

# The



# Owl.

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## THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.



IF it were yesterday, although it is now four and twenty years ago, I well remember every incident connected with my first enrolment as a student of the College of Ottawa. A

quarter of a century is a long time in the life of an individual, and sometimes, too, in the life of a community. When first I entered the walls of the College, as a student, this city was an unpretentious, and to say the truth, a rather uninviting burgh of perhaps twelve thousand inhabitants—an ill-lighted, unpaved, and uninhabited, poorly-built and scattered town, all its hopes centred upon one object, the early removal to its limits of the seat of Canada's government. My mind goes back with distinctness to the days, when every "speech from the throne," delivered at Quebec, was eagerly scanned by the good people of Ottawa, whose trust in the future of their city, rose or fell as that document spoke, or failed to speak of the early transference of the government to the city. The founders of the College of Ottawa, the late venerated Bishop Guigues and his tried, as well as trusted friend, the ever-to-be-lamented Father Tabaret, were among those of Ottawa's citizens who had firm hope of the city's coming greatness.

How vividly these revered names recall the line of Ovid :

*" Parsque est meminisse doloris ?"*

But, if with sorrow we remember those who have gone, with pleasure we bear witness to the solidity and endurance of their works. In September, 1864, the time I speak of, the College edifice on Wilbrod street, hardly one-fourth the size of the present building, was among the largest and most imposing structures that our city could boast of. There are some old city maps or plans which show the College just as it then stood, towering off in the distance, in the then outermost south-eastern limits of the city. Many of the most flourishing streets of St. George's Ward had then no existence but on paper, and solitary-looking enough did the College stand, in the midst of the vacancy of the triangular-shaped block of land, between Nicholas and Rideau streets. Father Tabaret's promotion to the important post of Provincial of the Oblates of North America, had in 1864, called the Rev. Timothy Ryan to the presidential chair of the College. This reverend gentleman brought with him to Canada the reputation of fervid eloquence, lofty acquirements and genial manners. I first saw and heard him on the occasion of the St. Patrick's