous examples. Yet the fact is that Irishmen are, as a general rule, but poorly informed about their country's past; that they seek knowledge of her from the stranger, and take his prejudiced view as historic truth.

The same may be said of the history of Canada. Every inch of Canadian soil has been made sacred by the labors, and

sometimes by the blood of Catholic Missionaries, explorers, and colonists. Every tradition of the country is eminently Catholic. Yet the only enthusiasm manifested over Canadian history is seen among those who should find their condemnation therein if our history were written aright, but who, if left to themselves, will make the records speak the language of bigotry and untruth. A thorough course in Canadian history should be recognized as a necessity in every Catholic college in Canada; lectures on Irish history would be perhaps a luxury as yet, though a very desirable and commendable one.

We are pleased to note that the Rev. W. D. McKinnon, who organized the Business Department of our Commercial Course, has found such a favorable field for the exercise of his great talent in the practical education of youth as the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Raphael California, of which he was appointed President a year ago, by His Grace Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. This is the largest institution of its kind on the Pacific coast, accomodating at present upwards of five hundred children, to whom is imparted a thoroughly practical training in every way suitable to the requirements of the age. The advent of Rev. Father McKinnon as President, marked the inauguration of several much needed improvements and the addition of new departments to the work previously carried on. During the past year, upwards of \$50,000 were expended in the erection of new buildings, and in the general re-furnishing of the institution. The boys are trained in all the occupations of every day life, special attention being paid to farming, and under the tender direction of the Sisters, they receive a sound moral and religious education. Over 5,000 orphan children have passed through St.

Vincent's since its foundation, and the valuable work which the institution is doing, is evidenced by the fact that many of its former inmates, hold honorable positions in every walk in life. The last State Legislature had no brighter ornaments than two former members of the Asylum. We sincerely wish that continued success will crown the efforts of Father McKinnon, and that he may be enabled to redouble his efforts in the prosecution of so noble a work.

In Memoriam.

W. A. LEONARD, '81.

It is our sorrowful task to chronicle in this issue the death of W. A. Leonard, '81, of Lawrence, Mass. The students of Ottawa in the years '74-'81, who had the singular favor of his acquaintance and companionship, who knew him in the vigor of his early life, when the future held out to him high hopes and promises, cannot but grieve over his untimely removal from the busy and onerous cares of this world. Death snatched him from our midst in the prime and power of manhood: we cannot murmur, but it is our privilege to mourn. The sad event occurred at 6:30 p. m., Saturday, Jan. 11, when that fatal malady, pneumonia, overcame his not very rugged constitution. Mr. Leonard's reputation as a musician of unusual ability still endures in Ottawa, and to perpetuate his memory as such, he left several masses and divers other musical pieces. Being an alumnus of this Institution, we prided in his success and hailed with delight the news of our old friend's progress. When he was amongst us we foretold for him a brilliant future; we knew that his was to be no ordinary career, for he possessed a talent for his favorite art that would needs beget superiority. Our prediction was but be-

binning to be verified when death intervened and said, "here it must cease." and the mandate was irrevocable. Several years previous to his death he had been musical director at St. Mary's Church, in Lawrence, and under his guidance the choir had attained a degree of proficiency that evoked from all words of encouraging commendation. The members of the choir, whose director he was, adopted resolutions of condolence, as did also the Young Men's Catholic Association. Both were expressive of the deep sorrow felt at his death, and of the earnest sympathy with his family in their affliction. These were but a few from among the many evidences of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. We could not expect otherwise, for esteem flows naturally from worth, and worth was one of the qualities that helped to make up the character of our departed friend.

The funeral took place at 10:30 o'clock the following Wednesday from St. Mary's Church. The attendance was very large. In view of the prominent part the deceased had taken in the musical services of the church, the organ and raising of the organ loft were draped in black.

The solemn services were unusually impressive from the fact that three brothers of the deceased were the officiants. Rev. D. J. Leonard, O.S.A., being Celebrant. Rev. Augustine Leonard, O.S.A., Deacon; and Rev. John Leonard, O.S.A., Sub-deacon, the former two being old students of Ottawa.

THE OWL extends to his family its deepest sympathy at the loss of a son and brother, who, at the early age of 32 was taken from them; an age when high aspirations are enkindled, and honorable ambitions formed, and, in the case of W. A. Leonard, when the light of fame was to shed its splendor upon him. May his soul rest in peace is our earnest prayer.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE AMERICAN GEOLOGIST. The American Geological Publishing Company, Minneapolis.

Geology and the allied sciences have a strong defender and an able exponent in the *American Geologist*, the January number of which, we found pleasure in perusing. The aim of the Editors is to make it thoroughly representative of the geology of America, and to furnish to teachers, and to the general devotee of science, a valuable ally in the accomplishment of their aims. By furnishing monthly a terse digest of the geological progress of the country, and drawing as it does its information from personal investigations, and from reliable authorities, it will undoubtedly fill a long felt want. It is mainly devoted to the geological formations of the United States, yet it invites the co-operation of Canadian scientists, and numbers among its editors Mr. Andrew C. Lawson, of Ottawa. The current number, in its review of recent geological literature, contains an instructive article on "North American Geology and Paleontology," from the pen of S. A. Miller. A highly interesting biographical notice of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, the great scientific explorer. A list of Mr. Schoolcraft's publications is appended, which should be of great assistance to any one desiring information on the geological structure of our country. Mr. A. C. Lawson contributes to the January number a report of the geology of The Rainy Lake Region. It is a students' journal, and should be found in every library. It is published monthly, the subscription price being \$2.50 per year. Address The American Geologist, Minneapolis, Minn.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY OBLATS OF MARY IMMACULATE. Lowell, Mass., 1889.

The progress of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate is worthy of notice. It is astonishing to contemplate its rapid growth and extension; for mustard-seed like, it has sprung up and thrived under the benedictions of God and the indefatigable hand of zealous laborers, and now flourishes in its youthful vigor.

The little pamphlet bearing the above title, has been published by the American

division of the Order, and is replete with interesting information.

Lowell, the principal manufacturing city of the Old Bay State owes the erection of her three beautiful churches to the zeal and devotedness of the Oblates. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, to which the House of the Provincial is attached, and that of the Sacred Heart are devoted to the English-speaking portion of the city; while that of St. Joseph affords a place of worship for the French Canadians, who have now become so numerous as to necessitate the construction of another more commodious edifice.

The religious wants of the many inmates of the City and State Almshouse are ministered to by the Fathers from the Sacred Heart parish.

Missions and retreats, besides parochial duty, form no small part of the Oblates labor,—175 having been given since the foundation of their House in Lowell in 1868.

Nor have the Oblates been idle in the Empire State, as the flourishing parishes in the Cities of Buffalo and Plattsburg amply attest.

But the extensive missions now firmly established along the Rio Grande furnish the greatest evidence of their unwearied efforts in the pursuit of doing good and of the glowing sentiments of true Christian charity that animate their self-sacrificing bosoms.

Like their brothers in religion, who penetrated the ice-bound regions and inhospitable plains of the great North West, the Oblates of the United States,—and especially those entrusted with the care of the 25,000 souls in the Lone Star State—have been hidden from the admiring eyes of the world and their labors have been buried in obscurity; but the grand works of true philanthropy that present themselves to the traveller's view on the banks of the Rio Grande manifest clearly that those, who raised them, look far beyond the transitory approbation of the world for their just need of praise, for the reward which they so much merit.

"The Province of the United States is yet in its infancy"; but viewing the progress which it has already, in so short a time, made, we fearlessly predict that it shall soon develop into a more solid, widespread and maturer tree, that the Society of Mary Immaculate shall soon

place on an equal footing with her older sister orders; and thus be able to reap her share of the already ripened harvest, which is spoken of in the Gospel.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CITY ENGINEER
OF THE CITY OF OTTAWA FOR 1889.

In a clear and concise manner, this pamphlet furnishes the Mayor and City Council with a thorough account of the labors accomplished during the past year by the Board of Works. Many important remarks are contained therein regarding a few negligences that should be remedied, also several wise suggestions respecting the methods that ought to be adopted, in the future, in the execution of public works.

We heartily congratulate Mr. E. E. Perreault on the clearness and completeness of his Report, and, with pleasure add that it is only another manifestation of the conscientiousness with which he fulfils his duty, and of the solid and lasting interest which he takes in the welfare of the citizens of Ottawa. We do not marvel, however, at this, as he is only another of those who claim Ottawa University as their "Alma Mater."

THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

A very important feature of the holiday amusements, was the musical and dramatic treat provided us, under the able direction of the Rev. Dr. Balland, for the evenings of December 26th and January 2nd. Both entertainments were unqualified successes, the performance of all who took part in them being of a grade hitherto unsurpassed in the college. The programme for the evening of 26th December, opened with a selection, "Tabarka," by the College Band. We have already had occasion to note the rapid progress made by our band since its organization this year. It will suffice here to say that it bids fair to eclipse its predecessor of years ago, which won honorable distinction among College bands. "The Ghost," a comedy in three acts, was next presented. Mr. W. S. Woods, who came before the footlights for the first time, showed himself to be the possessor of histrionic talent of no mean merit. In the role of Garrick, the actor, he was quite composed, having much of the air of one who had "been

there" before. "The Ghost" in the third act was well taken. Mr. J. P. Smith as "Landlord Plump" was not below his usual standard. Jack can exercise his mesmeric powers in hoodwinking a magistrate, with the same facility as he handles a sick patient. Mr. R. W. Ivers personated "Magistrate Blind" in capital style. His exhibition of bravery and calmness under trying circumstances, in the second act, would reflect credit on an experienced actor. "Wilde" found in Mr. J. McCabe an able and capable representative, while Mr. S. Halissey as "Gouvernet the Scene-painter" supported his role in a very creditable manner. Mr. W. Proderick and Mr. Frank Doyle, though in minor parts, deserve however special mention. The programme concluded with a band selection, "The Royal Quick Step."

On the evening of Thursday, Jan. 2nd, the Academic Hall was again well filled, and a programme which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, was offered. The overture by the College band, "Le Voltigeur," was very well received, this, as well as the other musical selections afforded during the evening, being of a character seldom equalled in the College. In the song "Do they think of me," Mr. J. P. Clarke surpassed all his previous endeavours, and won a well-deserved *encore*. Mr. C. Charbonneau made his debut on our stage in the song "En parlant de ma mere" which he rendered in excellent style. "The Pilot brave," a duet by Messrs. Woods and Delaney, was exceptionally good. The former gentleman is the possessor of a voice of immense power. Mr. Oscar Paradis followed with a song "Les Vingt-Sous," after which a selection by the band, "Salut au printemps" brought the first part of the programme to a close.

The second part consisted in the presentation of a farce in one act entitled "Tromb-al-ca-zar" or "Les criminels dramatiques." Mr. R. Paradis, as "Beaujolais," brought out the leading points of his role in his accustomed realistic manner, while Mr. C. Charbonneau, in the difficult character of "Ignace," was perfectly well placed. Messrs. Tetrault and Arthur Carriere as "Vert Paune," and "Gigols" appeared to the best possible advantage. Special mention must be made of the creditable performance of Mr. Alfred Carriere, who presided at the piano as accompanist during the evening.

THE ANNUAL SLEIGH RIDE.

On Dec. 26th, the annual sleigh ride took place, this time Aylmer proved to be the chosen place.

"Who are these, where can they be going, and what song is that they are singing?" was the remark of a Rideau street merchant to a friend, as he noticed five well-loaded busses glide past his store. "These are the College students out for a drive," replied his friend. There is "big Dunc" the renowned centre scrimmager, the hero of a hundred hard-fought battles, and there is Masson the little fellow who made the first touch down against Queen's at Brockville, and that gentleman in snow-shoe costume, with the red mustache, standing up, is leader of the College Glee Club. Surely you must have read the Christmas number of *THE OWL*. And as the last words "Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity," were echoed to the ears of the astonished merchant, he exclaimed: "What jovial, light-hearted fellows College students are!" On they sped down Wellington street with song and laughter despite the piercing blast and thick falling snow. The very horses as they pranced gayly along seemed to understand the many jokes that passed among that happy throng. Hull was reached while our amiable young friend Dick was most eloquently exhorting his fellow students to buy his medicine, the only infallible cure for corns, warts, bruises, etc. Songs, speeches and jokes were the order of the day and rendered the drive rather short.

At last Aylmer was reached, and the inhabitants, many of whom had not as yet recovered from the effects of their Christmas festivities, were fully aroused from their lethargy by the sound of three rousing varsities for the College glee club. At the convent a most sumptuous feast awaited them, furnished by Mr. C. Devlin, one of Aylmer's most respected citizens.

After justice was done to the good things all withdrew to the parlors, where two most pleasant hours were spent in singing. Mr. F. S. French discharging most successfully the duties of pianist. After expressing their thanks to Mr. Devlin for the hospitable manner in which he had treated them, and also to the good nuns who had used them so well, they departed for Ottawa.

The success of the drive is almost entirely due to Father Jacob, together with Rev. Messrs. Quinn and Graton, who accompanied the boys and did all in their power to make the trip enjoyable.

This complete success it was that led to the organization of another ride. Through the kindness and energy of Rev. J. Quinn, arrangements were made for a trip to Chelsea, and the day after New Year's saw a jolly crowd of students on the way thither. The journey was a duplication of the pleasing features of the previous one.

At Chelsea mine host O'Neil of the Union House catered to the wants of the party, and considering the short notice he had been given, acquitted himself creditably of the onerous task. After lunch, the students wandered out to inspect the village and, meeting a youth of about twelve, one of them enquired where he might find some cigarettes. "Cigarettes," replied the native, "what's them for, to feed chickens?" That settled it. The sleighs were ordered out and the party started in all haste, eager to reach civilization once more. During the ride back, the member from Picton went through a circus performance on the top of the rear bus much to the enjoyment of those in the other sleighs but to the extreme terror of those below him, who expected every minute to see him come through the roof. After a pleasant drive in the twilight through the Laurentian Hills, the lights of the capital began to twinkle in the distance and soon the students found themselves once more in the College well satisfied with their day's pleasure, and only sorry that it had come to an end so soon.

THE JUNIORS' RIDE.

In previous years the juniors took their sleigh ride along with the seniors; this year, however, they concluded to have one of their own. Accordingly on the day after New Year's they started for Aylmer, where they too experienced the hospitality of the Grey Nuns. After a pleasant time they returned, just in time to engage in an exciting race with the seniors on their way back from Chelsea and in which they were fortunate enough to win.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Christmas and New Year's have once more come and gone, and with them the many pleasures which the joyous season brings. As usual the small boys enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. It was quite natural that they should do so, as they knew they had before them a month's hard work preparing for the semi-annual examinations.

Those who were inclined to feel down-hearted at being overlooked by Santa Claus, had their drooping spirits raised when they entered their refectory on Christmas morning and beheld a splendid Christmas tree loaded with boxes of bonbons which their Rev. Director had kindly prepared for them during the previous night.

January the 2nd was a big day for the juniors, for on the afternoon of that date they enjoyed their annual sleigh-drive. They went as far as the Aylmer Convent, where they partook of a lunch furnished by the Rev. Father Emard, who accompanied them. After a couple of very enjoyable hours had been spent in singing songs, etc., they prepared for the return trip. Everything went merrily till they were about half way back to Ottawa, when Lucier happened to go too near to one side of the sleigh, and over it went, scattering the occupants in all directions. Luckily, however, none of them was seriously hurt, and after they had recovered from their sudden fright, they again ventured into the sleigh and arrived home without any further mishap.

The Juniors can now boast of a first-class skating rink which is all their own. Heretofore they have had to depend on the Seniors' rink, but this year they struck out for themselves, and on the first visit of the Frost King, flooded a large space in the centre of the small yard. At first their rink, being naturally very shy, since it was only making its *debut*, used occasionally to retire into the sewer to hide itself, but through kind treatment it was finally induced to remain on the surface. The boys are to be highly commended on the excellent condition in which they keep their rink. Immediately after every fall of snow they swarm out like bees, and with shovel and broom soon lay bare the glistening ice. If the Seniors took pattern by them in this regard, the large rink would not suffer in the least by it.

A very enjoyable evening was spent not long since in the small recreation hall, when a few of the Juniors entertained their friends with a concert which was arranged by their well known musical director, Master Longpans. It was a very select affair, and probably nothing would have been known about it, were it not that one of the programmes happened to be picked up next day. This document revealed the fact that the concert opened with an overture entitled "The Shepherd Boy's Return," by the "Band." This band was made up of a violin and a mouth-organ supported by three or four noted whistlers. The next thing was a song, *La Morue*. Then came a "Solo" by Horace and Max, who played the mouth-organ and violin respectively. These were followed by some pieces of minor importance; but the event to which *all ardently* looked forward, was the "Bear Dance." This was managed by the musical director. The part of the bear was ably taken by U. Door. The music for the dance was furnished by the "Band."

The gymnasium is well patronized by the boys since the snow came. They are now preparing an entertainment for the first of next month, which will consist chiefly of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises. Gleeson and McNamara who showed up so well last year in the Indian-club and bar-bell exercises, will appear again this year, and it is safe to predict that they will more than sustain their reputation. Gleeson will be assisted by Gibbons, while McNamara will have four or five recruits under his direction. Exercises on the parallel-bars, drill, etc., together with songs and farces will make up the rest of the programme. The students therefore, for whose amusement the entertainment is being prepared, may expect a rare treat on the first of the month.

EXCHANGES

The Christmas number of the *Columbia Spectator* is perhaps the most successful effort in the direction of holiday productions that has lately reached us. Its literary matter though not of a very weighty character, has the redeeming quality of being appropriate. "At a German Kniepe," is a contribution in which an alumnus de-

scribes social life among the students of Strasburg University. As was only to be expected, the writer is loth to abandon the customs of his Alma Mater in preference to those of the famed European institution. The illustrations, which are numerous and well executed, greatly enhance the value of the number.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for January is well stocked with readable matter. The death of Robert Browning, of whom so much has lately been written, furnishes the subject of an article. The writer, however, seems to be rather lavish in his praises of the merits of the departed poet. There is much in Browning that we admire, and his untiring labor which ultimately made him a success deserves our highest commendation, yet it is in vain that we look in his productions for the lofty elements of poetry; ideality and sympathy are entirely wanting; he has little pathos and still less imagination. He, however, as the writer in the *Gazette* points out, fully understood the importance of enthusiasm as is quite apparent in all his more popular productions. The article on "Science in Schools and Colleges," contains suggestions that might worthily enter into the consideration of parents and others identified with the education of the young.

The *Doane Owl* looks after the interests of the students of Doane College, Crite, Nebraska. It is a neat little eight page journal, and compares favorably with the other samples of far western journalism that have found their way to us. The last number contains "Henry George's ideas on land-ownership" and an article on "The utility for College Students of outside reading."

The *Censor* from St. Mary's, Ont., in its last issue has an ably written article entitled "Success in life." The other pages are devoted mainly to the discussion of the local topics, with a considerable portion of College news.

The *Scholastic* from Notre Dame, Ind., deservedly takes its place among our most excellent exchanges. The number before us has on its title page a poem of no small merit, entitled "Youth and Old Age." The article on "The Spiritual and the Material," though not presenting much of a nature strictly new, is novel and highly interesting in its mode of presentation.

"The philosophy of Hamlet" is a careful diagnosis of "a masterpiece of a master," containing much that we relish in its perusal. To these are added several wise selections, among others an article on the history of the institution, and a cursory glance at the present scope and prospects of the University.

Among the new arrivals to our table we notice *The Student* from Grand Forks, North Dakota. As yet *The Student* has not assumed very vast proportions, nor are its contents up to the standard required of a University organ. As a result, however, of the "generous provision" in the new state's constitution, for educational purposes, we may hope soon to witness the rapid strides of *The Student* in the direction of progress.

The second number of *The Review* from the Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont., is before us. The editors have recovered from the uneasiness which generally preys so heavily on a staff when preparing its first issue, and should they persevere in their resolve to furnish reliable information on farming topics and operations, their journal will undoubtedly meet a long-felt want. The current number contains some interesting data in reference to agricultural experiments in Canada.

We have of late missed *The Highlander* from our table, and we wonder at its tardiness. It is among our best exchanges and we are little disposed to severing our connection with our co-workers of the Sacred Heart College.

The Campus from the University of Rochester, has been exceptionally wayward, only two numbers having found their way to us in as many years. The Christmas number is in every way capable of sustaining the credit of the institution from which it comes. The cover is neatly prepared and the colors well selected. Its stock of literary matter is choice and interesting.

The Georgetown *Journal* for December is heavily laden with high-class literary works, alumni notes, local news and athletic notes. "A war-time Christmas" is a pleasing holiday story. "An hour with Raphael" of an opposite nature to the preceding, is a highly instructive essay.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, limited space rendering

further notice impossible: *Wesleyan Advocate, Tablet*, (Lexington, Ky.,) *Argus, St. Viateurs Journal, Earllhamite, North-Western, Concordiensis, Niagara Index, Sunbeam, Oberlin Review, High School World, Mount Union Dynamo* and *Texas University*.

SOCIETIES.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

The Sodality of the Virgin Mary was reorganized on January 9, under the direction of Rev. Father Nolin, who three years ago ably fulfilled the same position. The membership is as large as in preceding years. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: Prefect, Mr. C. C. Delaney; 1st Assistant, Mr. D. A. Campbell; 2nd Assistant, Mr. R. Paradis; Secretary, Mr. J. P. Collins; Treasurer, Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick; Sacristans, Messrs. T. Rigney and Charles Gaudet, and Councilors, Messrs. T. Troy, F. L. French, L. Raymond and J. P. Smith.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

The fourth meeting of this society was held on Sunday, Dec. 22, 1889. The subject was, "Resolved—that the daily newspaper wields a greater influence for good than does the weekly." Messrs. Wm. McCauley, and Wm. Clarke brought forth many forcible and witty arguments for the affirmative, but the sound preparation and comprehensive treatment of the subject by Messrs. Jas. O'Connor and J. Breheny won a decision in favor of the negative.

No other meetings were held until Sunday, January 12, 1890. Instead of a debate the evening was occupied with impromptu speaking, readings and recitations. Each impromptu speaker drew his subject as he was called upon. The programme was as follows:

- I. Reading—"The Movement Cure for Rheumatism"..... Mr. D. Murphy.
- II. Impromptu—"The Power of Eloquence"
Mr. F. L. French.
- III. Impromptu—"Gladstone, Parnell and Home Rule"..... Mr. A. Newman.
- IV. Recitation—"Father Malloy"
Mr. J. P. Smith.
- V. Impromptu—"For Annexation"
Mr. C. J. Kennedy.
- VI. Impromptu—"Canadian Statesmen"
Mr. D. Murphy.
- VII. Reading—"The Book Canvasser"
Mr. Jos. McCabe.
- VIII. Impromptu—"The Church in America—its past, present and future."
Mr. H. J. Canning.

The evening was passed very pleasantly and the society tenders its thanks to the gentlemen who so willingly contributed to its instruction and amusement. The good work of the society in the past is plainly shown by the fluent manner in which all the impromptu speakers discussed their subjects.

On Sunday, January 19, the subject of debate was, "Resolved—that the State has not power to compel parents to send their children to school." Affirmative, Messrs. C. J. Kennedy and D. McDonald; Negative, Messrs. M. F. Fitzpatrick and P. C. O'Brien. It was the most hotly contested and exciting debate of the season, many of the audience rising up and eagerly advancing arguments for either side. The supporters of the affirmative were the most numerous.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society has had but one meeting since the last publication of *THE OWL*. The question under discussion was "Prohibition versus High License." High License, advocated by Messrs. Jos. McDougall and G. O'Keefe overcame the arguments of Messrs. T. D. Gillespie and Kelley in favor of Prohibition.

THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

An interesting meeting of the society was held last Sunday night.

Mr. F. X. Genest auspiciously began the evening by declaiming with much talent and patriotic fire the poetical production of one of our Canadian authors. The principal work of the assembly was then commenced. The question, of a historical cast and a much agitated one, was the following: "Was the massacre of the protestants by the Catholics on St. Bartholomew's day unjust and did it result fatally for France and for the church?" Messrs. Masson and Raymond, who defended the affirmative, had recourse to close and powerful arguments. Their opponents, Messrs. Charbonneau and Carriere, added to their proofs more warmth and unctious. The negative triumphed by a vote of 11 to 6.

SPORTS.

The snow-shoe club is now organized, and a committee of management consisting of the following gentlemen has been struck off: Jos. Landry (Manager), Jas. Collins, D. Masson and C. Gaudet. Snow-

shoeing has always been one of the most popular winter amusements in Ottawa College, and the club now numbers over seventy members. When we look back to the many enjoyable tramps we have had to Alymer, Gatineau and other places, the many bounteous feasts we have partaken of at the end of the journey, the many eloquent speeches delivered in praise of snow-shoeing, the many tired boys that returned to the College in the evening, and the many nights of sound sleep and pleasant dreams that followed each tramp, we all feel rejoiced to think that this season is once more at hand, and that our committee has already made provisions for several tramps.

The members of the O.C.A.A. are making active preparations for their entertainment, which is to take place in the near future. As usual the entertainment will consist of calisthenic exercises, music and songs. There will also be a tug-of-war, between representatives of Classical and Commercial courses. In past years the burden of training the students to perform the various and difficult movements with the bars, bells and clubs, generally fell upon the shoulders of one or two, and consequently, for want of time, the desired proficiency could not be reached. This year various classes have been established and each has its own instructor. The following gentlemen have kindly volunteered to act as instructors: R. Paradis, C. Gaudet, S. Hallissey, A. Sabourin, and P. C. O'Brien.

The committee on hockey, under the management of Rev. Mr. Quinn, deserve great praise for the grand skating rink they have established, but particularly for the admirable manner in which it has been kept free from snow. From the great interest manifested in this most manly pastime, we expect to be able to record at some near date a victory against the city hockey team.

What has become of the hand-ball alley? And where are those students of last fall who fondly imagined that it was built expressly for their use? Since the alley is not covered would it not be well if they would devote some of their leisure moments to keeping it in proper order? Hand-ball is not a game that need be confined exclusively to the summer months, but with a little exertion on the part of its admirers, might be continued

through the long winter months. Why not in this as in all the other games have a committee appointed, whose duty it will be to see that the alley is kept clear of snow, and that regular matches will be arranged for conge afternoons between representatives from various classes.

And what about the snow-fort? Is this year also going to pass by without one. Never have we had so favorable a year for winter sports. Our rinks are superior to all previous efforts; we have plenty of snow—all we want is a little enthusiasm and a few leading spirits to bring into active preparation a carnival that will surpass the famous ones that are now such pleasant memories.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

J. F. Regan, rhetoric, '88, is in the Cleveland, Ohio, Seminary.

Ernest J. Gaudet, commercial graduate of '87, is assistant in the Bank of St. Hyacinthe, St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.

E. J. McKenna, who was with '93 before matriculation, has entered the Law School of Ann-Arbor University, Ann-Arbor, Mich.

James McCarthy, commercial graduate of '82 now holds a lucrative position in the Cleveland Electric Light Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

E. A. Dorgan, B. A. '87, for two years a student in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, has entered the Oblate Novitiate, Tewksbury, Mass.

Rev. John C. Ivers, '86, who was recently ordained priest by Bishop O'Rielly, at Springfield, Mass., has entered the Catholic University of Washington.

Frank McGreevy, an alumnus of '87 and who afterwards graduated from the Troy Polytechnic Institute, has lately completed the contract for a wharf in Gaspé.

Marcel Beullac, graduate of the commercial course class of '85, has met with remarkable success in his studies in France, having just obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science, ranking third in a class of 40. He is now preparing to enter the famous military school of St. Cyr.

ULULATUS.

Venit, Cantavit, Exiit.

Who "tuck" the candle?

Red feathers are much appreciated in Texas.

The examinations are over, now let the oculists be discharged till June next.

A most infallible weather prophet is the seniors' rink—every time it is flooded it snows.

"Venus is a celebrated volcano" was a brilliant scintillation from a fourth grade student, recently.

When I see a student reading,
And his mind with folly feeding,
Through trashy columns speeding
To the end.

With pity I upraid him,
But ne'er yet have I made him,
To advice when'er I aid him,
An ear lend.

So without the least exertion,
I say for his diversion,
'Tis but a mere assertion,
My dear friend.

A fourth form mineralogist has discovered a new compound which he calls "Platonic Chloride."

A sixth form student in expatiating on magnetism recently, explained certain phenomena by the "theory of osculations."

"Brockville" has studied algebra to some purpose since he has succeeded in expanding permission for one day's absence into five days.

TEACHER—"What kind of a verb is 'strike' in the following sentence: 'I struck Mea on the back?'"

STUDENT (promptly)—"Reflexive, sir."

Our member from the "eye-land" is engaged in consulting parliamentary procedure in search of a precedent for the recent action of the Debating Society in ousting him out of the chair the first time he ever was in it.

If you wish to be lauded and loudly applauded, by juniors revered, by classmates endeared, by teachers respected for knowledge reflected; if for work you desire to be awarded the palm, the secret I'll tell, please learn it well: just score twenty points at the oral exam.

MY LITTLE STEED.

FROM THE ADVANCE SHEETS OF A COMING EPIC.

My uncle gave it me when I was young
A birthday gift, this pony I call mine,
I often vowed his praises would be sung
As soon as "Dick" could write a single line.

And now I am quite developed in the art
Of making rhyme; in which so few excel,
My pony too is tugging in his cart
Can use his feet—poetic feet—as well.

He's gentle; yet he'll balk and the reverse
And kick the dashboard; still 'tis all in fun,
I'd make you roar if I should here rehearse
The wondrous things my little pony's done.

R. I.

"I came near getting out of the oral examination the day I fell down the elevator."

Determination to succeed is a characteristic of many of our junior students, but in none is it more marked than in the one, who, in his anxiety to become an adept at snowshoeing, straps pillows to his feet and promenades around the dormitory.

For the past six months Signor D. O. Novano has been making an excellent collection of chromos. Soon we hope to hear of him having a supply sufficient to cover the walls of the Junior dormitory, when we expect to announce the date of a formal exhibition.

Wry and sour was the appearance of a certain young gentleman's countenance, the other night, when, making a sea voyage in the realms of dreamland, the vessel collided with something or other and our traveller found himself on the dormitory floor, beside his bed.

Slide! Kelly, slide!

The ice is brightly gleaming,
Why stand there idly dreaming,
Hear the students loudly screaming,
Slide! Kelly, slide!

Slide! Kelly, slide!

You'll never be a skater,
Nor yet a good debater,
Till you learn e'er 'tis too late to
Slide! Kelly, slide!

Slide! Kelly, slide!

'Tis the secret of success to
Know when life's troubles come on presto,
How, that you may take a rest, to
Slide! Kelly, slide!

In writing his appreciation of Napoleon, in the recent history examination, an enthusiastic admirer of the great man was so absorbed in his work that when it was about half finished, he unconsciously drifted into French and wrote the remainder of the examination in that language.

On Monday evening, January 27, an exciting scene took place in the class-room corridors. A third form student, whose lethargical gait gives us the idea that he would find it difficult to keep up with a glacier, essayed to run. He made a daring attempt, and took as much as a dozen steps before being winded. This is believed to be his first attempt in rapid locomotion since he arrived—rather—was deposited in the college.

IN THE SMOKING ROOM, 7:30 P. M.

Oh! the blue ethereal smoke,
Picturing clouds with a master's stroke,
Clouds on the smoking room ceiling.
How it curls and wriggles and spreads,
From their lips and over their heads,
Binding together with gossamer threads
The smokers in fellow-feeling.

DITTO, 8 P. M.

Oh! the stifling, smothering smoke,
Filling your lungs, you sneeze and choke
As into your nostrils it's stealing.
From this atmosphere noxious and dread
You try to escape. With staggering tread
And other's assistance, at last you're led
Out of the smoking-room reeling.