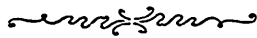


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# THE OWL

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Published by the Students of the  
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# The



# Owl.

VOL. II.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 1.

## EDUCATION.

ADDRESS OF REV. PRESIDENT AUGIER ON CONVOCATION DAY,  
TUESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1888.



SHAKESPEARE says:—

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and in moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in comprehension how like a God;

the beauty of the world; the paragon of animals.” Could the sublime poet have better sung of the greatness of man? What more glowing eulogium could be pronounced on this wonderful piece of work, Man? Whence this grandeur, this beauty, which indeed constitute man God’s masterpiece, fit “lord of this visible creation?” It is man’s soul, “perfect image and likeness of his Maker,” that gives man the right to exult over his own greatness. The soul is the “all and all” of man. It is the soul within that lifts our head heavenwards. It is the soul in man that sways this world, the soul that compels the mighty forces of nature to break before him; the soul that plunges into the depths and scales the heights. The soul of man in its turn sets a limit to the mighty billow’s power of destruction, controls the mystic forces of the great imponderables, plays, as it were, with the lightning and thunder. This is our greatness, our dignity, our glory, this soul of ours. This soul is our conscience, our reason, our all. Extinguish this “noble spark of heavenly flame,”

enkindled within our breast by the breath of the Most High, and what is left? What but brute force and matter? Who can say the limits of that tyranny of brute force? Who can measure its avidity, its insatiable desire of oppression? What materialist, poet or novelist of this materialistic age, has yet said the degradation of matter? Take away the human soul, and with it must also depart

### MORAL GREATNESS.

Say farewell to justice, to liberty, and to love. Destroy the soul, and by the same stroke you destroy the family ties, you disintegrate society, you annihilate civilization—yes, all that is sweetest in poetry, all that is dearest in science; all vanish when the soul is denied. No more science, nor order, nor freedom, nor love, nor grace, nor civilization, nor religion—all these sacred treasures of this our human existence are meaningless and powerless if the soul be denied. They have their being in the human soul. This wonderful gift of soul is imparted to us in an unformed state. It comes to us from the depths of nothingness, rich in germs of might and beauty. It receives the wondrous thoughts, the gentle sentiments, the light and the love that are to be unfolded as the years pass over us; to be used, when the time comes for communication and action, for the delivery of that heaven’s message to earth each one of us has had committed to him.

Now, this development of all these latent powers depends upon the culture our soul receives. This culture we ourselves must give it, otherwise these potent germs remain inactive, fruitless. This diamond in the mine must needs be polished before it can sparkle in the radiance of its own beauty. What voice can wake this dormant power we call the soul? What hand shall strike this gem, and forthwith throw a new radiance on the world? What sun shall rise upon this new world and reveal its original charms? Stand forth, men and women, whom we call the educators of youth! whom we call the

#### AFTER CREATORS OF THE SOUL.

Come with your greater light, your experience. Come especially with your tender love for the young, with your untiring devotion, take up, gently, this "heir of eternity"—this tender offspring of God. Warm him in your bosom, and he will wax strong and beautiful, and noble and good. He, in his turn, will walk "a God upon earth." So great is the work of education that God Almighty can alone be our model. He is the first Educator. Did he not teach Adam in the shady bowers of Eden the lessons that he, Adam, in his turn must teach his children? He loved to talk with our first father—the work of his hands—and why? because Adam's soul was kindred to his Maker, and must learn its obligations, possibilities and responsibilities. Ages after the reorganization of the fallen world, when the new order was to supplant the old, God makes Himself the teacher of men. The twelve apostles appointed to speak in His name are first taught by Him they so fondly call Master. These twelve men, so gross, so ignorant, whom he enticed away from their fishing boats and nets, are to be the teachers of the world, till the end of time, but He must first teach them. Then can the wavering Peter, whom the Divine teacher elects prince among his fellows, stand forth and teach the world and let himself be called the doctor of doctors, in the person of his successors, till the end of time. Hence, whether education be confined to the home circle, or let it call in the help of professional teachers, it cannot be justly conceived as a thing apart from religion. God's work in the human soul cannot be done without religion; the separation of the Church from the school

cannot be conceived; it is a sickly dream, a shallow Utopia, a most pernicious phantasm. Let this sickly dream be realized, and we must bewail the triumph of the ignoble, the base, the utterly worthless. The soul in its native dignity protests against this wicked endeavour to tear it from its author, its eternal exemplar. This earth and its manifold treasures which you offer to the soul estranged from God can not satisfy its longings. Listen to the poets of all ages and tell me if ever yet the soul of man has been appeased by "all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave," when these goods were given for their own sake. Horace and Lucretius, and old Epicurus himself, all, as well as Faustus and Childe Harold, say again and again. *nilens volens*, naught can make me happy if God and my soul be torn asunder. The world is sick and sad from the ceaseless effort at satisfying the hunger of heart and thirst of soul with other than its rightful food and drink; and with Alfred de Musset who spoke from dire experience, the world must say, "A great hope upon us has risen in spite of our waywardness. We must turn towards heaven." Yes, in spite of the intoxicating bliss this world can give, in spite of the treasures of science, in spite of the burden of glory, the soul must turn to heaven, and all systems of education that do not lead heavenwards are murderers of souls. Such education enlarges the horizon of its victims, only that they may the more clearly measure their woes, more keenly feel their fetters. The founder of this school, the creator of this college, the University of Ottawa, the lamented and ever-to-be-remembered Father Tabaret did not conceive that faith and reason could be divorced. Religion and science are two distinct lights, but not separated. No, these lights must blend in one common radiance. This is the light that is to guide us in the pursuit and conquest of truth and of virtue. Theology extends her hand, a helping hand, to philosophy. The child's catechism is a daily text book—must be—as much so as his grammar and algebra. The noble and sacred traditions of the past must be our guide for the future. We are with the foremost of this age of development in demanding a very high standard of education, both literary and scientific. We shall yield in nothing to what is considered best both in Europe and Ame-



rica, but we demand that education be based upon religion, that it breathe of the gospel—in a word, that it be Christian.

#### TRIBUTE TO DEAD FATHERS.

We shall not, this evening, dwell upon the great loss this college sustained in the untimely death of the Rev. Father Tabaret, nor on the scholastic year that followed his departure, for in that year a second victim was asked of us, in the person of the Rev. Father Provost, the immediate successor to the founder of this school. He was but a short time in our midst, but long enough to re-plunge the college in mourning by his early death; long enough to allow us to measure the greatness of our loss; his premature death was a sore trial to us all. The venerable and venerated Father Bennett, for so many years a devoted labourer in our midst, was also called to his well-earned reward during this same year. We had all loved him as a kind and tender father; we know he is among the "Blessed ones of God," for of these was he here on earth. You all admired him as a saintly man, for he was and he is a saint. The importance of the work so worthily begun, the future awaiting it, the brilliant hopes held out to urge us to advance fearlessly—these are the mediums that have led us to attempt such an organization as will secure the unity, and therefore the strength of our forces, without in the least limiting the scope so liberally purposed by the great mind that planned the work. At the beginning of this scholastic year of 1887-1888, we started out on our venture. It is a consoling fact that during this past year the students thronging our beautiful chapel, and the spacious study halls and classrooms, by far outnumbered those of the years previous, and in justice we must say that the year's scholastic work was arduously pursued; hence the glorious crowning. Our young men have proved to us by their severe application that they

are not solely devoted to keeping at the top of the list for football and for the other athletic sports, but that they are still more desirous of bringing back to their homes the unquestionable proofs of their achievements in the noble field of moral and intellectual endeavour. It is our fixed and unalterable determination to continue Father Tabaret's work, as he had designed it, to give it such development as our forces permit. In 1866 the college authorities obtained the privileges of a university. Since then their constant aim has been to set the college on such a footing as would justify the most sanguine expectations of all interested in the work. As early as 1872 degrees were conferred, and from that time the number of applicants has yearly increased. Thankfully acknowledging the kindly co-operation of some of the ablest lawyers in the city, who have anticipated our desires, we have resolved to establish a board of examiners, that will enable the Faculty to confer henceforth the various degrees sought by the law students. We are confident that in the near future other privileges may be extended to our young men. We hail, in advance, the day when, within this enclosure, the complete university system will be at work, when on such an occasion as this you may see upon this stage the young men, who, with their robes and insignia, represent the five faculties. That will be a proud day for the College of Ottawa; then shall we feel that we have deserved well of the country, of science, and of religion. A glorious day for Ottawa, so justly proud of its Parliament and of its leading men, when its crown of glory will be a strongly intertwined wreath of science and religion.

After this glowing discourse, the Rev. Father Provincial congratulated the students whose "honours were sitting fresh upon them." He thanked His Grace the Archbishop, the benefactors and friends of the college for their presence.





## THE BELLS.

P'ry the bell upon its joy-note,  
 Let the merry peal ring out,  
 Above ladies' silver laughter,  
 Over rustics' hearty shout ;  
 Strew the roses, greet her neighbours.  
 As the fair bride leaves her carriage,  
 Stint not, ringers, of your labours,  
 'Tis to hail a happy marriage :  
 Until all within the hearing own, how truly pro-  
 verbs tell,  
 When they liken all that's cheering to the merry  
 marriage bell.

With stifled sound, and slowly,  
 Like some widowed woman's wail  
 When her heart is broken wholly,  
 Send the death-toll on the gale.  
 Slower yet, and yet more slowly.  
 As the coffin leaves the bier,  
 For such a scene meet symphony,  
 Ring down the falling tear :  
 'Till sorrow owns that feelings, which the burst-  
 ing bosom swell,  
 Find their echo in the pealings of that sadly  
 sounding knell.

With measured tone and sweetly,  
 Sent as incense through the air,  
 Let the chapel bell chime meetyly forth  
 A call to praise and prayer,  
 O'er the quiet of the city,  
 O'er the stillness of the field,  
 Claiming that for God, which all to God,  
 Save the godless gladly yield ;  
 Until all who love the Church chimes, and the  
 message that they speak,  
 Say how sad that some will desecrate, what con-  
 secrates the week.

With jarring note and hurried,  
 As men speak in deep affright,  
 O'er the town in slumber buried,  
 Rings the fire-bell out at night  
 Calling aid, wide spreading notice  
 Of the widely wasting flame,  
 Rousing sleepers into helpers  
 Lest their own fate be the same :  
 'Till the drowsiest awakened, amidst terror,  
 mult, yell,  
 Feel that like a call to judgment, rings the fire-  
 alarm bell.

Through the night air, of an evening  
 When the earth is white with snow.  
 Comes the tinkle of the sleigh-bell,  
 Rising high, then falling low ;  
 As onward speed the horses,  
 With light and graceful bound,  
 Borne by the buoyant breeze,  
 Chimes forth the fairy sound,  
 And we who listen well may say that, wheresoe'er  
 we roam,  
 We can find no land so pleasant as "Canada  
 our home."



## REMINISCENCES.

To "The Owl." College of Ottawa:—



IN answer to your request that I should furnish THE OWL with an account of my impressions of the College, while I had the pleasure of being a student there I venture to send you the following. I fear, however, that the reading of these few personal reminiscences will be far less interesting to your subscribers than the writing is pleasant to me.

It was in September, 1874, that I found myself for the first time leaving the United States on my way to Ottawa College. Having crossed Lake Ontario, I landed in Kingston and there awaited another boat which was to take me to Prescott. Had I been subject to prejudice against the country which was to be my residence during my college life, I would have had a grand occasion for the exercise of that feeling on my arrival in Canada. The smoke from forest fires was so dense that no boat would venture to go down the St. Lawrence. We had to wait till the following day before it was possible to move with any chance of success through the tortuous channel of the Thousand Islands, and even then we had to proceed with the utmost precaution.

At Prescott another tedious delay of several hours before the train by which I was to reach Ottawa was pleased to set itself in motion, was no slight cause of vexation.

On both sides of the track for a considerable distance the woods were on fire. This explained the presence of the dense smoke for many hundred miles around, and I could not realize how difficult it is to avoid bush fires or, when kindled to extinguish them, in newly settled countries.

Ottawa, with its church spires and parliament towers, appeared to view only when very near, and in the dim smoky distance worked magically upon the imagination. Even in clear weather there is something mysterious in the first distant glimpse of the Capital. The traveller beholding for the first time those vast and imposing towers, with slender ones pierc-

ing through here and there like minarets, never for an instant doubts but that he is approaching an Asiatic city. Little does he think of the numerous dwarfed wooden structures that he will see when he enters the city, forming a striking contrast to the monumental Parliament Buildings and other magnificent public edifices.

I soon found my way to the College. For a student of to-day, who beholds the large proportions of the College as it stands now, it would be difficult to realize what it was in 1874. Even then, I was told, it had improved its size and looks three or four times. The first building, which by the way, is now transformed into a beautiful chapel, and a wing to the east, near St. Joseph's church, were the only parts built then. It was a little more than one-fourth of the present building. A low slanting tin covered roof shining brilliantly under the sun, topped the massive walls. An air of retirement seemed to hover about the place. As I approached, my first impression was one of pleasure and confidence. I walked up to the entrance and pulled the bell. While waiting for the appearance of some one, I cast a look upwards. I had been observed, for a youthful face drew back as my eyes wandered to one of the windows, which I found out soon afterwards was in the study room. Owing to my forced delay the studies had been resumed without me. This reminded me how little one more or one less would affect the running of the College, and of what little importance my arrival would be. The opening of the door soon recalled me from this philosophic strain, and cut short a thousand other thoughts not less wholesome about my insignificance. Before me stood a venerable man, not tall, somewhat bent, in a large black coat, with a lean face on which grew a neatly trimmed, thin white beard. He had an ascetic high forehead, with sunken eyes. Quite a character, I thought. Such he was. What old student does not remember "Pres?" Not the president of the College, but "Pres," the janitor, the witty, the fiery, the hard to please, the philosophical, the unique abridged Pres? He led me silently into a small parlor, and to my request to

see the Rev. President, he jerked his head into a spasmodic nod, smacked his lips and walked out. Presently I heard the ringing of a gong. A few minutes elapsed and in came with a light, brisk step, an elderly priest who welcomed me. This was the Rev. Father Paillier, superior for that year. My letters of recommendation were presented to him; he looked them over and seemed satisfied. After a pleasant conversation in which he told me that I would later on be presented to Rev. Father Tabaret, director and prefect of studies, he brought me into the court yard. The boys had just come down from class, and the scene was now an animated one.

Here went the foot-ball, there flew the base-ball; boys were running, tumbling, shrieking. This was rather attractive. Masters in black gowns were enjoying the sports as well as the students, and this feature pleased me not a little. I soon got acquainted with the Prefects of discipline, and was taken in charge by them.

In the evening, as I was seated in the study room, my head leaning on my hand musing to myself, I know not on what, I felt a light tap on my shoulder. Looking up I beheld a man towards whom I was immediately attracted, and for whom I ever afterwards entertained a most filial respect and confidence. His keen but paternal look that seemed to read my innermost thoughts, rested upon me and seemed to speak to me. He leaned towards me and said that I was to follow him. Tall, a little corpulent, not yet old, his great head and shoulders somewhat bent, as weighed down by cares, he walked slowly and his whole bearing impressed me with the idea, which I afterwards better realized, that he was a man of deep thought. To this every old student that knew Father Tabaret can give ample testimony. If anything was striking in this priest, it was his grave thoughtful bearing, yet he was affable and often in conversation his face and whole frame would shake with the most cordial laugh. The work which he has accomplished and which is the result of his untiring efforts, the College as it now stands, and which attained its present vast proportions before he expired; the successful working of the curriculum which he had given it, and the staff of professors whom he had gathered around him, and whom he inflamed with his own ardor, all speak highly of his in-

tellectual capacity and the energy of his will. However great the ability of his intellect and the strength of will may have been, I dare say that he possessed another quality which penetrated more deeply into the hearts of students. That quality was the paternal kindness with which he won the affections of all at the very outset and kept them attached to him forever. With his large fascinating eyes resting upon the new student, a very few words from his lips sufficed to create in the young man an unlimited trust towards him. Every one felt that in this noble priest he had found one that could understand him. This was my feeling when he spoke kindly to me, and enquired into my preparatory studies and intentions. With his encouraging words and blessing, I began my life at Ottawa College. My prospects were bright, and I must say that I always felt happy and pleased with my new home. It would have been ingratitude had I felt otherwise, for all, superiors, professors and prefects were devoted men, and were bent upon one thing only, and that was our improvement. My first night in the dormitory helped to initiate me into College life. Sleep, as well as study, and play was to be taken in common, and good example from snoring companions drew into slumber even the most wakeful. The next morning—class! Before I entered I wondered what it would be like. When along with my companions I sat on the old worn benches, we were treated to an introductory study of Latin, or rather, to a lecture on the facilities and advantages of learning that language. Was it my freshness, was it my dreamy imagination, was it the attraction outside; the trees looked so beautiful, the birds chirped so gaily, or was it the professor's...? but I must stop. Whatever may have been the cause, I looked distracted, and was recalled from my reverie by: "Come, come, boys, attention!" The admonition surprised me a little, but I was consoled that others, no doubt new comers, were also in a dreamy mood. Was it the "blues?" Not so with me, I warrant, whatever it may be with the others. After a while the bell rang and a new professor was ushered in. This change of professor is an advantage, and I remember now how I often wished that the change would occur, especially when the mathematics lesson was very hard, and when an easier matter would follow. A

sigh of relief would hail Father Barrett after the departure of Father Balland.

After a very few days I was interested in the studies: the subject matters were attractive, the teachers were able men, and the class mates were excellent fellows. Moreover, studious youths easily become accustomed to College life, as even a casual observer can notice. This I say with all becoming modesty. Apart from the attractive interest in study itself, the fact that opportunities for play and wholesome amusement were plentifully afforded and interspersed with serious application, made College life most pleasing. True, it is, we had not the advantages and conveniences of the present students, their field, their dramatic hall, etc., etc.; yet we were satisfied and amused ourselves to our heart's content. For want of a field of our own we would trot off, a score of us, to Sandy Hill, and there have a good old game. There those who spurned the publicity of the entire body of students, tried their feeble powers in presence of equals, and craved their ever ready loud applause. Speaking of the play ground, many new students will be surprised to hear that the greater portion of their actual court yard at the College was in my time a garden where grew delicious fruits and vegetables. That they were delicious, many a one learned at his own expense. Old Johnny was always on the look out. What a scene there would be! What a deluge of words in English, French, German, Belgian came unintelligibly down in a hail storm, when he saw a form gliding on all fours to some enticing spot of the garden. Quite a character, this 'Johnny.' What stories could not be told of his exploits! but this would bring me too far, and every old student, every new one even, knows this hero of many battles. I hear that he is alive yet, and as whimsical as of old. Let us come back to our amusements. We held our theatricals in the study hall or gymnasium fitted up for the occasion. Some amongst us almost became stars in the College firmament. At one time, I think it was on the occasion of the presentation of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, almost every one was stage struck.

In winter we had our rink and slide. The attraction of the rink was very great. This was probably due to the fact that it cost us so much labor. We had no hydrants near the College, and I remem-

ber well how we would first drain out the well in the garden in sprinkling the snow, then about fifty of us would tramp over this to make it level. Barrel by barrel the water would be slowly hauled up from the canal, and thrown one after the other on the space to be covered. As the water froze gradually it presented the ruggedness of stalactite formations. Yet there was fun. The winter, though long, would seem short and when the May sun had dried up the court-yard, the summer sports, such as base-ball, hand-ball and cricket would be indulged in with renewed earnestness. When the heat of the sun made these games rather uncomfortable at home, on the sand, a short walk would bring us to a spot where all could find attractions. This was the old College farm. The cool shade of the magnificent grove sheltered the most philosophic of us, those who delighted in the *dolce far niente*. The green meadow stretching along the placid Rideau formed a cool and soft campus for those who could allow their muscles no rest. Others would retire to the country house, where they indulged in the various games, such as hand-ball, billiards, etc. A goodly number plowed the Rideau with skiffs and flat boats, and with their songs frightened the sleeping echoes from their silent haunts. However tastes may have differed as to the games, all agreed that the waters of the river afforded a most refreshing bath. Hours passed rapidly in this beautiful resort, and the call for home would always sound too soon for us. What a jolly, noisy crowd we were on our homeward march! The afternoon in the country had given all of us a new life. The College with its sterner aspect had been out of sight for a few hours, and when we returned thither refreshed and invigorated we found it more pleasant. Happy, happy College days! how quickly you sped by! Never shall you return with your innocent pleasures, but your recollection will sweeten the memory for many days to come.

As I sit now musing on those delightful days that I spent at College, many a face rises up before me. Dear Father Tabaret is now, we all trust, in the enjoyment of his everlasting reward. Many a generation had passed under his eyes before my arrival and after my departure, and for all he had a fatherly solicitude and all bemoan his loss. Father Paillier was considered to be a very kind man, and judging from

his youthful bearing then, although pretty well advanced in years, must yet be quite an active veteran of the University. But what face is this that shoots up now and lights up the scene and brings back with it a hundred amusing occurrences? Ye students of the olden times, can you forget Father Chaborel? Who does not now see him standing in the rear part of the study hall, with his arms folded, with his lips tightly set, not a quiver in his stern face, sending flashes of lightning from his commanding eyes upon the studious or rather unstudious youths around him? But behold him now. He moves as if upon springs and alights near some unfortunate wight daring to utter a word to his neighbor. Before the culprit is aware of his presence, three or four leaves of the book before him, whether Latin, Greek, English or French, Algebra or Geometry, Physics or Philosophy, prose or poetry, three or four leaves are turned down, and he hears the words: "You copy that." Behold him again sitting down, smiling placidly and enjoying the joke within himself, or humming the music of large folios before him, the music of the new Mass to be sung on the following holiday in St. Joseph's. This ever recurring rehearsal would give the boys a respite and soon they would repay his kindness by some well concocted trick that generally ended in the punishment of the non-culprits, the most sedate and studious, who had the boldness to smile at the roguery. Yet Father Chaboret had but friends, roguish friends perhaps, who could tell of many a escapade with the good Father, yet they were friends. Having visited the College lately, I saw him still vigorous and active, but he has given the care of the study hall to younger hands.

Another dear face appears now. Father Bennett was an old timer in the College. How innocent and candid he appeared to all! We considered him a worthy companion of the saints, whose glory he enjoys now that he has departed. How many an hour we whiled deliciously away, when instead of reciting the Greek or English lessons, we listened to his interesting reminiscences of Rome!

Father Balland, I hear is alive yet, and why should he not be? Judging from the fire that was in him then, there must yet

be a supply for many years to come. Many a student shall yet wince under his terrific glance, and shall not dare enter the class room without a perfect lesson. Many a boy shall yet appear on the stage under his management, and many a chorus and stirring piece of music shall be heard from the musicians under his baton,

Then the amiable Father Barrett! "Boys! boys!" he would say in a momentary flush of ire, when no one could answer his question. But no sooner did his impatience show itself than it vanished and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Father Durocher is another one of the group of those that many an old student will be pleased to remember, when he thinks of the devotedness and self sacrifice of this good priest. The year of my arrival he was not in his accustomed post of head prefect of discipline. Owing to ill health he was replaced for a term by the Rev. Father Nolin. The present successful working of the games as recorded in the OWL, which success surprised old students most agreeably, must be largely attributed to the labors of the zealous Father Durocher, who planted the seed from which the flourishing athletic organizations of the College have sprung.

Not the least popular professor was Father Paquin. What experiments did we not try in the chemical laboratory over the old recreation hall! What explosions! Why, we delighted in explosions. His graphical epithets and commentaries upon the boys performing on the black-board in the mathematics class were always a treat. Some other very familiar faces come up before me now. To mention the names of Fathers St. Lawrence, Nolin, Smith, Fillâtre, is to recall well beloved professors of the Alma Mater some fourteen years ago.

It would be pleasant, indeed, to draw upon my memories and speak more at length of the time passed at Ottawa College, but I have already abused your patience, wise OWL. Let me conclude by wishing a long and prosperous life to my Alma Mater and to the OWL an equally long and successful period of usefulness in the interest of the College of Ottawa, and of its students, past, present and future.

Yours,

D. '82.

## THE ANCIENT RACES OF IRELAND.



THE Irish question is one of the leading questions of day. It is essentially a political one, but Ireland is attracting the attention of scholars as well as statesmen. They are beginning to find out that Ireland has a history of its own,

and that it is as well deserving of study as the beautiful legends of Central and Northern Europe. In two of the great universities of Germany, chairs of the Irish language have been established and necessarily, for it is so intimately connected with the other tongues of Europe, that it must form part of any thorough linguistic study. In an appendix to "Speranza's," *Ancient legends and Superstitions of Ireland* there is a lecture delivered by her husband, Sir William Wilde, on the subject which forms the title of this article. In this short essay I propose giving a synopsis of the lecture.

From the similarity which exists between the fauna and flora of England and Ireland and those of the continent we are led to believe that what is known as the British Isles was at one time joined to the mainland. At some unknown period a break took place and Great Britain and Ireland assumed their present shape. After this epoch man first set foot on Irish soil, but his peregrinations were many and far distant before he reached that resting place. From the sacred writings we learn—and this statement is confirmed too by the investigations of historians, that the cradle of mankind was somewhere between the Caspian Sea and the great River Euphrates. After the flood and the subsequent increase of the earth's population the human family was divided into three great branches, the Asiatic, the African and the Indo-European or Aryan. With the two first of these we have nothing to do. As the population increased emigration became necessary and large hordes passed up the banks of the Euphrates, the Volga and the Danube.

That some rude, uncultivated tribes remained for a time on the Danube and that they rested for a considerable period in Switzerland is learned from unerring memorials—implements of stone, flint and pottery, resembling in a great measure the

stone tools and weapons of the primitive Irish. Driven by some more powerful and more cultivated race from their mountain home they passed down the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe and helped to people North-Western Europe, forming with those who arrived coastwise the great nation of the Gauls and Belgae. Still moving westwards they soon landed in Kent and ere a considerable lapse of time they crossed the Irish Sea and their western migrations were at an end. This was long before the time of Solomon; and the Irishman of that day could boast of having traversed lands and seas altogether unknown to Phœnician or Carthiaginian commerce. The people were very simple in their habits;—they were clad in the skins of animals slain with weapons of flint, stone, bone, and wood or horn; and adorned with shells, amber and pebbles collected on the sea shore. Their religion was Pagan—Sunworship or Druidism—a relic of their eastern origin. With regard to their dwellings we are not left to mere conjecture, for about sixteen years ago a log hut was discovered fourteen feet below the surface of a bog in the county of Donegal. This dwelling was twelve feet square and nine feet high; and consisted of an upper and lower chamber which were probably sleeping apartments. The pastoral state was the one which prevailed most amongst those first inhabitants of Erin. Stock raising occupied the attention of the people to so great an extent that many of the quarrels which took place amongst the native princes had their origin in difficulties concerning cattle. The "Tain Cuailne" the most famous metrical romance of Europe after the "Niebelungenlied" is but the recital of a cattle raid from Connaught into Louth during the reign of Mave Queen of Connaught—a personage transmitted to us by Shakespeare as the Queen Mab of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." These primitive people are styled the Firbolgs. They had laws and social institutions and established a monarchical form of government at the far famed hill of Tara in the centre of a veritable Arcadia, for even to this day the plains of Meath are unrivalled for their pasturage.

The next immigration we hear of is that

of the Tuatha-de-Dananns a large, fair complexioned and very remarkable race; warlike, energetic, progressive, skilled in metal work, musical, poetical, acquainted with the healing art and skilled in Druidism. The Dananns met, fought, and defeated the Firbolgs, and drove them to the Islands on the coast. Eventually the two races coalesced. The Dananns were great masons, for they built the sepulchral monuments of New Grange, Douth and Knowth. It is said that the Dananns ruled for a long time in Ireland, till another inroad was made into the Island by the Milesians, brave, chivalrous, skilled in war, good navigators, and much superior in adornment though not better armed than their opponents. They deposed the three last Danann Kings, and rose to be, it is said, the dominant race—assuming the sovereignty, becoming the aristocracy and landed proprietors, and giving origin to all those chieftains who afterwards rose to be petty Kings, and from whom some of the best families in the land with anything like Irish names claim descent, and particularly those with the prefix of the “O” or the “Mac.” When this race came to Ireland is uncertain, but it was some time prior to the Christian era. The story goes that they came from Spain. This finds verification in the Spanish character of the architecture of the town of Galway. These Milesians seem to have fused so completely with the Firbolgs and Dananns as to lose all their own customs for their monuments are almost the same as those of the conquered races. Though many evidences of the Milesian invasion are to be found in Ireland, yet the Spanish annals do not throw any light on the subject. The Dananns and Milesians soon divided the Island between them, and their general characteristics are given us by Mac Firis a historian of great authority. Of the Dananns he said: “Every one who is fair haired, vengeful, large, and every plunderer, professors of musical and entertaining performances, who are adepts of druidical and magical arts, they are the descendants of the Tuatha-de-Dananns.” And of the Milesians. “Every one who

is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, honourable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, and who is not afraid of battle or combat, they are the descendants of the sons of Milesians in Erin.” The Firbolgs located themselves near the boundaries of Mayo and Sligo, while the Dananns settled upon the other parts of Connaught and small portions of Ulster. The Milesians took up the rich pasture lands of Leinster and Munster. This was the state of Ireland when a Christian youth of Romano-Saxon and probably of patrician origin was carried off in a raid of Irish marauders and employed as a swineherd in Ulster, and lived there for several years, learning the customs of the people and speaking their language. He escaped to Munster and thence to his native land of Brittany whence he returned with missionaries and passing up the Boyne, raised the paschal fire at Slane and soon made Ireland a Christian nation. In the eighth century came the Danes who however never obtained any foothold. They were expelled from Ireland never to return, in the year 1014. In 1172 came the Normans from England, who received a stronger and more lasting foothold. Most of those mingled with the people and became *Hibernicis ipsis hiberniores*. Edward Bruce in the fourteenth century brought over a number of his countrymen who settled in Ulster. Then came in Cromwell's time a new contingent of colonists who drove out the former proprietors and became almost the sole owners of the east and parts of the south. Thus we see how many and how various have been the changes that have taken place in Ireland's population in the past, and hence we may account for the characteristics which seem to differ in every county.

At present there are about 800,000 persons who are familiar with no language but the ancient one. There is hope of a revival which will increase the study of Irish history and Irish legends and make us more familiar with a nation which has played so important a part in the history of the world.

M. D. '89.





## SIR RODERICK DHU.

IN THE "LADY OF THE LAKE."



IN the "Lady of the Lake," as in all romantic poems, we find one character that represents the "evil genius" of the tale, and in the poem under consideration Sir Roderick Dhu plays this important part. When Fitz-James, Helen and the

Graeme have been introduced to us, Roderick Dhu appears on the scene. Here the author's genius is plainly visible. In Sir Roderick Dhu we feel we recognize a chief figure of the story. The wild, half Gaelic chorus and the fierce sentiments it expresses are in perfect harmony with the true character of Roderick Dhu. We are told of his great love for Helen but before we can test it we are hurried off to meet another important character in the person of Lord Douglas. The hospitality that Roderick extends to Douglas is not dictated by kindness or by any nobility of nature, but by the mere custom of his clan. Roderick's fierce character is forcibly expressed in these words of the "Ancient Minstrel":—

"For who through all this western wild  
Named black Sir Roderick e'er and smiled."

Ellen's sentiments towards Roderick are fully expressed in the few lines following, where, speaking of the debt due to him, she says,

"And could I pay it with my blood  
Allan! Sir Roderick should command  
My blood, my life,—but not my hand."

Again she says:

"The hand that for my father fought  
I honor, as his daughter ought;  
But can I clasp it, reeking red,  
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?  
No! Wildly while his virtues gleam,  
They make his passions darker seem,  
And flash along his spirit high  
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky."

Soon we see the rivals meet. The scornful sarcasm of Roderick and his defiance of the royal James come in opportunely when he speaks from wounded pride and moreover to his successful rival-Malcolm's defiance of Roderick and hasty departure terminate the unseemly quarrel. Malcolm proposes to find shelter for

Douglas and his fair daughter among his own clan. Roderick sets about collecting his men to meet the Saxons.

Towards the middle of the third canto our sympathy is entirely with the haughty Roderick in his great grief. His anxious care gained for him our respect, and now his hovering near his lost treasure, his pride in not visiting her and his impassioned, but too true forebodings, all enlist us on his side. In the beginning of the fourth canto we hear the prophecy and wonder if it will prove true. The terror in "clan Alpine's rugged swarm" prepares us for some impending evil. Fitz-James is the very opposite of Roderick in love. The latter could not have controlled his passion as did the former. Then Blanche makes her prophecy, a warning to Fitz-James. In her dying hour we lose all sympathy for Roderick and in Fitz-James we seek an avenger of her wrongs. Then we see Sir Roderick leave his clan and this strange action excites our surprise. But his reason for doing so is soon apparent. Audacity, self-confidence and pride lead him to depend entirely on his own strength to baffle his rival, to slay Fitz-James. In the fifth canto we witness the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. Here our interest is at its height. Ellen is alone and in distress, deserted by her father, who has gone we know not where, and by her lover whom Roderick's jealousy and her father's outlawry kept away. The Douglas believing himself to be the cause of all this trouble to his friends and yet scorning to lift a rebellious hand against his sovereign, has disappeared. Roderick fearful of the approaching Saxons and wounded by the sting of unrequited love, is gathering his clan. Fitz-James, the self-appointed avenger of the unfortunate Blanche, is led back by his love for Helen, treated as a rebel, and led away by a spy, to a lonely glen, where he is called upon to face in mortal combat the chieftain whom he has insulted. When Fitz-James is lost in the forest he is met by a chieftain whom he fails to recognize. The chieftain, none other than Roderick himself, offers Fitz-James his assistance as a guide:

"O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan Alpine's utmost guard  
As far as Coilantogle's ford ;  
'From thence thy warrant is thy sword.'"

Filled with hatred for Blanche's cruel oppression, Fitz-James does not hesitate to speak his mind to Roderick as they walk along. Hence the Gaelic chieftain is soon filled with a desire of resenting the insults heaped upon him. In very bitter language Fitz-James expresses a desire of meeting Sir Roderick Dhu and his murderous clan. His desire is immediately gratified, for Roderick, drawing a whistle from his pocket blows upon it and in an instant the rocks of Benledi are lined with armed men :

"The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,  
And Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu."

Had Sir Roderick been really mean at heart, did he not possess some nobleness of character, he would have ordered his men to seize Fitz-James on the spot, and thus terminated a quarrel that in the end proved fatal to himself. But no! Sir Roderick Dhu scorns such an act. He gives his men the signal to retire, and they sink back into their hidden dens. The two rivals then proceed on their way until Sir Roderick halts, and

"To the lowland warrior said :—  
Bold Saxon to his promise just  
Vich Alpine hath discharged his trust,  
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan Alpine's utmost guard,  
Now man to man and steel to steel  
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel."

In vain did the cool Saxon endeavor to calm the haughty mountaineer :

"Can naught but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means? 'No, stranger, none!'"

The poet's description of the fight is simple, lively and forcible. When the anger of both men has reached its height they throw aside their shields, snatch their broad-swords from their scabbards and

"Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood."

The indomitable spirit that ruled Sir Roderick is clearly and artfully indicated in the following lines, when, speaking of Fitz-James, the poet says :—

"Till at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
And backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.  
'Now yield thee, or by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!  
Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!  
Let recreant yield who fears to die."

In the end Sir Roderick is overcome by Fitz-James and is not seen again until his clan has been overpowered, and the Douglas, the Graeme and Helen taken under the charge of James. Then to the "Ancient Minstrel" is left the task of telling Roderick the true state affairs, how his clansmen were defeated and his rival successful. Then, knowing his sad lot, defeated but unsubdued, Sir Roderick Dhu dies in his prison cell. The tale is then concluded in the next canto. James Fitz-James turns out to be none other than James V., king of Scotland. The Douglas is restored to his former high position in the realm. Helen and Malcolm Graeme are united in the nuptial bonds :

"His chain of gold the king unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

F. M. DEVINE, '91.




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## BACK NUMBERS.

As the July-August number of the OWL was mailed on the day preceding the departure of the students from the College, it is possible that we may have neglected to address a copy to some of our subscribers. Those who have not yet received a copy will be supplied by notifying us of the fact. As long as the supply lasts we will continue to give a copy of the illustrated number to those returning copies of the OWL for January or February. We can also supply any back numbers, January and February excepted.

## WHAT SHALL OUR MOTHERS BE?

Possibly we are out of tune with the times. We may even be styled antiquated by some of our brothers in arms. But despite the gloom with which the possibility of such a fate overwhelms us, we must say that we anticipate nothing but disaster, moral, social and physical, from the rapidly increasing tendency of women to enter the professions. Now, by this, we do not wish to be understood as opposing the higher education of the sex. No, but let that education be such as befits woman's end, and tends to make her a better mother and truer wife, a worthy head of a Christian family. That women should be educated in everything pertaining to their high destiny and important functions is but plainly their right; we may be permitted, however, to inquire whether woman's sphere extends into the active practice of the ministry, of medicine or of law, and to examine the effects produced by the already formidable array of Rev. deaconesses, doctoresses and female pettifoggers. With regard to the first class discussion is, for us, out of the question. Women can never be Catholic missionaries, and indeed the Great High Priest himself could scarcely have thought highly of female evangelists, else he had found place for one among the chosen twelve.

Law and medicine, then, are left, and we ask, is it good, is it right, that our mothers and sisters should enter upon these studies? The answer forced upon us is an emphatic *no*. Women are physically unfit for the heavy strain imposed upon them by professional duties, and the evil effects reach, not themselves alone, but future generations. It is sheer nonsense to urge that female doctors are more skilful in treating the diseases of women and children. For nigh six thousand years the world felt no need of "lady physicians." The conclusion, from experience and analogy, that their presence is not a neces-

sary factor in the preservation of the race, seems to be quite logical.

But apart from the physical disabilities which debar women from professional life, what are the moral results of this "higher education"? A distaste for the duties of the sacred circle of home; neglect of the children, caused by the mother's professional calls; the absence of home education and of the mother's influence in moulding the character of the child; the blunting by continued contact with a not over-delicate world, of all the more refined sensibilities of female nature—these are but a few of the evils consequent upon the elevation of woman to her "rightful sphere." And as yet the calamity is but in its incipency. We may reasonably expect to see at no distant date, a goodly crop of female judges and members of parliament, officers of the army and navy, engineers, both civil and mechanical, while the men will be relegated to the nursery, the laundry, or the kitchen. With this highly appropriate and pleasing prospect before his eyes, the poet might justly write:—

"Our women have entered the abject field,  
And avault with the child and home;  
While the rind of science a pleasure yields  
Shall they care for the lives to come?  
And they ape the manners of many times  
In their sterile and worthless life,  
Till the man of the future augments his crimes  
With a raid for a Sabine wife."

### WHY?

There is no reasonable reply to the question we are going to ask. There is not even a shadow of a chance for those interested to give a satisfactory answer. This applies to the general rule; in particular cases necessity may be urged as a reason, and a valid one, for necessity knows no law. Our question is:—"Why do we find upon the registers of the Protestant schools and colleges of this country, but particularly of Ontario, the

names of so many who undoubtedly either are or should be Catholics?" As we said an adequate answer cannot be given. These names represent either the children of mixed marriages or of Catholic parents who are under the impression that *their* children are above the common herd that frequent the Catholic schools. With the former we have no quarrel. If the poor unfortunate mother is overruled by the Protestant father, or if the Catholic father leaves the education of his children entirely in the hands of the Protestant mother, so much the worse for all concerned. But where these children belong to Catholic parents, there is certainly room for a remark. Sometimes, most frequently in remote country districts, the Separate school is so far distant that the Catholic children can not possibly attend, and hence the nearest public school must be chosen in its stead. In this case the instructions of the parents at home will preserve the children from the paths of error. But in towns and cities, and to these places our question principally applies there is not the slightest reason why Catholic children should attend the public schools. Statistics might be adduced to prove that the Catholic schools are, to say the least, in every way equal to those of the other denominations. And yet there are found parents so unmindful of the interests of those whom God has entrusted to their care, that they feel no hesitancy in sending them where their eternal welfare is a matter of secondary or no consideration. In the majority of cases the children thus exposed belong to rich parents. They are in search of "culture," "higher education," and a place among the upper ten of "society." Several volumes might be written on the various significations of these terms, but the best comment is obtained from a view of these children and of their parents. They seem to be ashamed of their Catholicity, and particularly if they are Irish, every effort is made to hide

their nationality and their religion. Once a week they hurry to the low mass, and upon stated occasions impose upon themselves the penance of assisting at the more lengthy exercises of devotion. They never associate with their co-religionists, unless they have some ulterior and sinister object in view; they never give but ostentatiously; they never join a Catholic society but to control it. They are assessment-roll Catholics, and even there with a small c. This is a true portrait, drawn from originals in real life. Such parents need no longer claim that their children cannot obtain in their own parish schools and in Catholic colleges the secular training necessary to enable them to compete successfully with their fellowmen in the race of life. Facts are against such a contention. Moreover, in Catholic schools the mind is not the only object of attention, the heart is trained to virtue and true principles are instilled into the young soul. Experience goes to show that even from a worldly standpoint, the best results are obtained when the development of the mind goes hand in hand with that of the heart

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### THE READING-ROOM.

Among the College societies to be re-organized at the beginning of the year, no doubt the reading-room will be among the first. Indeed, no other College institution deserves better the patronage of the students. Already, even in these opening days, darkness begins to set in early, and when night has fallen the reading-room is the most cheerful portion of the house. In the management of this society improvements have been introduced every year, and now before a new staff of officers has been appointed, it may not be out of order to suggest some changes that would add still further to the usefulness of the reading-room. The great question which

the committee finds laid before it is the selection of papers. The law of precedent is herein followed to a great, perhaps too great extent. It may happen that a journal which has been influential and popular, but a short time ago has now degenerated to an exceedingly commonplace sheet, no longer worthy of a place on our list. And again the erroneous idea that the money of subscribers should be distributed in the same manner as government patronage, into the local channels through which it had previously come should be guarded against. The object of a College reading-room is not to gather together a number of small journals, each one interesting two or three readers and no more. On the contrary, what is to be desired is that the members of the reading-room should by means of it have an opportunity of seeing those newspapers and periodicals whose utterances are marked by the greatest weight and ability. A couple of the leading dailies of Canada and the United States are all that is necessary for news; those who wish to see the papers of their own district could receive them from home. In this manner there would be a large surplus to expend on the numerous fine Catholic and non-religious weeklies that abound in the country. One or two good illustrated journals would gratify eyes that are weary with reading, and we are inclined to think that the grave philosopher whose head can scarcely uphold itself so great is the weight of knowledge it contains, would often turn gladly to such lighter labor as he could perform in reading *Peck's Sun* or *The Weekly Detroit Free Press*. But there should also be a number of magazines suitably protected from the danger of mutilation by careless handling. Already the *Catholic World* and *Outing* have visited the reading room, but they have both been discontinued, although they were very well adapted to the tastes of the members. If enough suitable

periodicals ere not to be found on this side of the Atlantic, the *Irish Monthly*, *Merry England* or the *Shamrock*, could be obtained easily and cheaply, either by direct order or through any bookseller. These, moreover, when bound in yearly volumes would be excellent additions to the library. The reading-room has certainly been a success heretofore, but we honestly believe that the suggestions now made would certainly extend the sphere of its usefulness and popularity.

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*EXACTLY SO.*

Mr Henry Clews has just published a book entitled "Thirty eight years on Wall Street," the special object of which is the instruction and edification of young men, and their introduction to a few of the principles by which Wall Street makes businessmen. One of the ideas enunciated in this book is the following—that "school and college courses and training, as they are at present constituted, are not adapted to make a good business man. They are in many instances not only a hindrance, but positively fatal to success." To all of which we beg respectfully to respond, exactly so, provided you understand *business* as Mr Clews does, though common every day mortals might reply—"moonshine." Most assuredly ordinary commercial courses in schools and colleges are not adapted to make a successful *Wall Street* business man. They make no specialty of gambling and do not aim at producing "sharper." The principles of "cornering" are perhaps neglected for those of common honesty, the "best means of beating your neighbor" form no part of the curriculum. Nevertheless, despite those glaring defects, the majority of men will say that college graduates, commercial or other, are those who fill with *passable* success its positions of opulence or honor. Wall Street is a district where even angels might fear to tread

without their wings. Success or failure there is no criterion of a man's ability or of the character of his education. There everything comes by luck, or by robbery pure and simple. We therefore accept with pleasure Mr Clews's remark that college courses are not adopted to forming business men———in Wall Street.

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Since the publication in the Owl of the list of subscribers to the Tabaret Memorial Fund, we have not heard what progress has been made in raising the amount necessary for the proposed monument. This is the work of the Alumni, and they will doubtless see that it is completed as speedily as possible. But there is in many Universities another manner of commemorating the name of the founder or some distinguished professor, namely, by giving his name either to the whole or some portion of the College buildings. The finest of our buildings is most certainly the chapel, but it might be, perhaps, at variance with Catholic custom to call a place of divine worship by the name of one who although we believe him to have been a saint is not yet canonized. Might not then the present Academic Hall be nominated Tabaret Hall? In no way, we think, would the name of our founder be more lovingly remembered.

It is noticeable that while many College journals show by the tone of their articles that some ill-feeling subsists between the students and faculty of their Colleges, they are all agreed that the airing of their troubles in the collegiate or any other press is a mistake. That discords of greater or less importance exist at times in almost every house of learning is not to be denied, but it is lamentable in the extreme, that small, though angry differences should ever be held up to public gaze, and magnified by the mists of misunderstood ideas which always enshroud the workings of private institutions as they appear to ex-

ternal eyes. When we read of the difficulties met by other College editors in dealing on the one hand with students anxious to use the journal as an ambush, whence they may hurl the darts of their venom against their superiors, and with an offended Faculty on the other, the editors of the OWL feel that they have been indeed fortunate. No student of the College of Ottawa has yet endeavored to make the OWL a medium for the ventilation of private grievances or individual views, and while we should be glad to see communication between the students and their journal more freely indulged in, yet if such communications were to take the above mentioned form, we should, even at the risk of giving serious offence, firmly refuse to give them publication.

At this late date, two months after Convocation Day, the publication of an account of the closing exercises would hardly be appropriate, and therefore the eloquent phrases of Mr. Foley's essay on "Catholic Education," and Mr. O'Malley's valedictory must remain unrecorded by us. The address of Rev. President Augier, however, is of such a nature that its presence in the first number of our new volume is quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things.

The good effect of a summer vacation will be clearly observed in the improved appearance of the OWL. It has grown in size, and let us hope in wisdom, and with its lengthened wings ought to be able to fly a much greater distance than before. Dropping the metaphor, we think, with all due modesty that this journal is now inferior to none others of its class, either in matter or appearance. We expect that all our present subscribers whose subscriptions have lapsed will renew them immediately, and that before the end of the year every past student of the College of Ottawa, will have placed his name upon our books. And although our exchange

list is already large, there is room on our table for more, and what we have seen of our contemporaries of the college press, has given us an ardent desire to still further extend our acquaintance. With the increased number of pages, there is a larger space at the disposal of the students which it is very desirable that they should endeavor to fill. Don't wait till you are asked for an article before sending it in. You'd like to see your name in print, well, all you have to do is to find something to say and say it as briefly and as clearly as you can.

On Thursday the 20th of September, His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, visited the College, according to his custom to solemnize the beginning of the scholastic year. At the usual hour 7 a.m. Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by His Grace, all the students assisting. At 9:30 the students assembled in the Academic Hall, and after the Archbishop accompanied by Rev. President Augier the Rev. Superior and Rev. Director had ascended the stage J. P. Donovan and J. E. Leonard advanced and read addresses in English and French respectively. Speaking in the name of the students they expressed the joy of all at the presence of His Grace, thanked him for the interest he has always taken and continues to take in the welfare of the College, and concluded by wishing him God-speed on the journey to the Eternal City which he is about to take. Moreover they begged that while in Rome he would lay at the feet of the Holy Father the assurances of the love and devotion of the students of the College of Ottawa.

His Grace replied in a very feeling manner which proved that it is not merely lip-love that he bears his Alma Mater. While thanking the students for the compliments which they had paid him, His Grace promised to try to deserve them in the future more than he had done in the past; to be always the friend and patron of the College of Ottawa which he believed to be now entering upon a year of increased prosperity. He paid a high tribute to the devotedness of the officers and faculty of the College, and urged the students to re-

pay this zeal by a loving obedience and generous fulfilment of their duties. His Grace said that he hoped to obtain from the Holy See new favors for the College ; it would give him great pleasure to present to his Holiness the protestations of love and fidelity of the students of the College of Ottawa ; and he was confident that the Holy Father would be glad to receive them. Loyalty to the Holy See was more than ever needed now, and it might be that the services of a new regiment of Canadian Zouaves would yet be needed. After thanking them once more for their good wishes His Grace bestowed upon the kneeling students his benediction.

number of young aspirants and such a happy beginning augurs well for the future. Rev. John Dacey, O. M. I. who was on the college staff for the last three years, has been appointed a professor there. Congratulations to our reverend friend !

Rev. R. Barrett O. M. I. who left us some years ago on a missionary tour to Buffalo, San Antonio and Lowell, is now stationed at the Sacred Heart church in the latter city.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. W. Joyce, O. M. I. of Lowell, has returned from Ireland, much improved in health.

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#### MISSION NOTES.

Rev. J. McGrath, O. M. I. Provincial of the Oblates of the United States paid a visit to the College last week. Some thirty years ago Father Mc Grath was a professor in the College.

We were also favorably surprised by a call from Rev. Father Durocher, O. M. I. of Quebec, formerly prefect of the senior department here for many years. We are sure that his affection for his old acquaintances and for his Alma Mater, the beloved scene of his labours, shall never wax cold.

Rev. D. O'Riordan O. M. I. of Lowell Mass., was chosen to preach the annual retreat to the students of St. Charles' college near Baltimore. This zealous and successful missionary preached the retreat to our students some eight years ago.

From San Antonio, Tex., comes the news that the church and school for the colored Catholics of that city have been entrusted to the pastoral care of Rev. R. Molony, O. M. I. who was previously pastor of St. Mary's church in the same city. This new church and school is a gift of a pious and charitable lady. Rev. C. Smith, O. M. I. has now charge of St. Mary's. The field of missionary labor in Texas is very extensive, but laborers are few.

A new juniorate for the education of young men who feel inclined to embrace the missionary life of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate has recently been founded in Tewksbury Mass. There is already a goodly

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#### BOOK NOTICES.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONNELL, first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada : Toronto, Williamson & Son, 1888.

There are some men whose biographies embrace all the important facts of the history of their time, and it may be said of Bishop Macdonnel, that he was one of these. For the history of his labors is the history of the church in Upper Canada up to the period of his death. It is somewhat surprising that so few details regarding the great bishop are now obtainable, but as such is the case, we are exceedingly indebted to W. J. Macdonnel, Esq., of Toronto, the writer of the above *brochure*, for the information which he has given us concerning the apostle of Upper Canada.

Right Rev. Alex. Macdonnel was born in Invernesshire, Scotland, in 1762, educated in Paris and Valladolid, and ordained priest in 1787. From the moment of his ordination he seems to have devoted himself to the welfare of his countrymen ; succeeded in obtaining for them many favors from a government unfriendly to their religion, and when he found that they could no longer find employment at home, he induced them to emigrate to Upper Canada and take advantage of the grants of land offered to disbanded soldiers. The emigration took place in 1803, and the result was the formation of the Scotch Catholic settlements in Upper Canada. Bishop, at that time Father Macdonnel, proved himself a zealous and tireless missionary. "He travelled from



the province line at Coteau du Lac to Lake Superior, through a country without roads or bridges, often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, or in the rough waggons then used, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes; traversing the great inland lakes and navigating the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence." Bishop Plessis soon appointed Father Macdonnel one of his Vicars-General, and desired to have him made a coadjutor-bishop, but the English government thought one Catholic bishopric sufficient concession for the time. It was not till thirteen years later, in 1819, that Father Macdonnel received the title of Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Canada. He was appointed Bishop of Regiopolis or Kingston in 1826. Already at St. Raphael's, in Glengarry, a small seminary had been established and Catholicity was beginning to flourish. Bishop Macdonnell having asked for a coadjutor, Dr. Weld received that appointment, but having gone to Rome died there after being created Cardinal, before he had time to come to Canada. Technically, then, Bishop Weld was the first Canadian Cardinal. In 1837, Bishop Macdonnel celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, at which time he was the recipient of the congratulations not only of Catholics but of Protestants, by whom he was held in almost equal esteem. When the rebellion broke out shortly after this, the Bishop did much to prevent his people from joining the malcontents. Afterwards he proceeded to England to collect funds for building a college, which he named Regiopolis College. The corner stone was laid on the 11th June, 1838, and then the Bishop set out for England. It proved to be his last journey. A fatal illness seized him and he died at Dumfries in Scotland. Such is a brief sketch of the apostolic career of this great man, who did so much for his countrymen, for his adopted country and for the Church.

Mr. Macdonnel's work has been done in a most interesting manner. Numerous anecdotes are interspersed throughout, and the literary merits of the book together with its neat typography, will surely win for it many readers.

## SOCIETIES.

### THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic Association forms the hub around which circles the whole course of college sports, and on the solidity and reliability of the hub depends, in a great measure, the value of the whole wheel. Recognizing this the members of the Association have ever manifested the greatest interest in the results of the election of officers for each year, and have displayed much good judgement in the selections they were called upon to make. The past proves this; the future has yet its tale to tell of those who were chosen at the annual meeting for 1888, held on Thursday September 20th,

An assemblage of about one hundred students, besides several of the Rev. Fathers, responded to the call for the annual meeting. Mr. M. F. Fallon temporary chairman, called the meeting to order, and the regular business was proceeded with. Before the balloting for the election of officers took place, Rev. Father Forget, Director of the association, in a few remarks put prominently before the eyes of those present the necessity of making the best choice possible, without reference to anything but the good of the association. Nominations for the various offices then took place and the results were as follows.

President—Mr. M. F. Fallon.

1st Vice-Pres.—Mr. A. J. E. Leonard.

2nd " —Mr. F. L. French.

Recording Sec'y—Mr. D. A. Campbell.

Corresponding Sec'y—Mr. J. P. Smith.

Treasurer—Mr. J. P. Donovan.

Councillors—Messrs. R. Paradis and T. M. Donovan.

These together with the Director, Rev. Father Forget, compose the executive Committee which has entire control of athletics in the College.

A vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Father Guillet, the retiring director, for his unceasing and valuable efforts in forwarding the interest of the association ever since its organization. As a mark of appreciation of their services the names of the following gentlemen were placed upon the list of honorary members, Messrs. J. F. Foley, P. J. O'Malley, T. P. Murphy, J.

Masson, and G. A. Griffin. The mention of these gentlemen evoked considerable enthusiasm, and evidently the reminiscences of days gone by were highly pleasing.

Immediately after the election of officers, the new executive held its first meeting and made the following appointments for the ensuing year.

#### MANAGERS.

Football—Mr. M. F. Fallon.

Lacrosse—Mr. D. A. Campbell.

Baseball—Mr. T. M. Donovan.

Snowshoes—Mr. R. A. Paradis.

The following sub-committees were struck off:—

Football Committee—Rev. F. Forget, M. F. Fallon, M. Guillet, W. F. Kehoe, F. L. French.

Lacrosse Committee—Rev. J. H. Quinn, Messrs. D. A. Campbell, D. R. Macdonald, F. M. Devine and W. T. McCauley.

Baseball Committee—Rev. A. Gratton, Messrs. T. M. Donovan, J. Paradis, J. J. Ryan, L. J. Weldon.

Snowshoes Committee—Rev. I. Jacob, Messrs. R. Paradis, E. Leonard, D. V. Phalen and J. P. Smith.

As the season is rather advanced for baseball or lacrosse, it was decided that all the time allotted should be given to football, and that a strong effort be made to retain the Ontario and Canadian championships. Matches with the Britanniass, Ottawas, and Hamiltons are arranged and a number more are expected. Altogether the season promises to be a very lively one.

#### THE READING ROOM.

It is the good fortune of the students of the College to enjoy, among other things, the advantage of one of the best regulated and fullest equipped reading rooms in the country. Its members who include almost all the senior students and many of the juniors are thereby enabled to see the leading papers and periodicals of Canada and the United States, and while the reading room adds not a little to make the life of the student a pleasant one, the benefit derived from an intellectual point of view, is almost incalculable.

It is under the direct control of a committee chosen by the students and elected

annually. The election of officers for the present year was held on Wednesday evening last and resulted as follows:—

<i>Director.</i>	Rev. Jas. H. Quinn, O. M. I.
<i>President.</i>	Mr. John P. Donovan.
<i>Secretary.</i>	" John P. Smith.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	" J. E. Paradis.
<i>Curators.</i>	{ " E. J. Leonard.
	{ " Peter Dervin.

The importance of this committee is by no means secondary and although the duties which devolve upon its members are to a certain extent onerous, we have had in the past every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which they were discharged and we feel sure that in the above mentioned gentlemen, the students will find an efficient and careful committee.

#### ATHLETICS.

The wise men sometimes shut their eyes. Instances might be cited but we are averse to giving examples. However it might be said that when the sapientists of the American universities decided against athletics there was "obliquity in their critical vision." What would students do without their games? As well deprive them of their Homer and their Horace. Against these latter we have heard words of bitter meaning yet there is not a senior who would repent the hours so profitably spent roaming over the plains of Troy or tripping the "light fantastic" to the music of the Venusian bard. Therefore despite the *veto* we shall continue to apply the toe to the Rugby football, to knock the covers off baseballs, and to crack lacrosse sticks. And in the face of all this we have the hardihood to believe that we shall have a few moments left to take a friendly walk with Shakespeare, to interview Sophocles, to wrestle with St. Thomas, or tell Kant and Descartes that sometimes they are liable to be mistaken. In fine we hope to prove as formidable on the field as of old without in the least interfering with the aim of the intellectual man.

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Of course football is our game. We can point with pride to the record of our lacrosse and baseball teams, but football is, and must be the chief sport. Hence at the beginning of every year anxious glances are cast among the crowd and the capabilities of each verdant arrival are

matter of grave consideration. We must admit that in the beginning things had a decidedly azure appearance but of late this cerulean aspect has disappeared. We think we could name a team that would make the boldest of our opponents hold their breath, but we shall merely watch and wait. Meanwhile organization and practice are the only requisites to complete success.

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There can be little doubt but that the Ottawa College Athletic Association holds the first rank among the Amateur Athletic organizations of Canada. In all the popular outdoor sports the clubs of this association hold a foremost position. The Varsity football club are intrusted with the defence of the provincial challenge cup and are at present champions of Canada. The baseball team last year defeated St. Michael's College nine for the amateur championship of Ontario, and the lacrosse players have a splendid record. These facts support the assertion in our first sentence. But it is of little value to sit thinking and dreaming of the past with all its success, and give no attention to the future. If we are to retain our present position energy and enthusiasm are necessary. Not this airy enthusiasm which exhausts itself in words and expectations, but that more solid kind which has its basis in action. Only students can be members of the A. A., and as it offers special inducements every student should lose no time in joining. The benefits of a spacious and well equipped gymnasium and the privileges of the athletic grounds are certainly satisfactory returns for the small annual fee which the association exacts. Apart from this there is the higher consideration that each student should do his share in promoting the general welfare. We hope then to see the membership roll far in excess of that of any past year, and we trust that the players, particularly the members of the first football team, will remember that they have a reputation to sustain, and act accordingly.

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#### ATHLETIC NOTES.

Montrealers practising hard and steadily; Toronto University boasting of the championship of Ontario, herein read a lesson boys.

The new system of playing for the Ontario championship cup bids fair to be a grand success.

Three challenges have already been received and there is a probability that others will come shortly. The football season is beginning in a lively manner.

From the football practices already held it is certain that the first team can be as strong as in past years. About ten of the old reliables will be seen on the field and for the remaining five places there are at least twenty worthy aspirants, of course fifteen must be passed over, but as a second team they will be kept busy, as well in playing other second fiftens as in giving practice to their own champions.

The recital of the adventures of Baron Munchausen is but the tamest prose when compared with the items of college news that are regularly evolved from the fruitful imagination of ambulating reporters on some local dailies. Several of these miniature fairytales have recently made their appearance, though in spring they are most prolific, and have been characterized chiefly by the utter absence of two essential elements—probability and authority. Among them was a paragraph alluding to a game of football to be played between Harvard and Ottawa College for the championship of America, and the inference was that the Ottawa College boys would go down to Cambridge to play the game. Now the matter was never considered by the Athletic Association, and indeed under present circumstances no such trip could be thought of. Of course this paragraph was but the periodic grist taken from an overstocked mental granary and perhaps had to come. But such items of information tend to spread erroneous ideas concerning the position of athletics in Ottawa College, and to discredit genuine articles when they appear. For all news, save that relating to public matters of any kind, the OWL will be the reliable authority.

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Rev. Father Forget who in preceding years took such an active interest in the sports of the juniors, has had his sphere of usefulness removed to the large yard and his place has been filled by the Rev. Father Laporte.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES,

## EXCHANGES.

Many new faces now appear on the junior campus, many of the old ones are either seen among the seniors or are missing.

It is expected that our young friends will not suffer any shadows to fall on the bright athletic record of their predecessors.

There is at least as much material as in former years, in fact from casual observations, many promise to stand in no ordinary rank among the coming athletes. They will most likely follow the example of their seniors and call a meeting of their Athletic Association in order to fill vacant offices and reorganize the various clubs.

The juniors, although deeply regretting the loss of their former prefect of discipline still feel that his successor is one who is fast winning their affections and who will ever mingle with firmness a kind and sympathetic regard for their welfare.

Not one of the "Maple Leafs" so distinguished in baseball last year, is now in the small yard. Of those who are attending the college this year but who are now among the seniors, are:—A. Sabourin, M. Foster, G. Constantineau, E. Lambert, M. Shea and A. Provencal.

The prefect of studies, Rev. Father Balland thought it well to have the entrance examinations to the different classes not oral as in former years, but written and the result has been very satisfactory both to student and teachers.

This being the season of football the juniors should at once take steps to organize their teams.

The success of the seniors is well known to be due in a great measure to the juniors and these therefore should show their accustomed enthusiasm that they may continue to be the mainstay of our champions.

In a former number of the OWL a hint was thrown out to the juniors to reorganize their Glee Club. Some of the old members are still here and certainly many new students would be only to glad to have an opportunity of joining them.

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing the Junior Glee Club would be very much delighted to see it reestablished.

Lacrosse is not, at present receiving much attention from small boys.

Maloney is back this year, and still says "The Owl is a Wise Bird."

The commencement number of the *College Rambler* is in every way deserving of the premier place in this column. To say that its contents are worthy of its typographical appearance is to give the *Rambler* the highest praise. The various class orations possess considerable literary merit, and show their writers to have read appreciatively the best English authors. President Tanner's Baccalaureate Sermon is a noble discourse, containing much practical advice to graduates, and showing in the last passage, in particular, deep knowledge of and sympathy with parental feeling. The history of the class of '88, and the prophecy of the future career of each of its members are written with a great deal of humor, and must have caused a great deal of amusement to those concerned. Portraits of all the presidents since the foundation of the College, serve to embellish the always beautiful pages of the *Rambler*, which is a first-class college journal.

At the risk of being deemed party to the formation of a mutual admiration society we cannot forbear to congratulate *St. John's University Record* in its July-August number. A fine photo-engraving of Right Rev. Abbot Alexius Edelbrock, O. S. B., president of the University, first meets the eye, and the faces of other distinguished Benedictines connected with St. John's appear on other pages. Biographical sketches accompany the engravings, making up a commencement number of great interest to the alumni. Several class poems and an article on "The Independence of Norway" complete the table of contents.

The *Haverfordian* for July has a couple of exquisite little poems, an article on "Greek Sculpture," and another on "Egoism." Class exercises and cricket occupy the remaining pages, the latter seeming to be the favorite game at Haverford.

The *Engineer and Critic's* commencement number is also before us. It is the largest College weekly we have seen. The class poems and the valedictory are the only purely literary articles, while a great deal of editorial comment deals with some unfortunate contest between the Seniors and Faculty.

The commencement number of the

*Varsity*, we confess to being somewhat disappointed in, and it is on moral grounds that we rest our complaint. If it be believed with Hallam, that it is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written "Venus and Adonis," it is difficult to see how Mr. H. A. Dwyer can be excused for giving to the readers of the *Varsity*, the "Lament of Venus" in an exactly similar strain. And surely the literary taste which can commend the hideous nightmares of romance which presented themselves to the brain of Prosper Mérimée, would also approve of the dramas of Victorien Sardou, not excepting the famous "La Tosca." We notice by the class lists that a lady leads the graduating class with first-class honors in English, French, Spanish and Italian, and second-class honors in German.

The *Hobart Herald* in its prospectus for the coming year, promises articles from leading alumni which will treat for the most part, though not exclusively, of College history. This is as it should be, although the reason for calling on past students in this particular case, seems to be the indifference of present students. Commencement exercises with a synopsis of the different orations fill the greater number of the *Herald's* handsome pages.

The *Wichita Diocesan News* for July has a wood cut of St. Teresa's Church, Hutchinson, Kansas, of which Rev. J. F. Kelly, '78, is pastor. Father Kelly seems to have won golden opinions during his mission in the West.

The *Progress* is a well-filled weekly journal, published at White Earth Agency, Minnesota, in the interest of the Indians. Its editor is Theo. H. Beaulieu.

It was said not long since by a gentlemen familiar with college life, that the risk of athletic exercise was about all that kept the student's life from being one of soft indulgence. Every year the scale of expense rises, hours are easier, we have more freedom, our society houses are more luxurious and well ordered, and a man goes through college, as it were, on "feathery beds of ease." A good way, and in fact, the only way to meet this tendency, and keep the colleges from turning out an easy-going and weakly set of men, is to indulge freely in all kinds of college sports.—*Amherst Student*.

### PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Edward J. Mooney '61 now occupies the position of Registrar of Deeds in Chilton, Calumet Co., Wis.

Rev. A. J. McCann '82 has charge of St. Columba's church Bloomsburg, Pa.

James H. McKechnie of the class of '85 was, on August 22nd last, elevated to the sacred priesthood and will shortly be stationed at Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Alexander Campbell who was in the College in '85 is employed by a lumbering firm in Ford River, Mich.

Richard Simms, of the Rhetoric class of '87 is now a student at law in the o Bishop & Greene, Ottawa Ont.

Vincent A. McShane who left the College in '86 is employed in the post-office in Butler, Pa.

Dan. J. Tobin who was in the commercial course in '86 is in the employ of a leading dry goods firm in Lancaster, Ont.

Con. C. Delaney a member of last year's fifth form, is in the Oblate novitiate at Lachine.

J. W. Wheeler, a matriculant of '88 has commenced the study of medicine at Queen's College, Kingston.

T. F. Black, who will be remembered by the older students, is station master at Berkely, Rhode Island.

Joseph Chatelain '86 who is studying law in the office of Messrs Valin & Code, is pursuing a course of political economy in the College. His return to the rank of a student meets with general satisfaction.

The numerous friends of Mr. Alfred E. Lussier, of this city, B.A. of the University College of Ottawa, and student in Mr. M. J. Gorman's law office, Ottawa, who about two weeks ago successfully passed his second intermediate law examinations at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, will learn with pleasure that he has been awarded the first scholarship of \$100. All Mr. Lussier's friends warmly congratulate him on these, his newly won laurels, and cordially wish him the best of success in his legal career.

—*Citizen*.

## ULULATUS.

Line up !

Whoa ! Nap-a-dandy !

If your shoes are *misfits* don't *fail in* disposing of them.

The second form is so large this year that it can afford to lose one of its members.

The gentlemen who conducted the bear performance last year intend to repeat it by special request.

We are glad to see that at least one of our newcomers is always "*reddy*" to play football.

Two calves came into the smoking-room one evening last week, but as their names were not on the list, they were promptly ejected.

The director of the music class announces that there is a great number of pupils taking lessons on the flute, this term.

An aspiring matriculant, who fancied he was of Milesian extraction, has just made the *Munster*-ous discovery that his ancestors hailed from the Celestial Empire.

A member of the fifth form has under "*tuck*" to cultivate the vocal talent of the smoking-room glee club.

A not very observant freshman whose exercise was marked 1.8 was surprised to learn that he could not obtain more than 100 in a month though his daily note was 18.

The Rev. Pastor of St. Joseph's was rudely awakened from his slumbers by a loud knocking at the door of the Seminary, at midnight, a few days ago. Fearing an urgent sick call, he hastily arose and opening the window demanded "what's the matter?" The two *habitants* who were at the door and who were the cause of the disturbance, answered simultaneously "We come to bring Mr. G——'s trunk to the cemetery."

It was not very large, this Rugby football. A harmless envelope of leather enfolding a few cubic inches of air. It looked very enticing when Frank saw it, yet in one short minute the ball was bounding merrily over the field, and Frank was lifted tenderly from the furrow plowed by his nasal appendage and led to the infirmary.

## THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

## I.

*Lament of the furniture dealer.*

My beautiful, my beautiful that standest meekly by.

With thy proudly arched and curving arms, and painted back reared high,

I grieve to part with thee to-day, dear object of my care,

I may not rest in thee again, thou'rt sold, my Rocking-Chair.

Farewell ! my weak and wearied limbs another's care must seek :

A stranger's room thou'lt grace to-day, with yellow paint made sleek,

Some other hands than mine must now the duster round thee ply,

But for repairs, thou'lt yet return, my Rocking-Chair, good bye.

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## II.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As up through Kideau Street there passed,  
A youth, who bore upon his back,  
Just as the miller bears his sack,  
A Rocking-Chair.

His brow was knit, his eyes were keen,  
He thought the darkness would him screen,  
From observation, as he bore,  
Homeward from the furniture store,  
A Rocking-Chair.

"Tu whit ! tu whoo !" sang forth the OWL  
The bird of wisdom, sapient fowl,  
As from his perch on the college tower  
He saw approach at that late hour,  
A Rocking-Chair.

"Tu whoo ! tu whit ! just what I want,  
For scenes like this, the tower I haunt,  
Who hides beneath th'unsteady seat,  
Who carries here with stealthy feet,  
A Rocking-Chair ?"

The College porch at last is near,  
The lectric lamps shine bright and clear,  
The youth's gaze rests on a label bold,  
Startled, he drops from his iron hold,  
The Rocking-Chair.

On the telegraph pole, just over his head,  
"Unload all trunks in the yard" he read,  
Like magic vanished all his cares,  
And through the portal wide he bears,  
A Rocking-Chair.

"Try not to pass" the porter said,  
"You'll break the lamps that hang o'er head,"  
Unheeded was his warning cry,  
The youth ascending bore on high,  
The Rocking-Chair.

Safe in his chair, ensconced at last,  
The youth reclines, all danger passed,  
Of all his comrades, he alone,  
That solace in fatigue doth own—  
A Rocking-Chair.