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ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION OF INCHICORE.

HE foundation and early struggles of the first House, Convent, or Mission of a Religious Order or Congregation must always have circumstances of more or less interest connected with it, that are worthy of being recorded for future generations. Having had the privilege of being the first Oblate Father to be settled at Inchicore from the time of its foundation, I propose to endeavour, in this paper, to release from oblivion some memorable features connected with that event. During the time that the Most Rev. Dr. Murray was Archbishop of Dublin, one of the earlier and most venerated amongst the companions of our holy Founder, Monsigneur de Mazenod, went to Ireland, for the purpose of obtaining the sanction of the Archbishop for the introduction of the Oblates into his Archdiocese. This zealous pioneer of our Congregation, the V. Rev. Dr. Cassimir Aubert, having obtained a favourable promise from his Grace, went to Youghal in the South of Ireland, and became a teacher of the French language in order to learn the English language himself. Years passed by after his return to France, and the promise remained unfulfilled. Meanwhile Archbishop Murray went to his reward, and was succeeded in the See of Dublin by Archbishop Cullen, who was translated from Armagh, and who was subsequently better known as Cardinal Cullen. In the year 1856, the Fathers were invited to give a Mission in the old Chapel of the Augustinian Fathers in John's Lane. This Mission was for the Month of Mary, and was so largely attended from all parts of

Dublin, that it had to be prolonged for a week or ten days into the month of June. To this day it goes by the name of the great Mission in John's Lane. At that time amongst the Augustinian Fathers were the Prior, Fr. Martin Crane, who is at this moment the blind Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia, Fathers John and William Walsh, Father Spratt, and Father Pen-
thony. There was also a retired Augustinian Bishop living in the community, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Saldes. The names of these holy men are justly regarded with great affection by the Oblate Fathers as it was through their influence and with their assistance that we obtained our first footing in Ireland, the Isle of Saints.

I am here tempted to relate an anecdote of the venerable Bishop, Dr. O'Connor, as I often heard him repeat it with considerable gusto. The good bishop spent most of his time in the Confessional, and was universally called the *Refugium Peccatorum*. Many years previous to the date of our Mission, when Father O'Connor was the Prior of the Augustinian Convent in Cork, his name was recommended to the Holy See, by a brother Augustinian, the celebrated J. K. L. Dr. John Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Dr. Doyle received the document by which Father O'Connor was appointed a Vicar Apostolic in India under the title of Bishop of Saldes. Well knowing that Dr. O'Connor would move heaven and earth to escape the infliction of this unwelcome dignity, the moment he had despatched the document to Cork, Dr. Doyle hurried away to his friend, the Bishop of Down and Connor at Belfast. Dr. O'Connor reached Carlow, and found

that Dr. Doyle had gone to Belfast, whither he immediately followed him. On arriving at Belfast, he discovered that the bird had flown again, for the two bishops had gone to visit a parish priest in the country many miles distant. The following morning Dr. O'Connor resumed his pursuit, and a little before mid-day he arrived at one of the chapels belonging to this parish priest. I must here mention that many of the country parishes in Ireland are very large, and that the parish priest or one of his curates, after saying Mass on a Sunday in one of the chapels, has often to drive ten, fifteen and even twenty Irish miles, (which, like many other things in Ireland, are of wide extent), to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in another of his chapels, which never commences before 12 o'clock. Dr. O'Connor found no bishop, and no priest, and as he was fasting and wished to say Mass, he went into a school-house close by, and asked the schoolmaster whether he could do so. The master said he had the keys of all that was required, and then appealed to his boys to ascertain who could serve the Mass. Several hands were held up, and the master selected two amongst their owners, and conducted Dr. O'Connor and his acolytes to the sacristy. While the good priest was putting on the vestments after the master had returned to his pupils, he heard the following dialogue taking place behind his back :—" I say, Pat, do you know how to answer the priest ?" " No begorra, Mike, I don't." " Then what will we do at all, at all ?" Then Pat says : " Here, whisper ; this is what we'll do. When he says a word or two, I'll say ' Mum, mum,' and do you bother him with the bell." An arrangement which was carried out literally during the whole of the Mass which followed. To finish my story, Dr. O'Connor did not escape the dignity which was conferred upon his unwilling shoulders.

The Fathers engaged in this our first Mission in Ireland, were Father Cooke, Superior of the Vicariate of England, not yet a Province, Fathers Noble, Arnoux, Fox and Gubbins. About the 12th of June all the Fathers returned to England, excepting Father Cooke, who was determined to obtain, if possible, from the present occupant of the See of Dublin, a renewal of the promise made to Father Aubert by his predecessor. In this he succeeded beyond his expectation, for Dr.

Cullen told him to go around Dublin and seek for the most neglected locality. In his search he was aided by the Augustinian Fathers, and by the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, V.G., one of our best and kindest patrons. After some days, Inchicore was the spot selected. This place was about a mile distant from the church of one of the city parishes, St. James's, and outside the Circular Road, or boundary of Dublin. The extensive railway works of the Great Southern and Western Railway are located there : in fact the thousand workmen labouring there form the bulk of the congregation. It is also close to the Richmond Barracks, a Reformatory for women under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, the Golden Bridge Cemetery, and very near the celebrated Kilmainham Prison, the home of so many political Home Rule prisoners.

An old house, well known as the Priest-catcher's house, and about twelve acres of land, were purchased from a Catholic gentleman, who would not be able to give up possession of the dwelling-house for several months ; but with his permission, and at the express desire of the Archbishop and his Vicar-General, it was determined to erect a wooden chapel with as little delay as possible. It might be truly asserted that there was no such God-forsaken place in the suburbs of Dublin as Inchicore then was. It was a good mile from the Parish Church : and it is notorious that inhabitants of a city think more of going one mile to mass than their fellow Catholics in country parishes would of trudging ten miles. Then again amongst the thousand and odd artizans in the railway works, there were at least four hundred non-Catholics : and, as is general in Ireland, most of the best and highest positions were held by these latter men. The Catholics did not practice their religion, and amongst them there were even some gangs of infidels, the various branches calling themselves by the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Tom Faine, and the like. Many of the most promising among the young men operatives belonged to one or another of those bands, and boasted of their freedom from the trammels of religion of what kind soever. Moreover, the close neighbourhood of the barracks, as everyone of experience knows, was not calculated to improve the morals, or enliven the faith of those who lived at Inchi-

core. Over and over again the Archbishop had begged the good parish priest of St. James's to have mass said every Sunday in the cemetery chapel at Golden Bridge close by: but in vain. So that when Father Cooke called to announce to his Grace that he had selected Inchicore as the future home of the Missionaries: "go there," said the Archbishop, "I approve of your choice, for I know how much a chapel is wanted there. I give you my blessing in the great work you are going to carry out there; but try to have mass said there on next Sunday if you can, before it comes to the ears of the parish priest, who will do everything in his power to prevent you from settling there." This took place on Saturday, the 20th of June, 1856. He immediately sent a telegram to me, which I received at Sicklinghall, near Leeds in Yorkshire. "Come at once. Mission taken with Archbishop's sanction. Bring nothing with you." On Sunday, the 21st, the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, I left Sicklinghall after mass, and went to Leeds, and on the following day started for Ireland. Poor Father Cooke had caught a cold, which ended, probably through excitement as well as exposure, in a bad attack of fever which prostrated him for about a fortnight. In telling me therefore not to bring anything with me, he thought he would ask me merely to commence the good work which he himself was prevented from accomplishing. I did take nothing with me, but with one brief interval many years afterwards, I remained in Ireland for nineteen years. I reached Dublin on the morning of Wednesday the 24th, but, as usual, after a rough passage across the channel, I had to remain in bed most of the day, to recover from sea-sickness.

While I was recuperating my strength, the good Bishop, Dr. O'Connor, some of the Augustinian Fathers and Father Cooke, drove out to Inchicore, and as no time was to be lost in order to fulfil the Archbishop's injunction, though his Grace never imagined but that the Holy Mass would be said in one of the rooms of the house, a large hole was dug in the garden, a stone was sunk therein, and as it was the feast of St. John the Baptist, a special patron of the Hermits of St. Augustine, the Bishop placed a relic of that saint on the stone, and thus blessed the foundation of the future chapel. I went out to Inchi-

core in the evening with Father Cooke, and we found about a dozen good men from the works assembled there to hold a meeting. They engaged to have the chapel finished for Mass on the following Sunday, and they immediately set to work to dig holes for the upright posts of wood which were to form the supports for the planks, which were to be procured from Dublin on the following day. On that day, however, Father Cooke was obliged to give up, and by the doctor's orders had to remain in bed. All day long I was sending out cartloads of wood, bags full of nails, and a few hammers, saws and hatchets. Punctually at 6 p. m. the great bell at the railway works dismissed the weary workmen, but about two hundred of them did not go home for their suppers nor stay to wash themselves, but hurried to the place where the new chapel was to be erected. They brought with them whatever tools they could lay their hands upon, but although wood had been coming all the day, after about an hour and a half the supply failed and they had to stop their charitable work. The statistics of workers and the hours during which they worked are as follows: Wednesday evening, 12 men working for half an hour; Thursday evening, 200 men for one hour and a half; Friday evening, 450 men for two hours, and Saturday evening, more than 1,000 men who came at four o'clock and worked for six hours. When the barrack clock struck 10 o'clock there were at least 600 men working on the roof of the chapel; the last nail was then driven home, and the men set up a tremendous cheer which might almost reach the ears of the good parish priest a mile distant. Amongst these men who thus laboured gratuitously for the erection of this humble temple for the worship of God were to be found not only Catholics, but Protestants, Presbyterians and even infidels. It is needless to state here, that the grace of conversion in after years reached the hearts of hundreds of these charitable and noble hearted co-operators with their Catholic brethren. One of the most respectable, most learned, and most zealous priests at this moment in the North of Ireland is a son of one of the Presbyterians who assisted at the erection of this chapel; and he has often told me that as a boy he stood at a distance and was amazed to see his father working so hard at the building of a Popish place of worship.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHENTICITY AND ORIGIN OF THE
POEMS OF OSSIAN.



It was the profound Dr. Johnson who said "The poems of Ossian never appeared in their original form before their framing and formation in the mind of Macpherson." Far be it from me to impute any conscious unfairness to the renowned critic who loved

truth better than his country, yet, having based his scathing denunciation of the efforts of the Scottish translator, upon the results of a hurried trip through the Highlands, it is nothing more than a mere conjecture, and as such it deserves to be accepted.

Notwithstanding his pointed reflection on the honesty of Macpherson, Dr. Johnson was forced to admire the genius of the man who opened the way to a new field of literature, and in terms of the highest praise he refers to the rich and melodious strains in which the highland bard sings the songs of his nation. It is not improbable that the long controversy as to the origin of the Ossianic poems, was prompted as much by their intrinsic worth—which in the appreciation of competent judges is inferior to none of the ancients—as by any well-founded suspicion regarding the honesty of the translator. The poems of Ossian were no sooner given to the world than literary men in England and Ireland saw fit to call into question the prefaced remarks of Macpherson bearing on the material and source from which he compiled his verses. The former openly asserted that the so-called Ossianic poems were a mere fabrication, whilst the latter contended that the poems in question were of Celtic origin, and that to Ireland alone belonged the honor which the venerable bard of Selma gave promise of conferring.

The cloud of darkness which at that time surrounded the question has since then disappeared, and it is hardly probable in the light of subsequent developments, that the first contention has any supporters in our time. Nor have Irish scholars, who should know the value of their strictures, succeeded any better in making

good their charges against the much-abused "purloiner."

Bearing upon the accusation of Dr. Johnson, and others, it will be, no doubt, of interest to inquire into the results of the investigation which followed the appearance of Macpherson's rendition of Ossian. In the year 1805, there appeared the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, appointed to inquire into the nature and authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and it may with full safety be asserted that the report in question has settled the difficulty, and proved to the satisfaction of every candid enquirer, that poems bearing the name of Ossian, were in circulation in the Highlands before Macpherson was able to be aware of their existence. In perfect agreement with the views of the above mentioned committee, are the words of Dr. Hugh Blair, in his appendix to his treatise on the Ossianic verses. He thus writes: "The testimony of many of the most respected gentlemen of the Highlands, which I have obtained by direct correspondence, is, I judge, strong and irrefragable evidence in favor of the authenticity of the poems now given to the world as genuine productions of ancient Highland Bards." That Mr. Blair was fully aware of the important influence which the discovery of the Ossianic poems would have upon the literary taste of his time, is evidenced by the fact that he thought the share which he had in introducing them, was a part of his life for which he deserved well both of his age and of posterity.

In connection with the question, as to whether the poems of Ossian are genuine or not, it will be of material service to detail the particulars which were gathered by Sir John Sinclair in reference to a Gaelic manuscript of Ossian, which existed at Douay in Flanders, before Macpherson had made any collection of the poems of the bard of Selma. Among other things which were established beyond the semblance of a doubt, the following deserve to be recalled as they are of special interest and bear directly upon the point at issue. The Rev. John Farquharson, a

zealous worker in the interests of literature, and himself a man of no mean literary attainments, collected in the year 1745, a number of Gaelic poems which he designated by the name of Ossian, and the manuscript of which he consigned for safe-keeping, in the Scotch College at Douay. Here it remained and had well nigh been forgotten, until the year 1756 when Mr. Farquharson, having chanced upon a copy of Macpherson's *alleged* translation of Ossian, was immediately impressed by the perfect agreement of the newly published volume, with the old manuscript he had years before prepared. Upon comparing the two, he was enabled to go through, in the original, the entire poems of Fingal and Temora. The foregoing is established upon the testimony of correspondents of Sir John Sinclair's, and as Mr. Farquharson's distinctive trait of character was sincerity, we may infer that had he lived he could have furnished much valuable information on this engaging topic. The fact however that the manuscript of the poems, in the pure native language of the Highlands, was in his possession for a considerable time previous to the appearance of Macpherson's translation, combined with the knowledge that such manuscript was prepared in Scotland, should go far in counteracting the statements of those who would have us believe that the poems in question were evolved from the plastic brain of Macpherson.

Nor is the existence of the above mentioned manuscript based upon any shifting foundation. A few lines taken from one of Sir John Sinclair's letters are of material service, in establishing this particular point. "I have an hundred times" so the letter says "seen him (Mr. Farquharson) turning over his folio, when he read the translation, and comparing it with the Erse, and I can positively assert, that I saw him in this way go through the whole poems of Fingal and Temora." It is recorded, that in the appreciation of Mr. Farquharson, Macpherson's translation, did not come up to the strength of the original. That this should be the case, is however little cause for surprise, for the names of men and of places are significant to a degree found only in an original language, and Ossian's expressions are so peculiarly and wonderfully happy, that no man can translate them, without

losing the aptness, substance, melody, and perfect beauty, which distinguish the pure Gaelic of Ossian through all his works.

Nevertheless the appearance of Macpherson's Ossian, was greeted with outbursts of genuine admiration, in England and in Ireland and in almost every portion of the European continent, and to-day they can be read not only in English but in French or Italian, Danish or Polish. To the Highlanders they served as a resuscitation of all their ancient melodies, one writer alluding to them as the "revival of fragmentary ballads he had heard among his countrymen, long before Macpherson knew his right hand from his left."

The poems of Ossian have been assailed from another quarter. Irish scholars have been vigorous in their denunciation of Macpherson and in their asseveration that the poems in question are Irish and that the principal characters in them, as well as the venerable bard himself, are Irish and not Scottish Celts. Dr. Young, the respected Bishop of Clonfert, travelling in the Highlands about the year 1784, found no difficulty, as the report hath it, in assuring himself that any poems that existed were Irish and that upon these it was, that Macpherson founded his translation, retrenching, adding and altering as he himself saw fit. It is difficult to conceive of the possibility of more genuine abuse being heaped upon the head of a single mortal, than fell to the lot of Macpherson, at the hands of Irish scholars. The transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, contained, in the year 1808, an article from the pen of Theophilus O'Flanagan, which expresses in no ambiguous terms the sentiments which, at that time, prevailed in respect to the translator of the Ossianic verses. Apparently incensed at the publication of the poems in the native Gaelic, he writes as follows: "Let us now return to the consideration of the imposture of the late pompous publication purporting to be the originals of Mr. Macpherson's pretended translations. His poems of Ossian, never existed in the form which he has given them, before they appeared from the framing of his plastic powers. . . . In the execution of his schemes Macpherson has been totally regardless of epochs, and with fastidious insolence he rejects the very source of his reputation—Irish History." The same

writer goes on to say, at least in substance, that having lived for a considerable time in that part of Ireland where he could best acquire a knowledge of her history and traditions—the county of Limerick, Macpherson ruthlessly seized upon her romantic splendor and jumbled together the majesty of several originals, to form a contrivance of his own to which he appended the name of Ossian. No effort is made to conceal the utter contempt in which O'Flanagan held Macpherson, and consequently those who think with him, that Ossian was a Scottish and not an Irish Celt. It might be said in reply, if other proof were wanting, that a naked asseveration of questionable premises, can lead only to questionable conclusions, but as it is a historical fact, that Macpherson never was in Ireland, and had apparently no communication with Irishmen, or access to their manuscripts, the theory that the poems were taken directly from there, is obviously untenable.

Nor does the contention that Macpherson founded his poems upon Irish history, bear the strain of careful investigation. Though the scene of Fingal and Temora, is laid to a great extent in Ireland, and though occurrences on Irish soil frequently find their embodiment therein, even the casual reader will readily perceive that Fingal and Temora and their heroes, preserve throughout and invariably, their distinctive existence as the king and heroes of Morven in Scotland. The thoughts of the heroes and the ideas of the poet, during their temporary residence in Ireland wander to Morven and dwell with rapturous delight on Selma, and the Halls of the fathers of Fingal. Irish history and romance evidently was not plundered of any of its gems on the occasion of the construction of Fingal and Temora.

Quite as zealous as O'Flanagan in his advocacy of the claims of Ireland, to Ossian and his productions, was Mr. Eugene O'Curry. In a lecture, while occupying the chair of Irish history and archæology in Dublin University, the latter gentleman is credited with having said "I cannot but observe, that of all Macpherson's translations, in no single instance has a genuine Scottish original been found, and that none will ever be found I am certain." A few years after these words had been uttered, there appeared the Dean of Lis-

more's Book, which bears materially upon the Ossianic controversy, and the conjecture may be hazarded, that had O'Curry possessed the information which the Dean of Lismore's Book can supply, he would have modified his utterances and softened his censures upon the poems of Ossian as given to the world by Macpherson. There is still extant, what purports to be the original of the poems of Ossian, in the ancient Irish tongue, but the publication of this little volume, by no means answered to the expectations of our Irish brethren or satisfied an exacting public. Apart from the fact that the poems were published in the original, after Macpherson had given us his translation, the collection is incomplete, and carries with it no information whatsoever, as to the source from which the compilers drew their inspiration. In this respect the Irish are in no better position than their Scottish brethren.

Valuable information, however, may be gleaned as to the origin of these poems from the customs, names and places of Scotland. In the topography of the Highlands and, in fact of the whole country, there is an unwritten, yet powerful testimony to be found, that Fingal and his heroes once inhabited the country. There are a hundred places in the Highlands and in the neighboring Isles, which derive their names and anything which is of interest concerning them, from circumstances connected with and alluded to, in the poems of Ossian. It is true that among later Irish productions, and even in the native ballads of an earlier era, the names of Finn, Fergus, Oscar and Ossian are frequently met with, names about which the whole plot of the Scottish ballads is woven. The employment of these names while in no way aiding to establish the Irish origin of the poems, goes far in proving a unity of descent among the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland. The inhabitants of the North coast of Ireland have, even to this day, much that is peculiar to the Western Highlanders, and it is but reasonable to suppose, that in the days of Finn and Ossian, the narrow strip of sea which divides the two countries, served not as a wall of separation, but rather as a convenient mode of communication between the respective peoples.

It is necessary to again refer to the Dean of Lismore's Book, in order to es-

tablish more firmly the Scottish origin of the Ossianic poems. Macpherson, it must be remembered, did not publish his poems without having previously collected all available information on the subject of his work. We read in the volume referred to, the words of an intimate friend of Macpherson's who met him on his return from a protracted journey in the Highlands. "I inquired the success of his errand" says the writer, "and in reply he (Macpherson) produced several volumes of small octavo, in the Gaelic language, being the poems of Ossian and other Scottish bards." Of the Irish ballads preserved in the original, few, indeed, can be shown to have any connection with Ossian, and this on the testimony of no less eminent a personage than Eugene O'Curry, who, being possessed of grand and noble patriotic sentiments, did not, we must presume, do Ireland any injustice when weighing her claims to the coveted honor. According to O'Curry, after a thorough investigation

through the whole range of Irish Literature, only nine of the Ossianic poems could be found, dating before the fifteenth century. On the other hand the Dean of Lismore's Book, which was compiled in the year 1512, by Dr. McLachlan and Mr. Skene, contains no fewer than twenty-eight of the Ossianic poems, or upwards of two thousand five hundred lines, in their original beauty, simplicity and refinement.

It would appear then that there is little room for doubt as to the honesty of Macpherson in so far as the primitive plot and foundation of his poems is concerned, and, that the assertions of Johnson and Hume in England, as well as of O'Flanagan and O'Curry in Ireland, remain unsupported, must, in the light of what has been said, appear evident to the most incredulous. There is, as much truth as sentiment in the words

"Time's glory is
To wrong the wronger till he render right."

D. A. CAMPBELL '90.

IN DURANCE SERVING.

I.

Stand they within His call—they whom He claims
Among His loyal sons, whose work He names.
And some He bids depart to distant lands,
To labor and to save—self-giving bands !
And some He touches with a zeal for prayer
And perfect love ; a life, through peace, made fair.
Others given place in the world's turmoil ;
Are sent to mingle and to help in toil.
To some, the whispered word is, " speak, with tongue "
Or pen, for blessings with thy words are strung !

II.

But some with eager patience, stand and wait,
And watch the opening of the vineyard gate,
And listen for the call they long to hear.
The Master smiles upon the watchers ; dear
They are to Him, and yet He knows their strength
Is meted not to harsh day's work and length.
He weighs their patience and their love, and darts,
By angel hands, a message to their hearts—
That sent to sightless bard in other date :—
" They also serve who only stand and wait ! "

M. L. S.

*THE INFLUENCE OF A COUNTRY'S PHYSICAL FEATURES
UPON ITS INHABITANTS.*



THE fashion now-a-days amongst Northern people is to affect a contemptuous pity for their brethren in the South, whom they fondly imagine to be entirely wanting in energy and progress. This smacks sufficiently of egotism to arouse a suspicion of its truth, and enquiry shows the suspicion to be well grounded. One has but to glance over the daily papers to find glowing accounts of the prosperity of Brazil, to which recent events have called attention. Nor is this an isolated instance. The desire of foreign nations to enter into commercial relations with the different South American republics is sufficiently evidenced by the appointment of ministers to these states. Whilst, then, the alleged superiority of Northern over Southern races seems more fanciful than real, no one will deny that their respective characters exhibit traits differing widely from each other. That this is in part due to the physical features of the countries they inhabit must suggest itself to every thoughtful mind, and the more the question is studied the more clearly does one see that such is the case. And if there be one of these influences that contributes more than another to the formation of a people's character it is that of the climate. Now, as everyone knows, whilst the greater portion of inhabitable territory in the Northern hemisphere lies in the temperate zone, the torrid zone claims for itself most of the land in the Southern hemisphere. This may tend to explain the statement, so often made, that the Southern people are indolent, inconstant and quick tempered. They are, indeed, less inclined to manual labour than the people of the North, but is this surprising? The exuberance of nature in the South takes away the chief, I might almost say, the only incentive to such labour,—the necessity of procuring food, fuel and clothing. There the earth yields two, and sometimes three crops a year, and that with but little cultivation whilst,

the warmth of the climate precludes all need of fuel, and greatly lessens the amount of clothing required in more frigid climes. How different is it in the North. Here the snow wraps Nature in a winding sheet for a period of from three to six months, during which she is literally dead as far as production is concerned. Then, when the time of cultivation does come, it is only after a great amount of labour that a single crop can be gathered. Add to this the necessity of providing the requisite fuel and clothing, and it is easily seen that in Northern countries a man must work, and work hard, whether he will or not. From this difference also springs the backwardness of Southerners in introducing modern improvements into their countries; they have no need of them, consequently they do not trouble themselves about them. Much less surprising, therefore, that the Northern nations should lead in the invention of labor-saving machinery. Circumstances, as I have shown, compel them to direct their energies, physical and mental, towards the provision of food, fuel and clothing more earnestly than their more favored Southern brethren.

Conceding, then, the greater progress of Northerners in this respect, can we admit the statement of many that "man here attains his highest intellectual, moral and religious development?" I should prefer also to divide prosperity into material, intellectual and moral. All that I have conceded would come under the the first head, material—it goes without saying that this is the lowest form of progress. Now, I not only deny that Northern nations surpass Southern nations in intellectual and moral progress, but I will even say that the conditions of these countries are, if not incompatible with, at least less favourable to high intellectual development. To make it clearer, let us go farther north where these conditions are intensified, and we find the Esquimaux, dwarfed and undeveloped, wholly occupied in providing for his lowest physical wants. Now no one will deny that men in temperate regions share, in a greater degree than

those in tropical climates, the disabilities under which the Esquimaux labours; and this is borne out by incontestable facts. In Europe, for instance, both in ancient and modern times, the home of sculpture, poetry, painting, architecture, in a word, of all the fine arts, has ever been in the South. Egypt and Greece gave them birth and watched over their infancy. Italy, France and Spain have fostered, developed and christianized them, and proofs to show that climate has much to do with this may be readily adduced. First, for reasons already given, the Southerners have more time to devote to their mental and artistic development. Here also nature, displaying as she does her most winning charms in profusion, fires the imagination and stirs up the finer feelings of the soul. Thus the climate seems to communicate something of its own warmth to the nature of the people enjoying it. For, let a Northerner go south whilst yet young, and remain there some time and he will find his phlegmatic nature changed in some degree to the vivacious temperament characteristic of the Southerner. It must be admitted, however, that the tendency to indolence prevalent amongst people of Southern countries to some extent counteracts the impulse given by nature. As to the moral development, it depends less, yet perhaps to some slight extent, on the physical features of a country. On this phase of the subject I shall not enter, as it would require too much space.

But other physical differences exist of even more importance from a commercial, and therefore from a Northern point of view. These can be best pointed out by an example, and our own continent will be an excellent one, as we are best acquainted with it. Notwithstanding all modern innovations, those countries have ever flourished most in commerce which are most accessible to the sea. Now the whole east coast of North America, from Labrador to Central America, is intersected by large navigable rivers flowing from far inland, as well as indented by bays and inlets that afford excellent harbours for merchant ships. The coast of South America is almost unbroken, and its rivers form comparatively few national highways.

Nor can these be supplimented by railways as easily as in North America, owing to the difficulty of constructing them in a country covered by thick forests and lying in the torrid zone. And I might here mention that the Canadians have good reason to be proud of the energy they have displayed in the construction of a railroad across the continent in the face of natural obstacles that might well have daunted the most enterprising people. It may be questioned, however, whether, if we had as many obstacles to contend with as are to be found in South America, our railroads would be so numerous. The difficulties under which commerce labours in these Southern countries was forcibly illustrated some time since by a traveller journeying from San Francisco to Panama. He reports that on one occasion the ship stopped off the coast of Central America to take on some cargo, but as there was no harbour small boats were sent to the shore. Into these the goods were lowered from the top of a cliff some fifty feet high, it being impossible to find a more advantageous spot for placing them on board. I do not mean to assert that all South America labours under disadvantages as great as this, but merely wish to show that as its coast is but little indented with bays, the country in general is not fitted for commerce. Far less would I have it inferred that because I have maintained the intellectual superiority of Southern countries I consider them preferable to Northern climes. I am a Canadian and am proud of it. I believe, with Emerson, that "Where the snow falls there is freedom," and health, and energy, and manliness, and would not have it said that our climate is unfavorable to the highest development of fair play to all. I have merely attempted to account for some of the differences of character existing between Northern and Southern people by considering them the result of natural influences. At all events, I think I have shown that the statements of interested Protestant evangelists, who attribute the alleged inferiority of Southerners to the influence of the Catholic religion, may be taken *cum grano (magno) salis*.

D. MURPHY, '92.

BOOKS AND THINGS.



R. Johnson must have been in one of his unusually snorty moods, when he said: "It makes no more difference what book a man reads first, than what leg he puts into his breeches first. Read anything five hours a day, and you will become learned." Poor "Bozzy" alone could tell us the full meaning of this dogma, *i.e.*, he alone could say with what peculiar scale of grunts and puffs, etc., it was delivered, and Bozzy, like the hero he worshipped, has long since ceased to take cognizance of "books and things," but we lingerers on the scene of action, are reasonably excusable if we do stop and ask ourselves, in these days of overwhelming appliances, bewildering resources, of ceaseless publications—how many of these millions of books can I familiarize myself with? We can't read them all, that's sure, though we have all sorts of inventions for condensing labor. And if you please, Dr. Johnson, considering we are not in dangerous proximity to each other, I beg to state that now-a-days it does matter what books I read first. I'm not speaking of books of scientific study, nor of books of moral and æsthetic instruction, but of the books that come under the head of *Literature* as the word is generally understood to-day.

* * * * *

Everybody reads them, which is the same as saying everybody reads novels, for reasons too plausible to require statement here. Have we not the philosophical novel? the theological? the political? the scientific? Indeed haven't we begun to surmise that it is about time we had no more of these! Then there's the rubbish to be grandly ignored; of course, the novel I mean, with a "highly stimulating cover!"

* * * * *

Our *Embarras du Choix* does not concern these, but it really does bother us when we scan the rear pages, *i.e.*, the editorial pages of our best toned magazines and reviews, to say nothing of the "Book Buyer," and similar attractive

catalogues, as to what we shall take out of all these fascinating productions? It may not be exactly a matter of much moment with us as to which ones we shall take first, but which ones shall we take at all? So little leisure have the most fortunate of us, and so really worthy of our attention are so many of the bright new things—some of the wiseacres may cut the knot by ignoring these too. That is too much wisdom, (I mean too much lack of wisdom,) for the mind must unbend, and he is a wise physician who prescribes books instead of pills and powders and tonics. What more delightful and efficacious tonic than some of the books that some doctors have mentioned to their patients, whose malady was the now almost universal one of brain worry and nerve exhaustion?

* * * * *

I don't know how it may strike the patient (?) reader of these jottings, but it strikes me, that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on what I may safely call "signs of the times,"—good signs of good times. What's the use of growing green by dint of morbid denunciation of our times? Does not the good prevail even in this much abused age? I'm not verging on anything like the years carved on Methuselah's tombstone, still less am I waxing anywhere near an approach to Solomon's sapience. Yet, since I'm living in an age where free speech is allowed everyone, I do assert there is much to cheer one on to the culture of optimism. Have we not all been relieved by what we have heard of "dress reform" even though we can't say much of what we have *seen* yet ("faith cometh by hearing,") we are full of hope for the near future, and is it not a healthy indication that molasses has superseded syrup on our breakfast menu? that bread and butter are more fashionable than cake and cream with our tea? But let me confine myself to books, leaving "things" for another moment of inspiration (?) Who is then so wickedly *contrary* as to refuse an enthusiastic recognition of such pleasant recreative books as F. Anstey's "Vice Versa," his "Fallen Idol,"—or some of

Louis Stevenson's later elucubrations,—"The Wrong Box" for instance? Let any brain-wearied, wrung-out poor mortal have but an hour's reprieve every day from rigid duty and let him take up, better still, take *out* with him, some one of these recent books, and let him tell the honest truth about their powers of amusing and entertaining. I am sure the result will be a renewed energy for work, for of course work is the inevitable and desirable sentence upon us all. Let us have no more "Gradgrinds" with their heartless theory of "solid tangible facts," with never a loop-hole anywhere to peep in at some of the shows or to peep out of our dull sad selves.

* * * * *

Amusing reading is indeed healthy reading, taken of course at the right time and in judicious quantities, and what a blessing that we are not so fearfully identified with our machinery and scientific apparatus as to have lost all capacity of enjoying a good ringing laugh over some bit of fancy like the ludicrous effects of "Dick Bulvitute's" Garudâ stone, for instance (see "Vice Versa") or Daudet's "Tartarin."

* * * * *

The old books, doubtless, are the best; Thomas à Kempis thought so in his day. I daresay no man, barring Adam, but has had a tendency to turn to the past for wisdom. It is quite certain that while Shakspeare was striking off his immortal plays, the *proper* people of his time were interested only in the poetry of the preceding age. So it has been, and though we have seen all kinds of revolutions, so it will always be. I suppose it is with books as with men:—"The survival of the fittest" is the inexorable law. People did not begin to read Shakspeare's works till they were a hundred years old; not till they were two hundred years old did they begin to quote them. Now they are an essential of education, and so on of all the "Immortals."

* * * * *

I have often wondered (I was not brought up on the Gradgrind principle that we "should never wonder") as to what works of the present age will hold their own against the grim old demolisher, Time! what degree of respectful attention

will the men and women of the thirtieth century bestow upon Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Carlyle, Emerson and Matthew Arnold? Will the people of ten centuries hence, go to these men as to teachers? as we go, for instance, to Dante, to Cervantes and to two or three others? (I'm not considering the purely spiritual aspect of the question, merely the literary, or if a general term be better, the artistic). Some of us have already settled the case of some of the above-mentioned, no need to wait ten centuries to decide upon the qualifications of Carlyle, for instance as a teacher—a teacher supposes a guide, and a guide who leadsto *known* issues. Now, most of these men, if we consider them otherwise than as poets, give us to suspect that they are not quite sure of the "Beyond." Agnostics, avowed or unavowed, can scarcely be called teachers; they have taught us some things, intermediate things let us call them—after all, we don't need these self appointed guides to reach the goal. The Truth and the Way and the Life are known to us beyond the power of any man to make clearer.

* * * * *

Coming back to the question of survival it is a remarkable fact that in nearly every generation, those writers who were held in highest repute by their contemporaries are the ones whose works have soonest reached oblivion. What would have become of Dr. Johnson "the grand Cham" of literature and morals, in his day, had not his irrepressible adorer given us a book about the great "Struggler" that makes of the author of "Rasselas," a powerful figure for all time?

* * * * *

There is more or less humbug about reading the classics of the eighteenth century if we would only own up to it, and as far as my humble self is concerned I'm right glad that some of the snubbed and much ignored writers of the first quarter of the nineteenth century are growing in popular favor, is it not but fair play that the harmless and often beautifully inspired "Eliä" should be quite the fashion of late? Indeed, may we not count this enthusiastic recognition of Charles Lamb, one of the healthy signs of our

times? and Leigh Hunt too is coming up, for eager notice—and that is good. Charles Lamb used to thank God that he had “a universal taste for reading”—yet he had an index (an expurgatorius index), and it delights me to see what authors are set down there unmercifully. Hume is one of them, Paley another. There are many others. “With these exceptions,” said he, “I can read almost anything.” I would be curious to know how many people have had resolution enough to read Milton through. After all, does not the supreme merit of a book rest upon the desire it awakens in us of getting to the end? Are there not a few books, we feel, can never end? In the spiritual order it is a universally acknowledged fact that the Bible and the Imitation of Christ are books without an ending—they are always new; but it is not in that order I started. I’m presuming to speculate.

* * * *

Out with recreative books! Among these, is it not well to include all that is best in our recent fiction? Who can despair of the times when such a novel as “Lorna Doone” is so warmly received, so lengthily dwelt upon by the best critics: better still, is read and re-read by those who know a thing or two about novels? That there are young ladies to day, capable of a genuine and freely spoken admiration for such an unconventional hero as honest “John Ridd,” is an un-

mistakable proof that Miss Woolson, and Mrs. Amelie Rives Chandler, have not prevailed upon womankind to adopt their views. And there’s the “Deemster” an unconventional novel surely, in fact no novel at all, but a masterpiece of romance, “a tale of a great love and a great suffering,” well told, a most sensational tale, yet, hardly to be confounded with the sensationalism so loudly demanded,—no less loudly denounced,—of late. There may be, as there are, some who will object to the heroine’s persistent love for the unhappy hero, but I fear they read awry, and not aright, in the great book of human nature. This seems hardly a matter of taste, the disputing of which is out of the question, but, a matter of psychological insight.

Owen Meir’dith says somewhere—

“Nature and man were children long ago—
In glad simplicity of heart and speech,
Now they are strangers to each others woe;
And each hath language different from each.
The simplest songs sound sweetest and most good.
The simplest loves are the most loving ones.
Happier were sons’ forefathers than their sons—
And Homer sang as Byron never could.

But Homer cannot come again; nor ever
The quiet of the age in which he sung,
This age is one of tumult and endeavor,
And by a fevered hand its harps are strung.
And yet I do not quarrel with the time;
Nor quarrel with the tumult of my heart,
Which of the tumult of the age is part;
Because its very weakness is sublime.”

—L. P.

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ORIGINALITY.

The complaint is not unfrequently made that our modern system of education destroys individuality. Whether or not it is the fault of the system we shall leave an open question. Let us examine the fact. Are the distinctive faculties of students sufficiently developed? Does their work show a reasonable amount of originality? When a student leaves College has he acquired the facility, without which he will exercise little influence, of interesting others, of speaking or writing impressively? Come with us to Church. The clergyman is perhaps the best subject to illustrate our argument. Irreverence? No, our clergyman is an abstraction, a

coinage of the brain. Perhaps there is none such in reality within a hundred miles from us; perhaps there is many a one near enough. No matter, the illustration holds good in any case. After the gospel of the Sunday is read we may expect to hear its application to the present time and place. It may be well to meditate a little on the text "Blessed is he who expects little for he shall not be disappointed." As the sermon progresses you may perhaps find yourself unconsciously saying "there is nothing new under the sun." You heard something very like it before? Why of course you did—some good old priest wrote it a century ago. It explains the gospel and the young priest of to-day makes no mistakes in theology or exegesis in repeating it. "What more do you want?" We fancy we hear a voice saying, faintly, as if coming from a great distance, (not a hundred miles though;) "you could not expect a new code of morals to be enunciated? you did not expect to hear that the devil and his abode were abolished, after a great many disagreeable dogmas had been consigned to his keeping? Being Catholics you cannot expect to be amused or interested by the latest vagaries of Private Judgment?" No; but we expected to hear the grand old truths brought home to us who live in Canada in the nineteenth century. Was it too much? Are the inspired words not replete with special lessons for us, for Americans, for Hindoos, for Esquimaux? "Catholic truth is the same here, everywhere, now and forever." Yes; but men are not. We have special vices, special virtues, special tendencies, special aspirations. The Holy Spirit saw them all, took account of them all, inspired the words which apply to them all. The priest who knows the people, who knows the Scriptures and is possessed of originality, of individuality, will make us realize in some measure the feelings of St.

Augustine when he exclaimed "O Beauty ever ancient, ever new!" He will make us realize that everything good is beautiful, and everything beautiful is true. Originality must be cultivated during student life. One of the prime necessities is enthusiasm in study. There is another; it is principles. The student, say of history, must have some great and certain principles. The acquisition of facts becomes then, not only easier, but infinitely more interesting. Both facts and principles are indelibly impressed on the memory which, be it remembered, is a faculty of the soul, while the reason arranges them in an orderly and scientific manner, and deduces from them definite conclusions. But you answer, this pertains to the philosophy of history. Precisely. We want more philosophy in all our studies, and we shall have more originality. What enthusiasm and originality the theory of evolution gave to the study of natural science. But evolution is false? Study then to refute it. Above all things avoid that mental vagrancy—aimless study.

A DISAGREEABLE DUTY.

The above title fully expresses the sentiments with which THE OWL ventures to speak of the recent expulsions. Never before has such an occurrence been referred to, nor would it be referred to now, had not those who have just suffered the fitting penalty of their offences seen fit to take an utterly unprecedented action in laying the matter before the public gaze. They have followed a highly regrettable course, but as they courted publicity they cannot complain if the result should be censure instead of sympathy. Whatever share of the latter their fellow-students may have been charitable enough to give them, they have now deserved to lose, since they made use of it only to misrepresent us in the public press. The

four ex-students (we forbear to mention their names, although they themselves gave them to the city papers) distinguished themselves during their residence at the University by their persistently repeated breaches of discipline. Admonitions of the kindest sort fell on their ears unheeded. True manliness in their eyes consisted in fearlessly disregarding all the rules laid down for the maintenance of order. The Declaration of Independence, as understood by them, meant that university students were on precisely the same plane as their professors. The climax of their folly was reached on the 17th inst, and on the 19th they took leave of the University with anger in their hearts and insults on their lips. Animated with a spirit of revenge, and desire to injure as much as was in their puny power the institution which had sheltered them for so many months, they went immediately to the office of the *Free Press* and offered themselves to be "interviewed." The next evening appeared under sensational headlines an interesting and ungrammatical account of the "expulsions at Ottawa University." All the students, according to this veracious narrative, were aflame with excitement; indignation meetings had been held; there were dissensions in the camp, the faculty was divided against itself, some of its members being loud in their praises of Messrs. So and So as really good fellows who had sinned through thoughtlessness rather than through malice. The descent from fiction to history is an abrupt one. The students did *not* meet, nor did they send up a petition for mercy to the faculty, as they had previously done on every one of the rare occasions when an expulsion had been thought necessary by the authorities, excepting the very few cases in which student sentiment had been openly outraged. A committee representing a single class waited upon the Rector and interceded for *one* student only. But there

was no indignation, merely the brotherly sympathy which has already been referred to, and which was so basely repaid. This is the less serious misrepresentation made by the ex-students; the other is far graver. Surely they cannot have realized the nature of their charge, when they accused some of the members of the faculty of having openly upheld their cause. It was easy to surmise that there must have been some who looked with greater leniency than others upon the conduct of those students, but how dared those students turn their surmise into an absolute assertion? Can they be ignorant that the proceedings of a faculty council are conducted with as much secrecy as those of a cabinet council, and that whatever discussion may arise within, nothing but unanimity is to be seen without? Ignorance, no doubt, has permitted the unfortunate fellows to make this most grave charge, but it is to be feared that it was a reckless ignorance, which struck blindly without knowing or caring for the dignity of those who received the blows. The punishment has been severe but just, and the University officers have shown themselves determined that discipline shall be maintained. May they be seconded by all of the University's right-thinking students.

PATHOS.

This year has been an exceptionally busy one for the editors of THE OWL. On two occasions we have forgotten that we were only amateurs in the publication line, and surprised even ourselves with our Inauguration and Christmas numbers. We took pride in reading the laudatory notices of our contemporaries, but alas! "pride goeth before a fall," and THE OWL's pocket book not being air tight needed something more than "wind" to keep up its usual plethoric appearance, and this something failing, its leathern sides have col-

lapsed, so that the printer now scowls so darkly upon us that the inky trade mark on his visage seems brilliant by comparison. Alarmed at this state of affairs, we mailed to a hundred or two of our subscribers some bills and hints, both being nicely graded and toned to suit the degree of delinquency of the party to whom it was sent. We have not signed many receipts for subscriptions paid since. Now, kind friends, gentle readers, etc., please let us have enough to pay the postage with; do not allow our investment in stamps to be a dead loss. It's all very well to be told in vacation that "THE OWL was immense," that you "enjoyed it ever so much," and so on; we prefer to discount all this and receive at once a plain matter-of-fact greenback, without a single mention of THE OWL on its creased surface.

By the time our next number is out, Spring will be here, and we'll be freed from the snow; we'll hear the bull-frogs singing in the fields behind the college as you used to hear them several years ago, and we'll see *X* days more scribbled on walls and fences, and we'll scent the vacation drawing nearer and nearer, and we'll smile and be happy—No! we'll not, for the printer's dark looks as he presents us with bills unpaid will drive all this away, and we'll be too timid even to throw into the waste basket our usual influx of spring poetry.

We hope, then, that those of our readers whom conscience stings on perusing this pathetic appeal, will fill and return, as soon as possible, the addressed envelopes loaned to them. We want to bring out, in a befitting manner, our usual vacation number, and this is impossible while our recent expenses remain unpaid.

STUDENT MANLINESS.

The mind of the modern college student seems to be imbued with the idea that the position of a professor in a teach-

ing institution is that of a serf rather than of a superior, and that any conduct, however base and ignoble it may be, finds its justification in the fact that the victim is the teacher. Such are the opinions that obtain among the seniors of a western (U. S.) college, as is evidenced by the fact lately going the rounds of the press : that some of the students have been expelled for kidnapping two professors and leaving them bound in a field some miles from the college. We reprobate this conduct, and can only qualify such high-handed assumption as barbarous in the highest degree. Being seniors, they cannot very well plead their youth as an excuse, and find in it an extenuation of their guilt. They seem to have forgotten, or altogether ignored the fact that age and learning give a title to respect and honor ; that authority, no matter in whom it may be found, should always command our submission ; and that contempt for our properly constituted superiors is an indication of moral and intellectual depravity. No doubt the expelled seniors, who attempted to inaugurate an era of collegiate anarchy at Kalamazoo, would tell us that such conduct as theirs is a proof of independence of character. Perish the thought ! Independence, as we understand it, is a noble virtue that teaches man to avoid all that is low or debasing, and set a proper value upon personal worth, while the spurious article, that they wish to palm upon us as independence, is nothing else than scoundrelism, an excrescence of modern college life that shocks all intelligent and high-minded students. We entertain nothing but the highest admiration for the liberty that Americans enjoy, but we deplore the prostitution of that liberty ; we deplore that wrong and vicious conception of it that was found among the seniors of the institution in point. The event we have cited palpably shows us the excessive wildness to which too much freedom may sometimes lead us. American licence

is as vicious and dangerous as Russian nihilism. It is the duty of the college press to give its unequivocal condemnation to such unchristian conduct. It is its duty to inculcate the lesson of restraint under the promptings of an agitated passion, and of respect for legitimate authority which has God as its fountain-head.



"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

St. Patrick's Day is one dear to the hearts of all Irishmen, and whether at home in their own dear sunny isle, or on the far Australian shore, or here in America, prayers of praise and thanksgiving are poured forth to the Ruler of all nations for enabling them, in persecutions and misfortunes, to persevere in that faith imprinted upon the Irish race almost fifteen hundred years ago. They honor their great Saint, before whose teaching and preaching paganism vanished like a hideous dream, at whose bidding the sword and cuirass gave way before the cross and cassock, and through whose labors peace reigned supreme throughout the length and breadth of the regenerated island. That patience in poverty and suffering, that innate love of purity, that strong devotion to faith so characteristic of the Irish people, are but the effects of the holy life and austere virtues of St. Patrick.

Moreover, the schools and monasteries he established attracted princes and nobles from all parts of Europe, till Ireland became famous for its teachers and institutions of learning, institutions founded on true Christian principles, and therefore the true nurseries of virtue and morality. When we consider all that St. Patrick has done for the Irish people, how they to-day retain those impressions received from his hands, more faithfully than any other nation preserve the mould of their apostle, we can readily understand why Irishmen, in every quarter of the globe, are so enthusiastic on this day in doing honor to their patron saint.

The Irish students of Ottawa College are not exceptions to the general rule, and here, as elsewhere they are not alone in doing honor to Ireland's teacher and law-giver. At nine o'clock the students, each having on his breast a shamrock, went in

procession to St. Joseph's church, where Grand High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Chaborel, assisted by Rev. Father Coutlee and Rev. Brother Gauvreau as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

During the service the college choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Gervais, rendered several hymns appropriate to the day. Rev. Father McGuckin, President of the College, delivered a most touching and eloquent sermon on the life and labors of St. Patrick. That plainness, simplicity, and dignity of expression so characteristic of the Rev. Father's sermons, were on this occasion coupled with more than usual warmth and fervour of pronunciation. At the close he most earnestly exhorted all to imitate the humility, perseverance and holy life of St. Patrick, and to continue in their attachment for that cherished faith which neither persecutions, penal laws, nor inducements to apostacy, could avail in uprooting from the hearts of the Irish people.

THE BANQUET.

For many years it has been the custom with the students of Ottawa College to celebrate St. Patrick's day with a grand banquet. The students of last year, considering all circumstances, decided not to have a banquet, but that the money usually spent thus, would be forwarded to the treasurer of the Parnell Defence Fund. Such a generous act as this deserves more than a passing notice, for when such a spirit of devotion and loyalty to Ireland's cause is manifested by those who never beheld "the dear old Island, the land of glory and of sorrow, who never dwelt on the charms of her scenery, as fair as the eye of mortal ever rested on, where every hill and valley and stream has its song and its story, its beautiful lakes, romantic with a hundred legends of the characteristics of her people, whose very failings lean towards virtue's side," then cruel oppression and tyrannical laws must ere long give way before the justice and humanity of the liberty loving English democracy.

At half-past twelve, over a hundred students, Scotch, French and Irish, assembled in the large dining hall, which had been most artistically decorated the evening before, and seated themselves around the tables laden with the most sumptuous fare. The thanks of the banqueters are very largely due to Rev. Father Forget for the indefatigable efforts he made to render

the banquet a success. Among the guests present were Rev. Father McGuckin, President of the College, Rev. Father Fox of Winnipeg, Rev. Father Duffly of Ogdensburg, Rev. Fathers Balland, Forget and Jacob, Rev. Brothers Quinn, Smith and Murphy, and Messrs. J. T. Foley, D. V. Phaler, M. F. Fallon, W. F. Kehoe and D. R. McDonald. After justice had been done to the good things, the Chairman, Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick, after a few brief remarks on "The Day We Celebrate," introduced the first toast on the programme, "Erin's Patron Saint."

Mr. F. L. French responded in an excellent manner, referring to the high esteem in which Irishmen held St. Patrick, and showed that this love and esteem sprung from their gratitude to him for having brought to the Emerald Isle that faith which afforded them relief when reduced to abject poverty, comfort in their darkest moods of melancholy, and consolation when borne down by the oppressor's hand. In conclusion he said that as the bright long-looked for day was about to dawn on the Emerald Isle, the name of its holy patron should continue to be venerated in the hour of prosperity as it had been in the dark days of adversity.

The next toast proposed was "Ireland a Nation," to which Mr. C. J. Kennedy responded in good style. He said, that not a more noble aspiration can arise in the hearts of any people than the desire for the freedom and inalienable right of regulating their own affairs and shaping their own destinies. There is not in the history of the world, another instance of a people, after so long a period of cruel and heartless oppression, still continuing to cling with a fixed determination to the idea of a nationality. After showing how Ireland never willingly submitted to the yoke of oppression, and how her birthright was not taken without a determined struggle, he paid a just tribute to the memory of Emmet, Wolf Tone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose life-blood was spilt on the altar of their country. In conclusion he said that such unceasing devotion and untiring efforts as Curran, Grattan and O'Connell have lent in the past, and the continued devotion of her many brave sons of the present day, cannot fail to produce the political independence of Ireland.

Mr. H. J. Canning rose in response to

the toast "The Maple Leaf," and was most enthusiastically received. The opening part of his address showed how deeply he was imbued with the Canadian spirit. He dwelt on the work and hardships of the early missionaries, the scenes of whose labors must be dear to every Catholic heart. He referred to the important part Irishmen had played in building up this country, laying particular stress on how they had kept their faith, "for as heresy and infidelity never gained a footing in Ireland, neither had they made any progress among her sons in this country." The Irish, he said, did not hesitate to come to this country, they were not anxious to escape British Rule, and the wrongs of Ireland must be blamed on the English Government and not on the English people. In conclusion he traced the progress of the Church in Ontario, and hoped that the Irish would continue to prosper and spread the faith their ancestors had received from St. Patrick.

Mr. F. X. Brunnette followed on behalf of the French Canadians, in a speech which deserved all the applause it called forth. He was glad to see the progress Canada had made in the past, he felt proud, and he thought justly so, of the important part played by the French in making Canada the prosperous, happy and enlightened nation it was. But above all he was pleased to see that here in Canada, the French, Scotch, English and Irish could set aside all national distinctions, and merge all petty prejudices under the sweet and honored name of Canada. The union, harmony and good-fellowship which had always existed among the students of this Institution was only another indication of the future prosperity of this country.

Then followed the toast "The Land of Washington," to which Mr. C. C. Delaney rose in response. He felt proud, he said, that his native country was remembered on such an occasion as this, and felt sure that the honor which was paid to the "land of the Immortal Liberator" by its sister nations on St. Patrick's day was owing to the fact of its being the land of Irishmen, where fought the gallant Fitzgerald and Burke, the intrepid Moylan and Sullivan, and when the glorious stars and stripes were so often unfurled to the ocean breeze by the daring hand of a Barry and an O'Brien. Nor can it be

said that America has closed her eyes to the noble deeds of her sons of Hibernian extraction. The highest posts of honor attainable in the Republic have been intrusted to men of Irish birth and lineage, and the warm sympathy which the Land of Washington has of late manifested toward the misfortunes of the Irish people will always, whenever the feast of Ireland's patron Saint is celebrated, secure for her a word indicative of good wishes and a heart-blessing from the lips of every Irishman.

He was followed on the same toast by Mr. J. Collins, who in his usual clear, concise and vigorous manner gave utterance to his feelings on the promising future of that country which affords so prosperous a home to the industrious exile of every country. He dwelt at some length on the many natural advantages afforded by the Republic, and concluded a most eloquent speech as follows: "when Greece and Rome would lie buried beneath the ruins of their present civilization, the young Eagle of the West would soar to what they once were, and for its day sway the destinies of the world."

Next was introduced the toast "Soggarth Aroon," and was ably responded to by Rev. Father Fox. He paid a noble tribute to the purity, humility and self-sacrifice which characterizes the Irish Priest. He gave a brief account of his own experience in England and Ireland, and spoke in the highest terms of several of the Irish members of parliament with whom he is very well acquainted. His speech was most happy throughout, and called forth rounds of applause. It was an unexpected, but indeed a rich treat to the students and guests. This toast also brought to his feet Rev. Brother Murphy who after briefly alluding to the noble example set by St. Patrick to the Irish clergy, of devotedness and untiring zeal to the spiritual wants of their people, spoke at some length on the love, respect, reverence and obedience the Irish people had ever shown to their priests. Rev. Father Duffey also spoke on this toast. As a former student of St. Michael's, Toronto, he was known to many present, and his remarks were listened to with wrapt attention and the greatest respect.

"Our Brithers Scots" was responded to by Mr. D. A. Campbell, who gave a description, in his own fluent and forcible

style of Scottish life and character as it is in its natural and native state. The speaker dwelt upon the energy and perseverance which characterizes the Highlander and the peculiar power he possesses of adopting himself to whatever condition or circumstances he may find himself in. Unaffected by any injurious influences, the Scotchman remains the possessor of qualities which entitle him to take his place among the people of any nation. He made a strong plea on behalf of Scotia's greatest poet, contending that notwithstanding the many faults of which Burns may have been guilty, still he merits the admiration rather than the censure of posterity. In concluding he said, that it was but natural that the Celt and the Scott should go hand-in-hand in fighting their common battles, as well as in doing honor to the glorious apostle who so largely deserves the gratitude of both.

On behalf of the "Sons of France," Mr. R. Paradis responded in a speech of considerable length, but which, from start to finish, was listened to with more than ordinary attention. He claimed, and justly so, for old France, no small share of praise for the prosperity and happiness of this free Dominion. Such names as Champlain and Cartier and Montcalm, are immortal in her history. He briefly pointed out the sympathy the French always bore towards Ireland in her struggle for that which the enlightened world deemed her right. He expressed the wish that, if we cannot form but one nationality within these College walls, let us, for the sake of unity, so necessary for our welfare and happiness, at least display these common feelings which really exist. They shall find us and secure to us, what we have always enjoyed, complete agreement and happiness.

Mr. D. Murphy, in response to the next toast, "The Irish Abroad," after showing that Irishmen might be found everywhere, whom the intoleration of English laws have forced to shed the lustre of their talents on foreign shores, pointed with pride to such men as Burke and McGee. Such men as these have proved that Irish talent and Irish genius could, in spite of Saxon prejudice, surmount all obstacles and soar to the highest pinnacles of fame. Is it any wonder then that

"The Irish fame rests enshrined within its own proud light,

Wherever tongue or sword or pen hath fashioned
deeds of might,
From battle charge of Fontenoy, to McGee's
thunderous tone,
It holds its storied past on high, unrivalled and
alone."

Mr. Murphy's speech was received with enthusiastic applause from start to finish.

The next toast proposed was, "Irish men of letters," to which Mr. J. C. Moriarity very ably responded. After briefly reviewing the grand national literature possessed by Ireland, and the great work done by Irish poets in preserving the national spirit in Ireland, he dwelt at greater length on her many sons who have become famous in the field of Oratory. After treating of the great prominence attained by Irishmen in literature, wherever the English language is spoken, he showed how Irishmen could turn with just pride and admiration to the galaxy of literary names which graced the pages of their country's history.

The "OWL" was next proposed, and was well received, Mr. J. P. Smith, of the editorial staff, responding. After showing how the college journal is often the nursery of the after-day writer, and one of the greatest factors in the development of the young man, since it makes him master of that which is universally conceded to be the most powerful instrument of modern times for the propagation of good or evil, he dwelt at greater length on the advantages to be derived from the OWL as a means of communication between the students of the past, now actively engaged in the battle of life, and the students of the present, the exercise of whose ability is as yet confined to their Virgil, their Horace and their Homer.

The O. C. A. A. being proposed, Mr. P. C. O'Brien, on behalf of the Foot Ball players, gave a brief summary of the success of the various teams during the past few years, referred to the magnificent trophy recently received from the citizens of Ottawa as a testimony of their admiration for the defenders of the garnet and gray.

Mr. R. Ivers, on behalf of Base-ball, claimed that it was not merely a boy's pastime, but on the contrary, a scientific game requiring the mental abilities of judgment, calculation and quick perception to excel in it. He felt that base-ball would receive the hearty support of the students during the coming season, and that they would stand in readiness to meet

all opponents for the college championship of Canada.

Mr. W. T. McCauley upheld the cause of "Lacrosse" in a very able and laudatory manner, claiming, that for science it was second to none, if equalled by any of those games indulged in by athletes. The speaker went on to say "from the days when Jacques Cartier witnessed the first game of Baggatway on Canadian soil to the present time, lacrosse has never failed to develop physical strength, endurance and self-control in the young men of this fair Dominion.

Mr. D. McDonald, responding on behalf of "Hockey," said, that he felt proud to see among his fellow-students so many enthusiastic admirers of this manly game. As yet the game was in its infancy, but he knew that the example set by the hockey team of this year would be followed by future students. Considering the many difficulties they labored under, they had every reason to congratulate themselves upon their success of the season.

The "University" was next proposed, and as Rev. Father Balland rose to respond he was received with rounds of hearty applause. He congratulated the speakers of the day on their great success, and above all he was glad to see that so many students of different nationalities were bound together by such strong ties of friendship.

Mr. M. F. Fallon, also responded to the same toast. As a graduate of the Institution he knew the devotedness of the Rev. Father Balland to the cause of education, whose name was so intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the progress and prosperity of Ottawa University. Judging the future by the past, he was full of the most gratifying anticipations and hopes for the lasting greatness of his Alma Mater.

"Our Guests" being next proposed Messrs. D. V. Phalen, W. F. Kehoe, J. T. Foley, D. R. McDonald and Rev. Bro. Quinn, expressed in turn the great pleasure they felt in being present on such an occasion to do honor to the memory of Erin's patron Saint.

After a few remarks by the chairman, in which he thanked his French and Scotch fellow-students for their hearty cooperation and the guests for favoring them

with their presence, all retired fully pleased with the success of the banquet.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE EVENING.

To give the students an opportunity of hearing Daniel Dougherty, the entertainment at the College was postponed till the following evening. As the band concluded a selection of Irish airs, the curtain went up on a tableau as tasteful in arrangement as it was beautiful in design, representing the "Glory of Ireland." The quartette composed of Messrs. Ivers, Woods, Tetreau and Charbonneau contributed largely to the success of the scene. They are to be complimented as well on the choice of songs as their pleasing rendition of them. The famous old Irish air "Eileen Aroon," to which Moore has supplied the appropriate words "Erin, the Tear and the Smile," could hardly have been replaced by a better selection. Mr. Ivers recited Lover's somewhat long but amusing "Paddy at Sea" in a very creditable manner. In a comic recitation Mr. Ivers is quite at home. A comic duet in French was well rendered by Messrs. Genest and Charbonneau. "Erin's Flag" could not have fallen into better hands, for Mr. Woods fully entered into the spirit of the piece; his fine voice and graceful gesticulation make his elocution very impressive. "The Three Chafers" by the quartette brought down the house, and the *encore* so loudly demanded was graciously accorded.

The band opened the second part of the programme with the "Salut au Printemps." "The Emblems of Ireland" was, it is needless to say, well sung by Mr. Woods, who was followed by Master Willie Weir; by the manner in which he recited "Irish Astronomy," Willie gives promise of becoming a good elocutionist. The quartette brought all the poet's meaning out of "Avenging and Bright." A duo comique, "Deux Grands Pêcheurs," by Messrs. Charbonneau and Tetreau, was followed by a recitation "Cauch the Piper," by Mr. J. O'Connor, who expressed all the pathos of this pretty little poem. The tableau "Erin," and the Band's inspiring strains of "God Save Ireland," very appropriately brought to a close a very successful entertainment.

HON. DANIEL DOUGHERTY'S
VISIT.

DI O U G H I E R T Y! Rah! Rah! Rah! was the enthusiastic cry of welcome from a hundred University students, that alarmed the silver-tongued orator, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, when he made his first appearance before an Ottawa audience, in the Opera House on the evening of the 17th of March. And a grand gathering there was to greet the distinguished visitor, filling every part of the building, the windows even being taxed for standing room. His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., a number of senators, several members of the House of Commons, and a number of visiting clergy and laymen, were among those who took advantage of the rare treat presented by the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Ottawa on the occasion of its Annual Grand Concert. The feature *par excellence* of the evening's entertainment was the lecture on "Oratory" by the Hon. Daniel Dougherty. We can add nothing to what has already been said by the press of the city in commendation of the masterly effort of a singularly gifted speaker. For well nigh two hours he delighted his listeners by the force, fire and sincerity of his utterances, his wonderful personating powers, and more particularly his clear insight into the nature of true oratory and the elements which go to make the orator. On Tuesday the 18th inst. we were honored by the presence of the distinguished speaker in our midst. Having been escorted to the Dramatic Hall together with prominent Irishmen of the city, Mr. C. C. Delaney, in the name of the students, read the following address:—

Honorable Daniel Dougherty.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—It is with the most lively sense of pleasure that I, on behalf of the Students, bid you welcome to Ottawa University. Your fame, as an orator, has long preceded you; as an orator, we welcome you. To students, Demosthenes and Cicero are not dead. The eloquence which commanded the applause of listening senates, and decided the fates of nations, still clings to these lifeless pages.

Though the "grand days of oratory are gone forever," though "the glory of the orator sank when the printing-press arose," still imagination supplies the charm, the magnetism, the potent influence even to the orator's printed speech, which no polish, no vigor of style, no art can give to the written essay.

Grattan and O'Connell still speak to us, and will continue to speak to succeeding generations. Across the Atlantic is wafted the eloquence of William Ewart Gladstone. We hear the Grand Old Man when he speaks in Westminster, we read his scholarly contributions to reviews and magazines. We welcome you, then the silver-tongued orator of America. But we are Catholic students of a Catholic University. We know you not alone as an orator, but also as the fearless and devoted champion of Catholic rights. You lend all the charm, all the magnetism, all the influence of the orator to promote the highest Catholic interests, to arouse a noble Catholic enthusiasm. In the face of the oft-repeated calumny that the Catholic Church is the mother of ignorance, you make it known that "our grand old church is the protector of learning."

Therefore on behalf of the students, I again bid you welcome, thrice welcome to the Catholic University of Ottawa.

The reception which the students accorded him as he entered the hall was more than he anticipated, and he deeply regretted that he had not "prepared a little impromptu" in answer to the kind sentiments put forth in the address of welcome. We had greeted him as an orator and a Catholic. He felt doubtful, however, as to whether he could fill the bill in the first case, but, said he, "when it comes to devotion to our grand old Church, I'll step aside for no man." Mr. Dougherty then displayed the vastness of his powers in the rendition of "Shamus O'Brien," and the "Irish Schoolmaster," in both of which he was so true to the very minutest detail, that we could not but think that the stage suffered as great a loss as the bar received an adornment when Daniel Dougherty took up law.

From the College he went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rideau street, where he was accorded another enthusiastic reception at the hands of the sisters and pupils. The latter expressed their regard for the renowned orator and the heartiness of their welcome, in the following terms:—

HONORED SIR,—

Would that we had a wee portion of the "rich and rare" gift that is yours—*yours* in the most beautiful sense of the word

—ELOQUENCE—

to say our grateful, joyous acknowledgment of this favor you have so kindly found time to bestow upon us

You must come to our rescue and tell us you understand, that there are emotions passing the power even of the gifted to utter, far more so of the *un-gifted*.

Let us feel sure too, that you know how eagerly we join our meed, such as it is, to the great chorus

of praise, that has been ringing in your ears ever since a knowing world proclaimed you

"SILVER TONGUED!"

We read with proud delight the noble utterances of your Catholic heart at the glorious Congress in Baltimore. May we, since we actually possess you for a little while, presume so far on your condescension, as to beg you let us hear from your lips a few words of good cheer in the great cause we too love so well—and would wish to see triumphant everywhere.

THE PUPILS OF N. D. DU S. C.

Replying to these pleasing words of welcome, Mr. Dougherty said that he was touched by the repeated marks of esteem tendered to him since his arrival at the capital. He regretted that pressing engagements allowed him to spend but a few moments at the convent, otherwise he would be pleased to address them in terms of cheer and encouragement for their work of the future. However he would favor them with a recitation. Accordingly, the distinguished visitor favored the young ladies with two humorous selections which he rendered in his usual inimitable manner.

In the evening, Mr. Dougherty dined, by invitation, with Lord Stanley, and in the morning took the train for New York.

THE ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The distinguished audience that filled our Academic Hall to its utmost capacity, on the evening of Tuesday the 11th inst., was of one opinion when leaving—the entire success of this year's athletic entertainment. And truly it was the most brilliant success that, the students have ever achieved in this particular direction. Not a feature of the programme failed to impress the spectators, and not a movement of the participants lacked the precision, elegance and grace which characterized the whole. When the College Band had opened the entertainment with an excellent selection entitled "Les Echos de l'Éure," the curtain rose on the Juniors in Zouave dress, whose pleasing rendition of "We're Champions again" called forth repeatedly the applause of the spectators. The Zouaves never appeared to better advantage, and Master F. Lamoureux, who sang the solo, deserves great credit for the manner in which he acquitted

himself. Gymnastic performance on the parallel bars was the next feature of the programme. Mr. R. Paradis as leader, together with Messrs. Donovan, Langlois, Saborin, Robidoux and Verreault, though performing some difficult feats, were quite equal to their task, and Mr. Eddie Gleason, who on many previous occasions, won admiration by his clever handling of the Indian clubs, added another to his already large number of successful appearances. The solos "En parlant de ma Mere" by Mr. C. J. Charbonneau and "Across the Bridge," by Mr. W. S. Woods were exceptionally well rendered, the latter bringing out as an encore the popular song "The King's Highway." The presentation to the champion foot-ballers of the beautiful trophy, so generously offered by the citizens of Ottawa, was the next feature of the evening's entertainment. Mr. P. D. Ross, of the *Ottawa Evening Journal*, in the name of the contributors, read the following address, in handing over the elegant cup to the champions:—

*To the Ottawa University Rugby Football Club,
Champions of Canada and unbeaten since
1885.*

In presenting to the Ottawa University Rugby Football Club the accompanying trophy, emblematic of the championship of Ontario for five years and of Canada for three, the citizens of Ottawa desire to express their admiration for the pluck, energy and unselfishness which so long have made the University football teams invincible.

Their splendid record maintained often in the face of great disadvantages is, we believe, due not only to many individual qualities, but to skill and discipline, the attainment of which reflects credit upon young Canadian manhood and indicates a valuable training for the duties of after life.

In this sense, the success of the University football team should be a matter for the sincerest gratification, not only to the noble institution of learning, which they represent in the fields, but to all who admire and encourage manliness, self-reliance and vigor in the young men of Ottawa and of the Dominion.

We ask, therefore, the acceptance by the University football club of the accompanying trophy from friends and admirers in Ottawa, without distinction of class, as a tribute to the indomitable spirit of the College champion team, and as a testimonial of the respect and esteem which their splendid record has earned. While regretting that unfortunate circumstances have necessitated an honorable retirement, while yet unbeaten, from the Ontario Rugby Union, whose championship the College team has arduously held for so many years, we would express the conviction that public opinion will continue to esteem them the true holders of the championship until they are fairly beaten in the field, and finally, we hope, in pre-

sending this trophy to the present champions of both Ontario and the Dominion, that the record which it commemorates, will prove only a prelude to a more brilliant future.

Signed :

D. J. DUNN,	J. L. DOWLIN,
P. D. ROSS,	M. J. GORMAN,
F. I. DANIELS,	J. D. GRACE,
WM. RENAUD,	J. M. WHITTY,
	J. P. CURRAN.

Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick responded on behalf of the recipients, offering the sincerest thanks of the students in general to their Ottawa friends, for this new proof of their kindly feeling towards them. The students have every reason to congratulate themselves, in the fact that they are held in such high esteem by the citizens of the Capital. Mr. Fitzpatrick assured the donors of the splendid trophy, that it would serve as a happy reminder of our associations with the citizens of Ottawa, a lasting evidence of their appreciation of our efforts in the field of athletics and a powerful stimulus for us to prove more worthy in the future, of such kind and generous consideration. Touching upon the address, relative to our retirement from the Ontario Rugby Union, the speaker said that the Ottawa University Foot-ball Team would continue to defend its proud position, and that although the bonds which had connected us with a domineering council had been severed, we would continue to uphold the honor of our institution, and guard the title which has now become our peculiar right.

The second part of the programme included ring-exercises and barbell performances, the latter feature particularly eliciting the applause of the large audience. The Bayonet Drill, under the supervision of Captain Landry, was of a novel nature, but proved a decidedly pleasing feature of the programme. The solo "Something that nobody knows" was rendered by Mr. R. W. Ivers in a manner which gained for him a well-merited encore. Master J. Clarke sang "Canada of Ours" and though suffering from the effects of a severe cold, sustained his reputation as a highly pleasing and melodious singer. The entertainment concluded with an exhibition of club-swinging by a dozen of the larger boys, who executed the various movements with admirable regularity and gracefulness. To Rev. Father Forget, whose indefatigable efforts in the interests of the entertainment, did not cease until

it was ended, is due in a large measure the success with which it met, and to Rev. Father Gervais, Director of the Band, are due the thanks of the students for the valuable assistance he rendered during the evening.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES

For the last couple of weeks, the juniors have been speculating on the number of days they will have to wait before the yard is again dry. They are giving the sun all kinds of encouragement and assistance in removing the heaps of snow and ice, and before long will have an opportunity of beginning the Spring games.

The snow-fort seems to be doomed for this season. For one day, while the snow was in a favorable condition, the boys worked on it like heroes, but the weather took a notion to cool their ardor, and hence the enterprise had to be abandoned for the time being. It was hoped that a "warm spell" might still give an opportunity of finishing the work so nobly begun, but the rain came and took on itself to finish it, so that now nothing but a sad heap of ruins marks the spot which was to have been the site of the greatest snow-fort in the history of the College.

The rink, too, is quickly becoming a thing of the past. The boys are now as anxious to get into the sewer, as they were last fall to keep it out. Axes, picks and shovels are continually at work in breaking up the ice and scattering it around, so that the sun may melt it as quickly as possible.

The entertainment given by the Athletic Association on March 11th, was without doubt a decided success, but that this was the fact, was not entirely due to the performance of the larger students. The Juniors deserve much of the praise which that event merited. It is safe to say that the parts they contributed were among the very best on the programme. The march and chorus by the Zouaves, which opened the entertainment, drew forth repeated bursts of applause, which was continued long after the dropping of the curtain, in the hope of bringing them again on the stage. They did not respond to the encore, however, as length of the programme prohibited it. The Zouaves were under the command of F. Lamoureux and W.

Weir, who cleverly directed them in their different movements. The rendition of the chorus "We're champions again" was the cause of much favorable comment. The bar-bell exercise was admitted by everyone to be one of the very best, if not *the* best feature of the evening's entertainment. McNamara gave, last year, an idea of what a variety of tricks might be performed with this simple looking article. This year he again appeared along with H. Gibbons and E. Gleeson, two of the Junior Department students. Their performance "brought down the house." The manner in which they caught the bar when it was sent twirling from one to the other, was something really marvellous. The club-swinging of Eddie Gleeson was, of course, the occasion for general applause. Each appearance of this young athlete shows an improvement on the previous one, and it is not without good reason that so much is hoped of him in the near future.

This year the Juniors took a bold step, and on St. Patrick's Day held a grand banquet. They seem determined to imitate their older companions in everything that they do. Though everything was necessarily on a smaller scale than at the other banquet, this lack was more than made up for by the universal joyousness and the novelty of the affair. Every little fellow who was present—and no one was absent—will long remember the first St. Patrick's Day's Banquet in the Junior Department.

EXCHANGES.

With pleasure we welcome to our table *The Mount* published by the pupils of Mount De Chantal Convent near Wheeling, W. Va. The quantity and quality of the matter contained in *The Mount* is of a nature which easily excels more pretentious journals. Its columns can satisfy the most fastidious tastes. Do you fancy literary criticism, you have "Aurora Leigh" and "The Immortals." In the former is truthfully pointed out the emptiness of Mrs. E. B. Browning's theory of morality established upon art culture. Had, as the author states, Mrs. Browning employed the aid which the Catholic church alone, in such matters, can afford, her theory would be tenable, as it is, it belongs to the region of fancies and dreams. Marion

Crawford has been subjected to more adverse criticism, and, we might add, at the hands of less capable critics, than has been meted out to him by the reviewer of "With the Immortals." For descriptive and historical excellence "Hedwige, Queen of Poland" and "The Power of Music," rank high, being above what is ordinarily met with. The Editorial department is not extensive, but it is conducted in a manner which indicates much ability and good judgement on the part of the Staff. As yet *The Mount* lacks the "indispensable" exchange column.

The first number of *The Dial*, one of the latest additions to College journalism, has reached us. It hails from St. Mary's College, Kansas, and with becoming modesty it makes its bow to its co-laborers. *The Dial* already gives promise of being not only "a nursery" for the writers of later days, but a worthy and creditable representative of the institution from which it comes.

North Carolina University has in the *Magazine*—which is before us for the first time—a journal in every way worthy of the name. It is a fifty page publication, under the direction of the University Societies. The current number is interesting; its eulogy of Jefferson Davis, sketches of the confederate dead, and also a biographical sketch of the life of Dr. W. P. Mallet, a tried supporter of the institution. The "Work and influence of Paracelsus" betrays the sentiment which is uppermost among the editors, and which, though its presence in a sectarian community is not surprising, can be productive only of injurious consequences.

For taste, orderly arrangement, and judicious selection of material, *The Williams College Monthly* from Williamstown, Mass., is not behind our leading exchanges. We think, however, that the value of its literary department would be enhanced by the introduction of an occasional article of greater seriousness and depth, than marks the contents of the February number. "At Hampton" in the last number is a vivid description of life and manners, at a favored summer resort. Much attention is devoted to the reviewing of the leading magazines and periodicals, which, to those who are denied a more lengthy perusal, should be of the deepest interest.

Evidently *The Hesperian* is anything

but confident in its own greatness, else its ex-man would have refrained from indulging in the little satire that marked its February column. We disclaim, however, the remotest connection with the Mutual Admiration League, which has disturbed the slumbers of our Western brethren, yet we are free to own that THE OWL is a fastidious bird, and not every kind of food is agreeable to his taste.

The *University Gazette* is now a regular weekly visitor to our table. We congratulate the staff on the success of their new venture, and trust that having placed their journal on a solid footing, we will continue to enjoy its interesting company.

Tuftsian for February, in the course of an editorial, asks the question: "Is the College Press free?" We are not of those who think that the freedom of the press, or in fact, freedom of any kind, consists in the liberty of enumerating and holding up to public gaze, the abuses and deficiencies which are only to be expected in the best organized institutions. Tufts students' complaints are but trifling inconveniences, which might be removed peacefully and easily, but should a serious abuse exist, freedom would consist in the privilege of suggesting an effectual remedy rather than in the liberty of denouncing those to whose charge it may be laid.

The *North Western* for February is an extra number containing an extended report of the University Day Proceedings. Much of the ordinary matter, we presume, was crowded out, as the contents are chiefly of local interest.

The last number of *The Athenaeum* is interesting chiefly for its article entitled "Method in Study." The writer manifests a clear conception of his object and expresses his thoughts forcibly and concisely. The general tenor of the article, we think, merits approval, for, granting the necessity of method and system in all things, too much force cannot be brought to bear on the student to make him acquire this *desideratum* where he is best able to do so—viz., in college.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges which we met with for the first time last month. Owing to the lateness of their appearance further notice is impossible. *The Advance*, (Kansas Wesleyan University); *The Critic* (New Haven); *School Magazine*; *The Exponent* and *Acamedian Undergraduate*.

Georgetown College *Journal* for February comes to us with a new cover of heavy coated paper, with a well executed cut of the college foot-ball team as frontispiece. The literary department is up to the ordinary high standard, and the local column includes much additional and interesting athletic news.

Salve Regina published by the pupils of St. Mary's Dominican Academy, New Orleans La, has found its way to our table. It aims at being more than a mere school journal and possesses a literary department of more than ordinary excellence. The February number opens with "Our Intentions" by a child of Mary, in which it is the aim of the writer to show that the intention can exalt the lowest action of life and degrade the highest. The first portion of a biographical sketch of the life of the Rev. Joseph Perché, third Archbishop of New Orleans, is written in an easy and graceful style and forms a pleasing piece of history. The Shrine of St. Roch is an interesting descriptive essay, in which the doings of a zealous and self-sacrificing missionary are recounted. The two serials, "Roman Power" and "Guilty; or not Guilty" appear to be the productions of an able writer, the latter particularly has a pleasant vein of humor in it, which makes it quite attractive. "A legend of our Blessed Lady" in blank verse, and "How America impressed Father Nugent" make up the remainder of the interesting number before us.

ORDINATIONS.

On Saturday, 22nd, at the Oblate Scholasticate, Archville, Mgr. Clut, Bishop of Arthabaska-Mackenzie, raised to the Subdeaconship Rev. Bros. Odilon Chevrier, Armand Laniel, and Laurent Anaclet Brochu. These zealous young missionaries will soon set out for the Arctic regions, the scene of their future labors. May they serve well their God and their country!

A recent letter from the North-west, received at the University, brings the news of the ordination to the Priesthood of Rev. Edward P. Cunningham, O.M.I. Father Cunningham will be remembered as one of the most powerful members of our first great football team.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHAT DO THE JESUITS TEACH? This is the title of a pamphlet, issued by the Catholic Review Printing Co. of Toronto. It contains the letters that passed between the Rev. Father Egan of Thornhill, and a certain person known under the name of Rev. Mr. Percival, Presbyterian minister, Richmond Hill. Father Egan is to be congratulated on his able vindication of the Jesuits from the many dishonest charges brought against them. Mr. Percival finding it impossible to confront Father Egan's assertions with arguments finds a subterfuge in abuse; and pours upon the worthy priest's head the vials of his unreasonable indignation. The book will serve as a valuable contribution to the history of the Jesuit agitation in Canada. It shows that those, upon whose side is right and justice, can carry on a controversy with a becoming regard for the feelings and even prejudices of their opponents, while the advocates of lawlessness and misrepresentation must bury every consideration of what is manly or honourable in debate. The Rev. Mr. Percival, by his unsubstantiated statements, has made out a clear case in favor of the Jesuits. We do not applaud him, for he did it unknowingly.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC AND ORDO FOR 1890. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal and Toronto. Price, \$1.25. The fifty-eighth volume of the pioneer Catholic Directory, though a little tardy in reaching us this year, has been none the less welcome. Its 700 closely printed pages contain a fund of information to be found nowhere else. It is valuable not only to those seeking the addresses of clergymen in all the English-speaking countries on the globe, but to all Catholics, on account of thoroughness and immense variety of the statistics given, which makes it a veritable and concise history of the Church. The figures showing the Church's growth during the past year are such as to cheer and encourage us all, and if for no other reason than to note and study this, Sadlier's Catholic Directory should be in every Catholic home.

The February number of the *Are Maria*, a volume of 100 pages, is one of the best issues of that periodical, that we have so far seen. The *Are Maria* numbers among its contributors the first among

American Catholic writers of the day, and there is little doubt, that it will continue to hold a leading place among American Catholic journals. The current number contains nothing that the careful reader can afford to overlook. An article from the pen of John Gilmory Shea, on "Holy Personages of Canada and the United States" well merits perusal; but the article of the number, is the one by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. on the "Imprisonment and torture of Galileo." The writer is thoroughly acquainted with the facts of his subject, and effectively gives the lie to those whose stock in trade it is to malign the Catholic Church, and condemn her as an enemy to science and progress. Galileo, as the writer of the above article clearly establishes, was not the victim of the inhuman ill-treatment and torture that his advocates would have us believe, on the contrary his imprisonment was merely nominal and exceedingly light in comparison with his offence. "The case of Galileo versus Papal Infallibility" from the same able pen, takes up a new phase in the question. That oft repeated argument against papal infallibility, based upon the condemnation by The Congregation of the Holy Office of the teaching of Galileo is, as Dr. Parsons truly says, utterly foundationless. Papal infallibility is not placed in matters of a scientific order, but in the spiritual, and in the case of the great astronomer, faith and morals were in no way concerned, and still less Papal infallibility. Poetic contributions from Katherine Tynan, Flora L. Stanfield, Miss Mannix; "Garakonte," a relation of one of the many stirring episodes in the history of New France, from the pen of Anna T. Sadlier, and the continuation of M. F. Egan's serial "The Disappearance of John Longworthy," make up the remainder of this highly interesting number.

The *Catholic Weekly Review* of February 22nd is before us. The *Review* is one of the most powerful exponents of Catholic thought and principles in Canada, and is a power for good in the direction of educating and refining Catholic taste and judgment. Its columns are ever well stocked with matter to suit the most fastidious. The current number has as frontispiece an engraving of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. The number also has portraits of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, his Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney of Toronto and Cardinal Newman, together with an

interesting reference to the life and labors of the last mentioned distinguished prelate. The editorial department is conducted with a firmness and pointedness highly commendable. We congratulate the *Review* on the successful completion of its third volume, and bespeak for it a lasting and prosperous existence.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for April is rich and interesting in its table of contents. The recent formation of a Catholic Club in Yale University, suggested the article "Shall we Educate our sons in Protestant Institutions?" It is time that Catholic parents not only in the States, but also in Canada—though here the custom is not so widespread—should pause before placing their sons in Protestant institutions, for no matter how high the standard of education in those institutions may be, the Catholic student who frequents them is continually exposing himself to influences injurious to his faith and morals. This risk cannot be undertaken by any Catholic, and particularly when a sound and elevating training is within easy reach, as it actually is throughout the larger portion of the United States and Canada. "Orangeism in Ontario," from the pen of William Dale Harris, is the leading article of the number. The writer takes up the question in a manner which indicates that he is not of the "falsely prudent" class to which too many of our writers belong. In the event of incorporation being granted, the writer asks "What are Catholics going to do about it? The policy of inaction has been tried and found wanting. Orangemen like weeds will become more numerous unless they are effectively and finally checked." Every Catholic Canadian voter should satisfy himself on this question before he marks his next ballot, for the wedge, having once effected an entrance, will gradually sink deeper and deeper. Morgan M. Sheedy contributes a paper on History, in which he outlines the characteristic traits of the true historian, and the difficulties that present themselves, in the study of Church history, as a consequence of the lack of standard Catholic historians. Mgr. Chevallier, President of the Archaeological Society of Touraine, furnishes a pleasing account of the traditions and monuments which are bound up with the beautiful legend of *Les Fleures de St. Patrice*. "Slavery and Christianity," by the Rev. John Costello is a vigorous paper, and "Glimpses of Irish Industries"

is replete with instructive information. The number also contains portraits of the Rev. Stephen J. Perry, Jesuit and astronomer, the late William Collins and the late Joseph Biggar. In the death of William Collins the Magazine loses a devoted friend and regular contributor, and the States one of its leading litterateurs.—Subscription, \$2 a year. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a weekly journal of practical information, on scientific and mechanical subjects. Its columns are filled with the productions of the ablest authorities of our time on scientific matters, wisely selected articles from the leading periodicals of a like nature in other countries, and no small share of original matter. The number for the week ending March 22nd contains Albert Londe's article in *La Nature* on smokeless powder, with a graphic illustration of the difference in volleys with common powder and those with smokeless powder. The number is particularly interesting for its description of the Harlem River improvements and ship canal, accompanied by very distinct views of the different stages of the work now going on. Address *The Scientific American*, Munn & Co. Editors and Proprietors, 361 Broaway, N. Y.

AN EXPRESSION OF CONFIDENCE.—Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, the publishers of the American Newspaper Directory, undertake to rate newspaper circulations very much as the mercantile agencies report the capital and credit of the business community. About one publisher in ten tells his exact issue with truthful precision. Some of the other nine decline to tell the facts because they assert that those who do tell are in habit of lying. Rowell & Co., after an experience of more than twenty years, have come to the conclusion that this view cannot be sustained. In the twenty-second annual issue of their book, now in the binder's hands, they designate every paper that is rated in accordance with a detailed statement from the publisher; and offer to pay a hundred dollars for every instance which can be pointed out of a misstatement for which a publisher is responsible. THE OWL is one of the papers that is willing to have it known how many it prints and whose good faith the Directory publishers will guarantee.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

P. J. Dervin, a member of last year's second form is taking a Medical course in Albany, N. Y.

E. C. Hedekin, who was here in '87-'88, has gone into the furniture business in Fort Wayne, Ind.

E. J. McKenna, formerly of '93, is attending the Law School at Ann Arbor University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

George Reddin, who was here in the "seventies" is now a successful druggist in Charlotte-town, P. E. I.

A. Lajeunesse and C. Charlebois, of last-year's rhetoric class are among the O. M. I. novices, at Lachine, P. Q.

D. Sheehan, a member of the rhetoric class of '87 is pursuing his theological studies in Laval University, Quebec.

B. J. McKinnon, who was here from '83 to '86 was recently ordained sub-deacon in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

E. J. Leonard, B. A. '89, passed fourth at the recent examinations for admission to the study of law in the Province of Quebec.

Rev. J. J. Dacey, O. M. I. a former professor in the classical course is now an assistant at the Provincial house, Lowell, Mass.

J. J. Kirkpatrick, who was in the engineering course in '87-'88 is following a similar course in the McGill University, Montreal.

Homer Fauteux, a graduate of the Commercial course, is assistant ledger-keeper in La Banque du Peuple, Montreal, P. Que.

Frank and Thomas Lyons, who were with '93 before matriculation are taking a literary course at Ann Arbor University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

W. T. McCarthy and T. F. Black, formerly of '92 and '93 respectively are pursuing their studies at the School of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.

A. J. Gouin, '82, was a member of the deputation that recently waited on the Government in connection with the development of the St. Maurice River region.

George Kemp of the Engineers of '87-'88, who has since that time been on a survey in the Northwest, was in the city recently with the Lindsay hockey team and paid a visit to his Alma Mater.

One of the best papers read before the recent Congress of American Catholics was that on "Young Men's Catholic Societies," the writer being Mr. E. McGannon, a former student of Ottawa College well known to those who were here in the "sixties."

W. T. McCarthy at one time a member of the class of '89 recently passed his second intermediate examination at Osgoode Hall. Mr. McCarthy is continuing his studies in the office of Messrs. Meredith, Clarke, Bowes & Hilton, Barristers, etc., Toronto.

Our readers who recollect the portly form of John H. Donnelly, '77, will be pleased to learn that his fellow citizens of Vergennes, Vt. think that John would look well amongst the legislators of the Green Mountain State, and accordingly, are taking measures to make their thoughts a reality.

ULULATUS.

The members of the corridor are becoming very proficient in plain chant.

A swimming tank is to be placed in the basement of the junior's snow fort.

"We have quite a time when we get to our uncle's, playing cards with her."

An observer of the effects of Lent states that the larger a man is, the more difficult it is to fast. He himself is a giant—in appetite.

A 200 lb. junior was on the point of fainting one day last week, in the study hall, when scores of willing hands seized him and brought him to under the water tap.

Lent has become extremely rigorous for one of our philosophers since the supply of *French olives* has given out. But the attachment was quite romantic while it lasted.

His name it is Dennis,
He played at lawn-tennis
With an apple in lieu of a ball,
Through the net—his visage—
The ball oft gains passage,
And into his pharynx doth fall.

Barberooney is preparing plans for the enlargement of his tonsorial apartments in dormitory No. 3. He remarks that many of his patrons have lately discovered that they had uncles in the city.

LOST! A young scientist, of medium height, chubby, with a pleasing expression on his face and D.M. on his collar. A liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked upon his return to the Physics class.

Since our philosophers have discovered that the growth of vegetation is accompanied by the production of electricity, several of them are endeavoring to find out the electro-motive force of their mustaches.

A fourth form student's pompadour has vegetated so successfully of late that he has purchased a larger mirror in order to see it entire at a glance. Its a pity he cannot get a mirror in which to behold his profile.

QUI POTEST (CAP)ERE, (CAP)IAT.

It's not a night cap, nor a cap to wear
Outside the house, but in weather fair,
Like a jockey's fashioned, but of inky hue,
It clasps his skull, there placed askew,
This ancient cap.

It is a relic of his classic days,
When Virgil's Georgics and Homeric lays
Clogged his student steps, and made him seize
Upon the usual aids to a student's ease,
This classic cap.

But in physics class 'tis not required;
No jockeys there, no getting tired
And pony mounting, they're afraid
Of the electric fluid, there don't parade
This island cap.