

# THE OWL.

VOL. XI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MARCH, 1898.

No. 7.

## THE MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave—  
Some sleep in Ireland too;  
All—all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died—  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

*Thomas K. Ingram.*

THE first mild breezes of approaching summer will, this year, waft to the lovely shores of Erin, representatives of the Celtic race from every land. In their thousands they will convene from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, their minds all centered upon one grand and holy thought, their hearts all throbbing with one noble and truly generous desire. In their hands they will bear the fairest wreaths that hope and patriotism can twine; in their hearts they will have treasured a great and true affection for the dear old homes and sacred altars in defence of which their fathers so bravely fought and died. With tender hands they will place their precious wreaths among the shamrocks, under the weeping willows, upon the patriot's lonely grave; in accents of purest and deepest emotion they will extend their love and sympathy to the patriot's faithful children. With uncovered heads, and in prayerful reverence they will stand

before the spots where hasty scaffolds were once erected, and where many of the most courageous, the most self-denying, the most pure-minded, and the most intellectual of the nation's loved ones were cruelly done to death. With hushed foot-steps they will pass over the memory-haunted battle-fields, where, one hundred years ago, an heroic struggle was made against the combined forces of cruelty and oppression—battle-fields crimsoned and consecrated by the purest blood of Ireland's patriotic sons—battlefields, at the same time, dyed and desecrated by the unholy gore of the most heartless, and the most detestable legion of fiends that ever disorganized the beautiful harmony of God's creation. At this magnificent convention of a far-scattered race, all Irishmen at home, after extending a thrice hearty "*caed mille failthe*" to their sympathetic kinsmen from beyond the seas, will take a leading part in honoring the occasion, for every son of Erin, be he priest or layman, be he man of note or simple peasant, is bent on paying due homage, to the much maligned heroes of '98.

Why all these whole-souled demonstrations in honor of a struggle that is usually regarded as revolt, and crime, and treason? Why should the modest ears of modern society be shocked by the recital of tragedies that have lain buried for a hundred