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MO PEARLA AN MHUIR MHOR.*

(Air: *Sawourneen Deelish.*)

Written for the Gaelic Society of Ottawa University.

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mou).



WEET Isle of my dreams, oh, my Pearl of the ocean

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

I hail thee afar, oh my Queen of devotion,

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn O!

Glorious thy story on History's pages,

Endless thy roll-call of Saints and of Sages,

Bright shines thy star thro' the wrack of the Ages,

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

Lift up thy dear head, oh sad bride of Sorrow,

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor mo Erinn, O!

The night mists shall shimmer in sunshine to-morrow,

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

Face the proud nations, the noblest appearing ;

Scornful thy glance to the dull tyrants' jeering ;

Soon shalt thou reign, while his dark doom is nearing,

Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

* Pronounced - Mo fearla an wir wor. My Pearl of the Great-Sea, i.e. the ocean.

Dare they depose thee,—thy Past speaks its story,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 High Almhuin and Tara, resplendent in glory
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 Brave were thy sons to the death-shock advancing :—
 Tyrone and Red Hugh 'mid the dread conflict prancing,
 Their thick-crowding spears to the grim onset dancing,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

Then ring out my *Clairseach*,† the morn-light is gleaming
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 The strong sons of Erin awake from their dreaming,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 Theirs the proud duty to shield and defend her,
 Fronting the foes that would trample and rend her,
 She shall be free, and no nation transcend her,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

† *Clairseach*—the Harp.



THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.



ONE can scarcely realize, without some examination of its elements, how deep and widespread is that feeling which for the past five or six years has taken form and colour in what is known as the Gaelic movement, or in other words, as the organized effort to revive the Irish language, not only in Ireland itself, but in that greater Ireland which has gone out from the old mother to the uttermost ends of the earth. For one thing, the movement has thus far commanded the respect and enlisted the sympathy of all creeds and classes in the old land and wherever else it has taken hold. In Ireland, the Hierarchy not only approve of it, but are amongst its most ardent supporters, declaring in regard to it at one of their meetings at Maynooth not very long ago, that in the districts in which Irish has ceased to be spoken it should be taught as an optional subject in the schools, and that in portions of the country where Irish is still the only spoken language, it be made the medium of instruction in the schools of those localities, which, as need hardly be said, constitute but a narrow fringe of the country along the western sea-board from Cork to Donegal. The press, with an unanimity little short of amazing, commends it, and offers it every encouragement practicable. Almost every man of prominence in Irish public life to-day favours it.

That was a memorable event which quite recently occurred in the north of Ireland, when at the opening of the Letterkenny cathedral amid circumstances that made the occasion a national as well as religious one, and which drew to it the eyes of the sea-divided Gael, one of the sermons of the event was preached in Irish by a distinguished member of the Irish Hierarchy, Dr. McCormick, the eloquent Bishop of Galway. It was published, appropriately enough, in the same number of the "Dublin Freeman" as contained the sermon in English which was delivered on the same occasion by the great Archbishop of Dubuque, a native of Donegal, who had been invited by the Irish Cardinal,—himself by the way one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the movement for the revival of Gaelic,—to preach one of the two

sermons set down for the ceremony. The newspaper mentioned devotes a column or more of its space weekly to the publication in Celtic type of articles, legends, and short stories written in Irish.

As in a similar but a restricted attempt a half century ago, one of the most conspicuous figures in the movement,—indeed its president,—is a Protestant, Dr. Douglas Hyde, who, though not so strong or popular a poet as his prototype, Thomas Davis, is yet a distinguished man of letters. He is a graceful and forcible writer, a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and the author of several fine works, notably, "The Literary History of Ireland," which is a mine of wealth for the Gaelic student. He speaks and writes Irish with as much ease and force as English. He was born and brought up in Irish-speaking Connaught, and in an environment which has left its impress upon his work, for of present-day writers, he is the most Celtic we have. Like Davis, also, he is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. To both, however, the spiritual, no less than the literary, treasures of the Irish language have, clearly, appealed, their writings showing a breadth and Catholicity of view, which are not a characteristic of their *alma mater*. Davis's well-known essay on "Our National Language," and Hyde's recent contribution on the same subject to *The Pilot*, London, wherein he argues that a knowledge of the old tongue differentiates, in certain intellectual traits, the people of the Irish-speaking districts from the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen in other parts of Ireland, have much in common. The limits of the present paper forbid a formal comparison of the two essays, but a few short extracts from Dr. Hyde's, to indicate the grounds upon which he bases his argument, are essential here.

"There are" he says, "exclusive of the variations produced by blood and locality, three broad classes of Celtic peasants to-day, who, although of the same stock, history and environment, are in consequence of artificial training, of wholly different intellectual complexion and capacity.

"There is first the Celtic peasantry of the eastern counties, whose native language has been English for two or three generations, and from whose minds the schools established by the English Government have made a clean sweep of past tradition and native

modes of thought and expression I cannot say," he points out, "that I have been very fortunate in coming across, amongst those peasants, people whom I have personally found interesting. It has always seemed to me that those characteristics which are most worthy of recognition amongst them have clung to them from the past, and remained with them in spite of their present training—training which, in defiance of history and common sense, is exactly the same in character as that bestowed upon the townsmen of Birmingham, or the cockneys of London. I do not think that three generations of this teaching have succeeded in making intelligent Englishmen out of the natives of the Bog of Allen; but I am quite certain it has entirely spoilt their spontaneity of intelligence and naturalness of expression, and cramped and warped in a curious psychological way a people whose instincts are strongly Irish, but whose training and models are foreign and English."

The second class of peasantry Dr. Hyde finds to be those who, whilst residing on the Irish-speaking borderland, are yet exclusively English-speaking in spite of the fact that the older section of the population still use the Irish language as the ordinary means of verbal communication. "These," he declares, referring to the former, "are, perhaps, the stupidest and most ignorant people in the British Isles. They have lost all that their parents had, and the National School system . . . has been utterly unable to replace it by anything of value."

According to the President of the Gaelic League, the third class of peasantry comprises the bi-linguist and purely Irish-speaking people, of whom he has this to say:

"These have all conserved the traditional traits of their race, and, so far as my observation goes, they alone possess an interesting inner life, cherish an almost universal love of song, story and music, and possess a great facility of picturesque expression. They make use of the pointed sayings and astute aphorisms which the Irish language abounds in, and delight in conversational repartee. It is amongst those people, "he acknowledges," I have been chiefly successful in gathering folk-lore and folk-song, which they possess to an almost incredible extent. It is nothing for a man who can neither read nor write to repeat dozens of poems,

some of hundreds of lines in length. A friend of mine told me he had heard an old man in the county of Mayo sing some years ago eighty different songs at a bonfire on St. John's Eve, without once repeating himself. On this occasion the dancing and merriment," our essayist is careful to explain," were prolonged round the bonfire till morning." . . . "These were the men," he adds, "who were the very salt of Ireland. . . . It was they who, in their poverty and ignorance (for the National Board of Education denies education to all who cannot speak English), perpetuated a most interesting and, I think I may be allowed to say it, a most intellectual race type." Regretting the paucity of such men, who two or three generations back were to be found all over the island but who to-day are to be met with only on the western seaboard, and again taking the National Schools (which seem to be his *bête noire*) to task for educating their pupils "in," to use his own words, "such a way that they are taught to laugh at and deride their parents, and think themselves cleverer than they, because they can spell through an English reading-book," he declares that "so far as intellectual capacity, power of expression, and every thing that helps to make a man and a mind, can go, "these shallow and pitiable critics of venerable and honoured ways, the younger and Anglicized generation, "are", to quote Dr. Hyde literally, "not fit to black their elders' shoes." In the love songs of this older generation he has found, he says, "all the primary elements of the great passion, hope and hatred, pathos and despair, tenderness and fury. . . . language at once simple and passionate, and without the least trace of vulgarity. . . . it is heart crying to heart . . . all shades of love," he sums up, "enshrined in their verses, with all the versatility of Heine, but without his insincerity." Dr. Hyde's translations of some of those songs, with which his instructive essay closes, are as clear a medium as it is possible for a translation to be, faithful yet spirited, and of the originals he thus writes in terms of transparent sincerity and genuine enthusiasm: "The people," he avers, "who created these poems were nominally uneducated peasants, yet they were real men and women. The people that the National School (once more that *bête noire*) is training in their place are the merest

children in comparison. They do not know what the words 'poetry' and 'poet' mean." These are strong words, but they are buttressed by such striking examples, obviously the fruit of full knowledge and experience of what he advances in his essay, that we cannot refuse the man who uses them our assent. For compare any of the examples he cites with the mass of what passes as songs of the Irish peasant, where a dozen stock-words in a brogue never heard off the stage or met with outside the pages of a vapid novel, are made to do service over and over again, and you are at once struck by the superiority of the original.

Following the lead of the Hierarchy and appreciating the intensity and popularity of a movement which in a quiet but inevitable way had drawn to it the bright minds and clearest thinkers of the country, the Irish Parliamentary Party have pressed upon the attention of the British Government, not wholly in vain, the claims of their national language to recognition in the *curricula* of the primary and intermediate schools of the country. Then everyone has heard of that scene, not altogether grotesque, in the House of Commons last session when Thos. O'Donnell, one of the members for Kerry, addressed the speaker in Irish, and suffered expulsion for his persistence in continuing his speech in what he termed "the tongue of his country." The incident gave a perceptible impetus to the movement, for it roused public attention to a degree to which it had never been roused before in regard to the subject. Mr. O'Donnell's scheme to utilize the presence of certain of the National School teachers at four sea-side resorts in his county as teachers of Irish classes during the last vacation may prove as successful as it is novel.

In addition to classes in schools and colleges, numerous branches of the Gaelic League, as the movement has come to be designated, have been formed, and at these the old language is systematically taught. The recent recognition of the language by the Government, as an optional subject in the scheme of Intermediate Examinations, and in the National School course, has given the movement a status; and, what is more to the point, it has strengthened a vital element of the project,—its permanency.

No reference to the movement can afford to omit mention of the late Father O'Growney, the author of the admirably graded primers of the Gaelic League series, and at the time of his lamented death the vice-president of the League, or of Dr. O'Hickey, who fills the chair of Gaelic literature at Maynooth, where the torch of Celtic lore has been kept lighted long after it had gone out at other seats of learning. The work done by both is destined to live.

The clergy, generally, are taking a keen and practical interest in the subject. The number of churches in which the rosary and other prayers are said, and sermons preached, in Irish, has shown a remarkable increase within the past few years.

Responsive to that subtle racial impulse which throbs, through the whole Celtic people, however widely dispersed, when a matter of common interest powerfully appeals to them, and of which the pan-Celtic congress in Dublin the other day was but a natural manifestation, the movement has extended to this side of the Atlantic, and it is only a question of time until the rest of the scattered children of the Gael will have been drawn in by its expanding current.

As for the United States, it would perhaps be rash to attribute to the movement solely the hold that the study of the language has taken there. For years the University of Harvard has had a Gaelic chair and there were here and there throughout the States,—especially the Eastern,—Irish scholars, who kept before the public mind the fact that there were such things as an Irish language and an Irish literature, though at best such efforts lacked the system and organization which the present movement has supplied. But the most noteworthy result of that movement on this side of the Atlantic was the founding of a Gaelic chair in the Catholic University of Washington by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which involved a gift of \$50,000 from that excellent organization. As indicative of the cordial relations existing between the sister universities, it gives one pleasure to be able to mention that during the temporary absence last session, through illness of the Gaelic professor at Washington (Dr. Henebry), his place was acceptably filled by the Gaelic professor at Harvard (Dr. Robinson), which goes to show not only that "blood is thicker than water,"

but also that between two such important branches of the Celtic family as these distinguished scholars represent there survives the close bond of a common mother tongue.

The movement generally in the United States has made indeed marvellous progress. Numerous branches have been formed, and the cities of New York and Boston are the centres of considerable activity in Celtic studies. During the past summer *aconachs* or assemblies have been held in the vicinity of the latter city, at which prizes were distributed to the successful students of Irish language classes during the preceding season, and speeches delivered in that tongue. As in Dublin, more than one bilingual magazine in the interests of the movement, are published in New York.

Canada as yet lags in the matter, although the past year or two have seen evidence of its desire to show the great Celtic heart that still beats within her borders. The cities of Quebec and Montreal, as was to be expected, were the first to respond to the impulse of the movement, and last St. Patrick's day saw the formation at the Ottawa University of an earnest and vigorous class for the study of the Irish language.

There must surely be real excellence as well as fascination in a project which has won such recognition and support. How are we to account for such results? There are three causes which stand out clear, and these are the *patriotic*, the *religious*, and the *literary* aspects of the movement.

That one of its springs is patriotic cannot be doubted. The life and language of a nation are inseparable. This thought is well developed in an article on "The Irish Revival of To-Day and the Clergy," by the Reverend Patrick Forde, S.T.L., B.C.L., Castlereagh, Ireland, in the "American Catholic Review," for September, 1901. The writer, who takes for his thesis the aphorism *Anam t're a teanga* (*anglice*, a nation's language is its soul), cites in support of the statement the examples of Hungary, Bohemia, Finland, Belgium, and Wales, which realizing the ideal, have saved their several languages from extinction and thus have preserved themselves from absorption by the stronger nations surrounding them. "Their national characteristics," he says,

"have therefore remained intact, and their subsequent history is a record of progress such as always attends self-reliance, originality and mental independence."

"Thus," he proceeds, "the language movement in Ireland is something wider and deeper and richer in promise for the future than philology or antiquarianism. It is a national movement in the fullest sense. Its aim is to restore, to concentrate, and to discipline the vital forces of a weak and wounded nation. These things," he contends, "will have been accomplished when there is a strong Irish tone and coloring upon all our thoughts, and feelings, and action; when we are genuine Irishmen after the pattern of those who went before us for thousands of years. In Irish soil to-day," he points out (in this agreeing with such students of the subject as Thomas Davis, Douglas Hyde, and William O'Brien), "there are latent energies, vague movements, rudimentary instincts that need but the breath of a whisper of our fathers to rouse them once more to the heights and vigor, and full sweep of a national life. Our thirsty soil," he continues, "has need to be fertilized by the seed-bearing winds and the generous showers of national tradition. But national traditions," this Irish priest concludes, "can exist nowhere save in the national language."

If unselfishness is an element of patriotism and unity a characteristic, then the movement possesses two qualities of national importance. That the Irish language movement has these is demonstrated by the fact that, without any positions of emolument or of political importance to offer, it has nevertheless attracted to itself men from every rank, condition and political affiliation in the old land. It is not necessary to particularize here in view of what has already been said in that connection. Since its inception to the present day, purity of motive and unity of action, on the part of those directing it, have distinguished the movement. And when one considers the widely-divergent views, political and religious, of those men, and the character of a country whose modern life has been so often vexed by the warfare of faction, it seems incredible that such a distinctly national work as the revival of the Irish language should have escaped not only blank

failure but even serious obstruction. There must, after all, be the genius of kindness in the language when the effort to restore it has robbed all hostile force of its sting, for of a verity it has softened, to an extent unparalleled by any popular movement of modern times, the acerbity of social and political life. Is it the awakening of those latent energies and rudimentary instincts to which Father Forde refers above as needing but the sound of our fathers' tongue to rouse them into action, we may thank for this gracious change? It may be, for of all known tongues there is not one which holds and enshrines within it the ideals and characteristics of a race with more fidelity than does the tongue of the Gael. Listen to those first words which drop from the lips of one with any knowledge of the old tongue when the heart's language is evoked at meeting or farewell or by sudden joy or pain. Country, friends, the past with its store-house of memory, legend, and tradition, are recalled by a phrase; antagonisms vanish, estrangements are forgotten, and the claims of a common ancestry assert themselves.

It is but enunciating a truism to state that what is patriotic or national in Ireland is also religious. This is a characteristic of the Celtic race, proceeding probably from that faculty which is universally ascribed to it above all the peoples of the earth, the faculty of realizing the unseen. And in no aspect of the national life is the inseparableness of religion and patriotism so pronounced and insistent as in the national language of the Irish people. Those phrases embodying and linking together the highest and holiest conceptions of God and country, and which have survived generations of neglect and proscription of the language have not lost their potency or charm wherever there are Irish lips to speak them and Irish ears to listen to them. What an ideal saying that was of the Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, when, in his brown, threadbare habit, he addressed his fellow-workers on the commencement of their monumental task (The Annals of the Four Masters) in the library of the dilapidated convent of Donegal on that memorable morning of the 22nd January, 1632, — *Do cum ghoire De agus onora na h-Eireann* ("To give glory to God and honor to Erin.")

The sentiment contained in this phrase is in itself one of the noblest that can find a place in the heart of an Irishman, and it was a happy thought which prompted its adoption as the motto of the Gaelic movement. But when the personality of the author of the saying and the circumstances under which he used it,—the man and the scene,—are considered: a member of a harried order and an adherent of a persecuted creed, the eager, indefatigable scholar (he might have stood for the hero of Browning's poem "A Grammarian's Funeral,") who had, in all seasons and in spite of all discouragements, gleaned from every accessible field the material of those Annals without which no coherent history of Ireland would have been possible, now with his devoted colleagues taking advantage of a temporary relaxation in penal laws to complete his great work,—with such a background, I say, the phrase in question, blending as it does the allied sentiments of religion and patriotism, becomes an epitome of Irish patriotism as its best.

Then the web of a language which, through an instinctive reverence on the part of the people speaking it, yields a variant (more liquid and tender than the generic form) for the name of Mary, when referring to the Blessed Virgin, must be shot through with the golden threads of religion.

Again, who that has heard the greetings, the ordinary, everyday salutations, of the Irish peasantry, whether in the vernacular or in the English modified into familiar idioms, has not been impressed by the dominant religious element in them? Were not editorial patience and typographical limitations to be considered, examples of this tendency might here be given. A passage from Father Sheehan's brilliant pamphlet "Our Social and Personal Responsibilities," which has recently been issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, might, however, be cited as bearing in a general but luminous way on this phase of our subject.

"I have no room," says the author of "My New Curate," who, it should be borne in mind, is also a parish priest laboring in the Irish-speaking fringe along the seaboard, "to speak of the necessity of conserving our racial characteristics, especially our language. I shall content myself by saying of this latter, that I consider its extinction, partial though it be, a greater evil than

penal laws or the Act of Union, and its revival a greater blessing than even our emancipation. The Irish race would have had a different history for the past fifty years, if it had been welded, by a common language, into unbroken solidarity. And the Catholic Church in America and England, marvellous as its expansion has been under the ferment of Irish faith, would to-day have been fixed even on a firmer basis, if the Irish Catholics, like the German, had the strength and force of a national language behind them. There is no place nor occasion for despair. What the Jews did, after they had lost their common Hebrew tongue in the Babylonian captivity; what the Germans have done to revive their language, after it had been extinguished by Frederick and Voltaire, that we can do. And if it ever does come back, may there come back with it the old, genial, Celtic spirit, instead of the Anglicised, mammon-worshipping, neo-pagan manners and customs, which in many places at home, are the chief characteristics of our race to-day."

These are strong words but they are used by one who has unsurpassed knowledge of the subject.

That the movement is also literary in its character goes without saying, and as such it seems to be the manifestation of an unconscious but real effort of the Celtic mind to retain its characteristic ideals in thought and expression. What these ideals are and what the influence they have exercised in English literature, may be gathered from the importance attached to its Celtic element by every critic worthy of the name. Matthew Arnold's appreciation of this element, to mention but one of the able writers who have paid tribute to it, is too well known to be recapitulated here. Now if this element is a quality of such importance in any writer and for any literary student, it follows that for the writer or student by race or affinity a Celt, it has a special value. It may be urged that this literary characteristic, as it occurs in translations of the masterpieces of the language, may be studied, if not acquired, without going to the trouble of learning enough of the original tongue for that purpose. But, as Father Forde says, dealing with this very point in the essay to which we are already indebted, "The best translation is but a poor imitation

of the great original. This is so, he reasons, because literary masterpieces are always personal, idiosyncratic, characteristic of the nation and the soil from which they spring."

Here, also, it may be asked whether this cultivation of the Irish language may not hinder an effective acquisition of English? Before answering this, a moment's consideration of the end at which the Gaelic movement aims is desirable. That that end is the supplanting of the English language by the general use of Irish is not implied by any declaration on the part of the promoters or the recognized leaders of the movement. Reference has been made to the Maynooth resolution of the Hierarchy on the subject, which it will be remembered, was to the effect that in English-speaking districts (the vast majority, of course), Irish should be taught as an optional subject, in the schools, whilst in Irish-speaking districts it be made the medium of instruction in the schools. The latter part of this resolution, which, at the first glance, might alarm some people, is based on the accepted principle that the vernacular is the natural medium of instruction. Nor does the statement of the aims of the Gaelic movement, as set forth by the executive of the League, leave room for the inference that Irish and Irish only is to be the language of the Ireland of the future, for these aims are: (1) "The preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland, and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue; (2) the study and publication of existing Gaelic literature, and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish."

But even this, it may still be objected, means a bi-lingual people, and that is a condition which does not stand for progress but for deterioration. This best answer to this, as well as to the objection that the use of the Irish language would hinder a complete mastery of English, is experience, and as to that, Mr. William O'Brien, referring, in a lecture on the Gaelic movement, to the bi-lingual population still in Ireland, has this to say, and it is very much to the point: "Their intelligence, far from being cramped, is strengthened and diversified by a knowledge of the two languages. They experience," he says, "no more conflict between the two than between a knowledge of the multiplication table and a knowledge of the Catechism. While they find the English

tongue as indispensable as English coin in the commerce of men, they find in the Gaelic language also, in the more sacred home-life of the Irish community, treasures of devotion and affection, a balm for bruised hearts, a music of old times such as no Irish heart will ever find in equal luxuriance in the chilly English speech."

Two of the most gifted writers of English to-day hold, evidently, the same view as that just quoted. From one of them (Father Sheehan), a striking passage has already been cited, and it is only necessary to mention the other (the Reverend Dr. Barry) as the author of "The Wizard's Knot,"—a work pronounced by critics, to be his best, largely, it is added, because of the Celtic element that dominates it, in both style and matter. It is, by the way, dedicated to the president of the Gaelic League, and under a date-form literally *Irisiú*. Of course, it may be urged that neither of these authorities speaks or writes Irish himself. Granted, although we cannot reject the opinion that each has a sufficient knowledge of the old tongue to save him from the plight of the man mentioned in Thomas Davis's essay, who when asked for the title of the familiar air, *Tu me a cullagh, agus na dhousan me* (I'm asleep, and don't waken me), seriously replied, "Tommy M'Cullagh made boots for me." At any rate, we may be certain of one thing, and that is that both these distinguished writers are, as respects their literary work, Celts in thought and in expression, and as such splendidly illustrate the value of such an acquaintance with the old tongue and its masterpieces as enables the student to appreciate their informing spirit, and, if he be of the race of which these masterpieces are the characteristic expression, to seek in that direction the natural and, because the natural, the highest development of his powers.

As Mr. William O'Brien pointed out in the lecture from which we have already drawn, the lost art of delineating the Irish peasant, as he should be delineated, will never be restored until writers who know his language as well as his other characteristics. Almost the only example of such an achievement that we have is Griffin's "Collegians,"—a work which, besides giving to English literature one of its sweetest, though, alas, one of its saddest,

heroines, is in its dramatic and ethical treatment of character on a level with the greatest productions of the language. Although Griffin was not a master of the Irish language, he yet knew enough of it to enable him to read the Irish peasant through the surface, and presented him with a degree of fidelity and an art which have never been surpassed. This knowledge, moreover, strengthened that gift in him which Carleton (his only serious rival in the field of Irish fiction, if we except the Banims), calls "the dark moving passion" and to which doubtless is due the deep and noble pathos of his work.

Griffin's command of the English language was in no wise impaired by the pronounced Celtic strain of his work, nor were the other constituent elements of his style. It would seem to be, indeed, the other way, as the critical reader of his prose may observe, whilst with reference to the most Celtic example of his verse, that exquisite ballad "Gille Machree,"—so Irish in its rhythm, its diction, and its thought,—it has only to be remembered that two such judges as Davis and Duffy have ranked it among the finest results of ballad poetry, the former pronouncing it perfect of its class, and the latter as "striking on the heart like the cry of a woman."

The same cause holds good in regard to other Irish writers, who have at all risen above the surface of the commonplace, and left us anything that will survive their own generation. Banim's ballad, "Soggarth Aroon," whose place in the national heart is not more assured than its rank among the greatest ballads, has an idiom which is as Irish as if it were written in that language.

Need it be said that in oratory, as in fiction and poetry, the same cause has produced a like result? Examples, numerous and striking, could be adduced, but this paper is already too long. Among our greatest orators were, it must be admitted, men whose style and matter were, like Grattan's and Sheil's, cast in classic moulds; but occupying no lower plane of imaginative or effective eloquence were orators, like Curran and O'Connell, who had, moreover, in full measure the national gift of humour and its attribute, the "dark, moving passion of the Celt." We are proud of them all, whilst we are at no trouble to know which

school of eloquence appealed more powerfully and directly to the national mind and heart.

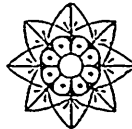
Does not all this show that as a result of the use for centuries of two languages, side by side as in Ireland, many idiomatic differences disappear or are, at least, modified, so that the acquisition and use of both languages by the population interested are hardly open to the current objection that a bi-lingual people can never have a thorough and effective knowledge of either language? The writers and orators we have named in illustration of this view, let alone the authorities that might be cited in its support, establish its soundness. "That strange tenacity," says Duffy, in his essay on "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland, "of the Celtic race which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a proconsul in Gaul, true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. *And even the language grew almost Irish* (the italics are ours.) The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences; uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness because of the impediment; and winning out of the very difficulty a grace and a triumph."

The Gaelic movement has not for its object nor in its tendency the destruction of aught that is excellent or worth preserving in the character of the Irish people at home or abroad. On the contrary, their literary, national, and religious characteristics cannot fail to be strengthened by that stirring in the heart of the Gael of its best and purest impulses which is the key-note of the present movement. Side by side with such a knowledge and use of the old tongue as is urged by the leaders of the movement, there will still exist as effective knowledge and use of the English language as is now the case,—perhaps, a better knowledge, for using the older language in those relations of life for which it is so singularly well adapted, and using it as an auxiliary to the modern, the national mind in the command and use of the latter will attain an unfettered development. This is not a mere opinion, as witness our best writers and our most effective orators. For weal or woe,


the material progress of the Irish people is linked with the use of the English tongue ; it would be cruel, and as wanton as cruel, to circumscribe that progress by insisting upon the use of one language only, and that necessarily the language of but a comparatively small fraction of the people with whom that fraction would have to maintain relations of business and commerce. This, it seems to us, is but a sane, as well as a correct, view of the Gaelic movement. Any other would involve means that would be impracticable and an object foreign to the manifest destiny of the Irish race

If the preservation and development of the characteristics herein glanced at be a result of the movement inaugurated by the Gaelic League, we can all of us wish it God speed. The movement at its present stage has spread wide, and its drift may have been misunderstood. But as time goes on, its boundaries will become more clearly defined, and its purpose more fully appreciated. As its course identifies itself with the stream of Irish national life,—and proofs abound that such is its tendency,—may we not hope that it will deepen and enrich it for the attainment of that object which, amid danger and difficulty, inspired the Franciscan of the Penal Days and many another Irish scholar since—the glory of God and the honour of Erin?

E. P. STANTON.



CANADIAN LITERATURE.

OU have no literature," is often the reply given to the Canadian who would claim for his country a separate nationality. Too often is the taunt left unanswered for, perhaps no people are so ignorant of their native literature, as are we Canadians. It is indeed true that Canada has no Shakespeare nor Bacon, nor even its Tennyson or Longfellow yet appeared, still anyone acquainted with the history of literature will see in Canada's two schools of writers, English and French, much promise of future greatness. To trace these schools from their conception and birth to the present day, to point out the various places of their authors on the roll of fame, to show why they have not been as successful as their American contemporaries, and finally to indicate what we may expect of the schools in the future, is what we purpose in this essay.

To the casual observer it may seem strange that the colony of Quebec, founded a dozen years before that of New England, has not one man to rank with Poe, Cooper, Prescott, Hawthorne, Brownson, Bryant, Emerson, or Parkman, not to speak of Longfellow, Franklin or Webster. But to one conversant with the facts any other result would be strange indeed.

During the French regime the educated, and consequently the literary classes, were chiefly gentlemen and ecclesiastics of French birth and education. Champlain, Lescarbot, La Potherie, Le Clercq, Charlevoix and others wrote in Canada and concerning Canada and were greater than any of their American contemporaries, but they wrote for the greater glory of the land of their birth. Canada can hardly claim them. New England, on the contrary, was, during this time practically independent and in comparison with Quebec, populous and prosperous; and, as if this were not enough, the printing press established a few years after the foundation of Plymouth Rock, was never seen in French America.

The English captured Quebec. The majority of the French aristocracy, who, with the exception of the religious, were the sole

literary class in the country, returned to France. The loss to French Canadian literature, occasioned by this event, is practically incalculable. It was only after a century of almost continual sleep that French Canadian literature awoke to remain forever, we may hope, to be one of the glories of our native land. Scarcely had the country, after almost a century of continual warfare, settled down to cultivate the arts of peace, when the American Revolution broke forth, and we had to defend their country against a powerful neighbor. Besides the fame gained by our victory at Quebec, the war had for us one very fortunate result, the immigration of the United Empire Loyalists. Again the colonists turned to agriculture and strove to make homes in the vast forests. During this time, so unfavorable for literature in Canada, New England was now, after several generations of lesser writers, producing not masters, it is true, but writers whose works deserve to be read as long as the English language exists.

But a change came at last. Popular education was improved, newspapers and magazines were established and from the time of the Rebellion of '37, Canadian literature, though of varying quality, has never ceased being produced. The first, and for a long time the greatest, Canadian prose writer was Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. His novel, "The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville, or as it is generally called "Sam Slick," founded the school of American humor. Appearing about the same time as "Pickwick" it gave its author the title of the American Boz. But "Sam Slick" found no successor, and English Canadian fiction, after so auspicious a beginning has, during the whole period from 1840 to 1890, only the works of Major Richardson, Mrs. Leprohon, James DeMille and William Kirby, which are at all above mediocrity. In Quebec it was different, Chauveau wrote Charles Guerin in 1853. During the next twenty years novels, most of them historical and of more than ordinary merit, were composed by Boucherville, Taché, Marmette, Gerin-Lajoie and De Gaspé. This last named is generally considered the greatest. The best poets of the period, Howe, Sangster, Chauveau and the gifted but unhappy Crémazie were thoroughly national in spirit. Some historical works were written in Ontario and Nova Scotia,

but none of any great literary importance. In Quebec appeared the histories of Garneau and Abbé Ferland, which, though they cannot be said to be impartial, redound to the industry and scholarship of their authors. In the sixties there were already many writers on law, religion, and science; so that, before Confederation, Canada had a fair foundation upon which to build her literature.

Hence we have already seen three periods in the history of Canadian literature, the French, and early British periods, during which there was practically no literature at all, and the period between the Rebellion of '37 and Confederation during which the generation of writers arose. We now come to the last and greatest period, our own. The Confederation of 1867-1873 united, we may almost say created, the Canadian nation. The national idea has been growing steadily since, and now almost the only reason given by those who deny Canada's nationality, is the absence of a native literature. This accusation which was not true even before Confederation, can, with still less propriety, be advanced at the present time. For Canada has a school, or rather two schools of writers, as Canadian as that of the United States is American, and though not as great, they are certainly as promising.

In history and the allied branches we have in French the works of Turcotte, Sulte, and Abbé Casgrain, and in English the monumental work of Kingsford, and several volumes by that industrious man of letters, Sir John Bourinot. Our best poets, Roberts, Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, Father Dollard, and the late Archibald Lampman, have achieved a reputation not only in Canada, but in the neighboring republic as well. The French Canadian poet laureate Fréchette has had his work crowned by the French Academy, while Le May and Sulte are his close rivals. The history of our fiction of the last twenty-five years is a strange one. The French school after its rather brilliant beginning has almost completely died out, the only novel of any importance during the whole period being a book of short stories by Fréchette, written just last year. Up to 1890, English Canadian fiction was almost equally poor. Then

Gilbert Parker appeared. He has had many followers, fully a dozen of which are creditable writers, though none have yet surpassed him in either of his departments of the romance or short story. The realistic school, besides the ordinary society novel, has produced a couple of really good books, notably, "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," by Mrs. Harrison, "Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot," by the Canadian Ian Maclaren, Ralph Conor (Rev. C. W. Gordon). But Haliburton's Sam Slick yet remains unsurpassed in this branch of fiction. In law and constitutional history, we have Todd and Bourinot, while in science the names of the two Dawsons, father and son, call to mind a coterie of savants, French and English. In the essay French Canada is doing very good work as may be seen by glancing over the pages of the "Revue Canadienne." Here we may remark that we have not considered as Canadian authors men who came to Canada only in their prime of life. This accounts for our omitting the names of such men as Abbé Taillon, the historian, Charles Heavyside, the poet, Dr. Hunt, the scientist, D'Arcy McGee, Goldwin Smith and others, who have aided greatly in the development of our literature.

To examine the merits and demerits of our individual poets, novelists, historians, scientists and essayists, to set our French Canadian and our English Canadian authors before us, in friendly rivalry, to compare them with their contemporaries in France, United States and the British Empire, to study the lesser writers in all the branches of our literature, that we might be the better able to form an idea of its future greatness, we earnestly desire to do, but even if we could, we might not, as this is a brief sketch and not a lengthy pamphlet.

Some of the circumstances against which our literature has to contend must, however, in justice to it, be stated. Perhaps the greatest of these is the false hurried education which has become so popular on this side of the Atlantic. Few will take even the course of Arts, and hardly anyone will go in for specialization. The evil influence of this upon the literature of the country, especially in those branches which are not included among the "Belles Lettres," can readily be understood. Then again there is the great difficulty in getting true criticism. The literary puffing,

encouraged by publishers is even more common now than when Macaulay wrote his famous essay against it seventy years ago. The mercenary spirit of our age must also be considered. The majority of the authors write simply and solely for money and as long as they can get this they care not how they write. Besides these, which, though they are more or less general, are especially hard on a young literature like ours, we have the apathy of the Canadian reading public, which forces almost our every writer to go to the United States or England to procure his very bread and butter.

These are the chief obstacles in the way of a speedy and lasting improvement. But Canada has in her favor the natural strength of a new and great country, which like her mineral wealth, lies yet almost wholly undeveloped. If we Canadians only fully recognise this, and act accordingly, our literature will yet rank with the greatest of ancient and modern times.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

VIA CRUCIS.



shaped a plan,
A cherished, fair design—
It was to charm, to glorify
This life of mine.

God shaped a cross.
And laid its rugged weight
Athwart my plan; in ruins it
Lay desolate!

With stormful soul
And sullen steps I trod—
Slighting the hand of love—beneath
That cross of God.

Crushed by its load,
Upward I looked at length;
And through the dark reached and grasped
His hand of strength.

In contrite shame
I breathed, "Thy will be done."
And, lo!--illumined with gems—my cross
Became a crown!

VINDICATED.

“**I**T is almost twelve, mother; and Walter has not come yet.”

Mrs. Williams laid down her knitting and looked at her daughter.

“Is it really so late? You had better go to bed, Helen. I shall watch alone; for you must take some rest if you wish to continue your sewing to-morrow.”

“No, mother, even if I did go to bed, I should not sleep till Walter came. You know I have tried it before.”

Half an hour after midnight Walter came in. He was angry to find his mother and sister waiting for him.

“Why have you been staying up for me?” he demanded, as he closed and locked the door. “Don’t be troubled about me. I have my key, and I can well come in by myself each night.”

Helen and Mrs. Williams said nothing. They retired to their chamber on the ground floor, whence they heard Walter climb the stairs and tumble into bed without kneeling to say his prayers.

Mrs. Williams had noticed her son going astray. At first he spent his evening away from home but rarely. Even then the watchful mother was not at ease. As his absences grew more prolonged and frequent, the mother grew alarmed. She tried to arrest his downward course. Exhortations, entreaties, reproaches were all alike in vain. Her son was now of the number of those young men—alas! too numerous in our day—who seek for happiness in the pursuit of self, without any consideration for the feelings of the rest of the world; while true happiness essentially consists in rendering others happy. He had grown extremely fond of the smoky atmosphere of the saloon and the pool-room. The acquaintances he there formed, were anything but commendable, and, almost imperceptibly even to himself, he was led into evil courses. An overwhelming passion for gambling developed itself. Being new and inexperienced at the business, the professional hands encountered little difficulty in relieving him of his money. Still the passion for playing and the hope of ultimate success, lured him

on, until he became so deeply involved in ruin that it was too late to draw back.

Not infrequently Walter remained out the whole night. One morning he returned at dawn. His face was pale and haggard. He seemed ill and broken in spirit. He did not work that day, nor the three days following, but remained at home without going any where.

"Mother," he said at last, "I have ruined myself and you by card-playing. I must leave this town to escape from certain men in whose power I have fallen. This house and property I have mortgaged to borrow money. All is lost. Helen and you will be able to get along better without me."

Helen and Mrs. Williams were not surprised at this; they had expected as much. Though they did not much relish Walter's going away, they quietly and sadly assisted him in his preparation for departure on the morrow. It was sundown when a dark, sallow-complexioned man knocked at the door. Walter went out to him and in a short time returned for his hat.

"O, don't go away with him," begged Helen; "Stay home this night at least, since it is your last with us."

"I must go," returned Walter, "at any cost.—Mother, there are yet some clothes in my wardrobe up stairs that I would like you to pack in my trunk."

"Walter," said Mrs. Williams, "do you intend to go off with that ill-looking fellow. Really I am not surprised to see that—"

The reproach was lost upon Walter, for he had already dissappeared. One o'clock had struck before Walter reappeared. He was more pale and haggard than he had ever been before; in fact he had a wild and startled look whenever his mother and sister addressed him. He sat nervously in his chair and rose up every few minutes to glance out the window, until, at length, he staggered up to his room.

Just before dawn, two other visitors knocked loudly at the door. Helen got up to see what they wanted. To her dismay, they entered boldly into the house and asked in an abrupt manner to be led to Walter's chamber. Terrified beyond expression,

Helen obeyed. She experienced some relief when she led them up stairs to show them Walter's room empty and his bed unslept in. Walter was gone.

"Are you trying to make fools of us?" demanded one of the men in a rage. "We are officers of justice. A man named Rolfe has been shot in a house on Slater street. This handkerchief—saturated with blood as you see—we found beside the dead body. Could you tell me what name this is upon it?"

Helen had no need to read the name. She saw her own needle-work upon the scarf. She scarcely suppressed a scream, but managed to keep her self-command, though she stood trembling and white before the two men.

"Come now, show us where we may find Mr. Williams, my good lady. We have here a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. If you deceive us, it shall be at your peril."

"I don't know where he is," gasped the poor girl.

"Well, well," said the officer, as he observed the look of agony that overspread Helen's features. "It is painful, but we must do our duty."

Accordingly, the two officers searched the house from top to bottom and then departed. It was long ere Helen summoned up courage to go down stairs and tell what had happened. When at last she did so, she found her mother not asleep but lying insensible on her bed. Helen saw the truth at a glance. Her mother had heard all that passed above and the blow had proved too much for her feeble strength.

Next morning as soon as the news of the crime and Walter's flight, spread through the town, the house was invaded by a host of greedy creditors, who seized upon everything they could lay hands on. The house itself was to be sold in a few days by the mortgage proprietor. It was really a trying time for poor Helen—a time, too, when she had no one to confide in, for her mother was fallen very ill. By the assistance of some kind neighbors, she had her mother removed to the city hospital, where the good Sisters of Mercy offered them both a home for the time being. It was here, in the sick chamber, that the news of her brother's capture reached her. Caught in the thoroughfares of a neighboring city, he was

brought back and locked up in the county jail—there to await his trial at the autumnal assizes.

Hither Helen went, if possible to offer him consolation. Events and misfortunes crowded so thickly upon her that she remained dazed and bewildered. The destruction of her home, the perhaps mortal illness of her mother and her brother's disgrace,—all had come with an overwhelming crash that she shuddered to think upon. Soon both mother and brother would be gone and what would then remain to live for? But midst all her trouble and confusion of mind, she could not bring herself to believe that Walter was guilty of the horrid crime laid to his charge. It was unbearable—impossible to believe. But here the dark prison doors opened wide before her to give the lie to her thoughts. When she entered, Walter was sitting on a rude stool at the further end of his cell, his face buried in his hands. He did not look up when she came in, not even when she addressed him by name. For five minutes she stood in silence before him. At length she went up and touched him on the shoulder. Walter started like one aroused from a trance. He looked around him in an absent manner as if he did not know where he was. When Helen saw that he fixed his eyes on her,

“I am come to see you Walter,” she said gently.

The hard pained expression on Walter's face relaxed.

“Oh, Helen,” he replied (and he spoke slowly), “would I had listened to your voice sooner! You would not have to come to see me in this accursed den. I now understand, too late, the evil of my conduct. You and mother ever showed me kindness. I repaid you by unkindness. But Helen, you do not think me guilty of the deed for which I am here? I feel sure of that.”

“O, Walter, would you suspect your sister of being unfaithful. I knew from the first that you were innocent. But, pray, how did the thing happen.”

“Strangely enough it seems, now that I reflect upon the whole affair. Unlucky for me was the day when Rolfe taught me to play for my first stake! He and that leering gipsy, Railer by name, led me on—one of them pretending to be on my side that they might more easily rob me of my money. It was terrible

to see them quarrel over their ill-gotten gains. I tried to appease them but this only exasperated them the more. Railer pulled out his revolver and fired at Rolfe, then fled, leaving me with the fallen victim to suffer the consequences of the crime. I tried to stanch the bleeding wound with my handkerchief. It was useless as the ball had entered the region of the heart. At length, becoming sensible of the danger of my situation, I put out the light and left the house by the back way, as I heard some one at the front door. I have scarcely rested a single night since. I can still see the death struggles of that murdered man."

Helen shuddered, but it was a great relief for her to learn from her brother himself the fact of his innocence. She locked him in her arms and tried to console him as best she could.

"My dear brother, if prayers have power you shall not suffer for another's misdeeds. This very evening I shall ask the intercession of the Queen of Heaven. I shall also get Father John to say a mass to-morrow morning for your release and mother's recovery."

"For mother's recovery!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes, Walter, mother is down with a fever which the doctors say is dangerous and may turn out fatal."

Helen then recounted briefly all that had happened from the arrival of the policemen at their home in the early morn, to the seizure of their home and goods and the removal of their mother to the hospital.

"And all this misery has been caused by me!" said Walter, as soon as she had finished. "How well have I deserved the fate that has overtaken me!"

"No, no, Walter, do not speak of that. Forget the past. If we are hopeful for the future, we may still be happy again."

Helen left Walter in a better frame of mind than that in which she found him. She promised to send him another friend in the person of Father John. She immediately made her way to the presbytery.

"Not that he has really urgent need of your ministry," she said to the good priest. "Walter, you know, is innocent of this

crime, but we all have need of comfort in the hour of trial. My brother, I am sure, will be overjoyed to see you."

Father John accordingly next day paid a visit to the prison. If he did not succeed in infusing the hope of freedom in Walter's breast, he at least taught him not to despond and to be resigned to his lot. Even Helen felt the effect of the priest's buoyant words, the next time she met him.

"I hope your brother shall escape from the abyss of infamy that yawns before him," said Father John to her. "He has a good heart and I am sorry for him. We shall have hard work to save him. The circumstances have strangely combined to work his ruin. But let us do our best and God will do the rest."

The two weeks that intervened before the autumnal assizes were soon gone. Walter stood forth to undergo his trial. His council put up a skilful defence, but what could be done in the face of such overwhelming circumstantial evidence. The prisoner seen walking with the murdered man the very night of the crime, his blood-stained handkerchief found by the side of the dead body, the flight from the scene of the deed,—these were facts that could in no way be contradicted. There was but one argument in the prisoner's favor, that seemed at all possible. Railer a known accomplice of Rolfe, they claimed, was the real murderer. Until Railer could be brought into court and his testimony taken, it was impossible to condemn Walter for the crime. But the lack of evidence to prove that Railer had been in town and with Rolfe the night of the murder, totally destroyed this ruse. Though diligent search was made, Railer could not be found.

The judge made his address little favorable to the prisoner. He told the jury that they were to decide the case from the evidence given in court; that this was most suspicious and clearly against the accused; that, though the previous reputation of the accused was good, he had lately fallen into evil courses; and that finally his youth should not bias their minds in rendering a verdict according to strict justice.

The jury retired and, after an hour's consultation, returned to court. The foreman appeared somewhat embarrassed to see the eagerness with which the crowd (in which was Helen) pressed for-

ward to catch his words. On many a face he read "Not Guilty," words which, in his own heart, he felt should have been spoken, but which his judgment and the judgment of his fellow-jurors would not allow him to formulate. Half suppressed exclamations of surprise ran through the court, when the verdict of "Guilty" was given. Helen stayed not to hear more, but was led forth from the court by her friends. Afterwards, they told her that her brother was condemned to die.

Though this news Helen expected, she still entertained a firm conviction that all would go well with Walter. Her mother, from whom the distressing details of the imprisonment, trial and condemnation of her son had been carefully concealed, was a source of more grievous anxiety. The crisis of the fever was passed, but the doctors held out faint hope of recovery. In her delirium, night and day, the mind of the invalid continually wandered on the past; and midst her broken and incoherent utterances, the hearers often heard the names of her two beloved children, whom she imagined to be always with her. Helen could not fail to notice that the fever-lit eyes recognized her when present but, even in her absence, the disturbed imagination of her parent still saw and addressed her. The patient sank rapidly, and became weaker and more emaciated, as the day of Walter's doom approached.

As time sped away, Helen could obtain leave to remain but a few minutes daily in her brother's cell. He was closely guarded. At length but one single night remained. It was a sleepless one for the condemned man. As the long hours of evening dragged themselves away, he could hear the ceaseless tread of the passers-by on the paved street beyond. In the early morn there came to his ears the noise of the workman's hammer, erecting the gibbet in the courtyard beneath his grated window. His thoughts were heavy and without consolation. He grieved not so much for himself, however, but for his mother and sister, the light and joy of whose happy home was now dimmed by the shadow of the gallows.

When morning dawned, his sister came for her final interview. The last expressions of regret, the last affectionate farewell, the last message to his mother (who knew not his forlorn state),

were hardly uttered, when the guard gave the signal to break off the interview. Helen remembered not how she left the prison. She could only recall that she saw, as she came out, the overcast sky, the dark gallows and the un pitying crowd collected there. Her last hope was gone.

Walter felt utterly deserted when Helen had departed. He thought it strange that Father John did not come, as he had promised, to assist him in his last hour. And now but a few minutes remained. At every moment, he expected to hear the tramp of the guard that would escort him to his place of doom. But no, the hour passed and the guard came not. There was a hurried step in the corridor without. Could it be the sheriff that had overshot his time and was now coming to tell him to prepare? The iron bolt slid back, the door opened and in stepped Father John, his face not wearing its usual sad and sympathetic expression but all aglow with joy.

"I bring you good news, Walter," he said: "Cast off those manacles. You are a free man. The magistrate will be here in a little while to cancel your sentence. I left him at the station and hurried here to relieve you of all anxiety."

Walter stood lost in astonishment at this sudden turn in his fortunes. As he put on a look of doubt and unbelief, Father John hastened to explain.

"You see, Walter, it was in this way. I went to a town about ten miles from here, to answer a sick call in the absence of the resident priest. It was the case of a man who had been injured while trying to board a moving train. He appeared to be in great suffering when I reached him, and, seeing that he would not last long, I advised him to settle his final accounts.

"'Yes, Father,' he replied, 'I shall, but hurry. Please have a magistrate called in, that my words may be taken down. I wish to make a legal confession, that I may thereby right a great wrong.'"

"I immediately complied with his wishes. In half an hour all was ready and the dying man told his story—giving all the particulars of the crime committed in this city. He expressed the utmost anxiety that you might not suffer for his crime. That man

is now in another world. I hope he has found grace and pardon before God."

After the usual formalities on like occasions, Walter was released from the prison where he had languished so long. He hurried to his mother's bed-side. His mother saw him now in reality, but she was dying. Helen whispered it in his ear as he bent over the thin, pallid form and kissed the chill brow. Only a moment to receive his mother's last words, and Walter saw her eyes grow dim; for the soul that lighted those eyes was fled to the great land of peace.

By the death of their mother, the bond that united the two children in a common life was sundered. Though their affection for each other was in no way lessened, each felt that their future paths lay apart. Walter wandered away from his native town where, by the late events his reputation had received blemish in the eyes of society. He started life afresh in the far west. Disappointments, difficulties, and temptations, he met with without number, but the remembrance of the fatal consequences of his youthful folly, gave him strength to overcome all and fortune smiled upon him once more. Many years afterward the children came to Walter and listened to the story of his life. As they received his caresses and almost shed tears over the sad recital, they little thought that he whom they loved so much for his kindness and thoughtfulness in their regard, was himself the subject of the tale, nor that the teacher of the new convent-school in the town, whom they called Aunt Sister Helen, was the one who had brought him comfort in his prison cell.

S. MURPHY, O.M.I., '03.



A CATHOLIC LANDMARK IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

WITH what complacency do we not revel in the recollections of past glorious events. Often these events give rise to sadness, and hence a feeling of melancholy in the heart as we ponder over them. When the Christian then goes back in spirit to the days of the early persecutions, the joy of triumph he feels surging within his breast is almost always tempered with a certain amount of human sympathy for the victims of pagan tyranny, his brethren.

Here history presents to view, that wonderful spectacle of men, women, of every age and condition, children even, bravely surrendering their fortunes and their lives for the sake of the religion they adopted. After all do not such examples show that religion is dearer to the hearts of true men, than wealth and life itself. Proofs of this fact are not wanting to-day any more than in the centuries the Roman emperors. We have only to point to the Sultan and to the terrible massacres that have drenched parts of the Ottoman Empire in the best Christian blood. We have only to point to the distant shores of China to realize that Christians still know how to shed their blood in the interests of religion.

Finding the exercise of their Faith prescribed and their lives in danger, the first Christians sought refuge either in hovels with their squalid environments, or, in those immense underground chambers which existed under the streets of Rome and which are popularly known as the Catacombs. Here in comparative safety the followers of Jesus, practiced the rites of their religion; here also, after the combat, were brought the sacred remains of their glorious martyrs. It is no wonder then if the Catacombs have ever been the object of the deepest religious veneration. This religious love has also sought outward expression in substantial and concrete forms. To this undying impulse, is due the countless attempts, made more or less successfully, to reproduce the catacombs partially or completely. The city of Washington offers in the domain of art, a specimen which is not only of considerable value

in itself, but as it was chiefly intended, is of no small advantage to the spread of religious piety and knowledge.

To the devout and ever active followers of the Seraphic Francis of Assisi it is, that we are indebted here in America for the opportunity of forming an idea of the catacombs much as they exist at Rome, and at the same time of satisfying in some small measure our feelings of admiration and—it must be added—of curiosity. We approach first of all a beautiful edifice which stands over the entrance to the Washington catacombs. The Franciscan Church is situated on a eminence overlooking the capitol, and from a distance, shines like a lustrous gem in the midst of very rich setting. From the outside you think you have before you a Russian Mosque, but this idea is dispelled the moment you pass the sacred portals. The display of architectural beauty is marvellous. Pillar, wall, and ceiling, reveal something every moment to delight the eye. All round the church, at regular intervals, are altars so arranged as to afford one dazzling view in white marble and onyx. But the most conspicuous and splendid of all, is the High Altar, certainly a fitting habitation for the "Master of Life," that is, as far as man can make a suitable dwelling.

Within the sanctuary, to the right of the high altar, is a marble enclosure, containing a sepulchre (also of the richest marble) and a carving in onyx of the "Dead Christ," the whole representing the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. On the walls of the tomb, are worked in mosaic many of the characters of Scripture.

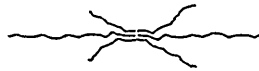
At last we come to the entrance of the Catacombs. Here awaits us a lay brother, who acts as the guide of visitors, and he executes the duties of this position to the satisfaction of everyone. He directs our way to the left of the church, down a flight of marble steps till we find ourselves, enveloped by the darkness of a great cavern. From the centre of this, branch off avenues in every direction. These avenues are gloomy enough, dimly lighted as they are by candles. Each one of the passages are explored, and almost at every turn we meet a shrine erected to honor the memory of those early Christian martyrs whose names are often pointed out to us by our guide as we go along. To the right and left at the entrance of these catacombs, we view the Cave of Beth-

lehem, with the furniture that tradition attributes to it on the memorable night when the Messiah was born. This cave, along with the shrines of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, do not properly belong to the catacombs. They have been introduced here, however, to show by the juxtaposition that the life of the Christians in the catacombs was in many respects similar to the life led by the holy occupants of the Grotto of Bethlehem.

After some time spent in these explorations, we return again to the large chapel from which the avenues radiate. Here we peer at the niches in the walls, at the votive lamps suspended from the ceiling, and pause at the altar draped in black, with its frontispiece consisting of a bas-relief representing the Souls of Purgatory. This is a replica of the principal chapel in the Roman Catacombs. Here the Franciscans bury their dead. We ponder, too, over the consoling obligations this belief of our Church in Purgatory imposes upon us, in favor of the departed souls, and we discharge some of that obligation by a shortly murmured prayer for our own dear ones.

At last, though with a feeling of relief, we turn our steps to the upper world glad however that we have made a visit to this underground city. Much credit, we have realized is due to the good Franciscans of Washington, whose enterprise and zeal makes it possible for many to satisfy to a certain degree the admiration and veneration they are certain to feel, when their thoughts revert to the catacombs of Rome.

JAMES H. MALONEY, '03



THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIENCES DURING THE RECENT CELEBRATIONS.

(Adapted from the *Buffalo Express*.)



HE Professor returned home from his afternoon's lecture, feeling tired. By a note left on the diningroom table his niece informed him that fourteen or fifteen relatives from Prescott and thereabouts had arrived in town, and had carried her off to see the sights at the Central Fair. After an hour's reading, the Professor took dinner at a restaurant that he liked, and where, by reason of a suitable tip, he was well waited upon. Then he strolled along into Major Hill Park, selected a seat admirably situated to command an extended view and decided to wait for the illuminations, then to return home early. A stout middle-aged woman, clearly from the farm wandered up, glanced at the Professor, and evidently feeling sure that he would not snatch her purse, sat down near him with a deep sigh of relief.

"This is a fine sight, madam," said the Professor courteously.

"Landsakes, yes, it is too fine, I don't know what we are coming to with all this 'lectricity--my man says this here Fair and Illuminations an' all the live wires runnin' all over the country, an' into houses, is the reason for all those hard thunderstorms. It draws the lightning. I have lived within twenty miles of Ottawa all my life and never seen anything like what it has been this summer."

"Nonsense, madam," said the Professor. "The Duke's Welcome has nothing to do with the thunder showers."

"And you think its safe then up in the 'Buildings' and everywhere?"

"Just as safe as your own kitchen cut on the farm."

"Well," with another sigh, "that's some relief. My, but I'm tired. I came in on an early train with my son an' his wife, but they're gone off to some show or other. I wouldn't go to no show. I says to 'em, 'now I've come, I'm going to see something instructive. I've slaved over a hot cook stove all summer, an' like 's not this is all the chanst there is to see the Fair, so I

shant waste no time on them shows.' My, but I have tramped all day long, with just a snack at noon an' a cup of tea. An' now in about an hour I've got to get that excursion train back home again."

"And what have you seen, inadam?"

"What ain't I seen, you'd better say. More'n I could tell 'n a week. I seen fust that butter palace in the Dairy building—but isn't that wonderful. I went all through: the Agriculture and that other big building over there. Oh! say, to see that wreath of flowers made out of dough! It's just wonderful. An' then those fruits from British Columbia,—my, but ain't them peaches an' pears whoppers? I can't just believe but they're blowed up somehow. An' oh! I don't know, I've looked at machines or things to eat an' things to wear an' more jim-cracks than I'd know what to do with, but somehow them art things like that dough wreath,—yes an' fine pictures just like paintings all done on sewing machines—I shall remember them the longest day I live."

"Did you go to the Art Gallery?"

"Le' me see—which one is that? I don' knows, I did get 'em mixed up goin' round so fast. Well"—rising with painful effort—"I must be goin' if my old feet will carry me to the train. If you like art things, go see that wreath an' them plum pictures."

Now there's a case, pondered the Professor, as the worthy dame waddled off, of sightseers' dyspepsia. She has taken in a great many impressions and digested none, except, perhaps those 'art things.' Well, well she enjoyed them, and they made her hard day's trib worth while—after she rests up; but what a pity that so many can only see grand things in this way. But even that is better than not to see it at all.

His stout and voluble visitor had scarcely disappeared when another stranger, a very old man sank in the seat beside him saying wearily:

"If you do not mind, I think I'll share this seat with you. My granddaughters will be looking for me hereabouts before long."

The Professor made affable assent. He saw that the newcomer, though much older than himself and feeble, was a man of character and refinement. The Professor always loved to talk to

men much older than himself. "It's not exactly because it makes me feel younger, and therefore gives me new courage, he once explained, "but it is like reading history from original documents; better than that even, for old men have lived through stirring events and important changes, and especially one who has borne a part of consequence, actually makes us see the past. He belongs to it himself, for his essential life pertains more to the days of his youth and vigor than to his last years of rest and reminiscence. Thinks what a privilege it would be if we could keep our old men! What an advantage to sit down in a quiet corner and instead of the printed page, gaze into the eyes and listen to the voice of, a Washington, a Cromwell, a Cæsar, a Moses!

Something of these imaginings prompted the Professor to remark to the newcomer: "Well, sir, we saw nothing like this in our boyhood!"

"No" said the very old man, resting his chin on the head of his walking stick, "no we didn't know much about electricity then. I don't suppose we know much about it yet."

"Don't you think this Reception of the Prince will mark a new era in electrical progress—or, let us say, in the use of the present inventions? This exterior illumination will be repeated in every city along the Duke's route. There will be other brilliant piles. Public buildings and gaily decorated parks or streets all over the country—all over the world—will be brighter because of this 'Visit,'" and the Professor gave a grand sweep with his hand. The old man did not turn his head.

"No doubt" he said slowly "the world runs after new things. I remember the days of the pine-knot and the back-log, that was in Gloucester, New Brunswick. Then along came whale-oil lamps. We thought we'd come to the end of improvements when we got a new-fangled brass lamp for burning whale-oil. Lord, how it used to stink! When I came out here we went back to tallow dips, because whale-oil was scarcely known up here. To this day, I like a candle better than any other light to go to bed by. Then came rock-oil, as we used to call it—kerosene you know—and how it used to smoke, for they didn't know how to refine it at first. Finally, came gas and for a time everybody

thought that was the end of the chapter." He paused awhile, then went on as old men will, talking more to himself than to his listener.

"I don't recognize my town any more. Many's the time I've shot squirrels over around 'Lover's Lane' yonder—yes, and bigger game too. It's all changed. These improvements everywhere confuse me; when I used to take an evening's stroll I met friends, now a steady stream of strangers rushes by like a mill-race. In the old times, our fine evenings were lighted up by the moon. Now the nights are made luminous by pickles. We used to hear about extracting moonbeams from cucumbers, and now, by Old Hickory, I guess they're learning how to do it."

At this moment, two graceful young girls came running, declaring that grandpapa would suffer harm if he remained out any longer. The Professor watched the three figures fade in the distance when he too sought the seclusion of his apartments.

“THE PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.”

THE prayers the little children say
No toiling angel brings.
They pass right through the shining ray
That searches selfish things.
(They are so little that they slip
Between the guarding wings.)
And God says, “Hush and give them way!”
The prayers the little children say.

—POST WHEELER

THE LATE FR. WHELAN, O.M.I.

As the last day of our retreat was drawing to a close, death claimed as its own, a devoted and eloquent priest, in the person of Rev. Father Whelan, O. M. I., whose whole life had been a preparation for this great event.

The late Father Whelan was born in Dublin county, Ireland, in 1868. At the age of eighteen he came to Canada, and filled with an ardent love for the salvation of souls, he joined the Oblate community. He was ordained four years ago at St. Louis College, New Westminster, where he completed his classical course. About a year ago he was appointed assistant to Father Fallon at St. Joseph's Church, and although he was curate only a few months, by his gentle manner and affectionate disposition he endeared himself to the congregation. Besides parish work, Father Whelan labored for the students of the University, both as professor and as manager of the UNIVERSITY REVIEW. Sickness alone compelled him to relinquish his duties and while yet in the bloom of his manhood, he fell a victim to that dread disease, consumption. After a long and painful illness, which he bore with great resignation, death came as a welcome release from pain. Strengthened by the spiritual consolations and sacraments of the Church, he died as he had lived, the death of the just.

The solemn high mass of requiem was chanted by Father John Whelan, O.M.I., of New Westminster, a brother of the late priest, and His Grace Archbishop Duhamel gave the absolution. The deceased is survived by two other brothers, Father Patrick Whelan, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Frank Whelan, of the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

To these, as well as to the relatives and many friends of the departed, the students offer their profoundest sympathy.

Requiescat in Pace.



Father Wm. B. Whalen, O.M.I.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OCTOBER, 1901.

Vol. IV.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY.

We are happy to give special prominence in this number to the Gaelic movement as represented by the Society of the University. The programme of the organization is sufficiently clear in the constitution printed elsewhere. It is an evidence that the wave of enthusiastic interest radiating from the heart of old Ireland and spread throughout the States, that home of her exiled ones, has broken at last about us. The Gaelic Movement has come to stay. It is backed by a more general movement for the rehabilitation of Celtic ideals in which Scot and Welsh and Manx and Breton are engaged. It is something that appeals especially to the stricken Irish, that they may meet the taunt of the dominator—that forsooth they are ashamed of their Irish past.

To understand the intense feeling that prompts the promoters and the measure of success already given to efforts, we have only

peruse the October *Gael* where full space is given to both the American Gaelic Meet at Chicago August 25 and 26, and the Pan-Celtic Congress at Dublin, August 20.

The pronouncement of the president of the latter, was, that the Celtic revival was for the good of the world, that the undying faith in God, in nature, in the beautiful, was not to be obliterated from this commonplace world. "We of the Celtic race have perceived a higher religious tone, we have joined the true worship of nature's God-head, Christianity, and we are purer and better for it." That is, the Celt as the inner man, the man of soul, is designed by God, as an agent to temper the realistic tendency of the day.

The main work of the Chicago Convention was the re-drafting of the Constitution and the adopting of resolutions respecting the literary and industrial revival campaign in Ireland, and as well the place of the language in Irish seminaries, and the place of Irish history in our American public schools. With this serious programme and the sinews of war in the shape of "the tax for the Gaelic," coupled with the *elan* and stick-to-it-iveness, characteristic of the Celt, and, the unquestioned support of the Catholic clergy, the Gaelic reaction against the All-Saxon idea will have to be counted with. That we of the great colony can be just as true to our Irishism as our cousins across the border, is evidenced by the birth of our branch now commencing its second year. It has our *Caed mille fuilthe*.

APOLOGETICAL.

The September number of the REVIEW contains, it cannot be denied, a number of defects. Several of these owe their existence to inexperience of the Managing-Editor. Other discrepancies of a character both amusing and annoying are bound to appear, notwithstanding the utmost diligence employed to exclude them. Further, the subject matter has been in places open to objection. This is to be expected, exposed, as the productions of human effort are, to imperfection. This liability to criticism along with the consciousness how difficult, if not impossible it is, to reconcile interested but conflicting claims, seems to indicate it as the

best and safest course, to follow traditional and authoritative direction when this is to hand, and when it is not, to accept adverse comment with the best grace possible. All the while, time and the judicial temper of the majority of readers may be depended upon to furnish that measure of justice, intentions and acts, as far as they can be considered, seem to reclaim. One thing more. One or two allusions of a personal nature, although devoid of malice have occasioned surprise and pain. To such, and to those who may justly feel offended in these pages, we hasten to make suitable reparation and express sincere regret.

VARIOUS.

One of the first acts of the new Confederation of Australia is very likely going to be the adoption of the metric system. The Legislature appointed a commission with this object in view, and the report brought in by it has been approved by the Governor-General.

It is odd to note that while Queen Victoria achieved one of the longest reigns in history, her eldest daughter's was one of the shortest ever known. The Empress Frederick, although she was an important figure at the German Court for over forty years, was Empress for barely a hundred days.

"Canada," says the *Republic* (Boston) "beats the world for canals. They cost over \$100,000,000. They began building in 1797. By the end of this year there will be uninterrupted navigation from the Straits of Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior, 2,384 miles, of which 72 miles will be canals 14 feet deep, locks 200 to 270 feet long and 45 feet wide. The largest lock in the world is at Sault Saint Marie, 900 feet long by 60 feet, opened and closed by electricity in 15 seconds. There are 15 miles of canal to be cut between Montreal and Georgian Bay. Grain, lumber, coal and ore compose 90 per cent. of the lake traffic.

"Lalor's Maples," a novel by Katherine E. Conway, author of "The Way of the World and Other Ways," which was so well received last season, is in press with the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, and will appear about October 20. The verdict of many experienced novel readers and critics on it, is summarized in the words of one: "the sweetest love-story and home-story written in many years." It promises a success far exceeding that of the popular "Way of the World," or the "Family Sitting Room" books.

Exchanges

One can hardly believe the degree of greatness to which cowardly assassination has raised William McKinley. The exchanges seem striving to excell each other in praising him. Nor is this confined to the United States alone; one of our Canadian magazines after first making a saint of him, would have us believe he is the greatest American statesman since Lincoln. Evidently the time to pass an impartial judgment is not come.

* *

The death of another person Eliza Allen Starr has called for notices especially in the Catholic exchanges. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* contains a well written article on this distinguished Catholic American art critic. We learn from the *Scholastic* also, that Notre-Dame has, like Ottawa, joined the Gaelic Movement. An Irish class was formed last month. We are especially interested in the move, for our Gaels, when consulted last year, gave them every advice and encouragement. That the society will have a wider effect than the learning of a few words of Irish, can readily be seen from the recent *Scholastics*. The article on The Pagan Bards of the Gael, despite some few inaccuracies, which are almost certain to occur when treating a subject concerning which information is scarce, is an interesting and scholarly one. May it be but the precursor of many others.

St. John's Fordham deserves to be congratulated for their excellent October *Monthly*. The issue is one any university might be proud of. "Father Scully's Sermon" is one of absorbing interest to the Catholic student. "The Press, in its Relation to the Church" by a '91 man is fit to be published in any American magazine. The writer takes a broad and sensible view on the live question of a Catholic daily and all through the article shows himself the complete master of his subject. The lighter literature seems to have been left to the undergraduates, and "Acrobatic Rhyming" is not by any means the weakest article in the magazine.

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* *

St. Vincent's Journal contains several interesting articles, "Blessed John Fisher," "Sleep," and "The Experiment," but perhaps the editorial, "Genesis of Anarchism," is better than any of them. Of all the comments on the murder of the President, this is one of the best we have seen.

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* *

It is doubtful if all the Irish bards together could compose a poem more anti-English than the one entitled "England" in the *Dominicana*. We think the writer has in one or two places let his hate of England injure his work. The poem has two of the requisites of style, clearness and force, but the third, beauty, is not so evident.

*
* *

The Mount contains a rather large amount of travels. In an essay on Emerson, the writer compares him with Cardinal Newman and Orestes Brownson, 'These men were two intellectual giants, compared with whom, Emerson was a dwarf.' To say that Emerson is a dwarf beside Brownson is hardly true. Emerson, indeed, became a Pantheist but not on account of a small, but rather, a misguided intellect. Catholics often do what they blame Protestants for doing, exaggerate the importance of writers of their own belief.

Among the Magazines.

The October number of *The Canadian Magazine*, which styles itself a "Royal Number," contains several articles relative to the doings of the Royal Family at home and abroad. "The Significance of the Royal Visit," "The Duke and Duchess of York at Home," and "Presentation at Court" all tend in this direction. "Canada at the Glasgow exhibition" well illustrated, furnishes valuable reading for all Canadians.

* *

A HALLOWE'EN MAGAZINE—Superstition Trail, a powerful tale of the West, by Owen Wister, and illustrated by Remington, is the opening story in the Hallowe'en Number (October 26) of *The Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. Other attractive features are a new episode in *The Love Affairs of Patricia* and a striking poem by Holman F. Day. Mr. Day's ballad, *The Night of the White Review*, tells a weird tale current among Gloucester fishermen. It has all the swing and movement of Mr. Kipling's *Dipsy Chanteys*, and a strength and originality all its own.

* *

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* contains a very good account of "Famous Spanish Gateways," and an exhaustive article on "A Modern Philosopher and His Disciples," by Jos. J. Walsh, Ph.D. "The Peril of Modern States" by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., reviews the number of assassinations of the world's rulers from the time of the great Julius Cæsar, who was so foully murdered by his political rivals, up to the last sad occurrence in the United States. He shows by comparison that the murders and assassinations of modern times are, in truth, a reproduction of the awful condition of anarchy and bloodshed which prevailed among the ancient pagans.

* *

The various articles of *The Catholic World* for October, are written in that same interesting manner which has characterized

that magazine for so many years. "The Undoing of William McKinley, President," reviews the various causes which have tended to bring about such a terrible national calamity. "Christian Art; Its status and prospects in the United States" is of considerable merit, and worthy of a careful perusal by all those interested in the advancement of art and architecture. Its writer, Chas. De Kay, is recognized as one of the foremost critics of art in the present day. "Pope Leo's Busiest Holiday" draws the veil from around the Vatican and affords us a good view of what is going on within that noble palace. Rev. Jos. McSorley, C.S.P. reviews in an interesting manner a famous old book entitled "The Scale of Perfection." "The Winchester Conference of Missionaries to Non-Catholics" and "The Missionary and His Topics" cannot fail to attract attention at the present time. The former written by Father Sullivan, C.S.P., is a review of the Missionary movement from its inception to the present time; and the latter by Father Elliot, C.S.P. is in the way of an advice to all conductors of missions. A Sketch, by Rev. Thos. E. Cox on the American poet Geo. H. Miles, "The City of the Rhine" and "Heredity in Man," together with the initial number of a story by Mary Sarsfield Gilmore, entitled "Joyce Josselyn, Sinner," complete a very interesting number of *The Catholic World*.

Obituary.

On October 14th, a telegram was received from New Westminster, B.C., announcing the death of Mrs. McKenna, the mother of Rev. Father Bernard McKenna, a former professor and managing-editor of the REVIEW.

The students offer their most sincere sympathy.

* *

Albert Dontigny ex-'03, after a long illness, died this summer

at his home in Arnprior. The deceased will be remembered by the older students, as wing of the old college fifteen.

During the time which he spent within the walls of *Alma Mater*, his many noble traits of character, endeared him to the hearts of all.

The deepest sympathy of the students is extended to parents, relatives, and many friends.

Of Local Interest.

The season of greatest activity and of most intense excitement is again with us; we hear nothing on all sides but "football." The games that are played on the gridiron on Saturday are played over a thousand times in conversation during the following week. This is as it should be. It is, indeed, agreeable to note the enthusiasm that prevails. But then again there is the fear that the subject of football may become so absorbingly interesting as to steal our minds from the real purpose of our presence here. It is to be hoped that this is not actually so. A student can best prove his attachment to athletics, and to football in particular, by redoubling his efforts in the class-room during these few months and thus explode the theory, which seems to obtain in some quarters, that athletics and class progress cannot join hands.

* * *

The students' retreat which opened on Sunday, 6th inst., and closed the following Thursday, was conducted by Rev. Fr. Shaffer, O.F.M., English Secretary to Mgr. Falconio, and Rev. Fr. Valiquet, O. M. I., of Mont-

real. To both of the Rev. Fathers the students offer their sincerest thanks.

* * *

After a month of the happiest of college life, it was not at all surprising that the students of the senior department were so deeply grieved to lose Rev. Fr. Beaupré as their prefect. In the short time that he was with the boys he endeared himself to them to an extent reached but by few of his predecessors. Rev. Fr. Lambert who is succeeding Fr. Beaupré, will, no doubt, accord the same manly treatment as did the outgoing prefect.

* * *

We are pleased to note that the first installment of those long promised books for the senior library has at last arrived. The choice shows admirable taste in the rev. gentleman who has the affair in charge. We trust that the second installment will reach us before Christmas, at least.

* * *

The University Choir under Rev. Bro. McGurty's direction, is covering itself with praise.

We wish the director continued success.

* * *

We are sure that the student-body will appreciate the kindness of the gifted young Irish priest, Fr. Dollard, who, amid the multiplicity of his parochial and literary labors, has found time to prepare a contribution for our present number.

* * *

The Senior English Debating Society inaugurated the season's work on the 13th instant under circumstances that were not at all encouraging. However, we trust that the listless ones will soon awaken to the immense advantages to be derived from that organization. The subject of the first debate was, "Resolved, that resident are superior to non-resident schools." The resolution was upheld by Messrs. E. E. Gallagher and R. Devlin and opposing were Messrs. F. P. Burns and H. Letang. After a lively discussion in which the gentlemen of both sides showed good argumentative ability, the victory was awarded to the affirmative.

* * *

The Scientific Society has chosen the following corps of

officers for the ensuing term : Director, Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M.A.; President, W. A. Martin, '02; Vice-Pres, G. I. Nolan, '03; Secretary, J. O. Dowd, '03; Treasurer, J. F. Hanley, '04; Reporter, J. J. O'Gorman, '04; Councillors, J. J. Macdonnell, '02, J. McDonald, '03, R. Hallygan, '04, L. M. Staley, '05.

It is expected that the course of lectures will be opened within a few weeks in the new Science Hall.

* * *

On the 20th inst. the course of lectures that has been projected as supplementary to the regular work of the Debating Society, was initiated with a lecture on Wordsworth by R. W. Shannon, Esq., of Ottawa. Seldom indeed have we been favored with such a literary treat as Mr. Shannon gave us. The society offers him its heartfelt thanks.

* * *

McSwig rests his claim to university fame on the following masterpiece, delivered in the Recreation Hall a few weeks ago : Mesdames et messeers, je demande bien vous d'excuser moy correctement. Je suis shure que vos etes beaucoup pleased de l'entertainment donnè

a vous par Messeer Mal au nez. Il est un peach dans l'arte de chanter. Voulez-vous hear moy encore dire à vous to offer Messeer Mal au ney plusieurs thanks-trois cheers. (Applause from Ph---ips and Shakespeare.) Merci, messeers and madame for vos applause. Je demande à vous to listen à Bobby qui parler à vous en French. Beau-coup de thanks.... . . . No one was able to take Bob's seconding speech. After putting the motion to the house, Mac declared it *inanimously* carried.

* *

McSwig—Say, Dick, you tell me that a well dressed man is a neat one.

Dick—Well, what about it?

McSwig—Oh, nothing; only I think Bobby is *an cater*.

* *

Quite an unusual phenomenon was witnessed at the practice held in the dark the other evening. C-x said he saw *Day light* on the ball.

* *

Spud invested a cent in matches and had a hot time.

Moral — Never buy any matches.

* *

We understand that M-l-n-y has appointed T. Ph-l-i-s his literary critic.

* *

With the Authors :

Runt Kari—A Quarter that was only a Perforated Penny. (Dick will tell you all about it.)

McC. and Call-g--n—The propagation of Sound.

Mal--- —How to Respond to Encores.

Gi-o-a-d—Perpetual Youth or the Short-panted Phiiosopher.

Bohby—How to Carve Beans.

M-l-n-y informs us that his maiden name was Jacobus Songster from the *Suburbs*.

* *

The following *touching* verse is dedicated to our subscribers—

Dear subscriber, hear in mind,
 However busy you may find
 The Manager, should you chance to call
 [on him some day—
 You can always reach his ear,
 And his weary spirit cheer,
 By slightly hinting you have called—your
 [subscription bill to pay.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Messrs. J. E. McGlade, '01, and J. Lynch, ex '03, have taken the soutanne at Montreal Seminary. The latter will be in the department of Philosophy.

* * *

Mr. S. M. Nagle, ex '03, called on old friends at the College last month. Mr. Nagle is a second year's student in the department of Medicine at McGill.

* * *

Dr. J. T. McNally, an old student of the college, was a welcome visitor at *Alma Mater* last month. This is the first time the Doctor has visited the college since taking his degrees in '92.

* * *

On Sunday morning the 6th inst., dedication ceremonies were held in the new Church of the Sacred Heart, Lowell. This event has special interest for us from the fact that Rev. J. P. Reynolds, O.M.I., the present pastor, is an old Varsity student.

We congratulate Father Reynolds in the noble work he has accomplished in bringing to completion this magnificent edifice of Catholic worship.

Mr. J. Burke of last year's Matriculation class has begun the study of Dentistry, and at present is taking up practical work in the office of Dr. Jackson of this city.

* * *

We beg to congratulate Mr. Albert Lapointe of this city on his recent marriage. Mr. Lapointe was a student of the Commercial class of '98. We wish him all success and happiness.

* * *

We learn that Mr. J. O'Malley, a former Varsity student and a graduate in Arts from Holy Cross college, will begin Theology next month.

* * *

Ottawa College graduates are ever coming into prominence. Recently these came to our notice an account of the French Congress convened at Lowell. From this we learn that Mr. Hayes, an old Varsity student and at present a prominent lawyer of Springfield, was one of the speakers at this immense gathering. We can form an estimate of the sterling worth of the man from the fact that he has already served several terms as mayor of his city and will probably be a Democratic candidate in the coming elections for State Committee.

Athletics.

COLLEGE 10. BRITANNIA 7.

The opening of the football season of 1901 found College pitted against their old time rivals the Britannia's in Montreal. The College team, to a man had practised faithfully for two weeks before the game and with the acquisition of such men as Walters, Lafleur and Boucher, the team was much superior to that of last year. Little can be said as to the respective merits of the teams for as is customary with College, the team picked to represent Varsity in the first game is composed more or less of new men, with practically no experience in foot-ball, hence College was not represented by her real strength. The final score resulted 10—7 in College favor, and as the score indicates the play was of a very aggressive nature. The game was in doubt till the referee's whistle announced "time up"! College won the toss and chose to kick with wind and sun in their favor. From the kick off the ball traveled to within a few yards of College goal line, where on a College off-side the Britannia's were awarded a free kick from

which they kicked a goal. Score Britannia 2, College 0.

College was not to be denied and on resuming play forced the ball well into Britannia territory, where, by superb kicking by Callaghan and Richards, and a brilliant run by O. Lafleur, who got over for a touch-down, they soon had 10 points to their credit. Half time was called with the ball in Britannia territory and the score 10—2 in College favor.

The second half found College on the defensive and the ball almost continually in their territory. The Britannia's availed themselves of every advantage, but could do little with College forwards who were playing a remarkable game. But what contributed in a great measure to Varsity's success was the fact that they succeeded in retaining possession of the ball for four-fifths of the second half, the ball passing successively from Harrington to Dooner to Callaghan. During the time that Britannia held possession of the ball they succeeded in getting over College line but twice, once for a touch and once for a rouge, thus leaving the final score 10—7 in College favor.

The line-up was as follows :

College.	Britannia.
	Back.
Keeley.	Barclay.
	Halves.
Richards.	Bowin.
Callaghan,	(Capt.) Mackenzie.
Blate.	Christmas.
	Quarter.
Dooner.	McMaster.
	Scrimmage.
Cox.	Vipond.
Harrington.	Strachan.
Boucher (Capt.)	Byrne.
	Wings.
Filiatreault.	Fisher.
Lasleur.	Lightburn.
French.	Christmas.
Tobin.	Monk.
Hal. Walters.	Donnelly.
McCredie.	Anderson.
Filion.	Evans.

*
* *

COLLEGE 31. BROCKVILLE 0.

It brings us back to good old days
 When games were won galore ;
 'Tis clear you've not forgot the ways
 Of those who played of yore.
 So keep it up; that thirty-one
 Is such a score that they
 Who meet you in the games to come
 Will lose ere yet they play.

L. E. O. P.

It looked like the old days to Ottawa College supporters, who were in the grand stand at Varsity Oval, on Saturday, Oct. 12th, to see the boys of the garnet and grey roll up a score of 31 points, while their opponents, last year's Quebec champions, were unable to score. The result was at once a delight

and a surprise. Every college man was certain of victory, but scarcely anyone dared to hope that the defeat of 45 to 0, sustained at the hands of the Brockvilles last year, would be reversed.

The game was, although rather one-sided throughout, interesting to the many spectators, as the general tendency of the play was towards open work.

At the outset of the match, College appeared to be slightly rattled, and almost before they realized the game had begun, the ball was on Varsity's line. A great play by O'Brien, who ran 35 yards before being downed, relieved College, and afterwards their line was never in danger. Brockville made a great effort to force the play in the first few minutes, but seeing that they were not *in it*, tried to keep down College score as much as possible. They were unfortunate also in the loss of their quarter-back, Dr. Jones, who, shortly after the game began, had his collar bone broken, thus forcing him to retire. He was replaced by Dr. Jackson, who played pluckily. The principal feature of the game was the superb punting of Call-

aghan, centre half-back of College, who returned splendidly, and whose goal kicking was the best ever witnessed on a football field, for out of 5 difficult tries, he missed the goal but once.

Dooner, at quarter played a hard game, and at bucking the line he is second to none in the business.

Cox, Harrington and Boucher did excellent work in the scrimmage, and it was remarkable to see those men break through their opponents and follow up the pigskin. Kennedy on third wing kept his man guessing, and for strength he has lots in reserve. Filiatreault proved that he can play second wing with the same vim and dash as in his former position, 3rd wing.

The wings played hard and fast, and were a vast improvement on their work of October 5th.

The teams lined up as follows:

College.		Brockville.
	Full-back.	
O'Brien,		Stevens.
	Halves.	
Richards,		Dier,
Callaghan,		Byrne,
Jos. Gleeson,		Donaldson.
	Quarter-back.	
Dooner,		(Jones) Jackson,

Scrimmage.

Cox,	Dobbie,
Harrington,	Doran,
Boucher, (Captain)	Price.

Wings.

Walters,	(Captain) Ritchie,
McCredie,	Simpson,
Kennedy,	Curtin,
Filiatreault,	Tomkins,
Corbett,	Graham,
Lafleur,	Dodd,
French,	Phillips.

* * *

Perhaps it is not out of place to say a few words about the Britannia game, which we won two weeks ago. It was the opening game of the season and necessarily caused a certain amount of worry and anxiety, as we did not know what we could do. We won that game, however, after a hard and well-fought battle, and now without the slightest regard for any of the rules acknowledged by all true lovers of sport, the Executive awarded the game to the Britannias. Had we transgressed the rules to the utmost, they could not have dealt more severely with us. No attention whatever was paid to the offer we made of undergoing extra expenses of journeying to Montreal, and giving the Britannias the opportunity of playing the

game over, thus increasing their receipts by that of an extra gate.

For the slight infringement of the rules we made by playing Alf. Tobin, an old student and player who, we understood at the time was to become a resident of Ottawa, as he had accepted a situation, the game we fairly won was given to the

Britannias. The deed is done, however, and "there is no use of crying over spilt milk."

So with a spirit and determination that knows no obstacle let us into the fight and surely success shall crown our efforts.

Let us be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
"Now or never" is the adage
Let us not be found too late.



Junior Department,

The death of Rev. Father Whelan brought much grief to the younger members of the community. In behalf of his young comrades the Junior Editor extends to the Faculty his heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the loss which they have lately endured.

* * *

The Junior Editor offers his heartfelt gratitude to the diminutive bipeds of the small yard for the enthusiastic reception which they tendered to their new chronicler. Notwithstanding the efforts made by the small fry to capture him, he evades the detectives and winks at the futile efforts of his pursuers.

* * *

On Sunday, Oct. 6, the small boys entered upon their annual

retreat. Judging from the earnestness evinced in following the many exercises of the retreat, we feel assured that each boy reaped abundant fruit for his soul. We hope, therefore, that the small boys will ever bear in mind the useful advices preached to them and the good resolutions which they formed.

* * *

We are pleased to give our earnest support to the Juniors for the marked interest they display in the field of sports.

On the handball alley many new *sharks* are winning laurels for their wonderful feats.

Again lacrosse is a favorite pastime. There are at present several enthusiasts who handle their sticks very gracefully and

cleverly. With such enthusiasm among these stick-handlers, lacrosse will find many favorites during the coming spring.

* * *

On October 13, the first team played football with the reputed fourth team of the Senior Department. The line-up was as follows :

Junior 1st.		Senior 4th.
	Back.	
N. Bawlf.		Downey.
	Halves.	
Girouard.		Meagher.
Rochon.		H. Smith.
A. Groulx.		Gaboury.
	Quarter.	
E. Groulx.		Philips.
	Scrimmage.	
S. Poirier.		O'Keefe.
Berlinguette.		Sloan.
Chartrand.		Langevin.
	Wings.	
Hogg.		Gilligan.
Freeland.		Labrosse.
Clouthier.		Donahue.
Traversy.		Murtagh.
G. Leonard.		O'Neil.
Slattery.		Genslinger.

Shakespeare excepted, who claims never before to have seen the sportive pigskin save its native farmyard rambles, the seniors presented a formidable array of punt(ch)ers. Not by brilliant play, but by sheer force, was the score of 10 to 0 piled up against the sturdy representa-

tives of the small yard. In the main, the Juniors fought creditably, considering the brawn opposed to them. The punting of Groulx and Bawlf, the sure tackling of Leonard and Berlinguette, were largely responsible for the low scoring of the Seniors. H. Smith of the Seniors made wonderful showing when he failed to convert the try; but he played well, and deserves congratulations. This game has given us a good lesson—the necessity of earnest, faithful practice. We have the material to beat the Seniors.

PUNTS FROM THE FIELD.

The Seniors are very *long-winded* players. Mr. Carey, ex-vice president of A. S., saw the game from the fence. After the contest, he congratulated the victors.

The line judge from Watertown showed extreme generosity towards the big yard in extending the margin of the touch-line. Philips assaulted referee, and graced the side-line for the remainder of the game. Gaboury was penalized for tripping. O'Keefe would have played better had he not mashed a finger at the start. Sloan played a rough game; he be-

came winded and was sent to the rear to rest. Gill-gan was ruled off three times for scragging. His cover was only 14 years old. Gill-gan will get a *rep.* Downey was always in the wrong place, for which he was properly called down by Capt. Philips. The referee was most

impartial. After the game, Capt. Leonard received the following telegram :

GATINEAU POINT, Oct. 13.
Dear Comrades,—

I am sorry, so are you. Do better some time other. All for the bes'. No swell head, more practice.

JEAN BAPTISTE MCCARTHY.

HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER.

First Grade—1st, P. O. Du-four ; 2nd, D. J. O'Brien ; 3rd, C. Kehoe ; 4th, A. Menard.

Second Grade—1st, A. Fleming ; 2nd, D. Blanchette ; 3rd, J. Labrose ; 4th, D. Casey.

Third Grade—1st, H. McDonald ; 2nd, G. Kirwan ; 3rd, E. Poissant ; 4th, L. P. Levesque.

Fourth Grade—1st, H. Legault ; 2nd, J. Coupal ; 3rd, N. Bawlf ; 4th, M. J. Morris.





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