

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1.

CALENDAR.

THURSDAY 2.—The Holy Guardian Angels.
FRIDAY 3.—St. Vincent, Duke, Martyr.
(Sept. 28.)—Abp. Bayley died, 1877.
SATURDAY 4.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.
SUNDAY 5.—Eighteenth after Pentecost. Solemnity of the Holy Rosary. Less. Eccles. xxiv. 14-16; Gosp. Luke. xi. 27, 28; Last Gosp. Matt. ix. 1-8.
MONDAY 6.—St. Bruno, Confessor.
TUESDAY 7.—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor. SS. Perpetua and Felicity, Martyrs.
WEDNESDAY 8.—St. Bridget, Widow. Bp. Kelly, Richmond, died, 1894.

NOTICE.

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Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS—a paper which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion—are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

Publishers' Notice.

Mr. W. E. MULLEN, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest. We recommend him to the kind consideration of our friends and subscribers, and trust they will aid him in every possible way to push the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Intolerance.

Belfast, the manufacturing metropolis of Ireland, has over 200,000 of a population, of whom one-third is Catholic, and yet Belfast has never yet returned a Catholic to Parliament. Not only that, but the Catholics cannot manage to elect one of its number to the Council, so united and so bitterly bigoted are its Protestant brethren. But it might naturally be expected that where popular passions or prejudices do not obtain a Catholic should have a chance in the matter of appointments for instance. But no, those having the power of appointment in their hands are in perfect accord with the popular voice in this instance. There is not a single Catholic in the Harbor Trust of Belfast, the jail officials and Board of Superintendence are Protestants to a man, all the officers of the Workhouse, except a chaplain and assistant teacher, and the Water Board, with one solitary exception, are of the dominant religion. The Chamber of Commerce of the United Kingdom sat lately in Belfast, and a Belfast paper—the *Ulster Examiner*—says to them:—"Gentlemen, you are now in the commercial metropolis of Ireland, but you are also in the metropolis of bigotry and intolerance. No town in Ireland has made such progress during the past half century, and no town in Ireland has proved its bigotry and exclusiveness with a like zeal and determination. From being an almost insignificant village, we have built up our town to the enormous extent to which it has at present attained, but we have at the same time built a wall of brass around every office of ambition, of emolument, to the exclusion of one-third of the population. We have our heel on the necks of the Papist minority, and there will we keep it as long as we possibly can. There are seventy thousand and more of them in the town, but we have resolved to give them no voice in the management of the town. They pay rates like other citizens, but we have resolved to give them no voice whatever in the expending of these taxes." And should some delegate ask if such was the universal practice throughout Ireland—to exclude the minority from participation in civic affairs—Mr. Browne might well answer—"In Catholic towns, such as Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Limerick, the Protestant minority is always fairly, and even more than fairly, represented; but, of course, we are too enlightened here in Belfast to follow such benighted examples."

The above was in reference to an address of Mayor Browne before the Chamber of Commerce, an uncle by the way of Mr. Dunbar Browne—who stated that all creeds and classes were in accord in Belfast. We wish they were, but would it not be expecting too much of 70,000 people that they are satisfied with exclusion and ostracism, in their native land, and would it not be expecting too much from those people that they should overflow with loyalty to a Government which frowned upon them in such a shape? Let a Protestant and a Catholic compete for Parliamentary or Municipal honors in Catholic Limerick or Cork, and if by a hair's breadth of intellect, honesty or ability one outweighs the other, he is

elected. They ignore religion in such contests altogether. The British Government themselves set the bigots of Belfast an example, for in the seven giant intellects composing the Irish executive, not one is a Catholic. With what relief an Irishman turns from Ireland to Canada, from Belfast to Montreal, and although prejudice exists in this country also, it is fast melting away before education and good citizenship. It is only late importations who bring bigotry with them, the longer a man lives on this free soil the more liberal he becomes, the country is too broad and generous to raise narrow hearted, narrow chested, narrow minded men. Hence it is that the Irish Catholics of Canada are so loyal to her laws, her institutions, and so ready to defend them with their lives, if necessary, against all comers.

Emigration to Canada.

European immigration has not done very much towards the peopling of this Dominion of Canada, notwithstanding the fact that vast sums of money have been spent to encourage it. If, after the American Revolution of 1776, when the United Empire Loyalists and others who did not care to live under a Republican, or anti-British, form of Government had settled in Canada, a wall had been built around it excluding all outsiders, the natural increase of the population—British and French—should ere this have given us a population of more than four millions. This statement may appear startling, but if we look at the small number of French people living in Canada at the time and their descendants of to-day, both in this country and the States, of whom there cannot be less than three millions, its truth is at once recognized. This does not, of course, include the natural increase of the English-speaking people, which, if left to themselves, and if their descendants had all stayed in Canada, would reach two millions more. It must be remembered also in making these statements that until very lately French immigration did not amount to a great deal, nor, indeed, does it now. Of course, there has been immigration to Canada, but there has also been emigration from Canada to the United States to counteract it, or we should before this have had a population of at least ten millions. And the stream of emigration from Canada to the United States is still going on just as lively as ever, and it is to be feared, will continue until this country becomes as prosperous as its great neighbor. Canada has paid out a million dollars within the past five years, mostly for the benefit of the States. Our immigration agents in the old country think they have (or had) earned their handsome salaries when they sent out a certain number of emigrants, never minding their quality, and the consequence was that the novel sight was witnessed in Toronto, a few years ago, of the arrival of twenty men among a batch of them, seven of whom turned out to be pickpockets, and thirteen who had been colporteurs and tract-distributors. There were also in the batch a number of honest mechanics and laborers, besides, clerks, salesmen and others of that description of non-producers, but, after a year or so, we are pretty safe in asserting that three-fourths of them had gone across the border, including, let us trust, both the pickpockets and tract-distributors. Since 1873 Canada could not find employment for her own laborers or mechanics, and what could be more insane than spending over two hundred thousand dollars annually in sending out men from the United Kingdom to crowd the labor market here or to benefit Uncle Sam? It is plain that we wanted only farmers and farm laborers, but of these we got but few. Emigration officers were humbugs in those years, but the case is different now, when agriculturists in the three kingdoms are looking anxiously to the new world for free farms, no rent, no landlords. Now, then, is the time to build up Canada and make it really a great country. Now is the time when our agents at home—if they are worth their salt—will direct the stream of emigration to Manitoba, where the finest land in the world is waiting for the plough and harrow. Even without the assistance of the agents we may expect a goodly number of the English tenant farmers. The hard times are driving them this way, but if Manitoba is placed before their eyes with its great advantage over any land the States can give, the chief stream of this invaluable class of emigrants may be directed to our North West Territories. Let the gentleman in London, for instance, who receives a salary of \$4,000, be alive and active, and let Mr. Foy, of Belfast, distribute tracts showing the resources of the Northwest instead of sending out Orange pamphlets, and they will be rendering some return for all the money they have squandered. Land must be the foundation of all our wealth; its settlement will attract population, give employment to mechanics and laborers, build towns, cities, villages and railroads, and, in a word, make Canada a really great country. We shall also have a great West, to which the sons of our farmers can go when the homestead grows too small for them, instead of moving off to Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and where the surplus labor of our eastern cities may find employment to suit its capacity. If Canada allows this opportunity to slip, she may never again have such another, for Europe may never again be in such sore distress. The energetic action of the Government in this connection is deserving of praise, but in order to achieve great results it is necessary that they show still more energy, and, above all, afford the very greatest facilities for the acquisition of lands by intending emigrants. While we are but a dependency of a European nation, we may never hope to compete with the States in attracting emigrants from the Continent of Europe to our shores in large

numbers, but we should surely for that very reason be able to secure the bulk of the tenant farmers of England, Ireland and Scotland, who have to leave their own homes. The reports of the delegations at present on the ocean will have great weight with the tenant farmers in the old country, and it should be the interest of our Government to impress them favorably when they arrive, and appoint competent persons to show them around, and post them on the geography and resources of the great North West.

Death of Bishop McKinnon.

HALIFAX, September 26.—Last Tuesday Bishop McKinnon, of Antigonish, had an attack of paralysis, from which he never rallied. He received the last sacrament from his confessor, Rev. H. Gillies. Dr. McIntosh was in constant attendance, and His Lordship the Bishop of Arichat never left his bedside for the past four days. About a quarter to four this afternoon, while surrounded by a large concourse of friends, he breathed his last. The remains will be deposited in a crypt, prepared by himself, under the sanctuary of the new cathedral at Antigonish next Tuesday forenoon. He had a large connection of relatives in eastern Nova Scotia, and the Scotch Catholics of the Province held him in high veneration.

Firm Stand of Irish Farmers Against Tyranny and Oppression.

LONDON, September 26.—The growing discontent among the tenant farmers of Ireland has now reached a pitch entertained by the majority of observers. In this country the feeling among the farmers is so deeply seated and so widespread that consequences of a most serious character are to be expected. Within the last few days very large meetings of farmers have been held in various places in Ireland, and although at some of them perfect order and decorum were preserved, the expression of feeling on the part of the people to resist payment of rents till their claims were granted was unmistakably made manifest. Yesterday a great tenants' right meeting was held in Listowel, at which 15,000 persons were present. One of the speakers at the meeting was Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, of County Kerry. At this meeting, which, although greatly excited, was still perfectly orderly and well conducted, the farmers reiterated their purpose to refuse payment of any rent whatever until the landlords acceded to the terms which the tenants demanded, and which, in their opinion, were only just and reasonable, or until Parliament passed a statute which would secure to them rights which they now demand.

ST. PATRICK'S SELECT COMMERCIAL AND SCIENTIFIC ACADEMY.—It is gratifying to hear that this excellent educational institution, so recently founded by the reverend pastor of St. Patrick's, has resumed the operations of the scholastic year under most favorable and encouraging auspices. The number of pupils in attendance has very materially increased over the figure of last year, and no pains are being spared either by the reverend directors or Principal O'Reilly to render it all that an academy of its class could be desired to be, both as regards the education imparted and the accommodation of the pupils. Among other unquestionable advantages secured by it, which will not fail to attract the attention and favor of parents, we may mention the appointment of Miss Emily O'Farrell as the associate of Principal O'Reilly in the teaching department. Miss O'Farrell graduated with the highest honors from the Ladies' Normal School of this city early in August last, when she passed a splendid examination before the Board of Examiners, composed of Rev. Principal Lagace, Rev. Professor Lindsay, of the Levis College, Professor Toussaint and Professor Dufresne, of St. Thomas, and was awarded a model diploma for English and French grammar, English dictation, history of Canada, geography, arithmetic, sacred history, English and French elocution, history of England, history of France, French and English literature, book-keeping, mensuration, geometry, algebra, the art of teaching and agriculture, &c.—being the only English speaking young lady who underwent the model examination of the term. We congratulate her upon her success, and have no doubt that its fame will be the means of attracting a constantly increasing attendance to the St. Patrick's Select Commercial and Scientific Academy.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

The Russian Chancellor Interviewed—His Ideas About Bismarck's Policy—His Love For France.

The following is a more extended resume of the interview with Prince Gortschakoff held by a correspondent of the *Paris Soleil*, an extract of which was transmitted by cable:

After speaking of his age, his unavailing desire to retire, his injunctions not to be troubled with politics during his holiday, the Prince disclaimed the slightest concern at the attacks of the Berlin papers. His policy had not varied for twenty-four years. He had always deprecated a prolonged weakening of France as a deplorable fact in the European concert, and to this ever-avowed opinion was doubtless solely due the hostility with which Prince Bismarck honored him. Whatever government existed in France he should enjoy in it great prudence in its relations with certain powers. As to his interview's suggestion of a coalition of Germany, Austria, and possibly Italy, against Russia and France, Russia had no fear of a war of invasion, but it was always well to be vigilant. A French socialist had said, "Distrust is the mother of security." He felt no irritation at Prince Bismarck's adoption of an economic policy detrimental to Russia, for he himself in his place should probably have done the same, and he was bound to think solely of German interests. As to the Treaty of Berlin, neither he nor his colleagues fancied they had created a faultless prodigy in adopting its provisions; but Russia had displayed great moderation and sincere love of peace, for which all impartial and well-disposed men should give her credit. The German and Russian Emperors highly esteemed each other, and their affection would certainly suffice to smooth down the slight difference which might arise. The Prince, in conclusion, referred to his profound love for France, of which he had given convincing proofs of late years. It was the utmost importance that she should hold the place in Europe to which she had so many titles, important both for herself and all other nations, for the abdication of France would be treason against civilization.

The managers of the late New York walk have audited the miles accomplished during the match, and divided the gate money as follows:—Rowell, \$19,500, which, with \$6,500 sweepstakes, makes the total \$26,000; Merritt, \$7,312; Hazard, \$1,192; Hart, \$2,370; Guyon, \$1,950; Weston, \$1,365; Ennis, \$872; Krohne, \$877.

A FAMOUS INSTITUTION.

The University of St. Louis, Mo., and its Traditions of Fifty Years—Some of its Famous Presidents, Professors and Students—Reminiscences of a Grateful Pupil.

The Jesuits of Missouri have reason to be proud of their noble university and its hold on the popular affections of the great West and Southwest. How its old pupils remember it is manifest from the following letter addressed by Mr. J. Leeperance, of Montreal, to the *Missouri Republican*, apropos of Father Hill's excellent book and the golden jubilee of the university:

I have just received a parcel of books from an old friend in St. Louis. This young country having adopted the beautiful American system of a protective tariff, I experienced considerable delay in getting possession of the prized volumes. First I had to go to the post-office, and there found in my box a communication from the collector of customs, informing me that I must call upon him. This entailed a long walk to the waters side. Then considerable delay; then the weighing of the books; next the filling in of blank forms upon payment. But I got the books at last, and before I had left the building the seals were broken, the cords loosed, and a rapid glance cast over each of the titles. One book especially caught my eye—"Historical Sketch of the St. Louis University," by Walter H. Hill, S.J., and I expected a treat from it. The next day being Sunday, I spent the whole afternoon on a sofa, going over it again and again, and in a long course, of reading I can safely say that I never enjoyed a volume so much. The reason was of course the memories which it evoked. As a literary production it is worthy of its author, and its only fault is that there is not enough of it. The old college is one of the institutions of Missouri, its foundation being nearly synchronous with that of the State, while its history for fifty years is identified with that of St. Louis. The *Republican* makes it one of its features to publish the reminiscences of many of our oldest citizens, but we venture to say that none of them are in possession of so many interesting facts as were several of the ancient Fathers of the university. I am in a position to state that more than one of them wrote minute records of their lives and times, while at the college itself there is a professor whose duty it is to keep a diary of all passing events. If access could be had to these papers I am certain that we should obtain the knowledge of incidents connected with men and things in our city which cannot be procured elsewhere. As many of these memoirs are personal, an outsider should be allowed to compile them because the Fathers themselves are too modest and retiring. This is the reason that Father Hill's history is less full than it could or should otherwise be. Yet, such as it is, this little book contains the narrative of great deeds wrought by great men. Take Father Verhaegen for instance. He was a tremendous man physically, with lines of power strongly stamped on his face—broad forehead, big bulging eyes, large nose, fan-shaped at the nostrils; wide mouth and flat, spatulated fingers. His only weak point was a metallic voice, generally pitched in a minor key. This man was born to lead, and he led. He was the first president of the university; the first provincial of the Order of Jesuits in Missouri; the first president of old Bardonia College after its cession to his society, and superior, in some way or other, all his life. He was the first everywhere, and yet could unbend to the smallest child. Bless his grand old soul; he was fond of poetry, citing it by the hour, and amusing himself with composition in verse, both Latin and English.

I NEED NOT SAY MUCH OF FATHER DE SMET, who deserves a biography to himself, which I trust somebody will write from the ample materials that exist. He really belongs to our national history, and was known everywhere. I remember crossing the ocean with him once, in a crowded steamer, when the brilliant and eccentric Bristed—better known as Carl Benson—found him out and immediately went about telling the passengers that we had a great man on board. He was forthwith set at the head of the table, and in the smoking-cabin the seat of honor was reserved for him. Father De Smet was a great smoker. Crawford, the celebrated sculptor, was among the passengers and I heard him say he would like to model the magnificent head of the missionary. Father De Smet belonged to one of the first families of Belgium, and I never met finer company than at a dinner given to his honor by one of his brothers, a magistrate of Ghent. His physical strength, especially that of his arm, was phenomenal, and his powers of endurance were extraordinary. Yet this big fearless man shrank from the nausea of a dose of medicine. Another contrast—his handwriting was almost microscopic. Talking of wonderful men, there is also

FATHER DAMEN.

He never taught much at the university, his special department being spiritual ministrations. He had charge of the college church for many years and made it what it was to-day. The establishment of the Young Men's Sodality as far back as 1845 may be set down as the most important single event in its results that has perhaps ever taken place in the Catholic community of St. Louis. But what Father Damen has since achieved in Chicago is almost past belief. I have heard Chicago people themselves express their wonder, and it takes a good deal to surprise them. His missions all over the Union would also form a volume themselves. He is a tall, portly man with handsome head and a dignified bearing that inspires respect in any assembly. He is familiarly known as the "beggar" by excellence, and people would gaze if they knew the exact figures which he had collected for schools, colleges, asylums and churches. I have some recollections of others among the friends of the university—as of Father Vandevle.

AFTERWARD BISHOP OF CHICAGO AND NATCHEZ, a fine scholar and eloquent speaker; of Father Elett, a man of majestic presence and a model of neatness and regularity; of Father Verreydt, the last survivor, entirely devoted to parochial services; and of Father Van Assche, the most original character of them all. I ever saw a man practised evangelical poverty and the sublime science of being all things to all men, it was Father Van Assche. Among the lanes and crossroads of the country from Florissant to St. Charles and environs, he looked like a tramp, with his battered old hat and ill-fitting clothes, rather than a minister of the gospel going about doing good. He was a heart of gold, and although by no means a bookish man, his judgment was so sound that I have known him to be consulted on the knottiest points by the most learned theologians, as Father Smarius and others.

THE MAN WHO DID MOST TO CONTINUE

and consolidate the work of the pioneers was Father Druyts, whose term of office marks the turning point in the career of the university. He was eminently practical, a

financier, a builder and skilful administrator generally. In this sceptical age we must use our words gingerly—but of Father Druyts' virtues the true denomination is that they were heroic. He was a saint. Singleminded, utterly without guile, unconventional, firm as a monolith when there was need, and like Wolsey:

"To those men that sought him
Sweet as summer."

He presented a combination of rare qualities which go to make up the exceptions among men. We boys had a way of reading his moods. If his three-cornered cap was set back on his head, he was in good humor; if peaked upon his long nose, he was on the warpath. He was quite a dab at the ferule, as I can testify, for he gave me many a licking. The last years of his life were a martyrdom, but he died in harness.

FATHER MURPHY

belonged to one of the chief families of Cork and was every inch a gentleman. A better read classical scholar I never met, and his residence at Tome and Paris had made him a master of the Italian and French languages. Father Murphy could be a man of the world when he liked, and his dry wit was racy of the soil, but his character was essentially introspective and his temper that of an ascetic. The book that he knew by heart and constantly meditated was the "Imitation." The adaptation to the various needs of life which he got out of that little work was marvellous. He often told me that if you opened "a Kempis" with the point of a penknife you would be sure to find a passage suited to your then condition of mind, and he frequently startled his friends by apt citations from the mystic volume. I remember on one occasion when a very worthy person related to him the result of an important work he had undertaken and unaccountably failed in. Father Murphy threw up his silver-bound glasses on his forehead, raised his finger-nails close to his eyes (a habit with him when very reflective) and murmured these oracular words: *Passione internum movetur et zelum putamus*—"We are sometimes swayed by passion and fancy it is zeal." These words have haunted me through life, and how often I have tested their truth!

THE SECOND SERIES OF PRESIDENTS.

was mainly composed of natives and former students of the university. The young of the pelican, fed upon her blood, were trying their pinions. The first of these was Father Verdin, the whole solved man to whom I, with so many others, owe obligations, which I shall never be able to discharge. Always a big boy himself, Father Verdin was identified with us, and what he did not know about boys was not worth knowing. The college had an unprecedented run under him. As open-hearted as he is open-faced, he knew how to accommodate himself to all wants. You never went into his room—no matter how busy he might be—that he did not rise to receive you and give you a squeeze of his broad, free hand.

FATHER O'NEIL

was another St. Louisian whose administration has left its traces in the college annals. This learned man was among the first to go through the whole cycle of the higher studies prescribed by his order, and he is still unexcelled in the rank which he then attained. So purely intellectual did he always appear to be that I thought he would be entirely reserved as a professor of the exact sciences, and his success as an administrator has therefore been a pleasant surprise. He was president of Bardonia college, which he had raised to its highest point when the war broke it up, and it was there that many of us had occasion to appreciate his exceptional qualities of head and heart. The actual president,

FATHER KELLER

is also a St. Louis boy, and a student of the university. No one at first sight would ever suspect the standing of this quiet little man. As a linguist he is unsurpassed. His knowledge of Greek and Latin is not merely lexicographical, but he writes them both, prose and verse, with the greatest facility. He is master of all the modern languages, even to the slightest shades of accent. Father Keller has been trying to persuade himself and others for the past five and twenty years that he is on the point of death, and yet in that time he has filled all the administrative offices of his order, and done piles of work which many a stronger man could not have accomplished. His literary taste is something exquisite, while his spiritual principles are all sweetness and comfort. He encourages love so long as it is pure, as he himself has sung:

*Lilla sint ligatur sempiterni maxime cura
Sint quoque purpure maxime cura rose.*

Next comes Father Stuntebeck. He is a Cincinnati, and perhaps the highest pupil that St. Xavier's College ever turned out. I may have appeared warm in speaking of the other Fathers, but the fact is that I restrained myself, knowing their dislike of paeany. Especially must I restrain myself in the case of Father Stuntebeck. There is a talent for you! The higher mathematics and astronomy and the physical sciences have no secrets for him. The abstract problems are playthings in his hands. In France and Belgium, for instance, he would have been set aside for nothing else than writing upon and teaching these sciences, but in this country the exigencies are such that one man has to undertake two or three diverse things, and the consequence is that one of the finest mathematical heads in the land is to-day keeping farm accounts in an educational establishment in Kansas. He doesn't care, of course, but we are all the losers by so much. Turning now to the professors.

FIRST AND FOREMOST STANDS FATHER SMARIUS.

His rhetoric classes for many years were the most brilliant that the university perhaps ever had. For a foreigner, his command of English was a simple wonder. I think that a selection of his poems should be made and published. I have heard many great speakers at home and abroad, but none that more thoroughly realized my ideas of a born orator. He had a splendid presence and a resonant voice, but beyond that was not specially favored by nature. His head, though shapely, was small, and almost completely bald, his neck was short, and he wore spectacles, a drawback which he frequently regretted, as preventing him from mastering his audience through the eye.

Yet his oratorical efforts were irresistible, particularly because they were not merely due to rhetoric, but were the outcomes of the deepest learning. The thing which gave his eloquence the character of genius was its intense human sentiment. He would go along for a while in the best academic fashion—he generally wrote his discourse—when suddenly something would strike him, either in the sequence of his thought or in the attitude of his audience, and then he would be transfigured. The broad chest would swell, the eyes flash, the head toss, the voice peel like a chain of bells, and the play of the imagination would be such as to cast off a series of images—in climax or anti-climax—that I can compare to nothing so well as to the faded mirages of the Magic Mirror. At a commencement day at St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y., in 1864, I remember

that somehow everything had gone wrong and a dismal failure was imminent, when Father Smarius, who was then on a visit and had been invited to address some words to the graduates, changed the whole aspect of affairs in a few minutes. He spoke not more than a quarter of an hour, but the effect was electrical and the audience almost beside itself. His first introduction to our people in St. Louis was through his famous lecture on the "Pagan and Christian Families," which he dictated to me, only a little shaver, and read from my manuscript. I was proud as Punch of that circumstance. I remember that Rev. Henry Giles and the eloquent Uriah Wright were on the platform that night, and declared that they had never heard a grander performance. Poor Father Smarius died at an early age, all too soon for the good work that lay in store for him.

OTHER PROFESSORS.

A countryman of his and a congenial spirit was Father Faeste, whom I may best describe as a purely literary man. To his other gifts he added that of wit and humour, which Father Smarius entirely lacked. Father Faeste left a bright record as professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, but he, too, died prematurely. Fortunately, several of his works have been published, and it is to be hoped that out of his voluminous papers more books may be found for the printer. I must not omit the name of Father Oakley, who has been withdrawn from the teaching desk to assume more strictly sacerdotal functions. And yet he adorned every position he held at St. Louis, Grand Coteau, Cincinnati and Bardonia. In addition to his mental accomplishments, he is a most excellent musician, a fine horseman, and skilful in athletics, having been trained in his youth to such exercises as a cavalry officer.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST LOSS

which the university sustained, within my recollection, was that of Father Heylen, who died at the age of thirty-eight. He was that rare bird, an original genius, pure and simple. Eccentric, absent-minded, untidy, and not particularly striking in feature, except for a massive forehead, he was the man to dominate any circle by sheer force of intellect. He learned everything by intuition, and retained everything by prodigious strength of memory, while his faculty of assimilation and communication to others in the most beautiful language was peculiar to himself. His sermons and lectures always reminded me of Bossuet in grasp of thought, swiftness of analysis and grandeur of expression. Had Father Heylen lived he would have achieved a name over the whole country. But he was

QUITE CONTENT TO DIE.

It is remarkable that Father Hill, in his history, does not mention once the name of Father O'Loghlen, and yet no one was more endeared to the students of the University for a period of twenty-five years. He was a gentleman of the old school; low-voiced, polite and sedate, but fond of his joke, as was testified whenever he pulled that prodigious long nose of his. Year after year, with unbroken routine, he would begin his day by walking down to the Sacred Heart convent to perform morning service, then return to college and bury himself in his cabinet and laboriously till noon. For a quarter of a century he was professor of mathematics, physics, and astronomy, forming a large number of pupils. A brother of his, a doctor of medicine from Dublin, was also a member of the faculty for a few years before his death. There are hundreds of old boys who, like myself, will never forget Father O'Loghlen.

FATHER HILL

with Father Miles, now of Chicago, comes of the best Kentucky stock, and has a long record as a professor. Two of his works, "Elements of Philosophy" and "Moral Philosophy," were in the parcel which I received from St. Louis the other day. I take special interest in these books because it so happens that I have had occasion to publish several articles in favor of teaching philosophy in English instead of Latin, on the ground, first, that even our best students are not sufficient masters of Latin, and secondly, that they absolutely need the English forms of philosophic speech for discussion in after-life. I was surprised, however, that Father Hill has not adopted the syllogistic methods in his books, with propositions, objections, etc., as that is precisely what we most want to insure strictness of ratiocination, especially in the superficial, diffusive terms. I do not see why philosophic methods should not be as severe as the geometric. This is not criticism, but I am sure the distinguished author will not refuse to hear the views of even the humblest writer who has bestowed some thought upon the proper development of a higher education. In former days English literature was Father Hill's specialty, and he formed his own perspicuous style on the model of Lingard. He was very fond of Irving for boys, and I have heard him say that there is, perhaps, not a word in the English language that the author of the "Sketch Book" has not used somewhere or other in his works. He was the first to establish students' libraries at Bardonia and St. Louis, and his eyes never flashed more merrily behind his glasses than when he received a big case of new books from Lippincott's for the boys.

LOUISIANA.

turnished a large number of students to the college and several professors. Among these are the veteran Father Vernon, a saintly man, whose "machines" and "concretes" are man, whose "machines" and "concretes" are man, and the two Fathers Boudreaux, legendary, and the two Fathers Boudreaux, one of the enlightened directors of novices at the Florissant, for nearly a score of years, and the other professor of chemistry, and an admired as a teller of Indian stories to an adoring circle of young ones. There are two other names mentioned by Judge Bakerwell in his beautiful address at the golden jubilee of the University—Gleizal and Arnaud. The former was a great man, indeed, inducing his French military ideas in spiritual exercises and leaving an indelible trace on the character of many of the young men whom he formed. The latter was a recluse, a devoted writer, and a profound Greek scholar.

AMONG THE NUMBER MEMBERS

of the University there are four or five that the boys can never forget—old Dr. Henry, the infirmarian, who had a head which Father Murphy pronounced worthy of the study of a painter; Brother De Meyer, janitor for many years, and one of the founders of the college; Brother Hendricks, clothes-keeper, and sexton, and a famous controversialist; chatty little Brother Aubert, general purveyor and messenger, and Frank, the night watchman, with his two white dogs, who use to roost coffee-beans on the long afternoons and feed the pigeons. My space does not allow of further enumeration, and of the younger men, of my own time, like Father Higgins, Coffey, Venneman and others, it must be left to others to speak. My closing thoughts rather revert to some of the old boys and the old scenes. In the last year of Father Carrell's presidency, when I was only nine years of age, I witnessed

A PUBLIC EXPULSION,

and it was a very sorry, dismal affair, so much so, indeed, that I believe it has never been repeated. Father Hill is right in saying that