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No. X

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

W. J. K.

Paint a lovely country roadside,
With the giant elms above,
Forming green and shady archways
Made by nature's kiss of love;
And a spring of liquid clearness
Leaping from its mother's breast,
Yet *still* clinging to her bosom,
In her arms still seeking rest.

Here the weary traveller pauses,
And he lays his burden down,
As the melting gold of sunset
Slowly gilds the stately town;
Here he drinks those cooling waters,
And the fever, heat and thirst
In his warm blood leaving, quiver,
From his veins in freedom burst.

Thus our poet's works will lighten
All the labors of our lives—
For the love he bore to mortals
In his poems yet survives;
Thus, when weary of our burdens,
We will find a secret prayer
In his words, so mildly chastened
By a meek repose 'mid care.

We will learn to love and cherish
All his teachings, grand and true;
For he wrote for man's improvement,—
Wrote for all, and not for few.
He was like the glorious day-god,
Giving light and heat to all,
Not the single rays reflecting
Warmth but where they chance to fall.

He but touched the flint of nature,
And the lightness of his clasp
Softened all its stony hardness
Into velvet in his grasp.
He but thought on gloomy shadows
And the rays of mental light
Pierced the hollow tomb of darkness
And dispelled the clouds of night.

When he swept the strings of patience,
Music echoed to his song,
And the breath of smiling virtue
Bore the holy strains along;
When he struck the roots of mourning,
Then the tree of grief fell dead;
When he wept o'er weeds of sorrow,
Flowers of hope sprang up instead.

But he's gone! One blow has riven
Every tie that bound his heart;
Just a stroke has cleft the life-chorde
And imprisoned soul apart;
Yet his works will live forever
In the ivied towers of fame,
And the praises of our children
With our love will blend his name.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

J. J. L.

For centuries the heavy hand of oppression had weighed upon the fair brow of Ireland; a seething hell of bigotry, tyranny and intolerance had scorched her green hills and fertile valleys; unjust laws had robbed her of her commerce, cruel task-masters ground her people in the dust, and the "Isle of Saints," once the light and glory of the Christian world, was plunged in all the gloomy horrors of ignorance and barbarism. All the iniquitous decrees that the ingenuity of blood-thirsty, cruel tyrants could devise were promulgated against that unhappy country, under the horrible mockery of law. Ireland—deprived of her institutions of learning, bereft by treacherous massacre of her ablest sons, her priests hounded to death, her children driven into exile or doomed to the jail, the gibbet and the axe—was a prey on which the English vulture glutted its hate, and as it plucked out her vitals grinned in fiendish derision at the writhings of its victim. But centuries of patient endurance brought the dawn of a better day, and, when the volunteers of '82 demanded and received Home Rule, regenerated Ireland seemed to be on the fair road to prosperity. Her people springing up from the blood and ashes which despotism had flung over them manifested the most astonishing activity; manufactures prospered, commerce flourished, wealth increased, the rich were content, the poor happy, and it seemed as if the clouds that had hung for generations over poor unhappy Ireland were breaking at last, to let in a little of the warm sunshine of freedom that Britain had so long denied to her sister island. Still, Ireland's prosperity assumed proportions too great for England's safety. She could not brook the existence in close proximity of a nation that seemed destined in a few short years to eclipse her own glory: Irish traitors were plied with Saxon gold to perform a deed that English bayonets could never accomplish. Ireland

was long an afflicted country, but seldom was her future so gloomy, or her hour of trial so great as at the close of the last century. England had barely allowed her to taste the sweets of freedom when she snatched them from her. The Catholics of Ireland were scarcely allowed to live, and were even taught to be grateful for the boon of existence. The paths of preferment were closed against them, education was denied them; and those avenues that lead to honor, dignity and fame, which a people so ambitious as the Irish always longed to tread, being shut against them at home, they were forced to seek abroad. But in this hour of need God raised up for Ireland a man destined to hurl bigotry from its almost impregnable citadel; and, without spilling a single drop of blood, by the sheer force of his eloquence and dauntless patriotism, to wrench from the grasp of Protestant England the priceless boon of Catholic Emancipation.

Daniel O'Connell, at once the idol and Liberator of his people and the acknowledged leader of the Irish nation during a most eventful crisis, was born on the 9th of August, 1775, at a place called Carhan, near the harbor of Valentia, on the wild and picturesque coast of Kerry. Descended from a family that in other lands would have been called noble, endowed by nature with a vast and comprehensive intelligence, prodigious memory, rich vein of humor and eloquence, and a form full of manly vigor, courage and beauty, he seemed a man marked out by Providence for his country's deliverance. O'Connell received his first education from a hedge schoolmaster; and, after spending some time under the tutelage of a Catholic priest in the County Cork, was sent in 1790 to the English College at St. Omers where he remained, having earned a very creditable school reputation, until prematurely driven home by the outbreak of the French Revolution. On his return, in 1794, he entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student. He was called to the bar four years afterwards, in the memorable year of '98, when Ireland made a last fearful effort to free herself from the galling yoke of tyranny, and it was the boast of his later career in endeavoring to obtain the repeal of the Union that his first public speech was delivered against that projected measure. Thus early had he begun to labor in that cause to which he afterwards announced he had devoted his life; and, while he rose steadily in his profession by assiduous exertion he never lost sight of the goal of his ambition—Ireland's freedom. From the beginning he took an active part in all movements of the Catholics for the removal of their civil disabilities, and his unquestioned ability soon made him their recognized leader. The world knows how, relinquishing a lucrative practice at the bar and supported only by voluntary contributions of the people, he devoted himself with unparalleled energy and untiring zeal to the accomplishment of this task. He went through the length and breadth of Ireland,

and her people and priests rallied round him; he roused his countrymen to a sense of the wrongs and indignities they had suffered, to a pitch of excitement they had never reached, and yet he kept them peaceful and within the bounds of law; he forced England to perform an act of simple justice, and in his triumph seven millions of Catholic Irishmen rejoiced. Ireland hailed him as her deliverer, and crowned him with the glorious title of Liberator. He had accomplished one great aim of his life, but there yet remained another—the Repeal of the Union. The annual subsidies received from the people, the vast resources of his intellect, his great talents and genius, he devoted wholly to this end; and while organizing the people, and awakening them to a sense of their own power, he ceased not to inculcate the doctrine of "moral suasion," and to forbid, except in dire necessity, an appeal to arms. Monster meetings were held throughout Ireland, but these assumed such gigantic proportions that the Government began to tremble for its own safety, and O'Connell, together with several others, was arrested for seditious conspiracy, and after a long and memorable trial before a prejudiced judge and a packed jury was convicted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and fined £2,000. After he had languished in prison for several months the judgment was reversed, and on his discharge he resumed his career. But O'Connell never recovered from the blow of his incarceration. His release was followed by disunions in the councils of his party, and the very men that in childhood hung with admiration on his words, and learned their first lesson in politics at his knee, wished to plunge their country into hopeless confusion. All this O'Connell saw, but there remained one load more to be placed upon his shoulders. Famine extended her gaunt hand over the land, the angel of death spread his wings on the blast, and strong men sickened, lay down and died by the roadside; helpless women shrieked aloud in their agony, innocent babes perished at their mother's breast, and a wail of anguish rose from that sorrow, famine-stricken land. O'Connell heard the despairing groan of his starving people, and, rising from a bed of sickness, crawled with tottering steps to London, and begged, aye, piteously begged, for bread; for the fire that once had flashed from those eyes had gone forever, and the flush of health had flown from those cheeks that once were ruddy with the warm blood of triumph. But he met with a cold repulse. He could not turn back to see his people dying, he could not revisit the hills of his native isle where death now sat enthroned in undisputed sovereignty, and with a broken heart he turned his faltering steps towards the Eternal City. But death overtook him on his journey thither, and he died at Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847, leaving his heart to Rome and his body to the land he loved so well. Like a broken column amid some grand old Grecian ruin shattered by time and the elements, with the roof that it had once supported crumb-

ling into dust, or scattered in fragments around its base, stood O'Connell amid the ruins of his once great nation, now helplessly stricken by the dread hand of disease; as a flower, which the ruthless scythe of some mower, while cutting down its companions, has wounded, droops, withers and decays when the sun has disappeared in the gilded bosom of the East, so O'Connell languished, sickened and died whilst the dark clouds of famine were beginning to overcast the dawning brightness of Ireland's future.

O'Connell was a man of towering genius, of wonderful powers of mind, gifted with all the dazzling brilliancy and sparkling wit that have ever characterized his countrymen. Standing amidst the beautiful scenery of his own dear land, and pointing to the gorgeous tints of the sky or the glorious landscape of his native isle, he poured forth a torrent of flowing eloquence that entranced his hearers, and made them obedient to his slightest wish. Loss metaphorical than most of his contemporaries, he was not lacking in luxuriance of imagination, or elegance and polish; but for clear force, for adroit argument and apt illustration he was unsurpassed, tearing his opponent's case to tatters with the talons of an eagle, and beating down his rivals with a hailstorm of words. His was a character pure and noble. The paths of preferment he left untrodden that he might win for Ireland her freedom, and to the realization of this self-imposed duty he surrendered his life with the most unselfish devotion. Idolized by his countrymen he was feared by his enemies; generous and kind-hearted to a fault, he forgave with readiness his most implacable foes; an uncrowned monarch, he swayed his people by love and eloquence; a wily statesman, a brilliant orator, he achieved more for Ireland by peace and reasoning than armies could have done by war and bloodshed. Whether we behold him in the Senate house, at the bar, or counselling the thousands that thronged to hear him at Mullaghmast or on the hills of Tara, we are struck by that wonderful eloquence, that enticing power by which he made an impetuous, hot-blooded people a nation of calm but resolute men. Whether we view him planting the glorious green and gold of old Ireland on the ramparts of Protestant ascendancy, or languishing in a British bastille for daring to assert a freeman's right, the same exalted patriotism and undaunted resolution ever challenge our admiration.

SCENES.

J. E. F.

One evening when the first gold rays of twilight crept slowly o'er declining day, tipping the many domes and lofty spires with a soft mellow flood of light, I wandered some distance from my home along the peaceful shore of the Penobscot river. On the right of this beautiful river rises majestically a lofty mountain crowned with stately pines and cedars; while

on the left, verdant, smiling plains, extending as far as the eye can grasp, captivate the ardent admirer of beauteous nature.

Here in this solitude I communed on the wonderful productions of creation, and while feasting my eyes upon this glorious tableau spread out before me, I saw traced therein the visible effects of an invisible Creator. About an hour after the sun had bade farewell to earth, when night spread her sable pinions o'er the scene and gently fanned the flickering flames of the heavenly lights, the moon, fair queen of night, veiled in a few stray clouds illumined the heavens. All was silent; nothing relieved this calm monotony save the rustling of the leaves, as the breath of night passed amid the trees; or the purlings of the stream meandering swiftly in its onward course. Gently moving, the moon ascended the eastern horizon, and scattered her silvery light on the mountain's brow, while her bluish beams basked in placid beauty on the bosom of the rippling waters, or slightly tipped the sleeping flowers and nodding boughs—nature's beautiful offspring. What an enchanting scene! How beautiful to contemplate! The Queen of light appearing in all her grandeur accompanied by myriads of her bright satellites, vivifying all nature with palest beams of light! Now she seems to stop in her career, and peep down, as it were, from behind a mass of fleecy clouds; and now, continuing her course, she casts amid the clustering trees a radiance that illumines and silvers their wavering tops.

Here at my feet flowed the river in whose calm bosom the moonbeams were reflected. But how sublime and majestic seemed that river as it thundered down the mountain, and, clashing against the projecting rocks, flung itself into the abyss below! How beauteous the spray as it danced in the glistening beams of the Queen of Night! What a wave of thoughts flowed o'er me as I gazed upon this ever memorable sight! Soft ejaculations unknowingly escaped my lips as I directed my eyes to the blue vault of Heaven to thank the great Artificer of nature for His glorious gifts. While thus pondering on the marvels of nature, another landscape captivated my enraptured gaze. It was the beautiful City of Bangor. There it lay spread out before me, its lofty spires and towers "kissing the stars," its parks and gardens all aglow with nature's verdant robes. The city was buried in forgetfulness, and the few flickering lights yet to be seen silently told of the sorrowful vigil, the zealous student, or the busy artizan. Deeply impressed I left this scene; for when we contemplate the wonders of creation, we are filled with an idea of the omnipotence of God and our own nonentity. As the fast-fleeting Penobscot swiftly meanders through its verdant banks in its onward course, it eloquently tells us that we too are carried onward in the stream of life, forever hurrying to the gulf of eternity.

EXCHANGES.

—The *College Message* visits us regularly, and in its new dress of type attracts our undivided attention.

—*Rouge et Noir* next claims a share of our praise. It's a neatly arranged and ably edited journal. The literary department is all that could be desired. Two beautiful ideas embodied in two well-written sonnets grace the poetic column. Lack of space prevents us from publishing these noble effusions from the pen of "J. C." A notable tone of independence pervades the Exchange columns. The "ex"-editor justly discriminates between what is laudable and condemnable. We wish the *Rouge et Noir* all success, and hope, by its regular visits, to become better acquainted with it.

—It was with pleasure that we received and placed on our "ex" list the *College Times*, the organ of Upper Canada College, Toronto. After a suspension of its publication for nine years, it has reappeared and taken its place once more amongst college journals. The appearance and dress of the *Times* is very attractive, its form and typography being neat and tasteful, and its articles in general well selected, sensible and ably written. On the whole it compares favorably with any of our Exchanges. We wish the *College Times* long life and success, and we may here add, judging from the numbers now before us, we think our wish will be fully realized.

—We return our sincere thanks to the *Haverfordian* for its kindly notice of our unpretending attempts at journalism; with it we also say, "Desperate cases require desperate remedies." The *Niagara Index* came to us replete with illogical, ungrammatical and braggart articles on the College press. We now fully understand what lead to the "animated talk" which occupied the attention of the "ex" men of our esteemed friend, *The Haverfordian*, and the ostentatious sheet that is pleased to style itself the *Index*. We would ask, by all that is indexical, of what is the *Index* the exponent? We could answer that it is the exponent of the egotism and pride of the editors. We are well aware of the sacred calling of those who edit the *Index*; and though some of them are already in orders, they undoubtedly lack the necessities for good editors,—modesty and reflection. With a species of disgusting bravado, meant for wit, their characteristic defects are shown; and the self-termed "logician," the exchange editor, defiles the literary aroma of his contemporaries by the most abominable and despicable proceedings known to the College press. The *Index* has now run its course for fourteen years; perhaps it's fast drifting into helpless dotage. If so, no wonder it continually grumbles. From the columns of the *Index* we have gleaned the following:—"But the most common kind of quiddity is the gentleman who is generally styled the grumbler....The grumbling quiddities know too much for this world. They should be sent to join the angels that are

redolent with brimstone or sulphurous flames." (Pardon our presumption, learned *Index*, if we suggest of instead of "with" after "redolent.") Our contemporaries will, no doubt, say with us that the grumbling *Index* should have been sent long ago, to—"Silentium eloquentius verbis." We have discovered one redeeming trait in the character of the "ex" man. His keen perception and discriminating abilities enable him to give us the "morit of truthfulness" in our motto. We glory in our humble motto, and if the "*parva umbra*" continually follows the "*magnum nomen*" without being destroyed by the brazen beams of pride our end shall have been attained. Exception is then taken to our *presumption* in undertaking the "settlement of friendly tilts between great college men." If the harpy touch of pride has not entirely obliterated the "ex"-man's reason let him re-read the criticism referred to, and he will perceive that our remarks were most gentlemanly and pointed. *The Haverfordian* acknowledged this, in the last issue, by thanking us for our *manly criticism*, and by quoting, in full, the remarks we made concerning your most uncalled for and uncouth outbursts. We clinched not the arguments, but the manner in which said arguments were advanced. We wished one thing to be understood, and that is, in a few words, "ex"-men should be gentlemen in their *modus agendi*. We shall therefore heartily co-operate with the *Haverfordian* in its endeavors to wipe out these blustering egotists from the Exchange world. We would ask the *Index*, does it form *all its opinions* by following the arguments of logicians? The brevity of our locals is witless, so says the "ex." Remember, man, that brevity is the soul of wit. The erudite *Index* deigns "to occasionally look at the SPECTATOR." Do so and read; then you may be able to form an opinion of our merit without having recourse to some other logician. Notwithstanding the vast erudition of the gentlemen of the *Index*, our "pigmy" sheet would again suggest the correction of the phrase "to occasionally look," etc. There's grammar for you, famed logicians. Was it a misprint? Tell your readers it should have been, "to look occasionally," etc. But these are of frequent occurrence in the *Index*, so frequent that we were led to consider them as "*quiddities*." Change your tactics, dear *Index*; for by so doing you will turn the stream of popular odium that now in overwhelming waves breaks over you. Let modesty and forbearance be the streamers of your banner, and you may one day hope to be crowned with that journalistic popularity which is the offspring of *manliness*.

—We owe an apology to our readers for the late appearance of this number of the SPECTATOR. The delay was caused by our desire to fulfil the promise made in our last issue in respect to a picture of the new college. For this reason we determined to wait a few days, feeling sure that our friendly readers would pardon our slight delinquency.

—The Faculty entertain kindly feelings of gratitude towards Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, Brooklyn, N.Y., for his donation in aid of the erection of the new St. Laurent. Any gifts from the many other friends of the institution would be highly acceptable; and would greatly lighten the heavy burden that now rests on the shoulders of the Fathers of the Holy Cross.

DIVERSA.

—The discovery of the circulation of blood was made by Dr. Harvey about two centuries ago.

—The existing cedars of Lebanon are only 900 years old. The cypress trees of Montezuma, Mexico, according to a French botanist, are 6,000 years old, and consequently he considers them coeval with the creation of the world.

—Ballooningists have a unique method of taking "soundings" in order to ascertain their distance from the earth when travelling in the air at night. A loud shout is given, and the seconds are counted until the echo from the ground is heard. From the time required for the return of the sound the height of the balloon is easily computed.

—Wood or paper is impervious to fire if steeped in a solution of potash, phosphate of lime, or ammonia. The reason of this is that the alkalis arrest the hydrogen of the fuel, and thus, by preventing its combination with the oxygen of the air, hinders the ignition of the materials which are steeped in these ingredients.

—Upon fire-places, unlike radiating stoves, warm the walls and furniture of an apartment more than the air. If the air within a room is hotter than the walls, moisture condenses on the latter, causing mildew and fermentation, with consequent liability to disease on the part of the occupants of the room.

—There are 113 books in the English language which the blind can read. Producing books in raised letters is very expensive, and of course the sales are small, so that their publication is a matter of charity. The Perkins Institute of Boston has raised the sum of \$100,000, with which it will issue twelve books a year indefinitely.

—It has been suggested that, could our imaginations conceive the movements of the heavenly bodies, as they undoubtedly are, in a state of continual exertion, we would have a kindred spectacle to that exhibited by the earth and its animal, vegetable, and mineral organisms. In these latter we find an interminable variety of motions, combination and separation, dissolution and re-arrangement, in a word, movement in every vital part.

—Plate glass is made by a process of casting, grinding, and polishing. It is cast on a flat metal table, and, after having been carefully tempered, it is ground by the friction of a large

plate firmly attached to a table, and one of smaller dimensions fixed in a wooden frame. By a mechanical arrangement the smaller is made to move over the large one; and in the different stages of grinding, moistened sand and emery is placed between them. The last process is that of polishing, which is done with putty of tin, a powder much used in the refining art. The glass thus prepared is that which is used for mirrors and large window-panes.

—Arterial blood is charged with oxygen which readily unites with the materials with which it comes in contact, thus becoming changed into venous blood. After this change is produced the venous blood is driven forward by the steady pressure of the arterial current, as the colloid matter of plants is pushed onward by the freshly arriving sap. Thus we see that circulation intimately depends upon respiration, and that the air exercises a powerful influence over animal constitutions. It is, then, incumbent upon all to take the necessary precautions in order that they may breathe in their rooms air composed of proper and proportionate constituent elements.

—The total abolition of the German alphabet is becoming the great question of the day in Germany. Scholars and historians are using Latin type, while Prince Bismark and the chief newspapers and reviews cling to the ancient contortions. The argument that it is patriotic to use the old type is met by the fact that the alphabet was originally Latin; that all books in German before the invention of printing were written in what is now known as the Latin characters; and that the ingenious ornamental perversities of the monks came to be regarded as the type of good handwriting, and were imitated by the first printers. The extraordinary prevalence of short sight in Germany is largely ascribed to this type.

—The largest library in the world is the National Library of Paris, which, in 1874, contained 2,000,000 printed books and 150,000 manuscripts. It is difficult to say which is the next in size, for both the British Museum and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg had in 1874 1,100,000 volumes. After them comes the Royal Library of Munich with 900,000 books, while the Vatican Library of Rome, erroneously supposed to be amongst the largest, is really surpassed, so far as the number of volumes goes, by more than sixty European collections. It contains 105,000 printed books and 25,500 manuscripts. The National Library at Paris is one of the oldest in Europe, having been founded in 1350, while the British Museum dates from 1753, a period more than 400 years later. In the United States the largest library is that of Congress in Washington, which in 1874 contained 261,000 volumes. Next follow the Boston Public Library with 260,500, and the Harvard University collection with 200,000 volumes. The Astor and Mercantile of New York are next, each having 148,000.

The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, April 12, 1882.

Published semi-monthly during the session, contains select Poetry, Essays, Biographical Sketches; also short articles on Periodicals, New Publications, Art, Science, Literature, Editorials on the current topics of the day, Notes of the local items of the College, also Personals relative to the whereabouts and business of the Alumni. Students, parents and graduates are earnestly requested to contribute to the financial support of THE SPECTATOR.

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EDITORIALS.

When THE SPECTATOR made its first appearance, we had very little communication with the friends and alumni of the College. We accordingly sent copies to those whom we thought willing to assist us in our efforts; and the copies not being returned, as is the custom, we have continued to mail our issues to the same parties. As the end of the scholastic year is now approaching, it would be well for all to send the amount which they owe to THE SPECTATOR.

St. Patrick's Day, so eagerly looked for by all the students of Irish descent, dawned clear and bright over St. Laurent College, presaging a day of rare enjoyment. Nor were the hopes of the students disappointed. Each recurring anniversary of this day is celebrated by the St. Patrick's Literary Association in a special manner. The exercises of 1882 were not inferior, in point of excellence, to those of preceding years. On the contrary, new lustre was added to the fame of the Society. At early mass, it was a grand sight to witness the youthful descendants of heroic sons of Ireland march up to the Holy Table to receive the true Life-giving Food, the breast of each adorned with a neat green badge, fit emblem of that love for the dear old land of their fathers which is ever fresh and green in their hearts. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. Meahan, C.S.C., Rev. J. P. Mannion, C.S.C., and Rev. J. M. White, C.S.C., as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. J. P. Mannion, C.S.C., of '77, a former esteemed member of the St. Patrick Literary Association, and professor at St. Laurent, but now stationed at Farnham, was invited by the St. Patrick's Association to deliver the panegyric of St. Patrick. The

Rev. gentleman, who since his departure from St. Laurent has been elevated to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, was welcomed back to his Alma Mater by many of the older students. The eulogy on St. Patrick was worthy of the occasion, and received high encomiums from the students. The beautiful college chapel was tastefully decorated. Thus by impressive ceremonies and beautiful decorations Holy Church honors this bright gem in her crown of saints. The evening's entertainment was the principal feature of the celebration. Among the audience we observed the Very Rev. Provincial, Fr. Louage, Fr. Ryan, S.J., Montreal, Fr. Salmon, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal; the pastor and curé of St. Laurent, also the Rev. Superior L. Geoffrion, and members of the College Faculty. Many residents of Montreal and St. Laurent were also present. The programme of the evening, though long, was faithfully carried out. The oration of Mr. W. J. Kelly, the president of the Association, on "The Day we Celebrate" was a fine effort and commanded the attention of the audience. Mr. A. Crevier, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society, followed in an oration, entitled, "L'avenir de l'Irlande," which was finely delivered. The band, under the able leadership of Professor Viau, discoursed excellent music during the evening. The College orchestra rendered acceptably some fine selections during intermissions. F. Salmon sang a solo which was loudly encored. A violin solo by Prof. Viau, whose appearance on the stage is ever hailed with pleasure, was rendered in his own unequalled style. The tragedy "Rienzi; or, the last of the Roman Tribunes" was played in a most creditable manner by the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association. The amateur dramatists deserve great praise for the successful rendition of this interesting piece. Even a harsh critic would be compelled to admit the superior acting of many of the members. All, without exception, admirably sustained their respective roles. The character of "Cola di Rienzi" was assumed by E. Somers, whose acting, to say the least, was delightful. Even competent critics have pronounced "Rienzi" to be the best acted play presented at St. Laurent for years. A laughable farce entitled "Dutch Justice" was next presented, J. J. Lenohan impersonating the Justice. His novel ideas of jurisprudence, his queer methods of administering justice, frequently called forth the applause of the audience. Indeed the judge was such a character whom it would be

a great good fortune to meet when entangled in the meshes of the law. Rev. C. Jolly, C.S.C., gave a saxophone, and Mr. E. Somers a clarinet solo, both of which were listened to with pleasure by an appreciative audience.

At the close of the dramatic exercises Rev. Fathers Ryan and Sulmon made a few remarks, expressing their pleasure in assisting at such an enjoyable entertainment. After the play a banquet was partaken of with relish by the members of the Association, together with Rev. E. Meahan, Rev. M. A. McGarry, Rev. C. Jolly, Rev. J. P. Mannion and Mr. R. Higgins as invited guests. A few entertaining remarks from the rev. gentlemen on the state of Ireland at the present time, the life and virtues of St. Patrick, etc., were listened to with eager attention, after which the happy party retired.

Though St. Patrick's Day of 1882 is now numbered among the happy days that are past, yet its many pleasing incidents are indelibly impressed on the memory, and its happy associations will ever be kept fresh in the minds of those who took part in the joyous festivities of the day.

On the evening of March 16th an entertainment was given at the Convent by the young ladies. Though the programme was principally carried out by the English pupils, the French also manifested their love of Ireland and her patron saint by swelling the chorus of praise sung to the Emerald Isle and her holy Apostle; and by thus assisting, they afforded an admirable example of the love which should unite sister countries in a union of sympathy. The hall was most beautifully and artistically arranged, green being the prominent color; yet so well was this color mingled with other no less pleasing hues, that its monotony was broken and subdued, as the beauty of the valley is heightened by the purling stream and the blossoms on its banks. A life-size picture of St. Patrick was placed in the rear of the hall; and, as the pæans of praise arose in his glory, he seemed to smile an approval of the devotion and patriotism which prompted the tributes of love. The music was exquisite, and the voices of the young ladies, exceedingly clear and sweet, lulled the audience into a transient calm, as the melody of nature soothes the reflecting mind when it rises to a contemplation of the wonderful harmony in creation. The programme was as follows:

Ouverture—Fete Militaire.....	{ Miss K. McDonnell, Miss T. McDonnell, Miss M. Molville, Miss N. Wild.
The Hour of Greeting—Chorus....	The Little Ones.
St. Patrick's Day—Piano Duet....	Misses Waters & McDonnell.
Les Petits Prodiges.....	{ Misses Lebault, Pinet, Rivet, Legault, Namol, Gossolin
March.....	The Little Ones.
Les Secrets du Bonheur—Vocal Duet.....	Misses Bourdon and Tourangeau.
A Dream.....	Miss Mary E. Joyce.
Jean de Paris.....	{ Misses K. McDonnell, L. Waters, C. Leclair, T. McDonnell.
La Dispute des Voyelles.....	{ Misses Vallieres, Bourdon, Cedras, Tourangeau, Christian, Paineaud.
The Harp.....	{ Solo—Miss N. North. Chorus—The School.
Allegorical Dialogue on Ireland....	{ Misses Molville, Joyce, Mulvey, Murphy, Tracy.
The Wind and the Harp, Vocal Duet	Misses McDonnell.
A la Louange de St. Patrick.....	Miss C. Leclair.
Demerara Selections.....	{ Misses Leclair, Molville, Christian, Waters, Russell, Cedras.
March.....	The Seniors.
Ireland's Heroes—Who are they?	{ Misses K. McDonnell, N. North, T. McDonnell, K. Cameron.
Finale—Au Revoir.....	{ Solo—Miss M. L. Bourdon. Chorus—The School.

"The Hour of Greeting" was well rendered, and reflected great credit upon those who participated in it; whilst the march of the little ones and their many manoeuvres seemed to attract universal attention. "Les Secrets du Bonheur," by Misses Bourdon and Tourangeau, was sung with an intensity of conception which enraptured the audience. As the sweet cadences of Miss Bourdon's rare voice fell upon our ears we seemed to grasp those secrets told in the pathetic strains of the beautiful duet, and when her tones died away in the stillness, a pleasing calm had lulled our every sense into warm admiration. Miss Mary E. Joyce then favored the audience with "A Dream;" and, although the subject was somewhat soporific, our eyes could not remain closed to the beauties in the delivery of this gifted young reader. "La Dispute des Voyelles" greatly amused the auditors, and was, indeed, well worthy of their close attention. "The Harp," solo and chorus, next followed, and was appreciated as only the lovers of music can appreciate an artistically rendered production. The "Allegorical Dialogue" was well composed, and abounded in many pathetic and beautiful parts, each lady ably sustaining the part assigned to her. The "Wind and Harp," vocal duet, though inferior to "Les Secrets du Bonheur," nevertheless merited the hearty applause of the audience, and won the admiration of many. Miss C. Leclair also added her quota to the praise of Ireland's apostle, and so well did her thoughts find an echo in our hearts, that the closest attention was paid to her every word. 'Ireland's'

Heroes—who are they?" was warmly disputed by the young lady graduates. Though comparisons at all times seem invidious, we are, however, led to bestow the palm of victory upon the fair brow of Miss N. North, who argued with a clearness and strength which could not fail to carry conviction to the listener. The compositions of all the young ladies were remarkably well written, and showed a depth of thought honorable to themselves and a correctness of style and language most creditable to the good Sisters in charge of their education.

The religious part of the celebration was not forgotten. Rev. Father Paré sang Mass in the neat little chapel of the Convent; and at Benediction Rev. Father McGarry, C. S. C., preached a short but patriotic eulogy. Space does not permit us to give a longer report of the celebration; but we assure our many friends and readers at the Academy that we left its sacred precincts deeply impressed with the patriotic spirit which was manifested throughout the entertainment, and warm in our admiration of the ability displayed by the fair participants in their respective parts.

PERSONALS.

—James O'Neil, '73, is at present engaged as travelling agent for a large firm in Montreal. His friends at St. Laurent wish him every success, and, judging by the confidence reposed in him by his employers, they will not be disappointed in their desires.

—Edward Russell, '77, is still living in Vinal Haven, Me., where he has engaged in business with his father. It would afford us great pleasure to hear from Ed, as we have had of late many enquiries as to his welfare, and were unable to answer them with any certitude.

—Rev. T. Kelly, '74, recently paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater*. Father Kelly is parish priest at Hyde Park, N.Y., but was called to Canada by the illness of his sister, who is pursuing her studies at the Convent in this village. He appeared to be in excellent health, and still retains that overflow of spirits which made him a favorite with the students of his time.

—It is with sorrow that we chronicle in this number the death of Very Rev. J. Gastineau, C.S.C., late Provincial of France, and formerly Superior of Notre Dame de Côte des Neiges, Montreal. He was a man of remarkable piety, joined to an accurate and extensive knowledge of Philosophy and Theology. Monseigneur Fabre, Bishop of Montreal, considered him one of the most learned Theologians of Canada, and as a personal friend held him in the greatest esteem. By the death of this Rev. Gentleman the Congregation of the Holy Cross has received

a great blow; and on both sides of the Atlantic he will be mourned by his fellow members as a zealous assistant in the good work undertaken by that Congregation. *Requiescat in pace.*

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

—Base ball.
 —Vat's your name?
 —French class again!
 —L'étude, mustache.
 —Who has my hat?
 —Who ran away with the horse?
 —Two new arrivals this week.
 —Dat's a high, ho-heinous grime."
 —Where's that "eight day stove"?
 —"Bring big Annie into court."
 —Who were the ushers on the 20th?
 —Three base ball teams have been organized.
 —"Come on, come on"—I've got enough!
 —"Go on, Mr. Irisher,—vel' keep your seat."
 —Michael O'Flaherty looked like a longshore man.
 —Don't be alarmed, sir, Mr. S. struck oil.
 —"Rienzi" was nobly exhibited on the 20th ult.

—Star-gazing is quite a pastime with the seniors.

—The exercises of Holy Week were well attended by all.

—Mr. Lapointe eagerly pushes on the work of the new college.

—Orators should watch the gesticulations of the boss-mason.

—Promonades for the Seniors every day during noon recreation.

—Snow rapidly disappearing from all the playgrounds.

—Billiard matches cause quite a sensation among the sports.

—Arrange the base-ball campus for the coming season.

—The recitation room is no place for pugilistic encounters.

—"Ah, hah! Mr. Short, you hold a revival meeting, eh? Ah, hah!"

—"Your Honor, I rise"—"Vel, vont you be kind enough to sit down?"

—The committee of five ably sustained the ancient reputation.

—"What," said the midnight reveller, "is to be done with the remnants?"

—The St. Patrick's banquet was simply a "feast of reason," and a scientific manipulation of viands.

—Who aspires to that most exalted and dignified position—bat and water carrier for the base-ball teams?

—The St. Laurent League Club held a meeting and taxed the members of the various B. B. clubs fifty cents.

—The American Cricket Club elected the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing term: Prof. J. H. Lennon, Censor; James O'Donnell, President; Frank Murray, Secretary; James Daley, Treasurer; and James O'Donnell, Captain.

—The Entertainment given by the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association was in every respect a success. We congratulate the young gentlemen who took part in the tragedy, and trust that they present us another such exhibition before the end of the term.

—Mr. John J. Lenehan ably caricatured the role of the "Justice," in the very laughable farce entitled "Dutch Justice." The audience showed their appreciation of his several decrees by outbursts of laughter and applause.

—We are delighted to see that the seniors are taking great interest in out-door sports; this is, of course, very laudable. They fully understand that nothing conduces to intellectual advancement so much as a "sound body." Let them, however, not forget that we in our last issue spoke of a gymnasium. This should not be neglected, since it is as essential that we enjoy manly exercise in winter as well as in summer.

—There seems, at present, to exist amongst the students a great desire to promote athletic exercises. Several Base-ball clubs have been organized, and two Cricket clubs have already made arrangements for games which will decide the championship of the house. As yet we have heard little said concerning Lacrosse. This was formerly a favorite game with many of the boys, and we trust that they have not yet lost their love for an amusement which is rapidly gaining votaries throughout Canada and the States. The Foot-ball clubs have not yet acquired a strong organization. It would be an excellent idea for the admirers of the game to reserve the evening recreations for this class of exercise. By doing this they will give to all an opportunity of watching their skill, and besides that hour seems most suitable for the violent exertions which are required in such sports.

Study Hall, April 2nd, 1882.

Editors,—As the Base-ball season is fast approaching, and the votaries of this manly exercise intend to enjoy to the full the pleasure which this sport affords, the athletes held an assemblage on the above date, and organized three Base-ball clubs, viz:—Longfellow B. B. C., Captain, D. J. O'Connor; Northern Lights, Captain, J. Kelly; Excelsiors, Captain, Wm. Grace. A league was then formed by the various clubs, and five from each team were appointed to attend a convention. After a few preliminary remarks by the chairman, it was unanimously voted that the society be known by the name St. Laurent B. B. League. The following officers were then elected for the season:—D. E. Murphy, President; T. A. Daley, Secretary; J. Hopwood, Treasurer; D. J. O'Connor, reporter

and an executive committee of six. A code of laws were then drawn up to govern the clubs on field days. Hoping that you will oblige the League by inserting this report in your SPECTATOR, and that you will endeavor to further by your strong pens the every interest of this favorite sport,

We are, Sirs,
St. Laurent B. B. League,
Per D. J. O'C.

—St. Joseph's day will long be held in "memory's sweet embrace" by the students of this institution, not alone because of the solemn ceremonies with which that day was honored, but also because of a joyful event which took place—the blessing of the corner stone of the new College. In the morning grand high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. P. Mannion, C.S.C., Revs. B. Desfossés, C.S.C., and Jas. White, C.S.C., officiating as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. Father Jolly, C.S.C., preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, in which he placed in a touching and pathetic light the life and actions of the great Saint. Shortly after the dinner hour, the faculty and students gathered in front of the College; and our Rev. President, L. Geofrion, C.S.C., addressed the assembled throng. He spoke with an earnest warmth which could not fail to hold the attention of his listeners; and many parts of his discourse aroused such enthusiasm that bursts of applause could not be restrained. In an animated strain he told of the foundation of the College, and its many rapid strides towards prosperity and popularity, finally mentioning his intentions of making St. Laurent one of the most commodious colleges in the Province, an honor to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and a cause of commendable pride to the students. On the conclusion of his address the Rev. President proceeded to bless the corner stone, and this ceremony performed, the crowd dispersed with varying emotions of pleasure and gratitude. The College band discoursed some beautiful music; and we may safely add that, though their performance is at all times excellent, on this occasion they surpassed their former efforts, and added new laurels to those already gained.

Authors are spoken of as living in attics because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

Don Quixote evidently know the tricks of travellers in towns where Sunday liquor laws were in force. He said:—"When one door is closed, another is open."

"Very gritty this salad," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold one day when they were dining together. "Don't you think so?"

"Gritty," repeated Jerrold—"gritty! Why, I call it a gravel path with only a few weeds on it!"



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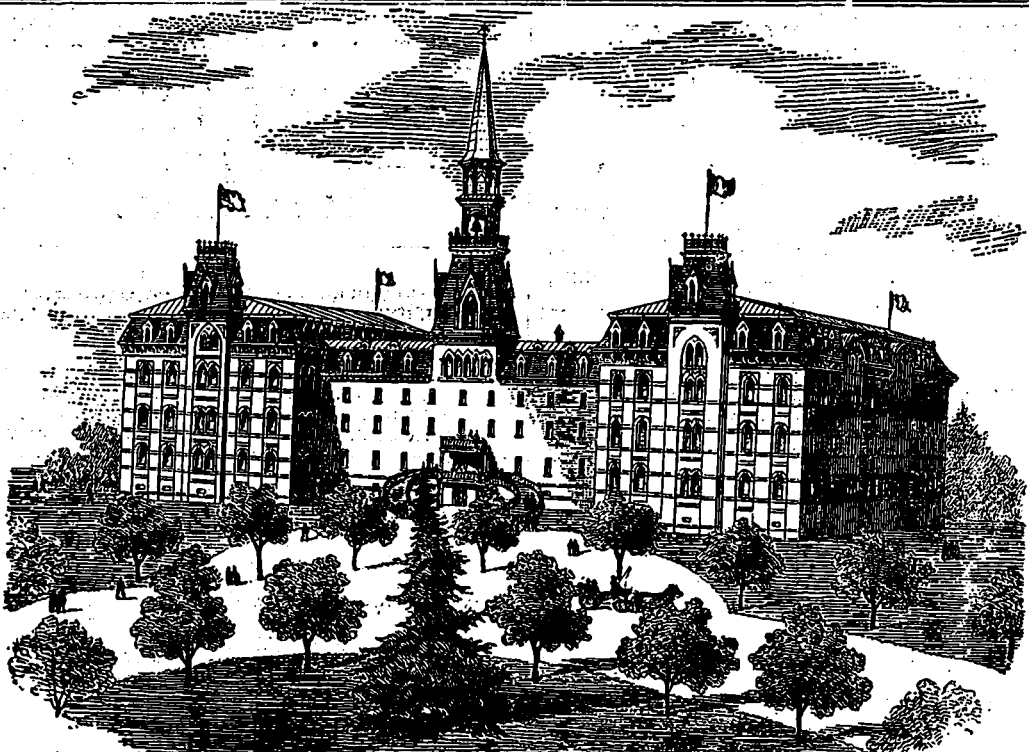
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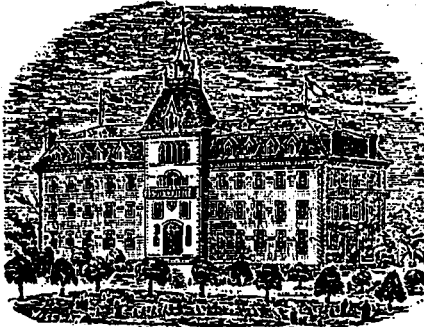
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