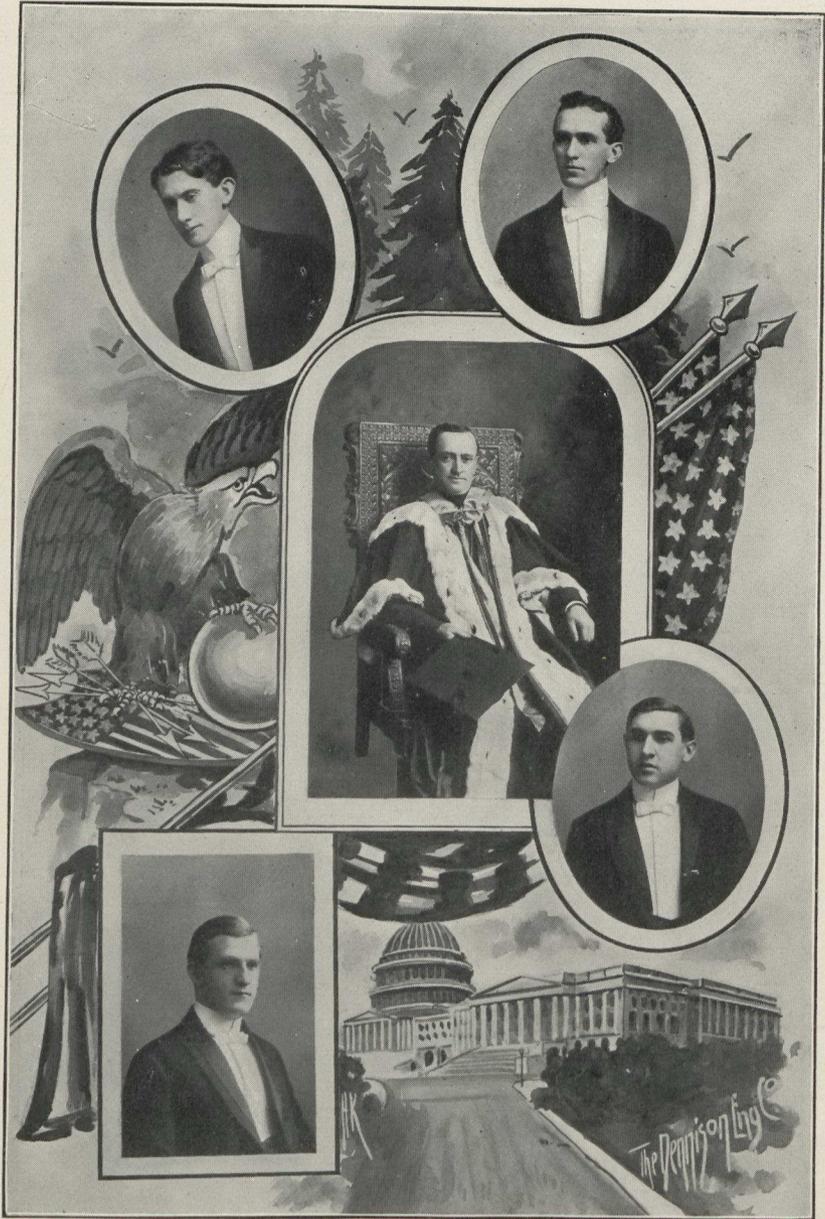


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The Gaelic Tongue.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)



This is the mystic language heard of old,
In ancient Erin, when the enchanted Sidhe
Danced to weird music over glen and lea :
When Oisín's horn awakened hill and wold.

This is the tongue whose slogan thundered bold
At famed Clontarf beside the ensanguined sea
And scattered fear by Beal-an-atba-buidhe
Where the fierce tide of Uadb's battle rolled !

Soft as the summer's breath o'er clover-fields
Yet trenchant as the fabled "Sword of Liabht :"
The dread Cleev Solis* that swift Oscar wields
In Tir-na-n-og : — the high reward of might.
Clear as the rays that flashed from Fintan shields ;
Wild-sweet as Fairy-music thro' the night.

* Claidem Soluis.

Rev. James B. Dollard.

Literary Department.

“SLIAV NA MON.”



Rev James B. Dollard the talented poet priest was born August 30th, 1872 in the parish of Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland. His preparatory studies were made at St. Kierman's College, Kilkenny. In 1891 he came to Canada where he studied for the church in a five years course of Philosophy and Theology at Montreal. He is now the esteemed rector of St. Columb Cille's Uptergrove.

“Sliav na mon” the pen name so often in evidence in magazines and periodicals was signed to his early poems to the Boston Pilot. It refers to a mountain in Tipperary under whose shade he was cradled; from which he caught no doubt,

the spirit of poesy, as he grew up mid the lingering legend and story of the by-gone days of Ireland. Father Dollard ranks high among the ballad singers of his adopted country and it is in this light we wish to consider him in these few lines.

His ballads are heart-calls voicing the longings of the exile for the green hills and dales of his far away Erin. He sings always sweetly of her joys and sorrows, of her hopes and despair; her noble history and misty lore; the humbly striving son of the motherland is depicted honestly in strong lines and is the inspiration of much music from this genuine, throbbing harp of song. His men and women fairly live and breathe in the glowing pages and “at times one listens for the sound of their footsteps.”

“The subjects which draw me most” says the poet priest “are

the romances of ancient Irish history, the mystic heritage of the Gael, the dim legends which still cling to broken tower and misty valley in old 'Banba of the Streams'.

A short time ago a collection of Irish poems by 'Slia na mon' was published under the title "Irish mist and sunshine". The volume has been most favorably received by the critics and the following is a fair sample of their appreciations.

"'Irish Mist and Sunshine' is destined to live; its poetry is sure to be enshrined in a nation's heart. The strongest poem in the green and gold volume is 'The Hanging of Miles Lehane'. It is a charming ballad filled with the heart interest and love that centres in that word 'home'."

Father Dollard's literary efforts comprise several prose contributions to current literature, largely reminiscences of days spent on the Suir, and descriptions of the sports racy of the soil of Ireland. His contributions to the 'Review' have been usually sonnets, on themes of a patriotic or religious nature, wrought in a peculiarly melodious rhythm. He is at his best when, as in this number, he writes on a Gaelic theme. He sings hopefully as of a cause to be gained, unlike in this respect to his fellow poet priest, Father Ryan, the poet of the Stars and Bars and the 'Lost Cause'.

W. C. '03.

Shamrocks.

Shamrocks from Ireland's sainted sod
 Irish moss between
 Witness in Patrick's hand to God
 Tiny tre foils green
 Type of a Trinity
 In the Divinity.

Symbol of Eire's undying hope
 Hope of the long, long years
 On moor and bog and mountain slope
 Watered with Niobe's tears
 Lowland and highland
 Mantling the island.

Pinned o'er the heart on patriot breast,
 Green yet as emerald gem
 By the Canadian breeze caressed
 Go wither stem on stem
 Drop a tear in
 For dew of Erin.

W.

The Plague of 1847.

A melancholy and yet in some respects a glorious page in the history of the "faithful Irish" is presented in that tragic year of 1847, when numberless exiles from the green land beyond the seas found a grave the alien shores of Canada. The circumstances, political and economic, which led to this sad exodus need not here be set down. It was the story of pestilence following in the wake of famine.

The preceding years of want and starvation in Ireland had sent forth innumerable emigrants to seek in the New World those happier fortunes which were denied to them in their own. On the 5th day of that eventful May, the ship "Urania" touched at Grosse Isle, near Quebec, having on board a ghastly company of the dead and dying. The eighty-four ships, which followed were, as a spectral argosy. Few of their passengers escaped that common fate, which left twelve thousand exiles buried on the sad shores of the Quarantine Island. Of these five thousand were recorded as "unknown."

The fever, as some bird of evil omen, spread its wings upwards, over the broad River of the St. Lawrence, and Point St. Charles, a suburb of Montreal was transformed into a veritable lazar house. There occurred those scenes of heroic charity on the one hand and sublime endurance on the other, which shall be briefly chronicled here. The hapless victims of typhus in its most malignant form were housed in huge sheds, which became as the days went on a veritable charnel-house. In the 17th of May, 1847, word was brought to the Sisters of Charity of the Grey Nunnery as to the state of

things existing at "the Point". Sister McMullen who was then Superior proceeded thither and after a brief examination of the premises, applied to the authorities for permission to act. This being all too readily granted, she spoke as follows to the community, during recreation, on that very evening:

"Sisters, I have seen a sight to-day that I shall never forget, I went to Point St. Charles and found hundreds of the poor dying huddled together. The stench emanating from them is too much for the strongest constitution. The atmosphere is impregnated with it, the air is filled with the groans of the sufferers. Death in its most appalling form is there. Those who cry aloud in their agony are strangers, but their hands are outstretched to us for relief. Sisters, the plague is contagious!"

Here it is recorded that the venerable superior burst into tears, as she continued:

"In sending you there I am signing your death-warrant; but you are free to accept or refuse."

Did any one falter! Some were young in the very morning of life, others already injured by long years of labor. Not one hesitated. By common consent, the entire community volunteered for service at the fever sheds. It then, became the duty of the Superior to select eight, whom she considered as best suited for the work. They proceeded at once to the sheds filled with "heaps of human beings, who with distorted faces and discolored bodies" lay piled upon each other, the dead and the living, indiscriminately. One of the Sisters relates, how nearly fainting herself, she advanced, fearing to fall upon the sufferers. Attracted by the frantic gestures of one poor man, she found that he was pillowed upon corpses.

The labors of the religious during the ensuing weeks can be better imagined than described, in reducing that chaos into order, in separating the living from the dead, in purifying, cleaning and providing suitable accomodation for the numberless sufferers. It was herculean task and amongst surroundings so loathsome that even the strongest men found them insupportable. Thirty of those heroic daughters of Madame d'Youville were stricken with the plague and thirteen of their number died.

The "black" Sisters of Providence, likewise dear and familiar to the citizens of Montreal, came to fill the depleted ranks of the "grey" nuns and when they in turn were worn out with that appalling ministry, the Hospitallers of the Hotel Dieu, dispensed from their vow of seclusion came forth to take their place at the bedside of the

sick and dying. It was with something like awe that the populace of the northern metropolis, overshadowed by the gloom of that dread visitation and terrified by the inroads of the plague into their very midst, beheld at morning and evening the close carriage of the Hospitallers conveying them to and from those scenes of desolation. They pointed them out to each other as the nuns who had come forth from the shadows of the cloister to minister to the plague stricken.

The venerable bishop of that day, Mgr Bourget, had given from the first an example of the most admirable devotedness, proceeding daily to the sheds, until he, too, was stricken down and lay at the very article of death. A novena was, then, begun, in which the Catholic population unanimously joined, services being held at the miraculous shrine of Our Lady of Bonsecours. The bishop was restored to health and to a still more active participation in the heroic work. The clergy of the city and many priests from the country districts were called into action. Many caught the contagion and eight of their number died. St. Patrick's, the solitary Irish church of that day, was left with one priest, who begged the people to spare him as much as possible, as his energies too were required for that arduous ministry: Four Jesuit Fathers were summoned from New York to take charge of St. Patrick's and assist in caring for the patients. One of their number, too, succumbed to that most fatal malady.

A near relative of the writer was present one Sunday in that ancient mother church of the Irish Catholics, when Father Richards, a convert from Methodism and the acting pastor ascended the pulpit. His appearance was most impressive. Long gray hair shaded a pale, ascetic face. The tears streamed down his cheeks as he addressed, his dismayed and saddened flock: He begged their prayers for his faithful children of Ireland dying by the mysterious visitation of Providence, upon that alien shore. He spoke of their faith, their piety, their fortitude: "O my brethren," he cried, "grieve not for them. They did but pass from earth to the glory of heaven. It is true they were cast into the earth in heaps, their place of sepulture unmarked by stone or epitaph, but I tell you, my dearly beloved brethren, that from their ashes the faith will spring up along the St. Lawrence, for they died as they lived, true confessors of the faith."

The dramatic effect of this announcement, coupled as it was with the impressive aspect of the old man, was heightened by the tidings of his own death from the plague, but a few days after.

The clergy and the Sisterhoods gave upon this occasion a sublime illustration of zeal and devoteness, even the humblest country priest standing forth, as it were a hero. Such examples are being forever given and remain forever disregarded by the unbelieving world, which coldly passes on the other side of the streets, affecting to believe that nothing good comes out of Nazareth. A bond of charity and of mutual good will, which should have remained indissoluble, was formed between the two chief sections of the Catholic community.

"I would wish to place on record," says a contemporary writer, "the tender charity where with the French Canadian people dwelling on the shores of the St. Lawrence, at the suggestion of their beloved pastors, adopted the thousands of poor orphans left in their midst by the terrible ocean-plague, receiving them as gifts from heaven and cherishing them as their own flesh and blood—thus bringing them up in the faith of their martyred fathers, an act of charity never to be forgotten."*

It is likewise worthy of note that besides many instances of true courage and generous devotedness on the part of non-Catholics, the workmen engaged upon the Grand Trunk bridge, a dozen years later, raised a monument to the six thousands exiles, who lie in forgotten graves at Point St. Charles. Many of these men, were Englishmen and Protestants, but the stone they erected still bears the touching inscription:

"To preserve from desecration the remains of Poor Emigrants, who died of Ship-Fever, A. D., 1847-8, this stone is erected by the workmen of Messrs. Peld, Brassey and Betes, employed in the construction of the Victoria Bridge A. D. 1859.

Such acts of kindness make the whole world indeed akin, and atone for the senseless howl which is occasionally raised by a blind fanaticism.

More than half a century has passed since those tragic happenings, when the noblest qualities of human nature shone resplendent amid the darkness. A brighter day has dawned for Ireland, prefigured by that sun bursting forth upon her banner of gold and the voice of the sea-divided Gael once more speaks with power in the councils of the nation. Ireland, "the Israel of the West", shall per chance in the coming years gather together her children on her own

verdant surface. Then shall be answered hopefully that apostrophe of the poet McGee:

“What shall be, fall the ancient race?
 Shall all forsake their dead birth-place,
 Without one struggle strong to keep
 The old soil, where their fathers sleep;
 The dearest land on earth’s wide space,
 Why leave it so, O ancient race?”

A. T. S.

The Origin of Rime.



It is a remarkable fact that in all the classical Greek and Latin literature we find neither rime* of consonants, nor rime of vowels, nor except occasionally as a figure of speech—alliteration. Yet in the ecclesiastical Latin literature of the fifth century, we find all three. And, what is more curious, they are there used with a skill that would ordinarily suppose centuries of previous development. That the decadent Romans would produce a miracle of this kind shocks our sense of historical evolution. We must suppose some outside influence.

Now the men who were writing Latin then were of many nations. It would be but natural to suppose that assonant and consonant rime, and the alliteration system were introduced into Latin by men who had been accustomed to employ them in their own language.

Of the few literatures which have come down to us from that early period, Irish stands out prominently. And of all the ancient literatures we know, Irish alone possesses, rime, assonance and alliteration. When we remember that there were certainly Christians in Ireland at least in the fourth century (that is before the appearance of the new prosody in Latin) and that commerce between Ireland and the Greek and Latin-speaking Gauls had been kept up ever before the Christian era, we can readily see the possibility of con-

* There is a tendency to revert to the original proper spelling—*rime*.

tact between the Greek and Latin literature. It seems then probable that the Irish prosody influenced the Latin.

A short analysis increases the probability. The earliest pieces of Greek literature are two poems attributed by tradition to Amergin, a bard of the Milesian invaders, a thousand or so years before Christ. Dr. Hyde, in his *Literary History of Ireland*, says they are the oldest pieces of literature in any European vernacular except Greek. In one of these poems we find systematic alliteration and "conachlon" rime—that is the riming of the last word of one line with the first of the next. The other poem by Amergin is in "rosg", that is rhythmic but unrimed. "It is the earliest example of blank verse." It is remarkable that the Irish—the inventors of rime—should have also invented blank verse, an indefinite number of centuries before it appears in other European literatures. It will also be noticed that the words "conachlon", and "rosg", as indeed all the terms of Irish prosody are native Irish—a further and very important proof that the verse system is of native development.

In a poem ascribed traditionally to the cousin of Amergin, but the real age of which is uncertain, we find alliteration, assonant and consonant rime used systematically. In the poems attributed to authors of the first four centuries of the Christian era, and a few of which certainly do date from this period, we find alliteration rimes, assonant rimes, double-end rimes, inlaid rimes and other forms, in an elaborated fashion.

Our argument may be summarised thus: The sudden appearance in the decadent Latin literature of the fifth century of alliteration, assonant and consonant rime speaks the influence of a foreign prosody. Irish literature alone had a prosody of this kind. Contact was possible. The conclusion of the syllogism seems to follow.

But that is not all. The first Latin writers to employ systematically, alliteration and assonance, and among the very first to employ rime, were Irishmen! The first of these Irishmen who became a continental Latin writer is Sedulius. His "Carmen Paschale" (fifth century) forms the first Christian epic worthy of the name. He employed in his Latin the Irish prosody. Many of his verses with perfect assonant rime, were judged by latter Latinists who like ourselves are deaf to assonance, to be unperfect, and consonant or ordinary rime was substituted in their place! St. Secundius, a nephew of St. Patrick and consequently of the same century during which Latin rime just appeared, put the three characteristics of Irish pro-

sody in his Latin verses. St. Columbcille, the apostle of Scotland, was the first to employ in Latin, trisyllabic rime, well known in Irish at that time (sixth century). His great contemporary Columbanus, who was probably then the most influential man on the Continent, introduced Irish final and alliteration rimes into his Latin verses. In the next century the prominent Latin Irish poets SS. Ultan and Cuinmain Fota helped to increase the popularity of Irish prosody. In the poems of SS. Oengus and Cucuimne of the eighth century, we find alliteration, assonant and consonant rime in such a perfect fashion, that in the whole history of versification, it is equalled only by the Munster Irish poets of a thousand years later. Let us conclude this list by the name of Sedulius Scotus, of the ninth century, whose Latin poem *The Rose and the Lily*—“leads the way of the lighter literature of Europe.”†

Hence that the Irish introduced rime into Latin is extremely probable; that they introduced assonance and alliteration is certain.

But the Irish came into contact with other nations than the Roman Empire. First of all they taught rime to the Saxons. Aldhelm the first Anglo-Saxon to write rimed Latin, was the pupil of the Irish Abbot Mailduff—after whom is called the famous monastic centre of learning—Malmesbury. And what was perhaps even more important for Saxon literature, the Irish also taught them, alliteration. This is not remarkable when we consider that the Irish christianised and civilized six sevenths of England, that Gaelic was a court language in Northumbria, and that Caedmon lived and sang in an Irish atmosphere.

The Germans also are indebted to the Irish for rime. Otfried, who introduced rime into High German was the pupil of the Irish monks of St. Gall.

But the influence on Norse literature was even more important. The Danish invasions brought a number of Norse poets to Ireland, where they were well received by the Irish chiefs—which speaks well for Irish hospitality. They learned rime and alliteration, and the glorious Irish poems and romances. They even intermarried with the Irish. Now note. It was these Norse Irish who settled in Iceland (known to the Irish monks centuries previously) and who produced the famous Sagas and Eddas, which without their Irish coloring and Irish form would have been dull.

† Sigerson—“*Bards of the Gael and Gall*”; a wonderful book from which many of the facts here cited are taken.

Of the three elements of Irish prosody, rime is now universal in Occidental civilization. Alliteration after having played an important part in Saxon literature (*Piers Plowman* is of course the last celebrated example) seems to have been neglected by nations other than the Irish. Assonance, as a result of the Irish Latin poems, was for a while found in several literatures and became important in the *Langue d'Oc* and Spanish. But neither assonance, alliteration or rime have ever been employed in any literature as perfectly as in Irish.

To conclude. The Irish invented alliteration, assonant and consonant rime, and taught the world how to use them. Add to this, the influence which the Irish had on the subject matter of the then young literatures of Europe, a point we have not considered here at all, and the conclusion is evident, that if Greek and Latin were the parents of modern literatures, Irish was their foster mother!

LAVAL '04.



Dr. William Henry Drummond.



His father and mother were Irish and he is Irish too. He told us so, recently, when he favoured some of us with his inimitable reading of *Johnnie Courteau*, etc. He began by comparing the poor, old mud-plastered, gravel-stuccoed, clay-floored school houses in Ireland, such as they were even up in the vicinity of Londonderry, when he, the prosperous Canadian of to-day, was a wee lad, with no need of a chiropodist. He was twelve, he said, when his people came to

Canada to stay, and he must have had a real old-time-pain-taking and pain-giving school-master, because as soon as he applied for a seat in the school of his new district at Montreal he was classed with boys of fourteen and fifteen; and the son of that same old school-master is one of New York's most successful lawyers to-day; so much for the old school. But who can tell how it comes that this north of Ireland lad, who went through the regulation training for the medical profession and who is a practising M. D.,

should be the intimate, on the most kindly terms, of the "Habitants", of "Lectel Bateese?" that he should so well catch the charm suggested by such pretty names as Rose-Délina, Philomène-Beurepaire? It is true, he has lived in the part of Canada that has best retained the magic and the dream of the days that are gone, and yet we have been so tired or almost so bored by the dialect literature! Dr. Drummond does not impress one with the consciousness of his gift, one would not suspect this rather burly looking man was the author of such exquisitely pathetic things as: The Curé of Calumette, The Old House and the New Child Thoughts, Little Moise, The Country Doctor, etc., etc. Oh! but all he has written pleases and touches and he must be out of joint who, mentally and morally can resent a line. It is all so true. The higher education has been so long enjoyed by all Canadians, one is much impressed with the unaltered and seemingly unalterable types whom we all recognize as Dr. Drummond presents them; the same pathos and "belle humeur" the same reckless daring and simple domestic reliability, the same good natured shrug that marked them presumably way off in Normandy and in Brittain. A mere critical observer, one simply taking notes to make books entitled: "Folklore" could not so fully and firmly have caught that something in the habitant class, that makes tears and laughter so apt to blend when we sit near the "Bord à Plouffe" and listen to the "Ole tam Cariole bell" and hear the voice of "dat girl from Sainte Angele", and smoke, not "The Havana Cigar from across de sea," but the "only tabac, dat grow on de Rivière de Prairie", and we too, feel, "Sick for de ole placefi way backs dere"

Ready as he is for the keen blows of winter, how gladly does he bid us realize the beauty of our Canadian Summer?

"When de nice warm summer sun is shinin' down on Canadaw."

An' no matter w'at I 'm hearin, still I never feel lak bein' no oder stranger feller, me, but only habitant.

For dere's no place lak our own place, don't care de far you 're goin.

Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin', whenever day come here

'Cas we got de fines' contree, and de beeges reever flowin, an le bon Dieu sen de sun shine twelve mont' ev'y year".

Drummond and Davin, two Irish Canadians to be proud of, both have served the country of their adoption in seemingly varying lines: one compels the pang that always goes with the thought of what

might have been and we say: Poor Davin, but for the other the way has been smoother, the laurels if not easier have been grafted on any other growth but that of poetry, the medical doctor has been happier than the politician, and it is good to know the road is still, (Providence considered) long before him. Long may he be spared to tell us of the "Musique of de North-Wind as it blow, to lissen to de hurricane an learn de way it sing".

Dr. Drummond's reading of his own verse is not disappointing, because he has the shrug and the smile that give the key to it all.

Any one who can sing the cradle song with the same peculiar nasal melody and the tender strength that he puts into that patient love service as Johnnie Courteau is said to have done, is a reader worth going far to hear.

S. N.

The Exile's Harp.

Beside the Ottawa's wild wave he sits,
His hand upon his harp;
The while, remembrance o'er the ocean flits,
And climbs the flowery scarp
Hedging the pleasant Irish home of yore
That may be his no more.
He treads the linnet-haunted hazel copse
Where in youth's golden day,
She sang to him entrancing joys and hopes;
He hears again her lay.
The Irish singing birds in concert meet,
The while his harp sounds sweet.
The shamrock-tufted path—the open door—
His darling mother's face
Kindred and friends around him smile once more;
A glory and a grace
Illumes his spirit, while his harp rings free
In heavenly harmony.

E. C. M. T.

Irish Canadians.

His Grace John Joseph Lynch.

I.



HE life and labors of the first Archbishop of Toronto, as told by the Rev. H. C. McKeown of St. Catharines, Ont., and as well known by nearly all of us, who have enjoyed the light since the Sixties, more than suffices to prove, if further proof were needed, that the Irishman's success in America is of the permanent kind. One is reminded of Macaulay and his say on Celtic incapacity for self-government. Goldwin Smith is not the only one who has given or who is willing still to give the lie to this assertion of the Whig historian and fine talker. It is not the purpose of this sketch to enter into controversy either with British Philistines or Canadian Ultras of any hue. It is comfortable to believe that each country knows what is best for itself. Those who ever heard the late Archbishop of Toronto on the burning question of Ireland's real greatness and power, know how eloquent he could wax, when speaking of the Providential mission of the irrepressible ubiquitous and cheery race. He loved to trace in their successful career, everywhere outside of Ireland, this great design, which makes of them bearers of the faith to the remotest parts of the world. His pastoral for St. Patrick's day, 1875, may be considered as a full confession of this Irishman's faith in the lofty mission of the Irish. Though born in Ireland, educated both in Ireland and in France, sent at his own request, on the forlorn mission of Texas, in the wild days of that State, when Providence brought him to Canada, he became and remained loyally devoted to all that could be upheld and cherished by every Canadian. He spoke frequently and well of the "sacred duty of loyalty," and he frequently declared that Ireland would be unworthy of her existence, if she were contented with less than Canada enjoys. He did not seem to think she needed more.

John Joseph Lynch was born on the sixth of February, 1816, at Clones, Co. Monaghan. He, like many another man of note, could

thank Heaven for the blessing of an ideal mother. Nor is it surprising that his clerical career should have seemed cleared from those happy days, when as a very small boy, his mother's heart leapt for joy when she saw him serve at the altar, even if he was not equal to the transfer of the Mass-Book from one side to the other. He too, could tell tales of his first school, he too enjoyed in a "noisy mansion", the benefit of the teaching of one "skilled to rule", but it is easy to believe that more of his formation of intellectual and moral self must be traced back to his out-of-school lessons which he conned amid the ruined abbeys and castles of his beautiful part of Ireland. He was given up by the physicians at the age of seventeen; the last sacraments were received at the crisis of a fever, but he rallied and was soon entered as a student for orders in the college at Castleknock, under the Lazarists, 1835. It is interesting to learn that in 1869, at the Vatican Council, the Archbishop of Toronto met for the first time since college days, four of his class, and these five Prelates were there at Rome from Canada, S Africa, Asia, Australia and United States—Toronto, Capetown, Madras, Melbourne and Chicago. Now what about the ubiquitous Irishman?

The future Archbishop of Toronto early felt the call to the foreign missions, hence his ready conformity to all that is required by the order of Lazarists, founded by St. Vincent of Paul for the special work, which give them their initial mark: "C. M." It was while Father Lynch was studying in the Paris House of the order, that the call came to him from America, in the person of Bishop Odin, of Texas, who had been in Ireland in search of laborers for this vast portion of the vineyard. The search was not in vain even if many more would have found immediate labor, and in the spiritual sense, good hire. Father Lynch's first Mass, this side of the Atlantic, was said for the negro congregation of a poor church at New Orleans. That was before the war.

Just before, a fearfully interesting study did Dixie offer the new comer who was always deeply interested in history. The young missionary's labors were in every line of the apostolate, including the presidency of a college in Missouri. This variety of interests seemed to reach its final and absorbing plane in the foundation and direction of the seminary of our Lady of the Angels at Niagara Falls. The story of that foundation reads like the story of many another since Christ began the works of the Church with twelve obscure men. Father Lynch began his seminary without one dol-

lar though ten thousand were to be paid in the first year: there were some who found fault with this "penniless enthusiast", but there stands the splendid work to-day, with its multitude of clerical aspirants who blend their matins, lauds, vespers and compline with the mighty cataract in one perfect hymn of praise to the Lord for all His wondrous works. It is easy to imagine the pang with which Father Lynch responded to the commanding voice that called him away from this delightful working place to assume the burden of the arch-diocese laid down by the late Bishop Charbonel who had begged for and obtained the assistance of a coadjutor, in the person of the President of the seminary at the Falls. 1860 was the year of Father Lynch's identification with the church in all Ontario, through Toronto. His works there speak to-day of his wise and large views as to success. In the cause of education, charity, temperance, who needs to be told how he spent himself? As for politics, though never "in them" he was always keenly on the alert. Those were the days of George Brown and "his" Globe. To read some of the editorials in the issues of the paper between 1853 and 1867, is to realize how painfully sharp may be the lines in which our destiny is working itself out; but here we are quite cheerfully equal to the conditions, and glad we are to feel sure, that much of our security to-day, depends on the reasonable and pleasant "entente" that is always possible when church and state are equally willing to further mutual understanding.

S. N.

Blake the Statesman.

Among the foremost Irish Canadians who have distinguished themselves in public life in this and in other countries, the name of Edward Blake is always accorded a position which is a mark of the honor and esteem in which he is universally held. This great jurist and statesman was born in Ontario in the year 1833. He came of a distinguished family, his father, the Hon. William Hume Blake having been a well known statesman and chancellor of Upper Canada. His maternal great grandsire was M.P. for Wicklow in the British House of Commons. He was educated at Upper Canada College close law and was called to the bar in 1856. He rapidly

rose to the front rank in his profession, degrees and high positions being offered him, most of which, however, he refused. He frequently appeared before the judicial committee of the Privy Council, his most famous case undoubtedly being his defense of the Catholics in the Manitoba School case in 1895.

The year 1867 marked the entrance of Blake into politics, of which he was to make such a success. In that year he was elected to the House of Commons and also to the Legislature. He accepted the leadership of the Liberals in the latter body, but after a few years of provincial politics he resigned in order to devote himself entirely to Federal politics. Though premier for but a short time he is considered the father of Liberalism in Ontario.

He refused the proffered leadership of the Liberals in the Dominion House but became the strongest worker for the party, being in great measure responsible for the defeat of Sir John A. MacDonal, after the Pacific scandal. In 1875 he accepted the position of Minister of Justice under the Mackenzie administration, and in this capacity did much toward perfecting the constitution of the Supreme court. In 1888 he became leader of the Liberal party, a position which he filled most creditably for nine years. He then announced his retirement from politics but in 1892 he accepted an invitation to represent an Irish seat in the British House of Commons.

From 1892 to the present Edward Blake has been one of the strongest workers in the Irish ranks and a staunch supporter of Home Rule. Through his great abilities as a lawyer and a statesman he became engaged in affairs of the greatest importance. Much of his fame rests on his amendment to an address in reply to the speech from the throne, protesting against unfair taxation in Ireland. He was chosen mediator in disputes in the Transvaal and in New Zealand.

Laurier or MacDonal drew men to them by their personal magnetism and their "sunny ways". Blake held the support of his party and others by his straight forwardness and fearlessness and by the force and clearness of his arguments. It is chiefly as a statesman as distinguished from a politician that he is held in esteem. He has always stood to his broad-minded principles and could not be cowed. His wonderful knowledge of law and his mastery of detail, has made him a very dangerous antagonist, and this is particularly

so in his capacity as an Irish member of the British House where he has labored so faithfully for the land of his adoption.

There his famous long sentences roll forth to instruct and convince the British people, strong indeed in the brilliance of his oratory but stronger still in the sanction of a pure and honorable life. Canada's loss in him is Ireland's gain.

W. P. D. '06.

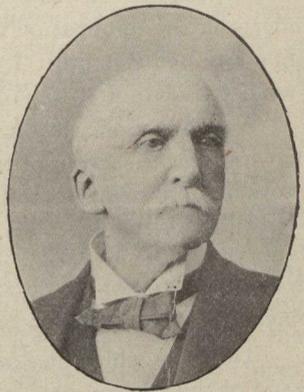
Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 13th of April, 1825, at Carlingford, County Louth. He was the fifth child and second son of James McGee, of the Coast Guard Service. His mother was Miss Dorcas Catherina Morgan, the daughter of a Dublin bookseller, whose connection with the troubles of '98 wrought his financial ruin. Though devoted to the memory of both parents, it was of her he loved most to speak. A woman of high education, endowed, as he himself often observed, with a fertile imagination and a cultured mind, she wrought a lasting influence upon the mind and character of the future statesman, implanting in his youthful breast that passionate devotion to his nationality which never, to the last, ceased to be one of the ruling passions of his life; imbibing from her, too, that religious fervor which unostentatiously but undoubtedly distinguished him, one cannot wonder that a son was so devoutly attached to the memory of a mother to whom he owed so much of the equipment for the battle of life. But early, perhaps too soon, a shadow came upon the happy home, and the loving music was forever hushed, though the songs and precepts endured. McGee never ceased to speak of his mother in terms of the purest affection. "She instilled," said he, "a love of poetry and the old legends of my native land."

From what cause we know not, but at the age of seventeen McGee decided to place the wide Atlantic between himself and Ireland; but let him tell his own story

"I came to America," he says, "when seventeen years of age, to the home of an aunt in Providence, R.I., but after a short stay,

IRISH CANADIANS.



Most Rev. J. J. Lynch.

Most Rev. P. L. Connolly.

Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

Hon. Edward Blake.

Nicholas Flood Davin.

went to Boston, when the agitation for the repeal of the union in Ireland was at its height. I always had what is vulgarly styled the "gift of the gab," and soon acquired a small reputation for my speeches in favor of the movement. In a short time I was offered, and accepted, a situation on the Boston *Pilot*, and in two years I was editor. I had some success, and in 1845 was offered and accepted the editorship of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. I imagine O'Connell did not know what a youngster I was when he made me this offer. The *Journal* did not prove advanced enough for my ideas, and I joined Gavan Duffy in editing the *Nation*. At this time I wrote most of my poetry dealing with the early history of my people. We were hot-blooded and visionary, and the famine, which now laid Ireland low, seemed to us the trumpet call to action. I was sent to Scotland to arouse my compatriots there. I had no sooner arrived than I learned of the collapse of our insurrectionary movement, and that a reward was offered for my arrest. After many narrow escapes I reached the American shore once more, disillusioned, a sadder and, I believe, a wiser man. At Philadelphia, in 1848, I started a newspaper called the *Nation*. [evidently a mistake—the *Nation* was started in New York], but in the bitterness of my spirit at the lukewarmness or coldness of the Irish clergy towards our recourse to arms, I soon became embroiled with the bishop [Bishop Hughes of New York], and my paper had to succumb. I undertook the publication of the *American Cell*, in Boston, in 1850, and continued this until I was invited to Montreal in 1857." (The Vansittart Memoirs, p. 119 et seq.)

We now come to the period when Mr. McGee was invited by that important section of the Canadian population which was of Irish extraction, to make Canada his home. He cheerfully responded to the call, and removed his family to Montreal in 1857. From this dates the most important period of McGee's life—to us, and perhaps to himself. We can now watch the action and important part he played in "The Making of Canada."

The time which elapsed between his arrival at Montreal and the issue of the first number of his newspaper, *The New Era*, was brief enough; but it was nevertheless of sufficient length to enable Mr. McGee to sketch through its columns a policy which harmonized with its name. He earnestly advocated, and ever continued to ad-

vocate, an early union of all the colonies of British North America. Thus he actually became the pioneer in the movement which culminated in the British North America Act of 1867.

Mr McGee immediately found a place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen in the Canadian metropolis, and in 1858 he began his career in Canadian politics, a member for Montreal West. With that eminent Irish characteristic he at once declared himself "agin the Government"; and a powerful opponent the Government found him. For four years he maintained his assault with all that brilliancy of wit, and eloquence of scorn and satire which he possessed in such a marked degree.

It was during this period (1859) that Mr. R. W. Scott, the member for Ottawa, introduced a Bill to amend the Separate School Act in Upper Canada, so that the number of Roman Catholics, required for the establishment of a separate school might be reduced. In view of the present political situation, Mr. McGee's remarks on this important subject may not be amiss. He said:

"The Catholics—the petitioners—assert in the most solemn manner that they cannot in conscience divorce religious from secular instruction in schools which they support. Are you to be judges for them as to what their consciences ought to determine in the matter? Are they to be guided by your consciences or by their own. No one can show me any enduring national character that ever was moulded without a strong infusion of a dogmatic religion of some sort. Some have spoken of this demand for separate schools in Upper Canada as a priests' question. Nothing could be further from the fact. I assert, of my own knowledge, in the name of tens of thousands of parents whose petitions are on your table, that this is a fathers' and mothers' Bill much more than a priests' Bill. I think that there is danger that in these our realms, so bare of all tradition, gross materialism may spread into excessive dimensions—that the sceptre of the fireside may be broken, and the moral magistracy of the parent overthrown." Turning to his friends he said: "I must say, if this debate shall satisfy me, that the religious liberties of the Roman Catholic minority of the people of the people of Upper Canada are more safe in the hands of the Reform party in this House, however painful it may be to me personally, I shall not, for any party or other other earthly consideration, hesitate to make my choice in

favor of the party which guarantees the religious rights of the Roman Catholic minority of Upper Canada."

Present day politicians please note.

The ministry at length fell on the 20th of May, 1862, and in the Sandfield MacDonald-Sicotte Government which succeeded, Mr. McGee was made President of the Council, and filled also for a short time the office of Secretary of State. His wonderful capacity for work is illustrated by the fact that during this time he published his "*History of Ireland*," a work which still ranks among the best of its class.

During this year (1862) also Mr. McGee began to take active steps towards bringing about the union of all the provinces, and to this end he met a deputation from the Maritime Provinces at Quebec, and discussed with them the question of constructing an inter-colonial road from St. John to River du Loup. At a large gathering at Niagara shortly after, he strongly advocated the Union of the Provinces, remarking: "I, for my part, am ready to bid God-speed to the Union, and to take my share of the responsibilities of bringing it about

But the Government of which Mr. McGee was a member was of short duration, and in 1863 Sandfield Macdonald finding himself in minority of five was forced to reconstruct his cabinet, and Mr. McGee was not invited to become a member of the reconstructed Government. Disapproving of the action of his chief, and, it may be, actuated to some extent by pique, but probably strongly impelled by the affinity which, for sometime, he had felt to exist between himself and the Opposition, he finally crossed the House; and in 1864 joined the Government of Sir E. P. Taché, as Minister of Agriculture. This Government gradually weakened and to preserve its existence was obliged to admit Mr. Brown and two of his friends from Upper Canada into the Cabinet.

During all this time Mr. McGee never ceased to advocate with both tongue and voice the cause of "Confederation." During 1863 he visited the Maritime Provinces and was even more impressed with the advantages which would accrue from a Union. The Maritime Provinces, however, despairing of union with the two Canadas, met at Charlottetown in Sept. 8th, 1864; their sittings were interrupted however, by the message that the two Canadas were ready to meet

them at Quebec. Mr. McGee's cause had triumphed and the great Conference at Quebec, in February, 1865, was the first note of his great victory. The British North America Act became law on March 29th, 1867, and went into effect on July the first of the same year. The triumph of the great Irishman was now complete.

We now come to one of the saddest pages in Canadian history—the story of a yielding to a mad impulse, an appalling crime, and repentance, when repentance was too late. About 1862 an attempt was made to introduce Fenianism into Canada. It met with some success in Toronto, but in Montreal, McGee combatted it nobly and the seed fell on unproductive ground. Nothing daunted the Fenian agents tried new tactics using St. Patrick's Society of Montreal as their base of operations. McGee denounced their work with all the orce of his eloquence, but to no purpose. O'Mahoney's leaven now began its deadly work in earnest, and by 1867 there were about thirty thousand Fenians in Montreal. Finding all other efforts unavailing McGee, at an Irish concert in Montreal, denounced them from the platform and threatened to disclose the names of the leaders. From that time his position became precarious. He was accused of being a traitor, and in the elections for the first Parliament of United Canada every means were used to defeat him. But why go farther? Why detail the horrible act of that dreadful April night—the sharp crack of a pistol, the blood-spattered door-step, and the passing of a great soul before his maker? The chapter is too appalling; let us close the book.

THOMAS J. TOBIN. '06.

Most Rev. P. L. Connolly.



ARCHBISHOP Connolly was born in 1814 in that cradle of great men, Cork, within a few doors from the Church of Father Matthew, the celebrated Apostle of Temperance. At an early age he was well advanced in literature and the classics, and desiring to devote his life to the church became a novice in the Capuchin Order in which Father Mathew held high office.

In his eighteenth year he went to Rome to continue his studies

for the priesthood. He spent six years in the Eternal City. He left Rome for the south of France where he completed his studies and was ordained by the venerable Archbishop Bolac in 1838 at the Cathedral of Lyons. The following year he returned to Ireland and for three years labored in the Capuchin Mission House and at the Grange Gorman Lane Penitentiary of which he was chaplain. In 1842 when Rr. Walsh was appointed Bishop of Halifax the young Capuchin priest, then in his twenty-eight year, volunteered his services and came out as secretary to the studious and scholarly prelate, whom he was afterwards to succeed. In 1845 he was appointed Administrator of Halifax and Vicar General of the diocese. So ably did he acquit himself, that in 1852 the Holy Father on the recommendation of the American bishops selected him Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick in succession to Bishop Dollard.

Before seven years had passed away as Bishop of St. John, Dr. Connolly beloved alike by priest and people brought the diocese which he found in a chaotic, poverty-stricken and ill-provided state, into its present state as a monument of his zeal.

He had always a warm corner in his heart for the orphans and soon the present efficient Orphan Asylum of St. John sprang up, nuns were brought from abroad to conduct it and through the exertions of the warm hearted bishop, the little wanderers and foundlings of New Brunswick were provided with a home.

In 1859 on the death of Archbishop Walsh, Dr. Connolly was appointed to succeed him as archbishop of Halifax where he rendered service which will never be forgotten. He entered with zeal and energy into every work designed to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people.

Among his earliest cares was the education of his people; schools, convents, academies rose around him, but the greatest monument of all is his cathedral at Halifax, one of the most stupendous works of the present day: the grand front is magnificent beyond description.

He was liberal minded tolerance towards those who differed from him. The ill-feeling and bitterness so often produced by unwise zeal had no counterpart in Halifax. Protestants as well as Catholics were welcome to his house and hospitality. His aim apparently, wrote the Halifax Morning Chronicle was to promote the most friendly feeling between Catholics and Protestants of the city and to his example and efforts no doubt is largely due the harmony that exists between the two bodies in Halifax. "No other man

could have done the work he did in harmonizing relations between them. He succeeded to the See of Halifax at a time, when religious strife was a burning political issue between Catholics and Protestants and in a short time his influence removed all friction disappeared, externally at least. The Public School question required the most careful handling and none involved vaster public interests. It was he who obtained for Catholics the present school conditions, tho' not to be called a system, because it depends largely, if not altogether, on good will of the General School Board.

He, the champion of Confederation, took an active part in politics, believing that Nova Scotia would be rendered more prosperous and that the Catholics would become more powerful by being united to its Canadian brother. Archbishop Connolly vehemently denounced Fenianism in its relation to the Catholics of this country. In his friendship for D'Arcy McGee there was as much of political sympathy as of kindred impulse of genius. On the melancholy death of his friend, the archbishop had services in St. Mary's and delivered a panegyric of the life and labours of that gifted Irishman which was looked upon as the ablest effort of his life.

At the Vatican Council, he was one of the twenty-eight American, English, Irish Bishops who supplicated the Holy Father, giving their reasons that the questions on the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope as a dogma of faith, may not be proposed at the Vatican Council. But after the Council had defined the Dogma, he, with the other bishops, accepted it with a logical consistency, which was true of his great intellect and of the Catholicity of dutiful son of the Church. Upon his return to Halifax from Rome he received a great ovation from all the citizens of that city.

On the 27th day of July 1876, the bells of his beautiful Cathedral, St. Mary's, tolled over the mid-night city and apprized the weeping people and his friends throughout Halifax that the great beloved Archbishop was no more.

In his death, a Presbyterian clergyman said, that Canada lost a patriot for in all his big-hearted Irish fashion he was ever at heart and in mind and indeed a true Canadian.

The words of his most appreciative friend, D'Arcy McGee can most fittingly close this sketch.

"His Faith was as the tested gold,

"His Hope assured, not overbold,

"His Charities past count, untold

Miserere, Domine!

Nicholas Flood Davin.

BESIDES the big genial and witty Irisman, other men always seemed, and generally felt, dwarfed.

His wonderful intellectual activity was perceived and enjoyed by all who came near him. Old or young, wise or simple, none were too insignificant for his kindly notice, his boundless sympathy.

A prominent figure always in Parliamentary, literary and social circles, he could turn aside to advise a school-girl with aspirations to authorship how to develop and govern her latent talent.

Through the dry desert of arid-speech-making in the House of Commons, the stream of his eloquence sparkled and sang its way to the hearts of his listeners. He could throw a glamour over the dullest subject, evoke response from the coldest breast. The merry blue eye, the magnetic smile, the powerful frame, the ready wit, and the graceful compliment. Who that knew Flood-Davin, can forget these and other characteristics that set their mark upon him so visibly as the poet, the patriot, the scholar and the gentleman. Not twice in a generation does one meet his like. The pity that such fine clay is not always reserved for highest uses! Davin, eager, passionate, ambitious and generous could have risen to any height had not the better struggle for existence warped his great nature and retarded the development of his genius. Perhaps too it was his misfortune to be too easily eloquent in the political arena, a man of such a classic culture, so richly endowed for other aspirations may cheapen himself in opposition. 'Tis easy to believe how worthily he would have figured in the ministerial service of the country rather than on other side of the House of Commons; one is reminded in these days that compel attention to the Northwest, how persistently he urged what is now soon to be done, why was he defeated? Did the nation to whom he gave himself fail to understand him? He is dead, so is the sweet-souled Archie Lampman, and the prizes are seized by others, but Lampman has bequeathed us his sweet verse. Davin's verse, what of it? Sweet and strong, yes, but here too he failed; he was too busy to cultivate this best of nature's gifts; here too, he wrote too easily. But some of it, must be mentioned with Ireland's best and with Canada's most promising. "Young Canada" would make very good reading in our schools. So too "Forward" and "A Song of Canada", "The Canadian Year" is true to the year, and truer still to his own true Celtic nature.

The following stanza from his somewhat irregular poem: "The Critics" leaves one rather disarmed now.

"A foolish boy, alas! long summers since.
I cast my horoscope for highest things.
And thought by strength the world I should convince.
And that with time I'd feel my budding wings.
I said: "I'll take my cue from every prince.
Of song: from every harp its sweetest things:
And fancy walked thro' all the music maze.
Thro' all song's avenues and haunted ways.

* * *

And all I asked from Heaven was health and itme.
Doubt's craven fears and envy's sneers to shame,
When up stalked Poverty nad wrought me ill.
And fiery passions fought the fiery will." * * *

And here's from this fine Type of Irish-Canadian, in honour of the day we celebrate.

"God's blessing and His holy smile
Rest on our dear old Erin's Isle
And her immortal shamrock!
From Irish hills, though far away,
While through this Western land we stray—
From these dear hills, there come bright rays
Of the golden "light of other days"
On Maple Leaf and Shamrock.

S. N.



National Ideals.

Imperialism.



IMPERIAL Federation involves a loss, or diminution of Canadian autonomy". That is, or seems to be, the attitude of those to whom "Imperialism" is a "fee-faw-fum", bug-a-boo, a remorseless dragon—or lion—*quærens quem devoret*; ready to swallow Canada "body, bones and hymn-book too."

The philosopher, God wot, is no politician, nor would he, willingly, tread on sensitive corns—having a many, doubtless of his own. But the bug-a-boo is surely, the veriest "turmut-head" white-sheet bogey ever devised by the most ignorant prejudice. Sirs, be not offended at that word. ignorance. It is invincible sometimes, in politics as in theology.

Call it misunderstanding if you will, and let us r turn to our autonomy. It was wrung, you say, from an unwilling British Parliament. Possibly; but British statesmen, of to-day, have no conscious desire to recall, or even to limit the gift. They are not fools, nor are they mad. Perhaps they, also, misunderstand.

Does Federation necessarily limit, or diminish the autonomy of the parties to the agreement? If so, why did her four Canadian Provinces federate, in 1867? The advantages, surely, outweighed the seeming loss of Provincial autonomy; rather, the greater autonomy was seen to include the lesser. Better to help govern the Dominion than an autonomous Province only.

* * *

Given, then, a federate Britain, a Dominion of Canada, Commonwealth of Australia, United South Africa, four autonomous states, members of our Empire; will Imperial Federation—the result as it can only be, of mutual agreement, as in each preliminary federation, necessarily diminish the local autonomy of any one of them? Is it not a question of proportion: from governing a Province to governing a Dominion from governing a Dominion to governing an Empire? Is that loss of autonomy or gain?

* * *

The philosopher is not concerned with how or when such Federation may be brought about, if ever, but, judging by the past, it will be when the need becomes insistent, the need of greater union, greater strength, a better mutual understanding; a wider patriotism. Those surely, may be trusted, and British statesmen, of whatever race or part of Empire.

* * *

Moreover, might it not occur to Heautontimoroumenos, as he stands shivering with futile fear before the bug-a-boo conjured up by his too-vivid sensitive "patriotism", that Britain stands to lose part of her autonomy, in any scheme of Imperial Federation? That when her "sons shall come from far and her daughters shall stand by her side" she must step down from that first place which, of right she has held so long, and suffer her sons and daughters to bear rule in her own house? She, certainly, will suffer diminution of autonomy, to say nothing of supremacy. If she be willing for the sake of the Empire to do this—as she is;—shall any son or daughter stand aloof and say "I prefer my own autonomy to such autonomy as this you offer"? *Absit.*

* * *

Autonomy, surely, is a question of degree, of what is best for any state; of Home Rule, or a wider nobler sway. There must be mutual concession; without it, there could be no partnership, no co-operation between man and man, between state and state. Weigh

the pros and cons: autonomy against autonomy, and say which you prefer.

"But", you will say, "We should be involved in wars in which we have no concern". Would you? If British Columbia were attacked by Russia, Nova Scotia, strictly speaking, would have "no concern" in the war wherein the Dominion would, of necessity be involved. But Nova Scotia as a member of a Federated Dominion would have a higher, a less selfish concern:—"If one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it";—and would give her voice for war, accordingly. Apply that gentlemen, to the war of a Federated Empire. Does the parallel hold good, or not? Dixi.

F. W. G.

Canadian Independence



ULL nationhood registers fulness of life and this fulness of life cannot be attained in colonial dependency.

It is with nationhood as with manhood its rounded maturity cannot be reached unless it is permitted to enjoy the laws of growth—the laws of full development.

Even the child dreams of the ripened autumn of manhood long before summer has whispered in his ear of the serious care of approaching years.

Canada to-day is no longer a child playing with the boys in a national nursery— but a strong-limbed young giant wishing— aspiring to walk alone.

In truth Charles G. D. Roberts the most patriotic of our Canadian poets well voices this national aspiration in the opening lines of his poem "Canada":

"O child of nations, giant-limbed
 Who standest among the Nations now
 Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned
 With unanointed brow!
 How long the ignoble strife, how long
 The trust in greatness not thine own
 Surely the lions brood is strong
 To front the world alone."

Nor is it surprising that the trend of Canadian life and thought should be towards Canadian independence. It is now nearly four hundred years since the bold Malouin navigator Jacques Cartier planted the "fleur de lis" and cross upon our shores. So that the wisdom of centuries has had time to take root in our fields and forests and encompass our homes.

Our very position had invited independence for the doors of our home open to the Orient as well as to the Occident, to the East as well as to the West.

Nor it is a question of numbers since in this respect we are quite as well equipped as the smaller nations of Europe such as Belgium, Holland and Switzerland.

But Imperialists say we would be a prey to the greed of the great Republic to the South, did we cut loose from the protection of the Mother Country.

Why we ask has not the United States then absorbed the Republic of Mexico long ere this?

The truth is the United States would respect Canada much more if it were independent and we would be much freer to negotiate satisfactory trade relations with our neighbors were we one of a family of nations under prosperous New World stars.

Much better is it too that we should be concerned in our own safety than in that of the Mother Country.

Is not the future peace of Europe always in secure and who will prophesy when England may not be involved in another European war, in which we Canadians, if we continue our colonial ties will feel ourselves bound to draw our swords. The memory of South Africa is yet quite green nor can all the glory of Paarderberg shut out from the hearts of Canadian mothers, the memory of dear ones, who shall return no more to the land of the Maple Leaf.

But how much would not Canadian Independence do for the intellectual independence of Canada. Then we might look for not only a stronger voice in Canadian statesmanship, but such a note in our literature, both prose and poetry, as would command the respect and gain the ear of the whole world. Canadian literature would not then Goldsmith-like starve in a garret—it would have a voice in our homes and our schools—it would cheer and inspire—it would be as deep and as clear and as illuminative as our Northern Star, under whose aegis Canada, land of every gift and promise would steadily more towards the fullest development of national life and power!

DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN '82.

Irish Ireland

Adapted from Seumas McManus.



THE Gaelic league which advocates a return to the ancient national language and the Celtic genius, at first made recruits only from the youth of the country. In the last ten years, it has rooted itself deeply in the national life and is making continuous gains. Not only has it stopped the rapid decadence of the Gaelic idiom, but it has restored it rapidly and thoroughly. It has overcome and mastered the National Board of Education which was at first hostile to it. To-day in 3,000 Irish schools, Gaelic is taught to 95,000 pupils.

From this year forward in certain schools the knowledge of Gaelic is a condition "sine qua non" of qualification for teachers. Gaelic is invading the churches, the great commercial establishments, the railways, the banks, the post-offices. Everywhere Irish dramas are played and Irish songs sung. A monster annual festival, lasting over a week gathers to Dublin a host of orators, poets, dramatists, historians, students and musicians, and prizes, medals, etc., are awarded to excellence in the various branches.

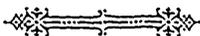
Modern Gaelic literature, the stock of which was so limited a few years ago, is now in possession of a rich collection of works of all kinds. Besides the exclusively Gaelic press, the newspapers of the island printed in English, give the Gaelic news, in Gaelic type. A national funeral more imposing than that of Parnell, was given to Father Eugene O'Growney whose 'Simple lessons in Irish' have contributed so much to the spread of the language. The generation of to-day and that of to-morrow speak and write preferably in Irish, whether in literary matters or in business affairs. National customs and traditions are reviving. And this movement is imparting a vigorous revival in industry by patronizing their home industries; so much so indeed, that to-day the merchants who dealt with foreigners and the public who bought without bothering about the maker of the goods, now buy preferably native products, cloth, shoes, etc., made and sold in Ireland. They have Belfast linen, Cork biscuits, Dublin paper: Ireland smokes, in an Irish pipe, Irish tobacco: manufacturers, merchants and the public have come to a tacit agreement to favor national industries, and the development of these is evident in the establishment of many factories.

Mr. McManus goes on to show that the new plan of moral au-

tonomy developed since Parnell's fall, is fighting the emigration evil, by restoring all that is Irish in Ireland, by endeavoring to make life sweeter, the heart more warm and the soul nobler by a return to old Celtic ideals.

We might add that one of the hopeful signs in connection with the Renaissance is the enthusiastic sympathy of the clergy from the Cardinal down, to the humblest curate in Connemara. Maynooth has made Irish an obligatory subject for Entrance examinations, and two years application are required during the seminary course. Many keep it up the full seven year's course.

W.



Faith of Our Fathers.

(Lines written by Father Faber on the Irish peasant kneeling at the shrine of his persecuted church.)

Through grief and through danger thy smile has cheered my way.
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay.
The darker our fortunes, the brighter pure love burned
Till shame into glory, till fear to zeal was turned
Slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free
And blessed e'en the sorrows that made me dear to Thee.
Thy rival was honored, while thou wast wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned.
She woo'd me to temples whilt thou layst hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves.
Yet cold in the earth at they feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, nor turn 'one thought from thee!

Ireland's Exile Saint.

(The Congregation of Rites has commenced the process of the beatification of the Irish martyrs (Feb. 15). "I wish to do this for Ireland" said Pope Pius IX "to show my appreciation and gratitude for the extraordinary demonstrations of attachment to the Holy See shown last year to me in the person of my legate, Card. Vincenzo Vannutelli." —Ed.)

St. Columb Cille entered on his public career in his native territory of Tir Connel about the year 545 and after wandering about the country for some time, probably copying all the manuscripts he could find, he ultimately reached Derry. Here, his cousin Ard, son of Aenmirech, afterwards Ard-Ri of Ireland, gave him a site on which to build a monastery.

On the site thus obtained, Columb Cille began the construction of his beloved Derry, his first and dearest foundation. The spot he selected was as beautiful as could be found in Ireland; a pleasant eminence, on the beautiful banks of Lough Foyle, along the slopes of which grew a noble forest of oak trees, whence the name Doire (Derry) or oak-grove later called Doire Calgaich. It is said, that Columb Cille so loved his beautiful oak-grove, that he would not, according to custom, build his church with its chancel towards the east, because this would necessitate the sacrifice of some of his beloved oaks. The date assigned for the foundation of Derry is 546, Columb Cille being at this time only twenty-five years of age.

Having founded several other minor monasteries, Raphoe among others, he directed his steps to the south of Meath, where having obtained a site from a chieftain, Bredon, he erected his second great monastery, Dairmagh or Durrow, in the year 550. During the same year also he founded the celebrated monastery of Kells, which he dedicated to our Blessed Lady.

For thirteen years after the foundation of Kells, Columb Cille remained in Ireland founding churches, schools and monasteries, among others the beautiful abbey of Arran in the western Isles. Boyle in Roscommon, Swords, Tory Island and Drumcliff, institutions from whose doors went forth numberless saints and scholars, who bore the dual torch of religion and science through-

out all Europe. Now however, in the thirty-ninth year of his age occurred the events which changed the whole career of Columb Cille's life and sent him an exile from his native land, but at the same time raised him to the dignity of "The Apostle of Scotland or at least of the Scots.

St. Finnan of Maghbile (Moville), under whom Columb Cille had formerly studied, had brought with him on his return from Rome a copy of St. Jerome's translation of the Psalms. He prized the manuscript highly as it was the only one of its kind in Ireland at the time. Columb Cille while on a visit to the saint saw the valuable manuscript, and asked permission to copy it, but was refused. Being, however, a rapid and dexterous scribe, he was able, by sitting up several nights, to copy it secretly. When St. Finnan learned this he grew angry and demanded the copy, but Columb Cille refused. The matter was referred to Diarmid the Ard-Ri at Tara. The king to whom a dispute regarding books was probably unique, could find in the Brehon Laws no closer analogy by which to judge the case than the now celebrated sentence, "*le gach boin a boinid,*" "*with every cow her calf.*" He accordingly awarded the copy to St. Finnan. Columb Cille protested against the decision as unjust. This alone would hardly have brought matters to a climax, had not Diarmid just about this time entered a monastery of Columb Cille's and forcibly taken away a young prince who had sought shelter there, thus violating the rights of sanctuary. Columb Cille, now burning with anger, made his way north and invoked the assistance of his relatives. A great army under the leadership of his two first cousins Fergus and Domhnall, together with the forces of the king of Connacht, marched against the Ard-Ri and defeated him in the bloody battle of Cuildrene (561).

Strangely enough this story of the Psalter and Columb Cille's part in the battle of Cuildrene is not admitted by all writers. His greatest biographer, Adamnan passes over the battle of Cuildrene as if Columb Cille were in no way concerned, and makes his going to Iona purely voluntary. The Book of Lismore also omits the quarrel and the battle and attributes the journey to a vow. "*Now when Columb Cille had made the round of all Ireland, and sown faith and belief and baptised abundant hosts, founded churches and*

monasteries, and left elders and reliquaries and relics therein. the determination which he had resolved from the beginning of his life came upon his mind, even to go into pilgrimage. So he bethought him of wandering over the sea to preach God's word to the men of Scotland. So he fared forth on his journey."†

Walsh takes the same view of things and Lanigan emphatically repudiates any such suggestion "unbecoming even the gravity of common history."

In spite of all this, we know that in 562 a great synod was held at Teilt., at which Columb Cille would have been finally excommunicated, presumably for his connection with the battle of Cuildevne, had not a vision of St. Brendan caused the members to change their decision. Even Adamnan admits this synod.

After the Synod of Teilt., St. Columb Cille, full of sorrow for the blood he had shed, went for advice to the saintly Molaise, Prior of Devenish Abbey, in Lough Erne. St. Molaise sharply reprimanded Columb Cille for his violent actions and imposed upon him the dreadful penance of perpetual exile. The noble hearted Columb Cille did not flinch from the trial and in 563 he bade farewell to his beloved Erin and sailed for the bleak and barren shores of Iona.

"Columb Cille," says Dr. Hyde, "is the first example in the saddened pages of Irish history of the exiled Gael grieving for his native land and refusing to be comforted, and as such he has become the very type and embodiment of Irish fate and Irish character. The flag in bleak Gartan upon which he was born is worn thin and bare by the hands and feet of pious pilgrims, and the poor emigrants who are about to quit Donegal forever, come and sleep on that flag the night before departure from Derry. Columb Cille himself was an exile, and they fondly hope that sleeping on the spot where he was born will help them to bear with a lighter heart the heavy burden of the exile's sorrows." He is the prototype of the millions of Irish exiles in after ages.

*Deoraidhe gan sgith gan soi,
Mianaid a dtír's a údúthchas,*

Ruined exiles, restless, roaming,
Longing for their fatherland.

† *Vide* Lismore, l. 1,000, et sqq.

The Reviewer's Corner.

Book Review.

SAINT PATRICK IN HISTORY, by the Very Rev. Thos. I. Shahan.
Longmans Green & Co.

Dr. Shahan has more than satisfied us that his right to sit in the "Seat Perilous" of History, is well founded. His published works are all earnest of the larger fuller yet closer treatment history most receive henceforth. This latest publication is of the minor order as to size but whatever can confirm and illustrate the teachings of Mediævalism can hardly be called of secondary interest. This effort at compiling the various and scattered authorities on the life of Saint Patrick is most timely. The awakening of Irish scholars, in the behalf of Irish Ireland, demands a sifting of the legends so closely connected with whatever historical account we have of the great apostle. It is to be regretted that Saint Patrick had not among his devoted followers, some one to do for him what was done for Columba, Saint Bede and Saint Gregory of Tours, because the dear Saint was and is so loved that the stories must all be taken with the wide margin cold criticism demands. Some must enhance in every sense of the word. There's enough left, however, even when the mere scholar has said his say on Saint Patrick, to secure for all time, the enthusiastic homage of all generous souls. This effort at satisfying us opens with a selection from "The Confession of Saint Patrick", as translated from the vernacular, by Rev. Rr: C. H. H. Wright. This confession of faith is in the "Book of Armagh," a miscellaneous parchment written early in the ninth century, and preserved in the Library of Trinity, Dublin. Sir Samuel Ferguson has put this into metrical form and we owe the paraphrasing of it to Aubrey de Vere. Besides this written work of Saint Patrick we have the "Letter to Coroticus," an early British sub-king. And "The Lorica" or Breast plate Hymn. Some sayings and proverbs are attributed to him of the writings supposed to be his; none, perhaps is better known than the pretty story of "The King's Daughters" and his "Vision" of "The future of Ireland."

The Rev. Dr. Wright has made all of these accessible by his English translators. One of the impressions strengthened by Dr. Shahans's treatment of his subject that the impulse towards learning and refinement in Western Europe was given and maintained all through the middle ages by the eager Kelt. The mediæval phrase: "per fervidum ingenium Scotorum" expresses the fact that the Keltic character was very unlike anything in Europe. It was Patrick's special gift to mould anew the Irish character, and it bears ever since as "a distinctive birthmark in Christ" a spiritual beauty, that makes all the difference between the Kelt as Saint Patrick found him and as he left him. The following is the extract from "The Confession" with which this precious little volume opens:

Happy Isle!

Be true; for God hath graved on thee His Name,
 God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee;
 God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee; --
 Light of a darkling world! Lamp of the North!
 My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
 To lesser nations leave inferior crowns;
 Speak ye the thing that is; be just; be kind;
 Live ye God's truth, and in its strength be free.

S. N.

"The Hub and the Spokes". Anson Gard. *Rolla Crain Co., Ottawa.*

How Mr. Gard could accumulate so much of interest concerning the City of Ottawa is beyond our comprehension. There is more in his book than any single Ottawan had ever even pretended to know of his native or adopted burg. The future historian of the Ottawa valley will find much of his investigation anticipated by this energetic American with a bent for exploring the memories of old inhabitants. The cuts alone are worth the price of the book. The whole forms a 'Who's Who?' and encyclopedia that should be within reach of all our young people. It will put them in touch with the Bytown past and, without a doubt open up vistas of grandeur to come, hinted at, nay prophesied by Mr. Gard. The author has shown a thorough Canadian spirit in his treatment of local affairs and is always broadminded. This last effort of his is more pretentious and voluminous than any of his publications and considering the difficulties in the way is fairly well knitted together through the instru-

mentality of the humorous Colonel and Rube, much as in that delicious vacation story 'A Yankee in Quebec'.

Of the University we note the fol. on page 65. "Said Father Emery: "We have a large number of students from the States and to-morrow as is our custom we give a dinner to them in honor of the day; will you come and join the boys?"

"The Colonel and I were there and we have ever since been trying to think of a day in our lives, in which was crowded more real heart pleasure. From the moment we sat down to dinner at mid-day until darkness found us on our way home there was not a thing to mar the enjoyment. The boys greeted us in the great dining hall with the most perfect college yell we had ever heard. The hundreds of voices were as one so accurate the timing of each letter.—"

"The Philosophical course is both the crowning of the Collegiate course and the basis of all professional studies. This claim one cannot but see carried out, if one but look over the writings of some of the young men. I have read articles in the Review which seemed so mature that I could not but think that they had emanated from minds with years of training and afterwards met the writers whom I found to be heedless boys."

Speaking feelingly of the great fire, he says "While yet the great pile was burning hot he was planning how that school might resume its work, one month away—and school resumed on time. Since then he has travelled thousands of miles, visiting other colleges in order that he might select the best features of each, and that he has selected well, the magnificent structure whose corner stone to-day was laid can speak. So silently has he worked that only the few have seen the guiding hand and that the world may know. I gladly pay this feeble tribute to Father Emery". Of the Cardinal's visit he adds "Ottawa regardless of creeds or sects has entertained him royally and being in the nature of an international event, I have given it much space."

For Mr. Gard's kind appreciations we offer our thanks. We hope that he may devote himself to the writing up of some of our other Canadian cities.

(The Reviewer's Corner is abbreviated owing to the special features of the March number. Next month amends will be made. —Ed. R. C.)

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Vol. VII.

OTTAWA, ONT., February, 1905.

No. V.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

One of the most treasured traditions of the old days of Alma Mater is the annual banquet in honor of Erin's patron saint. The day we celebrate brings the student body together to honor the patriotism of a people who placed religion first and for religion's sake lost home and country. Therefore it is that from their love of country the religious idea is inseparable; theirs is a patriotism sanctified by sacrifice and redolent with the aroma of Catholic associations. To the exalting of that religious and patriotic idea we devote this number. The Celtic cross with shamrock-mantled base on our cover is symbolic of it—granite for faith and the green perennial for never dying hopes.

TRANSITION.

The transition from hard sub-zero weather to the balmy temperatures of sugaring-off time is a trying one for the student. Once the rinks break up, sport is at a standstill, until the sod on the Oval dries sufficiently for the base ball enthusiast with his lobs and spit-balls. Of course there is ye ancient game of marbles, harbinger of spring, but its charms appeal not to grown ups. Out doors earth is muddy and sky muggy and indoors brains are as it were befogged. 'Tis the epoch of the infirmary rush. Let us try, brothers, to react against the insidious influences towards laziness and depression. Yet a little and the vigor of the sunlit days will assert itself and to use the words of that well known spring-poet Chancer

Whan that Aprille with his showres sote
The droghte of Merche has perced to the rote,
we shall hie to the Oval and there 'deeds of derring do'

IDENTIFIED.

It will be pleasing news to many of our readers to learn that the dispute as to the birth place of Duns Scotus has been settled by the discovery at Rome of a manuscript catalogue of an old library of Assisi containing on page 409 the following statement: "Opus sup. IV libros Sentent Magistri Fratris Johannis Scoti, qui Doctor Subtilis nuncupatur de Provincia Ibernæ Ordinis Minorum incip. Quaeritur utrum homini pro statu isto etc, exstabat olim Assisu 1, banco occid, ex inventario veteri illius Biblioth. S. Francisci an, 1381 confecto."

That is to say, Duns Scotus who died in 1308 renowned as an intellectual giant in the forefront of the galaxy of the Middle Ages, the defender of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, is according to evidence practically contemporary a "bona fide" Irishman.

OUR EDUCATED TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

From the Montreal Gazette of date Sat. 4th March, we take the following:

"There will be no number 13 on the new steamer 'Montreal' which is to be the pride of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's fleet. The management of the R. and O. is hard headed and preeminently practical, so no question of superstition enters into the make up of those who direct the affairs of the Company; yet these men realise the peculiarities of the travelling public and the travelling public has little peculiarities, and one of these refers to number 13. It has often occurred that when every other state room had been disposed of and it became necessary to requisition cots to accomodate an overflow of passengers on various steamers of the Company, number 13 was vacant. There being no demand for number 13 and space being valuable, the management took the only course open, hence number 13 will soon disappear from R. and O. boats, and travellers with a tinge of superstition may travel in security."

What a commentary on the courage and intellectual calibre of the 'travelling public'. These victims will tell you that the thirteenth apostle betrayed the Saviour—therefore—and for that matter they will maintain that because tradition has it that Judas spilled the salt-cellar at the last supper as Da Vinci remembers in his famous painting, therefore, to spill salt is unlucky. Wherever is the logical connection? Yet many people, of course without much religion of a positive kind, make a religion of these vain observances. 'Tis a habit that grows as real religion dies and, strangest fact, prevails among such 'educated' folks as tourists. What with lucky pennies and horse-shoes and left hind feet of grave-yard rabbits killed by the light of the new moon, etc., etc., the outfit of the latter day hoodoo-fighter is a weird and wondrous affair

 THE BURNING QUESTION.

A bit of theory.—Noah Webster's definition of the verb 'to educate' is "to instil into the mind principles of art, science, morals, religion and behavior". Daniel Webster calls education "a wise and liberal system of police by which property life and the peace

of society is assured" Daniel's definition evidently insists on the latter half of Noah's definition but the two agree perfectly if we note that the great tribune does not exclude art or science but would have then comprehended in the other terms, according to those beautiful words of St. Augustine; that art in reflecting some feeble rays of the infinite splendor opens vistas of the divine life; science in showing that order reigns everywhere, that everything is subject to law, gives us a clearer perception of God's infinite wisdom and power. The major function of true education is, then, according to both, something more than mere instruction, it trains morals and fosters religion, in other words it gives a conscience of duty to men and to God "Let it not be supposed" said George Washington "that morality can be maintained without religion"—

Now what is the 'free' education touted by the Toronto News et al? A system whose chiefest claim is irreligion, for what else is the ignoring of positive belief. Irreligion, godlessness, infidelity, these are steps which are made in a few generations. What we want are schools of convictions, schools of highmindedness, schools of a patriotism not founded on mere selfish, material motives, but on respect for the authority of God and on obedience to those ordained of God.

A bit of history—The fate that awaits Separate Schools, should they be handed over to provinces with pretences to sovereign state right in matters of education, may be gathered from the facts of the Manitoba imbroglio.

There were in all four acts—The first was the railroading through the local house of the prairie-province of the Greenway-Martin bill, a bill framed to deprive the minority of their rights. After the lapse of a year the time limit for disallowance, the bill through federal inaction became law. The Catholics of Manitoba appealed to the Dominion courts and a decision was given that the law was 'ultra vires'. An appeal made to the Privy Council reversed this decision. The second act opens with the endeavors of the Federal (Conservative) Government to negotiate with the province, - vain negotiations! Then a proposal of remedial legislation founded on the B. N. A. act was brought forward. Appeals made to the Canadian courts obtained a declaration that remedial legislation was 'ultra vires' and this decision 'mirabile dictu' was quashed by the Privy Council which held Catholics to be within their rights in seeking remedial legislation. In the third act the federal govern-

ment in June 1895 weakened by the resignation of three Catholic ministers promised remedial legislation next session. The January session was characterised by obstinate obstruction on religious lines, a farcical bolt of several ministers opposed to the proposed legislation and the tragedy reached a "denouement" when the bill was left over. Fourth act—the liberal government elected by the Quebec turn-over declares the question settled.

And now that the Confederation is to be increased, is there any wonder that we should remember Manitoba and the collapse of the minority's cause? We need guarantees for Alberta and Saskatchewan! Remember Manitoba!

A bit of Statistics.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking on the floor of the House, February 21st, said :

"When I observe the social condition of the civil society in each of them (Canada and the United States), and when I observe in this country of ours a total absence of lynchings and an almost total absence of divorces and murders, for my part I thank heaven that we are living in a country where the young children are taught Christian morals and Christian dogma."

The answer to this indictment of irreligious education has been with emphasis and unanimity from the anti-Catholic press. "It's the foreigner." To refute this we offer a short analysis of an article in the Christmas number of McClure's Magazine by S. S. McClure, containing a series of scathing comments on the prevalence of crime and lawlessness in the United States, "taken at random from representative and serious newspapers and from published statements of judges and citizens." These, together with the statistics on homicide given confirm the impression of an alarming increase of lawlessness. There are at present four and one-half times as many murders and homicides for each million of people as there were in 1881. Here are some witnesses.

"Chicago had last year 128 homicides reported. Only one man was hanged."—Chicago Daily News, Editorial.⁴

"The fact that 222 homicides were committed in South Carolina during the year 1903 has been published."—New York Sun, Editorial.

"Were killed in the Boer war 22,000 (English); were killed in the railroads of the United in the past three years 21,487; homicides for the same time, in the United States 31,395."—Judge Thomas of Alabama.

"The violence and indifference to violence shown by our great cities are symptomatic of a great and rapid change that is passing over the country."—Chicago Record Herald, Editorial.

To refute the 'foreigner' argument he quotes statistics of emigration "of 10,556,644 foreign born population in the country, only those from Russia (424,096) came from a country where there are more homicides, than there are here, and even in Russia the percentage but slightly exceeds. The others came from countries no one of which has half as many homicides and murders per million of population as we do, and those from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales (2,788,304) come from countries where murders and homicides are less than one-tenth as common as they are here. Furthermore, American States in which the American blood is purest, Kentucky for instance, have their full share of crime. So the records of murders and homicides in the various countries seem to show that foreigners in the United States acquire most of their disrespect for law after they come amongst us."

He scores the saloon-keeper, the grafting contractor and the bribing politician, as an iniquitous oligarchy, the murderers of civilization. He quotes:

"Corporations aided and abetted by able lawyers violate laws or evade them — trades unions trample on the laws at will."—Indianapolis News, Editorial.

"Gigantic frauds are palmed on the people as successful business enterprises."—Chief Justice S. C. DeWare.

"There is abounding evidence of an alarming increase of crime of every sort, but especially of the kind that undermines honesty, chastity and respect for law."—Pres. Hopkins of William's University.

The last quotation touches on a point that Mr. McClure neglects to develop fully, the spread of divorce and of that 'race suicide' which the President deplotes. Statistics on divorce are easily had. In the Literary Digest, April 16th, 1904, careful calculations made by Rev. B. J. Otten are presented, showing that in the year 1903 nearly 70,000 homes were broken up by divorce, enough to constitute a fair sized city. "Race suicide" is a more difficult thing to gauge, but its wages is evident in the dead rot of the old Puritan element, the typical American, if any. With society thus attacked at its fount, in its family organization and by homicide, surely our neighbor has gained nothing by adopting a Godless school and fostering in it a pagan conscience.

INTERNATIONAL DEBATE.

The Secretary of the Debating Society is in receipt of the February issue of "Bothsides" an Intercollegiate debating journal published at Harvard University, Cambridge. Mass. We quote from the leading editorial "In the belief that 'Bothsides' can be not merely national, but Pan American in scope, copies of the present number have been sent to the universities and larger schools of the Dominion of Canada particularly in the triangular league between McGill, Queens and Toronto [now quadrangular since the entry of the University of Ottawa] and in the colleges of the Eastern provinces the debating interest is, we understand, strong and well established. . . ."

"'Bothsides' would gladly see a debate arranged between a Canadian university and one in Yankeeland. In any event we express the sincere hope that we may enlist the hearty co-operation of our brothers across the imaginary border-line and that our relations may be a source of mutual benefit."

Needless to add that we hope to see the hopes of Bothsides realized, with *Alma Mater* some day in the lists. "Analysis and debate is a good insurance policy against sectional selfishness."

 AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Your clever review of Abbé Klein's "Au pay de la Vie Intense" in January issue comes to mind as I read Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life" and his impressions of the United States. Now is it not more than curious that the exponent of the "Simple Life" should become so enamoured of the "Strenuous Life" as he thought he saw it down here in Washington, New York and Baltimore? What does it all mean? Are Teddy the strenuous and Wagner the watery, like the aruspices of Cicero's day, laughing behind doors at the credulity of us simple, pious folk? Anyhow they liked each other immensely. The Parson simply fell in love with the Rough-Rider and his "bare-footed" boy of whom the same reverend gentleman naively enquired if he "slept—with his hands clenched". As for Teddy! Well! There no telling what he will do. He can give Em-

peror William fifteen feet in a hundred yard dash and come across the line that many ahead of him. He is a perpetual and fascinating puzzle.

As an old-time Democrat, I regretted his election "by acclamation" but now I almost think he is going to be more Democratic than even Cleveland. But we'll leave Teddy for another time, Wagner just now interests me.

He says, according to an interview in the N. Y. World that "America is so much beloved in France, but she is so imperfectly known". Naturally all of us like to be loved. But, we Americans are just now suspicious of anything labelled: "Made in France". from so-called sardines up to religio-political pamphlets of the Abbé Maignien stamp. In fact, most of us have a chip on our shoulders and are likely some day to give our Gallic and other European spiritual relatives a pretty vigorous exhibition of our strenuosity—along some lines. Yes! we are "imperfectly known", but the ignorance is not what theologians call invincible, although it does look invincible in another sense. Up there in Canada you think us Americans hot headed? Not so very, not in reality. If anything we are too patient under the unremitting crusade of continental slander, but of course, that patience may mean the good nature of a big nation, or the calm before the storm. Anyhow they would do well to put up in Paris and elsewhere "Don't Worry the Animals". Somebody's going to get bit bad one of these days.

Pastor Wagner also says that after breathing the fresh air of America, he felt "oppressed" on his return to Paris where even the people "seemed to me rather small with a mean look and a poor spirit". Perhaps over there on the banks of the Seine a little Americanism might be welcome. I don't know, but there may be many Wagners. Anyhow, we Americans want to be let alone. At least, we want even our admirers to understand us, and that is an ideal hardly yet realized from Dickens to Wagner. Despite this new imperialism (with which most of us have little sympathy by the way,) we have no desire to interfere with other peoples's business and respectfully ask old Europe to keep its damaged politics to itself. We yet live in the spring! Is the winter fast coming?

WALTER MAP,
Philistine.

OBITUARY.

REV. MICHAEL FROC, O.M.I.

After a long and laborious career, fruitful in charitable and apostolic works, a veteran professor, Rev. Michael Froc, O.M.I. departed from us on the evening of Friday, Mar. 17th. Although the crisis was sudden it did not find him unprepared.—The funeral in St. Joseph's church was a magnificent demonstration of the general esteem in which he was held. Two bishops and several score of clergy, together with a vast throng crowding the naves and transepts bore witness to the merits of the dead.

Father Froc was born at Chateau Gauthier, diocese of Laval, France in 1843 was ordained priest in 1867, and passed his entire priestly life as a professor of Exegesis and Church History at the University.

We shall miss his courtly presence and his learned mind. He was an erudite scholar and a holy religious, and in these two characters he filled the measure of his vocation.—One of the trials of his life was the complete destruction by the great fire of '03 of the documents diligently garnered by him with a view to the redaction of the history of the Oblate Order in Canada. He is now, we feel, in the eternity of heavenly bliss where there is no disappointment. R.I.P.

DR. JOHN J. GARLAND, '96.

By the thoughtfulness of a Syracuse alumnus we are in a position to give the following brief notice of the death of a well known graduate.

Dr. John J. Garland expired at 5 a. m. on Monday at the home of his parents at 935 South State-st.

Born on Oct. 31, 1873, in Syracuse he was educated in the grammar schools and graduated from the high school, after which he went to Niagara university, being graduated from that institution in 1894. He went to Ottawa University and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1896, and then he took a medical course at Bellevue hospital, New York city. He was graduated from there in 1899 with high honors, a purple seal rewarding his work there. There were 275 in his class. Since that time he had practiced in this city. His office was for a long time located at 418 South Warren st.

Doctor Garland was a practical Catholic and a conscientious professional man beloved by all who knew him, a credit to *Alma Mater*. R.I.P.

Our Alumni.

Irish Influence in Boston.

BOSTON fifty years ago and the Boston of to-day! How the perspective has broadened and changed. In nothing, however, has the change been more remarkable than in the elements of social, economical and governmental influence.

The Irish Catholic of to-day is enjoying the fruits of the bitter and persistent struggles of his forbears against race and religious prejudice. Only fifty years ago these struggles were going on, yes even up to a much later day.

Those were the days of suspicious tolerance and presumptuous superiority; when ignorance believed that in Catholic churches were secreted implements of insurrection and destruction; and frequently looked to find on Irish Catholic heads a pair of horns, and as pedal extremities, cloven feet.

Those were the days when Catholic mayors were an impossibility; when Catholic bankers were unheard of; when Catholic school teachers in the public schools were not even a dream, and Catholic business prominence was a rarity. Catholic and Irish were really synonymous terms in Massachusetts until very recently. And so, when speaking of Irish influence, we always mean Irish Catholic.

We have not yet wholly forgotten the insane ignorance that put a torch to the Ursuline convent which, from Mt. St. Benedict in Somerville, was spreading the seeds of culture and morality. We still recall the days that saw Irish Catholic faith walk barefoot in mid-winter to the performance of its religious duties. And we point with pride to its successful struggles with the mountainous difficulties that stood in the path to business, social and religious recognition. The history of Boston until very recently was the history of painful struggles. The Boston of to-day is an Irish Boston, an Irish Catholic Boston. One hundred and twenty-five years ago there were one hundred Catholics within its limits. Some were Irish, some were French and others Spanish. To-day Boston is sixty per cent Irish Catholic. Her Mayor, the president of the



JOHN S. CONCANNON '82, Boston, Mass.

board of aldermen, the president of the Common Council, the president of the school board, the superintendent and a supervisor of schools and the superintendent of streets, all are Irish Catholics. Read the names, Collins, Doyle, Dolan, Brett, Conly, Burke, Donovan. In the business world these names, among others are prominent; T. B. Fitz, John O'Callaghan, P. F. Hennigan, Dennis Flynn, Bernard Corr, Patrick Sullivan, Joseph O'Neil, G. B. Leahy, John E. Fitzgerald, Patrick Sullivan, Patrick Donohoe. In the legal profession we find in the forefront Collins, Gargan, Hurlburt, Colter, De Courcey, Casey, Vahey and Lahey. In the field of medicine the Blakes, father and son, Dr. Dunn, Dr. Burnes, Dr. Ball and Dr. Geo. Galvin are widely influential. In architecture two names, Charles McGinnis and Timothy Walsh, are thoroughly identified with all there is best and artistic. In educational work we have in the front rank Rev. Louis Walsh, Conley, Burke and Brett, and Rafter and Sheridan and Molloy and Mrs. Duff and Mullen. In the field of literature we have O'Reilly of blessed memory, and Katherine Conway, Mrs. Blake, Louise Guiney, Margaret O'Sullivan and Stephen O'Meara. And in the church,—well, why particularize? The influential names are many. Yes, the Irish Catholic influence of to-day in Boston is widespread and powerful. And it is due not only to business ability, or skill or learning, but also and more surely to the integrity of its life and the splendor of its example. The truer a man is to his faith the greater is his power and the vaster his influence. And the more he falls under the protecting and directing hand of Catholic education, the more certainly is he a man of fulness and integrity of purpose.

In connection with this article is published the portrait of Mr. John S. Concannon, a University student '78-'82, and prominent to-day in Boston educational circles. Mr. Concannon, in his college days, was active in the up-building of his Alma Mater and, as a special writer for different influential journals, helped her in many ways. Men, now prominently before the world, were brought to the University by him as lecturers, etc. Mr. Concannon is now active in the lecture field, writes much on matters sociological, is on the board of examiners of the Boston public library and is chief of the Boston Civil service.

Other old University boys have made their influence for good felt in various parts of Massachusetts. But this article has to do with Boston only. The early Irishman of Boston needed a strong heart to prepare the way for what we see to-day and in reality to

accomplish it. Gradually he forced his way into prominence, until now his influence on the moral, social, political and business life at large is as great it was small city years ago. It is but the natural development of the spirit that animated the famous Irish Ninth Mass; when it won undying glory in the War of the Revolution. And it is due in greater measure to the fact that the fire of faith was never been allowed to grow dim.

Think of it! Irish Catholic Boston!

LEBAM O'NEIL.

(From the Boston Republic Dec. 31th, 1904, we see the following from an article on the conditions confronting the business-building Celt.

"John S. Concannon the noted financial authority, has made a careful study of the matter and he is emphatic in the belief that a full 80 per cent of the depositors (in savings banks) are of Irish extraction. His authority for the statement is data given him by the bank officials." Ed.)

Old Boys.



ONE day while a student at College I sat musing over the question which came to my mind as to whether I would in after years look back with longing to the time of my youth, and take pleasure in recalling the life spent within the walls of St. Joseph's, as it was then called. My thoughts went over the tasks of study, the daily round of class room routine and the out door games, I ran over the roll of teachers and students, wondering how the future years would find me in their regard. My pondering continued for quite a while and as a pen was in my hand I wrote a line from Virgil on a blank piece of paper before me; the line was this:

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

My pensive mood kept on and I did not take any notice of my surroundings until I saw a hand reach over from behind me and pick up the paper on which the verse was written. The hand was that of Father Chaborel, the study master. Dear old Father Chaborel!

He read it, looked at me, and passed on. Did he divine the meaning of my jotting down these words of Virgil? Perhaps he did and sympathized with the boy who placed upon the paper there the expression of his feelings.

The students of my time can not but remember how Father Chabore' put me always to some use or other. It was the custom then to have one of the boys read aloud in the study hall, and also to have the litany recited by one of them. Although a change was made every evening and many were thus called into service, I was made to perform these functions oftener than all the rest put together. Father Chaborel had a very peculiar way of pronouncing my name when calling it out, and to this day my old college friends often imitate his way of sounding my name. They have given it to me in many places, hundreds of miles away from Ottawa.

Perhaps the Editor of the Review who asked me to write some reminiscences wished for some incidents of thirty to forty years ago. These, I have given, however, in the Owl when it was published. I will not go over the same ground, but content myself with recalling which I have just recorded and also give an answer to the question, which I put to myself when I was a boy in the old study hall. The answer is that I recall with pleasure anything that I did in the way of study or work and I find that if I did anything good, the recollection of it, comes in the present time with satisfaction. Where I failed to do what I should have done I look upon that part of the past with regret. There is a good deal that has happened that makes us wish that we would live our lives over again. There is in all this a moral for those who are young and who are passing through their student days.

J. J. KEHOE '82.

We are pleased to have with us Rt. Rev. A. Dontenwill, D D., a former student and professor, now ruling the diocese of New West minister. On his return from the Oblate Chapter, His Lordship made a visit *ad limina*, receiving many marked attentions from the Holy Father.

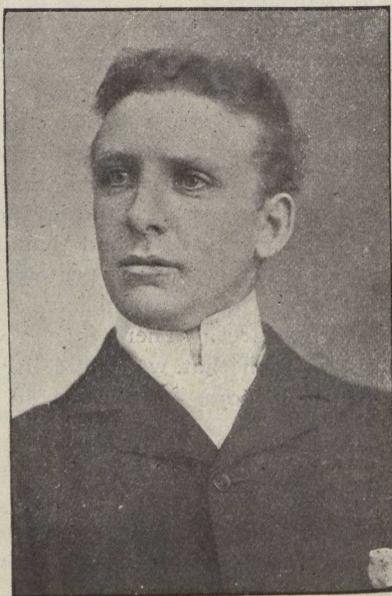
Rev. Francis Joyce, '99, of Syracuse diocese, lately stationed at Wichita, Kansas, has been appointed a chaplain in the United States Army.

Athletics.

Mr. T. F. Clancy, or "King" Clancy as he is more familiarly known to the Canadian sporting public since he established a reputation more than a dozen years ago as a centre-scrimmager without a rival, is an ideal type of the true sportsman. Always a hard player who used brains as well as muscle, to win a fight he never stooped to unfair tactics and whether acting in the capacity of player; captain or coach the one instruction he never failed to impress on his team was: play hard but play fair". He graduated from the University in 1898 but has always remained true to her



T. F. CLANCY '98.



D. KEARNS, M.D. '96.

clors in failure or success having played with or coached the Varsity fourteen every year since. In the latter position he has proven his right to the title "King of Coaches" as well as of scrimmagers by turning out some of the best teams that ever w.re the "Garnet and Grey."

A Past President of the Q. R. U. he now fills the Presidency

of the Canadian Rugby Union. As originator of the famous "Clancy five yard rule" he has succeeded in bringing the Quebec Union to its present state of efficiency by making the game more open and interesting to spectators.

Dr. D. Kearns is another one of those athletes who has done much in the cause of true sport not only at Ottawa College but wherever he has resided. He received his early education at Ottawa College and even then was conspicuous in all the sports. He then spent a year at McGill but the next season saw him at Queen's University from which he graduated an M.D. in 1903. While in Kingston he played a brilliant game for two seasons with the Granites Rugby team and again a year as centre half-back on the Queen's University team. Returning to Ottawa he filled the difficult position of quarter-back on the College team in 1903 and again in 1904 was most instrumental in landing the Championship for his team. His work at quarter-back last season was so excellent that he was admitted by all to be the best in the game.

In recognition of his popularity and services he was elected President of the Quebec Rugby Union for the coming year.

HOCKEY.

With the advent of spring, hockey at Varsity is nearly a game of the past for this year. The rink, which served so faithfully during the winter months, is at present unfit for skating.

In view of this fact it might be well to review briefly the progress which was made in the great winter sport during the season just ended. Early in the year four teams were picked and Messrs Bawlf, Byrnes, Collin and George appointed Captains. A schedule was drawn up, and the result is as follows:

Saturday, Jan. 20, Bawlf vs George, won by George, score 5-4.
Wednesday, Feb. 1, Bawlf vs Collin, won by Collin, score 4-3.
Saturday, Feb. 4, Byrnes vs George, won by George, score 6-5.
Wednesday, Feb. 8, George vs Byrnes, won by Collin, score 3-2.
Saturday Feb. 11, Bawlf vs Byrnes, won by Byrnes, score 7-6.
Wednesday, Feb. 15, Byrnes vs Collin, won by Byrnes, score 3-2.

As it will be noticed from the above, the season ended in a three cornered tie, Captains Byrnes, Collin and George leading with two wins each.

The saw-off for the championship was arranged and on Sat. Feb. 18, George's team defeated Collin's by a score of 3 to 2. On the following Wednesday, Feb. 22, Byrnes defeated George by a score of 5 to 4. Thus the team captained by R. J. Byrnes, won the championship for 1905.

The members of his team are T. Bawlf, J. J. Freeland, F. McDonald, R. J. Byrnes, Capt., W. McHugh, M. T. O'Neil, and P. Harris.

In passing it might be said that the season just ended furnished the most successful series in a number of years. Not only did the league finish with a three cornered tie but it will be remarked that no team defeated any other by more than one goal.

COLLEGE 6, EMMETS 5.

It must be said on behalf of our Hockey Team that it had rather hard luck this winter. But "hard luck" as here employed does not mean that element which is often the cause of losing games, on the other hand when applied to our senior representatives it is an explanation of the fact that all through the winter they could not arrange one game. Time and time again Manager O'Neil had games arranged but when the appointed time arrived, no team put in an appearance. However, after long and patient waiting for a chance to show their mettle the first team lined up against Emmets on Rideau Rink on March 3. The Emmets although the strongest team in the City League could not stand the pace set by our players and soon it became evident that college would win. As the game went on College became more aggressive. The final score was 5 to 6 for College. The College Team lined up as follows: Goal, Lamothe, Point, Filiatreault, Cover, Collin, Forwards, M. Bawlf, P. Marshall, J. Marshall and L. Joron.

BOWLING.

Another addition has been made to our sporting life in the shape of a Bowling alley, and we must congratulate our Rev. Prefects on the energy they have displayed in getting it into shape. To many of us, a scientific knowledge of the game is yet very limited but with a little practice on this fine alley we will soon become proficient in the great game.

A POINTER.

Now that another hockey season has come and gone again, we

naturally ask ourselves was it really a successful one. In order to judge properly we must distinguish two parts, first, the intra-mural or ordinary series and, secondly, the extra-mural, series connected with other clubs. As for the first part, nobody can deny that success crowned the efforts of the O. U. A. A. Not only was our series a success but it can compare favorably with any series that has ever been arranged within the college walls, a fact that goes to show that material is by no means lacking for the formation of one or even two good senior teams.

What of the extra-mural series? Unceasingly and with praiseworthy perseverance our worthy manager tried to arrange games for his team but his efforts were of no avail. Time after time our team donned their suits to meet expected opponents, but when the hour of battle arrived no enemy appeared. It was not until near the end of the season that the manager's efforts were crowned with success and the College team played Emmets on Rideau Rink. One game in a season is not enough. The paucity of matches, however, is easily explained.

In the first place our only opponents in Ottawa are the clubs forming the city league and there have their work to do during the season. It is only natural then that they should refuse to play us. Secondly, our rink is not sufficiently equipped. It serves us allright for games during day light; but while the sun shines our willing opponents have their daily labor to keep them busy.

How are we to remedy this state of affairs? What course can we take so as to make hockey just as important from a students' standpoint as football? Well, here is one way of solving the problem. Why not procure a suitable rink and then apply for admission to the City League? Then we would furnish an inducement for our players to limit their efforts to the glory of Alma Mater.

We look back with pride and with regret to the time when the Ottawa College Hockey Club assisted in organizing and bringing the City League to its present standard, while we are proud of what our predecessors have done, we regret our inability of late years, to follow the example set by them.

We live in hopes then that with the incoming of the next Hockey season we shall be in possession of an rink with the other essentials.

SPORTING EDITOR.

Of Local Interest.

Mr. Robert A. L. Sproule of the City, has just presented to the University Library a magnificent set of four volumes on 'American Eloquence.'

The handsome gift of \$10,000 made to the University, by Lord Strathcona and Royal awakens in all friends of *Alma Mater*, a deep sentiment of gratitude. In our April number we hope to present a biographical sketch of our benefactor.

The 'Evening with Dooley' given us by Mr. Charles Murphy '86 on the 12th Feb. was a huge success. He revealed the American humorist to us as no mere cursory reading could do. His Attic accent was most natural and the choice of readings excellent. The smile of course prevailed during the major part of the evening, as such typical talks as the 'Oratory' or the 'Christian Science' monologues succeeded one another, but the touching pathos of 'The Casey boy' came near replacing smiles by tears. One who can interpret Dunne as Mr. Murphy does can doubtless tell a good story himself. We trust the next time he will favor us with some of his own.

A large and representative gathering was present in the Sacred Heart Hall, Thursday evening March 7th, when the Dramatic Society made its initial bow to the public of Ottawa in a musical and dramatic entertainment. The musical numbers on the program were very well rendered and were equally well received by the audience. The dramatic portion of the program consisted of a farce "The Virginia Mummy", and the trial and prison scene from the play "Robert Emmet". The former was very comical and evoked much laughter. Each member of the cast acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner. Of Robert Emmet, we may say that Mr. Burke's physique and general appearance bore a striking likeness to the traditional figure of the patriot. His interpretation of the famous speech from the dock, a sustained effort of impassioned oratory, was worthy of the prize-debater of a year ago. Mr. H. J. Macdonald delivered a pointed address on Emmet's life in which he recounted the trials, and sufferings, the successes and failures of

the young hero. Of the many heroes, he said, that Ireland has produced, none possessed in a higher degree sterling qualities of mind and heart. The success of the entertainment is largely due to Rev. Fr. Fortier, who was untiring in his efforts and indefatigable in his zeal to bring the entertainment to a happy issue. The following is the complete program:

PART I.

Ouverture	"Apollo"	Orchestra
Song	"We'll visit ould Tralee"	Mr. J. Torsney
Mandolin Duet	F. Johnson and F. Smith
Song	J. P. Lyons
Valse	"Fleurs Sauvages"	Orchestra

Comedy in one act

"VIRGINIA MUMMY"

Ginger Blue	J. E. O'Keefe
Dr. Galen	T. J. Tobin
Captain Rifle	J. J. Freeland
Charles	J. Lajoie
O'Leary	F. J. Smith

PART II

March	"Aide-de-Camp"	Orchestra
Song	"The Minstrel Boy"	Mr. A. DesRosiers
Synopsis of Life of Robert Emmet	H. J. Macdonald
Song	W. McCaffrey
Valse	"Sourire d'Avril"	Orchestra

ROBERT EMMET—PRISON SCENE.

Robert Emmet	J. E. Burke	
Robert Emmet's Father	W. McCarthy	
Judge Norbury	Alex McDonald	
Meditation	"Morrison"	Orchestra

TRIAL SCENE.

Judges, Peasants, Soldiers.

Final	"Sergeant Major"	Orchestra
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Mr. Harry Hayes as accompanist delighted all lovers of soulful music. He added one more point to his reputation as a deft pianist.

The Washington Club.

IT is an old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. However, true this may be we leave it to philosophers to determine; and confident that no theory can explain away the fact, we humbly beg to announce that we, in the University of Ottawa, have something decidedly new; and that is a social club whose members are the American students resident at the University and whose name is that of the most honored of Americans, George Washington, the Father of their country.

The Washington Club has been organized during the present year with the avowed object of bringing together all the American boys who pursue their studies at the University; and of furnishing a way in which, without encroaching on the feelings, rights, or privileges of others, they may develop a more friendly and fraternal feeling. This Club as noted above is a social one; its mission will be to promote good fellowship among its members, to guard and foster that spirit of patriotism so strong in the heart of the young American, to provide a home-like welcome for the young man who leaves his own land to seek his education in the great centre of learning at the capital of the Dominion.

The enterprise manifested by the American students, in this banding together for reciprocal advantage, has been warmly endorsed by the University authorities. The Faculty has officially granted the Club a charter to confirm its right of existence, and the Canadian students heartily approve of the loyalty to country and to one another of their American fellow pilgrims on the highway to knowledge. The President of the University, Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., is Honorary President of the Club. This alone would show the favor with which the movement has been received, and indicate its successful future.

On Wednesday evening February 22, the Club held its first annual dinner in honor of Washington's birthday. Seldom if ever, has a more successful event taken place at the University. The scene of the festivities—the Ladies Ordinary of the Russell—was beautifully decorated with American flags and bunting; the menu was the best that the genial host Mr. David Mulligan could provide, and, as for the speeches, they were indeed eloquent and

patriotic to a high degree. Amid the American surroundings and beneath the paternal aegis of the large life-size portrait of Washington which looked down upon the assembly, the guests imagined themselves once again in their own land; and when the orchestra struck up the first American Air "The Star Spangled Banner" hearts beat fast with patriotic fervor. Little wonder that under such circumstances everyone in the hall spoke from the depths of his soul and with a feeling that made his slightest utterance more than eloquent.

If the success of this first dinner of the Club can be taken as any guarantee for the future, then most assuredly the Club is already stamped with the assurance of permanence and perpetuity. The following was the toast list:

Toastmaster, Mr. Jas. T. Torsney.

The Feast we celebrate, Mr. W. McCarthy.

The Holy Father, Rev. H. E. Ouimet, O.M.I.

Our Flag, Mr. F. Johnson.

Our President, Mr. Geo. D. Bushey.

Canada, Prof. H. J. Macdonald, B. Ph., B.A.

Alma Mater, Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., B.A.

It is the intention of the Club to secure a Club room where every American student who comes to the University will find a welcome and an American home so to speak. There the officers and members of the Club will be pleased to do all in their power to make their new friends comfortable and at home.

It is also intended to hold sometime in May next, under the auspices of the Club, a grand convention of all the American graduates of the University. These will be made honorary members of the Club. The object of the meeting is to bring together all of the many Americans who have studied in the University, to make them acquainted with the students of to-day, so that there may be a bond of union among the many successful men, scattered over all the United States, who own the University of Ottawa as their Alma Mater.

The following are the officers of the Club:

Honorary President, Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I.

President, Jas. T. Torsney.

Vice-President, F. Johnson.

Secretary, Geo. D. Bushey.

Treasurer, W. McCarthy.

May the Washington Club, which has met with such favor since its inception, flourish and prosper; may it increase in membership, and may it long continue to be that which its grand name and its object make it worthy to be, one of the foremost of the many useful societies of the University.

AMERICUS AMERICANUS.

St. Patrick's Day Banquet.



Twenty St. Patrick's Days have gone by since the Irish students of Ottawa University established the custom of commemorating the feast of their glorious patron-saint by holding a banquet. Every year the St. Patrick's Day Banquet is an event looked forward to by all the students with the greatest eagerness and anticipation, for they recognise in it one of the rare treats of the

scholastic year. The banquet given at the Windsor Hotel, on Friday, March the Seventeenth, 1905, was in point of excellence, no exception to its predecessors. Although held on a day of abstinence Host Grimes succeeded to the satisfaction of everyone in providing a very excellent fish dinner. If there was any particular in which

the menu provided was lacking, the students seemed willing to agree with Lady Macbeth that

"To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony."

Certainly the "ceremony" was of the highest order. The students who spoke, ably upheld the excellent reputation which Ottawa University possesses in oratorical proficiency; while the rank and reputation of those guests who addressed the assemblage enhanced the interest which their remarks deserved.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the banquet was composed of the following gentlemen:

Hon. Chairman, Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D.

Chairman, J. C. Walsh, '05.

Secretary, J. J. Freeland, '05.

Treasurer, J. J. George, '06.

J. E. Burke, '05, A. P. Derham, '06, G. Bushey, '06, R. J. Byrnes, '05, R. T. Lapointe, '05, J. T. Torseney, '06, C. O. Séguin, '06, T. J. Sloan, '06, L. D. Collin, '05, G. W. O'Toole, '06, R. O. Filiatreault, '06, T. J. Tobin, '06, A. O. Rocque, '06, W. P. Cavanagh, '06, A. L. McDonald, '05.

The following is the list of the toasts and the names of the gentlemen who responded:

1. The Day we Celebrate, J. J. Freeland, '05.
2. Our Sovereign Pontiff, J. C. Walsh, '05.
3. The King, Toastmaster.
4. Canada, L. D. Collin, '05, R. J. Byrnes, '05.
5. Alma Mater, A. L. McDonald, '05.
6. Columbia, J. T. Torseney, '06.
7. Sagairt a ruin, Rev. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D.
8. Our guests.

The toastmaster was J. E. Burke, '05, and he discharged the duties of his office in a manner most creditable at once to himself and to the student body of the University.

Among the guests in attendance were:

His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada; His Grace Archbishop Duhamel; His Lordship Bishop Donnelly of New Westminster; Rev. Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate; Very Rev. Canon Sloan; Rev. Dr. O'Boyle,

O.M.I.; Rev. Dr. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I.; Fortier, O.M.I.; J. Fallon, O.M.I.; Hewig, O.M.I.; Legault, O. M. I.; Ouimet, O.M.I.; Kelly, O.M.I.; Normandin, O.M.I.; Jasmin, O.M.I.; Rev. Bros. Nolan, O.M.I.; Stanton, O.M.I.; Hammersley, O.M.I. There were also several prominent citizens present, among whom were: Mr. Denis Murphy, ex-M.L.A.; E. B. Devlin, M. P.; Dr. A. Freeland, county president of the A. O. H.; Mr. Wm. Kearns, president of St. Patrick's Society; Messrs. D'Arcy Scott, E. P. Gleeson, and several members of the Varsity football team, champions of the Quebec Rugby Football Union, including Coach T. F. Clancy, Dr. D. Kearns, Dr. S. Nagle, T. Boucher, H. James, A. L. McDonald, R. Filiatreault, and others.

Letters of regret at inability to be present on account of pressing duties or previous engagements were received from: Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, minister of Justice; Hon. Senators Cloran and Coffee; Hon. John Costigan, M.P.; Deputy Speaker Chas. Marcil, M.P.; Rev. W. M. Murphy, O.M.I.; Rev. Thos. Murphy, O.M.I.; Rev. Father Whelan; Rev. G. Fitzgerald; Messrs. B. Slattery; E. P. Stanton, and many others.

THE TOASTMASTER.

The toastmaster introduced the speaking by a few introductory remarks suitable to the occasion. He told the two fold purpose of the banquet, to honor St. Patrick, and to perpetuate the national spirit. Each succeeding toast was introduced by Mr. Burke in a few well chosen but eloquent words, which proved him worthy of the onerous duties which he had to perform.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Mr. Freeland in responding to the toast of "the Day" struck a happy note when, in speaking of the different nationalities present around the festive board, he said, "I am sure that the sinuous and clinging tendrils of the green shamrock of Erin will find in every heart some little crevice upon which to fasten itself, for the day at least, and that all will join in one common brotherhood under the ever glorious trefoil of St. Patrick." The speaker showed that St. Patrick's Day is both the national and religious festival of Ireland.

In connection he said in part: "St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in the darkest periods of Irish history; it is celebrated to-day when rifts are appearing in the gloomy clouds of sufferings; and it will be celebrated when from Heaven itself the light of eternal peace and happiness shall shed its glorious beams over the fertile plains and far-famed hills of Ireland."

OUR SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

Mr. Walsh in response to "Our Sovereign Pontiff" said that it was a well known fact that Irishmen had ever "clung firmly to the rock of ages", the throne of Peter, so that to-day connection with Rome was what bound Irishman the world even to each other and to the land of their fore-fathers. He should that Ireland's preservation of the Catholic faith was due to the teaching of St. Patrick. To exemplify Ireland's fidelity to Rome, he adduced facts from history, from current events, and came finally to the present banquet. From history he cited the curious fact that Ireland was never led astray by anti-Popes. Then he spoke of the wonderful fact that the new cathedral lately consecrated at Armagh by Cardinal Van-nutelli is on the same spot as St. Patrick's first Cathedral, and that Cardinal Logue, the present Primate of Ireland, is St. Patrick's 109th successor. Then he came to the present day and the present occasion, a banquet given by Irish students in honor of St. Patrick, at which the presence of the Pope's representative was the present symbol of the union, which, he hoped, would ever continue to exist.

THE KING.

The toast to the King was briefly commented on by the Toast-master, and was honored by the singing of the National Anthem.

CANADA.

"Canada" was responded to by two speaker, L. D. Collin, '05, for the French-speaking students, and R. J. Byrnes, '05, for the English-speaking boys.

Mr. Byrnes said in part: "Robbed of their lands, forbidden

the blessings of education, laboring under the heel of religious persecution, and haunted by poverty and disease, Irishmen made the billowy ocean a pathway to the land of the setting sun, where their integrity, manly vigor and religious fervor found a fair field and a fair reward." "Many", said the speaker, "of these sons of Erin worked out their destiny in the republic to the south of us. And if I have one regret to offer as an Irishman, a Canadian, but more still as a Catholic, it is that so many noble Irishmen and staunch Catholics turned towards its United States instead of Canada." He spoke of the welcome extended to the Irish immigrants by French Canadians, he mentioned the names of many distinguished Irish Canadians of the past and of to-day, and in conclusion he said he hoped that "the maple leaf might always be the emblem of as pure, brave and patriotic a race as the tiny three-leaved shamrock is to-day."

Mr. Collin, who spoke in French as representing the French-Canadians, spoke of the link existing between Irish and French-Canadians on account of them possessing the same religious faith. He spoke of the French-Canadians receiving the Irish immigrants of '47 with open arms and intermarrying with them, unions which gave distinguished men like Oscar Dunn, Madeleine Gleason, Dr. J. K. Foran, Emile Nellighan, Chas. Marcil and others. He said that Irishmen and Frenchmen have also the same "patriotic faith", the same attachment to their natal soil, to the traditions of their race, and to the glory and misfortunes of their past. "Moreover", he said, "Irish and Canadians, we have in common the unity of the same land of adoption—the Dominion of Canada—under the protection of a prosperous government, of institutions, and of laws which are the work of our respective representatives and ministers, in a capital in which our alliance balances in number the non-catholic population, in a University where our reciprocal fraternity is bound together, in a banquet which is the expression of sympathy, harmony and concord in the present and hope and vitality in the future."

ALMA MATER.

Mr. MacDonald referred in glowing terms to the New Arts Building in course of erection asserting that it will be when finished an honor to the University, the city and the country. Then the

speaker referred to the old college, which this new one is to replace, saying that it is the "old gray pile, and the many pleasant days spent under its roof in the study of the arts and sciences and in the pursuit of physical culture, that graduates of the present day would recall." "In after years", said Mr. MacDonald, "when the fire of his youthful vigor has cooled, shall the college athlete love to recall those mighty gridiron struggles in which he cheered the Garnet and Grey on to victory." In conclusion he said that he hoped Ottawa University would long be enabled to continue the good work in which she had so long been engaged.

COLUMBIA.

Mr. Jas. T. Torseney, in replying to the toast to his native land, Columbia, took pride in the achievements of Irishmen in the United States. He spoke eloquently of those soldiers of Irish United States. He mentioned in particular those soldiers of Irish nationality who had taken part in the Revolution, and the statesmen who had taken an important part in making her history since the dawn of her prosperous existence. He mentioned in particular "Mad Antony", Wayne, the Murat of America, Jack Barry, and O'Brien, the famous founders of the American navy.

SAGAIRT A RUIN.

This toast called forth the most eloquent and interesting speech of the afternoon, delivered by Rev. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D. It was a most fervent tribute to the Irish "soggarth", the 'priest of my heart.'

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate addressed the assembly in a few well chosen and vigorous words full of the spirit of the church militant, a characteristically Irish spirit. Speaking on the text 'non veni pacem mittere sed gladium', he denounced the oppressors of liberty, and proclaimed that prejudices or sectional claims can never destroy immutable principles of justice and right. He exhorted the students to practice broadmindedness and the sterling virtues of the Catholic layman so that when the emergency came they should be true to the welfare of Church and country. His last wish was that he might live tell the Holy Father of harmony and progress in the University of Ottawa.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa in a short address mentioned his proposed visit 'ad limina' and asked the boys for a message of fidelity which was heartily given. His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, an old student, now presiding over the see of New Westminster, made a few appropriate remarks in keeping with the circumstances. The lateness of the hour prevented the turn of the prominent lay-men present, but next year, at home, the exigencies of a boarding hotel will not interfere. As it was the 'day' was of the best ever.

J. J. W. '05.

