

# THE OWL.

VOL. IX.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MARCH, 1895.

No. 7.

## *SAINT JOSEPH.*

*PATRON OF THE MONTH OF MARCH.*



HEY paint thee, lilies in thy hand,  
Chaste spouse of Heaven's fair lily Queen ;  
Thus teaching us to understand  
Thy purity of spirit-mien.

And, surely, well our hearts are bold  
That, in the lordly ranks which bow  
At the Queen's feet, her eyes behold  
None of more princely port than thou.

For these be all "the sons of God,"  
But thou His foster-father art :  
He went and came upon thy nod,  
And thou didst rule His Sacred Heart.

Ah, in that little far-off town  
Of mountain-nestling Na areth,  
Where from the hills it looketh down  
O'er all the loveliness beneath,

How many a holy, happy day,  
Flushing the east, arose on thee,  
And grew to noon, and passed away  
In glory o'er the western sea.

At orison, with love and fear  
How deeply was thy spirit stirred,  
On hearing, low, and sweet, and clear,  
The answer of the bodied Word.

How strange it was to sit at meat,  
 With the Provider seated nigh ;  
 Providing Him—O mystery sweet !—  
 With life, that He for thee might die ;

And in thy little working-stall,  
 Outshaping simple wares, to teach  
 The awful Hands which fashioned all  
 Duly, of these, to fashion each.

“ Not very skilful at thy trade ”  
 Thou wert ; or so traditions tell.  
 It matters not : *the one thing made*  
 By thee consummately and well

Was all in all—a life complete,  
 So wrought to its minutest part,  
 That love made all its labour sweet,  
 And handicraft grew noblest art.

So teach us, holy prince of God,—  
 In lowly guise who wroughtest here,  
 Bedewing earth's most bitter sod  
 With thy brow's sweat through many a year ;—

To fashion our lives after thine  
 In patience and simplicity,  
 Working, each day, for ends divine,  
 As in the Holy Family,

(Where each indeed should hold his place),  
 Whether by toil of hand or brain ;  
 Unskilled, perchance, yet skilled in grace ;  
 God-serving, till with God we reign.

FRANK WATERS.

## THE LEGENDS OF SAINT PATRICK.

Happy isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His Name  
 God, with a wondrous ring hath wedded thee ;  
 God, on a throne divine hath 'stablish'd thee :—  
 Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !  
 My race, my realm, my great inheritance,  
 To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;  
 Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;  
 Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free !



PROPHETIC words, and full of patriotic love, and fraught with noblest counsel for thee dear Erin ! What others could be fittingly placed upon the dying lips of one, who lighted the eternally inextinguishable beacon of thy Faith ?

Ponder them well, dear Queen of the Western Main ; let them form thy daily spiritual sustenance ; a staff to steady thy onward march in this pilgrimage of trial and hopeful expectancy. Thy Lord has placed upon thy finger the engagement ring ; a bond that will never snap in twain, a bond that, though for a little while uniting thee to his dolors, will eventually make thee a sharer in his joys. Carrying triumphantly upon thy brow the never-fading laurels of victory won, soar high aloft unto thy throne divinely made, regardless of those perishable diadems which nations, in Faith inferior, claim. Let the radiance of thy countenance illuminate this sin-beclouded earth from pole to pole, that nation after nation, guided by the reflection of thy Faith, and steered by the intrepid zeal of thy apostles, may reach the sighed-for haven otherwise sought in vain. To lesser nations leave inferior crowns, for, though in slavery, thou art free, though reviled, thou art exalted,

though mis-represented, thou art truly known. Thou art truly free, leaning upon the breast of Him who sustains even the little birds of the air, and in whose kingdom thy superior crown awaits thee ; thou art truly exalted before the Eternal Truth Himself, because in thee fidelity has been sought and found ; thou art truly known by those who, raised above the things of earth, contemplate thee in the realms of thy glory. Cling firmly to the eternal principles of truth, thy Apostle's legacy, and let the mirror of thy justice reflect the treasures of thy clemency. Such are the thoughts, humble in their simplicity yet sublime in their immensity, which are suggested by the few poetically-graceful lines we have chosen for the commencement of our essay. Arranged in the strikingly harmonious versification of Erin's now venerable and immortal bard, these are a few of the future-piercing words with which the great Apostle, Patrick, addresses the land of his heaven-blest conquest ere going to receive the thrice-merited reward of many a heroic vigil, and day of unremitting toil.

Only a short time ago we dwelt at some length upon the charming poetry of Mr. Aubrey De Vere. It would ill become us to omit, in this the Patrick's Day issue of THE OWL, a further reference to one whom we are proud to call the greatest living poet. 'Honor where honor is due'

is an old saying, so if backsliders and opponents have left in obscurity the name of Aubrey De Vere, it is undoubtedly the duty of every Irishman, whether at home or abroad, to bring that name before the public, that the venerable bard of Erin may not descend to the grave without receiving the tribute of respect due to one who has labored so perseveringly for the dearest interests of God, humanity and native land.

Having in mind the remarks we made upon poetry in general and upon Mr. De Vere's poetry in particular, throughout our last paper, it will hardly seem strange that we bestow upon this gifted Irish bard the title of greatest living poet. Such an encomium would be a decided exaggeration did true poetry consist in the mere jingle of carefully measured verse. As far as the mechanical structure of stanzas and the harmonizing of words are concerned a Swinburne might perhaps leave our modest Irishman in the shade. But no, thank heaven! poetry is not intended to please the ear alone; its more congenial sphere of action is the human heart, where it ought to arouse ennobling and generous emotions, and, by so doing, elevate, at least a little, the standard of human excellence. In our last paper on Mr. De Vere's writings, it was clearly shown that this is where the author's poetic forces have their stronghold. Soaring high aloft on wings of Faith above the cold unpoetic calculations of our nineteenth century, he seeks his inspirations at the unchanging source of all excellence, the very Heart of the Divinity. In the words of that other illustrious bard of Erin it may be said of Mr. De Vere:

"He allures to brighter worlds and leads the way."

Keeping himself free from all that is 'of the earth, earthly,' he furnishes the public with a timely and effective antidote against the dangerous atheism and immorality of modern verse. Never before perhaps was this society-saving remedy more urgently needed. Our day possesses many a writer gifted by God with no ordinary poetic talent; but alas! this gift of an all-generous Providence is, in many cases, woefully dragging and being trampled in the mire. It is wasting its

splendid powers on things exclusively terrestrial and transitory, instead of directing them towards Him who ought to be the object of every human thought and word, and action. Leaving out the idea of the Divinity whence can one draw any truly poetical inspiration? Where can we find ideas and aspirations worthy of being clothed in the costly garb woven by poetic art, if not amongst the mysterious treasures of Him who is styled the Alpha and Omega, the Ever Ancient and Ever New? The vast majority of modern versification, since it has disregarded this the primary source of all excellence, is not only non-poetical but is moreover absolutely inimical to all truly poetic taste. May the all-watchful Deity preserve this gentle art from ever degenerating into that sensual indelicacy and artificial succession of alliterations and assonances, which disfigure rather than adorn the over-elaborate productions of a Swinburne. Speaking of latter day poets, Mr. De Vere himself says:

The world's base poets have not kept  
Song's vigil on her vestal height,  
Nor scorn'd false pride and foul delight,  
Nor with the weepers rightly wept,  
Nor seen God's visions in the night!

And then, advising poets regarding the divine nature of their calling he speaks as follows:

For wilder'd feet point out the path  
Which mounts to where triumphant sit  
The Assumed of earth, all human yet,  
From sun-glare safe and tempest's wrath,  
Who sing for love: nor those forget,

The Elders crown'd that, singing, fling  
Their crowns upon the Temple floor;  
Those Elders ever young, though hoar,  
Who count all praise an idle thing  
Save His who lives for evermore!

That Mr. De Vere has carefully aimed at this high ideal is amply demonstrated in every line of his writings. Not satisfied with the negative excellence usually claimed for Wordsworth, he centres our minds upon a nobler world, and instills into our souls the lofty science of the saints. Amongst the majority of modern thinkers, such a course costs its followers very much, aye, even condemns them to a kind of social exile. Our generous-hearted Irish bard has been equal to the

sacrifice. Calmly and alone he moves in an elevated sphere regardless of what the silly world may think of his position. As he is not of the world, it cannot be expected that the reward merited by his life-long labor in the interests of all that is sublime and lovely, will be bestowed by worldly hards; He to whose greater glory our poet has employed his liberal talents, will ere long return the hundred-fold promised to them that remain faithful servants unto the end. Mr. De Vere is eminently a Catholic poet and especially the Catholic poet of Catholic Ireland. He writes like 'one having power'; like one who has a divine mission to fulfil. He makes us grieve over the terrible evils wrought by disobedience to the Creator's law,

For whence is caution needful, save from sin?

His kindly pen, however, leaves us not long in tears; it soon gladdens our hearts with vivid images of that heavenly home where "death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away." Hear the consoling words he places on Patrick's lips:

"Reverence is there for the poor and meek;  
And the great King kisses the worn, pale cheek;  
And the King's Son waits on the pilgrim guest;  
And the Queen takes the little blind child to her breast:  
There with a crown is the just man crowned;  
But the false and the vengeful are branded and bound  
In knots of serpents, and flung without pity  
From the bastions and walls of the saintly City."

Perhaps the most noteworthy trait in Mr. De Vere's character is his passionate love for the land of his nativity. Erin is ever his lovely queen or his tender mother. He watches over her honor with a jealous eye, and spares no effort that is calculated to dispel the prejudice and ignorance which other writers have manifested in dealing with her checkered history. Urged on by all the loving tenderness of a dutiful child, he employs his sweetest notes, in singing his mother Erin's praise. Looking to her past there is nothing of which to be ashamed. True it is that the pages of her history are stained with copious blood,

but these ruddy marks are the heaven-sent signiture which speaks the approval of her God. The dear land has suffered much, nor has she ceased to suffer, but Mr. De Vere sees nothing in this save the kind predestination of the Most High. Erin, on her way to the eternal heights, wears patiently the thorny crown that she may the more closely resemble Him who bore without complaint the same instrument of torture even to the heights of Calvary. Referring to these sufferings in one of his most beautiful strains the poet says:

O Thou! afflicted and beloved, O Thou!  
Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—  
Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,  
Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain:  
Lamp of the North when half the world was  
night;

Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light;  
History's sad wonder whom all lands save one  
Gaze on through tears and name with gentler  
tone:

O Tree of God! that burnest unconsumed;  
O Life in Death! for centuries entomb'd  
Thou art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,  
Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies:  
Thyself most weak, yet strengthen'd from above:  
Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love:—  
Thy love make perfect and from love's pure  
hate

The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate!  
Be strong; be true! thy palms not yet are won:  
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.  
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—  
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that Cross  
thou bearest!

Go forth! Each coast shall glow beneath thy  
tread!

What radiance lustrs from heaven upon thy  
head?

What fiery pillar is before thee borne?  
Thy loved and lost! They lead thee to thy morn!  
They pave thy paths with light! Beheld by  
man,

Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.  
Walk on—work on—love on; and, suffering,  
cry,

"Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die."

Gazing towards Erin's future, Mr. De Vere sings no other strain save the prophesy of final and eternal victory. Transcendent in her supernatural qualities, and bearing her martyr's crown, she alone will keep secure the Faith, until she presents it unsullied to her Judge. Although the poet grieves for Erin's sufferings still he does not regard them as a calamity. His grief rather resembles that which might dim the eyes of a pious

Christian in the days of a Neronian persecution, were he to see a dear companion and friend nobly give his life for the Faith he loved. According to our poet it would ill become a dutiful child to grieve sorely and lament because its mother had won the martyr's palm.

Mr. De Vere's most cherished hope is that which tells him Ireland will ever firmly cling to her dearest engagements; that she will always guard with jealous care, her glorious prerogatives. Throughout his poems he addresses his countrymen in words fraught with the fiery ardor of an Apostolic zeal. Saint Patrick, he seems to say, has handed you down a treasure that can never be sufficiently prized because it is a heavenly donation. Be watchful in guarding this treasure; keep it free from moth and rust: remember how your heroic forefathers, at Clontarf and Benburb, for it fought and triumphed. You are generous descendants of the good old stock, who, in bleak mid-winter, upon the snow-clad mountain-side used to assist at the Holy Sacrifice when a felon's price was set upon the good priest's head. You are the descendants of those martyrs whose cherished blood has dyed and consecrated every green hill-side and lovely dale in holy Ireland. Patrick has given each of you the Faith as he gave it to your forefathers, and with prayerful gaze, near the throne of God, he watches how you guard it. Keep always in mind the glorious fidelity of Dear Old Ireland. She alone kept secure the diamonds when all other nations were deceived by tampering hands. She kept the long vigil in times of darkness, and spread all over the globe her hallowed rays of light divine. And then when you come to dwell with your loved Apostle in the kingdom of his Master, he will have the privilege of placing upon your triumphant brows the unfading laurels of victory, the glorious crown promised to them that persevere. Such are the considerations, one or other of which, the venerable bard of Erin places before the mind's eye of his countrymen in almost every page of his works. He wants to have his Innisfail better known and better loved. He wants to bind her sons together for the continued glory of her

Faith and heroic Charity. In the following prophetic verses he speaks of Ireland's mission to spread the Faith in other lands. Could the prediction be more beautifully expressed?

Once more thy volume, open cast,  
In thunder forth shall sound thy name;  
Thy forest, hot at heart, at last,  
God's breath shall kindle into flame.

Thy brook dried up, a cloud shall rise  
And stretch an hourly widening hand  
In God's good vengeance, through thy skies,  
And onward o'er the Invader's land.

Of thine, one day, a remnant left  
Shall raise o'er earth a Prophet's rod,  
And teach the costs of Faith bereft  
The names of Ireland and of God.

Preserving all along an unflinching fidelity to fact, Mr. De Vere has given us an elegantly-worded poetic history of the Irish Church, and consequently a history of the Irish nation; for the Irish Church and the Irish nation are inseparable. This charming record of past sufferings and past triumphs was placed before the public in parts, published at various times. Although first as regards the events which it relates, the little volume that now lies before us, was the very last to appear. The Legends of Saint Patrick, however, lost nothing by being so long delayed. On the contrary it must have gained considerably, for it embodies the noblest effort of the gifted poet's life. As its title sufficiently indicates, this thoroughly Christian epic presents the opening scenes in that drama of prosperity, privations, sufferings, heroic sacrifices and martyrdom to which every son of Erin may look back with laudable exultation.

The Legends of Saint Patrick depict for us in glowing colors the serene and cloudless dawn of Ireland's Faith, the spring time of her Catholicity. They show us the ploughing of the virgin soil, and the sowing therein of the little mustard seed that has since become such a mighty tree. The Legends are founded on facts drawn from the traditions handed down among the Irish people. Linked together in true epical unity they form one magnificent harmonious whole not surpassed even by Tennyson's greatest effort, "The Idyls of

the King." The language of the Legends shows that their author is a man of very refined taste; as regards the selection of words and expression, and the wealth of similes to be met with throughout the work, is not a little remarkable for its extent and pleasing variety.

Unfortunately the space at our disposal forbids us to deal with each of the Legends separately; all we can do is call attention to the excellence of a few. In real poetic value it would be very hard to surpass or even to equal *The Disbelief of Milcho*, *The Strivings of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan*, *Saint Patrick and the Two Princesses*, *Saint Patrick and the Children of Fochlut Wood*, *Saint Patrick and the Childless Mother* and *The Arraignment of Saint Patrick*. From their very nature these Legends require a no ordinary knowledge of Catholic doctrine in one who would appreciate them at a proper value. The heaven-blest conquests of Faith, and prayer, and penance are shown in every line.

In the very first of the Legends we are at once introduced to the mysterious regions of the supernatural. The future Apostle is born, and there is no water at hand with which to wash away his inheritance of sin. The blind priest takes the little chubby hand in his own and with it signs the sultry earth in the token of man's redemption. Immediately a fountain gushes forth and in its heaven-donated waters the baby Patrick is baptised.

In that pure wave from Adam's sin  
The blind priest cleansed the Babe with awe;  
Then, reverently, he washed therein  
His old unseeing face and saw!

Here the gifted author has led us at once into the land of miracles, and given us a Saint as the hero of his poem.

Such a commencement of his great work gives us an insight into the grand spirit of Faith with which Mr. De Vere is thoroughly imbued. It is a sweet leaven pervading the whole mass of his writings. The Legends afford a wide field for this eternity-penetrating virtue, and the author has made a splendid use of the opportunity. Using this spirit of Faith as a fulcrum upon which to rest the lever of

his Charity, he has made a powerful effort to raise up human nature, so powerfully drawn earthwards by the dangerous magnetism of worldliness. Here are a few lines from the Legend, *Saint Patrick at Tara*; they ought to strike a sympathetic chord in any heart.

Then Patrick discoursed of the things to be  
When time gives way to eternity,  
Of kingdoms that fall, which are dreams not  
things,  
And the kingdom built by the King of kings,  
Of Him he spake who reigns from the Cross;  
Of the death which is life, and the life which is  
loss;  
How all things were made by the Infant Lord,  
And the small hand the Magian kings adored.  
His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood  
That swells all night from some far-off wood,  
And when it ended—that wondrous strain—  
Invisible myriads breathed "Amen!"

With a swiftness not equalled by the electric fluid, which in a moment, spans the entire earth, our Irish poet snatches up our minds and hearts to God that we may contemplate the divine magnificence, the Creator's eternal love, man's future glory if he be but true. Every page of the volume before us is a manifestation of this mighty power of mystic penetration. Evidently for Mr. De Vere.]

The crown of earthly love  
Seemed but its crown of mockery.

Modern Scepticism, and we might add modern *Catholic* scepticism, might learn a lesson from these soul stirring echos born of a nobler world. But then it is no wonder that Erin's venerable bard should be so gifted. Is not Faith the salient characteristic of his nation? Even her lowliest sons have cherished in their hearts that greatest of treasures. They see clearly where others grope with difficulty; they move in seraph-peopled spheres where others see but nothingness.

In all poems claiming to be of epical importance delineation of character is a very important item for our consideration. We look to it as an infallible index of the author's capabilities. In *The Legends of Saint Patrick*, Mr. De Vere has delineated a character that as a man attracts our esteem, and as a saint exacts our utmost veneration. Nobody ever meets Mr. De

Vere's Saint Patrick without feeling much the better for the encounter. Mr. Tennyson in his "Idyls of the King" has pictured for us a noble, a generous, and even a virtuous character; a character that draws our admiration. Still King Arthur, noble, and generous, and virtuous, though he be, is nothing more than an honest hero of the world. Occupied as he is with tournaments, and conquests, and deeds of valor, there is very little room for spirituality in his person. Indeed we cannot hesitate to say that Mr. Tennyson, though he has left us a noble monument, would have done a better work had he adopted the more elevated and more ennobling style of his Irish contemporary. In Mr. De Vere's school we learn that human nature, though vitiated and fallen, can still produce a hero almost as sinless and disinterested as if the gates of Paradise had never been shut against our father, Adam. Just as fire always tends to impart its heat to objects within the sphere of its rays, so does Mr. De Vere's Saint Patrick ever spread abroad upon all neighboring hearts the fervor of his zeal and the burning ardor of his heaven-aspiring love.

Self love cast out,  
The love made spiritual of a thousand hearts  
Met in his single heart, and kindled there  
A sun-like image of Love Divine.

The following extract will give a just idea of the Saint's character, and of the influence it exerted over those whom he was called to evangelize.

The Island race, in feud of clan with clan  
Barbaric, gracious else and high of heart,  
Nor worshippers of self, nor dulled through sense.  
Beholding, not alone his wondrous works;  
But, wondrous more, the sweetness of his strength,  
And how he neither shrank from flood nor fire,  
And how he couched him on the wintry rocks,  
And how he sang great hymns to One who heard,  
And how he cared for poor men and the sick,  
And for the souls invisible of men,  
To him made way—not simple hinds alone,  
But chiefly wisest heads, for wisdom then  
Prime wisdom saw in Faith; and, mixt with these,  
Chieftans and sceptred kings.

Such a spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice could not but make captive the generous hearts of our warlike fore-

fathers. Saint Patrick walked among them like some triumphant hero:

And well the people loved him, being one  
Who sat amid their marriage feasts, and saw,  
Where sin was not, in all things beauty and love,

Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles  
he tried to make himself all things to all men, for

"Is not this,"  
Men asked, "the preacher of the 'Tidings  
Good?'"  
"What tidings? Has he found a mine?" "He  
speaks  
To princes as to brothers; to the hind  
As we to princes' children! Yea, when mute,  
Saith not his face 'Rejoice?'"

And again in his 'Confession' Saint Patrick himself says:

"I to that people all things made myself  
For Christ's sake, building still that good they  
lacked  
On good already theirs."

Nor did the heroic zeal of Patrick fall short of his other saintly virtues;

Next to God  
Next, and how near, he loved the souls of men:  
Yea, men to him were souls; the unspiritual herd  
He saw as magic-bound, or chained to beast,  
And groaned to free them. For their sake, un-  
fearing,  
He faced the ravening waves, and iron rocks,  
Hunger, and poniard's edge, and poisoned cup,  
And faced the face of kings, and faced the host  
Of demons raging for their realm o'erthrown.  
This was the Man of Love.

Such ardent zeal did not look to the present only; it penetrated far into the mystic future, making our beloved Saint earnestly yearn for Erin's constant fidelity. Hear him as he prays and strives with God upon the Mount.

"If Faith indeed should flood] the land with  
peace,  
And peace with gold, and gold eat out her heart  
Once true, till Faith one day through Faith's  
reward.  
Or die, or live diseased, the shame of Faith,  
Then blacker where this land and more accursed  
Than lands that knew no Christ."

But what avails either Faith, or zeal, or Charity without humility? This last is the virtue upon which, as a sure foundation, must be based the other virtues of an Apostle. Consequently Mr. De Vere has not failed to point it out as a leading



trait in Saint Patrick's character. The Saint sees in himself but a helpless instrument in the hands of One All Powerful. Listen to his musings.

"God might have changed to Pentecostal tongues

The leaves of all the forests in the world,  
And bade them sing His love."

Now if there was one Apostolical qualification which Saint Patrick possessed in a supereminent degree, it was that of self-denial and persevering prayer. Speaking of the people he came to save, the holy man remarks :

"For their sake sent I my spirit to thee  
In vigil, fast and meditation long,  
On mountain and on moor."

It was this profound spirit of prayer and mortification which drew down upon our Ireland, those transcendent blessings and privileges which are her pride and glory. Patrick preached with all the eloquence of an apostle,

But mightier than his preaching was his prayer.

In considering this eminent trait of the Irish St. Paul, let us direct our attention for a few moments to that Legend which is certainly the grandest poetical effort of Mr. De Vere's useful life. We refer to the Strivings of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan. The Legend tells how the Saint, towards the end of his victorious career, when he sees the whole Island converted to the Faith of Christ, desires with a vehement desire that his dear children remain unconquerably faithful to his teachings until the second coming of Christ. With this end in view he resolves to betake himself to Mount Cruachan, there to spend the Lenten season in fasting and earnest prayer. The angel Victor, considering Patrick's desire inordinate opposes his design ;

"The gifts thy soul demands, demand them not ;  
For they are mighty and immeasurable,  
And over great for granting."

But Patrick is not to be easily dismayed, so bidding his disciples await his return,

He straightway sets his face  
Alone to that great hill "of eagles" named  
Huge Cruachan, that o'er the western deep  
Hung through soft-mist, with shadowing-crag on  
crag,

High-ridged, and dateless forest long since  
dead.

Three times and at three different stages  
of the mountain, at its base, half-way up,  
and at its summit, Saint Patrick repeats  
his prayer. For three times in succession  
all the demons of Erin gather around in  
fury and, seizing upon the elements raise  
a mighty tumult of storm and flood.

So rushed they on  
From all sides, and, close met in circling storm  
Besieged the enclouded steep of Cruachan,  
That scarce the difference knew 'twixt night and  
day  
More than the sunless pole.

Even the angel of God continues to look  
unfavorably upon Patrick's request for he  
again and again repeats the self same  
command,

"Get thee down  
From Cruaghan, for mighty is thy prayer."

But this injunction, even from a heavenly  
messenger, is not a source of discouragement,  
for immediately Patrick replies :

"This Mountain Cruachan I will not leave  
Alive till all be granted, to the last."

Amidst these sources of distraction and  
annoyance the saint continues undisturbed  
his prayer.

Unshaken there he knelt with hands outstretched,  
God's Athlete ! For a mighty prize he strove,  
Nor slacked nor any whit his forehead bowed :  
Fixed was his eye and keen ; the whole white  
face

Keen as that eye itself, though—shapeless yet—  
The infernal horde to ear not eye addressed  
Their battle. Back he drove them, rank on  
rank,  
Routed with psalm, and malison, and ban,  
As from a sling flung forth.

Thus the whole Lenten season he passes  
in penance and wrestlings with his God,

Till now, on Holy Saturday, that hour  
Returned which maketh glad the Church of  
God

When over Christendom in widowed fanes

Two days by penance stripped, and dumb as though  
Some Antechrist had trodden them down, once more  
Swells forth amid the new-lit paschal lights  
The "Gloria in Excelsis:"

The joyous Easter chimes are the signal of Patrick's victory. Persevering prayer has won the day, and the angel comes with a message of gladness.

"Rejoice for they are fled that hate thy land  
And those are nigh that love it."

Happy day for Erin and thrice happy day for Erin's glorious Apostle. Here is the Divine message in answer to Patrick's prayer. We will let it speak for itself.

Many a race  
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years  
Shall cease from Faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink

Back to its native clay; but over thine  
God shall extend the shadow of His hand,  
And through the night of centuries teach to her  
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,  
Shall sound their glad deliverance: nor alone  
This nation, from the blind dividual dust  
Of instincts brute, thoughts driftless, warring wills

By thee evoked and shapen by thy hands  
To God's fair image which confers alone  
Manhood on nations, shall to God stand true;  
But nations far in undiscovered seas,  
Her stately progeny, while ages fleet  
Shall wear the kingly ermine of her Faith,  
Fleece uncorrupted of the Immaculate Lamb  
For ever: lands remote shall raise to God  
Her lanes; and eagle-nurturing isles hold fast  
Her hermit cells: thy nation shall not walk  
Accordant with the gentiles of this world,  
But as a race elect sustain the Crown  
Or hear the Cross: and when the end is come,  
When in God's Mount the Twelve great Thrones  
are set,

And round it roll the Rivers Four of fire,  
And in their circuit meet the People's Three  
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, fulfilled that day  
Shall be the Saviour's word, what time He stretched

Thy crozier-staff forth from His glory-cloud  
And sware to thee, 'When they that with Me walked

Sit with Me on their everlasting thrones  
Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,  
Thy People thou shalt judge in righteousness.'

The saintly life that Patrick led could not but have resulted in great missionary success. In every one of the Legends,

Mr. De Vere brings before us the triumph of the Cross. Very true are the words he places on Patrick's lips.

"I came not to this land  
To crave scant service, nor with shallow plough  
Cleave I this glebe."

It is evident that he did not cleave the glebe with a shallow plough, but penetrating into the richest soil, he sought and found a safe resting place for the heaven-sent seed.

At length Saint Patrick's work is done, and done successfully. Although he must, like other mortals, submit to the great decree of death, still his name is not to sink into oblivion; it is to remain amongst his people as a sweet guiding star leading them to their home above.

At midnight by the side of Patrick stood Victor, God's Angel, saying, "Lo! thy work Hath favor found and thou ere long shalt die;" Thus therefore saith the Lord; 'So long as sea Girdeth this isle, so long thy name shall hang In splendor o'er it, like the stars of God.'

Truly prophetic words are these. Patrick's spirit of Faith will ever be present with his people, whether at home in the Green Isle or under the skies of less hospitable lands. Never will they forget the lessons he taught then when

From the grass  
The little three-leaved herb, he stooped and plucked  
And preached the Trinity.

After thus recording in such sweet-tuned words the generous sacrifices and mighty labors of Ireland's Champion Saint, the gentle poet is careful to inform us how these unremitting toils touched a responsive chord in the noble Celtic hearts. Listen to how he makes the apostle praise the sons of Eire:

"O loyal race!  
Me too they loved. They waited me all night  
On lonely roads; and, as I preached, the day  
To those high listeners seemed a little hour."

One of the leading characteristics in Mr. De Vere's writings is his wonderful power of description. Did space permit we could produce many an extract illustrative of this truly poetical qualification. The Legends of Saint Patrick are adorned with several gracefully descriptive passages. Take, for example, The Disbelief of Milcho, in which the story is told of how Patrick fails to convert his former master, and stands in awe,

"———pale as the ashes wan  
Left by a burn'd-out city:"

This Legend has been justly called one of the most pathetic pieces of poetry in our language. Again, if we look for simplicity of description and real elegance of narrative, the piece entitled, *The Founding of Armagh Cathedral*, stands unsurpassed. If, however, we are seeking the magnificent and the sublime, the *Strivings of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan* will satisfy our desires. This poem is a mysteriously tinted word-picture that cannot be surpassed, as to dramatic delineation and force of expression, by anything of the kind in the English tongue. Here is an extract that speaks poetic power.

Again from all sides burst  
Tenfold the storm ; and as it waxed, the Saint  
Waxed in strong heart ; and, kneeling with  
stretch'd hands,  
Made for himself a panoply of prayer,  
And wound it round his bosom twice and thrice,  
And made a sword of comminating psalm,  
And smote at them that mocked him. Day by  
day,

Till now the second Sunday's vesper bell  
Gladde'n'd the little churches round the isle,  
That conflict raged : then, maddening in their ire,  
Sudden the Princedoms of the dark, that rode  
This way and that through the tempest, brake  
Their sceptres, and with one great cry it fell :  
At once o'er all was silence : sunset lit  
The world, that shone as though with face  
upturn'd

It gazed on heavens by angel faces throng'd  
And answer'd light with light. A single bird  
Caroll'd ; and from the forest skirt down fell,  
Gemlike, the last drops of the exhausted storm.

Such a charm of description is but a legitimate outcome of Mr. De Vere's great spirit of Faith. He makes all nature a majestic mirror in which the beauty of God's countenance is revealed to men.

The limits allotted our essay forbid us to enter into a more extended analysis of *The Legends of Saint Patrick*. In order to be duly appreciated they must be carefully read from beginning to end. The short extracts we have given are very inadequate to show their excellence. At least every Irishman should possess a copy of a work that tells so eloquently and with such charming sweetness how generously our forefathers embraced the Faith.

Some critics have accused Mr. De Vere of being a little too diffuse in his *Legends*, and of occasionally manifesting a decided incongruity in the use of metaphors. True enough these faults are sometimes noticeable in the writings of our poet ; still they

are only minor spots that impede but imperceptibly the brilliancy of his sunshine. When dealing with great and good men who have done, and are still doing, so much to raise up and hold aloft the lovely standard of Christian excellence, we must not submit their works to a "microscopic examination." Even the immortal Shakespeare, under such a searching scrutiny, could never stand unscathed. Whatever the minor faults in Mr. De Vere's *Legends*, they are more than amply made up for by the wealth of moral thought and lofty aspiration which pervades his every line. His dignity of conception places him upon a mountain summit where everlasting sunshine reigns and where the majority of modern poets, weighed down as they are with worldly cares, and bereft of the climbing-staff called Faith, can hardly hope to ascend.

As we began our paper with a brief but charming extract from *The Confession of Saint Patrick*, so let us close with another passage, no less beautiful, taken from the same source. Our venerable poet concludes his *Legends* with these words containing the last advice of Patrick to his dearly cherished Irish children.

" Wrongs if they endure  
In after years, with fire of pardoning love  
Sin-slaying bid them crown the head that err'd :  
For bread denied let them give Sacraments,  
For darkness light, and for the House of  
Bondage  
The glorious freedom of the Sons of God :  
This is my last Confession ere I die."

Everyone is well aware how faithfully the loyal sons of Erin have followed the parting advice herein contained. For centuries they suffered under the merciless lash of persecution but still, even in the midst of torture most cruel, the cry once uttered on Calvary's Cross, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," proclaimed that nation's charity. Strikingly indeed has her Apostle's prediction been verified :

" This nation of my love, a priestly house,  
Beside that Cross shall stand, fete firm, like him  
That stood beside Christ's Mother."

Emerald Hibernia has been deprived of her rights as a nation, but in return she offers her oppressor the right to an unending participation in God's eternal glory.

B. J. MCKENNA, O. M. I. '96.

## IRISH SOLDIERS ABROAD.

“ Long as valour shineth,  
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,  
So long shall Erin's pride  
Tell how they lived and died.”

— MOORE.



THE truth of the saying that the “ Sons of Erin are scattered even to the confines of the globe,” has become so well known in our day, that it is deemed rare wit indeed, for travellers to declare that in their wanderings through the jungles of darkest Africa, or over the ice-fields of the Arctic regions, they always chanced to fall in with an Irishman. It was but a few weeks ago that Nansen, the great Arctic explorer, reached the North Pole, and it is contended, notwithstanding the questioned authenticity of the report, that the famous discoverer was astounded at finding himself forestailed by an Irishman. Whether these be facts or fiction, the truth still remains that the sons of Erin are to be found in every part of the world. Some winning distinction by their brilliant talents, and thereby shedding lustre upon the land of their birth; others in humbler stations, living in the diligent performance of duty, thus giving glory to their God. The facts were so remarkable that Dean Swift was prompted to write, “ I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valor and conduct, in so many parts of the world, I think above all other nations.” This is especially true in military life, and the story of the wanderings of many of

Erin's exiles is very touching. Yes! many of those truly heroic “ soldiers of fortune” who quitted home and native land to fight in the armies of foreign princes, drank the cup of sorrow to its very dregs. Exiles as they were, they fought and died upon foreign soil, with no friend to mourn over their ashes, no one to sing their deeds of valor. Thus it happens that there are many deficiencies of information connected with the history of numbers of Irishmen who devoted themselves to a military life abroad. It is a most regrettable fact that so many noble Irishmen, after having performed prodigious deeds of bravery, have had the sad lot of dying alone in foreign lands, and of being consigned forever to oblivion. But thank heaven! this cruel fate was not reserved for all. There have been saved to us the records of Irishmen whose daring deeds and chivalrous exploits challenge those of any nation in the world. Yes! We have only to read the history of the European wars, from the fall of the Stuart dynasty to the first revolution in France, and there we will find the Irish exiles claiming honorable mention in the great armies from Russia to Spain. To the service of France especially did these famous warriors flock, forming there those brave and valiant bands of Irishmen so distinguished in reputation, and known as the Irish Brigades. It has been truly said that “ there is nothing more interesting or romantic in the history of chivalry

and warfare than the story of the solitary soldiers of fortune who sought service and found fame, and sometimes misfortune under the flag of foreign kings." It is but natural therefore that we should be attracted by a series of such brilliant military achievements as those of the Irish exiles in France, Flanders, Italy, Germany and Russia.

However, before relating a few of the many glorious deeds performed by Irishmen in the last couple of centuries, it might not prove uninteresting to take a passing glance at some of the characteristics of the Irish soldier, especially those which distinguish him from the soldiers of all other nationalities. That he is ambitious of personal renown can never be doubted, for in no history, other than that of the Irish Brigades, will we find so many instances of humble and unknown persons rising to fame and glory by their own individual efforts. The Irishman's love of war and romance may be seen in his quitting the cherished hearths of his fatherland, and betaking himself to foreign climes, there to gratify an unsatiable longing for the thundering of canon and the blind fury of the cavalry charge. It is on the battlefield that he is perfectly at home. Like the chivalrous Frenchman, he must ever be in active service, ever in the front ranks of the infantry. In his impetuous desire to mingle in the fight his enthusiasm so often overpowers him, that prudence and discretion are thrown to the winds.

An old English veteran, Lieutenant John Skipp, had occasion like many others to admire the excellence of the Irish soldiers. In his memoirs referring to the 87th Regiment, a corps called the "*Fogaboloughs*" or "*Clear the Way*" boys, he spoke thus: "I must confess that I love to be on duty, or any kind of service with the Irish. There is a promptness to obey, an hilarity, a cheerful obedience, and willingness to act, which I have rarely met with in any other body of men; there is a willingness to share their crust and drop, on service with their comrades; an indescribable cheerfulness in obliging and accomodating each other. In that corps there was a unity I have never seen in any other; and as for fighting, they were very devils." Another striking illus-

tration of the high esteem in which Irish soldiers were held by the great generals of those stormy times, is evinced in the unconcealed admiration that the Duke of Wellington had for them. It is related by an historian of the Irish Brigade that during the Peninsular war one of the generals observed to the Duke of Wellington how unsteadily a certain Irish corps marched. The noble Duke replied: "Yes, General, they do, indeed: but they fight like devils," and a commentator continuing says, "So they will always fight, while they are Irish. In some situations they are, perhaps, too impetuous; but if I know anything of the service, this is a fault on the right side; and what at the moment was thought rashness and madness, has gained old England many a glorious victory." It is no wonder then that such soldiers have acquired unrivalled celebrity, and have won the admiration of the most prejudiced by their daring enterprises, their thrilling adventures and brilliant achievements on all the great battlefields of the western world. To give a complete and detailed account of the many deeds of heroism performed by Irish exiles would entail a vast amount of deep research and minute investigation. It would require volume upon volume to do justice to each and every Irish soldier who offered up his life blood in the service of foreigners. But some idea at least of their bravery may be obtained from learning of a few of the most celebrated exploits in which sons of Erin have shone with unrivalled lustre.

Undoubtedly, the most noted achievements of any body of Irish soldiers, whether serving at home or abroad, were those of the famous Irish Brigade which served under Louis XIV. One of the numerous instances in which their valor won the day for the French in the latter's struggles with the Confederates of Augsburg, was at the battle of Marsaglia in 1693. The commander of the French in that memorable battle was Marshal de Catinat. Besides the regular French troops he had under his command several Irish corps headed by Thomas Maxwell, John Manchop, Francis O'Carroll and other celebrated Irish leaders. Marshall Catinat was victorious but to the Irish his victory was in

a great measure due. French writers of that period refer to the Irish regiments, as having "fought with an extreme valour" and as having "in the space of half a league" or a mile and a half "despatched more than a thousand of the army with sword thrusts, and clubbed muskets. Lieutenant General Count Arthur Dillon writing of this famous battle relates how "the Irish distinguished themselves by a remarkable strategem. Finding themselves very much incommoded by a redoubt, situated on the right of the enemy, they advanced towards it holding their arms with the butt ends upwards. It being supposed that they were coming forward to desert, they were allowed to approach. They then jumped into the redoubt, of which they made themselves masters, and turned its cannon against the enemies." Marshal Catinat who had granted permission for this manoeuvre, availed himself of the enemy's surprise, and put them to rout. This famous general gave a most flattering account of the conduct of the Irish in this battle, and of the share which they had in winning the victory.

One of the most famous exploits performed by a body of men of any nationality was that of the rescue of Cremona in 1702. General Villeroy had succeeded Marshal Catinat in the command of the French army in 1701, and having rashly attacked Prince Eugene Duke of Savoy, was defeated and had to retire for winter quarters into Cremona. After this move on the part of the French, Eugene immediately set about drawing up plans of attack. Having entered into an intrigue with a certain Cassoli of Cremona to betray the city, the latter, by means of an aqueduct allowed some of Eugene's grenadiers to penetrate into the town disguised. Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. Accordingly on on the 31st. of January he moved forward and on the following day the Allies closed in on the town. By different means entries were effected and soon whole regiments of Eugene's army were inside the walls. Troops of Cavalry headed by Count Merci dashed through the streets. And thus, before the French were aware of the attack the town was almost lost. The French General Marshal Villeroy,

riding out unattended to enquire into the tumult was made captive by a band of Eugene's cavalry headed by an Irishman named O'Donnell. There is an interesting story connected with this episode. Villeroy seeing himself in the hands of an Irish exile, hoped to escape by bribery. He made all kinds of promises, a thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse, were quickly offered to this noble "Soldier of Fortune." But all were as quickly refused, and Villeroy was taken out of the town a prisoner of war. The French army upon hearing of the capture of their general became demoralized. But little reason had they to despair, for they remained one stronghold called the Po gate which was still held by a band of 35 Irishmen. The gallant fellows upon being commanded by Count Merci to surrender answered with a volley. And this small band of heroes, by staving off defeat until two Irish regiments encamped near by were awakened, turned the tide of victory. Headed by Dillon and Burke they turned out in their shirts to defend themselves against the attack of the Imperialists. An eminent writer describing the battle speaks thus "It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when suddenly Baron Freiberg at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and steel cuirass—the naked footman, and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse and hid him ask for quarter. "No quarter to-day said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse. He was instantly, shot. The Irish then redoubled their efforts. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly. But all who survived did fly, and there stood those glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half naked." But they had rescued Cremona, and all Europe rang with applause for this daring and brilliant exploit. King Louis sent

his public thanks, and heaped innumerable favors upon the Irish soldiers in his service. This Irish triumph was the occasion of an excellent poem from the gifted pen of Thomas Davis, the last verse of which is,

"News, news, in Vienna! King Leopold's sad.  
News, news, in St. James! King William is mad,  
News, news, in Versailles—"Let the Irish  
Brigade

Be loyally honored, and royally paid."  
News, news, in old Ireland—high rises her pride  
And high sounds her wail for her children who  
died

And deep is her prayer—God send I may see  
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me."

One of the last, but by no means least remarkable achievements of Irish valor in the ranks of the French army was at the famous battle of Fontenoy. France may well thank Ireland for that victory. The French had well nigh exhausted their strength in vain efforts to check the steady and destructive advance of the English veterans upon the village of Fontenoy. Duc Richelieu hurled mass upon mass of infantry upon the steadily advancing English column under the Duke of Cumberland. But all to no effect. So hopeless seemed the effort to check their progress, that Louis had decided to leave the field. But then it was that General Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. This was the signal for Dame Fortune to turn the scales. The great bravery of the Irish corps sealed the fate of England's army and won the day for France. The Irish Brigade on this memorable occasion consisted of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, Buckley, O'Brien, and Fitz James's horse. After the French had failed to check the onward march of the British column, the Irish were ordered to charge them; and charge they did with right good will, bearing down everything before them in their mad rush to avenge their country's wrongs. An historian describing the struggle relates, "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of "*Cuimhnighia! ar Luimneac argus ar pheile na Laesunach*" (Remember Limerick and British Faith) was echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory most decisive crowned the arms of France. The

English broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless and falling by hundreds. The Irish pursued them until the victory was bloody and complete." It is said by writers of that time that King Louis rode down to the Irish bivouac and personally thanked the Irish for their bravery. And it is related that George the Third on hearing of the defeat of the English exclaimed, "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects." 'Tis true the victory was a bloody one and cost many true Irish lives, but it was a glorious victory and has taught the world the true calibre of the Irish soldiers. Well might the poet exclaim.

"On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like Eagles in the  
sun,  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field  
is fought and won."

These are only a very few of the brilliant military achievements of Irishmen abroad and were we to attempt to render due homage to each and every "soldier of fortune" who won distinction in foreign lands, our task would be a rather lengthy one. But some of the names which adorn the pages of history claim our special attention and it would be unpardonable to pass them by unnoticed.

First among these whose memory has been revered, and the subject of whose deeds has been the inspiration of gifted poets, is the great Sarsfield. His very name has become a household word in every Irish family. The remembrance of his exploits and heroic death, causes a thrill of exultation to vibrate in the bosom of every true Celt. Yes! Irishmen can point to him with pride and exclaim: There was a warrior! There was a soldier whose eminent qualities fitted him for the manifold duties of military life. After the fatal termination of the English Revolution Sarsfield at the head of numbers of Irishmen entered the service of France, and there for three years this noble exile fought the battles of Louis, winning the unbounded admiration of the French people. At the battle of Enghien Sarsfield at the head of the Irish Brigade fought so valiantly, and with such success that he was publicly thanked and made a

Marechal de Camp. But it was in his heroic death that the true character of this great man was displayed. It was at the battle of Landen in 1693 that he received a fatal wound, while pursuing his mortal enemy, King William. As he lay upon the bloody field of battle, his life slowly ebbing away, his last thoughts in those solemn moments before death were for his fatherland. As he gazed upon his bleeding breast and saw his life-blood slowing oozing out, he exclaimed, "Oh that this were for Ireland!" These words were his last, and history records no nobler death. It would indeed be difficult to find an instance of such true and staunch patriotism. Who then will deny the right of Irishmen to glory in the veneration of such illustrious dead?

Following in the footsteps of Sarsfield comes the great Lally. Who has not heard of this Irish martyr in the service of France? His wonderful military career has been the theme of numbers of Irish bards. It is said that at the early age of eight years his father brought him to the military camp of Girona that "he might at least smell powder, in order to gain his first step in the service." For amusement during college vacation his indulgent parent caused him to mount the trenches at Barcelona in 1714. As was to be expected this sort of early training developed in the young Lally an extreme taste for the military profession. And it is not to be wondered at, when in later years we find him winning such distinction as to be styled "The Very Soul of an Army," by Frederick the Great. A most touching incident of his early youth was the saving of his father's life in the attack on the lines of Ettingen. The elder Lally being "greivously wounded, was upon the point of falling into the hands of the enemy, when his son threw himself between them and his father, covered him with his own body, and by prodigies of valor, succeeded in disengaging him; thus preserving at once the life and liberty of the author of his existence." The prominent part young Lally took in the Battle of Fontenoy is another flower in the wreath that posterity has woven for him. This battle, "so celebrated," says the learned historian, Michelet, "was lost without remedy, if the Irishman Lally,

animated by his hatred against the English, had not proposed to break their column with four pieces of canon." And Voltaire, writing of the Irish charge, afterwards records Colonel Lally's speech to the Irish Brigade as having been "March against the enemies of France and of yourselves, without firing, until you have the points of your bayonets upon their bellies." The result of this famous charge is too well known to need further mention, Lally's successes did not stop there, for the rest of his life, so unjustly shortened by the intrigues of his enemies, was one continuous series of triumphs.

Of the renown of the Lacys and Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell history has recorded much. Their wonderful achievements both in the world of diplomacy and on the field of battle are familiar to all. Suffice to say that Count Marechal De Lacy by his great services to Russia winning battle after battle, subduing state after state as he did for Peter the Great won for himself the highest honors that were open to even the Russian Nobility themselves. We have the Czar's own testimony as to Lacy's ability. "It was Marshal Lacy who taught the Russians to beat the king of Sweden's army, and from being the worst to become some of the best soldiers in Europe." During Lacy's wonderful career in Russia, Richard Francis Talbot, another Irish exile, was gaining like renown in France, and subsequently became the Ambassador of Louis the XV to Fredrick the Great of Prussia. That his career was as illustrious as that of any of his countrymen, is attested by the expressions of regret at his decease. We find the following mention of it in Berlin. "Messire Richard Francis Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, Peer of the Kingdom of Ireland, Marshal of camps and of the armies of the King of France, Chevalier of the Royal and Military order of St. Louis, and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty of this court, has died in the 42nd year of his age, after a long sickness, extremely regretted, from the general esteem which he had acquired here."

Coming down to our own day, is it not astonishing to find so many eminent Irishmen standing high in command in



the great armies of the world? Marshal MacMahon who died so recently in France is an illustrious example of what the descendant of an Irish exile can achieve. In what struggle have Irishmen figured more prominently than in the great American wars? There fought side by side Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy, Sheridan, Sherman and other distinguished Irish generals. And last but not least the foremost commander in the British Army the noted General Wolsley is an Irishman.

Thus have Irishmen persecuted and hunted down like criminals at home, achieved fame and rank under the flag of foreign kings. Their record has been a bloody one, yet so glorious that the annals of time fail to produce an equal to it. Homer has done justice to the heroes of ancient Greece in his immortal *Illiad*. The mighty exploits of the Knights of the Crusades have been chanted and lauded to the skies by Tasso in his majestic

*Jerusalem Delivered*. But who is to paint in fitting colors the valorous deeds of the Irish Champions serving under foreign standards? Who is to portray with consummate skill the characters of some of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever produced? Oh! the bard who writes such an epic will, indeed, have accomplished a gigantic task, and one worthy of the admiration of every true Celt. He will not only have performed a work of justice to the memory of those mighty ones, who now repose in the sleep that knows no waking, but he will also have done his fellow countrymen a service which neither time nor circumstances can repay. Let us hope therefore that the bark bearing the chosen one who is to chant the glories of Erin's warriors may soon appear above our horizon. Then will the noble "Soldiers of Fortune," true Irishmen, have received their just reward.

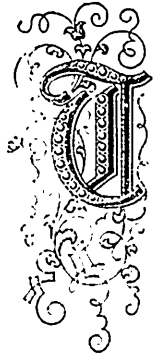
WALTER W. WALSH '96.



Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,  
 Bereavement, pain ; all grief and misery,  
 All woe and sorrow ; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body,—but we cannot die  
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—  
 Lo, all things can be borne !

—AKERS.

## THE COLLEGIANS.



THE first half of the present century has been eminently prolific in works of English prose-fiction. Of the many writers in this department of literature, Ireland has contributed several of the most distinguished, four at least deserving special notice. The works of Carleton, Banim, Lever and Griffin have placed their authors in the foremost rank of Irish novelists and exhibit in a marked degree a pleasing variety of talent and invention. To enter into a disquisition upon the works and merits of each particular author is far beyond the scope of a brief essay such as this. We have therefore selected one of the brightest gems in this galaxy of fiction as the subject of the present article.

Gerald Griffin the author of *The Collegians* was born at Limerick on the 12th of Dec. 1803. From his earliest infancy he was subjected to a judicious mental training, first under the direction of a certain Mr. MacEligott and afterwards at the school of a Mr. O'Brien in Limerick where he obtained a fair knowledge of the Latin classics. At a very early age he manifested a great fondness for poetry and devoted much of his time to the perusal of the works of Goldsmith and Moore. In 1810 his father, Patrick Griffin, abandoned business in Limerick and settled on a small farm pleasantly situated on the banks of the Shannon. Here "amid scenes of mystery, enchantment and romance" the future author's early tendency found ample scope and it is principally to his sojourn hither that we are indebted for many of his most striking and truthful word-paintings. In 1820 his parents and several of their older children emigrated to America and settled in Binghamton in the state of New York.

As it was their desire that Gerald should study medicine he was placed under the care and direction of his brother, Dr. William Griffin, a successful practitioner in the little village of Adare, a short distance from Limerick. Here in his new residence our author continued his private studies and became connected with the "*Limerick Advertiser*" to which he contributed reports, sketches, etc. But being far from satisfied with this kind of work, he decided to seek a wider sphere of action. In his twentieth year having written a tragedy he travelled to London, where he hoped to distinguish himself in literature and the drama. His first productions in the metropolis met with no success. Disappointed but not discouraged, he betook himself to reporting for the daily press and finally obtained a permanent situation on "*The Literary Gazette*" In 1825 he succeeded in getting one of his plays produced at the English Opera House. Encouraged by this first success he applied himself more assiduously than ever to writing, and the result of this diligent application was the publication in 1827 of *Hollantide* or *Munster Popular Tales*. In the same year followed *Tales of the Munster Festivals* containing *The Half Sir*, *The Card Drawers* and *Shuil Dhuv the Coiner*. This work, though superior to *Hollantide* drew forth the censure of the critics, but increased the reputation of the author in the minds of the reading public. His next considerable work was *The Collegians* which appeared during the winter of 1829. The work was at once received with the greatest favor and placed its author in the front rank of English novelists. In the spring of the same year he removed to Dublin and gave himself up to the study of Irish history and antiquarian research. On his return to London that winter he published *The Invasion* a picture of

Irish life at the time of the Danish invasion. His other principal works not already mentioned are *The Rivals*, *The Duke of Monmouth*, *Tales of my Neighborhood* and *Tales of the Five Senses* besides a considerable number of poems. Griffin had now become famous, his works as a consequence were amply remunerative, and a brilliant career lay open before him. But this success for which he had so long struggled, instead of bringing him contentment, only served to convince him of the vanity of all human glory. On September 8th, 1838 he was received as a postulante at the Institute of the Christian Brothers and in the following month received the religious habit. Brother Joseph as he is henceforth to be known entered upon the duties of his new calling with the ardour of a saint and soon became as admired for his piety and devotion as he had been for his literary accomplishments. His religious career was short, but he found that interior peace and contentment which he assures us "he would not exchange for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this brief little play which they call life." Two years after his entry into the religious state, he was called to his eternal reward and on the plain stone that marks his last resting place in the little graveyard of the North Cork monastery is engraved simply the words, Brother Joseph, Died June 12th, 1840.

*The Collegians* is Gerald Griffin's masterpiece, and has been successfully dramatized by Dion Boucicault as "*The Colleen Bawn*."

The scene is laid in Garryowen, a small suburban district of the town of Limerick. The place, on account of its contiguity to the town, was a favorite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes. Among the frequenters of this little retreat was Eily O'Connor, the handsome daughter of Mihil O'Connor, an old man who conducted the business of a ropewalk in the neighborhood. Here she met with Hardress Cregan, a young collegian, whose handsome figure and many accomplishments made a deep impression on her heart. Eily had already received the attentions of a host of pleb-

eian suitors, but henceforth she became totally indifferent to the sighs of this admiring throng. Hardress, enchanted by her rare beauty and encouraged by his first success, continued his suit and finally made a proposal of marriage. Some time after, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, they were married and eloped. The Gap of Dunlough situated on the side of the Purple Mountain was the scene fixed upon for the commencement of their married life—the honeymoon. After remaining a few days at the Gap, Hardress decided to return home and make a full confession to his mother and ask her forgiveness. Having promised Eily that his absence would not extend beyond a day, he returned home with the anticipation of his mother's favor and forgiveness. During his absence from home, his mother had invited her niece, Anne Chute, to spend a month at Killarney, and on the return of Hardress asked him to stay at home and entertain his cousin during her visit. At first he showed the greatest disinclination to do so, but finally consented. Still he was faithful to his promise to Eily and returned the following day to the Gap. In his boyhood he had formed a childish attachment for Anne Chute. His mother had arranged this match in her mind from his very infancy, and it was with the hope that her plan might be speedily realized that she invited her niece to spend a month at Killarney. However, the long separation which had ensued when he was sent to college had banished all idea of uniting himself to his cousin. Mrs. Cregan, who was determined on this match, one day informed her son of a great secret—that Anne Chute was deeply in love with him and on behalf of her niece asked *his* in return. Hardress at first resolutely refused, saying, that his heart and faith were already pledged to another; however, he carefully avoided telling his mother the real state of affairs. He was finally prevailed upon to break off his engagement with his wife and pay his attentions to his cousin. Henceforward he played a double part; he was alternately Mr. Hardress Cregan, the husband of Eily O'Connor, and Hardress Cregan, the suitor of Anne Chute. His visits to

Eily at the Gap became less frequent and agreeable to him as he became more and more attached to his beautiful cousin at Killarney. At last his visits to his wife ceased and he began to plan how he might rid himself of her entirely. Danny Mann, his servant, had long been noticing his master's discomfiture, and proposed to him to send Eily out to Quebec. At first this proposal was rejected, but finally Hardress repenting of his hasty marriage, accepted it. Money was supplied to Danny to pay Eily's passage, but instead of expending the money as was intended, Danny murdered Eily and threw her body into the Flesk. Meanwhile, Hardress, ignorant of the actual fate of Eily, continued to pay his attentions to Anne Chute. Some time after, the body of the unfortunate Eily was found in the river, and his wooing came to an abrupt end. Hardress now went to his mother and made a full confession and announced his intention of giving himself up to the law. But this was altogether unnecessary, for, Danny Mann prompted by a desire for revenge against his master, had already made a full confession to the magistrate of the district. Hardress was arrested, and stricken with remorse of conscience, confessed his guilt and was condemned to perpetual exile from his native land. Another cause of grief and remorse to Hardress was the fact that he had betrayed the confidence of Kyrle Daly, a college friend. Kyrle had been paying his attentions to Miss Chute while Hardress was wooing Eily O'Connor. Finally Kyrle proposed but was rejected and thinking that perhaps she might have a preference for some one else, told his story to Hardress, who promised to aid him in his suit. But the manner in which Hardress performed this service has already been described. However, Kyrle Daly eventually produced a favorable impression upon Miss Chute and "they were united and were as happy as earth could render hearts that looked to higher destinies and a more lasting rest."

Although the author lays down no definite propositions as to the design of the work it is clearly discernible that he had a moral end in view. The main

thought that prevades the work from beginning to end is that deviation from virtue is deviation from happiness. We are made to see all the miseries that may follow a clandestine marriage, and the consequences which naturally result from a union which is based on scarcely anything better than sensual love.

One of the most commendable features of the work in the excellent psychological study it affords us. In Hardress Cregan we have a prototype of many a young collegian of the present day. Young, talented and with a natural predisposition to virtue, but being left to the indulgence of his own whims and fancies and misled by the examples of a dissolute father, he becomes a villain and dies at sea, a condemned felon. Kyrle Daly also finds a counterpart in many an undergraduate of our day. Though not so gifted in natural talents as his friend Hardress, he is guided in his every action by the dictates of religion, and is directed by the authority and advice of his father and mother, for whom he has the greatest respect and reverence. His maturer mind more than compensates for the superior natural talents of his friend Cregan and he succeeds in life, while the more brilliant parts of Hardress only hasten his ruin.

Mr. Barnaby Cregan is described as "a stout, top-booted old gentleman, with a nose that told tales of many a rousing night." Such a father was not at all likely to give his son lessons in virtue, nor to rule over his household with anything like paternal authority.

In Mrs. Cregan we have a typical busy-body. It is true that she had a great fondness for her child and even much charity for her dissipated husband, but her ambition and over-bearing disposition brought ruin on both of them as well as on herself.

Danny Mann is the personification of all that is evil. There is a sarcasm in his very name; and when we consider his actions we are invariably reminded of those of a brute instead of those of a human being. He was of a mean and grovelling disposition, and would do anything for money, or revenge as a perusal of the story amply testifies.

The work from a literary point of view ranks as one of the best novels in the language. The author has adopted all the processes at the command of the novelist, especially those of narration and dialogue. The style throughout is beautiful and well suited to the different characters. The work is free from that plethora of wit and vulgarity of language so common among the contemporaries of Griffin, and though some of the fiercest passions such as love, ambition, pride, revenge etc. are described, the author never sinks into sentimentality. We might quote many passages in proof of these statements but space will not permit. The whole scope

of the work is to teach us a moral lesson.

The author dismisses the reader with the salutary admonition: "Reader, if you have shuddered at the excesses into which he plunged, examine your own heart and see if it hide nothing of the intellectual pride and volatile susceptibility of new impressions which were the ruin of Hardress Cregan. If besides the amusement which these pages may have afforded, you should learn anything from such research for the avoidance of evil, or the pursuit of good, it will not be in vain that we have planned the story of our two Collegians."

W. P. EGLESON '99.



Fast as the rolling seasons bring  
 The hour of fate to those we love,  
 Each pearl that leaves the broken string  
 Is set in Friendship's crown above,  
 As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
 The circle widens in the sky ;  
 These are our treasures that remain,  
 But those are stars that beam on high.

HOLMES.



## AN IRISH WEDDING IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY.



BATH-CONALL'S brow was garlanded with flowers,  
 Arches and flags the verdant valley graced,  
 Where many a gay group passed the summer hours  
 In song and dance ; 'twas Mona's wedding feast.  
 Kernes and husbandmen and villagers  
 In robes of varied hues made bright the scene,  
 With wives and sweethearts timed the *geantraighe's* bars,  
 Or feasted, seated on the ample green.

The woodlarks in the oaken thickets sang,  
 But in the valley the soft *cuislé-ciúil*\*  
 With sweeter notes from lips of mortal rang ;  
 The *cruit*† strings resounded rich and full.  
 The *fidiol*‡ answered to the glancing bow  
 With lively harmonies, the *cornairé* blew  
 His merry horn melodiously, and so  
 The *tiompan's*† chords were struck to measures new.

Within the rath as evening darken'd 'round,  
 Gigantic twisted rushen torches flamed  
 On tables with rich viands fitly crown'd,  
 On cups of gold, of wood, of silver framed,  
 Whence drank the chief his wine, the kerne his mead,  
 The champions sat with torques of twisted gold  
 On neck or knee, proclaiming them indeed  
 Knights of true chivalry, as lions bold.

O'Baire seemed the brightest hero there,  
 The youthful bridegroom ; on his graceful neck  
 A cloud of glossy curls fell rich and fair—  
 Close fitting *triuibhis*‡ his shapely limbs bedeck,  
 And o'er his silken tunic hung a cloak  
 Of richest green, clasped with a brooch of gold,  
 Near him his bride, whose radiant brown eyes spoke  
 Of heavenly innocence and love untold.

\*Pronounced "Cushla-ciool."

†Musical instruments of the ancient Irish.

‡Pronounced "tru-is, a garment which united pantaloons and stockings in a single piece.

A robe and veil of whitest silk arrayed  
 Her slender form ; a golden bodkin bound  
 Her hair in mode befitting to a maid.  
 Night waned, and all, dance-weary, gather'd 'round  
 The ard-filé, who in majestic strains  
 Rehears'd his tale of glorious battles won,  
 And present peace, not less illustrious—gains  
 In science, art, industry, religion.

Rich were the bridal gifts : O'Ceily gave  
 A crimson silken mantle clasped with gold,  
 And cross of emeralds ; O'Connor brave  
 Four milk-white steeds presented ; MacCraith bold  
 Brought armlets graced with topaz bright from Ciar,  
 And golden brooches set with anethysts,  
 And purest pearls e'er found in Lough Lene clear,  
 According to their rank thus gave the guests.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas ! no more the bard of glory sings ;  
 No more the chieftains hold high festival  
 For rich and poor—despair has spread her wings  
 O'er every pleasant valley, rath and hall.  
 Kings sleep below—above their sad heirs weep  
 O'er ruined homes and heritages lost.  
 Wrong reigns triumphant—yet the dest'nies keep  
 Atonement in the ages yet uncross'd.

E. C. M.

## MOORE AND HIS IRISH MELODIES.

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils  
Let not such man be trusted.”



WHEN the current number of *THE OWL* is issued, Sons of Erin, the world over will be engaged in the celebration of their nation feast, St. Patrick's Day. *THE OWL* cheerfully joins with them in recalling to mind the names and deeds of those illustrious and patriotic men, who in the days of persecution and sorrow, worked so strenuously in gaining for Ireland and for Irishmen the justice they were so wrongfully denied. But, while she thus gratefully remembers the law-makers of our father's land, it would indeed be no small matter of surprise, were she to forget him who perhaps possesses an equally proud distinction—the distinction of having made, its songs.

Thomas Moore, the “Bard of Erin,” and “Sweet Son of Song,” was born in Dublin in 1779, not more than a mile distant from the house in which, one year previous, his intimate friend, the immortal Robert Emmet first saw the light of day. After acquiring the first rudiments of education, Thomas was sent to the school of a distinguished scholar, Mr. Whyte, who is also remembered as being the tutor of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, now known as the renowned orator and dramatist; but then, as an “incorrigible dunce.” About this time an addition was made to the household articles of Moore, in the form of a

piano, from which he managed to acquire those musical attainments which afterwards became so serviceable to him in his career as a song writer. Even in those early school days the boy began to write tolerable verses, and was much encouraged by his worthy teacher, in this laudible occupation.

On leaving Mr. Whyte's school, Thomas was sent to Trinity College, just then made accessible to Roman Catholics. By his successful course in this institution, he proved to his masters, a fact many of them were unwilling to admit, that talent was not wholly wanting to the Catholic inhabitants of the Green Isle; but, that it always showed itself whenever afforded a favorable opportunity. Here, shameful devices were resorted to, in order to make young Moore renounce his religion; but all to no effect. The result was that he was ever afterwards slighted and ignored by the authorities of Trinity College.

The year 1798 which resulted so disastrously to the hopes of Robert Emmet and his compatriots, would certainly also have found Moore entangled in the intricate meshes of English law, were it not for the timely intervention of his watchful mother. On the following year having obtained his degree of B. A., he severed all connections with Trinity College and went over to London with the intention of studying law.

It is still a matter of great wonder how the young Irish student so quickly ingratiated himself into the favor of the reserved and supercilious English aristo-



cracy. Certain it is, that by his brilliant accomplishments and attractive personality he gained the esteem and confidence of rank and riches. Those new acquaintances, so easily formed, became very valuable to Moore in disposing of his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," which he had completed before crossing to England, and the dedication of which he had prevailed upon the Prince of Wales to accept. In 1801 appeared, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little, Esq." a volume of poems of considerable merit, but rather objectionable when considered from a moral standpoint. Two years afterwards, through the influence of Lord Moira, Moore procured an appointment at Bermuda, as Registrar of the Admiralty. This occupation being uncongenial to his tastes, he returned home by way of America, leaving his duties to be fulfilled by a deputy, who afterwards involved him in financial difficulties.

This trip gave subject matter for his "Odes and Epistles," in which American manners and politics are rather harshly dealt with. This volume along with its predecessor was severely handled by the celebrated critic, Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review. The poet's sensibility was deeply wounded, so that he retorted by sending a challenge which Jeffrey accepted. Everything was in readiness for a duel; the time and place were decided upon; but—strange interposition of the Fates! The meeting which was intended to bring about the death of one or both parties, resulted in making them life-long friends. Byron made merry over the bulletless duel and drew from Moore a similar challenge which however had the same desirable consummation a union in perpetual friendship.

Within the next seven years were written part of the "Irish Melodies," the poems "Intolerance," "Corruption," and "The Sceptic" along with a comic opera entitled "M. P." or "The Blue Stocking." All of these, however, with the exception of the first are among Moore's inferior efforts. In 1813 the poet tried his hand at satire and produced the "Two Penny Post Bag," the "Fudge Family in Paris" and the "Parody on a Celebrated Letter," works of considerable importance on

account of their pungent wit and playfulness, but which are now much out of vogue, owing to the ephemeral interest of their subjects. The "Sacred Songs" next appeared containing many beautiful gems. About this time Moore entered into a contract with Messrs. Longman, binding himself to write a poetical work, for which he was to receive the goodly sum of three thousand guineas. He fully satisfied the sanguine expectations of his publishers by giving into their hands the manuscript of the inimitable oriental stories of "Lalla Rookh." This book, by its dazzling imagery and gorgeous illustration, astonished the reading world: was translated into several languages, and reached its sixth edition within six months. Afterwards were published the "Life of Sheridan," "The life of Byron," "The Memoirs of Captain Rock," "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" all of which added considerably to their author's purse and reputation.

The rest of Moore's life was engaged in writing the History of Ireland. In this work he was not so successful, and after four volumes were finished he was heartily sorry for having undertaken to write them. Father Tom Burke once said that "The philosopher who wishes to analyse a people's character and to account for it—to account for the national desires, hopes, aspirations, for the strong sympathies that sway a people—must go back to the deep recesses of their history; and there in ages long gone-by will he find the seeds that produced the fruit that he attempts to account for." Therein lies the real cause of Moore's failure. Not being acquainted with the Irish language, he could not "go back to the deep recesses" and consequently was not qualified to write the early history of Ireland. Domestic troubles clouded the last days of the poet's life, and hastened his death which peacefully occurred on February 26th, 1852.

Many of Moore's works were immensely popular during his time, but of them all, the one most warmly cherished by his countrymen and most particularly destined to perpetuate its author's fame is the volume of "Irish Melodies"—a selection of songs so filled with historical allusions as to be read intelligently by the average

reader with the sole aid of a few explanatory notes. In 1807 Moore entered into an engagement with a musical publisher, to write words for a series of Irish airs, which had been collected by Edward Bunting. In return the author was to receive five hundred pounds a year for as long as he wished to write. The result was the publication of the *Irish Melodies*, which acquired for their author universal fame and the splendid fortune of thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.

An author from whom I have already quoted has said that "wherever we find a nation with a clear distinct, sweet and emphatic tradition of national music coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries—there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition—there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But whenever, on the other hand, you find a people light and frivolous, not capable of deep emotions in religion—not deeply interested in their native land and painfully affected by her fortune—a people easily losing their nationality, or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers and amalgamating with them—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody, that would deserve to be classed amongst the sons of the nations." No country in the world possesses a larger collection of really national music than Erin; and when we consider the tenacity with which, though persecuted, she clung to her religion; when we consider the love and devotion with which Irishmen, even when prospering in foreign lands, look back upon the land of their birth, we find no difficulty in seeing that Father Burke's remarks are strikingly exemplified in the case of Ireland.

Moore always claimed that if the melodies possessed any merit it should all be attributed to the exquisite beauty of the airs themselves, in truth he has nicely expressed this idea at the end of his *Sixth Number*, where he addresses the Harp,

"If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone:  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

As a matter of fact much of the value of those productions does rest in their music, but, even when divorced from it, many of them are superb lyrics. Beautiful thoughts clothed in striking language, are to be found in all of them, and if in any, there is noticeable a peculiarity of metre or rhythm, this is accounted for by the fact that they were written not to be read, but to be sung.

Moore's patriotism is the most prominent characteristic exhibited in those songs. He weeps when his county weeps, and smiles when he sees her in joy. Ireland is his idol, being to him.

"More dear in her sorrow, her gloom, and her  
showers  
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest  
hours."

Unsatisfied with her present state of dependence, he gladly wanders back in mind, to the time when she was invincible in arms and unsurpassed in intellectual attainments. Proudly then he exclaims:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from her proud invader;  
When her kings with standard of green un-  
fur'd,  
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long faded glories they cover."

Thus he turns to the past; but, while thinking upon those glorious days in the annals of his country's history, his mind again reverts to the present. The manifest contrast sorrowfully strikes him,

"Oh for the swords of former time!  
Oh for the men that bore them  
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime  
And tyrants crouched before them!  
When pure yet, ere courts began  
With honours to enlave him,  
The least honours worn by man  
Were those which virtue gave him.  
Oh for the swords of former time!  
Oh for the men who bore them  
When arm'd for fight, they stood sublime,  
And tyrants crouched before them!"

The virtue of his countrymen in those early days the poet also proudly remembers and expresses, in that excellent lyric "Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore." This is the simple story of a beautiful maiden adorned with jewels and costly dress, who trusting in the honesty and virtue of her countrymen, went unprotected from one end of the kingdom of Ireland, to the other. When questioned by a stranger, as to why she thus exposed herself to danger, she confidently replied ;

"Sir knight ! I feel not the least alarm  
No son of Erin will offer me harm  
For though they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more."

The feeling with which Irishmen look back upon the Emerald Isle, although perhaps long separated from its verdant hills and dales, is a matter of every day notice. In the introduction to the Third Number of the Melodies, Moore remarks that "Absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born ; and Ireland is the country, of all others which an exile must remember with enthusiasm." This seems easily explained ; for, when those who love each other tenderly, are forced to part, the separation only has the result of increasing their affection. Thus in the case of Ireland, when

"Twas treason to love her, and death to defend."

the very laws which made it "treason to love" and "death to defend" simply had the influence of intensifying the fervid devotion which Irishmen always have had for their native land. As our poet nicely puts it,

"Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,  
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true."

Freedom, the greatest of all a nation's blessings, is after the theme of Moore's songs. The following are a few extracts very expressive of the poet's feeling upon this subject,

"By the hope within us springing  
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;  
By the sun whose light is bringing

Chains or freedom, death or life—  
Oh ! remember life can be  
No charm for him who lives not free !"

\* \* \* \* \*

"No Freedom ! whose smile we shall never  
resign,  
Go, tell our invaders the Danes  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains !"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illumed by one patriot name  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where is the slave, so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decayed it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it ?  
Farewell Erin ! farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall."

In one of the first songs Moore ever penned he makes a strong plea for that which Erin has so long needed, and to the absence of which is perhaps to be attributed more than to anything else, her present position and past years of sorrow. It is a plea for union. The poem consists of two short stanzas, the last containing those very forcible lines, so often quoted by the great agitator, Daniel O'Connell.

"Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite  
And form, in Heaven's sight,  
One arch of peace !"

Those are a few extracts from the most popular of Moore's works, to which, on account of the tenderness and expressiveness of its words, and the exquisite harmony of its music, our modern Prima Donnas are often obliged to revert, whenever they wish to make a strong and lasting impression upon their audience, "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Meeting of the Waters," "Believe Me if all those Endearing Young Charms," are songs which to do them justice, would require the talents of

a Patti or an Albani. There are many others in the collection equally as touching, especially those very pathetic verses Moore addressed to the memory of his intimate, but ill-fated friend, Robert Emmet.

Jenkins says that "In whatever corner of the world there vibrates a Celtic tongue, or palpitates a Celtic heart, there the melodies find an echo, there they are read and sung with enthusiasm." It is to be hoped that this will continue to be so, for in the "Irish Melodies," their author has imparted to his country-men a gift, well worthy of being handed down by Irishmen to their successors as a precious heirloom, for generations to come. Moore claims that he touched the Irish Harp,

To show the world, in chains and sorrow,  
How sweet the music still can be ;  
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,

Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill  
Like Memnon's broken image sounding  
'Mid desolation, tuneful still !"

And while he thus did show "how sweet her music still can be," yet, his songs are also said to have been greatly instrumental in bringing about Catholic Emancipation and several other salutary measures for his country's relief. Their author's memory should be more warmly cherished by us on that account.

May Heaven grant that before many more St Patrick's Days shall return, those prophetic words may be fully realized.

"The nations have fallen and thou still art young,  
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;  
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung  
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.  
Erin ! oh Erin ! though long in the shade  
Thy star shall shine out, when the proudest shall fade !"

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



What man would be wise, let him drink of the river  
That bears on its waters the record of Time :  
A message to him every wave can deliver  
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



## THE POETS OF THE "NATION."

"I'd rather be the bird that sings  
 Above the martyr's grave  
 Than sold in fortune's cage my wings  
 And feel my soul a slave ;  
 I'd rather turn one single verse  
 True to the Gaelic ear,  
 Than sapphire odes I might rehearse  
 With Senates list'ning near."

T. D. MCGEE.



THE different periods of a nation's history may be appropriately compared to the various hours of day. In the early watches of the morning the pale borrowed light of the moon is faintly reflected upon the darkened earth and the midnight sisterhood of stars deck the blue heavens like the scintillations of golden gems upon the black forehead of night. The first rays of the morning orb partially dispel the dense clouds of night, until the glorious sun arises in all its majestic splendor, the world is once more agog, all is bustle, and fair women and brave men win fame and glory for their fatherland. The sun is in the meridian and lassitude falls heavily and wearily upon the worn-out plodder. Evening's shades bring rest and relaxation to the strained nerves of many a toiler ; but alas they draw in their train bitter reflections upon the day's trials and tribulations to the vast majority of human workers. Then the lowering mist of night once more envelopes mother-earth in its sombre hue.

Such is a bird's-eye view of Irish history. In the dawn of civilization, the highly educated Druids in the forest primeval caught a few scattered beams of the culture bestowed by God upon the Israelites.

Ireland's greatest Apostle, Patrick, braved the dangers of the deep and won a bloodless victory, over the forces of paganism by the sword of truth that conquers but does not sting or destroy. The resplendent rays of the Sun of Catholicity streamed in all their brilliancy through the virgin forests, lit up the altars of the Druid priests transforming them into shrines wherein the Sacrifice of Calvary called down the blessings of the true God upon the Irish people and baptized the pagan songs of the Druid bards. A storm-cloud gathered in the small hours of the dawn and enveloped all Europe in its murky shroud of barbarian ferocity and ignorance. This dark cloud broke as it swept onward in its course of devastation and the sun still shone over the Emerald Isle—"the school house of Europe."

Alas! Ireland in the noontide of her poetic splendor fell a prey not to a victorious enemy but to the inactivity and disunion of her sons. But the Irish minstrel still bade defiance to the oppressor and urged his countrymen on to victory. The proud Elizabeth was forced to write, "We can never conquer Ireland and we can never make Ireland Protestant as long as the minstrels are there." Right indeed was Elizabeth, Ireland's poet was a lover of his country

and his country's glory and he tried to fan into a brighter flame the lambent glimmerings of ancient Irish renown.

The grandest and most glorious heirloom of any nation is that nation's poetry. Their purest thoughts, their holiest loves, their deepest aversions, their profoundest sympathies are all recorded in the grand orchestra of the national songs. There is to be found the sad note of the mournful dirge of its misfortune, the triumphant, pealing swell bursting forth in the joyous hour of victory and the sweetly sad chords that quicken the soul of man over the glorious deeds of its heroes mingling with the lament that these days are but the faintest glimmerings of the glory of the past or to quote the words of the great Moore :

" Sing sad harp, sing to me—  
Alike our doom is cast ;  
Both lost to all but memory,  
We live but in the past."

We have seen how the Muse of Ireland wept over the cold brutal murder of her sons who had tuned their harps to the sweetest songs.

Truly, " The harp that once through Tara's halls,  
The soul of music shed  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled."

A revolution spread over the land. O'Connell, the Nineteenth Century's greatest popular tribune, made England's power quake within the historic walls of Westminster and won the political liberty of his down-trodden countrymen. Erin once more gave birth to a son who rejoiced the hearts of the Irish people.

The immortal Thomas Moore touched the chords of the Irish harp with a master-hand and it seemed that the music was all the sweeter because of the old age of the national emblem. Moore was a gifted son of a nation of gifted poets. He was peerless in the gifted flashes of his exuberant imagination in the almost womanly tenderness of his heart, in depth of feeling, in purity of diction and consummate command of language. In his apostrophe to the harp he exclaims.

" Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee.  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;

When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

So long as the English language is spoken so long will Moore's " Irish Melodies " delight and entrance the devotees of the poetic art. Moore played no unimportant part in obtaining a scant measure of justice for the Irish people.

" The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Moore played his part and played it well and nobly in bringing home to her persecutors the flagrant injustice meted out to Erin ; yet Moore could say :

" Go sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slumbers.  
Till waked by some hand less unworthy than mine."

Yes, let it be said with all due respect to the sweet gentle Moore, hands " less unworthy " than his were soon to strike a bolder note and take a higher key than even he dreamed of in his most sanguine moments.

The hands of the clock of time indicated the hour of liberty and announced the near approach of the dawn of freedom. A noble band of devoted young Irishmen joined forces and founded the *Nation* newspaper in '43. At their head was the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, long since famous as the most popular Prime Minister that has ever guided the destinies of New South Wales.

These men all in the flush of their young manhood, their true Irish hearts beating in unison with the holiest aspirations of the national spirit, once more sounded the chords of the sadly silent harp of Erin and urged the North, the South, the East and the West to arise in all their strength and unite in one supreme, heroic effort to regain Ireland's independent legislative assembly.

The old adage that " the pen is mightier than the sword " was verified to the very letter. Duffy and his *coterie* did more for Ireland in ten years than all the heroes who had laid down their lives during four

centuries of misrule. The French and the English are justly proud of their grand national literature; yet their achievements pale before the glories of the Irish songsters of the '40's. In a decade of years the writers of the *Nation* by their Irish pluck, their Irish energy and their Irish genius created a national poetry, a national literature which stands peerless among the nations of the world. Under the life-like painting of their magic pens, the glories of ancient Ireland became the realities of to-day and the hope of the morrow. Every noble deed, every hero stood out in bold relief and summoned the Irish people to pile fresh fuel upon the smouldering fires that had never been extinguished though drenched by rivers of the country's blood shed in defence of the sacred altar of Irish nationality,

These brilliant young men were nature's poets full-throated, happy minstrels, devoted lovers of their country and intense admirers of their country's heroes. They desired to infuse hope into the saddened hearts of their compatriots and they wished to sustain the flagging national spirit at a time when everything portended dire disaster.

No feeble words of ours could so fully explain the aims of the *Nation* as the following extract taken from the prospectus of that great newspaper:—

"The Liberal Journals of Ireland were perhaps never more ably conducted than at this moment; but their tone and spirit are not of the present, but of the past; their energies are shackled by old habits, old prejudices, and old divisions; and they do not and cannot keep in the van of the advancing people. The necessities of the country seem to demand a journal able to aid and organize the new movement going on amongst us; to make their growth deeper and their fruit more "racy of the soil;" and above all, to direct the popular mind and the sympathies of educated men of all parties to the great end of Nationality . . . . . Nationality is their first great object—a Nationality which will not only raise our people from their poverty, by securing to them the blessings of a *Domestic Legislation*, but inflame and purify them with a lofty and heroic love of country—a Nationality of the spirit as

well as the letter—a Nationality which may come to be stamped upon our manners, our literature, and our deeds,—a Nationality which may embrace Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—Milesian and Cromwellian,—the Irishman of a hundred generations and the stranger who is within our gates;—not a Nationality which would prelude civil war, but which would establish internal union and external independence—a Nationality which would be recognized by the world, and sanctified by wisdom, virtue and prudence."

Such was the salutatory of the *Nation* and right nobly did it redeem its pledges. Young tradesmen and farmers read the *Nation*, their blood throbbed more wildly in the fever of the new spirit, and they were ready to sacrifice their lives for Irish nationality. Even the Tory Government was terrified by the overwhelming wave of patriotism that threatened to sweep away every vestige of English rule from Ireland. A distinguished English writer exclaimed: "Ireland has at length, after weary and dumb ages of suffering and of wrong, found a voice which speaks to some purpose. Five centuries of pain and injustice plead sternly and eloquently to God and man for redress." "The "*National*" of Paris, the great dailies of America copied the poetry of the Dublin *Nation* and united in hailing it as the fearless exponent of true liberty; Duffy, when he had become a famous statesman in a foreign country, met Methodist missionaries, British soldiers and judges, professors in Protestant and Catholic colleges and even Orangemen who referred with enthusiasm to the bright and sparkling poetry of the *Nation*. Thackeray the great novelist was so infected with its catching spirit that he composed a squib under the not too euphonious title of "Daddy, I'm hungry" We would advise all not to be over fastidious on account of its appellation for the sorrows of the Irish people are depicted in bright and glowing colors.

One of the leading members of the Peel government though opposed to the *Nation's* policy bears the following generous testimony to the excellence of its poetry. "I look upon it as one of the most remarkable evidences of Irish genius which has been struck forth by these re-

markable times, and I shall carry it with me to the land of the Sun as a proof of what we can do in the land of the West . . . . As to the *Nation* do send it to me, I shall value it too, because I think that in the pursuit of a splendid delusion you have so conducted that paper as to call forth an emanation of Irish *mind* so exalted and so pure in tone, and so inspiring in its influence, as to be without a parallel in the annals of the press." The *Great Thunderer*, the London *Times* declared that O'Connell's impassioned orations were "as nothing compared to the fervour of rebellion which breathed in every page of those verses." The staid-going *Quarterly Review* condemned the *Nation's* political platform but pronounced its ballads unexcelled in literary merit; even the brilliant though erratic Macaulay was an ardent admirer of the *Nation's* poetry and song.

We think that we have cleared ourselves from any possible charge of partiality or national prejudice by such a formidable array of evidence furnished by the bitterest opponents of the *Nation*; consequently we pass on to a rapid review of its aims as portrayed in the poems of its contributors. The principal of these was to distil into the minds of the Irish people a true love of country and a true pride in their fatherland, to picture to their imaginations the glorious past when "Malachi wore the collar of gold" when Brian Boru led his men to immortality against the fierce onslaughts of the invading Dane, when Ireland was the University of the civilized world. We quote the eloquent words of Thomas Davis: "To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honor, or of shame and sorrow—to give to the imagination the arms, and homes and senates and battles of other days—to rouse and soften and strengthen and enlarge us with the passions of great periods—to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valor, of generous life and proud death—and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of history, and these are best taught by a Ballad History."

Wherever there lives an Irishman, there beats an Irish heart from whose depths

wells up an undying love for the immortal Thomas Davis who surpassed even Moore himself. Cradled in the hills of Munster, whose simple people still retained all the traditions of happier days—the merry dances, the old Irish wakes, the wedding feasts, the unstinted hospitality of "a thousand welcomes," Davis imbibed a passionate love for the people, the green forests, the hills and dales, and skies of the Emerald Isles which lent to his poetry its fire and energy.

Everyone of his poems is a distinct and independent elegy which cannot be read without the deepest emotion. But alas! Stern, unrelenting fate decreed that his hopes would not be fully realized, consequently the world denies him that homage full and perfect, which would have been his had he hurled the enemy from the green shores of Ireland and planted upon the mountain tops the beacon-light of Ireland—a Nation. Who can fail to see the manly feeling, the large heart, the rare melody of these golden lines?

"What thoughts were mine in 'early youth'  
Like some old Irish song,  
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,  
My spirit gushed along."

Cold indeed is the heart of the man who can read without a thrill of exultation and a vision of the gallant Lord Clare in the "Battle Eve of the Brigade."

"The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,  
Crying—"Comrades a health to the monarch of  
France."

Behold the rush and hark to the wild pentup cheer of the Irish Brigade when King Louis turned to fly but was stopped by Marshal Saxe who said "Not yet, my liege," "Come up Lord Clare, with your Irish. Clear the way!" On they swept with awful dash

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with  
hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles  
sprang:  
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now; their guns  
are filled with gore;  
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and  
trampled flags they tore,  
The English strive with desperate  
paused, rallied, staggered, fled,  
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and  
with dead.



Across the plain, and far away passed on that  
hideous wrack,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their  
track  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the  
sun,  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is  
fought and won."

Well might Clare like Sarsfield exclaim  
"O God, that this blood were shed for  
Ireland" "and George of England lament  
"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of  
such subjects." It should surely be one  
of the glories of the English language that  
it could clothe in such life like words,  
glowing epithets and perfect melody  
"The Sack of Baltimore."

A great musical master, on hearing an  
Irish melody for the first time, remarked :  
"That is the music of a nation which has  
lost its liberty." In the "Lament for the  
death of Owen Roe" we see the wail  
over the poisoned dead wedded to the  
glory of the unconquered hero.

"Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep,  
weep for our pride!  
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief  
had died!  
Weep the victor of Benburb—weep him, young  
men and old:  
Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies  
cold!"

Davis, in common with the other poets  
of the *Nation* sought to blend Protestants,  
Cromwellians and Milesians, into one  
harmonious whole. They saw how foolish  
it was to excite hereditary, sectarian strife  
in a land where the children of the  
O'Neills and O'Brien's were Unionists  
where Curran, Wolfe Tone, and Theobald  
Matthew, the descendants of Cromwell's  
colony had become "more Irish than the  
Irish themselves."

How sweetly has the Protestant Davis  
sung this sentiment in "Celts and Saxons"  
and in "Orange and Green will carry the  
Day."

"And oh! it were a gallant deed  
To show before mankind,  
How every race and every creed  
Might be by love combined—  
Might be combined yet not forget  
The fountain whence they rose,  
As filled by many a rivulet  
The stately Shannon flows."

"Ireland! rejoice, and England! deplore—  
Faction and fend are passing away,  
'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,  
"Orange and green will carry the day."

The roar of the battle, the rush of the  
armed hosts, liberty's clarion blast, victory's  
pæan were not the only notes in Davis'  
gamut but he awoke his harp to tender,  
more soothing, holier feelings in "The  
Rivers."

"But far kinder the woodlands of rich Conva-  
more;  
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly  
Lismore;  
There the stream, like a maiden  
With love overladen,  
Pants wild on each shore."

We bid adieu to the immortal Davis  
by transcribing the epitaph which he hoped  
would be writ on his country's mind  
"He served his country, and loved his  
kind."

Thomas Davis has been styled the  
"Shakespeare" of the *Nation's* poets;  
Lady Wilde (Speranza) is admitted by all  
to have been its "Madame de Staël."  
Woman has ever been honored in Ireland  
since the days when Moore's fair lady,  
with gems "rich and rare" fearlessly  
travelled the land from ocean to ocean  
without harm. Lady Wilde, possessed of  
all the Irish woman's immaculate virtue  
and peerless beauty, united to an almost  
masculine energy and talent, won a warm  
place in the hearts of the people, and  
stood second only to Davis in the influence  
which she exerted upon Irish affairs. The  
simple vigorous verses of her songs con-  
secrated courage and nurtured patriotism,  
invigorated as they were, by the fire and  
passion imbued in her rambles at Vinegar  
Hill and Oulart and fostered by her deep  
study of Irish history.

After reading the sturdy courageous  
sentiments of "The Brothers"

"Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever;  
Ah! methinks had I been there,  
I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever  
The sword should touch their hair.  
It falls! there is a shriek of lamentation  
From the weeping crowd around;  
They're still'd—the noblest hearts within the  
Nation—  
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground."

We can easily understand how this  
brave, slender, graceful lady could arise in  
open court and heroically declare that she  
alone was the author of an article for  
which Charles Gayan Duffy was about to  
be convicted of treason-felony.

The voice of her song is bold, majestic,  
soul-inspiring in "Courage"

"With faith like the Hebrews' we'll stem the Red  
Sea—

God! smite down the Pharaohs—our trust is in  
Thee:

Be it blood of the tyrant or blood of the slave,  
We'll cross it to Freedom, or find there a grave.  
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each  
brow,

The palm for each martyr that dies for us now;  
Spite the flash of their muskets, the roar of their  
canon,

The assassins of Freedom shall lower their pen-  
non:

For the will of a nation what foe dare withstand?  
Then patriots, heroes, strike! God for our land!"

Her harp is sad, and sorrowful in "Ruins";

"Ah, that vision's bright ideal,

Must it fade and perish thus?

Must its fall alone be real,

And its ruins trod by us?"

Speranza had so captivated the Irish people by her glowing patriotism and stirring songs that a pang of deep sorrow rent the heart of every lover of Erin's cause when she died of grief and sorrow a few short weeks ago.

Our limited space forbids our paying our tribute of respect to the moral, prophetic Allingham who struck two sweet notes—the peasant's song and the philosopher's vision. His "Touchstone" is a beautiful little poetic gem encased in an emerald setting and will be read and re-read by every admirer of true poesy. We have to pass over the stalwart Mangan, the gentle McCarthy, the patriot Duffy—all good men, tried and true.

But someone might ask, why did not these men meet with greater success? Our answer to such a one would be. Go

ask the prison warden, who can tell you that these brave men were thrown into durance vile for the heinous crime of being patriotic Irishmen.

Patriotism in other countries is extolled as a cardinal virtue; in Ireland alone, the *Niobe* of nations, it is accounted a government vice. Go ask the galley-ships that carried them away to Van Diemen's Land, that their sweet melodies might n'er find a responsive echo in the patriotic hearts of their countrymen. Other nations should bless these convict ships for they gave Australia the noble, generous Duffy; they gave the United States the tender, sympathetic poet—God's noblest work, a man—the immortal John Boyle O'Reilly; they gave us our own martyr-poet and statesman, D'Arcy McGee, whose name will ever remain green in the memory of Canadians. Go ask the dread spectre, famine, that stalked throughout the land carrying desolation, starvation and death in its train and exiled thousands of Ireland's best and bravest sons.

Had they done naught but pave the way for Butt, Parnell, McCarthy and Dillon in the constitutional struggle for legislative independence the mere mention of their deeds would be the magic password to the future Ireland foreshadowed by Ferguson.

"Oh! brave young men, my love, my pride, my

promise,

"'Tis for you my hopes are set,  
In manliness, in kindline: in justice,  
To make Ireland a nation yet."

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.



## THE EMIGRANT.

SELECTED.



WILLY, Willy darlin'!  
Rise, agra rise;  
day is breakin',  
and ye've many a  
long mile afore ye  
this mornin'—and  
for many a mornin'  
after it."

As she spoke the last words the woman's voice trembled, and she hid her face in the bed clothes to stifle the grief that was welling up in great sobbing waves from her breaking heart.

As the sound of her voice broke in upon his slumbers, a man rose from the bed where he had thrown himself, half-dressed a couple of hours before, and, not yet quite awakened to consciousness, he looked around the room in a bewildered way.

Then he sat down on the side of the bed and covered his eyes with his hand vainly endeavoring to hide the tears that half-blinded him.

A chair stood near the bedside and the wife drew it towards her and sat down, laying her head upon his knee. Very softly and tenderly he stroked the dark hair two or three times, then, while a great sob convulsed his frame, he bent his own head till his lips touched her forehead.

"Willy, Willy don't give way," she said passionately, looking up at him with sorrowful eyes, "keep a brave heart, as thore it's often ye'll need it where ye're goin'." With a desperate effort he checked his emotion, and smiled sadly, still tenderly smoothing her hair.

"Shure it's dreamin' I was, Mary," he said, "and the strangest dream! I thought I was away in America and walkin' in the purtiest greenwood your

heart ever pictured. The birds were singin' and the daises growin' as they ured be in heaven; the sky was as bright and as blue as our own. But through the middle of the land ran a great wide river, and it was between you and me. I didn't care for the beauty and greenness, Mary, when I hadn't you wid me; and although where you stood was'nt half so purty a spot as where I was, it seemed the most beautiful place in the world, because ye wur there. Ye were longin' to cross over to me, and the children pullin' at your gown, and pintin's to me always. Some how, it seemed to me of a sudden that if I stretched out my hands to ye, ye might come; and I did it; and ye came without any fear of the wather, right through and across it, and I almost touched Katie with my hands, and felt her sweet breath on my cheek. But just as ye would have set your feet on the ground beside me, something came between us like a flash of fire, and ye were gone, all o' ye, and I held out my hands to the empty air. And then, thank God, I heard ye callin' 'Willy, Willy darlin',' and I saw your own sweet face bendin' over me as I woke."

The wife put one arm around her husband's neck as he ceased speaking, and with the other smoothed back the mosses of wavy brown hair that fell over his forehead, while she said in tones scarcely audible through her tears, "It's nothin', nothin' alanna shure it's a sin to mind dreams at all, and ye know that it's often when we're troubled, we carry the trouble with us into our sleep. It was all owin' to the talk we had before ye lay down of the weary, weary way ye were goin' and lavin' us behind. But we won't

feel the time passin' till we'll be together again, and we'll all be as happy as the day is long. 'As happy as a queen; do ye mind it, Willy, the song ye wur so fond of hearin' me sing when I was a colleen and you the blithest boy in the three parishes?'

"Do I mind it, acushala—do I mind it? Ah! well as I mind the merry voice, and the bright eye, and the light step that are gone forever. God is good Mary, God is good; but English tyrants are cruel, and Irish hearts are their meat and drink."

"God is good to us, Willie; better than we deserve, He's leading us to himself by hard and bitter ways; but he loves his own. He's takin' you to a land of plenty, where there'll be no hard landlords nor tithe proctors to make your blood boil and yer eyes flash, and me and the little ones 'll soon follow."

By this time two little girls had crept from a bed at the foot of the larger one; tiny things, scarcely more than babies, either of them, and they stood looking wonderingly up into the faces of their father and mother. The elder of the two, dark-eyed and black-haired like her mother, seemed as she nestled close to her parents, to take in some of the sorrow of the situation; but the younger, a beautiful blue-eyed, fair-haired little creature, buried her curly-head in the bed-clothes, and began to play "peep" with all her heart.

"May be I'm foolish, Mary," said her husband as he watched the playful child, "and it's ashamed I ought to be, breakin' down when you're so brave; but you'll have the little ones to comfort ye, and I'll be all alone."

Then with an effort he arose, and busied himself in completing the arrangements of his dress, while his wife placed breakfast on the table. It was a very poor and scantily furnished room in which the little family sat down to take their last meal together but it was exquisitely clean and neat.

They had known comfort and prosperity, and even in their poverty could be seen the traces of better days.

When William Leyden married Mary Sullivan, "the prettiest and sweetest girl

in the village," they were unanimously voted the handsomest couple that ever left the parish church as man and wife. All the world seemed bright before them; they had youth, health and strength, and sorrow and pain seemed things afar off from them then; and they loved one another—smile, cynic! as cynics do—but love is the elixir of life, and without it any life is poor and incomplete. For a time—a sweet, short, happy time—all went well. Then misfortunes began to gather, one by one.

First the crops failed, the cows died, and Leyden fell ill of a fever, and lay hopeless for many months. Little by little their savings dwindled into insignificance, and to crown all, the landlord gave them notice to vacate their farm, for which he had been offered a higher rent.

There was but one hope and prosperity for the future. Through many a sorrowful day and weary night the husband and wife endeavored to combat the alternative, but at last they could no longer deny that the only hope for days to come lay in a present parting.

So it had come to pass that Leyden was starting for America, leaving his wife and children, partly to a care of a well to do brother of the former, partly to the resources she might be able to draw from fine sewing and embroidery, in both of which she was very skillful.

Our story opens on the morning of his departure.

It did not take the sorrowful couple many minutes to finish their morning meal. As the hour for parting approached, each strove to assume a semblance of cheerfulness before the other, while each read in the other's eyes the sad denial.

Soon kind hearted neighbors dropped in, one by one, to wish the traveller God-speed, and to take a sorrowful leave of the friend from whom poverty and misfortune had not estranged his more prosperous neighbors. For it is in adversity that the fidelity of the Irish character manifests itself, and proves by what deep and enduring ties heart clings to heart. It was not long before the car that was to convey Leyden to the next town came rolling along the road. As he heard the sound of the wheels, he turned from the first place where he had been standing,

and motioned to a young fellow near him to carry out the heavily strapped box that contained all a thoughtful though straitened love could provide for his comfort

As though respectful of their grief, the neighbours passed from the room and the husband and wife were left alone.

Very quickly but tenderly the man lifted each of the children from the floor, and kissed them several times. Then he turned to where his wife stood, close to him, yet not touching him, as though she felt that a nearer presence would destroy her well-assumed calmness. He looked at her for an instant yearningly, then held her away from him for another, while she buried her face in her hands; then with a convulsive sob he flung both strong arms around her, and they wept together, "God and his blessed mother and the angels guard ye, mavourneen," he said at last, "guard ye and keep every breath of evil away till I hold you again. The great sea seems wider than ever, darlin', and the comfort and meetin' further and further away. You were always dear to me, always the dearest; but I never thought it would be so hard to part wid ye till now, Mauria, Mauria, acushla machree."

No answer—no wail of anger from her woman's lips; but her heart grew cold as death, her head leaned more heavily upon his shoulder, the clasp of her arms about his neck grew tighter, then slowly relapsed; and placing her gently upon the bed, with one long, lingering look he left the house.

When Mary Leyden lifted her head from the pillow, kind womanly hands and compassionate voices were near to soothe and comfort her; but her husband was far on his lonely journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Swiftly the emigrant ship cut the blue waves, boldly her sails wooed the winds, and hearts that had been despondent at parting grew hopeful and buoyant as they neared the promised land. Port at last! and with a party of his countrymen, Wm. Leyden sought the far west, and before many months had elapsed, the letters he depatched to the loved ones at home contained not only assurance of his good fortune, but substantial tokens of the

fact; and Mary wrote cheerfully and hopefully ever looking forward to the time when they would be reunited.

For two years our brave Irishman struggled and toiled. Sometimes his heart would almost fail him when he thought of the ocean that intervened between him and his dearest treasures; but these sad thoughts were not familiar visitants, for unusual good fortune had attended his efforts. By the end of the second year he had cleared and planted several acres of rich, fruitful land, and the first flush of Autumn saw the completion of as neat and complete a little dwelling as ever western pioneer could claim. Then went home the last letter, glowing with hope and promise, and sending wherewith to defray the expenses of wife and children, who were at length to rejoin him in the land where he had toiled for them so hard and so patiently.

"My heart is so light," Mary wrote to him, "My heart is so light that I can hardly feel myself walkin'; it seems to be flyin' I am all the time. And when I think of how soon I'll be near you, of how short the time till ye'll be foldin' yer arms about me, many and many's the time I'm cryin' for joy. Was there ever a happier woman? And Kate and Mamie haven't forgotten a line o' your face or a tone of your voice; ye'll not know them, Willy they've grown so tall. My tears are all happy ones now, alanna; my prayers are all thankful ones, asthore machree," How often Leyden read and re-read this letter, its torn and ragged appearance might indicate, and as the intervening days sped by each seemed longer than the last. Mary and the children were to come direct from New York with a party who also expected to meet friends in the West, and he felt quite easy as to their safety and companionship. But ever and anon as the time drew near he half reproached himself that he had not gone to meet them, a pleasure he had only forgone on account of his scanty resources.

At last they were in St. Louis they would be with him in three days, how wearily those days dragged on but the beautiful October morning dawned at last; a soft mist hung over the tree-tops, and the balmy breath of the Indian summer threw a subtle perfume over the the thick forest

and its wide stretch of meadow land beyond. It was fifteen miles to the nearest town, and fifteen more to the railway station. The earliest dawn saw William Leyden up and impatient to be away. In company with one of his old neighbors, he took his place in the rough wagon that was to figure so prominently in the "hauling home." About eight o'clock they reached the first stopping-place, where Leyden's friend had some little business to transact that would detain him a short time in the town.

Not caring to accompany him, too restless to sit still in the public room of the tavern, the impatient husband and father wandered into the spacious yard behind the house. A young girl stood washing and wringing out clothes near the kitchen door. Mechanically he took in every feature of the place; the long, low bench, over which she leaned; her happy, careless face; her bare red arms and wrinkled hands; the white flutter of garments from the loosened line: the green grass, where here and there others lay bleaching; the broken pump and disused trough; two or three calves munching the scattered herbage; in the distance a wide, illimitable stretch of prairie.

How well he remembered it all afterward! As he stood watching her, the girl nodded smilingly and went on with her work. After a while she began to hum softly to herself. Leyden caught the sound, and listened. "What tune is that?" he asked eagerly. "Sing it loud."

"Shure I dunno," the girl answered, "I heard my grandmother sing it many's the time in the ould country, and I do be croonin' over to myself sometimes here at my washin'?"

"Have you the words of it a', colleen?" he inquired, "I'd give a dale to hear them again, 'tis the song my own Mary likes best; and, thanks be to God! I'll hear her own sweet voice singin' it shortly. It's to meet her this mornin' I'm goin'—her and the childer, all the way from Ireland; but if ye have the words of it and will sing it for me, I'd like to hear it."

"Ayeh but you're the happy man this day!" she replied, "I'm not much of a hand at singin', but I believe I have all the words, and I'm sure ye're welcome to hear them as well as I can give them."

With a preparatory cough and a modest little blush, the girl began in a timid voice the familiar melody. It was a sad dirge-like air, as are so many of that sad, suffering land, "Whose children weep in chains."

And yet it was not in itself a mourning song. Ever and anon the glad refrain broke forth exultingly and joyously from the monotone of the preceding notes.

William Leyden wiped the tears from his eyes as the girl concluded the song, "Thank you, dear. God bless you," he said, "for singin' Mary's song!" The next moment he saw his friend advancing toward him, and in another they had resumed their journey. Not much was said on either side as they rode along, at intervals our hero's heart gave a great throb, almost painful in its joy, and once in awhile he made some casual remark; but that was all.

As they neared their destination, they noticed an unusual stir and excitement in the vicinity; and as they approached the depot, the saw knots of men scattered at intervals, apparently engaged in discussing some event that had recently transpired.

"There must have been a fight here-about, Will," said his friend; "but as every minute will seem an hour to you now, we'll not stop to ask questions. The train has been in half an hour by this time. I wonder if Mary'll know ye with that great beard?"

Leyden had no time to answer him, for at that moment a man advanced from a crowd that blocked up the road in front of them, and, checking the horses, said quickly, "Can't drive any further. Way up yonder blocked with the wreck."

"What wreck?" exclaimed both men with a single voice. "Haven't heard about it?" he replied, "Down train this morning, me: the up train, behind time—collision—cars smashed,—fifty or sixty killed—as many wounded—terrible accident—no fault anywhere, of course."

But he checked his volubility at the sight of the white face that confronted him, and the strong convulsive grasp that seized his hand. Then in a softened tone he said,

"Hope you an't expecting no one;" and moved back a pace.

There was no answer; for William Leyden had sprung from the wagon,

dashing like a lunatic through the group of men on the road-side, and in an instant had cleared the hundred yards between him and the station. The crowd that stood upon the platform made way for him as he advanced, for they felt instinctively that he had come upon a melancholy quest, and the man whom he had clutched, violently as he asked, "where are the dead?" pointed to the inner room where lay the mangled corpses of the victims. Alas! in a few minutes after he had stepped across the threshold his eye fell upon the corpse of a fair haired little girl, beside whom, one arm half thrown across the child, a woman lay, with a calm, holy expression on her dead face. Just at her crushed feet, which some merciful hand had covered, the body of another child was lying; but the black wavy hair had been singed, and the white forehead burned and scarred, and the little hands were quite disfigured.

And they had left the dear old land for this! They had borne poverty and separation, and the weariness of waiting through lingering days of anticipation; they had traversed miles upon miles of dangerous ocean to be dashed on the threshold of a

new life, at the point of realization, into the pitiless, fathomless abyss of eternity!

Ah! no, rather to be gathered into the arms of a merciful God—to be folded close to his heart, for ever and ever. Truly his ways are not our ways, and who can understand them?

In a moment more the husband and father had sunk upon their knees beside the lifeless group; but no words came from his lips save "Mauria, Mauria avourneen, acuslla machree." Then he would pass his hands caressingly over the ghastly faces, pressing tenderly and often the little childish fingers in his own, and kissing the scarred and disfigured forehead.

He never knew what it was that bore him away from the dreadful spot; what hands prepared his loved ones for the grave, he never knew and never asked to know. He only remembered waking momentarily from a stupor on that sad night, and seeing the benevolent face of the priest bending over him, and hearing something he was saying about Calvary and the cross, to which he replied half unconsciously, but with a feeling as though there were angles near him, "God's will be done."



## FATHER TOM BURKE.

“One of the few immortal names  
That were not born to die !”  
So speaks the age that scanned his deeds  
With cold impartial eye.



THE Sons of St. Patrick, during the last hundred years have won for themselves an enviable place amongst the orators of the world. In every sphere where oratory, that proud rival of the sword, obtains throughout the English-speaking world, Irishmen have, at all times been found holding the foremost ranks. On the public platform swaying the multitudes, inspiring them with lofty thoughts, and impelling them on to noble deeds ; at the bar of justice, pleading the cause of the accused or upholding the dignity of the state, by means of those glowing words, those pictures of the soul's conceptions of men's misfortunes, mercy's claim to pity, or the right of justice to prevail ; in the lordly halls where laws are made, breathing forth those sentiments of truth, which sparkle brightly with gems of wisdom and serve to guide the nations on to their higher destiny ; and above all in the pulpit, fulfilling Christ's command to his chosen few, to go forth and teach all nations the saving truths which this same Christ brought down from Heaven to man ; in all these grand fields of the orator's unceasing action, the sons of Erin, hold a place second to none other in the world. In the political arena, Erin's orators have had no equals in modern times. To find men of eloquence to rival her Burkes, her Grattans and her O'Con-

nells we are obliged to lift the veil of ages, and to glance back to the times when Cicero and Demosthenes awed the ancient world. But the glory of their religion has ever been the chief aim of the Irish people. The glory of the Irish church has ever been, since the days of the Norman invasion, the one grand consoling feature of the Irish history. No wonder then is it, that in the ranks of Ireland's clergy there have ever been many of Ireland's greatest and noblest sons. No wonder either is it that, among those who have been called to move men's wills and touch their hearts from an Irish pulpit, there is to be found such a just claimant to immortality as the great Dominican Father Tom Burke. A glimpse at the life of this eminent preacher of God's word may then be of some benefit to us. We can not indeed, with our inferior talents, hope to ascend the heights of fame as he did. But by fixing our eyes on such a beautiful and worthy model, we can raise ourselves from the lowering influences that surround us, to a higher level. We can learn from him to improve ourselves in our own humble sphere. We can too learn from him how to make ourselves happy, and at the same time how to fulfil our duties towards our God, our neighbor and ourselves.

Father Burke was one of those great orators whose names are destined to live in the hearts of all true admirers of English eloquence, and above all in the hearts of



all admirers of grand and noble lives and of true and worthy men. As known to the majority of people during his own lifetime, he was a man possessed of the gift of eloquence to such an extraordinary degree that his equal in the pulpit had seldom been seen and his superior probably not yet known. His ready Irish wit his bright flashes of thought suggested by a clear intellect and a noble heart, rejoiced instructed and elevated those who were privileged to hear him. The world knew that he was great, the world knew that he was kind and generous, but it did not know the interior man; it was ignorant of the sufferings Father Burke underwent, the self-denial he practiced and the humiliations he voluntarily accepted. He was in fact a great man in the true sense of the word. He lived for his fellow-men. His greatest happiness was to elevate them to the higher plain of true Christian life. To this end he devoted all his magnificent talents, he sacrificed his health, and practiced all manner of mortification and self-denial.

Father Burke sprang from the ranks of the common people being the only son of a Galway baker. His own witty way of expressing this was, "Though my father's blood is red and not blue, he was nevertheless one of the best *bread* men in Galway." On September 8th. the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1830, the year following the triumph of Catholic Emancipation, this great orator was born. His early training was received in a school conducted by Brother Paul O'Connor, the founder of the Brothers of St. Patrick; later on he attended Dr. O'Toole's Academy. At this latter place, we are told he carried off all the first premiums in his class. In his school-days, it is said, he was fond of playing all manner of tricks, and often on this account brought upon himself striking admonitions from his ever-watchful mother. Though inclined to be lively and fond of a little mischief-making, those who knew him in his early days, assure us, that his life was as pure and as free from all difflence as the sparkling waters of the rill that leap down from the rugged mountain side. A school-mate says of him, "Though he got the name of being a wild boy, I never heard him, utter one naughty

word or breathe an exclamation approaching a curse." In fact what he used to say of the good St. Dominic might well be applied to himself,—“No thought that might shame an angel crossed his mind.”

Even in these early days the young Nicholas Burke, for such was the name he received in Baptism, gave evidence of the latent greatness in him, which only awaited the progress of time to unfold itself. His intelligence was sharp and bright, his soul pure and stainless and his heart deeply sympathetic. For a while in his youthful days the amateur stage claimed his attention; then again his close interest in judicial proceedings and the oratory of the bar seemed to indicate his vocation to that path of life. But about this time he was taken very ill with typhoid fever and this sickness, Fitzpatrick tells us, was his first vision of predestination. After his recovery he made up his mind to consecrate that life so providentially spared, to the service of Almighty God. He had the good fortune in those days to listen, week after week, to a very eloquent Irish preacher by the name of Father Kirwan. The hand of Providence is visible in preparing this great man for his destiny and in guiding him on to it. In 1847 misfortune and famine reigned in that once happy Isle. The horrid spectre of Death came sickle in hand to gather in her ghastly harvest on every side. The cruel tyrant, under whose iron rod Erin suffered, instead of offering sympathy and giving help, coldly reckoned on the length of time it would take the famine to destroy that race of heroes whose blood, Wellington declared, had saved England from a ruinous loss on the plains of Waterloo. Amidst these surroundings Nicholas Burke definitely decided on his future career. He was to be a levite of the Lord, and now prepared himself for a journey to Italy where he was to enter a Dominican novitiate and there continue his studies preparatory for the priesthood. The impression made upon him by the scenes of famine and the misfortunes of his countrymen never left him. But those misfortunes of his beloved island home made him love her all the more tenderly. No doubt in after days when he exploded the Froude falsehoods against his fatherland, recollections of

these sad scenes were foremost in his mind and tended to quicken and give fire to that eloquence that overwhelmed the defamer.

His novitiate and theological studies were commenced in Perugia, Italy, and later continued in St. Sabina's, Rome. Finally he was appointed, while yet only a sub-deacon, to the responsible position of Master of Novices in Woodchester, England. Here he finished his theological studies and was ordained priest by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Clifton, on March the 26th, 1853. Two years later he returned to his native land as Novice Master in the Dominican convent at Tallaght. During his stay in Italy he had mastered the Italian tongue, and acquired an enviable reputation as a theological scholar. Among his most valuable friendships formed in Rome was that with Cardinal Wiseman. This great Cardinal speaking to a friend about Burke one day, remarked:—"That young man has a wondrous power of inspiring love and he will become a great priest yet." The responsibility of his position made his stay at Woodchester a strain on his yet youthful energies. He was, nevertheless, remarkable at all times for his promptitude in fulfilling his duty however arduous it might be. In 1854 he received his degree of Lector in Theology. In the peaceful seclusion of Tallaght, says one of his biographers, he found leisure, not only to lay up a store of learning, but also to cultivate his gift of eloquence. He preached in season and out of season and by dint of practice became almost perfect in the difficult art of pulpit oratory. His fame soon spread abroad and people flocked from far and near around his pulpit to listen to the beautiful words of truth and goodness that fell from his lips.

In 1864 he was recalled to Rome by the Dominican Father-General, and was appointed regent of studies in the convent of San Clemente, the scholasticate of the Irish province. A little later he was chosen prior of this same house. In 1867 he again turned to his own country, but was once more sent back to the centre of Catholic unity and this time as a theologian to the Bishop of Down during the Vatican Council. While in Rome this time, Father Burke became very popular

among the English-speaking people of the Eternal City, many of whom were Protestants. Whenever he preached the church was crowded. Canon Brownlow, formerly of Cambridge, speaking of certain discourses of Father Burke, during a retreat of ten days, given to the students of the English College, says: "My first impressions of him were formed from the spiritual side. I have the notes of that retreat. It was admirable in its arrangement, solid in its matter, clear, and precise in its theology, full of happy quotations from Holy Scripture, and of tender piety and of appeals to every noble and generous sentiment in the young clerics whom he was addressing." The great Dominican, during this sojourn in the capital of the Christian world, became an intimate friend of America's famous poet, Longfellow, and of the world-renowned journalist, the founder of the *Nation*, Charles Gavan Duffy. On his return to Ireland he was called upon to pronounce the panegyric over O'Connell's remains, on the occasion of their being removed to their last resting place at Glasnevin. Fifty thousand persons were present to do honor to the memory of the great Liberator as well as to listen to the greatest pulpit orator of the day. For two hours the preacher held this vast crowd of people spell-bound, as he eulogized the virtues of the noble-hearted patriot, and held him up to the world as the sublimest example in history of the ideal Catholic layman.

At the general chapter of the Dominican Order, held at Ghent in 1871, Thomas Burke, like Thomas Aquinas at the chapter of Holborn, held the responsible position of Definitor. It was during his stay in Ghent that he formed a warm friendship with Father Monsabré, another famed Dominican orator who had won renown for himself in sunny France. A year later Father Burke set sail for America, having been appointed Visitor to the Province of the United States by the general chapter of Ghent. In America he spent eighteen months, during which time he delivered over four hundred lectures and innumerable sermons. His labors while on this continent are almost incredible. The pecuniary harvest derived from them, we are told by Fr. Towers, then Provincial of the Dom-

inican Order in Ireland, amounted to eighty-thousand pounds. It would take too much space in a brief sketch like this to even enumerate the struggling orphanages, hospitals and churches that were rescued from ruinous debts through the noble efforts of this eloquent friend of mankind. Truly may we say that the fruit of his toil furnished bread for the needy.

An idea of his wonderful activity and energy may be gleaned out from what Mr. Ridpath remarks in speaking of the physical trials endured by this great Dominican. "Father Burke," he affirms, "though suffering from a severe illness, often preached three times a day, each sermon being of two hours duration and in churches a long distance apart."

In an immense building, known as the Coliseum, which had been erected in Boston for the great Gilmore concert, forty thousand persons gathered to hear this Irish champion, patriot and priest. This, his biographer holds, was the largest in-door audience ever addressed by any orator or lecturer in the world. We know of nothing on record to equal it. America seemed to give him a new life and a new spirit; it seemed as if his genius had taken wings and soared off to higher flights than he ever before felt himself capable of. Here in the western world his very figure seemed to expand into gigantic proportions and become an impersonation of Columbia herself.

The crowning glory of Father Burke's career in America, says Mr. Meehan, came, when as champion of his race he stepped into the arena of historical discussion to refute Froude's falsehoods in the attempted justification of England's treatment of Ireland. Never, declares the Pilot, did armored knight do nobler service for his people than this monk did for Ireland at that critical time. He travelled over the United States, everywhere pouring out his wonderful torrent of eloquence. He had come to demonstrate, as it were, in his own person, how the fire of oratory—pathos, vigor, wit and power—for which the Gael have ever been famed, could be concentrated in one individual, and when guided by morality and religion, how effectively they could be made to subserve the noblest ends and

aims. His preparation for this great contest was very meagre when compared to the task he entered upon and the success he achieved. When first requested to undertake this great work, he refused on the ground that he had not at his disposal the necessary books to prepare himself. His friends, however, over-ruled this objection, and the Bishop of Trenton gave the freedom of his library to the Irish Ajax for a few days. Just as from the dull ore the intense heat of fire brings forth the pure gold, so in like manner from the crude and scattered volumes of historical facts did the penetrating mind of Burke gather together and clothe, in the beauty of his own exquisite diction, those overwhelming truths that set at naught all the loud and empty boasts of gilded falsehood on the part of his opponent. His lectures were listened to by thousands, representing every religious denomination, every nationality that the great American Metropolis boasts of and every profession or calling in which men are to be found occupied. The press was represented by its most noted personages, such as Dana, Hurlbert, Connery, Reid, etc. The storm of his eloquence broke forth and bore down everything before it. A weak cause in such powerful hands might appear strong, but when we consider that it was the holy and just cause of his down-trodden fatherland that he defended, we acknowledge our inability to describe the wonderful effect produced. The American press, almost as a unit, hailed him as victor. The whole land from Atlantic to Pacific resounded with his praises. No foreigner ever received so flattering a reception at the hands of all fair-minded Americans.

From this contest he hurried off to New Orleans, but his fame had preceded him and no church was large enough to contain the crowds that thronged around him and consequently he had to address the multitude in the open air. About this time his friends, particularly the members of his own Order, began to notice that his health was being very seriously impaired. The fragile body could not much longer stand the severe test to which his unceasing labors, were subjecting it. His superiors, knowing that he would die at his post rather than complain, decided to

recall him to Ireland. He welcomed the news and, though besought on every side by appeals to delay his departure for a few months longer, nothing could withhold him from prompt and unquestioning obedience to his Superior's orders. He sailed from New York in the steamer "City of Paris" on Feb. 22nd, 1873. The farewell greeting given to him was one worthy of the American people and befitting the departure of so fearless a champion and so noble a man.

All the love and loyalty of true Irish hearts went out to him on his arrival in his native land. His journey through Ireland is described as being like the triumphal march of a great conqueror through the midst of a rejoicing nation. Everywhere flags fluttered in the breeze, and crowds assembled to testify their esteem for the great preacher and their gratitude for his safe return. In his native Galway, whither he hurried to see his dear old mother and to visit the grave of his departed father, he was received with even greater demonstrations of mingled affection and pride.

From this period we find the great orator busy as man could be, preaching, lecturing, and attending to pastoral duties. In 1876 he paid another visit to Italy. The rest of his days were spent in the British Isles, principally in his own dear Erin. He continued to labor unceasingly to the cost of his life. His reputation as a wonderful preacher continued to grow as the years sped on. Foreign journals began to translate his sermons for the benefit of their readers, and the praise of the eloquent Dominican spread to every country in Europe.

But Father Burke's frail constitution could not stand the strain, and his health rapidly declined. But he disliked inaction and so struggled on. His last discourse was an appeal for help for the starving children of Donegal. He himself said before preaching, "This will be my last sermon." "Never," says Judge O'Hagan, "in the brightest days of his career, were his utterances more tender and impressive." It was a noble and a fitting valedictory for such a holy, exemplary and exalted life. As the last sentences were being spoken signs of weakness became

visible on the orator's countenance. With his characteristic energy, however, he stood erect to the end. Then with trembling hand and uncertain step he descended from the pulpit. A carriage came in haste and bore him away to a place of repose. But the days vouchsafed him before the last act of life's great drama were few; he filled them up with the most exemplary preparations for the final message. At length, on the morning of July 2nd, 1883, he received the last Sacraments of Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith that proceeded from his lips during the hours of his agony. In words of deep humility he begged pardon of all whom he might have offended. A little later as the gray streaks of morning were fast giving place to the red, his beautiful soul burst forth from its earthly prison and sped off in the arms of the angel of death to its home beyond the skies. On Wednesday, July 4th, took place the humble funeral of Father Thomas Burke, the ceremonies were marked by simplicity. The spirit of the man, says Fitzpatrick, was averse to display, and though the general grief demanded a public funeral, it was decided that the burial should be according to the wishes of the deceased. Numerous bishops and priests and a vast multitude of people attended.

Through the death of Father Burke the world lost one of its brightest luminaries; humanity, a friend; the poor, a kind and loving father; and the Catholic Church, one of the noblest and ablest exponents of her doctrine. The study of the life of such a man is sure to be productive of great good. He was religious, patriotic, a lover of the poor, and a lover of children. His piety and humility were remarkable, his wit and humor were almost involuntary scintillations, all his deeper thoughts he gave to Heaven. Each day of his priestly life he went to confession, made his meditation and offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He was a finished scholar. He knew by heart the whole Latin Vulgate and most of the Summa of St. Thomas. He could quote all the best passages from Shakespeare's plays. It is, however, the eloquence of

this great man that the world most admired, it was in this regard that his loss was most keenly felt.

Cardinal Manning on learning of Father Burke's death said, "I do not expect to hear of his equal again." Mr. Sherlock, speaking of one of his sermons delivered at Rome in 1858, says, "It was the flow of an apostolic soul, that came down on the congregation then assembled and swept everything away on its irresistible tide. It was a sermon to make scoffers stand condemned, and to make the worldly gaze in silence and ponder on their nothingness." "I believe," says Father Walsh, S. J., "Father Burke, taking him all in all, was the greatest, the most illustrious and the most extraordinary preacher of whom we have any record." Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., remarks, "Even a cool head can scarcely avoid being carried away by his rush of brilliant imagery, sonorous language and broad mirth." Mr. O'Connor has reference to Father Burke's lectures. "He was a perfectly trained orator," writes Lady Wilde, "the modulations of his voice were infinitely beautiful and his gestures, aided by the picturesque

white Dominican robe, were grand and stately." "His dramatic power was marvellous and as a word painter I have never seen his equal," says Father Lilly, then Provincial of the Dominican order in America. Mr. McMaster, a distinguished American journalist, declares that "His sermons, though only read, not heard, go straight to the heart. Clothed with the living light of his word, they pierce the hardest rock of indifference. They cannot die. To us of English speech they are a richer legacy than Bourdaloue and Massillon left to the French." "He preached the word of God with the zeal of an apostle in the language that the humblest could understand," says the Philadelphia *Standard*.

His simplicity of heart made him loved by all and he was one of the humblest of men. Offense from his lips to another was unheard of. His native land, that he loved so well, has then, good reason to be proud of him. His name and memory shall live as long as there are found who admire the patriot, the scholar, and the saint.

EUGENE KELSEY, '98.



# The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

---

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

---

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

---

BOARD OF EDITORS:

J. P. FALLON, '96.

T. P. HOLLAND, '96.

W. LEE, '96.

W. W. WALSH, '96.

J. RYAN, '97.

J. J. QUILTY, '97.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.

F. WHELAN, '99.

Business Managers: { E. A. BOLGER, '98.  
J. T. HANLEY, '98.

---

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA  
UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

---

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1896. No. 7.

---

"MY UNIVERSITY."

Our Holy Father Leo XIII has, on various occasions, extended to this institution the incomparable favor of his ardent sympathy and apostolic benediction. He has showered unexpected, and, we must say, unmerited honors upon it. He has pointed it out to men of good will as the future centre of Catholic intellectual life

in this country. But his last message confided to His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, and by him transmitted to the faculty and students, on the occasion of his official reception, is the most touching evidence His Holiness has ever given us of the deep-seated interest he takes in the welfare of the University of Ottawa. The first words which the venerable Pontiff addressed to Archbishop Duhamel in the latter's private audience, concerned this institution. Leo the XIII inquired spontaneously regarding the present position and future prospects of what he was pleased to call, in his own gracious and paternal language, "My University." He asked if the institution were receiving that loyal support from all classes of Catholics which it had a right to expect. He expressed his hope that it would continue to increase in influence and efficiency and that it might become more and more a focus of every branch of intellectual and religious activity. To these words of support and consolation the Holy Father added a most heartfelt benediction and a prayer that the University of Ottawa might realize the high expectations he had formed in its regard.

This last instance of the Holy Father's solicitude for the progress of our Alma Mater is timely and welcome, and will act as an incentive on every member of the University to spur him on to renewed and sustained effort. The history of the world makes it clear that the blessing and sympathy of the Vicar of Christ are ever fruitful. Buoyed up by this certainty, we have every reason to trust that the future will be as bright as the most enthusiastic well wisher of Ottawa could desire, and that the University will go on widening its sphere of influence and establishing firmly its position as an important factor in our national and religious life.

*THE GLORIOUS SEVENTEENTH.*

To Irishmen the world over—and they are all over the world—the feast of Erin's National Apostle is a source of joy and exultation. There can be no manner of doubt that the vast majority of the Irish race holds, and ever has held, that the most glorious fact in its history is the possession of, and perseverance in, the Catholic faith. Hence St. Patrick's Day, which is the anniversary, commemorating the first bestowal of this great privilege, bears above all a religious character. In fact the world has so come to realize the impossibility of divorcing nationality and religion in the case of the sons of St. Patrick that Irish and Catholics are regarded as almost synonymous terms, and hence when the Irishman celebrates the glories of other days, when he rejoices in Ireland's joy and sorrows in her grief, when he entertains rosy hopes of her future or dreads lest the past may be again repeated, there is always one thought uppermost in his mind—the prayer that the land of his fathers may ever be true to the faith of Patrick.

Yet the day is also productive of the noblest and most disinterested patriotism. In song, and speech, and story, the most ardent sentiments of Irish nationality find expression and the world is treated to the unique spectacle of a people which, despite centuries of persecution, has preserved the warmest affection for the land of its fathers and in which the loss of nationhood has not been able to stifle or even to diminish the sacred fire of love of country and of kin. It is as a tribute of affection to this universal Irish spirit and as a slight means to further the cause of nationality and religion that the OWL gives in its March number a certain predominance to subjects of Irish interest. We trust that our articles will repay

perusal and will inspire a keener interest in the welfare of the Old Land.

---

*BY THE WAY.*

Prof. Marshall has charge of the classes of physics in Queen's University Kingston. The learned gentleman sometimes travels outside his sphere and dabbles a bit in astronomy. He even occasionally adds the spice of Dogmatic Theology and ecclesiastical history to his scientific pronouncements. He is reported to have stated in a recent lecture that it was the fixed belief of the Church that the earth was the centre of the universe and that the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it for man's pleasure." We make no comment on this *learned* proposition. It might not however be out of place, to remark that Queen's University is an institution where Catholic students are supposed to be able to pursue their studies without insult to their religion or misrepresentation of her tenets. The hallowness of such an assumption might be demonstrated by many such instances as that here noted.

\*.\*

Rev. G. M. Grant is Principal of Queen's University. He is several other things besides. No public question can possibly be understood until he has pronounced himself upon it. No subject, from the sublimest theology to the most matter-of-fact politics, is foreign to his sympathy, or safe from his eagle glance. If there is one topic more than another upon which he has all available information, it is that of the Manitoba schools. Did he not spend three weeks in that Province recently? Are we not all familiar with his many-sided letters to the *Globe*? It is evident therefore that he is just the man to enlighten the country on the provisions of the Remedial Act

that is now engaging the attention of Parliament. The Principal shrewdly suspects that the Bill must have been—to use Dr. Grant's phrase—"drawn up by the innocent Father Lacombe," its clauses are so clearly contradictory or inoperative. In other words the representatives of the Catholic minority of Manitoba who have expressed themselves as tolerably well satisfied with the measure of relief offered, do not know what they need or what they are getting. Does not this superlatively subtle Principal realize that his position is slightly ridiculous? When will he give us an opportunity of taking a little repose?

---

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ireland has about 4,000,000 Catholics and 1,200,000 Protestants. Catholics are more numerous in the County of Cork, while Protestants have the ascendancy in the County of Antrim. A little over 76 per cent. of the entire population are Catholics, 12 per cent. belongs to the Church of England, and 9 per cent. are affiliated with the Presbyterians.

The Irish Parliamentary party have made a wise selection in raising Mr. John Dillon to the post vacated by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. Dillon's first speech after being chosen leader, shows that he intends not to depart from the political tactics of his predecessors. With the probable exception of Mr. Blake, we think no man in the party so well fitted for the arduous duties of leader as Mr. Dillon.

Among the many noted anniversaries celebrated during the present month are: the introduction and reading in the British House of Commons of the "Church Disestablishment Bill," the first and second reading of the Catholic Emancipation Act, Robert Emmet's Day, and the Death of St. Patrick.

On the 2nd of the current month the Holy Father was 86 years of age, of which he has been 58 years a priest, 52 a bishop, 50 an archbishop, and 17 the Supreme

Pontiff. He has surpassed the age of his venerable predecessor, Pius IX. The latest honor conferred on Leo XIII comes from St. Petersburg, where he has been elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences.

Should Justin McCarthy succeed in recovering his health, it is not his intention to spend the remainder of his days in idleness. His "History of Our Own Times," which at present only reaches to the year 1876, he intends continuing to the present day. He will resume novel writing. He also intends to collect the varied experiences of his long political life in the form of reminiscences.

Rev. Father Nicoll, O.M.I., writing of the missionary work in Western Australia, says: "Within a mile radius of where I write (Great Boulder near Perth), there are camped out in the bush 1,000 Catholics, all miners or prospectors. They come to my tent to confession—the tent was vacated by an Irishman, who went to sleep under his wagon. However, there is a great consolation in the members coming to their duty and their excellent disposition." Father Nicoll is well known in Canada, and his many friends will be pleased to learn of his success.

An English Protestant newspaper, writing on the state of Ireland in 1866, made the following statement. "Instead of being too discontented, the (Irish) people have never been discontented enough. . . . This want of resolution is doubtless due to the long depression of the whole race; the present is the first generation of free born Roman Catholics.

Ireland had various lines of native sovereigns before circumstances reduced her to a province owing fealty to England. Heremon, head of the Milesian race, became sole ruler of Ireland, only three centuries after the death of Moses. From the death of Heremon to the accession of Ollamh Fodhla (about 920 years before the Christian era), there were nineteen Irish kings, showing an average reign of 21 years for each. This was nearly two centuries before Romulus and Remus founded Rome. Then what was probably



the first parliament anywhere, was assembled at Tara, at which a system of jurisprudence was established—that great system of equity and common law—which Alfred, educated in Ireland, transferred to England, when he became monarch of that country.

Cardinal Newman once wrote of Ireland: "Green Erin is a land old while young; old in Christianity, young in the hopes for the future. It is a nation which received grace ere the Saxon had set foot upon the soil of England, and which never has allowed the sacred flame to be extinguished in its heart; it is a Church which takes within the period of its history the birth and fall of Canterbury and York; which Augustine and Paulinus found at their coming, and Pole and Fisher left living after them.

The following paragraph on Erin's Ancient Music is credited to Dr. Petrie: "It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a laborer in this way—I am satisfied that not half of the music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands by the want of these most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her.

Dr. William Drennan, author of *Glen-dalloch and Other Poems*, was the first who applied the epithet "Emerald Isle" to Ireland. The words "Emerald of Europe" occur in the third line of the first stanza of his delightful poem "Erin;" and "Emerald Isle" are the closing words of the third stanza of the same poem. We quote below both stanzas:

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling  
flood,  
God bless'd the green island, He saw it was  
good;  
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,  
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

Arm of Erin! prove strong; be as gentle as  
brave,  
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save;  
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile  
The cause of the men of the Emerald Isle."

Dr. Drennan was born in Belfast on the 23rd of May, 1754, and died in the same town on the 5th of February, 1820.

The following piece of Irish History, under the title of "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," appeared in *Kunkel's Musical Review*, St. Louis, in February 1880. "In 1792 there was a meeting at Belfast of the last of the old class of Irish harpers, and out of this meeting grew the Irish Harp Society, which is still in existence. This society has a collection of about one hundred and fifty ancient and mediæval airs—dirges and solemn tunes in the style of Ossian's Lament, and livelier melodies, hornpipes and songs—all handed down orally from generation to generation. Turlough O'Carolan, the last and greatest of the Irish harpers, blind from infancy, died as recently as 1738. It was his skill with the harp and his musical and poetic genius which did most to soften and subdue to sweetness the plaintive and exquisite Irish melodies, as we know them at the present day. Yet he was a true son of the Irish bard, and the harp which he played upon was a counterpart of the harp of King Brian Boru, which may still be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Brian's harp, black with age, worm-eaten, but richly ornamented with silver, is about four feet high and without pedals, made in fact to be slung on the back. When Brian was slain at Clontarf, in A.D., 1014, his son Teague took the harp to Rome and presented it to the Pope. One of the latter's successors gave it to Henry VIII., of England, 'Defender of the Faith.' Henry presented it to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the

eighteenth century, when after passing through several hands, it finally became the property of the college in 1776."

Like every other great undertaking for the moral and intellectual advancement of the American people, The Catholic Summer School is not without its Irish members and promoters. The nationality of the President—Rev. Dr. Conaty—need not be questioned, as his own eloquent words, on two different occasions at our St. Patrick's Day banquets, were ample proof of his Irish descent. We need not particularize the Irish lecturers, who will appear on the staff during the session of 1896, as their names will be easily distinguished on the following list: "Crises in American History," Rev. C. C. Currier, Baltimore, Md.; "Sacred Scripture," Rev. H. J. Heuser, Philadelphia; "Ecclesiastical History," Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia; "Philosophy," Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Boston; "Empirical Psychology," Rev. Dr. Pace, Catholic University, Washington; "Philosophy of Literature," Conde Pallan, Esq., LL.D., St. Louis; "The Beginnings of German Literature," Prof. Chas. G. Hebermann, New York; "History of English Literature," Rev. H. J. Henry, Overbrook Seminary; "Political Economy," Rev. Francis Howard Jackson O.; "Christian Archaeology," Rev. Dr. Driscoll, P.S.S. Grand Seminary, Montreal; "Physical Science," Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, S. J. Woodstock, Md.; "Evolution of the Essay," Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, Baltimore; "Shakespearean Interpretation," Sidney Woollett, Esq., Newport, R.I.; "Evenings with Musicians," Rev. H. Ganss, Carlisle, Pa.; "Certain Phases of New England Life," Rev. P. O'Callaghan, C. S.P., New York; "Sir John Thompson," Canada's late Premier, His Honor, Judge J. J. Curran, Montreal.

The list of honorary life members contains the names of the most distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen: Cardinal Satolli, Archbishops Corrigan, Williams and Ryan, Bishops Burke, Beaven, Gabriels, Harkins, Healy, Byrne, and Foley, and a large number of distinguished priests; while

among the Catholic laymen are found Senators Smith and Carter, Chief Justice Daly and Judge O'Brien, New York, Hon. M. W. O'Brien, Detroit, Senator O'Brien of Montreal and Hon. Hugh Ryan, Toronto.

---

### ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL'S RETURN.

On Tuesday, the 25th of February, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel returned from his official visit to the Eternal City, whither he had gone last October. In expectation of his coming the students marched in procession to the C.A.R. station to meet their Chancellor. As the train arrived, and the Archbishop alighted upon the platform, the lusty accents of the Varsity cheer from three hundred students reverberated again and again through the still morning air, and showed the warmth of the greeting which His Grace's safe return elicited.

On the same evening a reception was tendered the Archbishop at the Basilica by the united Catholic parishes of the city. It was a magnificent demonstration of respect and affection, and His Grace's replies to the various addresses showed how deeply he appreciated the love of his people. The senior students of the University were given the place of honor in the Sanctuary.

The customary official reception of His Grace by the Faculty and students of Ottawa University was named for Thursday afternoon, the 28th ult. and took place in the Academic Hall. At 4.30 p.m. His Grace accompanied by Mgr. Routhier V. G. and the members of the College staff, was escorted to the stage which had been artistically prepared for the reception. While His Grace passed through the long aisle leading to the platform he was greeted by the ever ancient and ever new "Varsity." After quiet had been restored Messrs. T. Holland and L. Garneau read the following addresses in English and French respectively:

To His Grace, The Most Reverend Archbishop of Ottawa, and Chancellor of the University,

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP:—It is with feelings of joy and gratitude that the students of the University of Ottawa see you here to-day. A visit from the first pastor of the diocese is at any time a welcome event to us, but the usual interest and pleasure it causes are increased when you come to us after a long absence and a pilgrimage to the See of Peter. We sincerely thank the Most-High for the safe journey it has pleased Him to grant you, and for the many blessings which, we doubt not, Your Grace's visit to the Eternal City has drawn down upon the portion of the vineyard confided to your care.

We can never forget the favors you have obtained from the Holy Father for our institution on different occasions, especially the signal one of its elevation to the rank of a Catholic University, and we rejoice to think that on seeing the Sovereign Pontiff lately, you were able to assure him that the University of Ottawa is doing all that might be expected to show itself worthy of the privileges it now enjoys. You did not, we feel assured, forget us when you prayed at the holy shrines of the old world, nor when you visited educational institutions whose fame is world-wide. For the favors your prayers will bring us, and for the good results to be hoped for from the advice you will give, we offer you our heartfelt thanks.

We are glad to learn that you have met many members of the devoted Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and we are happy to think that, through Your Grace, some of our former professors and other sincere friends of ours have been made aware that we know how to appreciate what they have done, and are still doing for us. The gratitude of students, we know, is not always commensurate with the good offices, done them, but we assure Your Grace that we realize that we owe much to our professors, past and present, and we believe that the experience of years will strengthen in us this feeling of thankfulness.

Since Your Grace's departure for Rome, it has pleased the Almighty to call to his reward a highly-esteemed professor in the person of the Reverend Father Vaillancourt. His happy end, after a long illness, borne with saint-like resignation, and the faithfulness to duty which we admired in him for many years, console us for his loss, by the thought that we have another friend before God. Father Vaillancourt has left us, but the lessons he taught us by word and example shall never be forgotten. We have had to mourn too a young companion, whose death was regrettably sudden, but we trust in the mercy of the Father of all that it found him not unprepared. The loss of our dear departed ones reminds us of the necessity of being ever prepared for the dread hour which will come to us all, and makes us grateful for the blessing of good health which, with slight exceptions, Your Grace finds us all enjoying at present. The examples we have had have born good fruit, and it is we hope with pardonable pride that we can say to Your Grace that the records of the institution

show that not for long years has the conduct of students been better than since our arrival last September. In conclusion we ask for Your Grace's blessing and your prayers that what remains of the scholastic year may be spent as profitably and as happily as the months that are gone by.

A Sa Grandeur, Mgr. Duhamel, Archeveque d'Ottawa.

MONSIEUR,—Les élèves de l'Université d'Ottawa viennent féliciter votre Grandeur au sujet de son heureux retour. Ils remercient la divine Providence d'avoir exaucé les vœux que tous, avec vos diocésains, nous formions à votre départ pour un voyage si lointain. Vos devoirs d'Archevêque vous ayant appelé au Vatican, *ad limina apostolorum*, nous avons prié pour que vos efforts fussent couronnés d'un succès tel que le voulait votre cœur, et le vif désir que nous éprouvions pour que le ciel favorisât votre voyage n'a été égalé, nous osons le dire, que par le zèle dont vous avez fait preuve pour remplir dignement votre sainte mission. Vous avez traversé la belle France et la vieille Italie; et pourtant leurs charmes n'ont pu vous faire oublier les liens de l'ardent patriotisme qui vous attachent à notre cher Canada. Vous avez parlé au Saint Père, vous avez prié aux tombeaux des Apôtres. Vous avez revu les grandes villes de l'Europe, leurs temples majestueux, leurs institutions éducationnelles. Et ce qui est une heureuse nouvelle, car elle nous intéresse tous vivement, nous avons appris votre visite au berceau de la Congrégation des Oblats, sous le beau ciel de la Provence, aussi bien qu'aux principales maisons de cet Ordre, auquel nous devons nos dévoués professeurs. Maintenant, Monseigneur, vous nous revenez, et c'est avec bonheur que nous vous revoyons parmi nous, et nous sentons grandir encore, s'il est possible, nos sentiments d'affection et de profonde vénération pour votre personne sacrée. C'est un plaisir toujours nouveau de vous redire combien nous sommes reconnaissants de l'intérêt que, comme chancelier de l'Université Catholique d'Ottawa, vous ne cessez de porter à notre chère institution. Nous ne pouvons oublier ce titre glorieux dont elle a droit de s'enorgueillir, titre que lui valut un de vos voyages précédents à la Ville Eternelle. Et depuis lors chaque année nous a tous trouvés à la tâche, vous, Monseigneur, pour nous bénir, et nous, par notre travail, appliqués à relever l'éclat de notre collège. Au vieux continent d'où vous venez, vous avez vu plusieurs systèmes d'éducation: nous aimons à croire que nulle part vous n'en avez rencontré de supérieur au nôtre. L'ancien monde a déployé ses beautés à vos regards. Votre Grandeur a séjourné dans la grande Rome, vivant encore comme en une atmosphère antique, mais animée par le souffle créateur de la foi chrétienne. Et c'est là, qu'avec les sages conseils de notre Saint Père, puisant dans les trésors de la religion, vous rapportez à votre diocèse une source nouvelle de bénédiction. Maintenant que vous voilà de nouveau parmi nous.

Monseigneur, nous espérons que vous répandrez sur nos jeunes têtes la meilleure de ces bénédictions pontificales, en y ajoutant celle de votre cœur d'évêque. Il ne nous reste plus qu'à nous féliciter nous-mêmes, de retrouver en votre Grandeur un protecteur, puisque c'est un père

In reply His Grace thanked the students for the hearty welcome they extended to him. He assured them that it was his greatest pleasure to be among them, and that he was highly pleased at the continued progress they were making. He was not unmindful of them when it was his privilege to kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ.

Referring to the death of the late lamented Father Vaillancourt O.M.I. he spoke in touching terms of his distinguished worth as a priest and professor, and he assured them that he highly appreciated their magnanimity in the glowing tribute they paid to him in their address.

In referring to the University—the grand centre of Catholic science—it afforded him, he said, no small amount of pleasure, to hear the Holy Father speak of it before anything else, calling it his “own University.” It had occupied a large part of the first audience he had with the Great Pontiff. Leo XIII., who watches the progress of the world with the comprehensive glance of a master mind, is not forgetful of Canada's future. He has high hopes for the Church in this country, and he looks to the University of Ottawa to play a very important part in the intellectual advancement of Catholic youth. His Holiness bespoke for the institution the cordial support of the clergy and laity, as the success of this University, upon which he had bestowed many marks of favor, was very dear to his heart.

This happy meeting was brought to a close by His Grace imparting the papal blessing which he was authorized to give by a special permission of the Pope. Then all withdrew to the University Chapel where during Benediction, Mozart's Magnificat was rendered in a manner that showed that the College choir is not unworthy of the high reputation it has enjoyed for the past few years.

\* \* \* \* \*

At 7.30 p.m. of the same day the doors of the Academic Hall were thrown open to the public, and the famous drama “William Tell” was

reproduced by the students, in connection with the reception given to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Long before the hour set for the opening of the play, every seat was occupied, and the isles and galleries were crowded to the limit of their space. The presentation was certainly the best ever witnessed in the University. The scenic effect was magnificent, and the actors displayed a high order of histrionic talent. Special mention should be made of the new street scene, of the mountain pass and of the conspiracy scene. It is certain that “William Tell” could not have been better staged anywhere in Canada outside of Toronto and Montreal. Mr. M. J. McKenna's personation of Tell elicited the highest praise. Though the portrayal of the character of the Swiss patriot has taxed the powers of many actors of renown. Mr. M. J. McKenna showed that he had an intelligent mastery of his lines, and in all the more dramatic scenes won the entire sympathy and applause of his audience. Mr. M. J. O'Reilly very creditably impersonated Gesler. His acting was natural throughout, but especially at the “shooting of the apple” where the character of the tyrant is brought to light in the truest colors, he showed himself to be perfect master of the situation. Master M. Davis as Albert played his part with considerable success. Messrs. W. Walsh, R. Trainor and J. Foley as Verner, Erni, and Sarnem, were also highly admired. The others who took part in the play were Messrs T. Clancy, D. Cleary, T. Ryan, E. Doyle, W. Sullivan, T. Smith, T. Fitzgerald and E. Gleason, all of whom merited praise. During the intermission the University band, under the efficient guidance of Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse O. M. I., rendered admirable music.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It is a fact of which all Irishmen, or descendants of Irishmen should feel proud that St. Patrick's Day is the most universally celebrated of all national festivals. In every corner of the globe Irish hearts on that day beat in union with those of their brethren in the Emerald Isle, where that glorious saint, centuries ago, planted the faith which has never been uprooted. In our University we are all either of Irish descent or sympathizers with Irishmen;

and consequently no holiday throughout the year is looked forward to with more joyful expectations than is the feast of the patron saint of Erin.

Our expectations this year at least have been fully realized, and those present will always look back upon the St. Patrick's Day of 1896 with the fondest of recollections. At eight o'clock High Mass was sung by our prefect of discipline, Rev. Father Heinault, while Rev. C. J. Sloan and A. Newman acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon, preached by Rev. Father Constantineau, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, proved a very forcible and touching effort. The speaker, after sketching briefly the life of the great apostle, eloquently described how great was his faith, how remarkable his piety, how admirable his zeal for the salvation of souls, how readily his doctrine was accepted, and with what honest pride every true Irishman should look upon the fact that Ireland is the only country in the world that has been Christianized by one man. He then proceeded to draw moral lessons from the life and works of the great saint, and thus concluded a sermon which was an honor to the preacher, who has already acquired considerable fame as a pulpit orator.

#### THE BANQUET.

At half past twelve the students and their guests, nearly one hundred and fifty in all, repaired to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous feast was prepared for them. In the history of Ottawa University there have been many banquets held as each St. Patrick's day came round to cheer the hearts of its students, and to knit closer the ties that bind them to their Alma Mater, but no former St. Patrick's day banquet ever equalled, much less surpassed that of 1896. This was true of the banquet in its every detail, but especially of the decorations and speeches. The scene which met the banqueter's gaze as he entered the hall was one never to be forgotten. The red, white and blue contrasted admirably with green, the predominating color. Appropriate mottoes met the eyes of the guest whichever way he turned, a few of them being "Erin Go Bragh," "Welcome to Our Guests,"

"Hail Columbia," and "Varsity, Rah, Rah." The 'decoration committee' in general, and Mr. L. Renaud in particular, deserve to be congratulated on the success that crowned their efforts in the work of decorating the banquet hall.

When justice had been done to the good things placed before the banqueters, Mr. W. Lee, '96, who made an ideal toast master, rose, and in a few well chosen remarks, introduced the second part of the programme. From the quality of the speeches delivered, one easily saw that the selection of speakers made by the committee on toasts was most judicious. The first toast on the list was "Our Holy Father," with which the chairman coupled the name of Mr. W. Walsh, '96. The speaker paid a glowing tribute to the present incumbent of St. Peter's Chair. "It is extremely fitting," he said, "that the first toast upon the list at a St. Patrick's day banquet should be given to His Holiness, Leo XIII. The more so because this institution has been raised to the dignity of a Catholic University by the same Holy Father. Perhaps no prophecy that has occurred in the history of the world has been more fully borne out than that made concerning the present Holy Pontiff. He was destined to be a *Lumen in Caelo*, and truly the prophecy has been verified to the letter, for who, even among his most implacable enemies, will for a single moment deny that the Holy Roman Pontiff is the greatest intellectual light that the world has seen this century."

When the soul stirring strains of "The Minstrel Boy" had died away, Mr. J. Garland, '96, rose to respond to the second toast on the list, "The Day." Mr. Garland said in part: "Every people and nation from time immemorial has had its feast days. The Romans had their Saturnalia; England has her Sovereign's birth-day, the United States her fourth of July, Canada her Dominion Day, and Ireland St. Patrick's Day. We might ask 'Who was St. Patrick?' and answer with Americans when asked 'Who was George Washington?' 'after God, first in the hearts of his countrymen.'" The speaker concluded an eloquent and effective speech by saying: "Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the hills of

Ireland will re-echo with the glad sounds of freedom, and that 'ere many more St. Patrick's days pass, Ireland will take her merited position, first among nations; that her sons may be united in their own native land, and instead of saying:

'One in name and one in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.'

we may be able to exclaim:

'One in name and one in fame  
Are the sea-surrounded Gaels.'

Mr. M. J. McKenna '97 now sang "Eileen Aroon" with admirable effect and the next toast on the programme "Ireland's Saints and Soldiers" being drunk, Mr. J. Ryan '97 was called on by the chairman to respond. He reviewed the life of St. Patrick and his work in Ireland showing how the Irish nation was converted to Christianity without the shedding of one drop of Irish blood. Mr. Ryan enumerated the numerous works of Irish Saints in the different countries of Europe in behalf of Christianity. The speaker paid a glowing tribute to Ireland's soldiers who even in defeat added glory to Ireland's military history. "In countless fields and in all quarters of the globe Irish soldiers had written a history, of which ancient Greece or ancient Rome in their palmyest days might proudly boast." The Maple Leaf, a solo and chorus, was followed by the toast to Canada's national emblem. Mr. J. M. Foley '97 in responding took as the grand division of his speech the beauty, wealth, and prosperity of this our Canadian home. By means of an imaginary trip across the continent he presented to his hearers the varied and beautiful scenes which are to be met with in a passage from ocean to ocean. Mr. Foley eloquently described the development of the national resources of the Dominion finally after a happy description of the character and laws of its people concluded by extending the hand of friendship to those of any race or creed who desired to follow the honorable and just laws of both their country and their God. On behalf of the French Canadians present, Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99 reviewed the history of the early French colony in Canada, and referred to the glorious career of Frontenac, Champlain,

Montcalm, and De Levis in most eulogistic terms. He remarked how fitting it was that Irish and French alike should assemble to celebrate this festival, since both nations were sprung from a common stock; and he concluded by calling upon the Irish and French Canadians to stand united, to be loyal to Canada while still remembering and loving the shamrock and the *fleur de lis*.

Then came a chorus, "Annie Laurie," and the toast "Irish Letters," to which Mr. J. J. Quilty '97 responded with one of the best speeches of the day. He recalled to mind the ancient literature of Ireland—her historians, tale-narrators, and poets, and remarked that though the condition of Ireland for leffers during the time following the reformation was far from favorable yet her ancient manuscripts were heroically preserved. He then traced the modern glory of Ireland as a literary nation, and instanced several of her most gifted sons both in Europe and in America.

After a well rendered chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner," a hearty toast was drunk to the "Stars and Stripes." In replying Mr. T. P. Holland '96 observed that one of the brightest features of the festival of St. Patrick was the unity in common brotherhood created by it in all nations into which the celt had found his way. He said that if Ireland's sons had found hospitality on American soil, gratitude was due Erin in return for her legacy of loyal hearts. Before resuming his seat he dwelt on the great blessing of peace and freedom, which is an attribute of both the stars and stripes and the maple leaf; and exhorted all to use their utmost endeavors that the flags of the two great sister nations of North America might ever float peacefully side by side.

Mr. D'Arcy McGee, '97, being called on to respond to the next toast, "Irish Nation Builders," said in the course of his speech, "Ireland's history bears evidence of the fact that hers has been a race of nation builders. For in every land into which they have penetrated, Erin's sons have been the means of raising up powerful nations. They have stood side by side with foreigners in a foreign land in every cause of liberty and freedom. They have sat side by side in legislative

assemblies and have been entrusted with important civil and diplomatic offices. They have carried the true faith into almost every land and so continued to enlighten and instruct the world as they have done in earlier centuries.

Mr. A. Mackie then favored the banqueters with a bass solo, "Those endearing young Charms," and the chairman proposed the toast "Alma Mater." In response Mr. T. F. Clancy '98 spoke of the prosperity of the University from the time of its foundation to the present. Referring to the "OWL" the speaker placed it foremost among the college papers of the country, and exhorted the students one and all to support it. He then recounted the glories of the foot-ball team in the past, and did not hesitate to predict as glorious a future for athletics in Ottawa University.

After the truly Irish ballad "Father O'Flynn," rendered in solo and chorus, probably the most heartily applauded toast of the day, "Soggarth Aroon," was proposed, and answered by Rev. W. J. Murphy, O. M. I., '88. He began by congratulating the students and especially the committee on the success of the banquet; and proceeded to depict in the most glowing terms the solidity and freedom from heresy of the Irish Church, remarking that this proof of the strength of the Irish character is strangely in contrast with the professed opinions of those who claim that Irish are not fit for self-government. After highly lauding the fidelity and preserverance of Irish priests, he concluded with a quotation from the world renown Father Monsabre, "I know no nation which is so truly faithful to the church as the Irish."

To the last toast on the list, Our Guests, Rev. Fathers Patton and Heinault replied in brief but appropriate speeches. Rev. Father Fallon, O. M. I., '89, being called on by the chairman, spoke in the highest terms of the banquet and all connected with it. One of those who assisted at the first St. Patrick's Day banquet ever held in Ottawa University and at nearly every one since then, he had never witnessed anything equal to the present either in

wealth of display or in the speeches delivered. In that banquet hall he had been stirred with enthusiasm by all he had heard and saw there that day. Referring to charges made by the enemies of Catholic education that the intellectual training imparted to the young men in Catholic institutions was inferior to that given in other institutions the speaker said that, taking all the responsibility on himself as to the result, he would select ten students from Ottawa University and put them against ten others taken from any non-Catholic institution in the land. Father Fallon was not speaking as a mere prefatory matter for he was not one of those who could hear Catholic education insulted and not resent it. The speaker concluded a speech, every word of which came from his heart, and made a deep impression on those present by calling on the students to cling to the traditions handed down to them from their Irish forefathers; to be steadfast in their loyalty to the Church and her ministers; to make the pastor of their parish their friend and confidant, for

"After Christ, their country's freedom  
Do the Irish prelates preach."

Rev. Father Fallon's speech was a fitting conclusion to the day's proceedings. After it the students and their guests left the banquet hall but not its associations. The memory of St. Patrick's Day 1896 will long remain with those who were at the banquet, and it will be an incentive for the Irish students of Ottawa University to further efforts in the cause of Faith and Fatherland.

The success of the banquet was due to the combined efforts of the various committees. The menu committee; the music committee for the many solos and choruses it procured for the enjoyment of the banqueters and especially for securing the services of Valentine's orchestra. The printing and decoration committees also deserve to be congratulated on the energy and good will displayed by their members in making the banquet what it undoubtedly was, a pronounced success in every way.

*ERIN'S FESTIVAL AT THE  
SCHOLASTICATE.*

Whilst the whole English speaking world resounded with the name of Hibernia's Champion Saint, the Oblate Scholasticate at Ottawa East failed not to honor befittingly his glorious memory. Ireland's National festival was observed in grand-holiday fashion, and was brought to a close by a very successful dramatic entertainment. The event of the evening was Rev. Brother Sullivan's eloquent and patriotic discourse on 'The Day We Celebrate.' In the opening words of his address the Rev. Speaker said:

"To-day a great wide wave of joy has swept over the entire world. You know as well as I do that we Irish are singularly an ubiquitous people; of a nature babbling over with mirth. Therefore you can conclude with me that, when there is a general let-loose of Irish conviviality, the result is something akin to what I have said. And, verily, to-day a great, wide wave of joy has swept over the whole world. And why this? Why is it that to-day the light, green, harp-embazoned flag of Erin is unfurled in every human federation? Why is it there are wafted on every breeze those soul-stirring strains which were so oftensung by Ireland's ancient bards in those bright happy days, when:

"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
Her soul of music shed."?

The answer is short and simple. To-day a generous-hearted whole-souled people pay a tribute of homage to a good, a wise, a noble man. The Irish people are honoring 'the Island's great Inheritor, the great missionary Saint of God—Saint Patrick."

The Reverend speaker dwelt principally on that divine Faith, and Charity, and Zeal with which Saint Patrick's heart was illumined and inflamed, and showed how, under the conquering influence of these apostolic virtues, a land of pagans soon became an Isle of Saints. He pointed out how the heaven-donated spirit of St. Patrick has become the great inheritance of the Irish people, and, in a special manner, the inheritance of the Irish priesthood. On a whole, Brother Sullivan's discourse, fired as it was by all the glowing ardor of the Celt, was well calculated to arouse emotion in any truly Irish heart.

After this opening address, the touching Irish drama, "More Sinned Against Than Sinning" was presented in a manner most creditable to all concerned. Brother Flynn as 'Duke Hilton' and Brother

Roy as 'Belhaven' sustained their parts with real dramatic skill, while Brother O'Boyle, though accidentally born in Canada, proved to the satisfaction of all present that he is a real 'sprig of the ould sod.' Brother Stüwe played the role of the 'Squire' with a depth of feeling that inspired emotion, and Brother Faure personated the English major to perfection. Brothers O'Neil, Schang, B. Fletcher, Clerc and Guenette, sustained their different parts in an able manner.

The musical part of the programme was well worthy of the occasion. A quartet, composed of Brothers McGowan, Daveluy, Chaillon and O'Boyle, sang, 'Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye' with all the touching sweetness of which that beautiful air is the expression, and the choir delighted all present by a happy rendering of 'God Save Ireland.' A skilfully rendered violin duet "Im Brautschmuck" by Brothers A. and W. Kulawy was a very pleasing feature of the evening's celebration. 'Saint Patrick's day' by the band brought the pleasant entertainment to a close.

The stage decorations displayed a wealth of artistic skill. In centre was an illuminated device "*Caed Mille Failthe*," while to the right was Erin's flag of emerald green, and to the left the Stars and Stripes of free Columbia. At the close of the last act a very successful tableau took the delighted audience by surprise. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon all who contributed to the evening's enjoyment. Those who took part in the rather difficult drama are to be congratulated on the marked success which crowned their efforts.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Under the heading, The Varsity Gymnastic Team, the University Courier from Pennsylvania the undergraduate weekly of that institution has the following: "J. M. Gibbons '98 is a Scrantonian by birth. He is a graduate of Ottawa (Can.) University, and is now the best specialty man on the team. Besides his work last year with the the clubs, the batons, and on the slack wire, he will give an exhibition of trick bicycle riding this year. He is



considered the finest amateur trick bicyclist in the country. Mr. Gibbons is also manager of the team." This is none other than our old friend and former student Miles Gibbons. Well done Miles. We are glad to see you have scaled high the ladder of success in the line of athletics and may you go on till you have reached even its topmost rung.

March 6th, feast of the great St. Thomas Aquinas and special patron of philosophers is always fittingly observed at the University. This year was no exception to the rule. The observance proper of the day began in the morning when promptly at nine o'clock his Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University entered the chapel where the students were already assembled. His Grace was accompanied by the members of the faculty attired in their academic robes. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Patton, professor of philosophy, with deacon and sub-deacon. The Archbishop presided at the throne assisted by Rev. Father McGuckin, Rector of the University and Rev. Father Froc, professor of moral and dogmatic theology. The choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, lost nothing of its reputation by the manner in which it rendered the mass. After the first Gospel the Chancellor rose and delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon. Taking for his text those words from the book of Ecclesiasticus: "The wise man will pour forth the words of his wisdom as showers and in his prayers he will confess to the Lord. He shall show forth the discipline he had learned and many shall praise his wisdom. The memory of his deeds shall not depart away, and his name shall be in repute from generation to generation." His Grace, with his characteristic eloquence and in forcible language, showed how the words of the text were exemplified in St. Thomas whose feast was being celebrated and whom he held up to the students as a model of wisdom and reflection. He also showed how the portrait of the wise man as drawn in the book of Wisdom harmonized in its every detail with the life and career of St. Thomas of Aquin. The parallel was striking and made a deep impression on those present.

The life of the great saint also taught Catholics their duties towards every interest of the church of God, whether intellectual, moral or religious, and the loyal support St. Thomas always gave to every Catholic cause was in strange and marked contrast with the conduct of many Catholics at the present day. His Grace was powerful and eloquent in his denunciation of that class of Catholics, who on the assumption that they know what is beneficial to the church better than her appointed pastors claim full liberty of action and criticism in spheres and concerning subjects that are entirely without their jurisdiction.

Among the many places of note visited by his Grace Archbishop Duhamel during his recent sojourn in Europe was the great basilica of Montmartre or Church of the National Vow at Paris. On the morning of Sunday February 9th, the Archbishop celebrated mass there and was deeply moved by the large number who approached the Holy Table. In the afternoon of the same day his Grace, before an immense audience, preached a sermon remarkable for its wealth of theological science as well as for the numerous practical counsels it bore. For eight days our Chancellor remained at Montmartre edifying all by his lively faith assisting at the different sacred offices and freely preaching the word of God to the immense multitudes that daily flocked to the great church.

The recent sudden death of Rev. Father Nedelec, O.M.I., at Mattawa, Ont., cast a gloom over the people of that prosperous town. The citizens of Mattawa showed the esteem in which they held their former pastor by the numerous touching tributes paid to the memory of the departed missionary. His Lordship, Right Rev. N. I. Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke, chanted the funeral service. He was assisted by Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., with deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship Bishop Lorrain also preached the funeral oration in French and English; and Rev. Father Pian addressed the large number of Indians present in their native language. Born in France sixty-two years ago, where he

joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Rev. Father Nedelec after ordination was sent to engage in missionary work in Canada. For nigh thirty years did he work so faithfully among the Indians entrusted to his charge that it might be said of him he fulfilled to the letter the motto of the noble order to which he belonged: "To evangelize the poor He hath sent me."

On March 1st the English Debating Society's programme was quite different from that of the preceding meetings. Instead of the regular debate the management had decided to have a concert, and made preparations accordingly. The result was a very pleasant evening. Several recitations and readings were given with perfect attention both to thought and expression. Of the other part of the programme consisting of both vocal and instrumental music, nothing but words of praise can be said. Short speeches of congratulation on the success of the evening were delivered by the Rev. Father Henault, Prefect of Discipline, and Rev. Father Patton, the Director of the Society. The Owl always feels pleased to record such events, and only asks that these occasions be more frequent. It hopes that in its next issue it will have the pleasure of giving an account of the concert which is to be given by the French Debating Society.

---

### THE PHILOSOPHICAL CONCERT.

It is customary for the celebration of the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas to close with an entertainment given by the Philosophers, or members of St. Thomas Academy of the University. This year March 9th was the date fixed on by the Academy for their literary and dramatic entertainment, in honor of the great saint of Aquin, and it is not too much to say that the philosophers on that night fully justified the highest expectations of their friends and fellow students. They proved that though delving in the depths of philosophy they were by no means unacquainted with the dramatic art.

"A Night with the Philosophers," a drama in three acts, composed by Rev.

Father Goheit, O.M.I., and translated from the French by Messrs. Raoul and Aurelian Belanger, '97, was the chief feature of the concert. To the invitations sent out by the Academy of St. Thomas a large number responded, and when the curtain rose at eight o'clock the hall was well filled with a cultured and appreciative audience. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, with the members of the faculty and several visiting clergymen, was present. An overture by the Cecilian Society was the first item on the programme. Then followed a French dialogue entitled "Le Socialisme, Voila l'ennemi." Mr. M. Clairoux '96 was a socialist, Mr. A. Leduc '96 a free thinker and Mr. A. Barette '97 a priest. Each of these gentlemen ably sustained his part throughout. The curtain now rose on the first scene of the drama with Mr. M. McKenna '97, in the part of Faustinus, a student deeply absorbed in his favorite study of philosophy. He is interrupted by Mr. W. Walsh '96, as Positivus, for whom philosophy had no charms at all and who would prefer going to the Opera to troubling himself about anything so dry and uninteresting as philosophy. Mr. Walsh was quite at home in this role which was in striking contrast to those of his fellow actors and which did much towards giving an air of liveliness to the drama. Mr. T. Holland '96 had the part of St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, around whom the chief interest was centered, while Mr. J. Ryan '97 assumed the roll of St. Augustine. Cicero had an able exponent in Mr. D'Arcy McGee '97 who elicited warm applause. Other philosophers were Mr. J. Foley '97 as Pythagoras, Mr. G. Fitzgerald '97, Socrates, Mr. E. Fleming, '97 Plato, Mr. W. Lee '96, Aristototle, Mr. J. Garland '96, Descartes, Mr. J. Quilty '97, Leibnitz. A most instructive and enjoyable entertainment was brought to a close by a tableau in which appeared a large luminous cross, all the philosophers gazing at it in awe and admiration while St. Thomas pointing at the emblem of man's redemption proclaimed Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who took the part of Cicero in "A Night with the Philosophers," entertained his fellow actors on

the night of Thursday, March 12th. All those present spoke in the highest terms of the hospitality received at the hands of Mr. McGee.

---

*TÊTE-FOLLE.*

On the evening of March 16th the Academic Hall was lighted up once more for a display of our actors. Two English plays have already been on the boards; this time it was the French students who faced the footlights. The annual French play has long been a marked feature of the dramatic season, and the event of this year was a creditable one. Considering the small number of French students in the higher classes, the effort was successful indeed, and reflects credit on the French Dramatic Society. The piece was a comedy entitled *Tête-Folle*, written by Anthony Mars. All Paris went wild over this play some fifty years ago and it is truly a laughable representation.

Following is the cast of characters.

Achile Crochard, .....	Mr. R. Bélanger,
Le Commandant Crochard, ..	" H. Bisailon,
Pastorel, .....	" L. Payment,
Durandau, .....	" A. Taillefer,
Gustave Crochard, .....	" A. Belanger,
Pinguet, .....	" R. Angers,
Un Garde, .....	" J. B. l'atry.

Achile Crochard, the *Tête-Folle*, is the source of an ever thickening dilemma which he only aggravates by his ineffectual attempts at extricating himself. The old commander is a very unwieldy character to intrigue with and his extravagant idea of the honor of a gentleman and a soldier is rather difficult to cope with. After complicated mistakes of the most distressing nature to the persons concerned but most ludicrous to those in front of the scenes, after much confusion, misunderstanding, and endeavoring to correct mistakes that it was a mistake to think had ever actually happened, the whole difficulty is cleared by the discovery in the pocket of the rattle-headed Achile of the letter that formed the keystone to all the trouble. The play is very complicated, the dialogue much interrupted, and on account of the little action, difficult to present. Every player in it did well. The acting was uniformly natural and

apparently without effort. The "make ups" were good and the three principal characters are deserving of special commendation.

The band added a great deal to the delight of the evening as usual. A novel feature was introduced in the song and chorus accompanied by the band. The band is certainly a credit to us this year; Fr. Lajeunesse is a worthy successor of Fr. Gervais as director, his strenuous efforts in the interests of the Cecilian Society are not without abundant results. To him, as teacher of the band and Fr. Gervais as Director of Dramatics the students owe much for their advance in these societies and for the numerous entertainments which enliven the year in college.

---

*ATHLETICS.*

March 6th—O. U. vs. Victorias. Rideau Rink.  
Lost 1 to 0. O. U. Team—Macdonaid, Tobin,  
Baskerville, McGee, Walsh, Copping, Belanger.

Feb. 26th—O. U. vs. Creighton. Won by O. U.  
score 6—0.

March 5th—O. U. vs. Combined Banks. Won  
by O. U. score 4—0.

Our hockey players have again laid aside their skates. The stubbornly contested match of March 6th, in which our boys were finally defeated by the score of 1 to 0 by the Victorias, put an end to the schedule as far as we are concerned, and consigned us to the third place in the Junior Hockey League. Such a position may not seem a very enviable one; but in the face of the obstacles we have had to contend with, even the most exacting must admit that the season has been by no means unsuccessful. In every branch of athletics, the prime essential is practice—steady practice. Herein lies the explanation of most of our defeats; for the unfavorable state of the weather, and the lack of energy of our rink-cleaning corps, made practice for a great part of the winter absolutely impossible. Moreover, our opponents were skilled players, and always in the best of condition; so that third place in the race, while it may not satisfy the hopes of the most sanguine, at least meets the more reasonable expectations of those who take into considera-

tion the difficulties under which our team was obliged to play.

\* \*

In hours of recreation, students must have some topic, separate from sober class matters, to talk about; and since the hockey season has come to a close, the general question which now strikes the listener's ear is "What's next," while equally as general comes the emphatic response, "Why, football, of course." We are pleased with this; for if in Ottawa College there is one game, the success of which in the past, should encourage its continuation in the future, that game certainly is football. And, since the effects of the deplorable accident which occasioned our temporary withdrawal from the game have totally disappeared, there is every reason why our players should begin to think of preparing for the usual series of spring practices. It is possible that next fall will find several members of the team of '95 absent, and we will have to depend to a great extent upon our spring practices for their probable successors. There are many brawny men in our midst who have never got a trial at the game, and who ought to make ideal players. Our advice to them is by all means "come out;" learn the game: make your bodies as hard as steel: your limbs as strong and as agile as a lion's, and then you may have an opportunity of gaining fame for yourselves upon the football field in the fall of '96, and of helping Ottawa College to obtain that which she is determined eventually to regain—the championship of Canada.

\* \*

Baseball is another game that has always figured very prominently in our athletics. Early spring will see the organization of our clubs, and with the material now in the house, we are of the opinion that a powerful aggregation could be got together. The great draw-back to the advancement of this game in Ottawa College is that the shortness of the season does not allow our boys the opportunity of joining any league. However, even as it is, effort is being made to organize a

team, which it is hoped will be able to teach a few tricks to our local ball-tossers, and which may achieve additional honors for our flourishing Athletic Association. We see no reason why a splendid nine could not be selected from the following players: Morin, Gleeson, Garland, Clancy, Dulin, Delaney, Copping, Cleary O'Reilly, Cush, McKenna, Doyle, Gobeil, Hughes and a host of others. In fact we have players to form at least three good teams; a series of matches should be arranged; the result would render easy the choice of the men for the first nine.

---

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Junior Editor being a modest, unassuming old gentleman hates to toot his own horn, yet he takes a malicious delight, in recording an unbroken series of the most brilliant victories ever won by any team in the grand game of hockey. We rejoice, because we were laughed at and dubbed "the false prophet" by those who knew all about it, when we predicted that victory would perch upon the banners of our hockeyists. "He who laughs last, laughs best" was our reply; and our laugh is not loud but deep as we write today. That pluck, energy, untiring zeal win every time has been proved by our second team. The lion's share of the praise is due to the herculean efforts of Capt. Todd Barclay, who besides playing a faultless game in goal, knows how to direct his forces in their attack upon the enemy's fortress. The other star players are: Costello — the small yard's only Tom—who has developed into an almost irresistible rusher; W. Slattery who attracts the attention of all by his fearless dashes and by the cat-like watch that he keeps upon his cover's movements; Arthur Kehoe who is an ideal cover-point, ever cool in the most exciting moments and ever ready to relieve his opponent of the terrible responsibility of guarding the puck; Wm. Bawlf, whose name is synonymous with fast skating and the lightning shots which cause the bravest goal-tender to tremble.

As in all human probability, the April Owl will spread its sombre wings over a

muddy rink, rusty skates, broken sticks and pucks grown into foot-balls, we cannot lay aside our quill of ice without congratulating the hockey players one and all upon their well merited success during the season which is now dying a hard death. We are sorry that our first team had not more matches; we are glad that their opponents dared not meet them and do battle for the Junior Championship.

Official report of the second team matches

Games won . . .	15	Lost	0
Goals scored . . .	65	Lost	10

To speak of his successor makes the Junior Editor feel that he is not as young as he used to be, yet the worst luck that we wish that estimable young man is that at the close of the hockey season of '96 '97 he may be able to repeat with us "It was a gallant fight and we cheered them on to victory."

\* \*

Snow Fort—Month of March.

*Sentry's Challenge*: Who goes there?

*Countersign*: Arthur Dowd with his flowing hair.

\* \*

What was the matter with Barney Barnato on the night of Feb. 20th.? Angers had him *on a string*.

\* \*

*Prof.*:—Mr. B-ke, what is a schism?

*Mr. B-ke*:—A schism is a division in the church.

*Prof.*:—Give an example please.

*Mr. B-ke*:—The division between the church and the vestry.

\* \*

Mr. C-p-bell (a newcomer) Oh! those blood-curdling yells. The Apachee Indians are in the recreation hall. *Tim* what are you giving us? That's only Barney, Cassidy, Bawlf and Clarke having a quiet game of cards.

*Prof.* Mr. Slat-ry why can you not perform your electric-light experiments in the dark?

*Willie the hopeful*:—Because they are out of sight.

*Prof. of Arith*:—Mr. St. Jean, what is the meaning of the words "tare 2745" on a box car?

*Mr. St. Jean*: It is a hole, to close up which would require 2745 boards.

\* \*

*Bis. Joker*:—What is the difference between a neuter noun in Greek and Jno. Ab-tt?

*Bis. Fatti*:—Don't know give it up.

*Bis. Joker*:—Abb-tt has no *to(es)*.

\* \*

Mike O'Leary has discovered a valuable coal mine left in his back yard by the delivery man. More power to your left elbow Mike.

\* \*

One evening as we sat in quiet ease in our editorial chair; our pen in graceful repose upon our other ear; our mind fancy free; our heart deeply grieved by the stern dictatorial decree of our unrelenting chief that our department must close its doors ere the speech-making of our clever young friends could be duly recorded in the St. Patrick's number of the Wise Bird, deep, balmy sleep kissed our tear stained eye-lids, fear came upon us causing a clammy sweat to ooze from our pores and our bones to rattle. The cathode rays of thought penetrated the securely locked desks of our silver-tongued orators and we read their carefully prepared impromptu addresses. We give the result of our extraordinary experience because we believe that this is the first occasion upon which such an experiment has proved successful. We publish this also because it proves that no living man can rob the juniors of their rights since the hidden powers come to their rescue in their hour of need. Let maledictions loud and deep descend upon our venerable grey hairs, let Tom's swift-footed vengeance overtake us if our report does not tally with the living words actually breathed forth by the speakers of the day.

#### TOAST LIST.

I. The Day. Wm. Burke.

II. The Wild and Woolly West, was responded to by Wm. Phonograph Bawlf, Winnipeg's fastest short-hand orator, who

proved by his impetuous torrent of eloquence that there is a good deal in a name. He advised every young Irishman to obey the call of Horace Greely and "Go West," where amid the mild shades of the Mud City he might be served solid ice-cream, congealed honey, glacier turkeys and frosted toast, preserved in Nature's open air refrigerator at a Temperature of 85° below zero.

III. The Land of the Thistle, called forth Sir Charles Cute Doran, who in his cool, collected Scotch method of procedure weighed well the effect of every syllable upon an audience which showed its appreciation of his grand effort by that uproarious cheering which is reflected from the sounding board and spectacle bump located in the facial territory as a party wall between the eyes. Doran is a sure cure for insomnia.

IV. Knights of Labor: H. Valin.

V. The Manly Art: Pitre's Cousin.

The Junior Glee Club discoursed sweet music, under the leadership of Barney Barnato, who possesses, what a famous musician has been pleased to call, a spanked-tin-dish voice.

\* \*

The following held first places in their classes for the month of February:

First Grade	{	1. E. Laverdure.
		2. G. Tailon.
		3. W. McGee.
Second Grade A.	{	1. A. Martin.
		2. T. Aussant.
		3. J. B. Patry.
Second Grade B.	{	1. R. Lapointe.
		2. C. Kavanagh.
		3. J. Timbers.
Third Grade A.	{	1. Wm. Burke.
		2. Jno. Slattery.
		3. A. Macdonald.
Third Grade B.	{	1. Jno. Sullivan.
		2. E. Bisson.
		3. P. Pitre.
Fourth Grade	{	1. Geo. Kelly.
		2. J. Coté.
		3. A. McDonald.

## ULLULATUS.

Fasting Table—Joe, haven't I got pretty teeth.

S.—You know the height of the Majestic, John?

J.—Oh yes, yes!

Baptiste in striving to show his appreciation of a recent hockey game, wished to use the slang phrase, "Out of sight," when he gave utterance to the following: "That game is you can't see me."

Prof.—Do you know the meaning of warren?

Sul.—I don't deal in live stock.

Prof.—Oh—oh (he faints).

Buntly is now collecting on commission.

Charlie's paper against *hayesing* is an able and sound treatise.

It is a standing joke to ask if Pete, Larry, Joker and Jimmy are on the pigeon-hole table.

Hawkesbury defeated the Hill at hockey and P'll Nye's ironical account of it is interesting. Elias, Joe and Alex. swear to counterbalance.

Our Godrich representative says he does not like snuff. It makes him sneeze.

First Form poetry—

Please mend the back of this shoe,

Ernest B.—, Dormitory two.

The latest out—Harry from his room.

A student when out walking with our friend Herr was surprised when he found that his companion was asleep.

Come all, and enjoy the grand entertainments given every evening in the college Gym. under the management of our fat professor of pugilism and our champion *shadow* dancer.

Larry K.—Say Tim, what date is Easter Sunday this year?

Tim—Let me see—This is a leap year—It's on Monday.

Renfrew John, a prominent member of the F. I. F. Sporting Association, recently remarked: "Say, Al, it's no wonder our team lost that last game. The *trainer* knows simply nothing about anything.

Prof.—If I gave you this mineral to analyse, what would you first do with it?

(Student hesitates).

Elias (prompting)—Chew it.

Sinc. Sir Gustave Hall gave up telephoning, he pays the strictest attention to the society columns of the daily newspapers.