

The Owl.

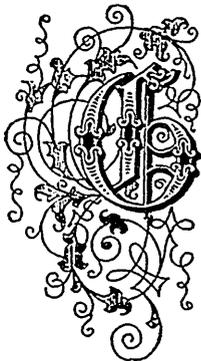


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No. 1

TO THE OWL.



BIRD bird of the night time, you cannot remain,
But forth from the shade you must come ;
Just sing, if you can, in a tender refrain,
Of our College, our dear, good old home !

You look through the darkness of night on the past,
You pause o'er each sacred shrine,
Preserving the rays that are constantly cast
'Round names that are truly sublime.

Three years have you winged your strange flight in the world,
Three years have you lived as you are ;
You've seen how the mighty from places were hurl'd,
And the humble arise, like a star.

You've seen how the priest is most truly the same,
In time and eternity too ;
You've learned—e'en despite your own name,
How his children should ever be true.

'Dear bird, I admire your most glorious stand :
As you bend o'er our Canada's sod,
You teach us a love for our dear native land,
And you teach us a true love for God !

12th Sept., 1890.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

IRELAND'S GOLDEN AGE.



IN his "Vision of Judgment" Byron calls history the scripture of the devil. DeMaistre styles it "a vast conspiracy against truth." What has been offered, previously to the last half century, as Irish history, justifies these assertions, and marks Father Lacordaire a true philosopher when he defines history as "the rich treasury of man's dishonor." Vilified by civil and political historians, neglected by writers ecclesiastical, it is not surprising that the sublime mission of the Irish people has not appeared before the eyes of the world in its true grandeur. Bigotry might excuse the secular writers, but what can explain the silence of those who have undertaken to chronicle the progress of the church? In the whole range of ecclesiastical history the most amazing thing is the innocent, child-like ignorance or indifference displayed regarding Catholic Ireland's part in the world of religion. Historical questions, great and small, ancient and modern, are treated in a thousand books, and with a fulness of detail that leaves nothing to be desired, but the establishment and development of Christianity in Ireland is not one of these questions, and is dealt with not at all, or in such a vague and perfunctory manner as to leave the impression that the influence of the Irish was a fact of slight importance to the world and the universal church.

The history of civilization makes nothing clearer than that the intellectual supremacy of the world has been held by various countries at different times. Far back in those ages of which our knowledge is rather obscure, it belonged to China, Arabia, and Egypt. Greece succeeded Egypt, and Rome, Greece. It was with Italy in the 13th and 14th, with England in the 16th, with France in the 17th century. It is with Germany now. No one will seriously dispute that from the 6th to the 9th century Europe received the light of science from Ireland. And—most uncommon occurrence—while Ireland led in devotion to science and in depth of learning, she was crowding the calendar

with saints, holy men and women, renowned, and even personally known throughout the Continent, as well for their vast learning as for the purity and sanctity of their lives. Briefly to show how this came about, how Christianity reached Ireland, and how that island rapidly advanced in Christian virtue and science, is the object of this essay.

St. Patrick crossed the Irish Sea in the year 432, A. D., bearing with him the priceless gift of faith for a nation sunk in paganism. He was met on the coast of Wicklow by a mob who pelted him with stones; proceeding northward he was repulsed by his former master Milcho, of Slemish. A third time he attempted a landing; this time successfully at the mouth of the historic Boyne. The princes, the priests of Druidism, and the people were assembled at Tara to celebrate the birthday of the monarch. From the mouth of the Boyne to Tara was a three days' journey. Patrick would go and strike a blow against Paganism in its most vital point; he would "confront the Druids in the midst of all the princes and magnates of the island." Druidism reeled under the shock. St. Patrick preached his God, the God for whom he was ready to die; who had healed man's infirmities and raised the very dead to life; the God of three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, all equal, yet but one God. To the look of incredulity occasioned by those last words, the Saint replied by an illustration. Stooping down he plucked a tiny plant that grew at his feet. He pointed out the single stem with its three distinct and equal leaves, yet forming all together but one whole. God's grace worked in the hearts of this people whom He had chosen for Himself. The seeming impossibility of the mystery vanished; they believed, and in heartfelt gratitude made the plant their national emblem. How beautiful, even if legendary, is this tradition of the Shamrock of Ireland! Other countries have their national flowers, chosen by reason of their beauty or some like circumstance; the shamrock reminds the Irishman of the Blessed Trinity—the foundation of Christianity.

The Druids struggled against the truth for 25 years; first, by violence and oft-

repeated attempts to assassinate Patrick ; then, by ridicule and satire. But their efforts were fruitless, and in the life-time of one man a whole nation was brought from idol-worship to the knowledge of the true God. The conversion of the Irish exhibits a grander moral spectacle than any the course of human events has presented since Christ drew all things to Himself on the cross. While in other countries the introduction of Christianity was the slow work of time, invariably resisted, and seldom effected without lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland by the influence of one humble but zealous missionary, God aiding all, the whole island was converted to Christianity in a few years. Montalembert's tribute is short but eloquent: "Ireland, that virgin island on which præconsul never set foot, which never knew either the orgies or the exactions of Rome, was also the only place in the world of which the gospel took possession without bloodshed. This branch of the great family of Celtic nations . . . adopted the faith of Christ with enthusiasm ; and at the moment when Celtic vitality seemed about to perish in Gaul and Great Britain, under the double pressure of Roman decay and Germanic invasion, appeared among all the Christian races as the one most devoted to the Catholic faith, and most zealous for the spread of the Gospel. From the moment that this Green Erin had seen the sun of faith rise upon her, she had vowed herself to it with an ardent and tender devotion which became her very life. The course of ages has not interrupted this ; the most bloody and implacable of persecutions has not shaken it ; the defection of all Northern Europe has not led her astray ; and she maintains still, amid the splendors and miseries of modern civilization and Anglo-Saxon supremacy, an inextinguishable centre of faith, where survives, along with the completest orthodoxy, that admirable purity of manners which no conqueror and no adversary has ever been able to dispute, to equal, or to diminish."

The total conversion of Ireland was accomplished by St. Patrick in the 60 years of his missionary life in that country. At his death, which occurred on the 17th of March, 493, so complete was his work that he was buried by the nation in the primatial church of Armagh amidst universal expressions of affliction and sorrow. "Such was the concourse of

mourners," says McGee, "and the number of masses offered for his eternal repose, that from the day of his death till the close of the year, the sun is poetically said never to have set—so brilliant and so continual was the glare of tapers and torches."

St. Patrick's work deserves to be ranked with that of St. Paul. Seven times did he visit in person every mission in the Irish Kingdom, and for the six first visits he journeyed entirely on foot. In apostolic zeal and unrelaxed discipline he was a model, and his whole life was an eloquent and effective sermon on the doctrines he so successfully endeavored to inculcate. The permanency of his results is a most prominent feature, and distinguishes his work from that of all other apostles. For well nigh fifteen centuries the Irish have been Catholic ; during all that time never for one moment did they, in whole or in part, forget their duty to the Vicar of Christ or refuse obedience to defined dogmas. The like is true of no other nation under the sun.

Christianity from the first was no dead letter for the Irish ; it became a part of the national life. Its first influence was on the laws, and the "Book of Rights" containing the substance of the original institutes of Erin—the Brehon Laws—was prepared under the personal supervision of St. Patrick. It established Christianity as the law of the land, but all national usages and customs not conflicting with this supreme law were recognized as good, christianized, and allowed to remain. All purely pagan rites were declared illegal and this declaration was as binding on the King as on his humblest subject. Nowhere was this more evident than in the ceremony of the election and coronation of the Monarch. He was elected by the votes of the four Provinces, but the benediction of the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, was necessary to confirm this choice. Before the coronation the King-elect was presented with a white wand, perfectly straight, as an emblem of the purity and uprightness which should guide all his decisions. He then swore to protect the rights of his people and to administer equal justice to all. This was the civil ceremony ; the solemn blessing followed in the Church of Tara. This is the first form of kingly consecration observed anywhere in Chris-

tendom, and the first King consecrated outside of Ireland was Aïdan, the founder of the Scotch monarchy. "He was consecrated by St. Columba," says Montalembert, "upon a great stone called the Stone of Fate, which was afterwards carried by Edward I to Westminster where it still serves as a pedestal for the throne of the Kings of England on the day of the coronation."

Further improvements in legislation were brought about through the influence of St. Columbkil, St. Moling, and St. Adamnan, the latter of whom rivals Bede in the title of "Father of British History." Perhaps in no country did the condition of woman so soon claim attention as in Ireland. The first attempt at the systematic education of women was begun, according to Fredrick Ozanam, in the Double Monasteries for which Ireland was noted in the 6th and 7th centuries. In 684 A.D. a law was passed forbidding women to accompany an army to battle or to engage personally in the conflict. Some attention was given to the other side of the problem also, for one of the ordinances of St. Columbkil was that no cow should be allowed within the bounds of his monasteries, "for" said he "where there is a cow there will be a woman, and wherever there is a woman there will be mischief."

Referring to the influence of the clergy in those days, McGee speaks as follows:—"In every recorded instance the power of the clergy was onmipotent in politics. St. Patrick had expurgated the old constitution; St. Ruadan's curse drove the Kings from Tara; St. Columbkil had established the independence of Alba, and preserved the Bardic Order; St. Moling had abolished the Leinster tribute. If their power was irresistible in the 6th and especially in the 7th centuries, we must do these celebrated Abbots and Bishops the justice to remember that it was always exercised against the oppression of the weak by the strong, to mitigate the horrors of war, to uphold the right of sanctuary, and for the maintenance and spread of sound Christian principles."

Such was the beneficent influence of Christianity on the ancient pagan laws and customs; the Irish began by applying the axe to the root of the tree. Rapid progress in religion and science was a necessary consequence of Christian legis-

lation. Monasteries sprang up everywhere, and within or beside the monasteries, schools. Read what the Protestant historian Towle has to say on this subject:—"For two centuries after the death of St. Patrick the learning and piety of Ireland were renowned throughout Europe. . . . There was a long period, indeed, when Ireland was the foremost nation in Europe in learning and religious teaching, when, from all parts of Europe, students flocked in hundreds to fill her schools to overflowing, and to learn theology and the arts in her monasteries and convents. At the same time . . . the monks tilled the fertile lands attached to the monasteries; they tended their cows, sheep and pigs; they acted as scribes for those who could not write; they worked in wood and metals. . . . They were skilful in architecture, built their own edifices and churches, and were famous for their well-drilled choirs, their stirring hymns, and their instrumental as well as vocal harmonies." Montalembert corroborates this, and McGee is enthusiastic. Referring to the schools, wherein we find the first instance in the world of absolutely free education, McGee says:—"They were essentially free schools—not only free as to the lessons given, but the venerable Bede tells us they supplied free bed and board and books. The prince and clansmen of every district in which a school was situated endowed it with a certain share of the common land of the clan. Exclusive rights of fishery and exclusive mill privileges were granted. Timber for building purposes and fuel was to be had for the cutting and carrying away." There were generous individual gifts from princes, bishops and pious ladies, until a lofty emulation seems to have seized on all the great families, as well as on the different provinces, as to which could boast the most largely attended schools and the greatest number of distinguished scholars. Some of these schools were attended by as many as 7,000 students, nor were they under-aged. "Forty years is no uncommon age for the graduate of those days, when as yet the discovery was unmade that all-sufficient wisdom comes with the first trace of down upon the chin of youth. . . . The love of *alma mater*—that college patriotism which is so sure a sign of the noble-minded scholar—never received more

striking illustration than among the graduates of these schools. Columbkil, in his new home among the Hebrides, invokes blessings on the "angels" with whom it was once his happiness to walk in Aran; and Columbanus, beyond the Alps, remembers with pride the school of Bangor, the very name of which inspires him with poetic rapture." They were exemplary students in those days. "The evening star gave the signal for retiring and the morning sun for awakening. When, at the sound of the early bell, two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets and made their way toward the lighted church to join in the service of matins, mingling as they went or returned the tongues of the Gael, the Cimbri, the Pict, the Saxon and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman church, the angels in heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety."

The course in the Irish schools makes a modern student stare and gasp. "The language of the country and the language of the Roman Church; the languages of Scripture—Greek and Hebrew; the logic of Aristotle; the writings of the Fathers; the defective Physics of the period; Mathematics, Music and Poetical composition." The most famous of those schools were at Armagh, Belfast, Clonard, Wexford, Mungset and Mayo, and they were attended by an average of four thousand students each. In these schools the glorious scholastic philosophy had its origin and recorded its first triumphs. This is made clear by Mosheim, the great German historian and chancellor of the University of Gottingen, in his *Institutiones Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ*—described in Chamber's Encyclopedia as a work of "great learning, fullness and accuracy." Science owes much also to the Irish Monk Virgilius, called "Feargal, the Geometer," who maintained the sphericity of the earth and the existence of antipodes against a no less personage than St. Boniface, of Germany. Virgilius was accused of heresy; Rome's answer was to elevate him to the bishopric of Saltzburgh; Gregory IX. canonized him. Dicuil and Dungal were known throughout Europe as geographer and astronomer respectively. Their work has been praised by such competent judges as Muratori, Latronne and Alex. Von

Humboldt. Much praise has also been bestowed on the extant documents relating to the famous Easter and Tonsure controversies. These were two discussions, not on a matter of faith or morals, but of liturgy and discipline. Differences arose as to the time of celebrating Easter and as to the size of the tonsure. Deputies were sent to Rome, "as children to their mother," to learn her decision and it was at once adopted. Never before nor since was christian Ireland found at variance with Rome on any question relating to religion.

But all this praise of science and its votaries is but honoring the incidental at the expense of the essential. From our standpoint the most comprehensive learning joined with error is infinitely inferior to the possession and love of truth unadorned by a single grace of human science. "A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism," said the sage of Verulam, "but depth in philosophy bringeth them round to religion." Verily, then, the Irish must have drunk deep of the Pierian springs, for first among all Erin's titles is the "Isle of Saints;" in the second place only is she named, "Land of Sages." Volumes would be required to show adequately the marvellous advances made in the three centuries following the introduction of Christianity. To name the monasteries for men and women that arose all over the island, would show how weak is our monastic spirit of to-day. In some of these houses there were as many as 3,000 monks, and some of the convents held almost as many women. The great patriarchs were, for the men, St. Patrick and St. Columbkil, and for the women, St. Bridget. Of the monks of St. Columbkil, the Ven. Bede testifies that they spent their time between manual labor and the study and transcribing of the sacred scriptures, and "neither thought of nor loved anything in this world."

This was therefore an age of saints. Let me quote from a page of names as given by McGee: Saints Ibar, Benignus and Kiernan, of Ossory, in the 5th century; in the 6th, Saints Bendan, Finnan, Jarlath, Maccartin, Finbar, and a host of others; in the 7th, the age of apostles, St. Gall, apostle of Switzerland; St. Columbanus, apostle of Burgundy and Lombardy; St. Killian, apostle of Franconia; St. Columbkil, apostle of the Picts; St.

Aidan, apostle of Northumbria. The list grows larger in the 8th, 9th and 10th centuries. These are all men; a like large number of holy women might be named, beginning with St. Bridget, in the 6th century, and extending to the end of the 10th. But we have here sufficient to prove the intimate union that existed in ancient Ireland between the truths of nature and the truths of God. Pre-eminence in science has passed away from Erin, once the University of Europe. But pre-eminence in devotion to Catholic truth is hers as clearly now as ever. Ireland was the first country in the West, outside of the Roman Empire, that was converted to Christianity. No other nation was converted in so short a time; none received the truth more joyfully nor clung to it more steadfastly. Ireland is alone in its ever unswerving allegiance to the See of Peter, and of no other hierarchy, clergy, and people is it recorded that they were never at variance with the Head of the Church on a single question relating to faith or morals, though a less degree of obedience to the Pope might have benefitted the temporal interests of Ireland, and changed somewhat the history of Europe. "By their fruits shall ye know them." "No other apostle," says Cardinal Manning, "could count so many of his mitred children amongst the prelates at the recent Vatican Council as could St. Patrick."

"*Omne bonum est diffusivum sui.*" Niggardliness in any line is not an Irish fault. So, having reached a high degree of perfection at home, it was but according to their nature to wish to share this happiness with their neighbours. The Irish became missionaries, and made every European nation their debtor. Their missionary work was conducted on the same lines as we have seen in Ireland, the necessary union of science and religion. The Protestant Towle says: "The Irish monks went forth into Britain, Gaul and Germany to convert the heathen of those countries. They founded monasteries and schools wherever they went. They preached before the great Charles (Charlemagne), and were celebrated, even in Rome itself, for their scholarship no less than for their religious fervor." Scalinger, a German historian, states that for 220 years after the reign of Charlemagne, "nearly all the learned men of Europe" came from Ireland. The Universities of

Paris and Pavia owed their existence to the genius and generosity of Charlemagne, but they were made possible by the scholarly ability and willingness of Irish professors. Thus it was in all the countries of Europe, so that when the sceptre of science passed away from Erin she might still console herself with the reflection that the power she once enjoyed exclusively, was now divided among the schools of Great Britain and the Continent, which her sons had largely contributed to found and support.

The Jesuit Thebaud in his "Irish Race" pays a glowing tribute to the work of the Irish monks throughout Europe. He says: "It has been calculated that the ancient Irish monks held, from the 6th to the 9th century, 13 monasteries in Scotland, 7 in France, 12 in Armorica Gaul, 7 in Lotharingia, 11 in Burgundy, 9 in Belgium, 10 in Alsatia, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Rhetia, Helvetia and Suevia, besides several in Thuringia and on the left bank of the Rhine. Ireland was then not only included in, but at the head of, the European movement." Not until fifty years ago did this phase of Irish influence come to be deeply studied, and the result is simply astounding. No language is too enthusiastic for the men who have devoted their lives to those researches to express their intense admiration for the efforts Ireland made in the scientific and religious regeneration of Europe. And those men are by no means all Irishmen. I have spoken already of the German Mosheim, who proves that Ireland was the birthplace of scholastic philosophy, of entirely free education, and of the systematic education of women. Let me add to his testimony that of Frederic Ozanam, late Professor in the Sorbonne, and one of the greatest men of the age. He says, in "Les Etudes Germaniques": "Those men, (the Irish monks) who had sought peace in solitude, did not find it; they felt themselves driven to go forth, to spread the fire of sacred science which consumed them, to evangelize the heathen and the fallen Christian. In their dreams, in their ecstasies, angels called them and showed them peoples seated in the shadow of death. They saw the sea open before their eyes, or change under their steps into a prairie covered with flowers. They crossed the channel and scattered themselves among the rocks of the Hebrides,

in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Northumberland; they pressed into Neustria and Flanders, traversed the continent, and pushed into Spain and Italy where many of them filled episcopal sees. From the 6th to the 11th century—that is to say, precisely when all science and piety were threatened with extinction, these indefatigable masters never ceased to travel Europe, opening monastic schools, teaching in those they found open, and, if they lacked listeners, turning towards the people and crying from the public places, ‘Who will purchase wisdom?’ They were filled with the vigor of a pure-blooded race which knew not the loose morals of the South.”

Commenting on this very passage Montalembert, while making allowance for what he calls Ozanam’s “excessive admiration,” is obliged to add that “the exertions of the Irish monks at that time were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland and Belgium under a debt of everlasting gratitude.”

In further and final proof of the missionary glories of the Irish let me make a quotation from the Church Historian. Birkhauser, who says “Ireland in this happy period became the benefactress of almost every nation in Europe. Many holy and learned Irishmen left their homes to proclaim the faith to other nations, or to establish monasteries in distant lands. Such were, to mention a few of the more prominent, St. Columbkil, the Apostle of the Piets; St. Aidan, the successful apostle of Northumbria; St. Fridolin, who after long labors in France, established himself on the Rhine; St. Columbanus, who preached in France, Burgundy, Switzerland, and Lombardy; St. Killian, the Apostle of Franconia, and St. Virgilius, a celebrated missionary and co-laborer of St. Boniface in Germany, and afterwards Bishop of Salzburg. Irish missionaries went to preach the faith in the islands

north of their country, the Hebrides, the Faroe Isles, and even Iceland, which, it is said, was colonized by the Irish before the Norwegian pirates landed there. They evangelized all of Scotland and completed the work of the conversion of England begun by St. Augustine and his companions. The foundation of many of the English sees and continental monasteries is due to Irish missionaries.”

Thus we leave Ireland’s glories. Her sorrows followed fast. But the great faith of the Irish people was their lasting strength. In all their trials they put their trust in Him who sees the rise and fall of earthly empires, who hears the supplications of his own and answers them. He it is, they know, who puts the sword of oppression in the right hand of the despoiler, and directs it against its wielder, when it so pleases His divine will and sovereign justice. He watched the greatness of Babylon and Nineveh rise, totter, and decay; Sodom and Gomorrah, the impure; Athens and Rome, the cultured, faded away before his breath. Carlyle is right when he says the world moves in cycles; there must soon be another disappearance.

“On the Cross the face of Christ was looking westwards” is an old Gaelic proverb, “toward our Holy Isle” the Irish add. “I pray for them; Holy Father, keep them whom thou hast given me; while I was with them I kept them in thy name,” was perhaps St. Patrick’s prayer, and we may well believe, after thirteen centuries of trial, that the Holy Catholic faith will disappear from Ireland only with the name of Patrick and the last Irishman.

But nations have no heaven. “Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake” was not spoken of the clans. Their reward must be of this world. To-morrow may be that “inevitable day” of which Newman speaks, and it may be again true “*Gesta Dei per Hibernicos.*”

M. F. FALLON



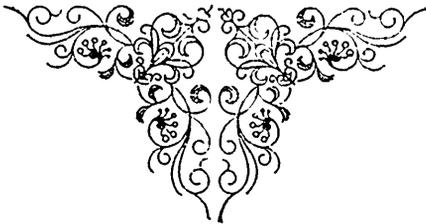
THE WORTH OF HOURS.

UNCOUNTED hours are shrined in numbered years,
 That wove their fame in days that are forgot !
 One hour may wing away man's happiest lot—
 Leave weáry moments meted out by tears ;
 One hour may bring the smiles that banish fears—
 And flush with hope a shadow-haunted spot !
 Yet, whelmed in years, the hours are heeded not,
 Or memory on days her temple rears !

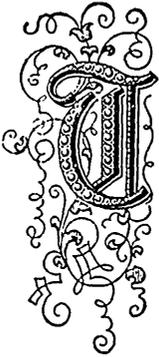
Remembrance vaguely dreams of long gone hours,
 The waking years are minutes laid asleep :
 Griefs pass like storms—joys bloom and fade like flowers ;
 'Tis not for years, but hours, we smile or weep ;
 Gems on Time's golden circlet, they are ours ;
 Yet, what a careless count of them we keep !

Sept. 16th, 1890.

M.



DEMOSTHENES' "DE CORONA."



THE characteristic that pre-eminently distinguishes man from the lower animals is language. Were this to be a disquisition on the faculty of speech, we should have ample food for reflection in the curious theories of the learned as to the origin and development of

tongues; but as the aim is merely to call attention for a few fleeting moments to the most finished, the most pathetic, the most magnificent result in oratory ever achieved by a voice simply human, I am fain to put aside all philological discussion.

At a time like this, when the communication of international thought is so widespread; in a country like ours, wherein the tongue and the pen are, indeed, "mightier than the sword"; and in a community that prides itself upon intellectual refinement, there appears, in my humble judgment, no need for an apology in asking you to come with me in spirit up the river of the ages, from this vigorous new world into another world that, comparatively old and decrepit now, was yet in the heyday of its lusty prime, when the thunders of Demosthenes found an echo in all the hills of Hellas.

It may be premised that this great "Oration on the Crown" is a curious monument of the perfection to which the Greek Republics had brought their legislative system, a fact evidenced by the Decrees read and the laws quoted by the orator; it is, too, a wondrous disclosure of the complicated machinery of thought, of the "wheels within wheels" of human motives, of the unchanged and unchangeable but ever capricious passions of what, for want of a better name, we are pleased to call Human Nature; but, more than all, it is an astounding proof of the power of Genius, that divine spark which, at rare intervals falls from God's consuming fire into human hearts.

In these last days of Grecian liberty, when a king of Macedon—one of the outer "barbarians"—was head of the Amphictyonic Council; when the gold of Philip had been as full of harm to Grecian patriotism as his arms had been prodigal of ruin to Grecian freedom on the field of Chæronea; and yet when men had not clanked the fetters of slavery long enough to deaden all sound of the tremendous names of Marathon and Thermopylae, it need not excite surprise that in that memorable year, 330 B.C., the Hall of the Dikasts at Athens was thronged to overflowing by the multitudes that, from all parts of Greece, flocked to hear Æschines impeach Ctesiphon, and, through Ctesiphon, Demosthenes. From this impeachment arose the world-famous "Oration on the Crown."

The unlearned and, be it said with bated breath, possibly even some University graduates who have unwisely put Greek among the optional subjects, may vaguely regard the "*De Coronâ*" as either a panegyric of republican institutions or a diatribe against monarchy. It is neither. It was a speech made by Demosthenes in defence of a quasi-client, Ctesiphon, who had been accused by Æschines and his faction of the crime of "*Paranomia*," a word which cannot, I think, be better defined in English than as "a breach of the Constitution." The accused man, an ordinary citizen of Athens, had proposed a decree that, according to the Athenian usage, the State should bestow a crown of gold on Demosthenes in grateful and loving testimony of his civic virtues.

Taking advantage of an obsolete law that no magistrate or public official should receive such a reward from the State until he had given an account of his stewardship into the hands of the people, and openly expressing doubt as to the patriotism and virtue of Demosthenes, Æschines, the bitter foe of the man whom Ctesiphon proposed to honour, objected to the Decree, and duly registered his protest according to law. But in the ups and downs of that stormy time, and on the shifting sands

of public opinion, when the fickle populace of Athens drifted now hither and then yon, the formal prosecution languished for nearly six years, during which time the arms of Macedon were turned against the Persians. But, when the fortune of war declared for Macedon, Æschines, thinking that his party was strong enough to command a majority in the Assembly, hastened the proceedings against Ctesiphon and, with vindictive hatred, sought to censure and to ruin Demosthenes before any accident of politics could intervene in his favour.

Poor Æschines ! Poor dupe of his own malignity ! Engineer hoist with his own petard ! The blow that he aimed at his great rival recoiled upon himself with mortal force. It was the very prototype, in some ways, of that closing scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, wherein Shylock goes out to face the jeers of the rabble, with his hand to his brow and his heart on fire. But the scene at Athens was no fancy of a dramatist. It was a grim reality.

This proud citizen of Athens, this Æschines, who boasted that he had sat at the tables of princes, that he was the intimate of Philip and of Alexander, that he had been, notwithstanding, a true friend of the State and a lover of the people, this man had stood for hours before the dikasts in the pitiless storm of his opponent's stern logic and resistless rhetoric ; had seen all his pretensions scattered to the winds ; had heard, and heard proven, that he was no scion of a princely line, but the son of a vile slave, and well for him if he could establish legitimate parentage even from such a source ! He had listened to the statement, and could not disprove it, that he had been, indeed, the intimate of Philip and of Alexander, but only the intimate sharer in all their intrigues against the liberty of Greece, only the wretched tool that they had contemptuously used to subserve the most infamous designs against his own country. And when it was all over and when he went forth from that presence a broken and a ruined man, hanging his head for very shame and beating his breast in agony, we scarcely know whether then to admire more the nobility of Demosthenes, who followed his beaten foe and forced silver into his hands, that so he might not eat the bitter bread of beggary in exile, or the magnanimity of this same Æschines

years afterwards acknowledging to his pupils at Rhodes the superior merit of his victor and himself outstripping their rapturous plaudits of Demosthenes' masterpiece by his own fervent, "O, had you been there to hear him !"

To have conquered such a man was surely not the least glory of the world's greatest orator -- for this beaten Æschines had a grand soul, after all, and in spite of the mire of the gutter out of which the Democracy of Athens picked him, we can see the sparkle of his native talent. He was a man of talent, but Demosthenes was a man of genius.

Genius, as well as the diamond, has base imitators, and often, in the heat and the glare of the crowded popular assembly -- be it ball-room or be it Senate-house -- the flash and glitter of the meretricious article pass current with the vulgar and the vain for the imperishable beauty and brilliancy of the true.

Yet even as the diamond itself reveals an added glory through the cunning art of the lapidary, so genius flashes with new splendours from the adventitious aids of time and place and language. And Demosthenes, as an orator, and as the prince of orators, had certainly for the setting of his bejewelled thoughts the fine gold of the most beautiful, the most rich, the most faultless tongue ever used by man. This Greek language that Homer and Plato and Æschylus and Sophocles and Thucydides have made undying, though called dead, was, in the master-grasp of Demosthenes, a thunderbolt that carried ruin and desolation to his foes, and, in the havoc which it wrought, shone with a lurid splendour, lighting up whole landscapes of intrigue, shining down into the depths of every baseness, bringing into startling relief every single line and feature which hypocrisy had masked with friendly darkness. That I do not in the least exaggerate is proven by the panegyrics which the learned in all ages and of every clime have lavished on this marvellous Southern tongue, so well fitted to express the inner life of a people which, more than all others, worshipped the Beautiful in Nature.

Coleridge, with rare felicity, calls Greek "the shrine of the genius of the old world" and further describes it as being "universal as our race ; individual as ourselves ; of infinite flexibility, of indefatiga-

ble strength; with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself"; and I may add that if Language be—as it surely is—one of the chief agencies by which we give an enduring "local habitation and a name" to viewless thoughts and—paradoxical as this may seem—disguise the same, never was there a means better fitted to an end than this magical Greek Tongue, whose very words are pictures.

The man who spake with this tongue as man never spake before or since was, in himself, a study. He had all the patient attention to detail that is one of the infallible signs of towering ability. His Orations, and especially this "On the Crown," are mighty edifices, built from lowest foundation to topmost pinnacle with a scrupulous attention to small things that reveals the grandeur and the grasp of the man's intellect. He had that masterful, dominant will-power, that herculean endeavour to wrestle down every obstacle, a perseverance that is conjoined only with genius; for this ungainly stutterer, whose ridiculous pronunciation of the letter "r" called out the coarse taunts of the Athenian mob, and whose shrill quavering voice could not originally be heard beyond a small circle, so far overcame Nature herself, that, when he listed, language flowed from his lips sweeter than honey, and that his voice, like the blast of a trumpet, awed and stilled and rose loud and clear above the deafening clamours of the stormy popular meetings of his day.

And closely allied to this perseverance of his he had that pride, which is only virtue carried to excess: what genius the gods above had given him, he did not hide under the empty affectation of unconsciousness, and what he had done and sacrificed and dared for Athens, he was not ashamed to tell the Athenians face to face.

He had that power of concentration within himself, that philosophic folding of the mantle round him, that "love of love, that hate of hate, that scorn of scorn,"

which belong to a poet; for Demosthenes was a poet in the truest and highest sense of the word,—a *poïetes*, a *maker* and an embodier of Thought.

And yet this great patriot and greater orator was not a type of perfection in human character. He who had spurned the gold and the flatteries of the King of Macedon; he who had poured out his own resources for love of Athens and had freely given his time to the service of her citizens; he whose whole life had been, so to speak, a sermon on patriotism and an exposure of fraud—this same Demosthenes, in one of these seasons of weakness—I know not what name to call it; God alone knoweth—in one of these fits of inconsistency that, it is said, sometimes come to the bravest and to the best, sold his honour to Harpalus, Alexander's faithless minister, and suffered himself to be bribed with a paltry golden cup! Alas! Alas! Well might Thomas à Kempis write in the later centuries, "*Let the fall of the mighty serve thee as a warning, and keep thee always humble.*"

But, all things considered, if ever a man's single work, out of many, bodied forth his true character, that single work is Demosthenes' "Oration of the Crown." Whoever would study the lines of the mental portrait of the world's greatest orator, almost unconsciously sketched by himself in honour and with truthfulness, while limning the very different picture of his rival, must take the time-honoured advice to study the man's work, if he would understand the man himself. And this slight essay will have achieved much if it turn the re-awakened attention of even one lover of Greek to the rich mine of wealth—a mine that cannot be too deeply worked—contained in this richest part of the great estate of oratory, in this very perfect exponent of human genius, and of the majesty of a tongue, "whose law was heavenly beauty, and whose breath enrapturing music."

J. F. W.



MEDIÆVAL UNIVERSITIES.



THE Universities of the Middle Ages, to which the first manifestations of intellectual life in the society of the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th centuries may be traced back, have at last found their historian. The Rev. Father Henry Denifle, O.P., in a book entitled "*Die Universitäten des Mittelalters bis 1400*," published in 1885, not only has unfolded the history of the origin and growth of those great institutions, but has also revealed to the learned men of Europe their true nature, and thereby, as H. Rashdall wrote in the *Academy* of London, corrected many errors and wrong ideas to be found in books of the pre-Denislean era.

Before the year 1400 there were in Europe 55 universities—23 in Italy, 11 in France, 8 in Spain, 5 in Austria, 3 in the Germanic Empire, 2 in England, 1 in Ireland, 1 in Portugal, and 1 in Switzerland. To this number, if we add 12 colleges wrongly called universities, as Father Denifle proves, we are bound to acknowledge that the so called *Dark Ages* were better provided than we are with great institutions of learning.

In order to write the history of these universities, Rev. Father Denifle was not satisfied with the information given by Savigny, Du Boulay, Leclerc, Dollinger, Paulsen, Giesebrecht and others, but he perused the documents themselves, privileges, diplomas, papal bulls, university statutes, *libri cancellarij et procuratorum, libri rectorum*, etc. He travelled for five years through the different countries of Europe, and, especially in Rome, he unearthed invaluable treasures.

The first question he treats in his first volume relates to the *name and nature* of mediæval universities. As he rightly remarks, there is more than a question of mere philosophy implied in the names given to these institutions; their names make known to us their real nature. In a letter of Honorius II, May 11th, 1829, the University of Paris was called *studium*; a few years later, after 1229, the universities were distinguished from lesser institutions of learning by the names of *studium generale, studium uniuersale*; but these

epithets did not refer to the matters taught, but to the students; that is to say, they did not mean, as many wrongly believed, that all sciences were therein cultivated, but that students, whatever country they might come from, were heartily received within their walls. It is, in fact, well proved that in most *studia*, theology, the queen of sciences, was not taught before the middle of the fourteenth century. Bologna, for instance, had no theological school till 1360, Salamanca till the end of the fourteenth century, while from 1219 to the end of the seventeenth century there was in Paris no chair of civil law.

As to the name *uniuersitas*, it was also and frequently used in the Middle Ages, but with a meaning altogether different from its present one. By *uniuersitas*, like the Roman jurists, the schoolmen meant a *corporation*, which, enjoying a proper administration and organism, was also called *corpus, collegium, sodalitiū, curia, societas, consortiū*. In that general sense, they might say: *uniuersitas piscorum, mercatorum, fabrorum, Uniuersitas Perusinarum* meant the corporation of Perugia. When they wished to express by that name scientific institutions, they were wont to say: *Uniuersitas studij* or *uniuersitas magistrorum, uniuersitas scholarium* and *uniuersitas magistrorum et scholarium* according as they meant the corporation of professors, the corporation of students, or both. It is consequently evident that the *uniuersitas* as well as the *studium generale*, expressed not the sciences taught in a given institution, but the persons who, in that institution, were members of a special society.

Nevertheless, the term *uniuersitas* began, as far back as the thirteenth century, to assume the meaning in which it is received in our days: thus *uniuersitas Oxoniensis, Pragensis*, were quite as often used as *studium Oxoniense, Pragense*; but this modern acceptance of the term *uniuersitas* was rather German than Latin, for the Latin countries, Italy, France and Spain, preserved, even after the year 1400, the old name of *studium*, and called *uniuersitates* special corporations within the universities.

= The Owl. =

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

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

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LOOKING FORWARD.

Annually, in the month of September, every college journal delivers itself of an introduction. This year it would please THE OWL to depart from this venerable tradition, did not special circumstances seem to call for a few remarks regarding the future. The founder and eminently successful managing editor of THE OWL, Rev. J. J. Griffin, has no longer the direction of this journal, and of his loss we are keenly sensible. We fully realize in how large a measure the past success of THE OWL is attributable to him, and what powerful aids are lost to us in the absence of his great energy, splendid taste, and practical knowledge of journalism. He has given THE OWL a position which its editors aim, by unceasing efforts, to hold, and, if possible, to improve. To reach this end a few aids are necessary

THE OWL requires the liberal and constant support of the alumni. In the past this was not accorded as freely as was ex-

pected, but the hope sustains us, that, in the immediate future, contributions, both literary and financial, will swell the mail of THE OWL far beyond its ordinary size. In the next place, surely, a college journal successfully and satisfactorily conducted, deserves the unqualified approval of the students of the institution it represents. It should be a matter of principle with every student to support THE OWL by pen and purse, as he would consider it a question of honor to defend his *alma mater* on every occasion.

Furthermore, THE OWL needs the cordial encouragement of the Professors of the University. It is, in a certain measure, the exponent of the work done in their classes, and much of its interest and usefulness depends on the Professors' direction of the thought and energy of their students. A word judiciously addressed might work more successfully in drawing a host of latent geniuses from their inglorious retreats, than would an army of editors.

After a careful survey of the situation, we feel justified in saying that the enthusiastic determination of the present managers and editors, joined to the above mentioned assistance, should keep THE OWL to the fore in the world of college journalism and increase its influence among its contemporaries.

CHANGES IN THE UNIVERSITY.

As we ourselves and the world about us are ever changing, it would be strange if the College should remain exactly the same old college which through many years we learned to love. Yet we find it hard to accustom ourselves to the absence of some very familiar faces from the professional staff this year.

Father Balland, the late Prefect of Studies, was so intimately bound up in the history of the College, so deeply attached to it, and so unsparing in his

efforts to further its progress, that we naturally expected to see him here till he should be called to his eternal reward. But the life of a religious is not guided by his inclination. At the altar long ago, when he enlisted in the army which fights the good fight under the banner of Mary Immaculate, Father Balland vowed obedience to his superiors. Now, at their request, with feelings no doubt akin to those of a brave soldier who is ordered to retire from the thick of the fight, he leaves the institution which he loved, whose success his tireless energy and great abilities helped in no small manner to ensure, to go whithersoever duty calls. It is not given to the onlooker, however interested, to know all the considerations which weigh with those who have charge of a large congregation such as the Oblates, but we have the fullest confidence that these have acted wisely, prudently, and in the best interests of all concerned. This is not the place to attempt to give an extended notice of our late Prefect's work amongst us, but, as has been truly said elsewhere, "when the history of education in Canada comes to be written Father Balland's work will claim many a page." His scholarly attainments and indomitable energy will find ample scope elsewhere in the world-wide field of labor which his brother Oblates are working. That he will leave the impress of his genius on his new work we feel certain; that he will find as true and warm friends in his new home as he made during his stay at Ottawa University is our sincere and earnest wish.

The present Prefect of Studies, Rev. Dr. Antoine, distinguished himself at the Gregorian University in Rome, taking the prize in mathematics from numerous competitors. During the past two years which he has spent at Ottawa he has entered into the spirit of the University, and, by his patient and sympathetic study of its workings, has thoroughly qualified

himself to discharge the duties of his new position.

Rev. Father Griffin, who for the past three years filled the Chair of Physics, has gone to Johns' Hopkins. His great natural ability and his facility for prosecuting his chosen studies ensure for him a place among the foremost scientists of the country. His place will be filled by Rev. Father Gauvreau, late Professor of Geology and Mineralogy. Father Gauvreau has long been an earnest student of the natural sciences, and has just completed a summer course in physics at Harvard.

Father Balland, as Professor of Mathematics, has a worthy successor in Rev. W. Murphy, O.M.I., an enthusiastic student of mathematics, and a devoted, painstaking teacher. He who, like Father Gauvreau, is happiest when engaged in his favorite studies, spent the vacation at Harvard, where he followed the course of civil engineering for teachers.

Rev. Father Duhaut, for many years Professor of Latin and Greek, has severed his connection with the College, and is at present engaged in parochial work at Hull. Father Duhaut was a faithful and conscientious teacher, and his absence will be keenly felt by the important classes which he had in charge.

Rev. Dr. Nilles, who last year proved that he was not less a theologian than a philosopher, will henceforth devote his whole time to Mental Philosophy, in which department he has established an enviable reputation. His successor in the chair of Dogmatic Theology, Dr. Lacoste, though a young man, has the distinction of having graduated first in the Roman University in 1889. When we consider that some of the brightest students in the Catholic world were his competitors we can appreciate the honor won by the learned young Professor.

On the whole we have every reason to believe that the recent changes, far from

interfering with the work of the University, will give it a new impetus owing to the vigor and earnestness of this year's staff.

ALEXANDRIA'S FIRST BISHOP.

It has ever been the joy of Ottawa University to see her sons elevated to positions of honor and trust. She has been particularly fortunate in her old students, many of whom have been awarded high positions both in church and state. The University considers it of the highest importance to impart a thorough religious training, and, therefore, delights in the number of her students who have enrolled themselves under the banner of the church. Her joy has lately been renewed by the appointment of Very Rev. Father Macdonell to the new episcopal see of Alexandria. This distinguished priest was in attendance at our University some thirty years ago. He pursued his theological course at Regiopolis, Kingston, where he was ordained by His Lordship, the late Bishop Horan, and shortly afterwards received charge of his native parish of Lochiel, Glengarry. Here he successfully continued for sixteen years, when he was transferred to the more important parish of St. Finnans, Alexandria, where he has continued until the present. The bishop-elect is a member of a family that has already given a bishop to the church, the Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first bishop of Kingston. His appointment is particularly pleasing, as it gives satisfaction not only to his Scottish fellow countrymen, but also to all by whom he is known. He has labored long and zealously for the welfare of his fellow men and the glory of the church, and his work unostentatiously performed fully merits the high honor that is his. Of a reserved and retiring disposition, forgetful of self, and mindful only of duty, he did not put himself forward for such marked distinction, but his zeal and ability for God's holy work declared him a fitting successor of

the Apostles. The success that he has achieved in Alexandria points to still greater success as chief pastor in his enlarged sphere of action. THE OWL, on behalf of the University, congratulates the Rev. gentleman on his elevation to the episcopacy, and the diocese of Alexandria, in having as first bishop, a prelate of tried ability and merit. His consecration will take place the 28th of October.

FATHER STANTON'S JUBILEE.

The Rev. M. J. Stanton, pastor of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, has reason to be proud of the demonstration with which the completion of his 25th year in the priesthood has been greeted. Not often, even in the case of the most widely-known priests, have "silver" jubilees been so signally honoured. On Thursday, 14th ult., there was a distinguished gathering at Smith's Falls. The illustrious Archbishop of Kingston, the Bishop-elect of the new See of Alexandria, a large number of Father Stanton's reverend *confères*, and representatives from the neighbouring dioceses, met to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination. The proceedings opened by solemn Mass in the Parochial church, which was filled to overflowing, many of the prominent Protestants of the town attending to join their Catholic neighbours in a tribute of respect to a clergymen who had endeared himself to all classes and creeds. The reverend pastor was the celebrant of the Mass, immediately after which he was presented with gracefully-worded addresses accompanied by substantial tokens of good-will. These were presented on behalf of the congregation, generally; and by the local Branch of the C.M.B.A., the ladies and children of the mission, specially. Father Stanton made feeling and appropriate replies. In the Presbytery afterwards an address couched in terms of glowing eulogy and indicative of the friendship and esteem

of his co-labourers in the Archdiocese of Kingston, was read to him by the Rev. C. H. Murray. This was accompanied by a superb silver service, the presentation of which, in the name of the priest: of the Archdiocese, was formally made by the Rev. John Twomey. Father Stanton acknowledged the honour conferred upon him in a pithy and grateful speech, and entertained the visiting clergy in his usual hospitable manner.

Of Father Stanton's career during the five and twenty years he has spent in the sacred ministry, his brother-priests, those who can best judge, speak in terms of the warmest praise. "As a student," they say in a passage which we cull from their beautiful address,—“as a student at “Regiopolis—as a professor there and “afterwards director; as pastor of Erinsville, where your works testify to your “pious labours—labours renewed and “carried to a splendid series of successful undertakings in the mission of Westport; and here, as the reverend parish priest of Smith's Falls—here where your name is dear as a household word and “where the evidences of your magnificent “energy are manifest to all—you have “worn the white flower of a blameless “life,’ you have been ‘weighed in the “balance’ and never found ‘wanting,’ “and you have been true to men because “you were never recreant to your duty, “never false to God.”

TWO GREAT MEN GOVE.

The universal sorrow occasioned by the death of Cardinal Newman was deeply participated in by the students of this institution. As one of the noblest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in England, as an example of sincerity and piety and as a friend and promoter of learning and truth, his loss will be keenly felt in all religious and educational circles. His influence as a writer was

strongly felt in Europe, and, I believe, in America, where through his writings principally, such men as the learned and zealous Paulist, Father Baker, whose early death, not many years ago, was so much regretted by all who had the pleasure of listening to his eloquent sermons, and many other American Protestants embraced the true church.

Although Catholic and Protestant journals alike have already noticed many of the brilliant qualities with which the eminent Cardinal was endowed, still much more might be added in honor of his revered memory. It is not, however, our intention to dwell upon them here. We would rather leave such a task to his biographers, who will do ample justice to his high merits, and only join our sincere condolence with the general sympathy. *Requiescat in pace.*

The transitory character of mortal existence is never so deeply and solemnly impressed upon us as when some friend, personally dear to us, or intimate by reputation, is hurriedly snatched away from our midst by the cruel grasp of Death. The truth of this we all experienced when the sad intelligence reached us of the sudden and premature demise of John Boyle O'Reilly, one of America's greatest poets and journalists, and one of Ireland's most devoted patriots.

He was a lover of manly sports, in which he was wont to recreate his over-tasked mental faculties: he was a friend of education and a light in the literary world, and as such was dear to the heart of every college student.

To his relatives in their bereavement, we offer, with all sincerity, our profound sympathy, and bid them trust, as they have good reason to, that he now enjoys the reward to which his many Christian works entitled him.

*HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV.
ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA
RECEIVED AT THE UNIVER-
SITY.*

On the eve of his departure for Rome, His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa paid a visit to the University. He celebrated the students' Mass at seven o'clock a.m. in the College chapel. At half-past eight he was ushered into the Academic Hall, where a cordial greeting awaited him from the inspiring music of the College band, and where he received a hearty welcome from the students. Addresses, both in English and in French, were read by Messrs. C. C. Delany and Joseph Landry. The following is the text of the former :—

To His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa, My Lord, Archbishop :—

“ Your early visit to the scenes of our labors and to the institution over which you have constantly watched with fond paternal care affords us reason of the greatest gratification and pleasure. We, therefore, desire to tender you our most hearty welcome and our sincerest thanks.

It is not, however, the only favor for which we would acknowledge our indebtedness. Last year your Grace's happy advent to our midst was the occasion, not only of rejoicing on our part, but also of an everlasting glory to our *Alma Mater*, inasmuch as, at that time, were conferred upon her, through your kind influence, the priceless prerogatives which she now enjoys, the grandest of all privileges, the raising of her to the dignity and rank of a Catholic University.

Should we endeavor, then, to express the deep sentiments of gratitude which animate our bosoms, we would scarcely find terms appropriate to convey to you the true state of our feelings ; but we do know that you will be pleased to receive even this acknowledgment in lieu of what we would otherwise gladly express.

So far, indeed, the programme of our University is not complete. There are many acquisitions yet to be made towards rendering it what we are exceedingly anxious to see it. But we trust that, assisted by Almighty God, strengthened by the blessings of the Church, aided by the indefatigable labors and exertions of our reverend and dear professors, and encouraged by the staunch and devoted friends whom heaven has raised up in our behalf, we shall very soon behold our College on a footing with other Catholic universities.

It delights us to inform you, and your Grace will, no doubt, rejoice to learn, that our class in Philosophy is the largest that has ever passed through the Institution, and that the number of Theological students this year bids fair to be greatly increased.

And now, Most Reverend Archbishop, that you

are about to set out upon another voyage to the Eternal City, whither the requirements of your extensive works for the glory of God and the salvation of souls call you, we would ask of you to be mindful of us and of our infant University when standing before the throne of Christ's Vicar. We have little to offer that would be worthy of your Grace, but what we have we cordially request you to accept, our warmest gratitude for past favors and our feeble, but fervent, prayers for a pleasant journey, a happy and successful voyage, and a safe return to your devoted children in Canada and to the students of Ottawa University.”

In reply, His Grace expressed in suitable terms his thanks for the good wishes contained in the addresses. He said that he had always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the College, and that he would continue still the steadfast friend and eager promoter of the institution which he had the pleasure of claiming as his *Alma Mater*. Every one of those, he was pleased to observe, who had at one time, sat upon the benches of the University, had already made, or was about “ to make his mark in the world ” ; some as devoted priests, laboring for the salvation of souls, and rendering their bishops happy in the thought of having such zealous pastors ; others, as good physicians, and others, still, as the directors and managers of the affairs of state ; but all as useful members of society and a credit to the institution wherein they had imbued those principles of piety and truth which sweeten the bitterness and illumine the darkness of the world.

Alluding to his visit of last year, His Grace concluded by saying that he could not promise to return laden with such transcending favors and privileges for the College as those conferred upon it a year ago ; but that he would bring back the choicest blessings which he could possibly procure from the Holy Father, and that he would be particularly mindful, in his prayers, at the different shrines where he would have the happiness of officiating, of the good cause of education, and especially of the future well being of Ottawa University.

The students, then, knelt to receive a parting benediction, after which His Grace kindly remarked that, as the boys had had a good many holidays already, it would be quite out of place to grant them another, but that he would, however, give them, instead of a holiday, a *grand conge*.

BOOK NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. GRANT BY GEO. W. CHILDS.

It would be difficult for Mr. Geo. W. Childs to write anything insipid or uninteresting. But in this handsome little volume of "Recollections of Gen. Grant." Mr. Childs had a subject after his own heart. The general was for years one of his most intimate personal friends, and the greater number of incidents related came under Mr. Childs' own experience. There are many features of Gen. Grant's character, and those the most admirable, which are now shown to the public for the first time, and the result cannot but be to increase the already high estimation in which he is held. Nothing is more pleasant, because so uncommon, than for us to learn that a great general, a distinguished statesman, a popular hero, was in his private life a model of kindness, truth and purity. And those qualities, Mr. Childs assures, Gen. Grant possessed in an uncommonly high degree. We can excuse the American nation for its intense admiration of Gen. Grant living and for the almost kingly honor it paid him dead, for he was a man whose like they shall not soon look upon again, who delivered them from one civil war and preserved them from another. We may accept without scruple the concluding words of Mr. Childs' eulogy: "I never heard Gen. Grant say, nor did I ever know him to do, a mean thing. His entire truthfulness, his perfect honesty, were beyond question. I think of him, now that he is dead, with ever increasing admiration; I can recall no instance of vanity, of bombast, or of self-laudation. He was one of the greatest, noblest and most modest of men—equally great in civil and in military life."

DONOHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The October number of this always interesting and instructive magazine has

an exceptionally splendid table of contents. The various phases of the educational question are discussed in several articles, chief among them being "Normal Schools" and the "Catholic Position in Education." An instalment of the historical essay "Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers" and "Glimpses of Irish Industries—woollens," are sure to find many readers, and will repay careful perusal. A large portion of the magazine is devoted to memorial notices of Cardinal Newman and John Boyle O'Reilly. The portrait of the Cardinal is one of the best we have seen, and "His Place in Literature" is interesting as reflecting the estimate placed on the great Cardinal by a high English critic. Nothing more beautiful has been said about J. B. O'Reilly than the touching eulogy of his friend, Gen. P. A. Collins. On the whole the magazine is excellent reading for Catholic families.

EXCHANGES.

We are surprised to learn from the *Hobert Herald* that class distinctions are so clearly drawn at Hobert and that hazing, even though it be but "a mere formality," so to speak, is still indulged in. Such a state of affairs must have a deleterious effect upon the institution. Our idea of college life is that a perfect *esprit de corps* should thoroughly permeate the whole student body, irrespective of class, nationality or any other such petty distinctions.

The *Tuftsian* for June has a number of well-timed and well-written editorials. The literary department is somewhat meagre, the Baccalaureate sermon and accounts of the closing exercises, constituting the whole of its contents.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* comes to us replete with essays on scientific topics. Our *quondam* fellow-student, Mr. J. Paradis contributes an article on "The Blunders of Materialism." A writer on "The Race Question" justly concludes that its only true solution lies in educating and christianizing the Negro.

In an article on "St. Clement's Church at Rome," published in the *University Mirror*, we find expressed this hope, in which ignorance vies with bigotry for

supremacy, "That this spot may witness one more change, and that the present structure may be consecrated to the worship of God in the true and simple faith of the evangelical church." We would like the writer to inform us which is the evangelical church if not the "Romish," as he contemptuously styles it. The *Mirror* has a creditable appearance, and should not allow the good impression thus obtained to be marred by displays of sectarian prejudice such as that quoted above.

We welcome the *Marietta College Olio* on this its first advent to our *sanctum*, and trust it will in future be a regular visitor. In general make-up it compares favorably with our best exchanges. The commencement number, in addition to extracts from the various class orations, contains an interesting sketch of General Mitchel. The "Statistics of the Class of '90" is a unique idea, and must have caused much merriment to those concerned. The *Olio* believes that examinations should be abolished, a stand we cannot endorse, as we hold that, although annoying, they are necessary evils.

On the occasion of the publication of a centenary number, the *King's College Record* has donned a new dress, which considerably enhances its appearance. The literary contents are made up chiefly of short notices of the various members of the faculty, and a sketch of the institution since its inception, accompanied by a cut of the president and illustrations of various portions of the college buildings. The number is a highly creditable production.

The *Dakota Collegian* in an editorial upon the necessity of finishing a college course, voices this sentiment, which we heartily endorse. "If you are leaving college without the intention of going to some other college, you have admitted that you are a failure, either because you don't care, or because you are an ambitious fool, or because you are too lazy." The *Collegian* has also a readable article on Modern Explosives.

The *Dial*, although yet in its infancy, already ranks high amongst college journals. Suitable cuts are to be found at the head of almost every article and the general typographical appearance is excellent. In the number before us "A Song

of June" and "A Fancy" are verses of no mean merit. In an article on "Brazil" an insight is given into the causes of the recent revolution in that country. A strong plea is editorially made for the retention of Greek as part of a college curriculum.

The *Speculum*, it seems, keeps on the even tenor of its way undisturbed by any thought of vacation. In the August number appears a sensible article on "The Possibilities of a College Course," "An Historical Sketch of the Transcendental Movement," and "An American Boy's Opinion of the Chaperon" completes the list of literary contents. A generous portion of space is accorded to college news and personals.

The *Salve Regina*, one of the most pleasing of our exchanges, hails from St. Mary's Academy, New Orleans.

For low vulgarity and fanatical bigotry associated with the most benighted ignorance, an article in *Twinks* on "the Decay of Christianity" surpasses anything that we have seen for a long time. We do not intend to discuss the matter with the writer as, by the brutal vein running through his essay, he has shown himself to be beneath contempt. We would, however, recommend to him the study of the religious statistics of the world, in general, and of the United States, in particular, before again setting up his bray about the decline of Catholicism.

In the *Stonyhurst Magazine* for August the history of the Drama is briefly sketched and the merits of its chief exponents, both ancient and modern, are pointed out. The Romantic Drama is favourably contrasted with the Classical. Cricket and the weather must be very interesting topics at Stonyhurst as a discussion of them occupies several pages of the *Magazine*.

Kate Field's Washington, a weekly magazine from the capital of the Great Republic, has found its way to our *sanctum* for the first time. Its general tone is quite in keeping with the announcement on the title page that it is "the paper that uses the big I." Much journalistic ability is displayed in its production, but we would be sorry to see some of the theories it upholds, such as "Woman's Rights" and like fads, obtain a wide acceptance.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Very Rev. O. Routhier, V.G., accompanies His Grace Archbishop Duhamel in his journey to Rome. It will be his second visit to the Eternal City.

Bishop Grandin's visit to the College shortly after the opening was a source of exceedingly great pleasure to the students—it procured them a holiday. The Venerable Prelate has been suddenly called to Winnipeg in order to officiate at the funeral service of his brother bishop, Rt. Rev. Henry Faraut, O.M.I.

Rev. Fr. Lacombe, the veteran Oblate missionary of the North West, paid his annual visit to the University at its opening. Years are beginning to tell upon this indefatigable laborer: but his energy and zeal for the salvation of the Indians and Half-breeds are still as unflagging as ever. The Rev. Father kindly promises to occasionally favor the readers of THE OWL with thrilling stories of Indian life in the far North West.

Rev. Fr. Langevin, O.M.I., has returned to the University, where he will continue to have the direction of the Seminary during the ensuing year. The number of theological students is greatly increased.

The few students remaining who remember the class of '85 were not a little pleased to see and welcome their old college friend, Rev. James Quigley, who paid a brief visit to his *Alma Mater* before his return to his diocese in New Jersey.

Father Young's excellent idea of congregation singing is being realized in the College chapel. The students, divided into two choirs, are making wonderful progress under the efficient direction of Rev. Father Emard.

Rev. Father Gervais has reorganized his famous little Band of last year, and proposes to have it equal, if not surpass, any like organization that has ever existed in the Institution.

Our College amateurs are busily engaged preparing an entertainment to be given on St. Cecilia's Day.

 ATHLETICS.

If any supposed that our retiring from the Ontario Rugby Football Union meant the death of football in Ottawa University they were greatly mistaken. Already we are in receipt of a communication from our opponents on many a hard-fought field, the Montrealers, at present champions of Quebec. The secretary of the Montrealers wishes to have our team play an exhibition game in Montreal early in October, and promises a return match on our grounds at a later date. He also suggests our joining the Quebec Association.

* *

Now that the football season and the football weather has set in, it is expected that every one will do his best to help the football club along. There is much to be done, and in no better way can the players assist in its being done than by faithfully attending practice and gymnasium work. Let everyone bear in mind that it was owing greatly to practice and training that Ottawa University achieved its success in the past, and it is by practice and training alone that it can hope to win in the future.

* *

Toronto and Montreal have already ranged matches and are practising daily, and likewise the Ottawa City and Britannia F. B. C. We trust the fever of football enthusiasm will prove contagious and that our boys will be numbered among its first victims.

* *

In the *Athlete* of Toronto we read that Senkler the famous halfback of Toronto University, McLean, formerly of the same team, Smellie, who played such a game at quarter for Queen's last year, and McGiverin, formerly of Hamilton, have joined the ranks of the Toronto F. B. C. With the splendid material it had last year together with the addition of the above mentioned, the Queen City ought to be able to place a most formidable team on the field.

* *

The Ottawa City Football Club has applied to the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association for amalgamation with that body. This is a wise step on the part of the Committee of the Football Club.

No doubt there will be more interest taken in the Football Club when it comes under the association. If our boys meet the Ottawas this year, and we hope they will, they may expect a much stronger and much better trained team than has ever before represented Ottawa City, as the O. A. A. has a gymnasium and other training accommodations that cannot be excelled.

* *

The devotees of the hand-ball alley are as numerous as ever, thus evincing the increasing popularity of the game.

* *

Before the scholastic year opened a letter arrived from the Secretary of the Vancouver, B.C., Rugby Football team, asking for a date. We had expected to see the British Columbians come east this fall, until last week the Secretary of our football team received a communication from the Vancouver men, expressive of their regret at being obliged to forego the intended trip. Their reason for so doing is that they cannot get a sufficient amount guaranteed them to undertake the trip.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The merry laugh of the light-hearted small boys, has dispelled the cloud of lonesomeness, which for the first few days seemed to envelope the junior campus.

Every year many of the prominent members of the juniors' department are missing. Of the graduating class, some find employment in the busy marts of commerce, others begin the arduous work of the civil engineer, while the more ambitious enter upon the classical course. The students from Lowell are present in full force, this time headed by E. Vallerrand in the absence of Beauchemin, who has accepted a very lucrative position as general accountant in a prominent New York business establishment.

Many of last year's boys were somewhat disappointed on learning that Father Emard, who as prefect of discipline, had treated them with such marked kindness and attention, would not be their director during the coming year. This feeling of disappointment was to a great extent dispelled when they were informed that Rev. E. David, O. M. I., assisted by Rev.

Brothers Guertin and Martin would have charge of them in the study and on the play ground.

The prospects for the year in the commercial course never looked brighter. The number of boys greatly exceed that of last year, and more are expected in a few days. Rev. Father Constantineau, O.M.I., Prefect of Studies for this department, has every reason to feel satisfied that his labors are being rapidly rewarded.

The member for O'Kanagan has proven himself a highly agreeable companion, at least to those who delight in vivid descriptions of the grand and sublime scenery of that "sea of mountains" called British Columbia.

For the past two weeks the junior yard has been the scene of the wildest excitement. Crowds might be seen in every quarter of the yard earnestly discussing the prospects of the election of officers for the juniors. A. A. Maloney, somewhat smaller than in former years, but more energetic and enthusiastic, had brought a man into the field whose business qualities, knowledge of athletic sports and polished address, rendered him in every respect worthy of the support of every enfranchised member of the small yard. During every recreation he might be heard (not seen) earnestly exhorting a crowd of eager listeners not to give ear to those whose sympathies were not with the association, and who would, forsooth, impose upon them a man whose ignorance of all athletic games rendered him totally incompetent to discharge aright the onerous duties of so important a position. Against Maloney's eloquence, where the action is suited to the word, the word to the action, the chances of an opponent being elected are very slim indeed.

Scarcely had the last soul-stirring words of the fiery orator died away in the distance than the bell gave warning that all were requested in the study hall, where the election was to be held. It is needless to say that Maloney's candidate carried the day by an overwhelming majority, and now, from his position in the front seat, he smiles complacently upon the benign countenance of him whom he has raised to that lofty position.

The following is the result of the election :—

- President—Raoul Beaulieu.
- 1st Vice-President—Willie Murphy.
- 2nd Vice-President—Omer Allard.
- Secretary—Walter Brophy.
- Treasurer—Fred Lamoureux.
- Councillors—Wm. Weir, Henri Christin, Gregorio Flores.

The above committee is certainly one of the best that could have been chosen, and it is quite safe to predict that the success of the games is ensured.

Scarcely had the boarders time to unpack their trunks and locate themselves in their various positions in the study-hall, when a challenge to a friendly game of football was received from the externs. It was duly accepted, and on Tuesday, Sept. 9th, the two teams lined up as follows :—

<i>Boarders.</i>		<i>Externs.</i>
Landry.....	Full Back. R. Beaulieu
Glassmacher.....	} Half-Backs Cavanagh
Gibbons.....	 H. Leveque
Murphy.....	} Quarter-Backs. A. Beaulieu
Garneau.....	 H. O'Connor
Lamoureux.....	} Wings. E. Leveque
Copping.....	 F. McGee
J. McCabe.....	 A. Catelier
P. McCabe.....	} Forwards. Constantine
McKay.....	 Richard
Valade.....	 Larose
Vallerand.....	 Verreau
O. Allard.....	 Belanger
A. Allard..... Belanger	
J. Cunningham..	 Campeau

R. Valade captained the boarders while R. Beaulieu acted in a similar capacity for the Externs. Mr. A. Brault discharged the duties of referee in the most satisfactory manner. The result was a victory for the boarders by a score of 9 to 6.

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SOCIETIES.

This column of THE OWL is to be devoted to the interests of the several societies of the University. It will be our endeavor to make it as interesting as possible to every reader who has ever been a student in this or any similar institution. We are sure that there are few recollections which an alumnus of Ottawa can entertain, more

pleasant than his participation in the College societies. For there it was that he received the distinctions within the gift of his fellow students, which, trivial as they may seem to him when now engaged in the greater struggle for the honors of the outside world, were, then, matters of absorbing interest, and to the recipient, a source of honest pride.

Foremost in good results are the Debating Societies, of which there are three, the Seniors, Juniors and French. The work accomplished by them, especially by the Senior, for nine years under the management of its popular director, Rev. Fr. Nolin, may well be boasted by the students, for the eloquence which now moves many a congregation and audience in both Canada and the United States, was acquired here. The Junior Society is preparatory for the Senior, and the French has for object the improvement of our Canadian friends in the knowledge of their own language.

The Reading Room Association gives us the opportunity of keeping up with the current topics of the day. The principal English and French news, literary, and scientific papers of Canada and the United States are on file in its hall.

The Scientific Society encourages all possible research into the mysteries of physics, astronomy, geology, mineralogy and chemistry. It is an invaluable ally of the classes in which these branches are taught.

One of the youngest of our societies is the Cecilian, which promises for the near future. It controls the University Brass Band, an organization which will stand comparison with that of any college.

The ascent from the literary, scientific, and musical to the moral culture is easy. The last mentioned is found in our sodality of the Blessed Virgin, an organization which has for years helped to maintain the high moral standard of Ottawa University.

The younger students, emulous of their elders, have also a similar society, that of the Guardian Angels.

Last, but of paramount importance at this season, comes the Athletic Association. No Catholic institution on the continent can boast of a society which has done so much for the development of manly sport. It is under the management of a committee of students, and controls everything pertaining to athletics. It is the proud possessor of the foot ball championship of Canada, an honor wrested from a host of doughty opponents. For baseball, lacrosse, hockey, snow-shoeing, and general athletics, its members have no rivals in any neighboring college. We are ambitious, and should an opportunity offer, will aim at something higher than the championship of Canada.

Hereafter, every number of THE OWL will contain accounts of the organization and work of these societies for the year '90-'91.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of this Association held June 20th, 1890, the following officers were elected:—Honorary President, Right Rev. J. T. Duhamel, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa; President, M. J. Gorman, L.L.B., Ottawa; Vice-Presidents, —Rev. G. Bouillon, Ottawa, Ont.; Rev. O. Boucher, Haverhill, Mass.; Rev. D. F. Foley, P.P., Almonte, Ont.; Rev. J. F. Coffey, M.A., LL.D.; A. L. Smith, M.D., Montreal; J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., LL.D., Montreal; J. A. Pinard, Ottawa; J. E. Beauset, LL.B., Hull, Que.; W. A. Herckenrath, M.A., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Treasurer, W. H. Barry, B.A., Ottawa; Corresponding Secretaries, A. E. Lussier, B.A., Ottawa, A. Gow, Ottawa; Recording Secretaries, E. E. Perrault, C. E. Ottawa; R. Devlin, Ottawa; Executive Committee—Rev. M. J. Whelan, P.P., W. I. Scott, B.A., J. T. Oliver, J. E. O'Meara, G. Collins, C. T. Roger, and P. M. Coté, all of Ottawa.

FLORES.

Rev. J. P. Quigley, '85, paid a visit to *Alma Mater* the first week of the scholastic year, and was surprised at the changes that have taken place since he was one of us.

Lieut. E. A. Panet, formerly of '90 and graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has completed his course at the famous Military School at Chatham, Eng., and has accepted an appointment in the Imperial service in India.

P. F. Leonard, commercial graduate of '86, lately paid a visit to *Alma Mater* and renewed old associations.

Among the names of the priests of the Archdiocese of Ottawa who have recently changed parishes, we notice those of the following *alumni*: Rev. C. Poulin, '85, transferred from Almonte to Cantley; Rev. W. Holland, from Cantley to Wakefield; Rev. P. McCarthy, from Wakefield to St. Bridget's, Ottawa, and Rev. F. J. McGovern, from St. Bridget's to the parish of St. Malachi.

Of the class of '90 D. A. Cambell, W. T. McCauley and F. X. Brunette have entered the Diocesan Seminary of Ottawa. T. M. Donovan and C. J. Kennedy have entered that of Baltimore, and Rodolph Paradis has taken up the study of law.

Owen W. Clark, ex-'92, has begun his studies in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

J. P. Donovan, B.A., '89, visited us *en route* for the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

R. Sims, formerly of '89, recently passed his first intermediate examination in law, and stood first on the list of successful candidates.

C. F. Hamilton, B.A., '86, passed his final examination in Dalhousie Law School on September 2nd.

It is with pleasure we learn that Dr. McCabe, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, has been appointed to the Presidency of the C. M. B. A. at the general convention of the society recently held in Montreal.

The many friends of Mr. Patrick O'Malley will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from a recent illness and resumed his theological studies.

ULULATUS.



To-whit ! To-who !
 'Owling still !



How did you spend your vacation ?

Quite *Tacitus*, indeed !

Ca--na--na--ree--ato--ats ?

The staff poet promises an epic on *Regulus* for our next issue.

It is pleasant for *Troy* to be no longer besieged by the Greeks.

The hardest case in the house is the genitive.
 Proof : *Regis* and *Solis*.

A distinguished member of the fifth form *owns* the patent for tenement-house pipes.

Of Gus who could tell the throes when he skinned his nose and passed a pitchfork through his toes ?

Class cry of the Sophs :—

I—so—cra—tes—cra—cra—cra—Hoi—Hoi—
 Hoi—Ho men—Ho day—Phi—Chi—Psi—'93.

"Tickets, tickets!" cried the conductor as he rapped on the lid of a trunk addressed to Ottawa College and labelled "Passenger."

The boys of dormitories Nos. 1 and 2 have enough of athletics in the daytime between football and baseball, without having *cricket* at night.

A prominent member of the Junior Philosophy class finds much difficulty in grasping the metaphysical subtleties of the *Me* and *non Me(a)*.

No wonder that trips around the world are becoming so cheap, seeing that an embryo astronomer has lately discovered that the earth's diameter is just four miles.

A philosopher, from his habit of grinding during the day, has recently developed an abnormal gastronomical craving for buttons. All contributions in the shape of old buttons thankfully received at "The Parlor," No. 1 dormitory.

THE LITTLE OCTORINA.

(Air: *Annie Rooney*.)

When Orpheus, as our fables show,
 Descended to the shades below,
 His notes dispelled Ixion's woe,
 And made his wheel cease turning ;
 They stayed the stone of Sisyphus,
 They checked the barking Cerberus,
 And quenched the thirst of Tantalus,
 Whose tongue was ever burning.

CHORUS:—But what music can there be
 With more enchanting melody
 Than the soft strains flowing
 Down the yard to greet
 Us from the Octorina
 That sounds so sweet ?

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
 Whose music did the stones inspire,
 Did build the Theban walls entire—
 For such renowned has been he ;
 But yet there dawned a brighter day—
 The gods and heroes lost their sway—
 To Mozart all the world gave way ;
 Then bowed to Paganini.

CHORUS:—

And even Gilmore's famous Band,
 The most harmonious in the land,
 Would make a short and feeble stand
 Before the Octorina.
 And Strauss himself would fade away,
 As night before the orb of day,
 Should he but hear our minstrel play
 His little Octorina.

CHORUS: Never nightingale heard we
 Give forth such strains of melody,
 Nor is there a feathered
 Warbler to compete
 With Tommy's Octorina,
 That sounds so sweet.



"Reputation is a spur to wit,
 And many wits flag for fear of losing it,"
 says Cowper.

Such is precisely the opinion of the *Ululatus* editor for past two years. The doctors report no change for the better.