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## THE MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave—  
Some sleep in Ireland too;  
All—all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died—  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

*Thomas K. Ingram.*

THE first mild breezes of approaching summer will, this year, waft to the lovely shores of Erin, representatives of the Celtic race from every land. In their thousands they will convene from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, their minds all centered upon one grand and holy thought, their hearts all throbbing with one noble and truly generous desire. In their hands they will bear the fairest wreaths that hope and patriotism can twine; in their hearts they will have treasured a great and true affection for the dear old homes and sacred altars in defence of which their fathers so bravely fought and died. With tender hands they will place their precious wreaths among the shamrocks, under the weeping willows, upon the patriot's lonely grave; in accents of purest and deepest emotion they will extend their love and sympathy to the patriot's faithful children. With uncovered heads, and in prayerful reverence they will stand

before the spots where hasty scaffolds were once erected, and where many of the most courageous, the most self-denying, the most pure-minded, and the most intellectual of the nation's loved ones were cruelly done to death. With hushed foot-steps they will pass over the memory-haunted battle-fields, where, one hundred years ago, an heroic struggle was made against the combined forces of cruelty and oppression—battle-fields crimsoned and consecrated by the purest blood of Ireland's patriotic sons—battlefields, at the same time, dyed and desecrated by the unholy gore of the most heartless, and the most detestable legion of fiends that ever disorganized the beautiful harmony of God's creation. At this magnificent convention of a far-scattered race, all Irishmen at home, after extending a thrice hearty "*caed mille failthe*" to their sympathetic kinsmen from beyond the seas, will take a leading part in honoring the occasion, for every son of Erin, be he priest or layman, be he man of note or simple peasant, is bent on paying due homage, to the much maligned heroes of '98.

Why all these whole-souled demonstrations in honor of a struggle that is usually regarded as revolt, and crime, and treason? Why should the modest ears of modern society be shocked by the recital of tragedies that have lain buried for a hundred

years? Why should ministers of religion, professing to preach peace and harmony to all men, raise their voices or wield their pens in order to justify, or even to palliate, the course taken by a so-called faction of enthusiasts, whose only notoriety seems to lie in their having rebelled against lawfully constituted authority?

The answer to these questions is very easily found; it is forthcoming. Anyone who has carefully studied, with even a fairly unbiassed mind, the revolting story of '98, will not find these petty whinings of so-called loyal citizens very mountainous in his course of rebel justification. In the first place, the manly struggle of the United Irishmen was neither a crime nor an act of treason; neither was it the effervescence of an over enthusiastic faction, nor an unjust rebellion against the lawful rulers. It was the flight to arms of an exasperated people, only after all hopes of constitutional redress had slipped beyond their reach. It was an act of self-defence against an unjust aggressor, who was threatening with physical and moral death, the sons and daughters of Erin's virtuous peasantry. The leaders of the United Irishmen were far from being mere hot-headed enthusiasts. On the contrary, they were men of whom, after the lapse of one hundred years, we are justly proud to-day. The men we honor "were no apostles of anarchy," no promoters of sedition. In the words of the illustrious McGee, whose name is dear to every Canadian, as well as to every right-minded Irishman, we may say regarding the leaders of '98, that "if ever a body of public men deserved the character of a brotherhood of heroes so far as disinterestedness, courage, self-denial, truthfulness and glowing love of

country constitute heroism these men deserved that character." As to the intellectual abilities and social position of the United Irishmen, Dr. R. R. Madden, the greatest historian of '98, writes as follows: "A great portion of these unfortunate persons, were gentlemen by birth, education and profession; many of them celebrated for their talents, respected for their private worth; several of them scholars who had distinguished themselves in the University of Dublin; the majority of them members of the Established Church, some of them Presbyterian ministers; few, if any, of them who did not exert more or less influence over their countrymen."

As regards those whose tender ears are likely to be shocked at any reference to the horrible butcheries perpetrated by the worthy minions, of Camden, Castlereagh, Clare and Cooke, during '97 and '98, or whose nervous temperament is liable to be deranged by anything like a vindication of the position taken on that occasion by the "horrid Irishy" we have very little to say. It is quite easy to perceive that the fine sensibilities of these pale-faced wheedlers on such matters are the pitiful outcome of untrammelled pride and benighted prejudice. Fain would they cloak the brutal excesses of persons with whom they are connected, either by ties of relationship, or by the no less strong lines of sympathy. Consequently, we simply answer them in the words of Dr. Madden:—"It would seem as if such persons thought that the laws of God and man might be outraged with impunity if a decent covering was only thrown over the naked enormities; and once they had been shrouded by those who had perpetrated them, that it was an act of indecorum to lift the pall." \* \* \*

"While Scotland preserves the memory of those who fell in the Rebellion of 1745, while their lives and actions are recorded by loyal Scotchmen, and read by loyal Englishmen, there can be no reason why the reminiscences of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and of those who unfortunately were engaged in it should not be faithfully recorded without prejudice to the loyalty of the writer or the reader of their history." We need make no apology then for espousing the cause of the United Irishmen. Their sad, sad history, or the history of the times in which they lived, is sufficient to draw upon them and upon their actions the admiration of all truly unprejudiced and patriotic men.

During the month of October, 1791, there sprang into existence in the industrious Capital of Ulster, the famous organization, with the members of which we have chiefly to deal in our present essay. The leading spirit in its formation was Theobald Wolfe Tone, a young Protestant Barrister of great forensic powers, and a most devoted advocate of Catholic rights. At the inaugural meeting of the society, twenty members grouped themselves around this indomitable leader. Amongst those advocates of freedom and equity were Samuel Neilson, proprietor of the *Northern Star*, Thomas Russell, a Justice of the Peace for County Tyrone, and William Putnam McCabe, afterwards distinguished for his devotion to the cause of Ireland. A fraternal union of all Erin's sons, irrespective of religious belief, was the grand aim of these distinguished patriots; hence they called themselves United Irishmen. About a month later, Tone established the society in Dublin, and soon afterwards, it gained a firm footing in other parts of Ireland. The organi-

zation was at first neither secret nor unconstitutional in its transactions. Its two main objects corresponded admirably with the grievances of the times; they were parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Even now, after the dust and wear of a century has blurred the records of the United Irishmen, it gives us pleasure to recall the fact that such an illustrious body of Protestants and Presbyterians formed themselves into a league to unanimously demand redress for the sore grievances of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

To fully understand how much in need this redress then was, and how absolutely necessary for the people's welfare was parliamentary reform, it is sufficient to scrutinize the history of the times. The matter was ably dealt with in the last issue of *The Owl*; hence the inutility of minute consideration here. Suffice to say, the so-called Dublin parliament was unmistakably the most barefaced misrepresentation of a people, that ever degraded the solemn business of legislation; moreover the Catholic millions of the Emerald Isle, were in a condition akin to that of the slaves who formerly writhed in agony beneath the whizzing lash of some pagan master.

The work of the United Irishmen was carried on without interruption until May, 1794, when their meeting-place was invaded by a large force of police; the leaders were arrested, their papers seized and the meeting, then in progress was dispersed. This uncalled-for action of the authorities gave a fatal blow to the society as originally constituted, and necessitated the adoption of secrecy, as the only means of self-preservation for the future. The freedom of the press no longer existed, and the privilege of public dis-

cussion was frequently set at naught. At this juncture many members seceded from the organization, but the more resolute, and those more or less influenced by republican principles remained. Seeing that there was now no further hope of obtaining their end of constitutional means, and driven to desperation by atrocities, perpetrated upon their fellow-countrymen in the name of British law, these undaunted spirits resolutely prepared themselves for an armed struggle.

The causes of the insurrection are enumerated as follows in Mr. McGee's *Popular History of Ireland*: (1) "Coercive legislation, (2) Orange persecution in Armagh and elsewhere, (3) domiciliary visits, (4) military outrages in town and country, (5) free quarters, (6) whipping and tortures, (7) total suppression of the public press, (8) bitter disappointment of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, (9) annual failure of Ponsonby's motion for reform, (10) despairing secession of Grattan and his friends from parliament." The natural result of such a combination of legislative and administrative evils, was to exasperate beyond all justifiable sufferance, a people already groaning under a foreign yoke. Hence before the close of 1797 there was a rapid augmentation in the ranks of the United Irishmen.

It is, no doubt, well in touch with our subject to say a few words about the frightful cruelties and indignities to which the Irish peasantry were subjected prior to, and during the fatal struggle of '98. Not to notice these excesses would be to deprive the United Irishmen of half the golden merits they have acquired by their undaunted stand against oppression. No such open and heartrending acts of barbarity were ever before

recorded in the history of any Christian people. A description of these revolting scenes will be more telling if given in the words of reliable gentlemen who had either been themselves witnesses of the facts, or who had obtained a knowledge of them upon unquestionable authority.

In the year 1795, the members of a diabolical secret organization in Northern Ireland, known under different edifying titles, such as "Protestants Boys," "Peep o' Day Boys," and "Wreckers," announced for the information of everyone whom it might concern, the all important fact that thenceforward they would be called by the more pretentious name of Orangemen. These vile spawn of injustice, infamy and hate, in adopting their new appellation, did not lay aside their old character of ruffianism and cruelty. One of their main objects, if not their sole aim, was the total extermination of Catholics. *The Owl* will please pardon us for soiling its feathers with such swill as the Orangemen's oath; we mean no injury to the wise bird. Here is how these loyal Christian satellites solidified their union. "In the awful presence of Almighty God, I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support the King and the present Government; and I do further swear that I will use my utmost exertions to exterminate all the Catholics of the kingdom of Ireland." The latter part of this highly religious effusion was probably intended as a necessary means to keep the preceding part from the danger of violation. At any rate it was faithfully observed by the wretched defenders of King Billy's "immortal memory." Unchallenged by the British law, these malefactors killed, maimed or ruined such of their Catholic fellow-

citizens as fell easily within their reach. It is authentically stated that in the single County of Armagh, during the year 1796, no less than seven thousand Catholics were thus either murdered in cold blood or driven penniless from their old homes. Here is how a Protestant, Thomas Addis Emmett, in his *Pieces of Irish History*, describes the doings of the Orangemen at that time: "They posted up on the cabins of their unfortunate victims this pithy notice, 'To Hell or Connaught,' and appointed a limited time in which the necessary removal of persons and property was to be made. If, after the expiration of that period, the notice had not been complied with, the Orangemen assembled, destroyed the furniture, burned the habitations and forced the ruined families to fly elsewhere for shelter." Liberal and refined Protestants were equally objects of hatred in the Orangemen's eyes. In regard to this hatred, Rev. Father Kavanagh, an Irish Franciscan, who has lately published a popular history of the '98 rebellion, justly remarks: "It is but fair to say that Protestant gentlemen were found virtuous enough to earn the detestation of such vile men whose hatred was their highest eulogy." The illustrious Grattan, in a speech before Parliament, described the Orangemen of that period as "a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty."

In addition to the above enumerated evils, on March 30th, 1798, the whole country was placed under the woeful despotism of martial law. An army of more than 130,000 men was let loose upon the people on the notorious "free quarters" plan. Thousands of Orange yeomen were de-

signedly located in districts exclusively Catholic, and even the unoffending peasantry of counties where there had been no attempt at rebellion, were subjected to the horrid outrages of a licentious soldiery. How can we enumerate the wicked deeds of these worse than brigands? The wholesale butchery of helpless people, even of women and children, the pillage and burning of cherished homes, the desecration and complete destruction of God's sacred temples are some of the crimes we are allowed to mention. There were perpetrated other deeds of darkness over which Christian decency compels us to let hang the pall. Even Lord Cornwallis in his correspondence was obliged to state, regarding the militia, that they were "ferocious and cruel in the extreme;" that "murder seemed to be their favorite pastime;" that "the yeomen took the lead in rapine and murder" and that "the militia followed closely upon the heels of the yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity." What a strange acknowledgement is this in the mouth of one who was trying to have respected the British law! Another gentleman, the loyalist historian, Maxwell, says on the same subject: "That the rigid principles of British law were grossly departed from, cannot be disputed, and that during that fearful period means and measures infamous alike, were resorted to, must be admitted." Another good authority, Lord Holland, in his *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, thus expresses his conviction regarding the '98 rebellion: "The fact is incontrovertible, that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance (which possibly, they meditated before) by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were

such, as are not permitted in civilized warfare even in an enemy's country." England's illustrious son, Sir John Moore was so touched by this sad state of affairs, that he was forced to exclaim in a burst of justice-loving indignation, "If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel." In his *Popular History of Ireland*. Mr. McGee thus graphically describes those days of lamentation. "The military tribunals did not wait for the idle formalities of the civil courts. Soldiers and civilians, yeomen and townsmen, against whom the informer pointed his finger, were taken out and summarily executed. Ghastly forms hung upon the thick-set gibbets, not only in the market-places of the country towns and before the public prisons, but on all the bridges of the metropolis. The horrid torture of picketing and the blood-stained lash were constantly resorted to, in order to extort accusations or confessions." In the next place read carefully what Mr. Teeling has to say about the times of which we write; here are his words: "From the humble cot to the stately mansion, no property, no person was secure. Numbers perished under the lash; many were strangled in the fruitless attempt of extorting confessions, and hundreds were shot at their peaceful avocations in the very bosom of their families for the wanton amusement of a brutal soldiery. The torture practised in those days of Ireland's misery has not been equalled in the annals of the most barbarous nations, and the world has been astonished at the close of the eighteenth century with acts which the eye views with horror and the heart sickens to recall." We might quote a great many other authorities, all in the same strain, but where is the use of multiplying testi-

monies in proof of a truth already clear? In 1798 the Irish people were absolutely driven to an armed resistance; under such circumstances further inaction would have been for them a crime. "He who thinks", says Lord Holland, "that a man can be even excused in such circumstances by any other consideration than that of despair, from opposing by force a pretended government, seems to me to sanction a principle which would insure impunity to the greatest of all human delinquents, or at least to those who produce the greatest misery among mankind."

In the above described reign of cruelty, bloodshed and brigandage, it is not to be wondered at that the membership of the United Irish society went on doubling and redoubling from day to day. To use the words of Mr. McGee, "It was indeed impossible for any man, however obscure, or however eminent, to live longer in the country without taking sides." Those who ranked themselves among the supporters of the government were both houses of the Legislature, the Judges and the Bar, as well as the Anglican Bishops and clergy. Under the green banner of the United Irishmen was combined almost the whole strength of the Presbyterians together with a large number of Catholic peasantry whom unprecedented persecution had forced to take that position even against the avowed wishes of their spiritual superiors. The Catholic Bishops and nearly all their priests, being apprehensive of French revolutionary principles, an element no less destructive of religion than was Orangeism, were found supporting what they considered the side of authority and peace. A large number of Catholic aristocracy also ranked themselves, unwittingly be it

hoped, on the side of Erin's foes. Thus, from the very beginning there was disunion amongst those who should have been united, and thence arose many heartrending scenes of failure and bloodshed, the only things regrettable in the Irish Rebellion of '98.

It is not our intention, nor would it be in keeping with the space at our disposal, to go into the details of that terrible struggle. Whole volumes have been written about its failures and its successes, its sorrows and its joys. Notwithstanding this, the subject still seems unexhausted. Although the informer's treacherous tongue had deprived the movement of its boldest leaders just when they were most in need, still heroic stands against fearful odds were made in many places. The stalwart and determined men of Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, Antrim, Down, and Mayo ably defended, for a time, the shamrock and crownless harp. In the end however, despite many a golden deed of heroism on the part of those who fought for faith and natal fireside, the combined and well armed British forces triumphed. Many of the most distinguished United Irishmen were captured, tried by court-martial, and executed; others, having escaped the vigilance of Government spies, ended their lives in exile. Other brave and generous hearts were cast into gloomy dungeons where the light of day was debarred an entrance, and where, in dismal tomb-like silence, they eked out for years the most trying of all earthly existances.

Although a detailed description of the insurrection cannot be attempted in our present paper, still there is a part of it which, as it has peculiarities of its own, demands something more than a mere cursory mention. We refer

to the gallant stand made by the heroic men of Wexford. This Wexford struggle was not at all controlled by the United Irishmen; hence it may justly be considered as a separate outbreak. It was simply the unanimous rush to arms of a frenzied and bleeding peasantry, when the swinish excesses of soldiery and yeomanry had passed the limits of all human endurance. The people of Wexford were peaceable, contented and law-abiding; moreover, very few of them had enlisted under the standard of the United Irishmen. Still, notwithstanding this absence of provocation on their part, they were made the victims of the grossest insult, injustice and cruelty. Their smiling fields were laid waste, the sanctity of their family circles was basely violated, their homes were levelled, their churches were destroyed. "Atrocities that sicken the heart in their contemplation," writes Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "filled with terror the homes of that peaceful and inoffensive people. The midnight skies were reddened with the flames of burning cottages, and the glens resounded with shrieks of agony, vengeance and despair. Homes desolated, female virtue made the victim of crimes that cannot be named, the gibbet and the triangle erected in every hamlet, and finally, the temples of God desecrated and given to the torch, left manhood in Wexford no choice but that which to its eternal honor it made." The undisciplined and poorly armed peasantry of Wexford taught tyranny and cruelty a lesson not to be soon forgotten. "Theirs was no treacherous assassination, theirs no stupid riot, theirs no pale mutiny." Here is how the Wexford insurrection started.

On Whitsunday, May 27th, 1798,

when Father John Murphy went to say the parish mass in his church at Boolevogue, he found nothing remaining of the sacred edifice, but smoking ruins. This was a last drop in the cup of dark iniquity. Until then the good *soggarth aroon* and his faithful people had endured with heroic patience, the fearful trials to which they were subjected. They had waited and hoped, and hoped and waited for constitutional redress, but all in vain. Now the inalienable right, aye the stern duty, of self-preservation urges them to wait no longer. The patriot priest, the father in God, solicitous as ever for his dear children, gathers them around his stately form, and warns them that the hour of action is at hand, that they must fight for their homes, for their lives and for the consecrated altars of their God. On the smouldering ruins of his church, he takes in hand the sword, and tells his flock that he himself will share their reverses and their triumphs; that he himself will be their leader in the march to victory or death. The noble-souled priest and his two thousand followers then ascended with courageous step the gentle slope of far-famed Oulart Hill where they gained one of the most glorious victories recorded during the rebellion. Father Murphy's action was an insurrection signal to which the whole peasantry eagerly responded. Other brave priests, inspired by his stern example, began to act the double role of chaplain and commander in the patriot ranks

“They drew the green old banner  
forth and flung it to the light,  
And Wexford heard the rallying cry  
and gathered in her might,  
And swore around uplifted cross  
until the latest breath

To follow where her Soggarth led—  
to victory or death.”

Great and grand was the war these Wexford heroes waged. They were undisciplined, 'tis true, and not properly equipped for carrying on an armed conflict; moreover, their leaders were men of no great experience. Nevertheless they taught their heartless foes what can be accomplished by determination, and devotion to a just cause. They showed the world what a hardy and virtuous peasantry can do against a vain and voluptuous, though better armed oppressor. Had all the rest of Ireland seconded the men of Wexford on that occasion, English dominion in that fair isle would have met a speedy doom. Though unsuccessful, the Wexford insurrection has had its good results. During the past century, the people of that county have not been troubled very much by the exactions of a domineering enemy. They are well-to-do and contented, and, according to Thomas Davis, they owe much of their prosperity to the wars their beautiful glens and valleys formerly sustained, “The red rain made Wexford's harvest grow.”

In addition to Father John Murphy, four other Catholic priests are specially mentioned as having been leaders during the Wexford insurrection. Their names are Father Michael Murphy of Gorey, killed in the battle of Arklow, on June 9; Father Kearns, who, along with Anthony Perry was tried by martial law and executed at Edinderry; Father Clinch who fell at the battle of Vinegar Hill, and Father Phillip Roche who was afterwards executed in the town of Wexford, along with Harvey, Colclough and other distinguished leaders. Father John Murphy, “the precursor of the insurrection,” and hero of



Oulart Hill, was tried, grossly insulted, and executed in Tullow. His body, after having been treated with the utmost indignity, was burned, and his head was spiked on the market-house of the town.

As regards the position taken by the above-mentioned devoted priests in the dismal days of trial and bitter sorrow, when their beloved people were being robbed, outraged, and cruelly done to death at the hands of sordid foes, our sentiments may be expressed in three telling clauses—we admire, we approve, we applaud. Still our admiration, our approval and our applause is hampered not a little by a great, an almost overmastering regret. We admire, and we believe all honest men should admire, the heroism and self sacrifice of these zealous priests, we approve the firm conscientious and disinterested promptitude of their action, we applaud their acts of courageous prowess in a sphere where nothing but the direst stress of circumstances could have led them. At the same time we regret, we lament, and we deplore the sad state of affairs that forced the ministers of a religion so averse to bloodshed,—of a religion whose founder was the Prince of Peace, to act the role taken by Father John Murphy and the other warrior-priests of Wexford. All the odium infamy and disgrace of such distressing scenes, however, instead of being palmed off on these illustrious men, must be collected and conveyed to its proper source. It must be gathered up and pressed together in one great stinking heap within the crime-stained walls of Dublin Castle. Thence came forth the taws, pickets, triangles, pitch-caps and other instruments of torture that drove the peaceful peasant

from his treasured fireside, and the gentle priest from his sacred altar. Thence emanated those devilish enactments that will for ever render hateful and most vile the name of British law as administered in Ireland a century ago. The unfearing priests that took the field against the enemies of their people's happiness, proved themselves veritable shepherds. Hirelings would have fled when the dark cloud of danger was hovering over the fold, but the priests of Wexford were no hirelings. Bravely they stood their ground, surrounded by their beloved flocks, until a martyr death carried them away far beyond the reach of tyranny. Like good shepherds they gave their lives for their sheep. Well might they have said in the words of Avon's immortal dramatist:

“We see which way the stream of  
life doth run,  
And are enforced from our most  
quiet sphere,  
By the rough current of occasion.”

Many reliable authorities could be quoted in proof of how reluctantly the Catholic priests of Wexford entered into that bloody struggle which has immortalised their names. In his account of the Wexford insurrection, Mr. Hay, after describing the woeful scenes that drove so many peace loving ministers of religion into the foremost ranks of the insurgents, thus refers to the previously loyal conduct of Fathers John and Michael Murphy. “These two clergymen” says he “had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this political vortex, which, from all the information I have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination.” On

the same subject, Father Kavanagh, in his new book on the '98 rebellion, writes as follows: "Father John Murphy had, indeed, opposed the organization of the United Irishmen, not as may be supposed, from any lack of patriotism, but because he deemed it unlawful, as unable to effect what it aimed at, while he trusted that in time the English Government might adopt a policy more just and merciful towards his unfortunate country." But a policy of justice and mercy could not possibly emanate from such blackened hearts as then were ruling the fair land of Erin, so finally, Father Murphy was himself forced into that trying position which, a short time before, he had condemned. In his *Popular History of Ireland*, Mr. McGee associates with the name of Father John Murphy the following energetic vindication which is equally applicable to every *soggarth aroon* that fought for God and country during the struggle of '98. "As to his reputation, the priest who girded on the sword only when he found his altar overthrown and his flock devoured by wolves, need not fear to look posterity in the face." Our rather lengthy reference to the part taken in the Wexford insurrection by the patriotic Catholic priesthood of that county, is fittingly brought to a close by the following appreciation from the able pen of Mr. A. M. Sullivan. "Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Father Roche, and Father Clinch, are names that should ever be remembered by Irishmen when tempters whisper that the voice of the Catholic pastor, raised in warning or restraint, is the utterance of one who cannot feel for, who would not *dic* for, the flock he desires to save."

In dealing with this part of the '98

rebellion we deem it well within the scope of our present article to insert at least a passing reference to the shocking acts of injustice and cruelty of which the Wexford patriots are so frequently and so indiscriminately accused. It is not our purpose to deny that such crimes were, in reality, committed by persons professing sympathy with the rebel cause; every history of the scenes enacted a hundred years ago attests the fact that these deeds of darkness are not chimerical. Neither do we wish to palliate, even in the slightest degree, the dark guilt of those who thus imbued their hands in the blood of the innocent and the defenceless. Let it be simply stated that, judging from the most reliable records of the Wexford insurrection, there is a good share of exaggeration in many of the stories that are freely circulated concerning rebel cruelty in that county. Moreover these same cruelties have been ascribed wholesale to persons who never exerted even the most remote influence or connivance in their perpetration. The detestable deeds in question were merely isolated acts of retaliation indulged in by unauthorized villains who were taking no active part in the real struggle for independence; they were the sanguinary reprisals of a debauched and deluded rabble, the cowardly members of which had never been numbered among the brave men who fought so courageously at Oulart, at New Ross, at Vinegar Hill and at Ballyellis. The horror-inspiring massacre of Scullabogue is generally regarded as a foul blotch upon the Wexford Cause. There is, however, good reason to believe that this terrible act of barbarity had its origin in a blacker heart than any that ever throbbed

beneath the rough frieze coat of a rebel. Indeed the assertion has been made, and not without foundation, that the vulturous plot to burn the prisoners at Scullabogue was incubated, hatched and brought to fully-fledged perfection in that nest of iniquity, Dublin Castle. Undoubtedly it looks very like the conception of a Cooke, of a Camden or of a "caroted artery-cutting Castlereagh". Be this as it may, neither the crime in question, nor any other similar atrocity can be justly attributed to the generous-hearted fighting-men of Wexford, nor were these crimes perpetrated through the connivance, or even with the knowledge of the rebel leaders. Harvey, the insurgent commander, an "amiable and patriotic man," condemned, and lamented in bitterest anguish the repulsive deed of Scullabogue. He spoke of it as a fatal blow to the cause for which he fought.

Father Kavanagh, the most recent historian of '98 gives some valuable information regarding the exemplary conduct of the Wexford insurgents. He says that "the leaders in Wexford declared by proclamation their determination to protect the persons and properties of all religious persuasions." After the battle of New Ross, Harvey issued a like proclamation and made its transgression punishable with death. "During the time while the Catholic party in Wexford enjoyed undisputed sway," says Father Kavanagh, "not the slightest disposition was manifested by them to injure or outrage in any way their Protestant fellow townsmen." What more noble and praise worthy record can be found in the whole history of warfare? It shows that there must have existed in Wexford a great and sincere mutual sympathy between the Catholics and their less numerous fellow-citizens of

other religious beliefs. It shows that the Wexford insurrection was by no means a religious war. Indeed, at least five of the most distinguished rebel leaders, Harvey, one of the Colcloughs, Grogan, Perry and Keogh were Protestants. During that period of popular excitement, fear, and vengeance, only one Protestant church in the whole county suffered injury, whereas, twenty-two places of Catholic worship were laid in ruins. This wholesale destruction of Catholic churches must not, however, be attributed to the Protestant population of County Wexford. No, it was the dastardly work of besotted Orange yeomen and militia.

All hail, then, to the brave men of Wexford! They marched to battle "unprepared, unorganized, unarmed." "Yet no Irishman," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "has need to 'hang his head for shame' when men speak of gallant Wexford in Ninety-eight. Battle for battle, the men of that county beat the best armies of the king, until their relative forces became out of all proportion. Neither Tell in Switzerland, nor Hofer in the Tyrol, earned immortality more gloriously than that noble band of the 'sister counties,' Wexford and Wicklow—Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey; Colclough of Tintern Abbey; Fitzgerald of Newpark; Miles Byrne and Edmund Kyan, in the one; and the patriot brothers Byrne of Ballymanus, with Holt, Hacket and 'brave Michael Dwyer,' in the other." Rightly and well, therefore, might "heroic and glorious Wexford" be chosen to fill the place of honor at the approaching magnificent demonstration when influential Irishmen from every nation will unite in paying golden tribute to the memories of Ninety-eight.

*(To be Continued.)*

B. J. MCKENNA, O.M.I., '99.

## GO TO JOSEPH.



HE raven wing of famine, dark and grim,  
 A shadow flung athwart the radiant sky  
 Of haughty Egypt; in her temples dim  
 Dumb stricken oracles had told not why  
 The king had troubled been with visions weird,—  
 Then rose a youth with counsels meet and grave  
 Solving the mystery: him, the monarch, cheered,  
 Honored above all men; unto him gave  
 A royal robe and his own signet ring,  
 Titling him *Saviour of the World* also,  
*Zaphnath paaneah*. All the suffering  
 The royal mandate bade to Joseph go,  
 His vicegerent, for succor in their need.

A greater king a greater Joseph, us  
 Commands to honor, but what fitting meed  
 Of praise would reach the glorious standard thus  
 Of his perfections, whom, alone, God chose  
 To represent Himself.— Ah! how sublime  
 Was he, who in his person did enclose  
 The fairest flower of beauty, and the prime  
 Of majesty; who mirrored the divine  
 Attributes, purity, truth, wisdom;—all  
 Virtues. Illustrious Prince of David's line,  
 Elected One, an Adam ere the Fall.  
 God, who erewhile upon a world of sin  
 Had looked in lightnings as He smote His foe,  
 And spake in thunders, now in love would win  
 Man to His bosom; soft as falling snow  
 His spirit comes to earth: a tender child  
 On Joseph's breast He finds His Paradise,  
 A heaven of holiness, love, mercy mild:  
 His Father's image He in Joseph joys.

Hail Joseph! best beloved of God 'mong men.  
 In our necessities we fly to thee—  
 Give us, in this world's dearth, the golden grain,  
 Celestial food, so, thus, soul-strengthened, we  
 May cross the famine years to Home and Thee.

ETHAN HART MANNING

*THE ART OF MARK ANTONY.*

EVERY country and every age has been gifted with orators of more or less excellence. But of all countries, Ancient Rome has probably produced the greatest number of eloquent men. This is especially true of her with regard to the century immediately preceding the Christian era, when Cicero, Cæsar, Brutus and Mark Antony lived and spoke. The annals of oratory record no greater speakers than this quartette of illustrious Romans. And in that celebrated galaxy none can claim precedence to Mark Antony, who has been rendered forever famous by the immortal genius of Shakespeare. In his tragedy, "Julius Cæsar," the great dramatist has reproduced for us the magnificent orations delivered by Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, which raise that wily Roman head and shoulders over every other orator either before or since his time.

Great occasions always require, and produce, great orators. Rome's affairs had never before reached such a crisis as was the result of Cæsar's death. Thus it was that Antony's hitherto mediocre style of oratory suddenly developed into purest gems of artful eloquence. He was, as it were, inspired by his subject, and gave his hearers, and indirectly the whole world, the grandest orations ever delivered by man. His noble panegyric of his dead friend is a marvel of able eloquence. In sublimity of language and beauty of expression Antony has rarely been equalled, but it is his art that is the principal feature of

the orations. That it is which charms us, and which no other orator has ever equalled. The cleverness and skill, the judgement and foresight, the tact and prudence he displays cannot be over estimated.

Antony's orations are divided into two parts by the scenes of the act. In the first we have his discourses to the conspirators, and in the second his speeches to the mob. The style of oratory is different, as was necessary on account of the difference in the class of his audience. When dealing with a number of his equals he had to adopt altogether different measures to those he took when addressing the common people. In both cases he had great difficulties to overcome, obstacles that would have deterred any ordinary man from attempting such a project as that already matured in Antony's mind. But he was no common man. His was a highly gifted mind, one that spurned all hindrances, however great. He applied all his art to the work he had in hand, and finally triumphed. By a careful study of his orations, we perceive how great this art was; we behold in all their sublimity, the foresight, prudence and sagacity of the man. One cannot but admire the skilful manner in which he accomplished his designs.

The course he pursued with regard to the conspirators, is itself an evidence of his artistic judgment. Who but Antony would have adopted a plan so difficult of execution, and what other could have successfully carried it out? But any

other way would not have suited his purpose—to arouse the people against the murderers by a funeral oration over Cæsar's dead body. This was beyond his power, unless he could manage to cloak his real intentions from the conspirators, and deceive them into a state of fancied security. To accomplish such an undertaking with success required the greatest tact and judgment, but Antony was equal to the occasion. He saw here a chance to gratify his ambition and avenge Cæsar. To unite with the conspirators was impossible; to declare openly against them, equally so. Therefore he prudently takes a middle course. Outwardly, he seems to have been won over to the cause of the conspirators. In reality, he is but playing a part, and the skill with which he does this constitutes the great charm of the first part of his orations.

The first instance of Antony's art is the address he bids his servant make to Brutus. Antony knew that Brutus was the governing spirit of the band, and upon him, therefore, he first turns the artillery of his eloquence. The very act of the servant in kneeling to him creates a favourable impression in the mind of Brutus, and the flattering phrases of the speech completely disarm him of all hostile intentions towards Antony. The address is tempered by the frank and outspoken praise paid to Cæsar, but both sides are so nicely balanced that it seems in truth the expression of an honest man's real sentiments. Then we come to the main point,

"If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be re-  
solved  
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in  
death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar  
dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will  
follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble  
Brutus  
Through the hazards of this untrod  
state  
With all true faith."

How artful are these words, couched in such a form as to lead Brutus to think that Antony is willing to join his party. Brutus does not realize the full importance of Antony's condition that he be informed how Cæsar *deserves* to suffer death, considering that his own reasons are weighty enough. Here he makes a fatal error, for Antony cannot possibly be convinced by any reasoning. Such, however, was the effect that the speech had been calculated by the latter to produce, and its success paves the way for his future proceedings.

Antony's first speech to the conspirators is marked by the deferent yet dignified attitude he assumes towards them. His opening words are an apostrophe of Cæsar, but he is prudent not to go too far. He neither upbraids the murderers nor sounds the praises of his friend, but dwells on the idea that all Cæsar's glory has come to naught. A few words suffice for this, and then he demands what the conspirators intend to do with him.

"I do beseech ye, if you bear me  
hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do  
reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thou-  
sand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean  
of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age."

Here we have deference, and withal a certain dignity, combined with a judicious use of flattery. All this has its effect upon the audience. Their first suspicions are dispelled by Antony's frank and skilful speech. Thus he makes his first step in a pathway of dissimulation.

His efforts prove successful, for Brutus proffers him friendship, and Antony binds the hollow truce by shaking hands with all the conspirators. Then realizing that he is treading upon dangerous ground, he exclaims

"Alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground.  
That one of two bad ways you must  
conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer."

It is true. He was so situated that one false step meant ruin, and it required the greatest cleverness to proceed aright. On the one hand his conduct might be ascribed to motives of cowardice, that he was afraid to champion the cause of his dead friend, or denounce his murder. Or else he might be thought a flatterer, one who was trying to curry favour with those in power by lauding them and their deed. He was, as it were, between Scylla and Charybdis; on either side was destruction, but by means of his great skill, he followed the right course unto safety.

How artfully does he apostrophize Cæsar in the succeeding lines! He eulogizes his friend in most beautiful language, but at the same time tactfully refrains from mentioning the murderers in any but flattering

terms. Perhaps the point that has most effect in this as in all Antony's orations is his naturalness. There does not seem to be anything affected, and his words are apparently frankness itself. True he is frank, but only so far as it is necessary, and his cleverness in thus deceiving a number of wily and cautious men is, to say the least, really admirable.

We now see the result of all these discourses. Antony has lulled the suspicions of the conspirators to sleep, and by most clever dissimulation has convinced them that he is willing to join their party. So, when he comes to the point to which all his speeches tend, when he demands that he may be allowed to preach a funeral oration over Cæsar's dead body in the market place, his wish is gratified. Brutus has been completely blinded by Antony's skilful speeches and he probably ascribes the wish merely to a desire on Antony's part to do honour to his friend. He fails to see the principal motive, so cleverly is it concealed, and thinks that by his preceding Antony in the Rostrum he can satisfy the people, and mar the effect of anything the latter may say. Thus Antony has so far achieved complete success, and he now proceeds to the more important and difficult part of his plan.

In considering Antony's discourse to the people, we will divide it into the three parts essential to every oration: the different addresses to the intellect, the feelings, and the will. The entire oration has one central aim in view—to persuade the people to mutiny. To accomplish this Antony first endeavored to satisfy the intelligence of his audience, then he operated on their emotions, and culminated his speech by an appeal to their will.

Each of these addresses has its own peculiar features, and all are remarkable for their abundance in evidences of artistic skill.

The difficulties which confronted Antony were many and serious. He was allowed to address the people, it is true, but at the same time, his speech was hampered by certain restrictions. Besides, Brutus speaking before him, prejudiced the minds of the people against the cause he was about to uphold. The speech of Brutus dealt for the most part with considerations of patriotism, which he gave as his reasons for Cæsar's murder. Such an argument is always a powerful one in the eyes of a mob, and he was applauded long and loudly. A good idea of the prejudice Antony had to overcome, is given by the following dialogue among members of the mob, consequent upon Antony's remark that for Brutus' sake he is obliged to them:

4 Cit.—“What does he say of Brutus?”

3 Cit.—“He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.”

4 Cit.—“'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.”

1 Cit.—“This Cæsar was a tyrant.”

5 Cit.—“Nay, that's certain: We're blessed that Rome is rid of him.”

So we can see that Antony's position was one of the greatest delicacy, on account of which he was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution.

Considering these disadvantages, his speech is a marvel of cleverness. Mark the consummate adroitness he uses to counteract the feeling incited by Brutus' speech. How skilfully he refutes the statement that Cæsar was ambitious, proving that it was not so

by plain, commonsense arguments, such as will have most weight with his audience. He reminds the mob that Cæsar had brought many wealthy captives to Rome, whose ransoms went to the public treasury; that he had been known to weep at the distress of the poor; and, above all, that when he himself had offered him the crown on the feast of Lupercal, Cæsar had thrice publicly refused it. “Was this ambition?” The artfulness of this refutation consists chiefly in its absolute simplicity, plainness and directness, so that the strength of the arguments are apparent to all. Then Antony enforces his words with many repetitions, presenting the thought copiously, so that, although it is not directly expressed, the minds of his hearers are overflowed with and concentrated upon the main idea that Cæsar was *not* ambitious. Note besides the strength of that oft-repeated and most ironical passage.

“Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.”

The irony, however, is not apparent to the crowd, and the passage is merely used as a blind.

Having dispelled the effect of Brutus' discourse, Antony artfully inveighs against the ingratitude of the people in so soon forgetting Cæsar.

“You all did love him once,—not without cause:

What cause witholds you, then, to mourn for him?—

O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—”

This passionate invective moves the audience to shame for having termed Cæsar a tyrant and applauded his murder, after all the benefits he



had conferred upon them. Antony's vehemence overflows itself, and he breaks down with a display of tears. We see from the remarks made by his hearers that their opinions have undergone considerable change in the meantime, and that the arguments and the art of Antony have had their intended effect. His last artful touch especially tells on them, as he foresaw that a display of intense sorrow would have a very great effect on such an audience.

Antony follows up the advantage he has secured by a clever speech, calculated to inflame the passions of his hearers, and excite them to rage against the conspirators. Referring to Brutus and Cassius, he says,

"I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you."

This passage wakens the people to a sense that they have been wronged, and Antony artfully fans this flame he has kindled in their breasts by mentioning Cæsar's will, and hinting strongly that the testament is of importance to them. Of very great importance it must indeed be, for he tells them that if they knew its contents, they would vie with one another in doing honour to Cæsar's remains.

"Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue."

Thus he works on their curiosity and their cupidity at the same time. His refusal to read the will serves but to augment their passion, and he raises it to a still higher pitch by the cunning and apparently unintentional phrases he lets fall:

"It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you . . . .

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs."

Antony now sees that dissimulation is no longer needed, and that he can trust himself to the mob.

"I have overshot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar;  
I do fear it."

These terrible words are a crushing blow to the cause of the conspirators. All irony, all deception is now dropped, and Antony stands revealed in his true colors. The crowd is wholly with him, and the very men who, a short time before, were going to crown Brutus, now condemn him and his fellows as "traitors, villains, murderers."

The people increase their clamors, and will not be denied the contents of Cæsar's will. Thus, Antony is apparently compelled to read it. But before he does so he puts forth all his eloquence and art in what is the most skilful of all his orations. In order to prepare his audience for his final address—the appeal to the will—he devotes himself to the necessarily artistic task of moving their emotions.

His opening words contain a most artful and telling stroke. By making an apparently artless and incidental allusion to Cæsar's celebrated victory over the Nervii, he rouses the innate Roman pride of military renown, and brings to mind the other great exploits of the murdered general. Then we have what is probably the grandest passage in any oration either in reality or theory. Who could hear it and remain unmoved? It is no surprise when we see even those stern Romans moved to tears.

"Through this the well-beloved Brutus  
 stabbed;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel  
 away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar  
 follow'd it,—  
 As rushing out of doors to be re-  
 solved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or  
 no;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæ-  
 sar's angel:  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar  
 loved him?  
 This was the most unkindest cut of  
 all;  
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him  
 stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's  
 arms,  
 Quite vanquished him: then burst  
 his mighty heart;  
 And, in his mantle muffing up his  
 face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great  
 Cæsar fell."

Note the vivid, picturesque and impassioned portrayal. How skilfully Antony puts in strong relief those points of the scene which will come close home to his hearers, and especially his clever picture of Brutus' base ingratitude. The depth and intensity of pathos in his description of Cæsar's wounds has an irresistible effect upon the mob. Moreover, the spontaneous vigour of his diction is calculated to excite their sympathy and cause them to feel the situation keenly.

Then what a powerful peroration we have to this most artistic effort. Antony has excited the people to tears by his pathetic utterances, but we can better imagine than describe the effect when he exclaims:

"Kind souls, what, weep you, when  
 you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?  
 Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see,  
 with traitors."

We see by the exclamations of the citizens that Antony has attained the object of his speech, to rouse the feelings of his audience, and thus to render them sensitive to appeal. Having touched the springs of sympathy and pathos, he now proceeds to utilize these emotions by giving them a direction. This he does in his concluding address.

First, Antony artfully pretends to palliate the deed of the conspirators, urging that they may have been incited to commit it by private grievances. But this he well knows will have no weight with the multitude, and it is advanced merely to cloak his own real motives in causing the people to revolt—for Antony always skillfully avoids making personal denunciations or any expression at all that would lead the mob to think he was acting in any other interest than theirs. By depreciating his own oratorical abilities in comparison to those of Brutus, he leads up to the main point.

"But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an  
 Antony,  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put  
 a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar that  
 should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and  
 mutiny."

Antony's good judgment is again apparent here. To avoid the appearance of compulsion, he communicates the necessary impulse indirectly. So skilfully does he place

the proposed action before the citizens that it coincides with their own desires, and they ratify it with the unanimous shout, "We'll mutiny." They are about to carry out their intention when Antony calls them back. He has not yet completed his task. "Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves!", he asks, recognizing that they will want a motive on which to base their conduct. The reading of the will furnishes this, and, appealing to their cupidity, rouses the crowd to a state of ungovernable fury. Antony but voices the general sentiment when he says:

"Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?"

The Roman people had never before such a real benefactor as Julius Cæsar had proved, and they now become frenzied with rage against those who had deprived them of

him. They determine to wreak a terrible vengeance on the murderers, and thus unconsciously they carry out Antony's plans to the letter.

Despite all his difficulties Antony has finally reached the coveted goal through his artful eloquence. What other orator has ever accomplished such an undertaking with as complete and immediate success? His deception of the conspirators, and the total destruction of their cause, by means of his successive addresses to the intellect, the feelings, and the will of the mob, are beyond comparison with regard to artistic merit.

In short, these orations are works of the loftiest genius, such as could only have proceeded from the pen of a Shakespeare. They stamp Antony as the possessor of a giant intellect, and the greatest artist in oratory the world has ever seen.

JOHN R. O'GORMAN, '01.



#### PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.



*THE UTILITY OF PHILOSOPHY. \**

**I**N the completion of a collegiate course we find ourselves the possessors of a fund of knowledge, gleaned from the pages of ancient and medieval as well as modern learning. With the master minds of Greece and Rome, have we for hours sat communing in mutual consideration of the accumulated happenings of the past.

From out the pages of their immortal works have these great teachers spoken to us words of wisdom, and welcomed us to their sacred retreats, in terms of undoubted honesty.

From the contents of that gigantic storehouse of knowledge, garnered by the indefatigable efforts of innumerable scientists, have we nourished ourselves. We have read nature in the language of experiment. The geological structure of the earth, its mineralogical and botanical features, aye even to the physiological consideration of its countless inhabitants have by turns claimed our deep and thoughtful study.

But in philosophy we turn from the natural and the real, to a study of the spiritual and the ideal. The classics filled the mind with images of beauty, which tended both to mental happiness and moral goodness, they promoted inquiry and faith, and led to the enlargement and spiritualization of the mind but they were only the preparation for the study of philosophy.

The physical sciences in general, and the practical sciences in par-

ticular, dealt only with external or physical properties of matter which came under the immediate observation of the senses. They afforded us no knowledge of the essence or nature of the beings upon which we experimented. True, their several dimensions, physical properties, and action on kindred substances were shown with mathematical accuracy; but the fundamental nature of created things, the essential principle which makes them to be what they are, these they left unsolved, and upon the study of the solution do we enter in philosophy.

By the term philosophy we denote the science of things, known through their ultimate causes, and considered by the sole aid of human reason. What is a science? It is knowledge certain and evident, obtained wholly by the expenditure of deep and thoughtful study. It is based on fixed and immutable laws, on which it essentially depends, and it proceeds from first principles to special applications. In philosophy unlike the other sciences, we are not satisfied with proximate causes, we labor to learn not only these, but the final or ultimate causes, which have given rise to the existence of all matter. We depend solely on human reason guided by the dictates of true principles, and we need not as do the theologians the extraneous assistance of revelation, to arrive at pure and unalloyed truth. Philosophy then has to do with things and it consequently assumes the same divisions as are assumed by objects in general.

\* Read in the Academic Hall, on the Feast of St. Thomas of Aquina, March 7th, 1898.

As students of this Catholic University, we have been all drawn here, through the desire for knowledge, by the possession of which we may the better uphold that dignity which distinguishes us from the other divisions of the animal kingdom; we are attracted to study by that innate desire of probing into the nature of things, and learning their causes, of satisfying that inquisitive natural capacity with which nature has endowed us, and of training ourselves to worthily fulfil our respective duties in Society. This then is our ambition, the means to the end is philosophy. Philosophy perfects that in man, which makes him to be what he is, it perfects his reason, and does so in a threefold manner.

1° It is supreme among the natural sciences, inasmuch as it considers not the proximate, or secondary, but the grand, underlying ultimate causes, upon which they as essences depend. It perfects the intellect, by considering not alone, those material substances, and their phenomena, which rightly belong to the domain of the senses, but the supra-sensible knowledge, the knowledge of the reasons and causes, which have given rise to these substances, and which determine them in their relations to all external existences.

As a mental discipline, the study of philosophy far surpasses, that of any other science.

Not only does it train the human mind to exactness of thought, but it gives the student the clue to the carefully concealed fallacy, it enables him to expose its weakness, to *show* where the inferences are faulty, and to detect at once the incorrect judgment or the unwarranted assumption.

Who cannot recall when as a student, he sat in the old Grammar

School, the oft repeated wish, that the mechanical study of historical facts, the memorizing of dates, and the cataloguing of battles, might be discarded, for the study of the causes, which served to produce those chronicled events.

Similarly in every other science. We may examine details we may investigate particulars, we may harness the lightnings, we may enslave the torrents, but there is yet a something, an underlying substratum, the whatness or quiddity of the utilized substance, which physical science is powerless to explain. Mathematics may give us his dimensions, Chemistry his corporal elements, physiology his organic constituents, botany, mineralogy and geology his hereditary domain, but philosophy alone can tell to man, that which he most desires to know, the intrinsic character of human nature. Philosophy is as far above the other sciences, as the spiritual is above the material. It supplies the light and principles to all the others sciences, it imparts to them intelligibility and certitude, and perfects that knowledge which they through experiment had collectively communicated.

Philosophy exercises a powerful influence on the direction which man's individual efforts, will take in this life. As a man his efforts, in fact his whole life, will be in accordance with his knowledge and virtue. Knowledge, is indeed, that which next to virtue truly and essentially raises one man above another. He cannot be rightly influenced either in his own conduct, or in his relation to his fellow men, unless he properly knows, 1st his own nature, 2nd whence he has come and 3rd the end for which he was intended.

About all of these does philosophy teach and to the consideration of

each she has a special treatise. She brings us by the hand to the first department. Here logic bears the ferule, and with continued application, removes those rugosities with which our rude minds were encumbered. The sway of logic extends over all our thoughts, it has a word to say whenever we think, and sits in tribunal, on every occasion, on which our intellect performs an intellectual operation.

In his essay on the intellect Emerson says

Go speed the stars of thought.

On to their shining goals,

The sower scatters broad his seed,  
The wheat thou strewest be souls.

The world to-day requires the thinkers. For walking encyclopedias, no vacancies are open. The libraries furnish this information at a moment's notice, but the thinker they cannot replace. Our success in life will depend on our ability to think, and in so far as we are in this line developed, in so far with our future be assured. Know now why we begin philosophy with the study of logic. It is the science of the correct, it expounds to us what sciences thinking is, and lays down these immutable principles, to which all correct thinking must conform.

To ontology or general metaphysics we are next promoted. Metaphysics and Metaphysicians, have suffered much at the hands of present day materialists. They have been catalogued under that plain-spoken proverb "give a dog a bad name and hang him," with the result that the generality of students, are inclined to treat the science, after the manner in which they would treat the dog under a similar imputation, Metaphysics is supposed by many to be a mere compendium of unintelligible speculations, which

tend to confuse rather than perfect the intellect.

Such views could not be farther from the truth. We may not with our finite intelligence be able to fathom the depth of metaphysical truth, but of it we may have such an intelligent knowledge as the necessities of this life will demand. What student would be willing to knowingly make use of terms, with the meaning of which he was not conversant? Rather would he not endeavor to learn their purport, that his use of them might be accurate and precise. Yet, how many, were they asked, could intelligently define what they mean by the generalized terms, essence, existence, substance, accident, cause and effect? How many could explain the nature of space, time, eternity or relation; yet these are in the mouths of all, we use them daily, almost always incorrectly, as the result of our ignorance of metaphysical science. Does it seem to you then an unworthy occupation, a loss of time, to undertake the study of that most intellectual of sciences, which will fully explain those abstract ideas, and on whose principles is built the whole edifice of human knowledge? But the study of metaphysics does more. In cosmology, or scientia de mundo, we learn the nature of the world, its creation ex nihilo, the absurdities of pantheism, and the fallacies of materialism are in turn exposed, with convincing arguments and unanswerable logic.

The human soul, its nature and faculties, its union with the body, its immortality, form for the student a veritable ocean of knowledge under the several chapters in Psychology. And now we treat of God himself. In natural theology are his attributes discussed, the proofs of God's ex-

tence presented, and the student armed from head to heel with the argumentative weapons with which to overpower his atheistical foes.

Could any subject matter be more inviting to the honest student? The natural sciences may satisfy our senses, they may collect for us a fund of facts, had through individual experiment, but at best it is only matter; it cannot satisfy that higher craving, which keeps impressing on man, the nature of his eternal destiny, the superiority of his intellectual faculties, and the necessity for their fullest development. Only in philosophy can the intellect be satisfied, can the reasoning faculties be fully developed, and can the mind be elevated to that particular highway of truth, on which every man should consistently tread.

Did philosophy stop here it had done enough to commend the study to the favor of the ambitious student, and to command an important place on the curriculum of every higher institution of learning. But its sphere is more extensive.

It considers man not alone as an individual existence, possessed of an immortal soul, and destined for eternity, but as the embryo of society; as a moral agent, possessed of a free will, as a unit of the social state, whose character will correspond to the character of the units.

Philosophy appreciates that man is a social being; that he is free to follow his own inclinations, that the enthusiastic cries of liberty, fraternity, equality, la patrie, when falsely understood, will awaken in his breast sinister designs of revenge and destruction; and she sets herself to educate his reason that brute nature may not have full sway.

With logical exactness she defines liberty; she distinguishes it from

license, she inculcates true notions of order, obedience, the end of all good and evil actions, the ignorance of which has certainly led to the present disordered state of society.

Why have we to-day the warfare of the classes against the masses? Why is the breach ever widening between capital and labor? Why are the lives of rulers in danger? Wholly because of the false principles upon which society is founded, and on account of the severance of the social state from the guidance of religion and philosophy.

But society is threatened from other quarters. The demons of socialism and communism stalk in every land, and threaten to endanger the safety of the social structure. They deny the right of private ownership of property, they proclaim the social equality of all men, they demand an equal distribution of the world's goods, and are prepared to secure their claims by the subversion of governments and the removal of sovereigns. We are all units in this grand aggregation called human society, we each expect on the completion of our course, to enter the strife, and endeavor that the world may be the better for our having been in it. At every turn we will meet these enemies. How then can we aid society? Can we serve our nation, can we become good citizens unless we are intelligibly conversant with the only means of combating our dangerous foes?

To philosophy and religion we must have recourse. Their principles we must master and learn to practically apply; for the arguments of socialism we must be ready with counter arguments of convincing rebuttal; with voice and pen we must spread the truth:

Which though crushed to earth  
shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
But error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Philosophy serves zealously the purposes of religion, both by confuting the errors which the incredulous and heterodox derive from an abuse of reason, and by the demonstration of those important truths, such as the existence, veracity, and providence of God, which form the groundwork of our Faith.

Faith demands many things, which exceed the realm of reason, and are hence called mysteries; nevertheless it demands many such as the production of the world *ex nihilo*, free exercise of the human will, the immortality of the soul, and others, which do not exceed the power of our natural reason, and which by being illustrated and demonstrated in the course of philosophy very materially support the cause of religion, by giving us a reason for our faith.

Philosophy therefore is the crowning study of a university course; without it no education is complete, for without it, the intellect is untrained, the reasoning faculties are undeveloped, and the will is not conversant with the extent of the freedom of its exercise.

To the student entering on any profession the study of philosophy is an imperative necessity.

To-day the world requires originality of thought, she requires the ability to reason correctly and to successfully refute the fallacies with which society is threatened.

To the prospective physician the convincing proofs of the existence of the soul, of its nature and attributes, are essentially necessary that he may be able to meet those ma-

terialistic professors, whom our sister universities, have given charge of their medical departments. To the student of law, logic and natural law are of especial assistance, training him in accuracy of thought, and giving him philosophical certainty of the divisions of law, and its application to society. Unlike the misnamed philosophers of the English and German schools, we have no fears for the solidity of our philosophy.

The great saint in whose honor we are gathered here this evening, the angelic doctor, the patron of the schools, has compiled for us a system of philosophy, which ages have attacked in vain.

That extraordinary man who was able to see into every source of knowledge; to master every known science; to take up every objection and argument, by pagan, infidel, or heretic, no matter where; who was able to anticipate in his mighty intellect, every objection that was made during the six hundred years that elapsed since his death, to annihilate and confound them, to furnish an answer to every objection to Catholic truth and morality, has bequeathed to us his doctrines has invited us to take up his mission, to defend the truth from the attacks of error, to preserve society from the onslaughts of her enemies, and to be worthy of the title of educated Catholics. He has bequeathed to us an argument to every possible objection that our enemies can offer. Evolutionists, materialists, socialists, are alike confounded by the great St. Thomas, so much so that, the learned Grotius, that man of mighty genius, the greatest man that the revolution produced, was heard to say—"Take away Thomas and I will shatter the Catholic Church." We know that



he was wrong, that the Church would remain had there never been a Thomas, but it is a striking object lesson, that if we be not armed with the doctrines of St. Thomas, with the sword of truth and the light of faith, we will be defeated in the arena of controversy by the disciples of those of whom Grotius was the champion. Let us not go forth then, from this grand Univer-

sity, before we have drunk deeply of the fountain of Thomistic philosophy, before our minds are moulded in the workshop of logic, filled with treasures from the warehouse of metaphysics, and polished in the finishing rooms of morals, to be placed in society as true representatives of educated Catholic Gentlemen.

T. E. CULLEN, '99.



#### THE POLITICIAN.

Get thee glass eyes ;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.



*THE IRISH CATHOLIC ELEMENT IN MONTREAL.*

**D**URING the present year the dearest thoughts and warmest sympathies of every patriotic Irishman are centered upon the lovely glens, and mild-green hillsides and far-famed mountain fastnesses, where, one hundred years ago, his sorely injured forefathers made an heroic stand in defence of religious and national independence. On such a noteworthy occasion, when the whole civilized world is induced to scrutinize with unbiassed eye, the blood-dashed record of the Irish people's woes, surely it is but an act of justice to hold aloft for public admiration, the bright statistics of their progress when placed under circumstances in harmony with the generous freedom-loving aspirations of their race.

Of late years a great deal has been said about the phenomenal success that has crowned the efforts of the Celt in many lands; how he has wielded prudent power and burning eloquence among the learned prelates of the Church's hierarchy; how he has graced with courageous mien the foremost ranks on many a well-fought field; how he has held an honored place in the all-absorbing sphere of statesmanship. Let us draw aside the veil that seems to hide from the world's gaze, the renown he has achieved in a great religious, political, and commercial centre of this fair Dominion; let us take a passing glance at what he has done and still is doing in the beautiful Metropolis, that rests so picturesquely in calm security between the divided waters of the historic St. Lawrence.

In the year 1830, Montreal possessed but a comparatively small quota of Irish Catholics. The few sons of Erin who prior to that date, had taken up their residence upon the Island, were accustomed to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, side by side with their French co-religionists in the old Church of Our Lady of Bonsecours. We read that in 1817, a devoted Sulpician, Rev. Richard Jackson, a convert to the faith, called together the English speaking Catholics of Montreal, in the Bonsecours Church, in order that they might hear a sermon in their own language. The sacristy was large enough to contain all those that gathered on that occasion. Father Jackson labored faithfully for the Irish Catholics of Montreal, until his heroic death amongst the plague-stricken emigrants in dread '47. In 1830 the Church of the Recollets was allotted to the use of the English-speaking people, and for nineteen years afterwards its sacred walls were witnesses of that noble devotedness to the old Faith, which is so salient a characteristic of St. Patrick's children. So rapidly did the Irish Catholic population increase, that the Recollet Church was soon entirely too small to contain all those that sought admission. Sunday after Sunday, large crowds of Erin's exiles could be seen kneeling in the streets immediately adjoining the Church, all anxious to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, no matter with what inconvenience to themselves. This public act of Irish faith is not to be wondered at, if we consider how

their forefathers, in the woeful days of persecution, knelt in the snow on their native mountains, to show their reverence for the unbloody renewal of Calvary's Sacred Immolation. Among those who, along with Father Jackson, devoted their lives to the Irish citizens of Montreal, about that time were Rev. Father Morgan, who fell a victim to ship-fever among the Irish immigrants of '47, Rev. Father Phalen, afterwards Bishop of Kingston; Rev. F. McMahon, one of the founders of the American Catholic University, Washington, and Rev. P. O'Connell, still hale and hearty at the advanced age of 98. Very Rev. Father Quiblier, who was then Superior of the Sulpician Order in Canada, also labored very zealously for the Irish people in those early days. He even undertook a trip to Armagh on a visit to the Primate of all Ireland, asking for Irish priests to care for his scattered flock. As a result of his mission, Rev. Fathers Dowd, O'Brien and McCulloch were sent to Montreal.

In 1841, the first steps were taken towards the erection of a church for the English-speaking citizens. On this occasion, as on all others of a like nature, the sons of St. Patrick gave a lasting proof of their generosity towards the house of God. The year 1847 saw their spacious church completed and dedicated to the Patron Saint of Erin. The memorable year of '48, so disastrous to the dearest interests of the Emerald Isle, brought a marked increase in the Irish population of Montreal. Thousands of devoted families, famine-driven from their tottering homes, on the lovely banks of the Shannon, the Bann, or the Lee, were forced to seek a securer

dwelling-place on the slopes of the Mississippi, the Hudson or the St. Lawrence. Owing to this remarkable exodus from the shores of loved Hibernia, the Irish Catholic element in Montreal went on augmenting year after year, until at present there are five flourishing parishes, boasting an aggregate population of over fifty thousand.

St. Patrick's, the mother Church of Irish Catholicity in Montreal, has lately been renovated at a considerable cost. Purity and richness of detail have been very well blended in decorating the main body of this edifice. The grand organ, an instrument of the latest style, the richly carved oak panels, and the elaborate stations of the cross, painted in Rome, all tend to make St. Patrick's one of the handsomest churches in the Canadian Metropolis. Upon the death of the beloved Father Dowd in 1891, Rev. J. E. Quinlivan, S.S., was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's. He is greatly admired on account of his many sterling qualities. Shortly after his appointment, the work of repairing the Church was commenced and was completed for the Golden Jubilee Celebration held last year. Father Quinlivan is assisted by Rev. M. Callaghan, who has endeared himself to all by his zeal in parish affairs during the past quarter of a century. He has gained great renown from the large number of non-Catholics, who under his unerring guidance, have been led to the fold of Christ. His brother Rev. J. Callaghan, who was formerly connected with St. Patrick's, at present occupies the chair of Sacred Scripture in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Another Brother, Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D., who lately completed his studies in Rome, is at-

tached to the palace of Archbishop Bruchesi. These three devoted priests are well known for their learning and high intellectual abilities. Rev. J. A. McCallen is also assistant to Father Quinlivan. He was formerly connected with St. Mary's, Baltimore, where he is greatly admired. Father McCallen is renowned as an orator, and is one of the greatest temperance advocates in Canada.

St. Ann's holds the honor of being the second largest Irish parish in the city. It is at present in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, worthy sons of the illustrious St. Alphonsus. During the past few years, Rev. J. Catulle, the pastor, has greatly enriched the sacred edifice. Beautiful marble altars and altar-railing have lately been placed in position. Through Father Catulle's exertions, St. Ann's has obtained many rare relics, perhaps the greatest collection in Canada. Father Catulle is assisted by Rev. Father Strubbe, a missionary well known throughout the Dominion. Rev. F. Scanlan, son of a well-known steamship Superintendent, completed his studies a year ago, and is now stationed at St. Ann's. He is already a favorite, and promises to be a powerful speaker. Whether their spiritual wants are met with through the administration of a pastor of their own race, or a Belgian or a French-Canadian, the docility of the Irish people to their priests is as unvarying as their undying faith is strong.

St. Gabriel's parish, under the wise direction of Rev. W. J. O'Meara, has assumed remarkable proportions during the past few years, and has clothed itself with a new and imposing dignity. The little wooden structure built in 1870, has lately been replaced by a grand

edifice, at a great cost. The pastor is assisted by Rev. Father Heffernan, son of Mr. Thomas Heffernan, the well-known Montreal contractor. Father Heffernan is already greatly admired and promises success in his future career.

St. Mary's, although counting only sixteen years of actual existence, in reality dates back about forty years. A chapel over the Christian Brothers' school served during a long time as a place of worship for the Catholics of that district. However, the number of Irish residents in the East End increased until, in 1879, the work of building a church was undertaken, and was finished in 1882. The pastor is Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, with Rev. M. L. Shea as curate. The latter is editor of a thriving little magazine, called the "*Calendar*". St. Mary's is making great progress and will in the near future realize all the aspirations of its devoted priests and people.

St. Anthony's under the guidance of Rev. J. E. Donnelly, a native of Montreal, is the youngest Irish parish within the city limits. For several years previous to his appointment to the pastorate of St. Anthony's, Father Donnelly was private secretary to the late Archbishop Fabre. On account of his high intellectual attainments he is esteemed by all classes of Irish Canadians, regardless of parish lines. The church, which is of the Romanesque style, commands the admiration of every visitor. St. Anthony's is rapidly growing in importance. According to a recent census, it contains nearly nine hundred families.

For every true Irishman, the thing next to his church in importance, is the house of education, where his children can imbibe true principles for a Christian life. In this respect the

Celtic people of Montreal are not behind their fellow countrymen in other great cities. They can boast a goodly number of colleges and schools second to none in Canada's fair Dominion. The Sulpician Fathers have charge of the Grand Seminary, which has given so many illustrious church dignitaries to every part of the continent. The faithful sons of St. Ignatius control St. Mary's and Loyola Colleges, the latter institution being devoted to students of the English tongue. St. Lawrence College is under the able direction of the Holy Cross Fathers. Each of these institutions has sent into the arena of religion, of politics and of the learned professions, young Irishmen who have proved an honor both to the land of their forefathers and to the country of their birth. Whether you look into the Universities, at the Bench or at the Bar, you find Irish Canadians holding leading positions, and by the exercise of their bright mental powers, shedding fresh lustre on their race. The Christian Brothers, founded by Blessed de la Salle, through their devotedness to the cause of education, have earned the highest praise. In Montreal they have charge of no less than thirteen parochial schools and Mount St. Louis College. At this latter institution the course is in both English and French. Among those of the Brothers that have given proof of their high literary attainments may be mentioned Rev. Brother Prudent, formerly connected with Mount St. Louis College, Montreal, and Manhattan College, New York. Following faithfully in the footsteps of de la Salle, Brother Prudent has been a guiding light to many in the perilous path of youth.

After considering the Irish citizens of Montreal from a religious

standpoint, it may not be out of place to dwell for a few moments on how they have distinguished themselves in the different professions. No doubt we will find them apt successors of the celebrated Curran, Grattan and other patriots who gained renown a hundred years ago in the Irish Metropolis, before the infamous legislative union.

Mr. Justice Curran, born in Montreal and educated in the University of Ottawa, is Judge of the Superior Court, and was lately Solicitor-General of the Dominion Government. He is at the head of every Irish movement and is greatly admired amongst all patriotic Irishmen. His eldest son, F. J. Curran, B.C.L., who was educated at Manhattan College, New York, is a member of the Junior Bar. He has already earned great reputation as a public speaker, and in forensic ability, promises to equal, if not to excel, his father.

Mr. Justice Doherty, Judge Doherty his son, and Judge Purcell also take an active part in matters of interest to the Irish people, and hold prominent places in the affections of every citizen.

J. J. E. Guerin, M.D., who is the representative of St. Ann's district in the Provincial Legislature, has always shown himself a worthy parliamentarian. He is one of the cleverest physicians in the Metropolitan city. His brother, E. Guerin, B.C.L., a member of the Montreal Bar, is a very clever criminal lawyer, and one who has ably upheld the reputation of Irishmen. His prospects are very brilliant.

Senator W. Hingston, M.D., is so well known as to require but passing mention. He is noted throughout Canada and the United States for his great skill as a physician. About

three years ago he was knighted by Her Majesty, in recognition of his valuable services. He is President of the City and District Savings Bank, and moreover occupies many other prominent positions. He is a true friend of the poorer classes, from whom he accepts no fees for services. Sir W. Kingston is a thorough Catholic and is ever found a disinterested seconder of any project promoting the interests of the Irish people.

M. J. F. Quinn, B.C.L., a member of the Queen's Council, of the Montreal Bar and ex-Crown Prosecutor for the district, is perhaps the best known Irishman in the city. He is always ready to give a helping hand to those within the sphere of his benevolence. Mr. Quinn is representative in the Dominion Parliament for Montreal Centre, the most important constituency on the Island. By his brilliant oratory, he has earned a high reputation, and, being still a young man, has bright hopes for the future.

Hon. James McShane, usually styled "The people's Jimmy," is a native of Montreal. He held the office of chief magistrate for two terms and was, on all occasions, an honor to his people. He was, for a short time, Member of Parliament, representing Montreal Centre. Since he has proved himself so friendly to the working classes, he is esteemed by all citizens, irrespective of creed or nationality.

Aldermen Kinsella and Connaughton are two worthy representatives of the Irish Catholics in the City Council. By their straightforward dealings, they have earned the respect and esteem of all classes. Alderman Gallery, perhaps the most popular Irishman in St. Ann's district, has been lately elected to represent that

ward in the City Council. He is the son of poor but honest parents, and has won the confidence of his people through his energy and uprightness.

Mr. C. A. McDonnell, the popular President of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, is among those who have helped to forward the concerns of the Irish people. He was one of the prime movers in the purchase of the Association's new grounds, and through his wise direction, the debt is nearly cleared off. Mr. McDonnell is well known in Real Estate-circles, and is managing Director of the *True Witness*, the Irish Catholic newspaper of Montreal. He is still a young man and has very promising prospects.

Among the Irish Catholic writers of Montreal, J. K. Foran, L. L. D. is perhaps the most worthy of note. Dr. Foran was educated at the University of Ottawa, and has shown himself a worthy graduate of that institution. He was for a number of years editor of the *True Witness*. By his deep arguments through the press he has distinguished himself as a controversial writer. Dr. Foran is at present editor of *The Pen*, a promising literary review, which has already gained public favor.

Another name, not less familiar to every English Speaking Catholic in Canada, is that of Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, who has endeared herself to the Irish people by her writings. In recognition of her services she was recently made the recipient of an address and a handsome sum; but far more worthy of note than money could be, is the high place she holds in the affections of all Irish Canadians.

Mr. J. Martin, a member of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, has

already gained a name for himself by his marked success in the production of Irish historical dramas. The Irish people have every reason to admire Mr. Martin, who, in all his plays, represents the true type of an Irishman. He allows nothing to burlesque the Irish character, thus avoiding an error into which many more pretentious authors are often led. His latest play, "The Rebel of '98," deals with the rebellion of that year, and is written for the Centennial Celebration. Mr. Martin possesses all the qualities of a good dramatist, and will, it is expected, contribute to literature, still more that will tend to enoble the stage representation of the Irish character.

Besides those here mentioned, Irishmen generally occupy prominent positions in the ranks of industry, in the various walks of commerce, in the professions, in the domain of science and in public life. Their patriotism, energy, and eloquence have borne the greatest fruit. In not a few instances, in municipal, provincial and federal politics, we find our compatriots enjoying the confidence of their fellow-citizens of different origins.

In addition to the many societies attached to each parish, such as temperance organizations, Irish national societies, Catholic Mutual Benefit Associations, Catholic young men's societies, literary clubs and reading circles, Montreal is also an important centre of Forestry. The members of this organization number over six thousand. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, although but lately introduced into Canada, has a membership of nearly two thousand in the city. It is a very pretty sight to see the representatives of this society, headed by the Hibernian band and two hundred

uniformed knights, marching through the streets of the city on the feast of Ireland's Apostle.

The members of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, mostly young Irishmen, are well known throughout the continent for the active part they have taken in promoting every species of athletic exercise. The Association has one of the finest lacrosse teams in America. As the record shows, they have held the championship for at least twelve of the last twenty-four years. The Association has a magnificent Club house and grounds, purchased at a considerable cost. Every Irish Canadian has reason to feel proud of the Shamrocks, who have upheld the reputation of what Erin's sons can do in games, just as the records of other avocations show what they can do in the sphere of learning.

The establishment of a society composed of the Irish Catholic young men of all the parishes is greatly in need. If the English-speaking young men were to unite, and if they had at their disposal a large building equipped with reading rooms, library, dramatic hall, gymnasium, baths and apartments where night school could be held, it would be of immense benefit to the rising generation. All that is required is a sum to defray the cost of building, for, if once completed, there is no doubt but that the revenue would easily cover current expenses.

The *True Witness*, the only English Catholic paper in Montreal, and the oldest in the Dominion, contains the news of the Catholic world, English, Irish and Scotch doings, as also sermons and lectures by orators of the day and editorials on current topics. These items make it a decidedly interesting

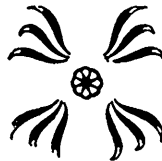
paper, but, despite this, many of the English-speaking Catholics do not support it, and, as a consequence, the company is in a poor financial condition. If the Irish population do not enjoy all the rights and privileges that should be theirs, it is mainly due to their non-support of the *True Witness*. If it were made a daily paper, the English-speaking Catholics would find in the *True Witness*, an influence that would no doubt be successful in obtaining a public recognition of their rights. It is for this end that many prominent citizens are striving to have a daily, instead of a weekly issue. We may here acknowledge our indebtedness to the *True Witness* for a number of facts and dates relating to the early history of the different parishes.

One can form an idea of the Irish spirit in Montreal by watching the St. Patrick's Day processions. From early morning on that occasion, numerous bands play the soul-inspiring Irish airs, until, at about eight o'clock, the different societies begin to file into St. Patrick's Church. Long ere the service begins, every available seat is taken. At nine o'clock the Archbishop of Montreal

celebrates Pontifical High Mass, and some distinguished orator fills the pulpit. Mass being over, the procession begins to line up. The different societies with their bands and banners proceed through the thickly thronged and richly decorated streets, taking sometimes an hour to pass a fixed point. In the afternoon and evening all the theatres, as well as the public halls are occupied by the many organizations. In these places the happy-hearted throngs enjoy dramatic entertainments and banquets at which are expressed sentiments of the deepest attachment to the green hills of Erin. "The grandsire, who for the preceding twelve months had seldom left the fireside, bounds to the cheery notes of "St. Patrick's Day," pins his Shamrock on his breast and takes his stand on the sidewalk to watch the procession go by, thumping the point of his blackthorn on the pavement all the while, as if to say: 'I am old, it is true, but let no enemy of Ireland run risks by insulting me to-day.'"

J. J. FITZGERALD,

2nd. Form.





*THE LEGEND OF THE LADY KATHLEEN.*



Vo, vo! o'er all the land of Erin fair and feeling.  
 Vo, vo! the famine stalks in cottage and in shieling.  
 The famine, like a hungry wolf bred in the plague morasses,  
 Tears at the vitals of the poor as on his way he passes.  
 "Ochone! ochone!" the mother cries in answer to his snarling,  
 "Agra machree!" dead on her knee lies many a bright-eyed darling.

Safe in her mansion by the stream, 'mid woodlands green  
 and shady,  
 In peace and cheer lived Kathleen, a fair and noble lady,  
 'Till broke the dark cloud of distress above the hapless  
 island,  
 And phantom shapes of starvelings haunted every vale and  
 highland ;  
 Then paled the rose upon her cheek, and thrilled her heart  
 with pity,  
 And scattered were her stores to hungry homes in field and  
 city ;  
 Then wearied were her knees in prayer to the divine High  
 Warden  
 For His poor children agonized in Gethsemane's garden ;  
 Receiving answer, it may be, in sad, prophetic vision  
 Of angels holding chalices of woe's supreme fruition.

Souls of God's poor are precious in the sight of Good and  
 Evil ;  
 That to uplift, this to degrade to its own hopeless level.  
 Marvel not then that emissaries satanical wandered  
 Tempting the people: food and gold in that vile cause were  
 squandered.

With pallid cheek, in trembling haste came Kathleen's aged  
 steward ;  
 "Two agents of the Evil One are offering golden reward  
 Among your starving tenants: deeds of sale they boldly  
 proffer  
 To be signed in the scanty blood of those who with them  
 chaffer."

All horror stricken Kathleen listened, but made answer straightway ;  
 " Empty my treasury of its gold and silver, from the gateway  
 Of hell to save my people,—not one of them shall perish  
 Even to my heart's last drop of blood shall I Christ's poor  
 ones cherish."

The treasury was emptied, but, yet the arch-foe Aman  
 Sat in high places fitly leagued with tyranny and famine ;  
 Still the fiend agents sought for souls: the Lady, empty-  
 handed,  
 Stood powerless with famine, fiends and fever 'gainst her  
 banded.

Then 'rose she, pale and cold, arrayed in white as for a bridal,  
 And went unto the hall where sat the demon agents, so long  
 idle ;  
 Now grimly hopeful of a harvest, venerable in seeming,  
 Two gray old men were they with eyes like sharpened steel  
 blades gleaming.

Starting, they stood aghast, as on their gaze the vision  
 Of Lady Kathleen appeared, as if a sight elysian  
 Had pierced them through with nameless pain ; with hurried  
 voice and gesture  
 One spoke : " What would you with us, maid of stainless  
 soul and vesture  
 Less fair, though whiter than the snow now falling cold and  
 silent ?"  
 " Do you buy souls ?" the Lady asked, with heart-throb  
 sharp and violent.  
 " Yes, we buy souls, fair maid with angel face and eyes of  
 sapphire."  
 " I sell a soul, but it is costly ; high must be your offer :  
 Give me five hundred thousand crowns in gold ; your parch-  
 ment sable  
 Then will I sign." The old men doubting, muttered : " 'Tis  
 a fable !"  
 But, presently a chest of gold they opened, counting slowly  
 Five hundred thousand crowns unto the victim fair and holy.  
 Shudd'ring she signed the Deed of Sale, while on her ears  
 the laughter  
 Of fiends exultant, sickening, fell, and angels wailed : " Here-  
 after !"

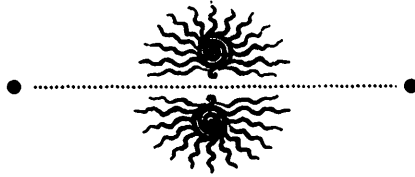
Back to her mansion by the stream, with slow and heavy paces  
 Went Lady Kathleen through a crowd of wan, appealing  
 faces ;  
 Summoned her steward : " Take this gold. Buy food for  
 the despairing.

A week hence from a port of France a ship will be repairing  
Hither, with ample succors; 'till then this gold suffices:  
So shall my people's souls be saved, but mine the sacrifice is."

Then in her chamber locked, no eye beheld the Lady's  
anguish;

No mortal heard her cries or saw her slowly sink and languish.  
She died of grief for her soul's loss, but divine revelation  
Made known to certain saintly men that her self-abnegation  
God chose to recompense by cancelling the Deed infernal;  
Now dwells she with her people in the land of bliss eternal

E. C. M. T.



*HUMAN REASON AND ITS LIMITS.\**

**I**T appeared to us, who, in the arduous pursuit of knowledge have been endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of the great saint and philosopher whom we to-night celebrate that we could do him no greater honour than ponder over for a few moments some of the many sublime truths which his powerful mind has elucidated. Among these we have chosen human reason, not because the angelic doctor is more diffuse and explicit upon this subject than he is upon others, not because it is least philosophical or easiest of comprehension but rather because it is the noblest faculty with which human nature is adorned and, moreover, the various ways in which it has been abused, especially in modern times, makes it expedient and even necessary for all true men to have correct and sound notions concerning its great powers. But, under such a title a very long essay could be written; in fact, many philosophers have made it comprise their whole system of philosophy. We will, therefore confine our few remarks on human reason to its fallibility and limits.

What is human reason? Have we ever asked ourselves this question or dwelt sufficiently upon it? It is a fact that while we regard with the greatest enthusiasm, the æsthetic productions of art whose chief merit consists in an imitation of nature, we leave to the minds of poets and other geniuses the appreciation of these, and other inimitable

beauties, portrayed in nature itself. In this we will perhaps find the cause of our failure to recognize the sublimity of that faculty, which so ennobles man that he not only knows his own nature and directs himself to his last end, but even can penetrate to a certain extent, into the infinite essence of his very Creator. In man, reason is the source of all his science, the starting point of his activities, the root of his liberty and the principle of all enlightenment and progress. It is that power which elevates him above, and makes him master of all creation. All animals, except man are guided unknowingly to their last end, by the hand of God; but to man alone is it given to understand his destination and, above all, to go freely to it. Thus he participates the intellect of his Creator and is truly His master piece.

Philosophy defines human reason as that faculty in virtue of which we proceed from one truth directly seen by the mind to another not so well known. In other words, by a process of reasoning we go from principles to conclusions. This brings us to what is known in philosophy as first principles. Since reasoning always supposes some truths known and acknowledged, it is quite evident that we must ultimately come to fundamental principles which we cannot prove or rather which need no proof and must be admitted by all. These truths are such that when laid before the mind, they are so naturally adapted to it, that we at once give our consent to them. Of these, the primary one is the

\* Read in the Academic Hall on the Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin, March 7th, 1898.

principle of contradiction, which says that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time. Now, when this proposition is enunciated the mind immediately analyses the idea of being or existence and sees that it excludes non-being. To most men it would appear absurd that there could be the slightest doubt concerning this principle or that there could be the remotest possibility of a thing existing and not existing at the same time. However, as there is no error, no matter how absurd which cannot find some to bless and sanction, we must not be surprised to learn that a certain number, who would call themselves philosophers, have doubted of this and every other truth.

But leaving aside these considerations we come to what is more important concerning reason, viz.:—how truth is acquired and whence arises error. In the first place it is most necessary, that in the pursuit of truth we begin with the firm foundation of true principles. We could not expect to form a correct science of astronomy on the supposition that the earth is flat instead of spherical, or that the sun revolves around the earth. So, in philosophy, true conclusions suppose true premises.

But now the question arises : can human reason from true principles deduce false conclusions or in other words is it fallible ? Such a question deserves all the attention we can give to it, for the opinions generally held are widely different. Some thinkers so elevate human reason as to make it absolutely infallible, the supreme criterion of truth, and a guide to be trusted and followed in all circumstances. Other philosophers tend toward the opposite extreme. They would have as believe

that reason of itself is incapable of producing any certitude, and, in its feebleness must be helped by some superior power. Here as in all cases "in medio stat virtus" Shunning with horror the Scylla of rationalism, on the one hand, with St. Thomas and the other scholastics we avoid with care the Charybdis of traditionism, on the other, and maintain that, although our intellect like everything else created is finite and limited, yet in its proper sphere, it is capable of guiding us safely to truth. This is proven from the following argumentation. It is a general and absolute law of nature that every thing exists for a purpose which it is capable of accomplishing. But, the only end for which reason has been created is the attainment of truth, as the universal tendency of mankind to knowledge, sufficiently demonstrates. Consequently by its nature it is ordained to truth and cannot err. How then can we account for the various pernicious errors so prevalent in the world? Though reason is naturally infallible, yet there are two things which must not be overlooked viz; that it is limited and that it frequently meets with obstacles which turn it from its proper course to truth into the path of error. If it were not for the great number of rationalists of our present day, it would not be necessary to demonstrate this fact. Indeed it is quite evident to all, except a few obstinate and impious philosophers. If we but look about us, we readily discover that nature itself is as yet an inscrutable mystery; for, after all, our greatest scientific notions of her remarkable phenomena have no firmer basis than probable theories, which in time may be shown to be erroneous. In

spite of this, we have men, even in this age of progress and advancement, who loudly assert that human reason is quite capable of reaching all truth and, whatever is beyond its feeble power is absolutely impossible. Their doctrine is "Admit only what you can see and what you can understand; every thing else is chimerical and must be rejected. Among the various causes which bring about such errors we may mention two, as deserving of notice, viz our surroundings, and the authority of others.

Travellers among the oriental nations, tell us that among some of those eastern people, there is a great demand for white sparrows which are used as domestic pets, just as songsters are, in our American homes. But as sparrows of this particular colour are not supplied by nature in sufficient numbers, dealers resort to very ingenious methods to obtain them; among which the best is the following. A pair of grey coloured birds are procured and placed in a room whose walls and contents are whitened. The result is that after a certain time a brood of white birds is obtained. Whether there is any truth in this, we are not prepared to state. However taking it as a comparison there is something certain which we may learn, viz.: that even we are strongly influenced by our environments. It is for this reason the prevalence of materialistic ideas and positivism in our time has been attributed by many as the exclusive study of natural sciences. We do not condemn, by any means the study of these sciences for we believe with all sensible men that God has given us the physical world for our special benefit and even as a means of developing our higher faculties.

Yet we cannot look with unmixed feelings of pleasure upon the impetus which Bacon and others have given these studies when we see the numerous errors which they have caused. Nor is this mere theory or abstract speculation. On the contrary there is scarcely a day passes on which we do not hear or read of some scientists of greater or less notoriety, who has given a very learned lecture, the whole burden of which is, that man is purely matter and his intelligence is but the wonderful climax of a long series of evolutions which this matter has been undergoing through countless ages. Of course, such ideas are not the result of a few hours spent in the study of physical phenomena but rather of a constant and persistent application of the faculties to them.

When Darwin published his first work on Evolution, he did not deny creation, but rather took it as the starting point of his theory. Some time afterwards he contradicted this, boldly affirming that matter has existed from eternity. The reason of all this lies in the fact that these men become so immersed, as it were, in matter and its forces, that they are fully persuaded that it is the only reality, and they, consequently, refuse to admit anything which does not fall under the observation of their external senses.

Another great cause of error is authority. It is an indubitable fact that every person, even the humblest amongst us exerts an influence, perhaps unseen, but none the less lasting upon those with whom he comes in contact. What then must be expected by those who, on account of their wisdom, real or imagined, are looked upon by people, as their natural leaders. The sad errors, especially in religion, which to-day

mar the civilization of the world, would surely never have existed had not some sober brow blessed and approved of them in the past.

From these considerations it appears evident that in spite of all that can be said to elevate human reason, it is very useful and even necessary that there should exist something to help and guide it. We ought to be

exceedingly grateful that Divine Providence has not only from time to time raised up great expounders of truth, such as St. Thomas, but has even vouchsafed to give us an authority which in regard to things concerning the ultimate end of our existence is the infallible teacher of truth.

FERDINAND LAPPE, '98.



### NOT TO-DAY !

The earth is frozen beneath our weary feet,  
 And we would fly away !  
 Yet the familiar sunshine seemeth sweet ;  
 Tempting us here to stay.  
 Joy so crowneth sorrow,  
 Let Heaven come to-morrow .  
 Not to-day !



*ST. PATRICK'S DAY.*

In crowded city, state or town,  
 No matter what their great renown,  
 Where'er the sons of Erin stay,  
 They stop awhile to-day to pray.  
 And ask of God, 'gainst kingly pelf,  
 To save old Ireland for Himself.  
 And likewise—this with fervent  
 mien—  
 To keep St. Patrick's memory green.

THE thoughts embodied in the above lines appeal to me as the most appropriate with which I can describe the feelings of the students of Ottawa University as they arose on the morning of March 17. The benign influence of St. Patrick's natal day, with its train of recollections, was evident on every countenance, and seemed to instil a cordial spirit into the whole student body. The hearty salutations of "Top o' the mornin'," passing from one to another, betokened the universal good feeling. There were happy faces and cheerful badinage everywhere. The trait that distinguishes the sons of Erin when assembled for general rejoicing was strongly in evidence. Whether real or acquired for the occasion no one stopped to investigate. It was sufficient that it was felt by all, and all seemed the better for it. Everyone was Irish in spirit, from the small yard's youngest descendant of the founders of Canada to those in the house who came direct from the land of the Shamrock, and "Saint Patrick" was heard scarce oftener than "Saint Patrice."

There is perhaps no day on the calendar of saints' feasts which con-  
 duces so strongly to intermingle love

of God with love of country as that of St. Patrick. Certainly there is none to Irish people and their descendants. And if there has been any suspicion in recent years that his memory was receiving less notice than formerly, the celebration by the students this year would indicate that such suspicion never arose in the University. The observance showed very plainly that his memory still holds the warm place in the people's hearts that it has ever held, and will continue to do so.

No departure was made from the manner that has prevailed in the College for twelve years, of keeping the day. Yet, since details, which go to make up the whole, can never be repeated, the celebration, while the same in essential particulars as past years, was, like every good thing, no matter how often repeated, altogether new. The banquet, with its music, speeches and jollity, was a highly appropriate manner of honoring the anniversary, and it scarcely needs to be said that it was enjoyed by all in attendance.

The boys arose at 6.30, and after partaking of a light lenten breakfast, were free until 9 o'clock. In the meantime they began to prepare a true college appetite for the mid-day festival. At 9 o'clock, Rev. Father Constantineau, assisted by Father Tighe, as deacon, and Brother Sullivan, as sub-deacon, celebrated high mass at St. Joseph's Church, which was attended by all the students. Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Dublin, preached a sermon on the life of St. Patrick. He reviewed Patrick's life from birth to death.



showing how he had acquired the strength for his apostolic work by prayerful vigils during the years of his bondage. He called attention to the fact that wherever the Catholic religion is practiced, St. Patrick is honored as one of its most illustrious expounders. He exhorted the congregation to emulate his spirit.

After mass the boys were again free. The boarded rectangle in the yard was once more resorted to as a stimulant, and a steady "tramp, tramp," kept up until 12.30. By this time a hundred or more rapacious appetites were worked up, which were destined to be fully satisfied. The annual banquet was gorgeously spread in the recreation hall. When the doors were thrown open a pretty sight was exposed to view. The tables were lavishly covered with the choicest edibles. The hall was tastily decorated with evergreen and bunting and numerous appropriate banners hung on the walls. Barrett's orchestra discoursed music during the progress of the dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Photographer Jarvis took a view of the hall while the dinner was going on; many striking attitudes could be seen amongst the crowd.

After the company had gratified the inner man and were enjoying the luxury of their cigars, Toastmaster Gleeson announced the speech-making. However, before giving out the toasts, he read letters of regret from the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor General, and Mr. J. M. Quinn, M.P., who were prevented by previous engagements from attending the banquet.

The Glee Club opened the entertainment programme by singing "Erin the Tear and the Smile."

"The Pope" was the first toast announced. T. E. Cullen responded.

Mr. Cullen gave a grand eulogy of the holy father, and captivated all present by the intense earnestness of his delivery. He said in part: "It is most befitting that the first toast of this splendid banquet should be in honor of him whom Catholics the world over honor as the grand and glorious Leo XIII. Would that I were able to fittingly respond to the toast of that great name. A volume is required and the eloquence of a Chrysostom to speak adequately of him, who is the column of truth, the safeguard of rights, the light of the world, the irremovable barrier against error and vice. The person of Leo stands gigantic and shining as a light in dark places, as a bright sun in our restless and turbulent age, as the advocate of peace and universal disarmament among the war-provoking nations of the world. The loftiness of his intellect, the integrity of his life, the purity of his purposes, the nobility of his enterprises, the youth-like enthusiasm for good to all Christendom and mankind command and win the esteem and admiration even of the enemies of our holy church. \* \* \* And what a glorious pontificate! Success and triumph have marked his every act. He has seen the Bismarcks replaced by the Hohenlohes; the Irish coercion acts of the '80s by the remedial measures of '98; the phenomenal growth of the church in America, the turn of the tide in old England herself; and while he still pines within the prison walls of his vatican home, yet he can proudly boast of the fervent love and unquestioned obedience of two hundred and fifty millions of the truest hearts that ever beat in the bosoms of men. \* \* \* Whatever must be written on the face of the nineteenth century, there is one thing that must be

written in letters of burnished gold, and it is the pontificate, glorious and magnificent, of this saintly old man, who sits in Rome, a prisoner in the vatican, still crowned with the honor and glory of which no man can deprive him—Leo XIII! head of the Catholic Church."

L. E. O. Payment sang the beautiful Irish ballad, "Killarney."

"St. Patrick's Day" was the title of a toast entrusted to J. E. Doyle. This popular theme was seldom, if ever, more worthily treated. As it was perhaps the most appropriate toast of the day, much was expected of the speaker. His sentiments proved to be fully alive to the occasion, and his expression thoroughly in keeping with them. The following is only a part of his grand address: "Gentlemen, why this gathering here to-day? Why do I see in this hall, so beautifully decorated, such a noble assembly of gentlemen and students? Is it simply to partake of the sumptuous repast spread before us; to hear the sweet, soothing strains of the harp, so dear to every Irish heart? No, we have a higher and a nobler motive. We are here to celebrate St. Patrick's Day; to celebrate the glorious anniversary of the advent of St. Patrick to the land of the Shamrock, the home of our fathers. We are here to do honor to the glorious patron of Ireland. All over the world, wherever there is an Irishman, there may we see to-day floating in the breeze the green banner which bears the Shamrock and the Harp; and on the breast of every true son of dear old Erin is conspicuous the modest tri-leaved flower, the symbol of Ireland's unwavering faith. St. Patrick's Day always brings me a feeling of joy and pride different from all other feasts of the year: joy that

the light of faith was spread in Ireland by such a great apostle, and pride that the conduct of our forefathers has been such as never to bring sorrow to the heart of the great saint who came among them."

A quartette, comprising Messrs. Payment, Bertrand, Cullen and McCormack, sang "Land of the Maple."

"Our Lady of the Snows" was treated jointly by J. T. Hanley and L. E. O. Payment. Both being Canadians, they upheld the merits of the great Dominion in an admirable manner. The following is taken from Mr. Hanley's remarks: "True, it is, in France, Canada is sometimes referred to as, 'a few acres of snow;' in Italy, as 'some ice and a few Indians.' But, gentlemen, we will not quarrel with those who thus basely misrepresent us. We know how spacious are the boundaries of this vast Dominion, and despite the insinuating remarks heard on every side regarding the inclemency of our climate, we know that it is really preferable to many a more temperate zone. Here we do not live in constant dread of devastating plagues such as cholera, liver-complaint or malaria fever. Our summers are not too warm, and our winters, except for an occasional day when a person must be a little extra attentive to the arrangement of his wraps, are such as are best calculated to give a healthful, rosy glow to the cheek, and to instil new vigor into the blood that rushes through our veins. And then the natural resources of our country, are, as we all know, inferior to those of no other nation in the civilized world. For agricultural pursuits no soil is more productive than ours; our fisheries lose nothing by comparison with those of any other country; while

the extent of our mineral wealth has not as yet been fathomed. The silver and copper mines along Lake Superior, and the iron deposits of the Laurentian region are very productive; while the seemingly inexhaustible coal supplies of the maritime provinces and the extensive but as yet unexplored beds of the same mineral known to exist in north-western Canada promise to yield an abundant supply of fuel for the use of generations yet unborn."

The following is extracted from Mr. Payment's address: "The French-Canadian students of the University of Ottawa rejoice with their Irish fellow-students on this ever memorable day, and join with them heart and soul in their grand celebration of the feast of St. Patrick. The great saint whose feast we are celebrating has a very particular claim to our affections; for though the Scotchman lays claim to him as his countryman, it is pretty generally conceded that St. Patrick was born in France. But since seven cities of Greece claim the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, might not seventy times seven kingdoms claim that of having given a St. Patrick to the world. He has a great right to our love, because he was a son of France; to the love of Ireland, because he was her apostle; to the love of all Catholic nations, because he was a great Catholic; to the love of the church, because he is one of her most illustrious saints.

\* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, as you are aware, the French-Canadians are descendants of the glorious French race of which even its enemies must speak in the most glowing terms. The French-Canadians have inherited from the parent state those qualities that distinguish Frenchmen from all

other peoples on the globe. They are noted for their frugality, their industry and their perseverance. They crossed the Atlantic to make Canada their home, and have been loyal to the land of their adoption. We know how sadly our forefathers were neglected by the French king, who, when this country fell into the hands of England, consoled himself with the thought that, after all, he had lost only a valueless region of ice and snow. France now knows how greatly her king had deceived himself, for through the efforts of the few that remained, the Province of Quebec, of which they were the pioneers, has become one of the most flourishing portions of our great Dominion, and fields of waving grain and orchards now greet the eye where once stood the virgin forests that formed the hunting grounds of the great Indian tribes of North America. Considering the physical features of the Province of Quebec, that it is in great part mountainous, all must concede that it ranks equal to the other parts of the Dominion in agriculture. In sciences and arts it ranks second to none; in higher education it ranks among the first, while it holds the proud title of having produced the only Canadian literature worthy of the name. Lord Charles Russell is authority for the statement that the Quebec bar far surpasses in the number of classical men that of any other province in the Dominion."

J. P. Clarke rendered "Ireland boys, hurrah," in a pleasing style, which was well received.

"The Centenary" was the subject of an excellent discourse by J. E. McGlade. The heroic struggle of the patriots of '98 appealed strongly to his love of freedom through self-government, and his sentiments

were thoroughly in harmony with his feelings. He spoke in part as follows: "The question has been asked why Irishmen should celebrate the centenary of a movement which brought nothing but disaster to their country. In reply I will only say that it is not for the purpose of celebrating the defeat of their ancestors that Irishmen will flock from all parts of the world to their own dear Ireland; but to celebrate that spirit of patriotism which united all Irishmen, irrespective of class or creed, and sent them forth to do battle against great odds for the freedom and independence of their country. Consider that there is, in this year of the centenary celebration, a most sacred duty devolving upon every Irishman and every son of an Irishman to join hands with his fellow-countrymen in showing to the world, and to England in particular, that the spirit of patriotism and independence which animated the heroes of '98 is still alive in the breasts of their descendants. I regret to have to say England in particular, for to Canada England has been nothing if not kind. But I cannot ignore the fact that her attitude towards Ireland has been quite the reverse, and if to-day I am forced to speak harshly of the mother country it is only because she has brought it upon herself. It is just as well, too, for England to know that Canadians, loyal as they are to the British crown and as much as they value their British connection, would not tolerate, for the space of twenty-four hours, any policy of the home government towards Canada, which entailed the slightest resemblance to the oppression that is being inflicted upon the Irish people. Yes, gentlemen, Irishmen shall celebrate the

centenary; they shall honor the men who fought for Ireland's freedom in '98; they shall honor their bravery, their self-sacrifice and their patriotism; but they shall honor most of all the spectacle they gave to the world in the united Irishmen working together in common cause for the common good of their country."

The Glee Club sang the "Star-Spangled Banner."

"The Stars and Stripes" seldom received a more brilliant panegyric than that accorded them by M. A. Foley in response to the toast announced in those words. The speaker's impressions of his native country were happily epitomized, and met with vociferous approval from the American students as well as hearty appreciation from their Canadian companions. A brief sketch of his address is given below: "The toast to my native country! What a theme! Would that I could give utterance to the words of my heart. But, alas, no language is known to man whose words are fluent enough in which to fittingly eulogize the land of his birth, even if it be but the desert plains of barren Arabia or the tangled wilds of darkest Africa. There is our glorious flag hung in graceful folds; and as we gaze and gaze upon the "Star-Spangled Banner" forgotten are our festive surroundings, and on imagination's fleet wings we are borne back to fair Columbia, our motherland. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the broad St. Lawrence to the rolling Rio Grande stretch her vast domains. Peace and contentment, happiness and prosperity, these precious jewels, are scattered broadcast. Liberty tempered by rules ordained by herself; liberty of religious belief is every man's inheritance. The marts of every nation are open to

her manufacturers and merchants. The portals for every capital stand ajar for the entrance of her ambassadors. Her banner floats over every sea. And why? Because the United States have proven themselves worthy of the confidence and trust of the greatest and the meanest. Their mission is not martial; on the contrary it is most peaceful. But though disliking war and loving peace, not once have they been insulted without prompt apology and indemnity. Gentlemen, when the treaty of Paris was signed on September 3, 1783, the eyes of the world were turned upon the thirteen confederated states. A government was to be established without a king, without a nobility, without castes, without a state religion, the tyrants of Europe trembled, their thrones tottered, as, with fearful, anxious eyes, they beheld the United States gaining strength and power day by day under the fostering care of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. The question was solved. There could exist a society of men, not merely under a government, but participating in a government. The world has seen our progress from thirteen confederated states to forty-five; the world has seen our increase in population from a paltry million or two to over seventy; the world has watched us from Washington to William McKinley, who now challenges the admiration of all; the world has seen our advance in arts, sciences and letters, in wealth, power and prosperity. All this has the world seen and wondered at. \* \* On this glorious day we behold the green and gold lovingly entwined with the red, the white and the blue. Borne aloft amid cheering thousands are these streaming banners of love, friendship and justice by the sturdy

sons of the Emerald Isle and fair Columbia. The sprig of shamrock, the bit of green, that flutters on the breast over the heart of every true American on this St. Patrick's day. Why is this? Go, read the answer on every page of our country's history; there shall you find emblazoned in letters of gold the names of Irishmen, warriors, statesmen and prelates. Read the answer on every battlefield from Lexington to Yorktown; from Queenston Heights to New Orleans; from Palo Alto to the City of Mexico; from Sumter to Appomatox. Remember Barry, 'half Irish, half yankee, and afraid of nobody;' dashing Sullivan; remember Mad Anthony Wayne; Jackson, 'born anywhere between Carrickfergus and Long Island;' remember gallant Kearney and Meagher; remember the gallant Irish brigade, of which was written, 'never at Fontenoy, Albuera or Waterloo was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe.'

M. J. O'Connell sang "Farewell, Old Ireland," in a touching style.

"Irishmen Abroad," was responded to by R. A. O'Meara. Mr. O'Meara gave an excellent account of the natives of Ireland who became famous in other countries, and also of the causes which led up to the principal periods of emigration. He said: "Although the exodus or expulsion of the Irish from their native land has been gradual for the most part, yet three distinct periods stand out prominently when Ireland's sons, voluntarily or involuntarily, directed their course to foreign lands. The first period goes back to the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Irish monks went forth

from their monasteries to spread the light of the gospel among the barbarous nations of the continent, for Ireland was at that time the bright light of Europe, and the glory of the Church of Christ. To her schools and universities flocked the youth of other nations in quest of knowledge which they could not receive in their own countries. By these seekers after learning the Irish monks were informed of the literary and spiritual darkness of the nations beyond the seas. Moved by the impulse of generosity for which the Irish have ever been noted, these devoted men bade farewell to home and all that was dear in this life, and went forth, travelling throughout the length and breadth of Europe, ever preaching and teaching with that unquenchable zeal and untiring energy by which the light and glory of Ireland's faith and learning was reflected abroad, and by which the dark clouds of paganism that hung over these foreign nations were dispelled forever. England was amongst the first of these countries upon which the Irish monks bestowed the priceless gift of faith. It was the Irish monks who first announced the gospel of Christ to all the Saxon kingdoms north of the Humber; it was the Irish monk, St. Columbkil, and his associates, who evangelized the Picts and Scots that inhabited Caledonia. The Irish monk, St. Gall, was the apostle of Switzerland. To be brief the Irish monks, St. Fridolind, St. Columbanus, St. Killian, St. Romauld, St. Cataldus, preached the gospel throughout Europe. And two others, Clement and Albinus, were known to every nation as the 'philosophers' or 'disseminators of wisdom.' Such indeed was the sanctity, self-sacrificing devo-

tion and attainments of those noble soldiers of Christ that they won for their fair island home the proud appellation of 'isle of saints and scholars.' \* \* We pass to another epoch which marks the second departure of Erin's sons to other lands, a subject sad to dwell upon. England had gradually extended her power over the island; the gallant but unequal struggle was at end, and the Irish soldiers, with characteristic inflexibility, departed to foreign lands, rather than submit to the perfidious treatment of the conqueror. They left their home, where patriotism had become treason, and went abroad to win renown and distinction which were denied them in their own fair isle; and with that dearer hope of one day returning with their French and Spanish allies to deliver their native land from the clutches of tyranny. \* \* \*

The year 1798 marks the third great exodus from Ireland. In that year the French revolution broke out. The Irish took up the cry of freedom, and rebellion followed. But again it became apparent that Ireland was not yet destined to become free. After a short but bloody struggle the rising was crushed. In 1800 the Irish Parliament ceased to exist, and from that date down to the present day the laws that govern Ireland have been framed in England. As a consequence of this change, industrial depression followed, and a livelihood was denied to a great part of Ireland's population, who were thus forced to seek homes in other lands."

The boys sung "The Championship Is Home Again," with much vin.

"Alma Mater" was treated by E. A. Bolger in a manner that met with

evident appreciation. His remarks about matters of local pride were especially appropriate. I quote the following: "There are at present in my breast two feelings which combat for supremacy, the feeling of gratification and the feelings of diffidence. I fully realize that *Alma Mater* is worthy of all that the best and trust of her sons can say of her. I am not certain that any words of mine can do her justice. I have one claim, however, to the distinguished privilege of speaking for *Alma Mater* and that is of having been a resident within these walls for some years. And I can only say that it is only when one nears the top of the ladder and glances backward through the *dim vistas* of six or seven years, that he really and fully appreciates how deeply he is indebted to the institution in which so many of his best years have been profitably spent. If a person be desirous of attaining an honorable position in the world, he must begin in the morning of life to store his mind with all that will command success, or if it be not given him to command it to do better to deserve it. We all know that the young man who seeks this necessary training in the University of Ottawa has only himself to blame, if, at the completion of his course, he does not find himself fully prepared to enter the list in the walks of life and cope successfully with graduates of other institutions. To bear out this assertion we have but to scan the catalogue of the graduates of this university and note the high and eminent places they have reached in the calling of their choice. \* \* \* Justice to *Alma Mater* requires me to say that one of the best features of this house is the attention given to athletics. Our athletic organiza-

tions, our sports on the campus have fostered a spirit of union and concord among the different classes of students. Base ball, lacrosse, hockey and football have been greatly encouraged, but in football particularly do we excell. I could dilate untiringly upon the stainless and glorious records of past football teams; but suffice it to say that we now claim the proud title of champions of Canada, and shall retain it as long as our strong spirit of union exists. That this spirit reigns amongst us is no idle boast. Everyone present, from the youngest to the oldest, has learned to feel pride in the success of his comrades, whether it be achieved on the football field, in the class room or in the columns of the wise old *Owl*. \* \* \* Whatever be your feeling in future regarding your own personal use of time here, at least never fail to do the University of Ottawa and her professors the justice of admitting and of asserting, if good can come of it, that a young man may in this institution find all that will perfect him as the noblest work of the creator—a true man."

Mr. Bolger sang "The Shamrock" to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

"Ireland's Muses" received excellent consideration from T. F. Clancy. The celebrated poets and prose writers were reviewed, and their works shown to be on an equality with any others known. He said: "It is fitting on occasions of this kind to recall to the minds of all Irishmen that although they may have been obliged to leave their native land and wander through distant climes, they yet belong to a race which has been the wonder of the world, the pride of the Catholic Church and the choice of Almighty

God. And as it was St. Patrick who armed them with the means by which they have become the holders of these proud titles, we chose this day in preference to all others to comment upon them. Second only to St. Patrick himself should be our appreciation of that wonderful galaxy of Irishmen who clung so closely to his doctrines and teachings and have preserved them stainless and in their original beauty even to the present day. \* \* \* The charge has been made that the Irish were illiterate, ignorant and even barbarous. But such charges are the offspring of bigotry, and are entirely groundless. No country in the world, of ancient or modern times has been so rich or fertile in the production of poets and songsters. Even among our pagan ancestors harmony was in high repute, and we need but study the history of ancient Erin to find a language and a literature, which, even in these days, scholars delight in deciphering, because of their beauties of poetic thought as well as the historic annals which they contain. People with a literature can be called anything but barbarous, for literature is the badge of civilization in every age. \* \* \* In the face of overwhelming disadvantages the natural desire for poetry, song and eloquence was secretly and in some unaccountable way transmitted from generation to generation. They carried their ancient wordless music in their hearts. The wandering piper and harper played dear melodies; the ploughboy whistled and the milkmaid hummed archaic airs. And so they were preserved like the disconnected jewels of a queen's necklace, till the master singer came about a century ago and gathered them up lovingly

and placed them forever in his precious setting of 'Melodies.' Ireland's indebtedness to Thomas Moore is inestimable."

J. F. O'Malley sang "Father O'Flynn."

"Soggarth Aroon" was responded to by Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Dublin. He explained the words to mean in English 'Priest, dear,' and after thus defining the subject, gave a touching description of the Irish priest's life amongst his parishioners. He was with them, the speaker said, at all times, consoling them in their sorrows and counseling them in their pleasures. He was an integral part of their lives, and was appealed to and relied upon in all emergencies. Father O'Reilly replied to the toast impromptu, taking the place of Rev. W. Howe, O.M.I., who was called away before that part of the programme was reached.

The toast to "Our Guests" was drunk with lusty good cheer. Responses were made by Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., Father Stanley, O.M.I., Rev. Father Newman, Mr. B. Slattery and Rev. Bro McKenna, O.M.I. Rev. Father Constantineau, rector, gave a short address previous, being called away on important matters. All of the speakers congratulated the students on the success of the banquet, and expressed the hope that much good would be derived from it. Father O'Reilly sang "All Night Sitting" and "Murty Hynes" affording much amusement to everyone. The banquet closed at about 5.30 o'clock, with all still in good spirits, and entertaining the opinion that the day was well spent.

D. McTIGHE,

First Form.



# The Owl.

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## THE STUDENTS' FRIENDS.

All are aware of the fact that we have many staunch friends among the citizens of Ottawa; but in many cases a large number of the students do not know the names of those who do them special favors. In view of this fact we take this opportunity of stating that the thanks of the students are due and are hereby tendered to the following firms for having kindly loaned us material for the decoration of our banquet hall on St. Patrick's Day:—Blythe & Co., Bryson & Co., Lang & Kimp, Larose & Co., R. M. McMorrان, and Richard & Co.

## THE ARROGANT TABLET.

There are castigations and castigations, but the masterful arraignment of the London Tablet, by the talented editor of the Antigonish Casket, is one of the most timely in application, and apt in its execution, of any which current journalism can afford.

Without doubt, the London Tablet is an able and influential weekly; its sound healthy criticism of what is deleterious in current literature, and its able defence of Catholic principles, have more than once brought commendation from the columns of the *Owl*, and merited the favorable criticism which they at times received

In its tendencies, however, the Tablet is unquestionably insular, and in no case does it show the "cloven foot" as prominently, as when speaking editorially on Irish affairs.

Sarcasm and ridicule, have ever been the stock-in-trade of our contemporary the Tablet, when the cause of Ireland appealed to its sanctum for a helping hand, in the battle for national self-government.

This is all the more to be regretted, when parties on every side, and especially the Catholic press—the Tablet excepted—conjointly endeavor to influence a tardy government, into bestowing at least a tithe of political independence on the noblest of peoples.

A sneering allusion to Ireland and the Irish in a recent issue of the Tablet, has afforded the facile pen

of the *Casket*, a capital opportunity of exposing this lamentable small-mindedness, and of giving back a rejoinder in that inimitable style which ranks the *Casket* among the foremost Catholic papers in America. Among other good things the *Casket* says: "John Bull can no more help being supercilious than he can go without his breakfast," and the assertion seems to be not far wide of the truth. Nor is it Irish affairs alone, that the *Tablet* undertakes to misrepresent; about Canadian questions likewise it persists in displaying the same "broad and comprehensive ignorance." During the whole discussion on the Manitoba School question, it failed to grasp the true features of the controversy, and by its misleading editorials was a "thorn in the side" of the struggling Catholics, who were at a loss to understand its antagonistic attitude. Again in a recent issue it gives currency to and adds its unqualified approval, of the issuance of that fictitious "reprimand," which contemptible prevaricators asserted, had been addressed by Rome, to an honored member of the Canadian hierarchy.

Let this quotation from the *Casket* speak for itself.

"The *Tablet's* ignorance of the facts is by no means surprising—rather would it surprise us by displaying the reverse; but it is passing strange that the pretentious journal at the sensitive nerve centre of the Empire—the precise location of which is

of course under the *Tablet* editor's hat—should be so unfamiliar with Rome's method of dealing with bishops.

"She does not treat them as cavalierly as does the mighty hebdomadal on the banks of the Thames which apparently regards a mere colonial Bishop in much the same light as the old Romans did a 'barbarian.'"

Well done Mr. *Casket*! You have conferred a favor on Canada by calling a halt to that exposition of blissful ignorance, which a representative Catholic weekly was dealing out to its unsuspecting readers.

We hope that it may have the effect of causing the *Tablet* to procure correspondents, other than that "professional prevaricator of Quebec city" to whom, as informant, you affirm these articles to be indirectly attributable.

Were we permitted a suggestion we would say, that should the *Tablet* wish to exercise an influence outside of England—and we believe it does—it must cultivate that gift of sympathy for the worthy and afflicted, it must throw off all insular tendencies, and national prejudices, and procure as its correspondents men whose disinterestedness will fit them for this responsible position, otherwise its exertions will fall on deaf ears, and will merit the criticism which such representative journals as the Antigonish *Casket*, are thoroughly competent to inflict.



*THE BANQUET.*

The St. Patrick's Day banquet has come to be considered in the University, as one of the most important and most agreeable events of the year. To say that, viewed in various ways, its occurrence last week was attended by unparralleled success, is but to extend to the students congratulations of which they are fully deserving. The size of the assembly, the number and character of the guests, the quality of the speeches, the beauty of the decorations, the excellence of the musical programme—all displayed extensive designs carefully conceived and successfully carried out. The action of the students in making the banquet an annual event, shows that in some respects they are in advance of their predecessors, and their example forcibly commends itself to the consideration of their successors. There is no doubt that the advantages to be derived from such a demonstration, easily outweigh the efforts it requires. Considered from an educational standpoint it greatly supplements the work of the classroom, and indeed affords information regarding social customs, which the classroom is not always expected to impart. It induces many to look up topics of Irish history—which, by the way, deserves more attention than it really receives from the average student—and moreover gives them an opportunity of expressing in public, ideas which may be of important service on future oc-

casions of a similar nature. It further warms one's patriotism, and by bringing members of different nationalities into contact for one common end, creates a closer union, thus fostering among the students a laudable spirit of mutual tolerance, familiarity and friendship. Were it only on account of the hours of harmless hilarity and genuine enjoyment afforded by the yearly banquet, we would feel warranted in giving it our emphatic approval, but accompanied as it is by numerous other inestimable benefits, we can not too warmly encourage its future occurrence as an annual event.

*ARRIVAL OF OUR NEW SUPERIOR.*

As was mentioned in last month's issue of *The Owl* an important change has been made in the administration of the University. For the last eight years Rev. Father McGuckin watched over and guided her destinies, and during that time won the confidence, respect, and love of all with whom he came in contact. He was ever looked upon by the students as a true "philosopher, friend, and guide," and when, a short time ago it was announced that continued ill health necessitated his retirement from the arduous position of Superior of our Institution, sadness seemed to settle upon the hearts of all those residing within its walls. But when Dame Rumor circulated among the boys the name of him who was to succeed their old favorite, and especially when the rumor assumed the garb of fact, their gloom was somewhat alleviated; for they saw in Rev. Father Constantineau one whose amiable manner added to his many

other estimable qualities of head and heart, promised to make his popularity as Superior of the University as great as it had been among the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church. It was accordingly with feelings of expectant pleasure that the Rev. Brothers from the Scholasticate and all the Fathers and students of the University assembled in our spacious Academic Hall to welcome the newly appointed Superior. The sentiments of the students were well summed up in the two addresses read respectively by Messrs E. Doyle and L. Payment. The English one was as follows:—

VERY REV. HENRY A. CONSTANTINEAU,  
O. M. I., M. A., D. D.

RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The students of the University desire to extend to you their warmest congratulations on your promotion to the high and responsible position to which the confidence of your superiors has called you. We are aware that the prudent choice of a Rector for the University of Ottawa is of such consequence, not only within the institution itself, but also beyond its walls, that the Sovereign Pontiff has reserved to himself the approval of that choice. Hence even were the new Rector unknown to us, we would feel that a wise choice had been made, and that loyalty to Holy Church, and *Alma Mater* required us to do him honor.

You, Very Reverend Father, besides the respect to which authority gives you a claim, may well expect us to cherish a sincere regard for you on account of your long connection with the University and your personal acquaintance with many amongst us. We rejoice that by your appointment, an alumnus of the institution is, for the first time in her history, placed at her head. We have the most confident hope of seeing experience show that a son of *Alma Mater* can fittingly fill the office of her Rector just as many of her sons acceptably occupy other high places in Church and State.

It is a subject of satisfaction to all friends of the University that you enter upon your new duties under most auspicious circumstances. The many years you have spent in Ottawa have given you experience which must tend to make your future efforts fruitful, and to second you in these efforts, you have a large and efficient staff of professors, all, your brother Oblates, and many of them old and tried friends. The present academic year has brought the institution a large increase in the number of students and we are proud and happy to be able to say that the monthly records testify to the uniformly gentlemanlike deportment and, in general, to the satisfactory progress in their studies of the young man whom you see before you. The period of prosperity which seems to have opened for the country, will no doubt benefit the University, by adding to her registers the names of many desirable students.

Despite these gratifying facts, however, we know, Very Reverend Father, that, by their nature, the duties of our Rector must ever be arduous. In exchanging the office of Pastor of St. Joseph's Parish for that of Rector of the University, we are sure you are making a great sacrifice of personal inclination. Your generous response to the call of duty is edifying to us, as you show us by example even more convincingly than you have ever done by stirring words, that the faithful fulfilment of duty is to be placed by the good Christian, before and above all personal considerations.

In conclusion, Very Reverend Father, we pray the Giver and Ruler of all to accord you health and strength to long carry on the noble work allotted to you.

And the Reverend Father replied in terms not less cordial. He had hoped, he said, now that the new St. Joseph's Church was completed, to enjoy for a few years the fruits of his labor; but "man proposes, God disposes." He was fully aware how onerous was the task he had been allotted in being raised to his new dignity; but he knew that in the

performance of his duties he would have the hearty cooperation of all around him, and thus his work would be made lighter and more agreeable. The occasion of the appointment of a new Superior, he said, should be an extraordinary one; and to make the boys remember it as such, the Rev. Father announced that the following day was to be a holiday, and that he had arranged with the Rev. Bursar to have the tables of the dining-hall decked with rare profusion for the event. In return, he asked that, while he was resolved to do his best to promote their welfare, the students would promise to make his task as light as possible, and would pledge this mutual agreement by a rousing old V-A-R-. And the cheer that followed was such as could be given by none but students, and by them only when expressing the feelings of their hearts.



### THE SEVENTEENTH AT THE SCHOLASTICATE.

The Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the Oblate Scholasticate, Ottawa East, this year maintained befittingly a custom time-honored in that institution; they once more celebrated with special enthusiasm the religious and national festival of dear old Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day, at the first streaks of dawn, solemn high mass was sung to call down a plenitude of cheering heavenly benedictions upon those participating in that feast of gladness, and also to implore the Divine Omnipotence in behalf of the widely scattered millions who claim "Hibernia's Champion Saint" as the Father of their unwavering faith. This imposing religious function was a very apt preparation for the grand holiday it introduced.

During the day, everyone seemed fired with genuine Celtic ardor; all vied with one another in duly commemorating a great saint to whom every civilized nation gladly acknowledges a never-lessening debt of gratitude. Shortly before seven in the evening, the Rev. Fathers and Brothers, as well as about a hundred students from the Juniorate, filed into the spacious lecture hall to enjoy a dramatic entertainment that had been provided for the occasion. The *Owl*, that wise scrutinizer, to which is sometimes attributed the gift of omnipresence, occupied a prominent place of vantage amongst the audience. From its observation-perch it noticed, with ill-concealed delight, that some distinguished members of the Ottawa University staff were also in attendance. The evening's enjoyment was introduced by a charming band selection, and, as the stirring strains died away, Bro. Kirwin stepped forward on the stage, and delighted everyone present by a brief, but highly eloquent and patriotic discourse on "The Day we Celebrate." The chief item on the programme was next in order. It was the well known Irish drama, "Robert Emmet," so appropriate for this present year of century-transmitted memories and so faithful in sad but heroic reminiscences. In the rendition of this rather difficult drama there was a very praiseworthy showing of histrionic ability, especially on the part of Bro. Fallon, who ably represented the youthful martyr-patriot. Bro. McGurty, in the person of "Darby O'Gaff," elicited roars of laughter and oft repeated applause. His heather-scented wit, and rich spontaneous brogue proved him a no less veritable sprig of Ould Erin, than his stage-name and general appearance would have led us to

believe. Bro. Kirwin as "O'Leary," and Bro. William as "Mike" also displayed, without apparent effort, a good share of Celtic humor, which was highly appreciated. Bro. Soubry represented Emmet's aged father, and Bro. Fortier, took the part of Dowdall, Emmet's friend. Bro. Paillé was the traitor Kernan, while Bro. Schang appeared as "Sergeant Topfall," and Bro. Legeault as "Corporal Thomas." Rev. Father Fletcher, Bro. A. Kulawy and Bro. Baron filled with sober mien, the all important, but by no means enviable position of Emmet's judges. Each of these actors carried out his role in a very creditable manner. In a word, the drama was excellently presented, and drew from the audience storms of applause again and again renewed.

The intervals between the acts were filled up by what we may justly consider very agreeable features of the programme. A glowing extract from Lacordaire, in which that distinguished son of France, in one magnificent overflow of his noble soul, describes with periodic power the allurements, trials and death-sufferings to which old Ireland was subjected, and the final triumph of her fidelity, was admirably set forth by Bro. Fortier. A quartette composed of Bros. Lebert, Kirwin, McGurty and Fortier sang "The Meeting of the Waters" with all the melody and deep feeling of which that masterpiece is the expression. Bro. Baron recited the "Pêcheur de Pâques" in a very pleasing manner, and, towards the end of the *seance* a clarinet, a violin and a zither under the skilful manipulation of Bros. A. and W. Kulawy, and W. Lang, were joined in sweet harmony for the rendering of a beautiful music-composition entitled, "Kegel-freuden." In the course of the

evening the Scholasticate band, under the able direction of Rev. Father Faure, played some choice selections. Ten o'clock had not yet sounded when the entertainment was brought to a close, and the audience separated, all highly and rightly pleased with its success.



### AT THE JUNIORATE.

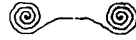
That ubiquitous personage, the *Owl* reporter, in the course of his St. Patrick's Day peregrinations, stumbled upon an agreeable surprise in the shape of an impromptu dramatic and musical entertainment given by the Irish juniors in honor of their patron Saint.

Despite the extemporaneous nature of the *seance*, the programme was carried out in a manner that did credit to the participators and evoked frequent rounds of applause from the audience. Mr. W. F. McCullough delivered an eloquent panegyric of the glorious Apostle of Ireland. In a few well-chosen words, he summed up the salient points of the life and labors of that second Abraham whom "the Lord called forth from his country, and from his kindred and from his father's house, to make of him a great nation in the land which was given him for his own." Briefly he spoke of the wondrous thoroughness of Patrick's work in Ireland—a thoroughness attested by the unswerving faith of the Irish race, by their unchangeable attachment to the religion of Christ, all the frenzied efforts of the "gates of hell" notwithstanding. He drew attention to Patrick's glories which are ours, and to our glories which are Patrick's; and concluded by a fervent peroration, calling upon Irishmen to show themselves the

worthy descendants of their grand progenitor in Christ.

Two mirth-provoking farces brought to light much hitherto latent histrionic talent. In the first of these comedies, Signor Fitzgerald proved himself a Past Grand Master in the Black Art, while Messrs Lang, Chaput, Lavoie and Fitzgerald stepped forward for the first time into public notice in the character of singers. In the "Doctor's Apprentice," Mr. Piette, an embryonic physician, exhibited himself as a very Handy Andy in the dispensation of the various medicines left to his charge by Dr. Scott, and justified his claim to the title of *M. D.* by sending a large proportion of his patients to the country for rest and quiet—beneath the green sod of the cemetery. A comic recitation by A. Lajeunesse was frequently interrupted by laughter and applause. "The curfew shall not ring to-night" was declaimed by Gerald Wall with a self-command, and a propriety of tone and gesture that bespoke a previous acquaintance with the stage. Nor were the strains of music wanting. An instrumental duet (violin and zither) by Messrs Bouchard and Lang, was one of the features of the evening. "The harp that once through Tara's halls" was the song chosen by Mr. Blanchard to display at once his patriotism and the compass and flexibility of a deep and mellow voice. The Juniorate band, which has now reached a high degree of perfection under the skilful tuition of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, rendered at suitable intervals, some choice selections from its repertory and closed the performance with the touching strains of "God save Ireland." The fact that the entertainment was a decided success, though it was arranged on the spur of the

moment and though the only rehearsal was the presentation itself, demonstrates to evidence that the Juniors treasure within their midst enviable stores of dramatic and musical talent.



### OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On the evening of March 7th, the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the students were treated to a little entertainment prepared for them under the auspices of the Academy of St. Thomas. In former years the concert has consisted wholly in a philosophical debate or the reading of papers on philosophical questions. This time however it was determined to make the event less formal so that it might be interesting not only to the Fathers and the students of the higher forms, but to the whole student body. Accordingly the interesting and well-wrought papers read by Messrs. Cullen and Lappé were supplemented by recitations, songs, and some very appropriate lime-light views displayed by Rev. Father Murphy. The various items on the programme were one and all heartily received; and when at length a many-colored "Good-Night" was thrown upon the canvas, the audience withdrew unanimous in the assertion that the evening had been most agreeably and profitably space.

The question before the Debating Society on Feb'y 27 was "Resolved: that philosophy is better calculated to develop the mental faculties than are the physical or mathematical sciences." Messrs Clancy and Kelly upheld well the negative, but were forced to bow before the many weighty arguments in favor of philosophy brought forward by Messrs Gleeson and O'Malley.

The subject for discussion on March 6 read as follows "Resolved: that the measures taken by the Dominion Government for the opening up of a highway to the Klondyke are the most advantageous that circumstances permit them to adopt." The resolution was defended by Messrs Albin, Davie and Murphy, while Messrs Foley, Martin and Burke assailed it and won by a small majority after an interesting and spirited debate.

On the following Sunday evening a little variation was introduced into the ordinary routine. Mr. F. Sims was arraigned before Judge Clancy to answer seven distinct charges, the most important of which were the practice of fraud in his first election to the Executive of the Debating Society, and the illegal use of intimidation in securing his second appointment as a member of the said committee. The prosecuting attorneys were Messrs Cullen and McTighe, while the prisoner was ably defended by barristers Conway and Galvin. After a long and very interesting trial the jury brought in the verdict "Guilty of one charge, namely, of having packed the meeting on the evening of his own debate." As the charge was a very weighty one, his Honor deferred sentence for two weeks. The OWL hopes he may see fit to make it as light as the law will allow.

The question discussed in the French Society on Feb'y 27 was "Resolved: that gambling is a greater bane to society than is drunkenness." Messrs M. Dion and T. Morin argued for the affirmative, Messrs O. Lemay and E. Bouchard for the negative, and the vote stood 24 to 5 against the resolution.

On the following Sunday, Messrs R. Lafond and A. A. Pinard main-

tained that "Chinese immigration should be prohibited by the Canadian Government." They were opposed by Messrs L. Payment and A. Lapointe; and after a closely contested discussion the first-named gentlemen were declared victors of the evening.



### NEW BOOKS.

*Fairy Gold*, by Christian Reid.

The *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind., \$1.00.

One of the most promising signs of literary activity in the United States is the amount of healthy fiction that is being offered to the reading public by Catholic writers. Prominent among these is Christian Reid, whose latest work is well worthy of a place in the splendid series of stories with which she has enriched American literature.

*Fairy Gold* is a wholesome tale of what might well be actual life. There is passion in it—love, revenge, ambition, and selfishness; but it is possible passion, not the awful article that forms the staple of so many modern books. Its author does not "make madness beautiful", nor "cast o'er erring deeds a heavenly hue of words". *Fairy Gold* gives no false views of human life, character and destiny. It is a book that anyone may read with safety, with pleasure and with profit. The style is chaste and simple, with here and there a page of elegant and eloquent beauty. The dialogue—so often the bane of stories—is peculiarly lively and appropriate. Too many events are, perhaps, crowded into the short space of time occupied by the story. The reader is somewhat surprised to learn all that has happened within a year. Helen



Morley, Claire Alford and Marion Lynde are three sweet girl graduates of a certain convent. In the first twelvemonth that succeeds their leaving school, Helen has loved and lost, been wooed and won; Claire has worked her way to highest fame among the great artists of home, and then refuses human love for the "divine love" to be found in what she calls her true home, the cloister; and Marion rejects with scorn a first and unworthy suitor, dismisses through a queer mixture of selfishness and petulance the man she loves and who loves her, gently puts aside a third offer of marriage, and finally finds happiness in a return to him who had always filled her heart. Yet there is nothing improbable in the story; on the contrary everything is smooth and natural. The sketching of the character of Marion Lynde shows power, is subtle and well worked out, and will reply analysis.

Through the book runs a vein of frank, but inoffensive, Catholic teaching, that should make it a valuable evangelist among our separated brethren.

*History of the Catholic Church in the diocese of San Antonio, Texas.*  
By Rev. P. F. Parisot, O.M.I.  
and Rev. C. J. Smith, O.M.I.

We have recently had the pleasure of perusing an interesting volume entitled "History of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of San Antonio, Texas." The title is a sufficient explanation of the scope of the work; the facts were compiled and arranged in readable form by Rev. Fathers P. F. Parisot and C. J. Smith of the Oblate Order, and extend over the period intervening between the years 1685 and 1897. The book is reverently dedicated

"to the honor and memory of the philanthropy and zeal of the humble and self-sacrificing missionaries who, in the past trying times perseveringly struggled and labored to found and establish in this diocese and section, God's Holy Church for His greater glory and man's better welfare." Many appropriate and attractive illustrations serve to enliven the pages of the work; and on the whole the Reverend composers are to be congratulated on the result of their laborious researches and painstaking efforts.



### PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Walter Walsh, whose visit to his *Alma Mater* during the holidays pleased us greatly, has recently informed the *Owl* that he is now with the law firm of McPhilips and Williams in Vancouver, B.C.

The Rev. D. J. Dunn formerly stationed at Keene N. H., has been made parish priest at Derry Depot in the same state. It is interesting to recall the fact that Father Dunn was the first manager of our football team. The principles of unity which he instilled in the first team are still the secret of our success.

We beg to congratulate Louis Leighton of Syracuse on his recent marriage. Louis is one of the best known commercial travelers from the Salt City. We wish him all success and happiness.

On Saturday, March 19th, Mr. Jules Bauset an alumnus of this University and a well known lawyer of Hull, succumbed to an attack of Bright's disease.

In the prime of life he was stricken down, and by his death, Ottawa

University loses a dutiful son, the students a staunch friend and the city of Hull a sterling citizen.

Mr. Bauset's funeral took place from the Sacred Heart Church Monday morning and was attended by a vast number of the deceased's friends. To his sorrowing family the *Owl* tenders the sympathy and condolence of the faculty and the students of Ottawa University.

*Requiescat in Pace.*



### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Donahoe's Magazine for March is a bright and interesting number. The article entitled,—“Why workmen are Discontented,” shows profound thought and a thorough notion of the great social problems of the day. That the condition of the workingman is not what it should be is a well known fact; and in all great cities a feeling of discontent exist among that class, which is evidenced by the frequent occurrence of strikes. The writer rightly attributes this to the invention of labor-saving machinery. Whereas it was thought that machinery would increase wages, lighten labor and elevate the workman, it has in reality reduced the price of labor to a minimum, rendered work harder and more monotonous and lowered the operator to the level of a simple machine—“a cog in a great personal organism.” “The Home Life of a '98 Leader,” by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, which is a short sketch of the career of that great Irishman Lord Edward Fitzgerald is a peculiarly interesting and timely article in view of the approaching centenary celebration. This paper shows Lord Edward not as we

usually imagine him—a dashing, patriotic soldier, but in the softer light of a dutiful son, a fond husband and a loving father.

The current issue of the Catholic World contains an article from the pen of Mr. Walter Lecky which should attract the attention of the Catholic reading public. It is entitled, “The weapon of Fiction against the Church.” Mr. Lecky takes the fiction of several different countries and shows us that in nearly every case where a priest has been introduced in a work, his character is so depicted as to reflect anything but credit on the Church. The object of the majority of modern novelists is to fight Rome, and by spreading books among the people which give a false character to her ministers they have chosen a strong weapon. A remedy for this evil must be sought. Where is it to be found? On this point the writer quote the words of Dr. Barry, the eminent English litterateur. “We must acquire,” says Dr. Barry, “what an admirable priest of the French Oratory, M. Labertonniere, calls the concrete, living knowledge of our generation. We are not left destitute of the principles on which to distinguish between good and bad. We, too, as Catholics, have our science of morals, our laws of the beautiful, our scales and weights, of justice our patterns laid up in heaven. What Dr. Barry advocates is an international society of well-trained, Catholic critics whose influence might be felt in the literary world. In his paper on the Temperance Question, Rev. A. P. Doyle makes a terrific arraignment of the American saloon. He places it as the principal cause of Intemperance in the United States. He says:—“The American saloon with all its

accessories and concomitants, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is an unique institution. . . . The American saloon-keeper is a personality unique whose counterpart cannot be found in any other land under the sun, and the saloon is not simply a legitimate agency for satisfying the thirst of the people, as it is in other countries where drunkenness does not prevail, but its avowed purpose in America is to create and force that thirst. By the political pull the saloon keeper has and by the office brokerage he carries on he holds his slaves within his grasp; by salted drinks, of themselves provocative of thirst; by a fierce competition due to the multiplication of drinking-places, which brings it about that there are more saloons than butchers, bakers and grocers put together; and by a multitude of other ways, with ramifications in and out of the life of the people, the saloon develops a craving for alcoholic drink, and it is this unnatural and overstimulated thirst for intoxicants that is at the bottom of most of the intemperance of the country."

Readers of the *Rosary Magazine* for March will find in it a very instructive article on "Catholicity in Australia", from the pen of Rev. A. W. Gleeson. We are astonished to learn the wonderful progress the church has made in that far off country. Father Gleeson tells us that the first Catholics of Australia were a number of felons sent out by England in 1788. Their number was continually on the increase, but for ten years they were without a priest, until, in 1798, three convict clergymen, who were supposed to have taken part in the rebellion of

that year, landed on the island. These men were finally pardoned but were denied the public exercise of their priestly functions and so returned home. In 1817 however, Father O'Flynn was sent to the country, and in 1821 the first church was built. From that year the church began to progress and the Catholic population to increase, until now there are in Australia, one Cardinal, twenty-six Bishops, about eight hundred priests and eight hundred thousand communicants, which is about one fourth of the entire population. Other readable contributions in this number are—"Austria-Hungary" by William G. Dix; "A Benedictine Princess-Louise DeConde," by the Countess DeCourson; and "The Franciscan Crusade in favor of Poverty and Labor," by the Rt. Rev. B. O'Reilly, D. D. L. L. D.

In the *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart for April we find a group of bright and instructive contributions. Among the most note-worthy we would place "St. Martin of Tours," the concluding portion of Mr. Cave's article which began in last month's issue; "Protestants and the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatus," and "A Glimpse of a great Archdiocese by P. J. Coleman. The last mentioned, which is a short history of the diocese of Philadelphia from its earliest beginning up to the present time, is accompanied by many beautiful illustrations which add greatly to its merit.

From the issue for March 17th, of the *Ave Maria* we clip the following:—The completion of the twentieth year of the pontificate of Leo XIII finds the world looking to the Church as it has not done for three centuries. Joachim Pecci was an old man—about sixty-nine—when he

became Leo XIII, yet few popes in history have passed on so many important questions as he. Fewer still have in an equal degree won the admiration and affection of non-Catholics. His successor will have the whole world looking up to him at least attentive to his message.



### OUR BRETHERN.

Had the writer of "An Unappreciated Power" in *The Notre Dame Scholastic* chosen as subject of his essay "An Appreciated Power," he would doubtless have given us a very humorous article. That magic ring was an invaluable means of effecting introduction to the converse of our absent friends.

The speech delivered by Father Campbell at the Fordham Club banquet, and which is published in the *Fordham Monthly* for March, is an oration of much merit. It was in response to the toast, "The National Epic." Father Campbell, in eloquent words, gives us his reasons for considering that there is, in the life of the immortal Washington, material for a "magnificent heroic poem" which might surpass any of the world's great epics. With these words he closes his address:—"We have had poetic seers in Fordham, men who, like Poe, dwelt in the misty mid-regions of the most unusual of poetic dreamings; men who, like Rodman Drake, have married to immortal verse the romantic stream that was the dividing line between the two contending armies. Cooper has made its roads and hills and vales familiar in the "Spy." Irving lived not far from here; but there is a poet yet to be born, a poet who will gather together the heroic memories

that are here and weave them into a splendid national epic that will surpass any of those the world's enraptured ear has yet listened to—the story of our national independence, achieved by the immortal Washington."

The article entitled "Concerning a Fool and his Folly," that appears in the *McGill Fortnightly*, is a weak attempt at humorous fiction. Those mutual "knock-out blows" are somewhat embarrassing; they give such a tragic ending to that little love affair. They recall at once the story of the Kilkenny cats.

There is truth in what the *Manitoba College Journal* says concerning politics. A thorough course in general and constitutional history "is necessary to supplement the study of Political Economy. Men are thus fitted to form independent judgments. "With such a training, men would no longer be the tools of any party of political leaders."

"In our literary world, we have pearls high in mental worth as those of the great seas, in material." So says the *Salve Regina*, of St. Mary's Dominican Academies, New Orleans, La. Among all the pearls it publishes in its February number, we notice one whose authorship has not been acknowledged. True the "pearl" is scarred and scratched, and it has a chip knocked off it, but, disfigured as it is, we are still able to recognize it. The "pearl" we refer to is a poem entitled "Rest, Sweet Rest." It is a most nonsensical and absurd plagiarism of Father Ryan's beautiful little poem "Rest." Two stanzas of Father Ryan's poem are omitted, one is given in its unmodified form, while the other four are haggled in an awful manner, and submitted to very "crucial tests." The first two

stanzas, as they appear in the *Salve Regina*, run as follows :

My feet are weary and my hands  
are tired,  
My soul oppressed ;  
I wait for that I have long desired,  
Rest, only rest.

'Tis hard to try when toil is almost  
vain,  
In barren ways.

'Tis hard to sow and never reap a  
grain  
In harvest days.

Father Ryan's poem opens as  
follows :

My feet are weary and my hands  
are tired,  
My soul oppressed ;  
And I desire what I have long  
desired,  
Rest, only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost  
vain,  
In barren ways.

'Tis hard to sow and never garner  
grain  
In harvest days.

Comment is unnecessary. Were we disposed to be the writer's apologist, we might urge that probably her memory was so unusually good that, having read the original poem, she was able to recall it with slight variations, and that in time she came to doubt not but that it originated with her.



### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The St. Patrick's day banquet, given by the juniors this year, will long be remembered as a most fitting tribute to the memory of Ireland's glorious patron. The scene which met the eyes of the festive small boy on his entrance

into the banquet hall was most unpressive. Flags, bunting and mottoes, gracefully arrayed, gave evident proof of the good taste of Mr. Meagher, the chairman of the decoration committee. When the guests were seated, Joe Clarke's orchestra struck up the inspiring strains of "Tatter Jack Walsh," followed by Irish melodies to which only the genius of a Clarke may do justice. Besides the instrumental music, a most carefully prepared programme of songs was carried out; most noteworthy of which, was the soprano solo "The Irish Spinning Wheel," by Mr. F. McGuire (in Irish peasant costume.)

During the course of the day, the following toasts, were proposed. St. Patrick's Day; response by W. Callaghan. Ireland's Muses; W. McGee. The Stamping Grounds of the Coyote and the Buffalo; D. Lynch. Irishmen in New York; S. McGirr. The Lily; Jean De Chadenedes. Our Guests; P. Mahoney. The duties of toastmaster were admirably fulfilled by J. Sheedy. The following letter from T. Costello, was read :

DEAR FRIENDS,

I am in receipt of your benevolent invitation to grace your festive board by my appearance there. I regret my inability to be present and must plead as an excuse my connection with the seniors' banquet, where, on that day, Ireland expects every man to do his duty. But, Gents: my heart is in the right place and though I cannot make one of your number, I shall never cease to warble;

"One in name and one in fame  
Are the sea,—divided Gaels."

The unparalleled success of the banquet was entirely due to the

indefatigable exertions of the several committees. Music—F. McGuire; W. McGee; J. S. Slattery. Decoration—V. Meagher; J. Casey; J. Boyle. Menu Committee—M. Lapointe.

The topic which has occupied a prominent place in the editorial columns of the leading papers throughout the Dominion for the past week, is the Hon. Daniel Defoe Davie's speech in the senior debating hall.

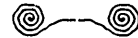
On first hearing we were loath to believe that the Canadian government could have been so behind, but we have Daly's solemn assurance that the Yukon route pointed out by our young debater, is as plain as the nose on the face of an eight day clock.

On Saturday March 26th, a secret meeting of the Young American Society was called for the purpose of investigating the recent *Maine* disaster and of determining the attitude of the society on the question of war with Spain. Our junior reporter, who hails from Ogdensburg, was selected as being most likely to obtain admittance. To his surprise he was met at the door and sternly repulsed by no less a personage than Guy, the Foreign Ambassador. However, we were merely obliged to hint to Marra that we knew of the arrival of a fresh batch of pies and the state secrets were ours. Peter informed us between bites that the resolution of the society was, "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt."

President O'Leary has reorganized the pick and shovel brigade. Through their persistent efforts, the rink is fast disappearing in the sewer. As the yard will be ready for use much earlier than in previous years,

it is expected that considerable baseball talent will be developed, before the opening of the season. In the meantime Finan and Sammons, the New York battery, are getting their arms in condition by indulging in exciting games of marbles, wherever the sun has dried the walks.

Mike recently informed the third grade that the chief characteristic of "the first few drops of a heavy thunder shower" was dampness. And now he is seeking an explanation of the *soaking* which followed.



### ATHLETICS.

As nothing of importance in athletic circles has occurred during the last month, we can but anticipate; therefore, a word in season. The annual meeting of the Athletic Association is to take place in a week or two, when its members will be called upon to elect officers for the ensuing year. As far as can be seen at present, there will be at least four vacancies on the executive. Circumstances will necessitate the retirement of the older members of the board, and room will be made for younger men, of equal energy, though perhaps of less experience. It is to be remembered that the success of the Association depends to a great extent upon the tact and exertion of its executive committee; hence the desirability of careful deliberation. There is no doubt that the students have among them many, capable of successfully shaping our athletic destinies; but we wish to remind all of the necessity of making their choice depend solely upon a consideration of personal merit. In the meantime we would ask a little thought and circumspection on the part of the students, so that their

choice may result in as good a selection as can possibly be made.

One more word to the wise! It may be thought a little premature to begin to talk football; but advice on that subject comes never too soon. It was by rising early that we managed to catch the coveted worm in the past, and it is by starting in time that we intend to retain any advantages we have happened to win. The dry patches of ground that have already appeared, remind us that it is approaching spring, and draw our attention to the customary spring practices. The advisability of playing football, considered physically and otherwise, would certainly afford a large field for favorable discussion, but our present intention is simply to recall to mind the position Ottawa College holds in the football world, and to encourage all to do their utmost to uphold her proud reputation as the most famous exponent of scientific Rugby that Canada has ever produced. The enthusiasm displayed by the students last fall, shows that they need no lectures to improve their loyalty to the Garnet and Grey, but it may not be thought inadvisable to remind them that, for the future, assistance may be given in a more tangible manner than by vociferous applause; we mean by active co-operation in the football practices. Next season several important members of the club will be absent. This yearly loss of players has always been a serious obstacle for the team, but an obstacle which never has been,—and it is very likely never will be—altogether insurmountable. Now, in obviating the disadvantage, the general benefits produced by our spring practices can not be over-estimated. In fact, if College year after year has been able to develop six and even ten new players, and

still remain champions of the Dominion, this is certainly attributable more to the results of the practices than to any other cause. Hence we request, we beg, of all the students, who are physically capable, to collect their football appurtenances so as to be ready to start active practice as soon as circumstances will allow. Despair of being able to obtain a place on the first fifteen, should prevent no one from playing. We have other teams of enviable reputations. Besides football is a game it takes time to learn, and if you cannot satisfy your own ambitions by becoming one of the champions inside a year, by persistent practice you may have the pleasure of satisfying a requirement of the club, by filling a deep vacancy in three or even five years from now. Be up then, and doing! Encourage your coaches, and assist the team.



### ULULATUS.

Said D to P

What did you see

At the picture show last night?

Said P to D

Quite affably

I saw a very pretty sight.

Said D to P

This I did see

Two faces that had four

Said P to D

In jollity

No, no, such the picture never bore.

Said D to P

In right to me,

Come, bet me half-a-dol.

Said P to D

So let it be

And bravely bet, *sans* fear at all.

Said D to P

Whom shall it be

To hold our silver bar?

Said P to D

In custody

I trust it to our friend O'R.

Said D to P  
 Now who shall be  
     The referee to judge?  
 Said P to D  
 There's my friend B  
     A man who does not fudge.

Said B to D  
 And likewise P,  
     Since he was sole umpire.  
 I'll meet you soon  
 This afternoon  
     And settle up your grand desire.

Said P to D  
*A la q. t.*  
     I am the oldest here  
 And if your life  
 Above the strife  
     Of bluffs you'd make austere,

Then list to me  
 And you will see  
     (I mean to be your friend,)  
 There's n'er a boy  
 Nor hobble-de-hoy  
     Who'll dare your peace offend.

We all did see  
 As well as thee  
     The faces—there were four—  
 Have I not been  
 The longest in  
     This grand old corridor.

Said also he  
 Come here to me  
     And I will brace your nerve,  
 That baseball snag  
 Was all a gag,  
     I never pitched a curve.

And now said he  
 I've shown to thee  
     How *Monsieur G. s'amusait.*  
 Call off the bet  
 And kindly let  
     The faces take a *congé.*

Said D to P  
 That won't do me  
     You must put up your dough.  
 You can't tell me  
 That you did see  
     The faces at the show.

'Tis all a bluff  
 You fear your stuff  
     Will pass into my treasure.  
 You wish to play  
 On what they say  
     Is sympathetic pleasure.

'Tween day and night  
 'Twas out of sight  
     To see the fun proceedeth.  
 For day was dark  
 Without a spark  
     Of what the worldly needeth.

D went to P  
 In rage to plea  
     For settlement or trial.  
 His aim was clamor  
 Kick and hammer—  
     Poor P was ready all the while.

Thus all prepared  
 The judge repaired,  
     With corridor precision,  
 At half-past one ;  
 His toilet done,  
     To give this bold decision.

Said B to D  
 And also P  
     Here is my firm debenture,  
 There were last night,  
 Before my sight,  
     Four faces on the picture.

Said B to P  
*Mon cher ami*  
     Indeed you lose it all.  
 Said B to D  
 I give to thee  
     Thy rival's half-a-dol.

And Mac and G  
 O'M and T  
 O'R and C  
 Declared to me  
 They could not see  
 To what degree  
     Their cheeks in mirth extendeth.  
 For though poor P  
 Lost all that he  
 Had bet with D  
 There's fun on D  
 Though where it be  
 He cannot see  
     And thus my story endeth.