

# THE OWL.

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## A PROPHET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*



**M**OST Rev. John Ireland, the great Archbishop of St. Paul, dismissed the enthusiastic delegates to the recent American Catholic Congress with the declaration that there was a mission open to laymen, that the time had come when clergy and laity must rise up as one man and devote their united efforts to the advancement of Catholic truth. He struck the keynote of the Catholic position in America when he declared for lay action in the Church, for, humanly speaking, the salvation of Catholicity, and, absolutely speaking, its complete triumph, depend upon our speedy return to the customs of Apostolic ages, when lay missionaries, docile disciples of Jesus Christ, "by their apologies, their discourses in the Senate, their social, political and religious influence generally," exerted so mighty a power in the overthrow of paganism and the conversion of the barbarians. Had Archbishop Ireland proposed a half-dozen fitting guides for Catholic laymen he could scarcely have omitted the name of the subject of this sketch—John Donoso Cortes.

The transition period from the professed materialism and gross sensualism of the 18th century to the rational spiritualism of the 19th gave us three great men—Joseph de Maistre, James Balmes and Donoso Cortes; the first a Frenchman, whose writings have instructed and delighted many, though still too few; the two others, Spaniards, of whom compara-

tively little is known. No other Christian nation, save perhaps Ireland, has received such scant justice from the world as Spain. It has been a land of eminent saintliness and sublimest genius, but its saints are in large part uncanonized and its geniuses occupy only a small niche in the Temple of Fame. To the vast majority of even educated men, Saavedra, Calderon, Louis of Granada, Balmes and Donoso Cortes are as unknown as the illustrious Pipsihhi or as dead as the immortal Xixosou.

Donoso Cortes was born in 1809 at the village of Valla-de-la Serena, Estramadura, Spain, whither his parents had gone in their flight from the victorious French invaders. His mother was his earliest teacher; at five years of age he entered a secondary school; at eleven he had finished the Humanities; he then studied law at the universities of Salamanca and Seville, and the latter institution made him a licentiate in law in his sixteenth year. At nineteen he was called to fill the chair of Literature in the college of Caceres. So far his career had been brilliant, and amply justified the laconic compliment which his wonderful energy and intense love of study drew from his earliest masters—"Donoso is a diamond." From the beginning he had shown a decided distaste for the analytic and deductive sciences; but history charmed him, philosophy fascinated him. He combined them both, subjected his historical facts to the guidance of philosophical principles and obtained an harmonious view of the whole. His was essentially a synthetic

\* Read in the School of Theology before St. Thomas' Academy.

mind. Some schoolboy notes on universal history reveal his intention of rising from facts to general principles, but he makes the wise reflection that to do this advantageously one must be first a supreme master of facts.

It was during the vacations of his college-life that Cortes met his Mephistopheles. Cortes, like Faust, longed "to scan the heights and depths of nature's mysteries." Don Manuel Jose Quintana, Cortes' evil angel, pledged himself to satisfy those longings. He placed in the hands of the young student the sceptical and revolutionary authors of the French Encyclopædia. Despite the antidote of a sound Christian home training, the poison of Diderot, d'Holbach, Rousseau and Voltaire did its work, and when Cortes accepted the professorship of Literature in the college of Caceres, he had freed his mind from the restraint of all authority, both human and divine. From 1828 to 1834 he lived an avowed sceptic, though holding a high place in public confidence as litterateur, journalist, and lecturer in Common Law at Madrid. Then the fury of social and political revolution broke upon Spain, and Cortes was a horrified but instructed spectator of its horrid sacrileges and barbarous cruelties. It was for him the first ray of kindly light; amid the encircling gloom it led him on, for in the same year he wrote:—"Without religion, society cannot exist; it is condemned to barrenness and death." This conclusion, however, he applied to society in the abstract; pride still ruled his will, and he would not admit that religion was a need for the individual. Personal liberty and human reason were his idols; in history he was the disciple of Guizot, in philosophy of Victor Cousin. The Church of his childhood he still admired, but only as a critic might admire the "Moses" of Michael Angelo or the "Apollo Belvidere"; he had yet to feel that fervent, doubt-destroying love born of belief. The great point, however, was that he had entered on the way; time alone was required for his logical mind to perceive the absurd contradictions of his position and to be drawn to the sublime harmonies of Catholicity.

In 1836 the Revolution reached its apogee in Spain, hideous disorder was

the nation's god. Cortes saw, as if by revelation, the cause and cure of all this turmoil. He staggered his whilom friends when, in the following year, he concluded his final lecture in the course of Common Law at Madrid by asserting the necessary supremacy of faith over reason. "How" he asked "do those demagogues propose to overcome the ideas of the Revolution? By human reason? Human reason must fail, if faith do not sustain it; it is irretrievably lost unless supported by the Divine Power." The rapidity of the change surprised even those most sanguine of his ultimate conversion. From Voltaire and Rousseau to Guizot and Cousin, and thence to Catholicity is a journey whose length and wearisomeness are compensated only by the glory of the final resting place. Some time later in a letter to Montalembert, Cortes writes:—"My conversion is due primarily to the mercy of God; after that, to my profound study of the Revolution. Revolutions are the beacon lights of Providence and of history. They strengthen our faith by intensifying its brilliancy." In 1838 Cortes entered the Spanish Parliament, an enthusiastic advocate of the most advanced claims of Catholicity. Here his genius had ample room for development, and here it was that he laid the foundation of his lasting fame.

It is worthy of note that Donoso Cortes, fired with the zeal of the convert who reaches truth, through the mazes of error, and enlisted in the noblest of causes—the triumph of Catholic principles in the guidance of the state—chose as his ideal lay apologist our illustrious fellow-countrymen, Daniel O'Connell. "O'Connell" he cries in a burst of admiration "is the single man in all the lapse of ages who can be called a people. Demosthenes was the greatest of all orators, but he was only a man. Cicero was an academician; Mirabeau, a faction; Berryer, a party. But O'Connell is a whole people, and a whole people is everything. There is not a man in the three kingdoms whose head reaches to the knee of this Irish Cyclops. He is sublime as Demosthenes, haughty as Mirabeau, melancholy as Chateaubriand, tender as Plutarch, crafty as Ulysses in the Grecian camp, daring as Ajax supplicating heaven for light to die in the noon-tide sun. He is at once a fox and a lion.

I cannot deny that I drop my pen with pleasure to lovingly contemplate this sublime figure with the eyes of my imagination . . . Ireland, Green Ireland, Catholic Ireland, rejoice, though humbled and in bondage. Your garments are coarse ; you are loaded with chains and lie on a bed of straw. But on that bed you have given birth to a king among men. Ireland, Green Ireland, rejoice, though humbled and in bondage." It was eminently fitting that Donso Cortes, desiring to consecrate himself to the Church in the layman's sphere of action, should take as his guide Daniel O'Connell, who, in strength of Catholic faith and devotion to Catholic truth, yields first place to no man.

Acceding to the urgent entreaties of his friends, Cortes now gave himself up to the composition of a work worthy of himself and of his cause. The result was his "Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism," a book that ranks with the best productions of any age. Before beginning to write he made a pilgrimage to Alba de Tormes, and laid his homage and his intentions at the shrine of St. Theresa; nor would he consent to the publication of his essays until they had been examined in their dogmatic aspect by one of the most famous theologians of Paris, all of whose observations were finally adopted by the author. Max Muller is right when he says :—"The torch of imagination is as necessary for him who looks for truth as the lamp of study. But above all is the star of faith, that guides in all things from darkness to light." Donoso Cortes' whole life was a victory for faith.

The "Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism"\* are great enough to immortalize any man. "The merit of the work" says Canon Torre Velez "is not in the matters it treats of, nor in the facts it states, nor in the problems it deals with, nor in the amount of erudition it displays, nor in the clear method it follows, nor in the critical skill it manifests ; for everything in the "Essays" has been treated of and discussed a thousand times before. The merit of Donoso Cortes, so far as the "Essays" are original and great, consists in raising the question to a height to which

no other book carries it, and in the new aspect with which every question is investigated from the first to the last page. . . . There is no dogma of faith, nor hierarchy in the Church, nor institution in society, nor important question in philosophy, nor epoch in history, nor human aberration in the speculative sphere of the schools or in the practical life of nations, which does not occupy its proper place in the vast plan of this work." Cortes is the Spanish De Maistre who wishes to bring back all Europe and the world to the rule of Christ as King. Theocracy, the truest of all democracies, is his aim. For him the Catholic Church is "the mistress, the foundress, and the life of society." To see her again on the throne of Europe, the cynosure of all eyes, is his ambition. This end will be attained when man is guided by supernatural principles both in his individual and social relations.

Those who attempt "to guild refined gold, to paint the lily, or add another hue unto the rainbow," have picked flaws in Cortes' philosophy. He is charged with exaggerating the importance of authority and with dethroning human reason. He does hold that complete autonomy of reason is impossible for him who reveres the infallibility of the teaching Church. Theoretically he is slightly wrong, for his principle seems to favor Traditionalism ; but practically he is wholly right. A desire "to choose and see our path" is the besetting sin of the nineteenth century. Obedience, unceasing and unquestioning, to authority must ever be the only safe rule for Catholic laymen. "Doctrinal intolerance" is their salvation. Read what Cortes says of it :—"The doctrinal intolerance of the Church has saved the world from chaos. Her doctrinal intolerance has placed beyond question political, domestic, social, and religious truths—primitive and holy truths—which are not subject to discussion, because they are the foundation of all discussions ; truths which cannot be called into doubt for a moment without the understanding at that moment oscillating, lost between truth and error, and the clear mirror of human reason becoming soiled and obscured." Thus only did Cortes assail

\*M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. Translated by Rev. Wm. McDonald, Rector of the Irish College, Salamanca.

human reason; "the clear mirror of human reason" he struck but to save. He himself was no Traditionalist; no man ever made a higher, holier, freer use of his reason, and his writings do not open the door to Scepticism. He is a model for Catholic laymen in his untiring zeal for the triumph of the Church, his unswerving loyalty to the Holy See, and the sincere Christian piety of his private life. He is their guide in the correctness of his principles and views, and in his successful efforts to harmonize political and social questions with defined dogmas. He unites great faith with profound science.

Cortes' "Essays" placed him in the first rank of the Catholic writers of this century—by the side of Balmes, De Maistre, and Cardinal Newman. But he paid for his glory; after the apostolate comes martyrdom. No great cause was ever successful without enthusiasm, and enthusiasm, so the prudent say, is always exaggerated. Cortes predicted that social and political revolution would follow the triumph of the demagogues and false democracy; he feared a return to worse than paganism. Self-satisfied wisdom, forgetful that nothing would ever be done if the doer waited until no one could find fault with his proposals, smiled and proclaimed him a theorizing visionary. "I have faith in my ideas," replied Cortes. Within twenty years Europe shuddered to see Paris drenched in the blood of its best citizens; shuddered with pity—and with fear. The reaction followed. Those who had confined Donoso Cortes' thoughts within their own narrow intellectual horizon, as well as those who had condemned his absolute formulas, united in styling him "The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century."

## II

In his "Essays" Cortes sets out to prove—1st, that Catholic principles only can satisfactorily explain society, because they alone give a true explanation of man's nature; 2nd, that having left Catholicity, which is essentially truth and strength, we fall into Socialism, the lowest deep of error and disorder; 3rd, that

Liberalism, intermediary between the two, the product of Scepticism and indifference, is founded on ignorance of human nature, and is radically powerless to do anything for the salvation of religion or the state. The work is divided into three books—the 1st, "On Catholicism"; the 2nd, "Problems and solutions relative to order in general"; the 3rd, "Problems and solutions relative to order in humanity." The first thesis—that a great question of theology underlies every great political question—is the fundamental and animating principle of his whole philosophy. "Theology," says Cortes, "in as much as it is the science of God, is the ocean which contains and embraces all sciences, as God is the ocean which contains and embraces all things. . . . Everything that lives finds there the laws of life; everything that vegetates, the laws of vegetation; everything that moves, the laws of motion; everything that has feelings, the laws of sensations; everything that has intelligence, the laws of intellects; everything that has liberty, the laws of wills. . . . The people of Israel could not be overcome whilst Moses kept his hands raised to the Lord, and could not conquer when he dropped them. Moses is the figure of the human race proclaiming in all ages, in different formulas and ways, the omnipotence of God and the dependence of man, the power of religion, the virtue of prayer, the supremacy of theology."

Out of the mouth of Plato, Xenophon and Plutarch; of Numa, Cato and Cicero; of Rousseau, Voltaire and Proudhon, does Cortes prove that there never was a state formed without theology serving as the foundation. In the East and in the West; in Persia, India and Egypt, as well as in Carthage, Greece and Rome, the fabric of national greatness was reared on the basis of attachment to the national gods; their history and their theology are one and the same. It was a popular belief that no city could be conquered while it remained faithful to the gods. The end was near when the woeful cry arose:—"The gods are going; the gods are leaving us!" Imperial Rome, whose greatness filled the earth, declined and fell when her theology ended and her deities were despised. Once more history writes in her pages that she is but the humble handmaid of theology. Let Cortes speak for himself on this most re-

markable confirmation of his sublime principle:—"At that time there was born in a stable, of humble parents, a child prodigious in the land of prodigies. It was said of Him that at the time of His appearance among men a new star shone out in heaven; that He was scarcely born when He was adored by shepherds and kings; that the patriarchs had watched for His coming; that the prophets had announced His Kingdom. . . . At the end of thirty years the child had become a man. On receiving on His head the waters of the Jordan, a spirit like a dove had descended on Him; the heavens had opened and a voice was heard on high saying, 'This is my beloved Son.' . . . That all this was a miserable farce enacted by wretched clowns, was a thing beyond all manner of doubt in the eyes of the strong minds of that age. . . . It happened that Jesus commenced to teach a new doctrine, and work extraordinary things. His audacity, or his madness, went so far as to call the hypocrites and the proud, proud and hypocrites. The hardness of His heart was so great that He advised the poor to be patient, and then, mocking them, proclaimed their happiness. To be revenged on the rich who always despised Him, He said to them "Be merciful." He condemned fornication and adultery, and he ate the bread of fornicators and adulterers. He despised—so great was His envy—the doctors and the sages, and conversed—so low were His instincts—with the gross and the rude. He was so filled with pride that He called Himself lord of the earth, the sea and the heavens; and He was such an adept in the arts of hypocrisy that he washed the feet of a few miserable fishermen. In spite of His studied austerity, He said His doctrine was love; He condemned labor in Martha and sanctified idleness in Mary; He had a secret compact with the infernal spirits, and received the gift of miracles in price for His soul. Crowds followed Him, and the multitude adored Him. . . . In this state the question remained for the moment. Then Pilate, immortal type of corrupt judges, sacrificed the just one to fear. The Son of God mounted the cross amid mockery and insults, and expired praying for His executioners, and commending His Spirit to His Father. Everything was at rest for a moment;

but then were seen things never before seen by the eyes of men. The abomination of desolation in the temple; the sepulchres yawning; Jerusalem without inhabitants; her people dispersed and the world in arms. Cities depopulated and the deserts peopled; as the governors of nations, men who did not know how to read and were clad in skins; the multitudes obeying the voice of him who said at the Jordan 'Do penance,' and of the other who said 'He who wishes to be perfect, let him leave all things, take up his cross and follow me;' and kings adoring the cross raised on high in all places. What is the cause of these great changes, of this universal desolation? What has occurred? Nothing; only some new theologians are going about through the world announcing a new theology. That new theology is called Catholicity."

Thus did Catholic theology take hold of the world and rescue society. "Catholicity seized on man in his body, in his senses, and in his soul. Dogmatic theologians taught him what to believe; moral theologians, what he should do; and the mystics, rising above all, taught him to ascend on high on the wings of prayer, that ladder of Jacob by which God descends to earth and man rises to heaven, till earth and heaven, God and man, burning together in the flame of an infinite love, are blended into one."

The true ideas of order and authority are of Catholic origin—"non est potestas nisi a Deo." To Christian princes on the day of their coronation, the Church addressed those words of gentle warning: "Take this wand as an emblem of your sacred power, that you may be able to support the weak, sustain the vacillating, correct the vicious, and lead the good along the path of Salvation. Take this sceptre as the emblem of divine equity, which directs the good and chastises the wicked; learn from this to love justice and abhor iniquity." Catholicity, by deifying authority, sanctified obedience; there are two things totally impossible in a truly Catholic society—despotism and revolutions.

Catholic theology is concentered in the visible, supernatural, miraculous, teaching church, between which and the other societies of the world there is the same distance as between the divine and hu-

man conception.s. Catholicity is love, because Jesus Christ, its founder, is love. Not by His marvelous doctrine and miracles did Christ conquer the world. Of those who saw Him suspend the laws of nature, still the waves and walk on the waters, heal the sick and raise the dead to life, some called Him God, others a devil, others a prophet. Not because the prophecies of the old law were fulfilled in Him did nations range themselves under the banner of the cross. The Scribes and Pharisees, doctors in the Law, and the multitudes taught by them, believed not in Him. But by His Gospel of Love did the Son of God draw all things to Himself when He was lifted up on high. "Humanly speaking," says Cortes "Catholicity owes her triumphs to her logic. Even if God did not lead her by the hand, her logic would carry her triumphant to the ultimate ends of the earth." But logic's triumph convinces, does not persuade. Christ announced the natural victory of error over truth when he said "I am come in the name of my Father, and you receive me not; if another shall come in his own name him you will receive." "In fact" says Cortes again in seeming contradiction—and seeming only—to what I have quoted above, "humanly speaking, Christianity must necessarily succumb; it must succumb, first, because it was the truth; secondly, because it had in its support marvelous miracles, eloquent testimonies, and irrefragable proofs. The human race had always risen and protested against these things separately; and it was not probable, nor credible, nor to be imagined, that it would not rise up and protest against them united; and *de facto* it broke into blasphemies, protests, and rebellion. But the Just One mounted the cross through love, and shed His blood through love, and gave His life through love; and that infinite love and that precious blood merited for the world the coming of the Holy Ghost. Then everything was changed, for reason was conquered by faith, and nature by grace." It is only the doctrine of Love that could rule man in the moral order, guide him in the domestic order, and transform him in the social order,—that could unite the militant on earth, the suffering in purgatory, and the triumphant in heaven in one glorious bondage to the Eternal King.

Cortes next passes to discuss in the 2nd and 3rd books of his essays the various theories of the Liberal and Socialistic schools—to discuss, not in the controversial sense, for he allows error no rights—but by placing side by side the contradictory conclusions of his opponents and the profound solutions of Catholic theologians and philosophers upon questions of the utmost interest to man and to society. The Socialists, with Proudhon, their prince, at their head, he first encounters and vanquishes. "Proudhon before Donoso Cortes," says Mgr. Baurard, "It is absolute error facing perfect truth, the logic of darkness before the logic of light; Satan before the Archangel." History is an impossible riddle, insolvable on the socialist hypothesis, but clear and simple in the light of Cortes' explanations in his chapters on the free will of man, original sin and its transmission, the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the Redemption of the human race.

Donoso Cortes had no patience with Liberalism either in politics or religion. Logical error he could face and fight, but intellectual cowardice he loathed. Hence how his answers to the Socialists differ from those to the Liberals. Socialism he deems a foe with which he can engage in contest without dishonoring his cause; but he dismisses Liberalism with words of sarcastic contempt. He chose to meet the objections of the Socialists because their leaders "went straight to all the great problems and questions, and because they always propose a peremptory and decisive solution." But he despised Liberalism which never said *I affirm* or *I deny* but always *I distinguish*, and which "confounds by means of discussion all notions, and propagates scepticism, knowing as it does that a people which perpetually hears from the mouths of its sophists the *pro* and *contra* of everything, ends by not knowing which side to take, and by asking itself whether truth and error, injustice and justice, stupidity and honesty, are things opposed, or are only the same things regarded from different points of view." Liberalism lives on discussion, and "discussion is the title under which Death travels when he goes incognito and seeks to avoid recognition; against it neither caution nor armor prevails.... Man, according to the Catholic view, was lost only when he entered into discussion

with the devil. Later, as we are told, this same demon appeared to Jesus in the desert, provoking him to a spiritual combat, or, as we may call it, a discussion. But it would appear he had then somebody very different to treat with, who said to him—*Begone Satan*, by which an evil was put at once to discussion and diabolical tricks."

Fifty years ago Cortes saw as clearly as we see now with the Encyclical Letter on the Condition of Labor in our hands that the struggle for the supremacy of the world would be between Catholicity and Socialism. He made no account of Liberalism. Men would be obliged to choose the Barabbas of Socialism or the Jesus of Catholicity. His words sound as though they were written yesterday; "On that dreadful day when the entire field of battle will be occupied by the forces of Socialism on one side and of Catholicity on the other, no will be able to say where Liberalism is to be found." That day has come, and we who see it know that Liberalism is not to be reckoned in the contest—that, as a power, it is as dead as Pelagianism. His Holiness Leo XIII, Cardinals Manning and Gibbons, and the young Emperor of Germany will tell us whether Donoso Cortes was a prophet when he said that Socialism was the foe of the future. Of the issue of the struggle, however, he never doubted. "Socialism is strong" he says "only because it is a theology; and it is destructive only because it is a satanic theology. The Socialistic schools, inasmuch as they are theological, will prevail over the Liberal school, inasmuch as it is anti-theological and sceptical; and, inasmuch as they are satanic, they will succumb before the Catholic school, which is at once theological and divine."

With Catholicity victorious, Cortes favored a Theocracy, but not that reactionary absolutism which would change cabinets into convent chapters, parliaments into diocesan synods, and palaces into monasteries. I think Father Barry interprets Cortes' mind when he writes: "In former days the rule of Christ as King was known as a Theocracy. The scope of evolution now, I think, becoming manifest on every hand in the social organism is that the multitude who create and sustain civilization should taste abundantly of its blessings, not find it a grievous

burden increasing in proportion with its value to the few. And the name of that new order is Democracy. It is the immediate task of the Catholic Church, while this century is closing and another begins, to combine the things represented by them, the earthly and the heavenly, into a public life, a renovated human society, which shall have its roots deep in the past, inheriting the treasures brought down through the years of Christendom, and its promise in the years to come."

I must be content with going thus far in the analysis of the Essays. I am utterly unable to convey anything approaching an adequate notion of the sublimity of ideas and universality of genius of this Spanish Theologian Philosopher, and Statesman. How unspeakably pygmean the men of our day are beside him will best appear from the words of a learned commentator with which I shall conclude:—"True merit characteristically presents itself on the scene of the world without pretensions, and real virtue is known to everyone but itself. St. Augustine, to refute the calumnies of the Pagans, writes the 'City of God,' and after attaining his object, he does what perhaps he had not intended—he creates a science unknown to the Pagans, the science of the intervention of God in history. St. Thomas aims at writing a systematic text book for students of theology in the 13th century, and his 'Sum' raised theology to the category of a science, and became a book of consultation for the learned of all ages. Dante intends to write a poem after the manner of Virgil, and the 'Divine Comedy' becomes a reflex of a civilization, or rather is Christian civilization sung in numbers by a bard. Bossuet does not venture to call his history anything but a *Discourse*; yet posterity acknowledges Bossuet to be the father of the Philosophy of History. Well, what those giants of Christian thought were in their respective ages, and in their own spheres this work of Donoso Cortes is at the present day. It is not, as might appear at first sight, a simple comparison of the truth with the great errors of the present time; it is more, much more, incomparably more. It is history, like the 'City of God'; it is theology, like the 'Sum' of St. Thomas; it is a portrait of Catholic civilization, like the 'Divine Comedy'; and it is a philosophy of history much more profound than

that of Bossuet and all other historians ; for without the philosophy of these Essays, history is an enigma impossible to decipher. Spain may well be proud of producing the illustrious author of these essays, a work which, without a controver-

sial character, is a most glorious and sublime apology of religion, and the victorious refutation of Liberalism, Rationalism, and Socialism."

M. F. FALLON, '89.



*ROSA MYSTICA.*

(A LEGEND.)



U N humble prayer before the Virgin's shrine,  
 An aged monk used daily to incline,  
 And thro' his slender, bloodless fingers guide  
 The smooth beads of the chaplet at his side.  
 The years that tinged his russet locks with grey,  
 That stooped his form, had schooled his heart to pray  
 To her of whom, the saints of God maintain,  
 Nothing was ever asked, and asked in vain.  
 'Twas thro' her favor he'd obtain'd the grace  
 Of seeking shelter in this hallowed place,  
 Where dwelt the few who sought perfection's heights  
 Above the level of the earth's delights,  
 Walking in Wisdom's deep but narrow wake,  
 The world rejecting for their Master's sake.  
 During the four-score years which here he'd spent,  
 No day had passed whereon he had not bent  
 His knee in homage to that Virgin fair  
 And said the Ros'ry in her honor there.  
 One day he knelt, nor heard the pri'ry bell  
 Far up the turret sound the solemn knell  
 That bade the monks three times a day unite  
 Within the chapel and the words recite  
 In which was couched the message Gabriel bore



To Naz'reth sixteen centuries before,—  
The joyful tidings of a God made man,  
First known to that blessed Three ere time began,  
Then, whispered softly in a virgin's ear,  
Now, echoed thro' the whole terrestrial sphere.  
He knelt absorbed; his brother monks retired  
To feed the mortal as his strength required,  
Unconscious of the aged friar's stay  
Behind them in the chapel, until they  
Had reached the dining-hall, pronounced the grace,  
Then found him absent from his wonted place.  
Astonished not to find their brother there  
All looked in wonder at the vacant chair.  
None, since his entrance knew him yet to fail  
In the observance of the least detail  
Prescribed or sanctioned by the sacred code,  
Time-honored and revered in that abode.  
A sudden fear crept o'er the Prior's mind;  
He in this rare occurrence ill divined,  
And sent, forthwith, to search the spacious halls,  
Cells, kitchen, garden, chapel, chancel, stalls,  
Where brother Francis searched, but all in vain—  
No tidings of the absent could he gain.  
Then spoke the eldest 'mong the ancients, who  
The diverse habits of his brothers knew:  
"Seek, Francis, where the Virgin's statue stands  
"With beaming countenance and outstretched hands;  
"There you'll behold him kneeling at her side,  
"If still his spirit in the flesh abide."  
Which Francis hearing, issued forth again—  
Nor was the humble frater's search in vain;  
Before Our Lady's altar wrapped in prayer,  
Bent the possessor of the vacant chair.  
But lo! a vision meets the brother's gaze;  
Down from the statue streamed a flood of rays,  
More brilliant than the noon-day's golden sheen,  
Casting refulgent splendor o'er the scene.  
Still as the statue knelt the monk below  
With moving lips and countenance aglow,  
Whilst two bright angels o'er a bridge unseen  
Traversed alternately the space between.

Up to their Queen these active spirits bear  
Fresh from his lips unnumbered rose-buds fair,  
Which, smiling she receives, and then to him,  
Who sits majestic at the Father's right  
Above the highest choirs of cherubim,  
She sends the off'ring of her humble knight.  
The Son, well pleased, bade his attendants twine  
These mystic blossoms for his mother's shrine,  
Which they accomplished, from his presence sped,  
And placed the peerless garland on her head.  
The vision vanished, leaving still behind  
Its vivid impress on the frater's mind.  
When the monastics next assembled there,  
A fragrant odor sweetness lent the air,  
Which they perceiving marvelled much to know  
The fountain whence such rare perfume might flow,—  
And seeking, turned their eyes from place to place  
Until their vision rested on the face  
Of Mary's statue; wonder seized them now—  
A wreath of roses crowned the Virgin's brow!  
For many an after year might there be seen  
This spotless chaplet crowning heaven's Queen;  
And ever after through the mid-day hours,  
Sweet perfumes issued from these mystic flowers.

M. '91



## THE JOHNSONIAN AGE.



THE Johnsonian age stands out in bold relief upon the chequered page of the history of English literature. The dictatorial sway, in all things literary, of one man; the development of a new form of literature destined to rival in popularity all previous methods of communicating thought; the decline of the stage drama; the resuscitation of oratory, the gradual revolt in the realms of poetry against classicism, culminating in a complete revolution at the beginning of the next age; the yet more important revolt against old beliefs and existing social and political conditions, fostered chiefly by philosophical, historical and political writings, but by degrees permeating the poetical works of the nation, and bursting forth finally into that terrible upheaval, the French Revolution,—all these are salient features attracting alike the attention of the litterateur and the thinker.

The man who for forty years governed the English literary world with all the despotism of a Russian czar was Dr. Samuel Johnson. Why his sway was so long unquestioned would be somewhat difficult to determine, for his works, though displaying a vast amount of erudition, possess neither great depth nor striking originality, whilst the mould in which they are cast is, by many considered as too artificial to atone for lack of intrinsic merit. Two causes may be assigned, however, that in part explain the acceptance of his dictatorship, viz., the critical nature of the period, and his personal character. In literature, as in all else that is human, there is an ebb and flow, an action and re-action. A great creative age is followed by a coldly critical one. The human mind cannot continue at high pressure through a long period of time; its powers are too finite; they must inevitably lose tone after extraordinary effort, and be content to aim at less exalted degrees of perfection. And hence, after the noonday splendour of the creative Elizabethan age, came the pale sun-

set glow of the Classical period. Criticism supplanted creation; the shadowy form was held in higher esteem than the real substance. Whilst genius alone, therefore, could stand foremost in the former, critical power united to a dogmatic spirit, might well lead in the latter. These two requirements Johnson possessed in a marked degree. A sound understanding, unimpeachable morality and good common sense were the groundwork upon which he built his literary judgments, and these, therefore, merited in part the deference paid to them. His critical acumen was, however, not altogether unbiased, nor was it entirely comprehensive. He was deeply infected with the prevailing spirit of classicism; Pope, to him, was much superior to Shakespeare. Again, he wanted sympathy with the emotional in literature; his appreciation was strong rather than deep; he required the moral to be ever brought into wearisome didactic prominence and could not understand that it might be far more thoroughly inculcated by a faithful, life-like delineation of the secret workings of the human heart. So much for his critical power; his dogmatic spirit was a yet more powerful fulcrum on which to rest his dictatorial lever. He was by nature rough and imperious, eager for controversy, glorying in victory, chafing under defeat. These qualities, joined to a ready, though somewhat ponderous wit, made him a formidable antagonist in debate and finally rendered him undisputed master of the literary world.

His numerous publications aided, beyond doubt, in bringing about this result. Of them all, his Dictionary calls for most commendation, not only because it was the first important work of its kind and the result of his individual labor, but also because of its luminous and happy definitions. His other literary productions are highly moral, but, as works professedly of this nature too often are, a trifle heavy. His style has been often criticised as being pompous and pedantic. His oft-recurring antitheses do smack strongly of artificiality, but he has been, perhaps, too

much censured on the score of his Latin terminology. Aside from the consideration that this was the natural mode of expression of a learned and somewhat ponderous mind, it may well be questioned whether this influx of Latin terms, much augmented by Johnson, has not been productive of much good to the English tongue. It has made it the best medium for the conveying of scientific knowledge and has given it a poetical vocabulary, as distinguished from that of prose, such as is possessed, in an equal degree, by no other modern language. An influence that produces such beneficial results cannot be unreservedly condemned.

Despite his unquestioned rule, Johnson was singularly out of touch with his time, and in consequence, his impress upon subsequent English literature, except in the matter of vocabulary, has been slight—so slight as to dwindle into insignificance when compared with that left by contemporary writers whom he, doubtless, looked down upon with lofty self-complacency. His pedestal was perhaps placed too high for him to observe those first faint heavings of the social sea which were afterwards to burst into a fearful storm.

Literature is, however, indebted to him for two great favors; he freed it from any taint of immorality that still infected it, and he raised it to the dignity of a profession. The murky stream which had sprung from the licentiousness consequent upon the sudden removal of puritanical restraint by the restoration, had been but imperfectly purified by the, sometimes, none too cleanly contributions of the classical age. It remained for Johnson to make it clear and limpid. He retained, indeed, as has been remarked, much of the artificiality of Pope's school in his balanced sentences and Latin vocabulary, but he would have none of its occasional concessions to corrupt and depraved taste. He proved in his own works that high art was compatible with the strictest morality, and his prestige enabled him to effectively frown down any outcroppings of a contrary spirit in the writings of others. And if by this line of conduct he merits the praise of all right-minded men, his efforts to gain for authorship a recognition as a distinct profession deserve yet warmer plaudits from all drivers of the quill. Hitherto, literary

men were in reality what some of them are now in fancy,—long haired, lank countenanced individuals who wore baggy trousers and slept in unfurnished garrets. Their only hope lay in gaining, by servile adulation, the favor of some wealthy lord who, in return for a fulsome dedication would donate them a few hundred pounds. When Johnson conceived the idea of writing his Dictionary he applied for the patronage of the Earl of Chesterfield, but his appeal was coldly received. Undismayed, he set to work and after seven years of patient and continuous labor, published the book which met with unqualified success. The noble Earl now regretted his churlishness and attempted to make amends by recommending the work to the public through the medium of letters to the daily press. Johnson wrote him a scathing reply in which he says: "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it." The effect of this letter, coming from such a high authority, was to establish literature as a distinct and independent profession.

But though these are the chief lasting effects produced by Johnson, the age itself has influenced to a far greater degree the general trend of subsequent English literature and modern thought. The greatest innovation, from a literary stand-point, was the development of the novel into its present form. True, tales of fiction had been published previous to this time, some of which, such as Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, are still famous. But fictitious literature now assumed a new phase, the modern novel with its intricate plot and more or less correct study of character, took the place of disguised political pamphlets and disconnected tales of adventure. In Richardson's *Pamela*, and *Claressa*, these two characteristics were first brought out into definite and clear outline. The effect was electrical, the works, especially the former, became the rage of the town, ladies went into ecstasies over them and ministers recommended them from the

pulpit. Other writers soon followed in the same track, among them Fielding, whose Tom Jones McCaulay called "the first prose poem of the age." Byron considered its author "the prose Homer of human nature." Compared with modern works of a similar kind these books would scarcely elicit such high commendation, but the fact that it was bestowed shows how phenomenal was the success of the novel even on its first appearance. One such work, however, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, still holds its place in the popular estimation as one of the finest novels written. And deservedly so, for in its quiet humor and sweet simplicity it has never been surpassed.

The effects of the introduction of the novel upon literature have been far-reaching. It has become ubiquitous; whoever has a new theory in religion to present, or a social reform to inaugurate, or, in fact, any idea that he wishes to communicate to the greatest possible number, chooses the novel as the medium best suited to his purpose. This form of literature has been, perhaps, more censured than any other, owing to the base uses to which it has been put. But here, as elsewhere, it is the abuse, not the rational use, that merits condemnation. The novel considered in itself, lends itself to a clearer delineation of character and a more perfect study of the emotions of the human heart than can be had, perhaps, by the employment of any other form of literature. The drama is in this line its only rival, but whilst the dramatic writer must trust entirely to the actions and the speeches of his characters to convey the conception of them he intends, the novelist, in addition to these, can utilize description, can himself criticize them and can shed innumerable side-lights upon them to bring out more clearly the points he wishes to emphasize. The drama, as represented on the stage has, of course, the incomparable superiority of real action and in this respect entirely out-strips the novel; but in a choice between the closet-drama and the latter as a medium to exhibit a study of character the preference would, we believe, lie with the novel. Whether this opinion be accepted or not, the novel is here to stay, and to the Johnsonian Age are we indebted for its presence.

But whilst a new lamp was thus lit upon the altar of English literature, an old one,

and one that in its time had out-shone all others, flickered and died out. This age saw the last of the legitimate stage-drama. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sheridan's "School for Scandal" brought to a close that noble series of dramatic productions which forms the brightest circlet of England's literary crown. With the single exception of Bulwer Lytton no dramatist since their times has written a play that has kept the stage. Several closet-dramas of acknowledged merit, such as Byron's *Manfred*, have been composed, and plays innumerable are being yearly manufactured, but the former are, confessedly, not for representation, whilst the latter are, on their face, ephemeral. This decline of the stage-drama is in part explained by a glance at the history of the stage. In Shakespeare's time it was the great medium for the communication of thought to the popular mind. It was the newspaper, the periodical, the novel, rolled into one. Justly, then, did the great geniuses of the day choose it to be the mould in which to cast the products of their glowing minds. But its influence waned, and that from intrinsic causes. The utter and shameless corruption it exhibited in the time immediately following the revolution first turned all right-minded men from it and gave good grounds for a prejudice against the theatre that has endured even to our own day. Again, the stage early became a mere money-making concern and to attain this primary object, art was prostituted, the dramatist was transformed into the play-wright. The drama no longer sought to read the human heart, it was content so long as by dint of low comedy and rollicking farce it drew large crowds and thus filled the coffers of avaricious managers. The masses are caught by tinsel and glare, not by skilful analytic study of the passions. They are provided with these without stint in the modern theatre. Wonderful scenic effects, exquisite costumes, handsome actors and beautiful actresses,—these are the chief elements in the plays of to day. Throw in boisterous fun flavored with a spice of immorality and you have the whole stock-in-trade of the modern theatre. After the Johnsonian Age these influences, which had been at work all along, became paramount, and consequently the legitimate stage-drama disappeared.

The drama then waned during the Johnsonian Age. Not so oratory. Chatham, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, Grattan, form a group unequalled in modern days. The time was peculiarly adapted to the development of this form of literature. Critical in spirit, yet marked by vigorous thought touching on great political and national interests, it gave the best conditions attainable for the encouragement of eloquence. In addition, daily newspapers began at this time to print full reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons, so that orators were urged to surpass themselves by the consciousness that their audience was a nation.

The Muse also, gradually shaking herself free from the trammels of the classical school, began to return to her first love, Nature and Man, and thereby to attain a freshness and spontaneity to which she had long been a stranger. The tendency to criticism had over-reached itself and slowly the poetic mind began to swing back to a creative state. The motion began, unconscious to himself, in the writings of Thompson. He viewed Nature with an artist's eye, and, in his Seasons, he gave glowing pictures of her depths of colour and brilliancy of garb. But he went no further; her beauties charmed his imagination but did not touch his heart: in him classicism was still predominant. Goldsmith had not moral energy enough to shake off prevailing influences, did it rest with himself to make the effort. Fortunately for his fame it was not so, for his warm Celtic temperament of itself permeated his poems with an ardent love for Nature and a soft, rich glow of sympathy for oppressed humanity. Collins and Gray were imbued with the same spirit; they admired nature, but subordinated this to greater love for man. "As to description," says Gray in one of his letters, "I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make its subject." The sympathy with humanity took a revolutionary shade in the writings of Burns which places him, though in point of time a poet of the Johnsonian age, amongst those of the next period. "The rank is but the guinea-stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that," he wrote, and what he wrote he felt as only a poet can feel.

The lines voice the spirit of the times. From ages immemorial the masses had

toiled from early morn to eventide for the benefit of the classes. Feudalism was dead in name, yet the majority of Europe's population were as truly serfs as when William fought the battle of Hastings. The limit of endurance had now been well-nigh reached, and literature, ever the faithful mirror of the people's thought, began to reflect the new ideas of the dignity of man then springing up. One of the clearest of these reflections was that contained in Adam Smith's "Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." In this work he maintained that labor, not money or land, was the origin of wealth. He thus invested the laborer with a dignity hitherto unheard of, and made him at once the most important factor in the economy of the state. Hence came clamors for rights—clamors founded no doubt upon a correct principle but, owing to pernicious influences, degenerating into mad execrations against all law and authority.

Unfortunately for the fair fame of literature some of its leading-lights in the Johnsonian age became the first causes of these excesses. History was the material upon which they worked, and as will shortly be shown, they could not have chosen a better means to cloud men's judgments or to leave the trail of the serpent upon aspirations in themselves just and honorable. The leading spirits in England were Gibbon and Hume—men of marked ability, but imbued with principles entirely opposed to religion and morality. The English mind is essentially practical, and whilst this has led them to the greatest achievements in the application of physical forces to man's use, it has also rendered the whole of their philosophy for the last three centuries grossly materialistic. To this national error Hume added skepticism, holding that we are certain of our ideas only, but ignorant alike of the truth of their objectivity and of the mind that produces them. In consequence such words as God, soul, immortality, are to him but empty sounds. His views spread to the mainland where they found a responsive echo in the rationalist movement of the French Encyclopedists. In Germany they met, at first, with a direct antagonism in the transcendentalism of Kant, which, however, in its ultimate results, as shaped by his Idealistic and Pantheistic disciples, became a source

of still greater danger to religion and morality on account of its subtlety and obscurity.

In England Hume reached only the educated classes, but his ideas soon permeated poetry and lighter literature and by this means the poison was instilled into the life-blood of the nation. The just dissatisfaction of the oppressed poor was turned into bitter rancour against the rich, and blasphemous hatred against God. Owing to the greater freedom of English political institutions, and, in part also, to that stubbornness of the national character which renders the Englishman averse to sudden and violent changes, the cursed seed did not bear its fruit as fully in "the tight little island" as it did on the less free and less conservative continent. There under the skillful cultivation of Voltaire and others it spread throughout the land, and, becoming the peoples' food, maddened their brains and corroded their hearts. Still, even in England, though it required more time to bring about its effects, it finally undermined, to a great extent, religious belief and gave a new impetus to that materialistic philosophy which still holds that country under its baneful sway.

History, in the hands of Hume, proved a powerful weapon for the accomplishment of this fell work. It was yet more dangerous when Gibbon held the pen. He did not openly attack religion: his method was that so happily described by Lord Byron as "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." He attempted to destroy its ground-work facts. Christianity depends primarily on the fact of revelation, but this rests for proof on certain historical events, manifestly supernatural in character, which convey to the human race an

authoritative message of heavenly import. Gibbon's object was to explain these away by invoking natural agencies. Slurring over the early phenomenal propagation of Christianity, and dwelling minutely upon occasional subsequent corruption in some of its adherents, he sought to prove the account of its supernatural origin a myth, and to make it appear a thoroughly human institution. In his case, at least, the evil he did lives after him in the widespread spirit of unbelief so characteristic of these latter days.

The Johnsonian was, therefore, an age of transition and internal agitation. Opening with the artificial classicism of Johnson, it merged, gradually, and almost unconsciously, into naturalism, leading up to the final triumph of this tendency, at the opening of the next age, in the publication of Cowper's task. During this time the tide of criticism reached its ebb and the flow of creation began anew just after its close. It was likewise a period of suppressed excitement. The lower classes began to assert themselves and to claim that they too had rights. The success of the American Revolution emphasized their demands. Unfortunately their movement was prostituted by the false doctrines of so-called philosophers which hurried it into the wildest excesses.

Despite this, however, the Johnsonian Age has wrought for the good both of English literature and human liberty. It freed the former from the cold artificiality of the classical school, enriched its vocabulary, and introduced into it a new and popular method of conveying thought, and it taught that the latter belonged to man as man, and was not the exclusive right of a privileged few.

D. MURPHY, '92.



## SOME THOUGHTS ON TRADITION.



HERE is nothing so much to be relied on as sound tradition, and nothing so much to be avoided as that which is false. But how are we to judge? how distinguish between true and false tradition?

In matter of religion the distinction ought to be and is easily found. The Jewish law was indeed a strict and heavy law. It was made heavier still by the false traditions which the Pharisees and other sects heaped upon it. But was there not a Priesthood whose essential duty it was to guard the law and provide that nothing untrue should be admitted? There was, indeed, such a Priesthood and by divine appointment. But it proved unfaithful, no promise having been given that it would be preserved against error. So completely had it betrayed its trust that its divine founder declared that it was acceptable to him no more, and that he would no longer have sacrifice or service from its hands.

As to tradition in secular matters it must be held to be true or false, must be accepted or rejected, according to the grounds of credibility which it presents.

Let us come now to that religious tradition which is a living voice in the Church. In order to appreciate this tradition we must consider it in its origin and its progress through the centuries. In its origin surely it was pure, having begun with the Apostoles and Apostolic men in the Apostolic age. If it has come down to us untainted through so many centuries, we owe this wonderful preservation to the care and promise of our great Teacher, who is the *way, truth, and life*. He instituted a Priesthood that was destined to live and be true to its sacred trust throughout all time. This permanency and fidelity were secured by our Lord's unerring word which declared that he would be with the ministry which he founded *all days, even till the end of the world*, and that the gates of hell, that is, the powers of darkness, *should never be able to prevail against it*. In this ministry, therefore, we have a sure and faithful

guardian and interpreter of the word of God. Its necessity as an interpreter cannot be denied, for *no Scripture is of private interpretation*, and there are many things in the written word *that are hard to be understood, and which the unlearned and the unstable wrest to their own perdition*.

There are some points in our religion the knowledge of which we owe entirely to tradition. There is no warrant in the written word of God for the practice of baptizing infants. This practice, nevertheless, is universal. It is in honour not only among Catholics, who accept tradition, but also among all separated denominations excepting a sect called "*anti-pedobaptists*," or, more commonly for brevity's sake, "*Baptists*." To tradition, also, is due the custom, common to all who profess to be Christians, of keeping holy the first instead of the last day of the week. It is well known that Saturday was the Sabbath day when the command was given to sanctify the Sabbath, and continued to be so until Christianity was established. There is nothing in the New Testament to shew that this commandment was revoked and Sunday, the first day of the week, appointed to be observed. That such change was made in the Apostolic age, in honour of our Lord's resurrection from the dead, we know by tradition, and, as surely, as if it were written on every page of the sacred book.

It would appear from certain words in the New Testament that Christians are bound to abstain from the flesh of animals that are not thoroughly bled. From tradition we learn that there is no such obligation. They who reject tradition, therefore, ought to deal with the Jews for their supplies of animal food, or like the Jews, kill their own sheep and bullocks.

What respect must we not have for tradition and how confidently must we not rely upon it when we call to mind that it comes to us through such venerable fathers of the early Church as Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome, Gregory Nazianzen and Gregory the Great, Saint John Chrysostom and Athanasius, Origen, Tertullian, Saint Ignatius the



Martyr of Smyrna, Lactantius, and Irenæus of Lyons, the disciple of Polycarp, who learned his Christianity of our Lord's most beloved disciple, Saint John ! We have also the immediate successors of Saint Peter, Cletus, Anacletus and Clement, of whom St. Paul declared that *his name was written in the book of life.*

The separated denominations having no tradition of their own anterior to the 16th century, had recourse as regards many things of importance to the tradition of the Catholic Church. On its authority they accept the canticle of Solomon, and the epistles of Saint James and Saint Jude. Regarding, as they do, the former epistle as an inspired portion of Scripture, it is hard to understand how they can reject its manifest teaching as regards the anointing of the sick,—the sacrament of extreme unction. But this is not the only thing in which they shew their inconsistency. They receive as divine the epistles of Saint Paul, and at the same time deny their teaching. Nothing could be plainer than what they say concerning the marriage-tie. They declare distinctly that it cannot be dissolved ; "*Indissolubile connubium.*" In all Protestant States, notwithstanding, marriage is made subject to human laws and is often dissolved on the slightest grounds.

It requires study and reflection to form an opinion as to the intrinsic merits of the sacred Scriptures and their claim to be accepted as divine. Many serious Protestants, nevertheless, without study, and

many that are incapable of study, receive the holy books as the word of God ; and they cannot so receive them on any other authority than that of tradition,—the tradition of the Catholic Church which has handed them down in all their excellence and integrity from generation to generation through so many centuries. This fact alone, considering the trials, difficulties and persecution through which it has been the destiny of the Christian people to pass, cannot but be considered by all reflecting minds, as a proof that the great institution has enjoyed the aid of Heaven,—the fulfilment of our Lord's promise ; "*I am with you all days.*" Much, no doubt, is due to the labours of the early fathers ; and we cannot too warmly admire the zeal and ability of Saint Gregory Nazianzen in preserving to mankind the precious deposit of Christian literature in defiance of all the power of the still powerful Roman Empire, that was exerted for its destruction. But, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that so great and so good a work was favoured from on high. We are the more inclined so to think when we consider that the Empire, once so great and far extending, exists no more, and that its apostate Emperor, the most cruel and inveterate enemy of the Christian faith, is now only known, if thought of at all, as the meanest of men and the worst of tyrants, whilst the noble Christians of the time who successfully opposed his tyranny, will ever be held in the most honoured remembrance.

D.



*NEAR THE CLOSE.*

WHEN dim October brings her dapple day,  
 Its scanty life reels on in flitting light  
 Acred with eastern breezes, and its ray  
 Bursts forth, at times, in almost pristine might,  
 To stay the swarthy hosts of ambient night,  
 And through hushed hours the listening sky doth wear  
 The last full flush of the fast fading year.

The misty morning dawns so crisp and cold,  
 In hoary sparkle clad, we, sighing, say :  
 "Wan earth is wrapped in Winter's ermine fold."  
 But fiery glares flame in the prime of day,  
 As if the hero sun, unto the fray,  
 Had faced about with many a golden spear,  
 To win again his birthright from the year.

Along the pathway to the outer wold,  
 Where the bare branches of the maples throw  
 Their images across the beaten mold,  
 Touched, here and there, by sunny flecks of glow ;  
 Black shades, like demon spectres, come and go,  
 And Summer's whilom haunts are clad in gear  
 Befitting to the death-bed of the year.

Among crabbed elders in the dank, raw swale  
 From a moss-clambered log the pheasant drums,  
 Blown grasses in the ledge-locked valleys pale,  
 Where no flower longer blooms or wild bee hums,  
 What day late, rustling Autumn to them comes  
 To blur their chromes, but bringing the good-cheer  
 Which shames the tarnished raiments of the year.

Deep in stark, leafless woods, where no birds sing,  
 As calmly limpid as a babe's bright eyes,  
 Tall, white birch and grey ash-trees mirroring,  
 The silent lake in placid beauty lies ;  
 Still by its reedy rim the tired sun dies  
 When night's murk hosts their vasty shadows bear,  
 To oust the flush from the fast fading year.

On tireless pinions through the upper sky  
 The marshalled geese fly south with bodeful screech ;  
 They ken where tropical morasses lie—  
 • Where brilliant noons still smile on bank and beach—  
 Their guided flight those favored spots will reach,  
 And end far from our Norland bare and sere  
 Beneath the full flush of the mellow year.

By barren plain and mount the river swerves,  
 But still reflects the outlines of the hills ;  
 Unfathomed, broad, resistlessly it curves  
 By homesteads, towns, void fields and sun-browned mills :  
 Foreboding frowns the mystery which fills  
 Its opaque waves, when from the ridge and mere,  
 Storms blot the garish flush of the wracked year.

Hitch'd to the weighty plow, the toiling team  
 Each muscle strains, while, blithe, the plowman sings,  
 And the raised sods beside the furrow gleam  
 As toward the fallow them the plowshare flings.  
 Belated crows anear spread famished wings,  
 To dash upon the worm, then, cawing, veer  
 Through the full flush of the fast fading year.

In joyous crowds the shouting children go,  
 To gather kernelled nuts, in russet leaves  
 Deep hid, or bend taunt branches low,  
 To pluck the pungent fruit which to them cleaves  
 On sumach trees ; late evening's sunshine weaves  
 A glowing mist their rheumy eyes to blear,  
 Returning through the full flush of the year.

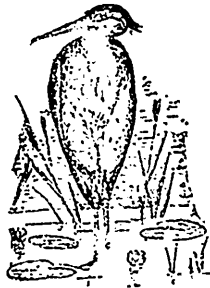
## THE OWL.

Eve lowers : in barn-yards, flanked by ricks of hay,  
 The bleating flocks and lowing kine convene,  
 The drowsy hens mount roosts, spry horses neigh,  
 And doves tread minuets with stately mien  
 Foreenst their cote ; a house completes the scene  
 Whose shuttered depths hot, ruddy hearths make clear  
 When the day-flush deserts the fading year.

Night reigns : the white, cold moon comes forth to seize  
 Her silver heritage of spangled sky,  
 And soft star-dawn unruffled by a breeze ;  
 While weary forms in balmy slumbers lie  
 She spends her saffron wealth, still hours roll by  
 Till in the dawning East a rentage sheer  
 Heralds a fresh flush for the waning year.

Soft is the sadness of the passing gleam  
 When Autumn lowly sighs her last farewells  
 To groves and mist-clad meads wherein the streams  
 While falling tinkle like sweet chiming bells.  
 The treasured vision of those leaf-strewn dells  
 Will rise, to make our winter dreams appear  
 Bright as the last flush of the fading year.

—M. W. CASEY.



## JUPITER.



PERSON having occasion to walk abroad on any of the fine, star-lit nights in which this season abounds, cannot fail to notice amid the brilliant galaxy of sparkling gems which dazzle the gloom-enshrouded eye of the observer, one which stands forth in the eastern sky as a prince among his fellows, which does not twinkle like the others, but shines with a broad, steady glare, surpassing all the rest in size and magnificence. But how few there are, who look upon this resplendent orb, that see in it anything more than a monster star; remarkable merely inasmuch as it outshines its neighbors; how few, who notice that its motion is different from that of the others, that it is a *wanderer* in the heavens, and follows its own simple course throughout the realms of space; how few, indeed, who know that they are gazing upon the greatest brother of their mother earth, Jupiter, the giant of the solar system! For several weeks now this planet has been an evening-star, and, while it yet offers such a fine opportunity of examining its appearance and phenomena, we should devote a little time to the consideration of this, the largest and most important of all the bodies which accompany us in circling round the sun.

Jupiter, though not so bright as Venus at her best, but not, like her, confined to the neighborhood of the sun, is the most beautiful object in the midnight sky, being about five times as bright as Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars. It is the fifth in order from the sun, and by far the largest of the planets, surpassing both in mass and volume, all the others taken together. Its mean distance from the sun is 483 millions of miles, and the eccentricity of its orbit is one-twentieth. Its distance from the earth when at opposition is 390 millions, and when at conjunction, 576 millions of miles, and its orbit is inclined to the ecliptic  $1^{\circ} 19'$ . It revolves around the sun in the long period of 4.86 terrestrial years, sailing majestically through space at a velocity of about eight miles a second, all the while whirling round on its axis in about 9h. 55m., a rotation so rapid

that bodies on its equator would go round at the rate of 450 miles a minute, or 27 times as fast as those on the earth. Its equatorial diameter is about 88,200, and its polar 83,000 miles, or they are to one another as 17 to 16, thus giving the planet a distinctly oval shape, due to the great centrifugal force caused by its rapid rotation. Its diameter is about  $\frac{1}{10}$ , its surface  $\frac{1}{100}$  and its volume  $\frac{1}{1000}$ , that of the sun, while these dimensions are respectively, 9,119 and 1,300 times those of the earth. Its mass is  $\frac{1}{1048}$  that of the sun, and about 316 times that of the earth, so that its density is almost the same as that of the sun, that is 0.24, or nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  the density of the earth, or about  $1\frac{1}{3}$  that of water. Its superficial gravity is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times that on the earth, so that bodies of the same size would weigh  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times as much on the surface of Jupiter as they would on the earth. As the plane of the planet's equator is inclined only about  $3^{\circ}$  to that of its orbit, there are no seasons such as we have, nor is there any difference in length between day and night, and since its distance from the sun is more than five times that of the earth, the intensity of the light and heat received by it must, as it is inversely as the square of the distance, be relatively less, or is only about  $\frac{1}{27}$  of that received by the earth.

While to the naked eye Jupiter appears such a brilliant and beautiful object, viewed through a powerful telescope, he presents a truly magnificent appearance, and forms, as he swiftly whirls round beneath the observer's gaze, showing in succession the various details of his immense surface, a most interesting subject of study, and much the more interesting because, though farther away, his characteristic details are far more easily distinguished than those of Mars and other nearer bodies. In a large instrument his surface appears tinted with a variety of beautiful colours, the one predominating being a ruddy, salmon color, somewhat similar to the prevailing tint of Mars. The planet appears to be enveloped in an extremely dense atmosphere, filled with clouds and vapours continually varying in shape and colour, which render it very difficult to obtain any idea of its true condition and constitution, but its

low density, combined with many other phenomena which it exhibits, has led most scientists to the conclusion that it is entirely in a liquid state.

The most conspicuous feature in its surface is its being traversed by several bands of alternate light and dark, one great bright band circling the planet just at the equator, while the others are arranged with symmetry on either side of it, and constantly change both in color and outline, though generally remaining as permanent features of the regions to which they belong. On different occasions a different number of these belts may be distinguished; sometimes only a few, sometimes very many appear, and occasionally they are accompanied by other markings of various shapes, which though generally evanescent, sometimes last for a number of years. Of the latter the most notable instance is that of the "great red spot," a large oval spot, embracing an area of about 30,000 miles by 7,000, which was just observed in the year 1878, and for a long time formed the most prominent feature in the planet's appearance. It was of a clear, strong, brick-red color, and remained thus for three or four years without change, and then began gradually to fade in color and diminish in brightness, retaining, however, the same shape and proportions, and it has now, after thirteen years, almost entirely disappeared. A very peculiar circumstance connected with this spot is that its time of rotation has changed more than five seconds in ten years.

These belts are generally looked upon by astronomers as great masses of cloud, continually drifting and rolling beneath the observer's gaze. Different theories have been put forward to account for their existence and phenomena. Herschel considered the dark bands to be zones of the planet's atmosphere more tranquil and less clouded over than the rest, so that through them a portion of the true surface of the planets might be distinguished. The rapid change in the shape and colour undergone by these bands give a great probability of truth to this theory, and, indeed even the clouds themselves are at times plainly visible, being generally similar to a series of white cumulus clouds, such as are often seen piled up near our horizon on a summer's day, and there is also occasionally seen above the dark

bands a veil of light, fleeting clouds, like the cirrus of our atmosphere. The bright belts, then, are likely caused by the reflection of the sun's light from these clouds, while the dark ones indicate the absence of this reflecting medium. But, from the fact that, if this were the case, the planet's disk should be seen with a more irregular outline, the dense belts projecting beyond the rest, an appearance which has never been noticed, Proctor concludes that either the atmosphere does not extend high enough to cause this irregularity, or that the dark bands are but a lower layer of cloud, and not the surface of the planet. The latter opinion is also strengthened by the appearance in the dark bands of still darker spots, very much resembling sun-spots, which have been noticed by Cassini, Madler, and other noted observers, and thought by them to be the true surface of the planet, or else a still deeper and denser layer of cloud.

Many astronomers think that there is in Jupiter a motion of the atmosphere similar to our trade-winds, and that by its action the clouds are thus drifted about in such curious forms, while the great bright belt which remains constantly around the equator, is equivalent to what sailors call the "Doldrums" or equatorial belt of calms. This theory appears plausible enough, but when we consider the small amount of heat which Jupiter receives from the sun, we can scarcely believe it sufficient to cause even as much disturbance as is experienced on the earth, whereas the motions of the cloudy forms indicate the presence of continuous and powerful action, so that either they do not owe their origin to this cause, or there is some other force at work within the planet besides the mere heating power of the sun.

Proctor, by connecting the three relations, the small density of the planet, its apparently extensive atmosphere, and the changes in shape and color continually going on in its belts, and taking into consideration the small quantity of heat it receives, is led to the conclusion that there must be some other force at work, and that is internal heat, which from the interior liquid mass sends forth huge volumes of vaporous matter, which, in the rapid rotation of the planet, forms itself into rings circling about it, and continually breaking and changing, swayed by the

action of the seething mass within. If this hypothesis be correct, then Jupiter must be in a state of semi-incandescence, glowing like a nearly extinguished sun, and thus causing these rapid and tremendous disturbances in his atmosphere. And not only is this opinion suggested by the inadequacy of the solar heat to cause these phenomena, but also by the fact that the light given off by Jupiter seems to exceed the amount received. Zollner, the eminent German photometrician, thought that Jupiter sends to us more light than he receives, otherwise his reflecting power must, according to his estimate, be as great as 0.62, while that of white paper is 0.78. Draper's experiments in photography also lead us to believe that more light comes to us from the planet than could be reflected from its surface, and Bond, by actual calculation, has proven this to be the case. Jupiter, then, is a sort of sun, and, indeed, he bears considerable resemblance to the sun in various ways. In the first place their density is exactly the same; then, there have been observed on Jupiter spots very similar to the phenomena known as sun-spots; moreover, the planet like the sun is brightest at the centre, and perceptibly darkens towards the limb, a fact best noticed during the transit of one of his satellites, and finally the equatorial regions of the planet seem, like those of the sun, to make more revolutions than the polar ones, as is found by observing the times of rotation of spots situated in different latitudes.

Very little bearing on this question has been ascertained concerning the atmosphere of Jupiter, the light from it—which probably never reaches the planet, but is reflected to us from the upper surface of the clouds which envelop it—giving under the spectroscope a regular spectrum, with no appreciable effect upon it of the action of the planet's atmosphere.

There is no reason, however, to believe otherwise than that all the bodies of the solar system are of the same constitution, though perhaps in different conditions, or different stages of formation. Thus the sun is nearly liquid, but still shows the same constituent elements as the earth, Mars is shown to be the same in constitution and very similar in condition to the earth; why, then should we not regard Jupiter as the same, being of the same

density as the sun, only that it is further advanced in the process of contracting and cooling.

This theory, then, which is now received by all scientists, gives to Jupiter the dignity of a sun, though on a smaller scale, not giving out nearly so much heat or light as our sun, for, indeed, his surface appears for the most part dark, a fact caused, perhaps, by the amount of clouds present in his atmosphere which cannot transmit the light. In any case the light he emits is very feeble, as is shown by the fact that the satellites, when eclipsed in his shadow, are quite obscured, and also, when in transit, cast black shadows upon the disk of the planet, whereas, if they were illuminated by his light, they should be visible even when deprived of that of the sun, and also the surface of the planet should be so bright from inherent light as not to be affected by the withdrawal of the sun's rays; but, perhaps, these shadows may be nothing more than the effect of contrast.

A subject to which our most celebrated mathematicians have devoted many hours of study, is the phenomena presented by Jupiter's satellites. These are four in number, and are remarkable as being the first heavenly bodies discovered after the invention of the telescope by Galileo, who first observed them in 1610, and in a surprisingly short time had ascertained their character and determined their motions. He called them, in honor of the Medicis, the Medician stars. They are generally known as the first, second, third and fourth satellites in the order of their distance from the planet, but they also have special names, being called respectively Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto. As to the size, the first has a diameter of about 2,700 miles, the second 2,200, or about the same as our moon, the third 3,600, and the fourth 3,000. Their distances from the planet range between 262,000 and 1,169,000 miles, and their sidereal periods between  $1^d$ ,  $18\frac{1}{2}^h$  and  $16^d$ ,  $16\frac{1}{2}^h$ . In a large telescope they all show sensible disks, and, under favourable circumstances, peculiar markings have been seen upon them. The first sometimes appears gibbous, the fourth appears to have its circular edge abruptly cut off by right lines, and the third, or largest has decided markings on its disk. These, however, can be seen so rarely that we

receive from them no observation beyond the mere fact of their existence, nor has any explanation of them been offered.

Many phenomena are to be observed in the motion of the satellites. They move about the planet from west to east in nearly circular orbits, and, when one passes between the sun and the planet, it casts a black shadow on its disk, as in a solar eclipse the shadow of the moon is thrown on the earth. If on the other hand the satellite passes into Jupiter's shadow, it is itself eclipsed. If, again, we see it more across the face of the planet between it and the earth, a transit of the satellite occurs, and if it passes on the other side, it is occulted by the planet. By certain variations in the appearance of the satellites, especially the fourth, noticed by Galileo, and subsequent observers, it is thought that, like our moon, they rotate in their axis once in their revolution and the planet.

Some writers have supposed the light which Jupiter lacks on account of his great distance from the sun, to be compensated by the number of his moons, and have indulged in glowing descriptions of the splendour of the scene presented by them, which would tend very much to dim the beauty of the sidereal heavens in the eyes of the Jovicolaë, if any such creatures exist. But though we might at first sight suppose this to be the case, as it is certain that our one moon robs the star-groups much of their magnificence, when we consider that these moons receive but  $\frac{1}{2}$  as much light as ours, and therefore, covering as they do, a space about half as large again would, even if they were all full together—which as a matter of fact, never occurs, for at that part of their orbit where they would otherwise be full, they are generally all eclipsed—shed upon the Jovials only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  part of the light sent to us by the full moon.

Laplace has discovered a curious relation, which governs the movements of the first three satellites, namely, that the mean motion of the third is equal to three times that of the second, while a similar relation holds for their longitudes. In the ephemeris a complete list of their times of eclipse, transit occultation, etc., is given for a certain meridian, so that by comparing these times with the times of the occurrence of these phenomena at any particular place,

the longitude of that place may be determined, a method sometimes used, but one which does not admit of very great accuracy on account of the difficulty of observing the exact time of the occurrence of these phenomena. It is worthy of note that, by observing the occultation of Jupiter's satellites, Roemer, a Danish astronomer, first discovered the velocity of light, whose transmission was, previous to this time, thought to be instantaneous.

Many imaginative writers have gone into calculations concerning the probable magnitude and character of the inhabitants of Jupiter, some proving them to be as large as Og, King of Bashan, while others by another line of reasoning, show them to be pigmies two and one-half feet in height; some, also, imagine them bat-winged, others think them inveterate dancers, while Sir Humphrey Davy fancies their bodies to consist of "numerous convolutions of tubes, more analogous to the trunk of the elephant than anything else." But, before looking into their nature, let us consider the possibility of their existence. If the planet depend entirely upon the sun for its heat and light, creatures like those on earth can scarcely exist there, unless, as some writers suggest, the layer of cloud surrounding it can collect the heat from the sun, while preventing radiation from the planet, and thus, though the amount of heat received be small, rendering the temperature sufficient for the existence of life. If, on the other hand, the planet be liquid, and in a semi-incandescent state, life is certainly impossible on its surface. But Proctor suggests that, even if the planet lack inhabitants, there is no reason why the satellites, which are as large as the four planets next the sun, and receive their heat and light from Jupiter as a sun, should not possess a race of creatures as perfect as those on the earth. This, certainly, might be; but, by the disturbance they cause in each other's motions, their mass has been calculated, and thus it is found that their density is about the same as his, and so cannot more than he, admit of the existence of life. If creatures did exist on either planet or satellite, the sights presented to their gaze in the heavenly arena would be certainly magnificent. From Jupiter would be seen the sun, together with all the groups of stars, sweeping



round, on account of his rapid rotation, with a sensible and measurable motion, which must present to the observer's gaze a wonderful and beautiful appearance. From the satellites would be seen the great bulk of Jupiter a flaming mass, which to the most distant would appear with 60 times, and from the nearest with 1,400 times, the area of the sun as it appears to us.

The great mass of Jupiter has, no doubt, a powerful influence in causing perturbations in the motions of the smaller bodies coming within the range of his attraction. He shows this power most as a comet ruler, being the greatest influence over these bodies, next to the sun, and by his attraction always changes in this course all that approach him, as that around his orbit cling the aphelia of the orbits of myriads of swell comets. The variation in his distance from the sun, moreover, as is asserted by Langley,

present a striking coincidence with the changes in frequency of the sun-spots. Thus we see that by the action of this mighty planet, not only the motions of all the rest, but even the condition of the great central fire itself, are materially affected. So may we see the universal laws of an all-wise Creator, exerting their influence as well between the most remote bodies in the solar spaces, as between the minutest molecules of our earth, and so by considering the properties of the celestial spheres, and assuming their character, and the action they exert on one another, we are made to realize with Thompson that

Not to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Poorly confined—the radiant tracks on high  
 Are our exalted range : intent to gaze  
 Creation through, and from that full complex  
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
 Of the Sole Being right.

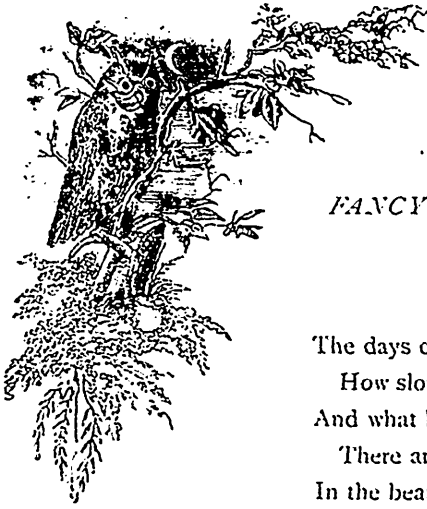
J. T. McNALLY, '92.

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### AN OCTOBER BEACH.

Beyond a sand-dune's slope, where the pale grass  
 Clings with firm roots upon the shelving side,  
 A storm-ribbed beach extends its shining length,  
 A golden zone confining the deep surge  
 Of the vast ocean's ceaseless energy ;  
 The tide-waves flash translucent in the sun,  
 Empearled with spray, then melt in snowy foam  
 With gentle, rhythmic murmur on its sands.

—CATHERINE THAYER.



*FANCY'S REALM.*

Heigh ho !  
 The days of our youth  
 How slow they go !  
 And what blissful joys  
 There are coaxing me,  
 In the beautiful land  
 Of Futurity !

There  
 Hopes and dreams  
 Are realized :  
 Each cherished wish  
 Idealized :  
 Success and Fame,  
 With loud acclaim  
 Shout out the glory  
 Of our name.

Would that this land  
 Were not phantasy,  
 And all of its joys  
 Not illusory,  
 That we'd taste of its bliss  
 As it seems to be,  
 In this desolate land  
 Of Reality !

—J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

1848—(Continued.)



IN the last Owl, we said how France and Italy were shaken by the volcanic shocks of an almost universal revolution. The influence of the commotion extended over the whole political world, and above all, had a powerful effect in Ireland. In order to understand the rebellion in Ireland we should cast a glance over the pages of her history. Often and often has that history been told, those misfortunes depicted, those sufferings painted: but Denis Florence McCarthy, in his opening stanza of the "Bell-Founder," gives the whole tale in four lines:

"Oh! Erin, thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore,  
And wringing thy hands in despair, thou dost roam round thy plague-stricken shore:  
Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the dust;  
And those who survive are divided, and those who control are unjust.

Such is the true position of that country up to the year 1842—or 1843. It was then that Davis gave expression to the maxium; "Educate that you may be free," and with his companions, Dillon and Duffy, resolved to put it into execution. They established the *Nation*, and with the pens of McCarthy, Mangan, Dowling, McDermott, McGee, Williams and a host of others, they commenced to instruct the people in their duties, and to direct them along the highway of national freedom. Soon the smile replaced the tear, the shadows (although not wholly vanished) were golden, like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills, through the clouds of ages silver shafts of light were piercing and the veil of sorrow was replaced by the chant of hope. In 1845 Davis was called from his labor of love to his early and lamented grave in Mount Jerome—yet the *Nation* continued to flourish and instruct. The mind of the public became gradually more enlightened and slowly but surely the spirit of liberty walked forth, from place to place, until the hills, the vales, the round towers, the streams, the very atmosphere itself became filled with its

influences. A few years rolled on and the great movements on the continent began to stir the sleeping people from their slumber of years, and a new and fresh cause of that movement sprang up in Ireland to push them on to a mighty effort.

As Meagher so graphically describes it: "From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept the sky and soil; the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men who had nurtured them into life saw, in the withered leaves, that they too must die, and dying swell the red catalogue of carnage which was the stay and support of that empire of which they were the persecuted foes. And all this time they were battalioned into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath them, instead of joining hands above them and snatching victory from death."

The men of the country saw that their only salvation was in union. It was then that William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terrence Bellew MacManus, John Martin, John Mitchell, and a host of others joined hand and offered their services to the country. We might say that the famine of 1847 was the immediate cause of this "rising of the clans." It was then that the first idea of "Home Rule" being a possibility came into existence. The chiefs and the people walked forth to the conquest of what they considered their inalienable rights. However the whole rebellion may be said to have terminated in the sentence passed upon Meagher and his companions in the Clonmel dock in the autumn of 1848.

Fired with the spirit of European independence and stirred into action by the rapidity of the times, bonded patriots struck for a high stake. They failed, it is true; but like Napoleon, whose Egyptian losses only confirmed his power, failure only helped the success of their plans for the future—for truly out of the movement of 1848 sprang the grand struggle of to-day for Home Rule.

Thus it was that Ireland joined in with the other peoples of Europe in that great universal movement for independence and

liberty. But the cause of Ireland's movement was not the same as that of France, of Italy, and of other European states. They depended upon anarchy and atheism to guide and protect them in their wild and Utopian undertakings—she depended upon justice and Divine Providence to work out for her a happier future than had been her lot in the past or than is her lot in the present. And although the Irish rebellion and the continental revolutions took place in the same year and were, to a certain extent, connected with each other, still they differ totally in their cause, means, and end.

Secret societies, with their necessary accompanying evils, were the main cause of the great political earthquake that convulsed the Continent. The sufferings of ages and present privations of the people themselves were the causes of the outbreak in Ireland. The means used by the European revolutionists were unworthy the grand object seemingly in view, and unworthy a civilized people. The destruction of all that was venerable, noble, good, useful, ancient. The shrines of religion and the houses of education were alike victims of the iconoclastic madmen who craved for blood and plunder. The means used in Ireland were of a higher, a nobler order—wit, speech, writing. The journalist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the hero, the peasant, all joined in one grand phalanx to overthrow the watch-tower of penal days that still loomed above them, and in the shadow of which they

suffered untold tortures. The object in view all over the Continent was nothing less than the annihilation of the established order of things. Firstly, to strike God from the list of beings, to blot out His representatives on earth, to destroy all authority and to establish one universal political chaos. The object or end of the Irish patriots was simply to restore the olden order of things, to make their country what she was in days of yore : to procure for her freedom as to her religion and as to her political and civil status ; to insure for the children of coming ages the freedom enjoyed by their ancestors in the misty past, and to afford them the full and unbridled exercise of their religion, according to their conscience and the laws of their Church. What a difference in those movements, coming in the same year, and affecting almost in the same way the inhabitants of the different countries of the old world.

Let us close this short article with the hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland will begin to feel the effects, good and beneficial, of those exertions. That the Easter morning is soon to dawn, when the "Angel of the Resurrection, clothing himself in a white robe, will point to the empty sepulchre of the nation's liberty, or ascend the scaffold—that eminence whereon so many a glorious transfiguration has taken place—and bequeath to the crowd beneath a model of their study, and an example of their practice."

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.



### AMERICA.

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
 She of the open soul and open door,  
 With room about her hearth for all mankind.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## SHYLOCK.



N the foremost ranks of Shakespeare's dramas stands *The Merchant of Venice*. In this production, what especially strikes the reader is the consummate art displayed in the delineation of the many different types of human nature presented before him. Among these the master-piece is Shylock. Strictly speaking this character is not an original one, as its framework had been built up previously by other writers. In the originality of its development, however, it has few equals, and well might the poet say, like Augustus of old, he found the character of brick and left it of marble. Shylock is a Jew who lent Antonio three thousand ducats for three months on these conditions: if repaid within the time, only the principal would be required, if not the Jew should be at liberty to cut from Antonio's body a pound of flesh. The ships of Antonio being delayed by contrary winds, the merchant was unable to meet his bill and the Jew claimed the forfeit. Portia, in the dress of a law-doctor, conducted the trial and when the Jew was about to take his bond, reminded him that he must shed not a drop of blood, nor must he cut either more or less than an exact pound. If these conditions were infringed, his life would be the forfeit. The Jew, feeling it impossible to exact the bond under such conditions, gave up the claim but was heavily fined for seeking the life of a Venetian citizen.

Shylock is the personification of Jewish nature in its most revolting form. Hence he is the very worst of men, for, since the Jew is stamped with the curse of God, wickedness is in him more hideous, more frightful than in any other person. What a difficult task, then, did not the poet take upon himself to perform? And well did he succeed, since his creature of art is so much a man of nature that when he speaks the hearer at once recognizes in him the pawn-broker of our day. In his utterances may also be detected that pride which murmured against Moses in the desert, which time and again brought down the wrath of heaven on the Israelites, which denied the Messiah on

account of the lowliness of His birth, which, in short, nailed the Man-God to the cross. The poet adds another shade to his portrait and brands that pride with the curse of the Most High. As in accordance with God's command, the serpent crawls on its breast and maliciously hisses at the passer-by, so Shylock's cowering pride sneers at the Christian, and seems to say to him: I am vile and contemptible, lower than the dust beneath my feet, but you are far worse. Jewish obstinacy persisted in the worship of idols, stubbornly maintained the stand it had taken against Christ, and finally, by refusing to submit to the Roman conqueror reduced the mighty city of Jerusalem to ashes, and thereby brought ruin upon the nation of Abraham's descendants. Here too the usurer's obstinacy in demanding the pound of flesh can be overcome neither by liberal offers, nor by heart-rending appeals for mercy, and here too obstinacy brings about the downfall of its possessor.

How wicked, how vile soever a person may become, there ever remains in him a certain amount of good. The soul created to God's own image must assert its presence in every human being. Shakespeare understood man's nature too well to overlook this fact, and so, even in the monster Shylock, may be seen a dim spark of that virtue so great among the Jews, patriotism. He loves, at least to a certain extent, his own people and the traditions of his fatherland. In Shylock's heart there is another tender spot which shows itself in his affection for his daughter, Jessica. She is the only creature that can awaken in him man's noble feelings. He smiles complacently on her, for she is his pride and his joy. He has ornamented her with precious jewels, made her the queen of his household, and she is to be the heiress of his immense wealth.

Shylock, then, possesses to an eminent degree the two greatest faults of his nationality: pride and obstinacy, and he moreover shows forth a faint touch of his nation's most cheerful virtue, patriotism. By the side of those strong national traits we see personal traits no less strong.

Avariciousness is indeed a characteristic of the Jew, but it were unjust to say that in this Shylock is a true representative of his nation. Greediness in his predominant passion. He makes money his God and sacrifices to this deity time pleasure and happiness. He knows no friend but his purse; for him other men are not fellow-creatures but tools which he uses in building up his fortune. Greed has extinguished in his heart almost every spark of humanity, and has made him a burden to himself, a cause of misery to his household, and a subject of odium to his fellow-men.

The Jew's greed for gold is even stronger than his love for his daughter. It is interesting to behold the contest which takes place between these two affections after Jessica's departure. At first, the thought of having lost his daughter fills the loving father's heart with bitter sorrow. When he finds that she has carried off several precious jewels and other articles of value, his feelings are undecided which course to take. His daughter is indeed dear to him, but jewels are the master of his heart. Consequently, after a short struggle, the demon, avariciousness, overcomes fatherly love, the miser becomes frantic with rage and utters most frightful imprecations against his daughter and her lover. His occasional out-bursts of sharp sarcasm, his ready wit, his subtle arguments, his deep-seated hypocrisy, all prove that Shylock was a man of great intellect. But the curse of God on his race effects likewise this man's noblest gift in Shylock. His intelligence, his knowledge of human nature, all his talents and abilities serve him but as weapons by which he is enabled to wring dollars and cents from those around him.

The poet admirably depicts the usurer's covetousness in all its different phases and with all its evil results. The scene wherein Antonio solicits the loan is the first in which we meet the Jew. When he hears the rap at the door, he rises with a smiling countenance. Full well does he know what the visitor requires, since no one ever calls upon him save for the purpose of borrowing money. As Antonio enters the door, a dark cloud over-shadows the old man's brow, but in a moment it passes away and all is sunshine again. In the conversation that follows between the two the baseness and malignity of the

Jew's heart is laid bare. He admits, nay even boasts, that he has enriched himself at the expense of poor mortals who scarcely had the wherewith to live. But his baseness of heart is equalled by his deceit. Intense is the hatred which he cherishes against Antonio, but that hatred is now carefully concealed beneath the shroud of hypocrisy. Long has the old miser entertained the wish of one day placing a yoke on the neck of this wealthy merchant, his bitterest enemy, and he is determined to make the most of the opportunity which now presents itself. Note the consummate guile he makes use of in inducing Antonio to sign the deed: note again the malicious joy that over-spreads his countenance when he has attained his object.

The poet does not explicitly state that the false reports concerning the shipwreck had their source in Shylock, yet he seems to have left the reader to infer that such was the case. At all events the Jew knew that these reports were coming before they had arrived, and there can scarcely remain a doubt but that he himself caused them to be circulated; since it does not seem probable that one so miserly would lend three thousand ducats free of interest for three months on a mere chance. For it must be remembered that it was Antonio's life, not the sum loaned which the miser sought so eagerly. The last scene in which Shylock figures places the climax on all his baseness and wickedness of heart. All that was human in him has now vanished. He appears in the court-room a blood-thirsty monster. On seeing Antonio, the object of his hatred, the muscles of his face contract, his teeth grind, his eyes seem to start from their sockets. How he hates him who is now a victim at his feet! Greediness which holds so much sway over the wretch's actions, is the originator of this hatred. He hates Antonio because the latter professes a religion which condemns the one who amasses wealth by fraudulent means; hates him because oft has the kind-hearted merchant lent money free of interest to the poor of Venice; hates him because he, who carried off his daughter Jessica, professes the same faith as Antonio; hates him finally, because Antonio is virtuous and Shylock is vicious. The cruel wretch cannot be deterred from satisfying

his hatred. He is now seated on a throne of malicious pleasure and happiness, but God who laughs at the follies of men, with his mighty hand overturns the throne and avaricious Shylock lies amid the ruins, the most abject creature on earth.

It is well worthy of notice that Shakespeare in this character seeks rather to diminish rather than to increase the prejudices which were at that time entertained against the Jews. Shylock is indeed a despicable personage, but he is the lowest type of Jewish character. Notice the following words which the poet puts on the

lips of the Jew: "Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Every one sees the justice and truth of these words. Yet many there are who, even in our days, cherish petty prejudices against the Jew. Why should not all be as charitable and as liberal-minded as the great Shakespeare, and judge a man not by the nationality to which he belongs, but by his actions and moral character?

J. MURPHY, '94.



THE GATHERING OF THE CROWS.



WAS on a chill October morn  
 When past the season of the corn,  
 Fleecy grey were the thick'ning clouds,  
 Mantling the sun like funeral shrouds,  
 The chilling blast my slumbers heal'd;  
 My way was thro' a grass-clad field;  
 With gun in hand I walk'd along,  
 Humming at times a simple song.  
 But, hark! a note,—I'm sure not mine;  
 It came, methinks, from yon aged pine;  
 The October morning air grew raw;  
 The sound that came was a piercing *caw*.  
 What does it mean? Tell me, who knows,  
 As the tattoo at evening blows;  
 Ah! 'tis the gathering of the crows!  
 Caw! caw! the cold wind blows!  
 Caw! caw! collect the crows!

## THE OWL.

Cold was the morn, and chill the blast,  
 On o'er the stubble fields I pass'd,  
 At times I'd pause—my tune I'd stop ;—  
 I'd scan the trees, from root to top ;  
 I'd scan the field in search of game—  
 No sound I'd hear, but still the same :  
 The same sharp *caw* from yon pine tree ;  
 Naught in the woods or fields I see.  
 Still on and on with hope I go—  
 Yet not a sound, save from that crow.  
 'Till from a wavy beechen bough  
 Another *caw* comes louder now.  
 The morning wind still colder blows ;  
 The second *caw* each person knows  
 Is eke for the gathering of the crows !  
 Caw ! caw ! the duet goes !  
 Caw caw ! collect the crows !

Still on I march ; at times I sing ;  
 The forest's hollow echoes ring—  
 From tree, from branch, from field, from fence,  
 From wooded hill, from forest dense,  
 From air, from earth, from very skies,  
 The crows, with gathering anthem, rise !  
 'Till every *caw* an echo finds ;  
 Yet stronger blow October winds !  
 To right, to left, behind, before,  
 I turn and count them by the score  
 What is the matter ! each one knows :  
 Behold them on the fence in rows,—  
 This regiment black "falls in," and goes.  
 Such was the gathering of the crows !  
 Caw ! caw ! still fainter grows !  
 Caw ! caw ! Good-bye, poor crows !

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.



## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

[Carefully selected from various sources and compiled specially for THE OWL.]

It is well to form a definite idea of the term "literary originality," and of all that it implies. There is a common impression in the mind of even the educated public that the novelists' work is wholly creative, that he evolves the plot from the depths of his imagination and creates the characters who play their part upon his stages. This idea is a mistaken one. According to the testimony of the authors themselves, when they condescend to explain their modes of operation, they really create little, save the outline the story. This, the frame work, once set up, the portraiture of character, the descriptions of scenery, are all, or at least in great part, taken from nature. In other words, the novelists do not, as a rule create, but describe character; as a general thing, they indicate in description and conversation the manners, modes of thought, and actions of individuals whom they perhaps have known. And so as to places where they locate the scene of story; the novelists do not create localities, but simply describe what in all probability they themselves have seen. The best novelists are not great creators, but great describers.

Concerning the words *Roman* and *Romish* Mr. W. J. Macdonnel, of Toronto, writes: These words, both derived from "Rome," are not synonymous, as can, I think, be shown by examples. Everybody has heard of the "Roman Catholic Church," in fact the designation is recognized by Act of Parliament, but who ever speaks of the *Romish* Catholic Church? Again we hear of *Romish* practices, *Romish* tendencies, and so forth. These are not Roman practices or tendencies, but approximations. "*Tendimus in Latium*," that is, we have not yet arrived there. The words Roman and Romish are often used indifferently by people who know no better and mean no harm, but I never knew a Catholic who did not consider the quasi-hybrid epithet *Romish* as an insult. Even lexicographers are beginning to view it in the same light. The Rev. James Stormouth in his Dictionary of the English language" (Harpers, N. Y.,

1885,) defines *Romish* as "a term offensively applied to the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church." It may not be generally known that John Walker died a Catholic; we need not therefore be surprised that in the last edition of his dictionary (Peter Brown, Edinburgh, 1838), the word *Romish* does not appear. The very sound of those hissing epithets, Romanist, Romanish, Papist, Romish, &c., indicates their origin; they are the brood of the old serpent, and as such should be eschewed by every Christian and relegated to the place whence they emanated and where they belong.

Guy de Maupassant once said: "If you wish to develop imagination, saturate yourself with facts—facts found in the latest wonders of science."

The editor of the much-talked of De Quincey memorials, Robert Francis Japp, was born in 1848, at Dundee, Scotland, and educated at schools in Dundee and St. Andrews, and at the Universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Heidelberg and Bonn. Since 1881 he has been lecturer on chemistry in the Normal School of Science, South Kensington. In 1885 he received a fellowship from the Royal Society. Three years later the University of St. Andrews honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Lord Randolph Churchill intends to write a book about his journey to Mashonaland, in South Africa. It will first appear in the form of twenty letters to the *London Graphic*, for which he will be paid \$10,000, or \$500 each.

The unpublished novel by Carlyle, found by the *Fall Mall Gazette*, is pronounced fearfully stupid. It is called *Wotton Reinfrad*, but has been re-named by the *Hartford Courant*, "Wotton Infliction."

Speaking of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, William Dean Howells says: "His *Rhymes of Childhood* take themselves quite out of the category of ordinary verse, and refuse to be judged

by the usual criterions; the fact is our Hoosier has found lodgement in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration."

Senor Galdos, the Spanish novelist, has published a new story, entitled, *Angel Guerra*. He is described as a modest and retiring man who works hard while actually engaged upon his stories. But as soon as his last sheets are in the printer's hands, or at any time when he feels a desire for change, he works at a sewing machine. He has a special fondness for hemming handkerchiefs! We are left to conjecture who does his household washing and scouring.

It will please a large number to learn, if they do not already know, that the two volumes of poems, *America* and *A Poet's Praise*, published a few years ago with the pen-name "Henry Hamilton" are by the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Those poems have been widely read and much appreciated since their first appearance in print. Dr. Spalding has recently produced some translations from the lyrical masterpieces of the Spanish and Italian poets. They are among the most exquisite verses which have ever been contributed to the *Ave Maria*, and higher praise than that implied by this statement cannot be tendered to a Catholic poet.

Linnaeus, the Swedish scientist, whose monument has just been unveiled in Chicago, was an industrious writer as well as naturalist. At the time of his death he had produced 184 volumes. He was fiery in temper, peculiar in his habits, and in summer slept five hours out of each twenty-four, and in winter ten. A great many people sleep much longer than Linnaeus without serious injury to their health.

Mr. D. P. Heatly writes in David Bally's new London magazine, *The Ladder*: "All political actions, said De Tocqueville, writing on the tyranny of the majority, are subject to "the eternal laws of justice," and a people—the people too—cannot therefore possess the right of doing whatsoever it chooses. Whence and what are these 'eternal laws of justice'? It is beyond our scope to inquire. The study of history, says Pro-

fessor Jodl in the *International Journal of Ethics*, does for the individual in sociology what the telescope and microscope do for him in natural science. There are morals in history. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn warns us in the *Contemporary* that disaster overtakes society when conventional standards of judgment are substituted for moral. In the *Quarterly* the writer of an article on '*Ethics of the Day*' finds the fundamental doctrine in a quotation from Mr. Lilly's *Right and Wrong*: The desire to do right as right—that alone is morality! Right is moral power! Leibnitz teaches, that duty is 'moral necessity.' Americans and Canadian will recognize the justness of Mr. Heatly's remark that all those high principles seem far removed from current politics, and in the outward every-day garb of politics they undoubtedly form no part.

I gladly avail myself of the issue of a new edition of *Weems' Life of Marmion* to remark that few volumes of American biography have been so widely read as this. Marion was one of the most dashing warriors that drew the patriot's sword in the battles of the revolution. He was the idol of the south and the pride of the north. Weems was the most popular biographical writer of his time, and his *Life* of the heroic American general is his master-piece. The volume contains all that interests in the yellow-back novel without its viciousness. The style is graceful and charming. *Marmion* is just the book for the youth who delights in valiant adventure.

The edition of the *Life of Sir John A. Macdonald*, recently edited by Mr. Mercer Adams, of Toronto, is little more than a revision of the sketch by Collins, with a few additional chapters devoted to an account of the closing days and demise of the late Conservative leader. The chapter on Canadian literature which formed such a marked attraction in the work by Collins is omitted in the present issue. I consider this omission a mistake. Personally I should rather have the original chapter than the biased estimates of Sir John A. Macdonald, which the editor places in his appendix. The *Life of Sir John A. Macdonald*, by Collins and Adams, is, perhaps, the most considerable addition to Canadian biography contributed within a period of two decades.

## AUTUMN.



I'VE heard the birds a-singing  
From out the maple bower ;  
I've heard the bees a-humming  
On bright and tempting flower ;  
I've heard the breezes sighing  
By tree and forest stream,  
The little wavelets prattle  
Beneath the dancing beam ;  
But now the joyous songsters  
Have left the naked trees ;  
And from the flowers faded  
Have gone the busy bees ;  
The grass is chilled and withered,  
The sky is dull and grey ;  
Where Beauty smiled her sweetest  
Is seated sad Decay.  
Mad winds have vanquished zephyrs,  
And torn the little wave ;  
The Summer's radiant beauty  
Is laid within its grave.  
Alas, 'tis all departed,  
And grieves my heart the while ;  
And Sorrow's tears have started  
And blotted Pleasure's smile.



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*RELIGION IN EDUCATION.*

The reading public cannot fail to perceive that a bitter struggle is now going on in America over the teaching of religion in schools. Upon this question people must divide themselves into two parties, Christian and non-Christian. This problem furnishes a test whereby we may know whether a man be truly and thoroughly Christian, and by it many professing Christians are judged to be Christian in name only, for it is difficult to understand how any man sincerely Christian would exclude religious teaching from the school-room. For us in America the time has come when men must grapple with this question, take one or the other of the two views, and act upon it. And

upon the view adopted by the people as a nation depends the future of society. On the one side we have advocates for the teaching of religion in the nation's schools. They claim, and rightly, that if religion be not included in popular education, children will grow up, not merely without the knowledge of the fundamental truths of Christianity, but without that moulding of the heart and forming of the character obtainable from religion alone; that Christianity will vanish, morality will become unknown, and all the glorious institutions of a free, enlightened and prosperous people, even civilization itself, will ultimately perish. And this is a result at which we must not close our eyes and smile contemptuously. It is the well affirmed belief of Catholics and Protestants alike, of Bishops, Priests and Ministers, who are the staunchest guardians of our common birth-right of Christianity. On the other hand there is the party that would secularize popular education, by relegating religion to the Church or Sunday-school and the fireside. But this is to adopt a sure means of destroying religion among the people, of drying up the wells from which flow all the streams of ennobling doctrine and morality, and to leave to wither and become extinguished, the germs of those personal qualities upon which is reared the structure of good government and true civilization. How much sound religion is learnt by children in attendance at Sunday-schools? Very little, all, or nearly all, of which is cast aside when they believe themselves "grown up" young people. old enough to "know better," and anxious to display their culture and superiority of genius by throwing aside religious practices. Sunday-schools are good institutions, and are helps to a good work, but alone they accomplish very little. Is it reasonable in a man who acknowledges the utility and even the absolute necessity of religion, to contend that a few minutes

or one hour in the week is sufficient for religious training when nearly the whole week is needed for the acquirement of secular knowledge? And to speak of the efficiency of home training in religion is sheer nonsense and random talk. "Religion is not a garment to be donned and doffed at will. It is rather something to be so woven into the warp and woof of thought and conduct and character—into one's very life—that it becomes a second nature and the guiding principle of all one's actions. Religion cannot become all this to the man if it has been banished during the school hours of the boy."\*

The "spirit of the age," that extreme opinion of the might and right of the civil power over individual interests is the subtle enemy of all our institutions, civil, social and religious. Modern opinion says that the state has rights in the matter of popular education. We concede that it has, *some* rights at least, but we deny it the privilege of abusing these rights. Secularists say that it is the duty of the state to provide education, but as the state has nothing whatever to do with religion, it cannot prescribe the teaching of religion in its schools. To us it seems the whole difficulty lies in understanding in what education consists, and what kind of being man is. To say that education is merely a system of instruction whereby man's intellectual faculties are developed, and a certain amount of worldly knowledge is imparted, is to call by the name of education what is only a very incomplete education, a part, and the inferior part of true education. Such an opinion is born of the materialistic thinking of the age, that looks upon man as an animal of a refined nature, differing from brutes in the possession of intelligence only. This is materialism pure and simple, and entirely false. Man is indeed an animal, gifted with in-

tellectual faculties, but more than that, endowed with an immortal soul, enjoying free will, and responsible for all his acts to a divine law-giver, his Creator. Possessing an intellect and a will, man's education is not limited to the development and training of one only, but of both. A system that is intended to develop the one and disregard the other is necessarily false, and the education so imparted is consequently incomplete. And this is precisely what secularists demand.

The state undertakes the responsibility of controlling education and providing it for its members, with the view of making them good citizens. But a man, no matter how learned, whose moral education has been neglected, whose will is left untrained, cannot be a good citizen. The state, even to realize its own intentions, must therefore provide a complete education, it must afford the means for the training of both the intellect and the will, of the brain and the heart, and as religion alone is efficacious for the latter, religious training must be provided for. The whole man must be educated, not a part only. It may be retorted: Then the state must teach religion! Not at all, no more than it teaches anything else. It merely provides for worldly knowledge, and must make provision for the religious as well, and it is not the business of the state whether pupils will profit by it or not. How many refuse the advantages of even secular knowledge?

We well understand and readily recognize that the teaching of religion in the national schools brings us face to face with a great difficulty, on account of the various beliefs that children hold, or more correctly, that their parents desire them to hold. But admitting, as we must, that there is a duty, a grave obligation, of providing the means for a religious education, the presence of a difficulty for a fulfilment satisfactory to all, does not liberate the state from that duty. And surely the

\*Brother Azarias at the N. Y. State Teachers' Association.

difficulty is not overcome by failing in that duty, by excluding religion from the schools. We do not propose a remedy, but might point to what Catholics, and some of their separated brethren are doing in this matter. Are they who take education in their own hands, and the advocates of secularization, prepared to stand before their God, and offer Him as a reason for duty unfulfilled, the mere difficulty of its fulfilment?

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*ALTIVS TENDIMUS.*

Study should perform a three-fold office. In solitude it should afford us delight, in society it should render us an ornament, while in the actual business of life, the general marshalling of affairs, it should be our constant aid. Such should study be if properly directed. But, it may be asked, does it always accomplish this result?

A cursory glance at the attainments of the average commercial, not to say university graduate, will help to answer this question. The obtaining of a commercial diploma by a student who has already reached a certain standard, known by his ability to handle the three R's, is generally the work of four years. During this time a great deal can be done by the honest student who has at heart his future success. A sound training in Arithmetic, Book-keeping and Commercial Law is absolutely indispensable, and he who desires to succeed in the busy marts of commerce cannot afford to neglect them. What the plough is to the farmer, what the trowel is to the mason, what the brush is to the painter, that a knowledge of these subjects is to the merchant. They are the instruments by which he must earn his daily bread. They are the *sine qua non* of the successful business-man.

These, together with a little skill in penmanship, may be sufficient to him who has no higher ambition than to spend the

"little wick of life's poor shallow lamp" in acquiring riches. And it is a notable fact that the greatest worshippers of "the almighty dollar," whose all devouring ambition is to be the Napoleons of the mart, are generally those whose education never extended beyond the limits of the absolutely necessary. With hearts hardened by this unnatural desire of gain, they see not the wants and sufferings of their less fortunate, though perhaps more honest fellow-beings. Money has at last become with them the end, not the means of existence. Life loses its pleasure; and henceforth it is a continual, impatient longing for increased wealth. Is this the end to which an education should lead? If so, it were better to have remained in ignorance. But fortunately, when rightly directed, it is most effectual in producing the contrary results. To have cultivated in the youthful student a taste for reading standard works, by even an imperfect course in literature, will preserve the future man from many unforeseen dangers. After the care and anxiety of his day's work he finds ample means at his disposal to relieve his mind in the almost boundless fields of history and literature.

These are the studies which nourish in youth, delight in old age, and afford refuge and consolation in moments of adversity. They are the ornaments of our households, and the passport to society. They satisfy the cravings of the human heart to be amused, and broaden our views of Christian charity and Christian love.

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*A STUDY OF WORDS.*

One of the cleverest American writers asserts that he learned more from a two years' study of Webster's dictionary than during the whole of a fairly successful course at a leading university. After shaking the proverbial grain of salt on this statement, we may admit that it contains

a vast deal of truth, for, though the solid basis of a thorough education is laid in the lecture-room, its perfection depends upon the after efforts of the student. Nowhere is this more certain than in obtaining a mastery of language. For him who wishes to acquire a style free from common words and meaningless expressions, who aims at fresh and forcible terms, and at the art of using them with a fine discrimination of their various meanings, the study of words is of supreme importance. Not the enriching of one's vocabulary is the chief advantage of such a study, but the incomparably greater accomplishment of knowing the exact significance of the words we use. This is the science of definition.

A definition must be clearer than the thing defined and must not contain the thing defined; it must not be negative and must embrace neither more nor less than what it aims at explaining. Simple rules, apparently, yet sinned against by both high and low in the world of letters. We have all laughed with Pascal at the young physicist who defined light "A luminary movement of luminous bodies." More correct, though not less ridiculous, is Spencer's definition of evolution, "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes through an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained matter undergoes a parallel transformation." While as an example of saying what a thing is not, the definition of the word crab, credited to a committee of the French Academy, stands unrivalled: "Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards." "Perfect, gentlemen," said the naturalist Cuvier, to whom the matter was referred, "perfect—only I shall make one short observation. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backwards." What a vast number of definitions, made both in and out of school,

might be thus weighed and found wanting.

A definition is the ripest fruit of perfect knowledge, for no word can be correctly defined without a clear apprehension of the idea it expresses and of its connection with other words and ideas in the language. Definition is the guiding star of the theologian, is a Hercules' club in the hands of the disputant, cuts the Gordian knot in philosophical difficulties, is the real philosopher's stone in science. Not to the students of the commercial course alone is the art of correct definition an absolute necessity, nor to those of the preparatory collegiate course. Let the philosopher or theologian who discourses learnedly on the distinction between the *esse essentialiae* and the *esse existentiae* try to give a clear, intelligible and exact definition in proper English terms of the words *being*, *essence*, *existence*, and the result will prove whether he has grasped the great problems of metaphysics, or has been but loading his memory with numberless pages of meaningless terms.

Gentlemen, Noah Webster is the students' friend.

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#### HOW LEARN TO SPEAK?

The man of the future, be he peer or peasant, must be a talker and a fluent talker. The University authorities have proved themselves fully cognizant of this fact by establishing a class of elocution, an act for which they merit commendation from the student body. Debating societies, ably conducted, and well supported, have always existed amongst us, and with the most gratifying results. The enthusiasm hitherto displayed in maintaining in them a higher degree of excellence is, in itself, an earnest that the students realize the necessity of a ready command of language, and will gladly avail themselves of the new means at their disposal for its acquirement. But this is

not enough ; the carefully prepared debate and much studied declamation, however useful, will never make an orator. Self-cultivation must do it, and this in the matter of everyday conversation. We moderns go through life at a high pressure—so high that we not infrequently refuse to take time to finish our sentences. We blurt out half a dozen words and leave the rest to be supplied by the intelligence of our hearers. Nor are we too choice about the words we do use ; we too frequently favor slang in preference to Anglo-Saxon. This should not be so. Nothing can be more pernicious to the would-be speaker than this careless manner of conversation. What is required of a man now-a-days is, not that he be able to tickle our ears with Latin or Greek quotations carefully conned off by note beforehand, but that he be ready, at the shortest notice, to express his views in clear, explicit language. Such

extemporaneous expression can only be the result of long continued habit, and by care in daily conversation must this habit be acquired. To suppose that the careless conversationalist may become a ready speaker is to suppose the man of disordered intellect capable of correct logical deduction. To the student especially is this truth important ; his mental habits are not yet fixed ; his powers of expression are, so to speak, an unwritten page ; let the characters traced thereon be clear and legible, and in the moment of trial, they will be ready unhesitatingly ; let them, on the contrary, be carelessly scrawled, and, under like circumstances, their interpretation becomes an impossibility. Converse correctly and you will speak eloquently ; converse incorrectly and, despite the most strenuous efforts, you will never make a speaker.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The most interesting feature of the September number of the "Muhlenberg" is an article by Rev. C. Ernest Wagner, entitled "The Ideal College Life." By perusing this instructive essay one is prompted to aim at the proposed Ideal. The author begins by showing the evil effects of Realism as opposed to Idealism. After pointing out that everyone should have an Ideal which he may strive to imitate ever present before him, he gives his views on what should be our ideal at college : "The student," he says, "should aim to be physically perfect ; well-developed, I may even say beautiful ; for the human form in its perfection is the highest type of beauty." His next ideal should be the intellectual. A young man at college should not study for the sole object of enabling himself to earn a few dollars. His ideal in this regard should be far higher, far nobler. His education should be "the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake: for the very love of it. It ought to make of him the "ideal scholar who finds

tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." But not even this should be his chief aim. His moral, as well as his physical and intellectual nature must have an ideal to look up to. And it is through this that the noblest traits in a man's character are developed, that he is brought into contact with the Divine Ideal. "The Ideal College Life," concludes the author, "is within the reach of every individual student, if he but keep it persistently before him day by day in its threefold, yet simple form, and have the will to live up to the ideal as far as human capabilities will permit."

The enterprise displayed by the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is most commendable. It is not like most college papers—a monthly publication. Once a week its appearance brightens the precincts of the "Sanctum."

The St. John's *University Record* is one



of our best exchanges. On the first page of the last issue is a poem "To my Books." "The English Language," is the title of an essay which points out what happy results come from the blending of the different elements which compose our language. These along with other essays, form a most creditable literary department. One feature of the *Recorder* deserving of imitation by other college papers is the column devoted to "Honorable Mentions." It is a merited reward for the students who have distinguished themselves by their good conduct.

Among the numerous essays in the *Recorder* "The Claims and Charms of History" by C. K. Heath, deserves particular mention. The "Science" column, which is a novel and interesting portion of the *Recorder*, contains a description of a dinner given by Edison to the Franklin Club. "A wax figure of Franklin in which was concealed a phonograph sat at the feast." "At 11 o'clock Franklin significantly remarked:

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."  
And the guests rose to depart.

The *Phoenixian* is a journal edited by the ladies of Eltham College, Richmond, Indiana. Its neat appearance and general tone clearly indicate that "impoeitic man" has nothing to do with its production.

Such a bigoted and ignorant article as "Change in Education," which appears in the last number of the *Athenaeum*, is rarely found in any college journal. The generality of men at the present time are too well-informed and broad in their views to give the least credence to such narrow-minded distortions of truth. The author speaking of the present diffusion of knowledge as opposed to restriction in the Middle Ages to a few learned men says: "Note, however, the change, when the masses of mankind rising above the plane of blind subserviency to a domineering class, wrenched from the reluctant hands of the priesthood the right and means to kindle and feed the God-given light of intellect. "He charges the monks with keeping the common people in ignorance in order "to dominate them, and prey

upon their superstition and credulity." Well might we say that history is a conspiracy against truth if it be employed to give countenance to such utterances as those we have just quoted. What the writer says with regard to those who are blinded by prejudice might be most fittingly applied to himself. For he seems to forget, when reading his bible in a comfortable church, that centuries ago those same poor monks, to whom he now imputes such base motives, were passing their lives away in some desert monastery transcribing the word of God for the benefit of nations yet unborn.

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### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

*North American Review*—The editor of this review always makes it a point to present his readers with articles on the questions of the hour. Timeliness is ever a predominant quality in the *North American*; the October issue is a most striking exemplification of this tendency. "Can we make it rain?" suggested very probably by the recent rain-making experiments in Texas, is discussed in the affirmative by Gen. R. G. Dryenforth, who holds for the possibility of the artificial production of rain. Prof. Simon Newcomb, on the contrary, puts forth the strong side of the negative and contends that explosions can have no influence in causing rain. "Chile and Her Civil War," "James Russell Lowell" and "Reciprocity and Canada," show how fully the *North American* puts before the public the views of the highest authorities on the most recent events. B. P. Hutchison "Old Hutch" explains all about what "corners" and how they are really not the very wicked things people think they are. R. H. Stoddard's article on the poet, essayist and critic, Lowell, is worthy of special note, not for any remarkable knowledge displayed of the man or his writings, nor for any subtle philosophical or literary criticism, but for the ease and elegance of the style in which this beautiful tribute is written. It is a proof that Stoddard has within himself the capabilities to fit him for filling Lowell's vacant place.

*Ave Maria*—Only the other day we read in a prominent review and from the

pen of a professor of history in a Canadian university, a scurrilous attack on the Catholic Church. Prominent among the charges laid at her door was the responsibility of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. In the September issue of the *Ave Maria* Rev. R. Parsons, D.D., gives the last word on this periodically-recurring calumny. He proves from authorities contemporaneous with the massacre that religion had nothing to do with it; that it was a matter of mere worldly policy; that it was not premeditated, but the effect of impulse; and that the number of its victims has been enormously exaggerated. We recognize the triteness of those venerable historical antiquities, such as this massacre, the darkness of the middle ages etc., yet the possibility of attack implies the necessity of being ready with a defense. Rev. Father Parson's article is the best we have ever read on the subject. Ellis Schreiber, in the "Author of 'A Sister's Story,'" gives a short history of Mrs. Craven, one of the leading writers of recent years, who began her literary career at about sixty and died a few months ago at the age of eighty-two. Katherine Tynan describes under the title "From Ireland to India" the founding of a colony of Loretto nuns in the East. The remaining articles are of general interest and attain a higher standard of literary excellence.

*Father Damen's Lectures*—The Rev. L. G. Gladu, O.M.I. has done an incalculable service to the cause of truth by collecting and publishing the four lectures delivered in Ottawa in the winter of 1871 by the great Jesuit missionary, Father Damen. The subjects are: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the only True Church of God," "Confession" and "The Real Presence." The text is from the verbatim report of the lectures and it is to be hoped that no effort will be spared to give the pamphlet the widest possible circulation. It would be very appropriate among the publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

*Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto.*—We are indebted to Very Rev. E. McL. Dawson for a copy of the annual report of the various conferences of St. Vincent de Paul's Society of

Toronto. It is a pleasant duty to note the hopeful words of the members of this grand society—"that there are good grounds for encouragement and gratitude." We trust that the present bright expectations may be fully realized. A lengthy and interesting history of the work of the society in Toronto during the past forty years shows what immense good a few zealous and charitable men have accomplished, and leaves the imagination at a loss to adequately picture what the result would be, were the great mass of Catholic laymen banded together and exerting themselves on the lines laid down by F. Ozanam, the founder of the society-- "the maintenance of the members strong in the Catholic faith and its propagation amongst others by the practice of charity." The report closes with the financial statement of each of the ten conferences of which the Toronto branch is composed and shows that, while the receipts have not been very large, the expenditure has been judicious and the greatest poverty and destitution have been relieved at the least possible expense. A very commendable feature is the extensive circulation of books, pamphlets, and periodicals amongst those who feel most the necessity of good reading and will be greatly benefited by it.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 190 college papers in the United States.

England with 94 universities, has 2,723 more professors and 51,814 more students than the 360 universities of the United States.

The United States leads the world in the number and extent of its libraries. The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about 21,000,000 volumes. Those of this country contain about 50,000,000.

The library which the Rev. Father McMahon lately gave to the Catholic University is made up of books he had been collecting for almost a half century. It consists of 3,000 volumes, and is worth \$10,000. Many of the books in it are

rare. One volume, Jaffe's "Synopsis of the Transactions of the Popes," is said to be the only copy of the work in this country. In theological and scriptural works the library is especially rich. The theological books number 500, and the Scripture books 300. Every department of general literature is represented.

Father Picarelli, S. J., editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, is dead at the age of seventy-one.

It is related of the famous German musician Gluck that he never allowed a day to pass without saying his beads, not even when he was a guest at the royal palace at Versailles. When Haydn could not compose to his desires, he is said to have had recourse to his rosary, and it was often noted that Mozart, in the midst of his greatest triumphs, when the applause of assembled audiences was ringing in his ears, took beads out of his pocket and began to pray upon them.

The Rev. Charles Collin, an Oblate missionary, residing at Columbia, in Ceylon, contributes to *Les Missions Catholiques* of August 28 the first of what promises to be a very able and interesting series of papers on Buddhism. Father Collin has made an exhaustive study of his subject, and, unlike many Western enthusiasts who have adopted the Buddhistic fad, knows whereof he writes. —*Ave Maria*.

The library of the Monastery of Simopetra, on Mount Athos, which was lately destroyed by fire, contained a precious collection of codices and several hundred valuable books—many of them old editions,—besides rare manuscripts, etc. This famous monastery was erected by St. Simon in the 14th century.

The Baron Gerard Rysenberg, only son of one of the noblest families in Holland, has taken the religious habit of the Trappists, in the Abbey of Tilbourg. He is in the flower of his youth, having attained but his eighteenth year. The head of this newly created abbey is a Belgian, Dom Willibrod Verbruggen, formerly of the Abbey of Westmalle.

Since 1853, when the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in Holland by

Pope Pius IX., the church has progressed rapidly. New churches have been erected to the number of 415, and 134 others have been enlarged or renovated; 134 charitable institutions have been founded, which relieve 14,000 poor persons. The number of Catholics in Holland is now about 1,600,000, being about one third, or perhaps slightly over a third, of the whole population. In the Catholic schools there are about 165,000 children.

The Jesuit order has a total membership of 12,300, divided into 27 provinces.

The grave of Oliver Goldsmith, in the precincts of the Inner Temple, remains in an untended condition, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The secluded little courtyard has just been relaid with gravel, and the memorial-stone of the poet bears evidence of irreverent treatment. Not only are the engraved letters becoming dim, but the tablet is scratched, evidently by heedless feet. Here is a fresh opportunity for something being done to prevent further desecration.

A cable dispatch from Paris announces the death of the Rev. Célestin Joseph Felix S. J., a distinguished preacher and writer upon ecclesiastical and educational subjects. He was born at Neuville-sur-Escaut, June 28, 1810, and was educated both in the classics and in theology. Before joining the Jesuits in 1837 he had been professor of rhetoric in the seminary at Cambrai. He then went to Bruges, Louvain and Laval to complete his theological studies. His career as a preacher was begun in Amiens, where he also published some controversial articles which attracted much attention. He was first heard in Paris in 1851, where his eloquence attracted great throngs. In 1853 he delivered a series of lectures in Notre Dame, which established his position as one of the great pulpit orators of the day. Whenever he preached, his congregations were limited only by the size of the building, and the effect of his exhortations upon his hearers was often extraordinary. In 1871 he became Superior of the Jesuits in Paris. He was the author of many theological works and treatises.

It is said that the Vatican has commenced the examination and discussion

of a voluminous bundle of documents, collected by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, concerning Joan of Arc, in consequence of Mgr. Couille's petition for her canoziation. The cause of the Maid of Orleans is being upheld by Mgr. Capara.

If some of our non-Catholic friends still repeat the assertion that the practice of auricular confession is a mere form without after-effect, the constant recurrences of cases of restitution made by penitents ought to convince them of its absurdity. The latest of these is that of a Spanish gentleman, who has received a sum amounting to \$955 from a penitent who stole \$250 forty-seven years ago. Six per cent was added, that resitutior might be complete.

During the coming year Professor Bouquillon will deliver several lectures at Washington University, on the subjects treated in the Pope's Encyclical. These are the important subjects of the day—subjects on which every priest and layman should be well informed. The University authorities are to be commended in their endeavor to place such practical questions before their students.

Since Toronto University was burned, there have been in all 30,000 volumes presented to the new library; already it contains more books than were in the whole of the old library.

During the past year, Catholicism has been making its way in Great Britain, as the following list of prominent converts given by the *Pall Mall Gazette* will show: Mr. Geo. Sheffington Usher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Usher, Protestant primate of Ireland; Mr. G. B. Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates, and Mr. Basil Lechmere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, venerating the name of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making a third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken that step. Viscount St. Cyres, son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford has declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation

of the Newman House in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University on the social and religious grounds laid down by the papal encyclical. The latest clerical recruit is the Rev. Thos. Cato, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the established Church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period. The number of conversions in each of the fifteen Catholic dioceses of England, range from 700 to 1000 annually.

Rev. Dr. Burchard who unintentionally played such an important part in American politics in 1884, died at his home a few days ago. Until a short time before the Presidential election he had been a comparatively unknown man, and would undoubtedly have died unnoticed, had he not been one of the deputation of Protestant ministers who waited on Mr. Blaine in New York to offer him encouragement before the campaign. At the end of a long speech on that occasion, he accused the Democrats of being the party of "Ruin, Romanism and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine, in his reply, said nothing to show that his sentiments were not in accord with those of Burchard; in fact, by his silence, he was believed to be a consenting party. The mean alliteration which in twenty-four hours made Burchard famous, or rather infamous, was heralded throughout the country, with the result that before election-day nearly a third of Mr. Blaine's followers had deserted him, at the polls he was utterly defeated. Although Burchard's word did much harm on this occasion, they nevertheless served a good end; their effect taught the politicians that the American public will not tolerate the man who allies himself with bigots and fanatics.

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#### GENERAL NEWS.

A few weeks ago a new Oblate juniorate, dedicated to the Holy Angels, was opened at Buffalo, N. Y. On the occasion Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father McGrath, O. M. I., Provincial, after which Rev. Father Barrett, O. M. I. addressed the youthful aspirants to the Cross, pointing out to them how consoling it was to be

under the special protection of the Holy Angels and of the Blessed Virgin, and how happy they should be to be enrolled among the Junior Missionary Oblate of Mary Immaculate. He pointed out that the soil of the new world was especially congenial to the Oblate. "America," said he "the land of Mary was the first foreign mission accepted by the Oblates. In America their mission of salvation is to the Indian, the White, the Negro; it extends from the Esquimaux region to the Gulf of Mexico, from Labrador to the Pacific." Truly, the Oblates are heralding the Word of the Cross throughout the new world.

On Sunday, the 20th of September, Right Rev. Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, N. S., accompanied by Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., of Prince Albert, N. W. T., paid a visit to the college. They were given a hearty welcome by the faculty and students. In the Academic Hall Mr. D. V. Phalen, with his accustomed neatness of speech, bade Bishop Cameron welcome, in the name of the students, while Mr. H. Sédilot, speaking in French, gave a similar welcome to Bishop Pascal. Both Prelates then replied, thanking the students for their welcome and speaking words of encouragement for them and the faculty.

Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, in his pastoral letter relative to the annual diocesan contribution towards the ecclesiastical education fund, speaking of the necessity of a clergy sprung from the people, thus writes: "It can truly be affirmed that the church will never be firmly established in this country until it possesses a native priesthood—until it is interlaced with the feelings, affections, and national habits of the people—until, in fine, it is made "racy of the soil," like some giant oak that has grown gradually in our own forests, spreading its roots abroad and driving them deep into the soil, and deriving therefrom its sap and nourishment, until it has acquired the sturdy strength and magnificent proportions that bids defiance to the fiercest storm." The church, ever wise in its dealings with the people, has in all ages, recognized the necessity of a native clergy. The American hierarchy have long advocated this, and with the result that the church in that country is probably more

vigorous and promising than it is in any other country in the world. Here in Ontario, we have the same material as our neighbors, and let us hope that the plea of His Grace for priests "racy of the soil" may not be in vain. Fifty years ago, the church in Ontario scarcely existed, but it has grown beyond all expectation, and with such a priesthood as that desired by Archbishop Walsh, what may we not hope for?

Very Rev. Father Æ. McDonell Dawson LL.D., contributes to the London Catholic Record some interesting reminiscences of the poet Burns. The writings of Father Dawson are always interesting, but they are doubly so when he treats of anything pertaining to his native country—of Scotch men or Scotch things. As Father Dawson lived for some time in Dumfries, the scene of the cares and labors of Burns, he is able to narrate some interesting information concerning this sweet singer of Scotia, which have probably never before been published. Drawing from Burns' correspondence, he points out that it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man in whom genius and common sense are co-existent that Burns interests and affects us. He believes, with many others, that this honest, unassuming, independent Scottish bard was truly a great genius, who, had he been spared, would have achieved a more than wonderful success in the literary world.

The annual retreat of the students will commence on Saturday, the 17th of Oct. This will, no doubt, be a most effective retreat as it will be conducted by one of the noted Oblate preachers now on their way from Ireland.

Four of the most famous Irish Oblate preachers have arrived in New York, and are on their way to Ottawa University where they will remain for some time. It is their intention to give retreats throughout Ontario and the border States.

Mr. John Donovan, B. A., '89, remained at the college a few days before returning to the Grand Seminary at Montreal. John never fails to pay a visit to his *alma mater* when it is at all convenient. He believes Ottawa University the best insti-

tution of learning in Canada, and loses no opportunity of sounding its praises. If all our graduates were as loyal and studious as he, they would be the best advertisement the University could have. It is unnecessary to say that none are more welcome here than John Donovan.

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*FLORES.*

J. C. Moriarty, '91, has entered the seminary of the Buffalo diocese at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dr. D. Phelan of Kingston, an M.A. of '82, was recently united in matrimony to Miss Higgins of Quebec. After graduating in arts Dr. Phelan distinguished himself as a brilliant student in medicine and carried off a gold medal from Paris where he made a post-graduate course. At present, he enjoys an extensive practice in Kingston, together with filling a professional chair in Queen's Medical College. He has always been a dutiful son to *Alma Mater*, and we beg to extend to him and Mrs. Phelan our warmest congratulations on their marriage, and our sincerest wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

F. Cahill of last year's graduating class has begun his theological studies in the diocesan seminary at Ottawa.

THE OWL extends to C. Murphy, the Pope's medallist of '86, its congratulations on his having passed the final law examination at Toronto.

We were much pleased last week to see the genial face of Rev. J. J. Griffin, M.A.. Father Griffin was the founder of THE OWL and managing editor for three years, and it was due to his enterprise and skill in college journalism that THE OWL attained that high rank that it held among its contemporaries when the present managing editor assumed his duties at the beginning of last year. The Rev. gentleman is now attending Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., where he is making a specialty of physics and chemistry.

R. W. Ivers, '91, has joined the class of '95 of the Harvard Medical College.

Thomas Curran, ex. '91, has won the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, at the Propaganda, Rome. Congratulations Tom. Very good.

J. E. Landry and D. Masson of last year's graduating class, will sail shortly for Lille, France, where they intend pursuing a course in medicine.

Rev. P. Ryan, '84, has been appointed to the parish of Mt. St. Patrick.

J. H. Paradis, ex. '90, a former sketch-artist on THE OWL staff, is now attending the *Ecole des Arts*, Paris, and is Professor of English at Neuilly College.

Geo. Dissett, of Buffalo, N. Y., a former member of '92, was in town last week and called to see the boys, but found nearly all new faces.

C. J. Charbonneau, '91, has begun the study of law in St. John's, P.Q. Charley will be missed behind the footlights this winter.

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*JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

The first regular meeting of the Junior Athletic Association was held on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, when the officers were elected for the season of '91-'92. There was no lack of enthusiasm, and each member seemed determined to do his share towards making the present year the most successful in the annals of the Association.

Owing to the good feeling which exists among all the members, it was not necessary to have a vote taken, and all the officers were elected by acclamation. This spirit of unanimity and good-will which prevails among the Juniors is certainly a commendable one, and augurs well for the success of any association where it is found.

The following is a list of those to whom the management of the Association has been intrusted for the season of '91-'92 :

*President* . . . . . FREDERIC LAMOUREUX.

*1st Vice-President*.. P. SLATTERY.

*2nd* " " E. TESSIER.

*Treasurer* . . . . . J. CUNNINGHAM.

*Secretary* . . . . . R. BEAUBIEN.

*Councillors* . . . . .  
 { W. BROPHY.  
 F. LEONARD.  
 J. ROCHE.

*Managers of Different Games* :

F. LAMOUREUX.  
 P. SLATTERY.

*1st Foot-Ball Team, '91-'92.*

J. McCabe,	A. Allard,
R. Beaulieu,	W. Brophy,
F. Lamoureux,	C. Phaneuf,
J. Fahey,	M. Goulet,
A. Catellier,	A. Deslauriers,
A. Campeau,	J. Cunningham,
E. Tessier,	F. Leonard,
P. Garneau,	J. Roche,
P. Slattery,	

Captain—F. A. Lamoureux.

*1st Base-Ball Team.*

F. Lamoureux,	J. Copping,
A. Allard,	H. Gibbons,
M. Goulet,	J. McCabe,
R. Beaulieu,	H. Béclair,
E. Tessier,	D. Kearns,
W. Brophy,	

Captain—R. Beaulieu.

*1st Lacrosse Team.*

W. Brophy,	A. Laframboise,
T. Slattery,	H. Roche,
J. McCabe,	A. Deslauriers,
F. Lamoureux,	D. Kearns,
T. Ryan,	E. Tessier,
W. Murphy,	O. McKay,
H. Gibbons,	J. Cunningham,
H. O'Connor,	J. Kane.

That those who held a very high opinion of the ability of the members of the Junior Athletic Association did not over-estimate their men, the several victories of the past few weeks plainly show. The season opened on Saturday, Sept. 20th, with a game of baseball, which was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators.

On the above date some would-be players of the big yard, finding the time hanging heavy on their hands, challenged the

Juniors to a friendly game. Although receiving but a few minutes' notice, the Juniors readily accepted the challenge and invited them to play in the little yard. The teams were composed of the following players:—

JUNIORS.	INTERMEDIATES.
Goulet, . . . . .	<i>Pitcher</i> . . . . . Gleason.
Copping, . . . . .	<i>Catcher</i> . . . . . Corking.
Lamoureux, . . . . .	<i>1st Base</i> . . . . . O'Rielly.
Allard, . . . . .	<i>2nd Base</i> . . . . . Sherlock.
Kearns, . . . . .	<i>3rd Base</i> . . . . . Hickey.
Beaulieu, . . . . .	<i>Short Stop</i> . . . . . Gibbons.
Béclair, . . . . .	<i>Centre Field</i> . . . . . Leamey.
Tessier, . . . . .	<i>Right Field</i> . . . . . J. Cushing.
Martel, . . . . .	<i>Left Field</i> . . . . . C. Cushing.

John McCabe was chosen to act as umpire. He found no difficulty in filling the position, having been ably assisted by almost every member of both teams.

After the usual preliminaries which consisted of the old-time plan of "wet or dry," there not being enough corn in the crowd to have "head or tail," the Juniors went to the bat and retired from the first innings with three runs in their favour. The visitors then took their innings, but were unsuccessful, being unable to discover the direction of Goulet's curves. In the second innings the home-team secured four more, while the Intermediate received another white-wash. The remainder of the game was more closely contested, and when the bell rang for study the score stood 14 to 9 in favour of the Juniors.

Smarting under their recent defeat, the Intermediates resolved to win back, if possible, their lost laurels, and to wipe out the disgrace attached to their being defeated by a junior team. Accordingly, on the following Saturday, having made a few changes in the *personnel* of their team, they paid another visit to the Junior campus. In order to make, as they thought, victory doubly certain, they proposed Rutledge as umpire. An objection was at once entered by the Juniors, but, acting upon a wink from "Rut," it was withdrawn, and the game began.

The visiting team was considerably strengthened by the changes made, and the first part of the game was in their favour; but towards the end the Juniors got down to work and made some very brilliant play. Owing to lack of time the game was not played out. The score

stood 11 to 11, and the game was considered a draw.

For the Juniors, Lamoureux, Allard, Martel and Kearns played a star game; for the visitors the honours were about equally divided between the stone wall at one end, and the College fence at the other.

In spite of the many counter attractions the hand-ball alley attracts its usual large number of votaries. Beaulieu and Dandurand, champions of last year, are getting in some hard practice, and they say that they would like to meet all persons who entertain any doubts as to their ability to hold the above title.

The following is a list of those who held the foremost places in their classes for the month of September :—

First Grade—1, Wm. Ryan; 2, Geo. Casgrain; 3, Chas. Laflamme.

Second Grade—1, David Kearns; 2, Hector Valin; 3, Albert Gauveau.

Third Grade A.—1, E. S. Corkery; 2, Chas. Brophy; 3, P. Baskerville.

Third Grade B.—1, Raoule Beaulieu; 2, Chas. O'Keefe; 3, Albert Quesnel.

Fourth Grade—1, Tèlesphore Couombe; 2, Léon Gagnon; 3, James Cushing.

Young O'Canagan says he would follow sixth form next year if he could find out the difference between *Philosify* and *Cardinal Ziglari*.

The other day a half-dozen boys from the commercial course waited on the editor of the Junior Department and requested him to publish a list of grievances to which they claimed to be subjected; but as they were not subscribers to the OWL he refused. The OWL will champion the rights of none but paid-up subscribers.

It is reported that there is a deeply laid scheme among the Juniors to wash the *Giesler*; they claim that the big boys' attempt to do so was a failure, and they guarantee that if they once take him in hand he will afterwards perform his own ablutions.

After Benie had batted his swiftest grounder at the late ball game, he clinched his teeth, and with swinging arms struck

out for first base. He succeeded in getting up a greater speed than he had intended, and the result was that when the momentum had been overcome, he found himself half-way down the large yard. When he at length returned, the two teams were engaged in a wordy dispute as to whether he had turned to the right or to the left. But, as he had been too far away for anyone to be positive on the question, his word was immediately taken when he shouted at the top of his voice: "I *thay* I turned to the right." Some boys, no doubt jealous of Benie's good play, were mean enough to say that he turned neither to the right nor left, but took a somerset. Very little credence is given to this report, however.

Leamey's extreme good nature during the baseball game, won for him the praise of all, while the slang phrases and ruffled tempers of a few others had the effect of considerably lowering them in the estimation of the onlookers.

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## SOCIETIES.

One of the first questions asked by students on their return from vacation is, how soon are the athletics to be put under way, and who is going to manage them. Rev. F. Quinn, O. M. I., the energetic prefect of discipline soon had answers ready for both of these interesting questions, and announced that the games, especially football, were to be started at once. The committee chosen to represent the interests of the students in all the 'varsity athletics consist of Rev. F. Quinn, chairman; T. Troy, '92, secretary; T. Tetreau, '94, treasurer; Chas. McCarthy, '92, Chas. Gaudet, '92, O. W. Clarke, '93 and Jas. P. Collins, '92. These gentlemen are to control all the games, football, baseball, lacrosse, hand-ball, hockey, cricket and lawn tennis. Any student who pays to the treasurer the annual assessment is considered a member of the Athletic Association. The football practices are now regularly under way and the prospects for a good team were never before equalled.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary was organized Saturday, September 26.



Rev. Fr. Nolin, O. M. I., who still continues in his duty as director, opened the meeting with a short address, in which he mentioned the present movement among educators of all Christian denominations, to associate moral and intellectual culture. After a short and interesting discourse on this theme in which he showed the advantages possessed by a Christian student, he called for the annual election of officers. The following is the list of those chosen :

*Prefect*—A. Carrière, '92.  
*1st. Assessor*—T. A. Troy, '92.  
*2nd. Assessor*—I. French, '93.  
*Councillors*— { A. Charron, '92.  
                   { J. P. Collins, '92.  
                   { D. Murphy, '92.  
                   { Chas. Gaudet, '92.  
*Secretary*—J. Meagher, '93.  
*Treasurer*—L. Raymond, '93.  
*Sacristans*— { C. McCarthy, '93.  
                   { O. W. Clarke, '93.

The majority of the elder students were present, and judging from the number who gave in their names as postulants, (nearly seventy), we should think that the society will be more prosperous than ever.

The St. Thomas' Academy, a society which has been now existing for the past three years was reorganized under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Nilles, O. M. I. Only the students of philosophy are admitted as members of this society, its object being to promote philosophical discussion according to strict scholastic methods. All discussions are to be held in Latin. At the first meeting the following officers were elected :

*President*—D. Murphy, '92.  
*Secretary*—A. Charron, '92.  
*Committee*— { Chas. Gaudet, '92.  
                   { J. P. Collins, '92.

The Rev. Doctors Fillatre, LaCoste, and McArdle, O. M. I., were elected as honorary members. The classes of philosophy are larger this year than ever before, the Academy having thirty-five members. Already three meetings have been held, at the first of which a thesis, "*De Veracitate Sensuum Externorum*" was read by A. Charron. Both the thesis itself and the objections brought forward by Jno. McNally were ably handled. At the next meeting, T. A. Troy defended the thesis "*De Veracitate Intellectus et*

*Rationis.*" It was well written and reasoned, but was strongly assailed by the clever objections brought forward by H. Sedilot. All these gentlemen have proved themselves sufficiently good masters of Latin to intelligently carry on a discussion in that tongue. On October 3, J. P. Collins argued that "*Beatitudo non potest haberi in hac vita,*" and was opposed by J. R. O'Connor. On this occasion Rev. B. McArdle, O. M. I. occupied the place of Fr. Nilles, and his few remarks afforded much useful instruction concerning the close following of the scholastic method of discussion.

Early in September the Reading Room Association was organized with the following officers :—

*President*—D. W. McMillan, '92.  
*Secretary*—A. Newman, '93.  
*Treasurer*—A. Charron, '92.  
*Librarians*— { I. French, '93.  
                   { L. Raymond, '93.  
*Curators*— { Jas. Dean, '92.  
                   { H. Sedilot, '92.  
                   { A. Rochon, '94.  
                   { J. Rigney, '95.

The Reading Room has always been one of the most interesting places in the institution in which to spend a quiet half-hour, especially during the long winter evenings, and under the present capable management is sure to succeed. Rev. B. McArdle is its director, and if his already acquired popularity is any indication, he will certainly be as successful as any of his predecessors. It is the intention of the management this year to introduce more of the prominent magazines and reviews than formerly. To do this, money is required, and delinquent members are accordingly requested to reply to the appeal of the treasurer as soon as possible.

Rev. Fr. Gervais, O. M. I. is still director of the Cecilian Society, which promises this year to exceed all its past achievements. The band is now entirely composed of students, several of the new members being a decided acquisition. There is but little doubt that in a few months our boys will be able to compete with any of our Capital bands.

## SUBRIDENDO.

Worthy of a Crown.—Plain Citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville *Clarion*): Why do you call 'Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing.

Editor—Hasn't, hey? Gosh Almighty, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!—*Brooklyn Life*.

An Equivocal Puff—"Did you see the notice I gave you? said the editor to the grocer."

"Yes; and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the first water, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Visitor.—I understand that you want some painting done.

Editor—Yes; I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads, you had better paint it like this:

.....  
 . . . . . DON'T SLAM THE DOOR . . . . .  
 .....

—*Truth*.

Seedy Actor.—You stated in your paper yesterday that the great tragedian, Mr. Sock-Buskin, had just returned from a successful starring tour.

Editor—Yes, I believe we did. Was there anything wrong about it.

Seedy Actor—Yes; and I wish you'd correct it. The word "starring" should have been "starving."

Ve Enterprising Artists.—Artist: You print pictures of public men and events in your Sunday edition, I believe.

Great Editor—Yes, indeed; all we can get.

Artist—I have here a number of pictures of Mr. Blaine at Bar Harbor. This one represents him in an invalid's chair surrounded by doctors. In this one he is tottering along leaning heavily on his attendants, and in this—

Great Editor—But, sir, we are in favor of Mr. Blaine for President.

Artist—Oh! Well here is another set representing him knocking down an ox with his fist, pulling up trees by the roots, and playing jack-stones with ten-ton rocks.—*New York Weekly*.

Failures of hatters are nearly always due to the fact that they cannot get ahead.—*Rochester Post*.

An Unpleasant Subject.—"What shall I write this morning, sir?" asked the fresh young man of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—*The Epoch*.

We suppose a nose may be said to be broke when it hasn't got a scent.

There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

The reason why a fly is generally monarch absolute of a bald head is because there is no heir apparent.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

The early Protestant religious writers were fond of queer titles for their productions. One of the early religious books bore the quaint title, "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." Another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." In Cromwell's time was published a book on charity whose title was "Hooks and eyes for Believers' Breeches." A pamphlet published in 1626 is called "A most Delectable, Sweet-perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At." An imprisoned Quaker published a book which he called "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing."

She sang in plaintive key;

And all the neighbors sighed and said,

"So are we! So are we!"—*Cadet*.

"Rich peoples," said a Dutchman, "eats venison because it ish deer, and I eats mutton because it ish sheep."—*Ex*.

That iz only one thing that can be sed in favor ov tite boots—they make a man torgit all his other sorrows.—*Josh Billings*.

Auntie (sympathizingly).—What's the matter, Bobby, dear?

Bobby (sobbing).—M-a-m-m-a whipped me. I jus' wish I'd a-been born an orphan.—*Ex*.

## HE WAS ORIGINAL.

Miss Pearl White—"I wish you to paint my portrait."

Dobbins—"I'm sorry, madam, but I can't do it."

Miss Pearl White—"Why not?"

Dobbins—"I never copy other paintings."

"Oh, sir, well I do like the day that you preach!" "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

## LARGE RESULTS.

Johnnie Cumso.—Did you go fishing yesterday?

Freddy Tangle.—Yep.

Johnnie Cumso.—Wojjer catch?

Freddy Tangle.—Five fish and a whipping.—  
*Judge*

"Here I've been talking for a half an hour," exclaimed an auctioneer, "and I haven't got an offer."

"Half an hour, indeed," murmured an elderly maiden; "what's half an hour to many long years, and still no hopes of an offer?"—*Ex.*

Another lazy man has been found; he is on a western paper. He spells photograph, "4tograf." There have been only three as bad. One lived in Kansas and dated his letters, "11worth;" another spelled Tennessee, "10aC;" and the other wrote Wyandotte, "Y&."—*Temperance Cause.*

## OVERHEARD ON A WAGNER CAR.

Fussy Old Gentleman (to a chance travelling lady companion)—Have you any children, madame?

"Yes, sir; a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never as much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madame; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madame, a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months."—*Ex.*

## ULULATUS.

Fair Autumn ins  
Her wheat and rye;  
Old J. Frost grins  
From northern sky.  
Away with hats  
Paleaceous,  
Bring out all that's  
Furaceous.  
Put on your mitts  
And comforter;  
By summer flits,  
On comes winter.

Good morning, Giesler, have you used Pear's soap?

What a *do* delicious thing it is to have a face that speaks!

At the exhibition he spent much time in admiring the other goats.

Friend Albert and twenty-five other "kids" spent the vacation learning nursery ditties.—Phonographic reproductions to be had for 10 cents.

Prof.—Mr. C—, please supply the required simile in the following:—"A bleeding heart like —soon closes up."

Student:—"A bleeding heart, like a wounded eye—soon closes up."

A youth in the preparatory course being asked to name the planets of the solar system, gave evidence not only of his thorough acquaintance with modern astronomy, but also of his special predisposition for discovery, in the following answer: "The morning star, the star that conducted the Magi to Bethlehem, the miraculous star, the star of noon, the dog star and the Montreal star." He might have added his own name as the star of his class.

An osteological phenomenon of an extraordinary nature occurred at the wind-up (*seu finale*) of a recent pugilistic mill between the western giant and the Rhode Island middle-weight. To wit: An osseous substance unclassifiable protruded from the proboscis of the aforesaid middle-weight. The fact is all the more wonderful (*mirabile dictu*) as the teeth of his opponent have been found to be in perfect order and the stratification of his own nasal appendage unaltered. Specimen preserved in C<sub>2</sub> H<sub>6</sub> O, may be seen at the University Dispensary.



WERRY WINDY, DON'T CHER KNOW !

In a poetical joust in which the Noble Knights of the Grades took part, prizes were awarded to the following masterly efforts:—

INVENTION'S MASTERPIECE, OR  
THE FLYING DUDE.

Queried one: Have you seen  
The new Flying Machine  
That ascends to a great altitude?  
I am sure you'll confess,  
In producing the dude  
From whatever side viewed,  
That our science has met with success.

He's assumed every right  
That belonged to the kite;  
He has ruined the *site* of balloons;  
Rendered him destitute  
Who sold the parachute  
By his donning such wide pantaloons.

The discomfiting breeze  
Passes up at his knees,  
Then he feels himself raised from the street.  
But when coming down  
He ne'er falls on his crown,  
For his weight is contained in his feet.

The drunkard gets high  
On potations of rye;  
The aeronaut on hydro-gin;  
But the dude is "set up"  
Without taking "a sup"—  
He gets high, for he "has nothing in."

He's a wonderful bird  
We may say in a word—  
So airy, so light and "too too";  
You will see him each day  
Passing over your way  
As he's pictured above in the view.

—LIGHTHEAD O'GALE.

"EXCELSIOR."

"You grow'ling low-minded, whyplod in the mud,  
Seeking food;  
Were you wise,  
You would rise  
To the skies  
Like a *bird*,"  
Quoth the Dude.

"Can you tell me what made Henry Longfellow cry:  
Excelsior, youth!  
If he meant not in sooth,  
To inculcate the truth  
That we mortals were destined to fly?"

'Tis a difficult thing  
For a man to take wing  
While his brains keep him down, I'll allow;  
But, his not very hard  
To follow the bard  
In his teaching when once you know how!

Do you know of a dude  
Who can long remain glued  
To the street where he walks to and fro;  
Nor be caught by a wind,  
Blowing up from behind,  
Stretching his pantaloons  
As coal-gas would balloons,  
Bearing far out of sight  
This commodity light,  
Giving passage to wisdom below.

If his taste you admire  
And conceive a desire  
Of o'er-topping the spire,  
Then, procure you a cane and a suit  
That the breeze may inflate  
And your burden translate  
With the ease of a huge parachute.

—FITFUL MCBREEZE.