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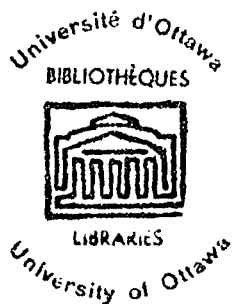
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THE PASSING OF
THE
NARROW GAUGE.

March 7, 1932.

Thomas W. Albin.



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THE PASSING OF THE NARROW GAUGE

It was a wilderness unbounded, unbroken and unfelled.

The vanguard of an army is, generally speaking, indicative of the numerical power and strength of the army coming in its wake towards its objective.

The disappearance of the erstwhile Narrow Gauge rails and their passing into oblivion, recalls to mind and to memory "The Battle of the Gauges" fought in the middle of the nineteenth century. In order that the reader may become acquainted with the meaning of the Narrow Gauge, it will be sufficient to state that it was a railroad of two or three feet in width, depending on the condition of its use in the lumber woods or in mountainous countries where high and rough altitudes had to be surmounted and many obstacles had to be overcome.

After its days of usefulness had passed, then it was abandoned and then it followed the evolution of the times which gave the standard gauge of the present railroad systems of the American Continent.

Many are the traditions interlinked and interwoven with the days of the Narrow Gauge, for which reason, gentle reader, the title of the Passing of the Narrow Gauge has been interlinked in this treatise with the traditions of the nineteenth century.

TRADITIONAL LORE

Let the perusal of this traditional sketch carry the reader back on the road of ~~the~~ time to former days, when vast virgin forests, dales and glens, high hills and mountainous peaks were everywhere to be seen; it was the forest primeval.

It is always interesting to compare the present with the past, for the perusal and the knowledge of the past will bring the revival of the present. Behold the majestic and gigantic trees of the dense and impenetrable forests clothed with the full green of summer time, then mellowing into the golden yellow of their autumn glow, leaves of brown, leaves of yellow, leaves tinged with red, leaves of amber, leaves of purple and many variegated hues, all blending into one harmonious and kaleidoscopic scene; for the lover of nature this is the panoramic beauty of the forest primeval.

THE FORESTS

The Aborigines, or the Indian Tribes, roamed at will through the wilds of the trackless wilderness, hunted the game which harbored therein and fished the streams which teemed with the finny tribe. Then came the adventurers "Coureurs des Bois" and soon the mechanical devices and inventions of the white man were used to fell the stately pines, the gigantic oaks, the majestic maples and the other mighty trees of the forest primeval. The fellers of trees and hewers of wood with ax and saw were the vanguards of a civilization to come which indeed followed in their footsteps.

The ancient forest was destined to pass under the mighty stroke of the ax and give way to greater industries which would benefit humanity. It was during those great lumber days of the nineteenth century that the Narrow Gauge played its great role of usefulness, for on account of its easy construction serpentine and zigzagging through the forests, the small cars laden with lumber were driven along by the equally small engine to the central point of the woodland industry. By way of digression, it may be said that during the World War, narrow gauge tracks carried supplies and ammunition on the fields of battle.

As the forests disappeared under the slaughter of the ax of the woodsmen, who indeed were giants in their day, the natural resources of the soil were explored and gave forth riches untold.

To one familiar with life in the woods and lumber camps, it is unnecessary to dwell at length with the daily life of the lumber-jack; suffice it to say that early rising and early retiring was the rule. Living in the forests, breathing the air redolent with the mixture of balsam and pine, is it to be wondered at that they were almost superhuman in strength, health and dexterity?

There was not in those days steam and electric power to do the work of the forest industry; it was brawn and muscle, the hand and the arm of man as the motive power

to the ax and the saw. Now, that steam and electric power do so much work, the present and future generations may forget that it was not always thus. It may be said, that there was more contentment in those days than there is today, especially at the present time when the whole world is in a turmoil, not knowing what is to happen next.

Following still the lumber industry of the past, the "Coureurs et Chasseurs des Bois" penetrated deeper and deeper into the dense woodlands either following the yet unfamiliar streams, or blazing a way through the untr^{acked} pelled and unexplored wilderness. As time went on, they found themselves crossing unknown rivers which flowed and emptied themselves into unknown sheeny lakes or into turbulent waters of mighty streams.

It so happened not infrequently, that the followers of the streams and makers of blazed trails found themselves in strange lands; ^{so} for it came to pass that the French, the Scotch, the Irish and others wandered through the forests until they reached the frontiers of Michigan in the United States of America.

THE NEW PERIOD

As the new civilization approached, the old penetrated more deeply into the densely forested hinterlands. The Indian tribes left the newly developed country; their hunting grounds were no more, for all that was left of the stately forests were the blackened monuments of the

ravaging fires. The monuments still extant are silent reminiscences of what once was the forest primeval, save here and there may be seen a mighty oak defying time and the elements, or a stately pine, not unlike a sentinel guarding a hallowed soil, the lone survivor of the slaughter and of the ravages of time, sighing and fretting with the gusts of heaven for companions that have been, but are now no more. At the stump of the lone pine, the explorer stands on a carpet of scented pine needles, which have fallen year after year for centuries unnumbered. But there yet remained a connecting link of the past with the present; the new civilization kept alive the memory of the past by naming not only the rivers, streams and lakes with the names of the tribes which roamed through this land of dense woodlands, but also named new-founded settlements, villages and afterwards cities by the aboriginal names of the great tribes of the frontier country. The thought of the primeval forest, that is no more, brings to the reader's mind the recollections of the past with the traditions that are welded to it.

In its present mood the world is much more anxious to be cut adrift from ~~the~~ tradition than to be held to its moorings, nevertheless, there are a few, if not many, left in this mundane sphere, who like to glance in retrospection over the bridge of life and look over its first

abutments, which testify to the wear and tear caused by the elements in the cycle of a half century.

There is no more fitting title to the lively traditions of other days that are unhappily going into oblivion, as the Narrow Gauge is at the present time, for which reason this treatise, noble reader, has been entitled, "The Passing of the Narrow Gauge."

The Narrow Gauge railroad played its role on the economic and industrial stage of mine and woodcraft. Many erudite men, whether in the active field of the great industries of today, or in noble professions of every day life, have never heard of the "Battle of the Gauges", much less of the Elegy of the Narrow Gauge that played so important a role in the development of the frontier country in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Let the reader remember that, the lessening few are only a handful now, who have been eye witnesses of the changes wrought since the days of Tallow Candles to Electric Lights. Gigantic locomotives now speed through space at fifty to eighty miles an hour, carrying thousands to the great industrial centers; now, within the space of a week titanic ships cross the mighty ocean connecting the Old Country with the New World, but in the past it was the sailing vessel on the ocean, and the foot-path and the old buckboard on land.

DESERTED SETTLEMENTS

With sorrowful and regretful memory, inhabitants of deserted settlements, many sparsely populated villages, heretofore prosperous in narrow gauge days repeat their tales of regret because the substitution of the standard gauge railroad, a short distance from their abodes, was the cause of their isolation from the outside and industrial world. The disappearance of the coaches and rolling stock which had daily filled their lives with variety and prosperity, now left a blank in their ephemeral lives. Then the exodus began; one family after another packed its belongings and household goods and trekked toward larger centres, leaving behind a deserted village.

Fields of industry have been left unworked and unexplored because of their distance from the extensive iron-highways or because it seemed futile and useless to attempt the impossible by competing with centres of trade situated near highways of traffic. In like manner the earlier traditions pass, with the Cycle of time; thus the passing of the Narrow Gauge is symbolic of the fading from the present generation the folklore and altruistic traditions of a people who were giants in their day. One wonders in amazement at the tide of the times, and in reflective mood, ponders over the mighty questions of the past in their relation to the present. What then can be done to stay in an effective measure the decadence of American civilization and the forgetfulness of the

great traditions of the Past? The progress of the world is not a criterion of its civilization, but the civilization of the present, with its retention of the civilization of the past together with its traditions, will be the criterion of lasting progress for the beneficial welfare of mankind.

THE MONUMENTS

Let the interested reader journey in thought to the forest primeval; the virgin timber makes a vast dense woodland. Behold with what majesty the stately pines, the gigantic oaks, and the mighty and beautiful large maples raise their lofty heads into the sky, defying time and the elements, but they are now no more. The new civilization, noble reader, came with its progressive and industrial intent, and left in its wake a virgin soil untilled by the hand of man. The blackened monuments, without a chiseled epitaph, are the sad memorial markers of the death of the forests, yet here and there a lonely pine is seen keeping its sentinel watch over the vast area, sighing for its stately companions that are not, while the gentle wind wafts through its needles, "Sic transivit gloria silvarum--thus passed the glory of the woodlands." If the film of the panoramic scene keeps moving before the imaginative eye, it will vividly recall the days when a vast forest was in the immense valleys where the Ottawa and Gatineau Rivers meet to flow in their wild turbulent

and rushing currents to their estuaries. The hinterland was also one dense solitary forest never blazed by the hand of man; the natives alone penetrated it far and near in their hunt for game.

PAST - PRESENT - FUTURE

The traditions reveal the past and fortell the future because history repeats itself--past, present, future. The past, the present and the future are a triune link which only tradition can weld together.

There is no nation which does not exist through its traditions, not only historical traditions relative to its earthly existence, but through religious traditions as well, relative to its eternal destiny. To despise this treasure is to despise life with its undying connections with the past, with the present and with the future.

Is there a man with soul so dead who has not within himself said, that the present must be linked with the past and the future welded to the present? If such there be, he lives in vain and his days should be numbered with each setting sun. Tradition is neither an ear, nor a mouth, nor an isolated memory; but it is the ear, the mouth and the memory of generations united together by tradition itself and imparting to it an existence superior to the caprices and weaknesses of individuals.

THE BLACK ROBE

The learned and eloquent Dominican, Pere Lacordaire says, "that tradition brings back to the obscured and

deceived memory of man the truths of his eternal destiny." Is it not reasonable then to recall to mind, with traditional lore, the early arrival of the Black Robe in the midst of a vast forest? The Black Robe followed the lane of the "voyageurs" and the blazed trail of the "Coureurs de Bois." Indeed, the Missionary sought the woodman's eternal destiny, whilst the woodsman sought and explored for the riches seen and unseen in the vast wilderness.

After the settlement of Bytown had been established, there arrived in 1844, the first Oblate Missionaries. These intrepid missionaries faced a wild country but it was a country with a great unknown future. The village was established in that part of Ottawa which is now known as Lower Town; a bleak country it was then, but a country that held within its bosom great possibilities and potentialities for development.

By linking the arrival of "The Missionaries" in the early days of the nineteenth^{century} in the Ottawa Valley, the past will be bound to the present, and the present to the future. Many were the obstacles and privations of the missionary Fathers, but they left an imprint on the sands of time which neither time nor the elements can ever erase or efface. It will not be without interest to learn and know what the Oblates of Mary Immaculate accomplished in the vineyard of a frontier country.

The missionary Fathers grew to greatness on account of the stirring events that swirled around them in the

stirring years at the threshold of the nineteenth century. The flow of current events added stone upon stone to the cairns of their memory and the graveyards of the past are full of tombstones on which are carved the names of those valiant and intrepid missionaries who made the present possible.

all
"Lives of great men, remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing shall take heart again."
-Psalm of Life--Longfellow.

The words of the Royal Psalmist are very applicable here: "I thought upon the days of old; and I had in mind the eternal years."--Ps. LXXVI, 6.

Lumberlust was the prime motive of the new settlers who were found in different regions of the frontier country, even as far west as Michigan. (Michigan was not ceded to the United States by England until 1796 A.D.) It was in the early days of the nineteenth century that Colonel By determined to stake out a village on the high, attractive and beautiful banks of the Grand River, now the Ottawa. That he chose a famous and a most beautiful site, is evident, as time has sanctioned his choice, rewarded his valorous efforts and admired his judgment.

Bytown is situated on the Ottawa River, overlooking the turbulent waters of the Chaudiere Falls, now harnessed and held in by hydraulic power, for the fall of the mighty cataract of sixty feet is no more, and in the distance, the swift currents of the Gatineau coming down

from yonder northern Laurentian Mountains, blends its waters with the "Black Danube of America"--the Ottawa River, and peacefully glides towards the majestic and beautiful Saint Lawrence.

THE OBLATE VINEYARD OF BYTOWN

Before proceeding with the traditional narration of the early settlements in the Bytown country and frontiers, it will not be fruitless to give a short summary of the Founding of the great missionary congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, made remarkable by its fast progress in numbers and secondly in its extensive work not only in the Vineyard of Bytown but in the North West; aye, to the very Arctic Circle, but also the important part it took in the formation and the development of young Canada.

This progress was due to the labors of indefatigable and intrepid men consecrated to God for the love of their fellowmen. Self-sacrifice in noble endeavor marked the heroism of their lives for the sake of humanity and the salvation of souls. The success of the untiring labors of the early adventurous members of the Congregation was due to the protection of the great Mother of God under whose patronage the Order was founded.

The Order of Oblates was founded in 1816, at Aix, Provence, France, by Monseigneur de Mazenod. Its principal aim was to evangelize the poor "Evanglizare pauperibus," to teach and instruct, to catechize in

rural districts, to undertake the direction of seminaries and preparatory schools, the establishment of higher schools of learning and education, and to direct colleges. In the course of time under its guidance, the renowned University of Ottawa was founded which later became the Catholic University of Ottawa. The education and civilization of a people are judged by its educational institutions.

In 1841 new fields of labor were opened to the self-sacrificing Oblates. They established themselves in Ireland, and with the revolving cycle of time in the United States, Africa, and Australia. In 1861, the Administration was moved to Paris; in 1903 it was moved to Liege, and in 1905 it was transferred to Rome. Some of the prominent Generals of the Order after Msgr. de Mazenod were the Very Reverends J. Fabre, L. Soullier, C. Augier, A. Lavillardiere, and of very happy memory, His Excellency The Most Rt. Reverend A. Dontenwill, who after years of labor at the University of Ottawa, then as Bishop of British Columbia, then as Master General was stationed in Rome where he died in 1931. The first Oblate to paddle his canoe up the Temiscamangue Lake region was Father Laverlochere, O.M.I. in the year 1844. The canoe and the paddle were the means of travel in those days and the words of the Psalmist may be applied to the labors of this magnanimous missionary, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and light to my path." (Ps. 118: v.105)

BYTOWN

By the year 1847 the population of Bytown had increased so rapidly and the Catholics had become so numerous not only in Bytown but throughout the surrounding country that Pope Pius IX appointed in July of the same year Bishop Guigues, O.M.I the first Bishop of Ottawa who was consecrated on July 30, 1848.

About the year 1826 A.D. Bytown was founded by Colonel By and retained its name until the year 1855. The spot chosen for the new settlement was an ideal one; it was a high stony bluff overlooking the vast area of the surrounding territory, and below the high ridge flowed the swift currents of a mighty river then known as the Grand. It might be said that the village was brought out of the forest; yet so phenomenal was its growth in population and in the lumber industry, that in 1854, it numbered a population of 7000 inhabitants, and in January, 1855 the name of Bytown was changed to Ottawa.

The Rideau Canal, which had been constructed between the years 1827 and 1834, separated the eastern from the western part of the town; it was necessary to build the Sappers and Dufferin bridges over the canal in order to link the upper and the lower town. Major Hill and Major Park were situated where the Chateau Laurier stands, and where some of the government buildings are. Ottawa is one of the most interestingly unique cities of Canada made up of a cosmopolitan population of French, English, Irish, Scotch, German and some Slavonian settlers.

Ottawa was a town of destiny, for in 1857 her Majesty, Queen Victoria, chose it to be the future Capital of the Dominion of Canada. In 1865 the new Parliament Buildings being sufficiently advanced, the Seat of the government was moved from Quebec to Ottawa, and the first session of parliament was held there on June 8, 1866. Parliament Hill is the most impressive and most magnificent site in the valley of the Ottawa. From the high tower of the parliament building, the casual observer and tourist-traveller can obtain a splendid panoramic view not only of the Capital City but also of the surrounding country, and as far as the eye can see the landscape is most beautiful and most picturesque.

Ottawa was laid out by its founders with very good grace; it is a city with some shape. It is a strikingly handsome, beautiful and interesting city. It was made the Capitol city in 1860, hence it is the Seat of Government and the residence of the Governor General of Canada.

Rideau Hall nestles among pines and cedars on the east side of the wild little Rideau River, and there cannot fail to be a certain fascination for the visitor to see the place where the Governor-General has resided since confederation. On the south-eastern boundary of the city, the traveller will find the wild little Rideau River which empties itself into the Ottawa at Rideau Falls. Where the Scholasticate of the Oblates now stands on the banks of the Rideau, was in the 80's, on many a "congé", the happy playground of the students of the University. The Ottawa of those days was

but a small place that bore few indications of becoming a large and busy city and the emporium of the lumber industry. The older people watched things develop from crude beginnings to modern perfection. One half a century is a long time, not long in the light of history, but long in the life of a new country like Canada.

Were a Rip Van Winkle to arise from a sleep of two score years and find himself on awakening at the threshold of the twentieth century, he would be amazed and bewildered at the metamorphosis which had taken place in the surroundings during his torpor. The most outstanding changes of the last half of the century are the methods of transportation by land and water; electric light, electric cars, and automobiles have replaced gas, the horse-car and the old surrey.

The "City Beautiful" of the present combines every natural advantage of an inland city with rare scenic loveliness and an historical past. It is of the past, noble reader, that the writer wishes to leave the recollection and the remembrance, lest in the hurried fury of the present, the past may be left in oblivion. The topographical scenery of Bytown found its highest beauty and attractiveness along the bluffs and banks between the Chaudiere Falls and the confluence of the Gatineau River with the Ottawa. There was then the Charm of the wilderness and the loveliness of Nature's gift. Ottawa was from early days, the centre of the hard-boiled woodsmen and rafters who steered the lumber in elm-bound rafts down the Great river to the Coves of Quebec.

The river was the great water highway to the commercial centres of America and to the sea. When winter came and held the waters of the river with glacial hand in icy immobility, the overland stage coach carried mail, passengers and freight to the sparsely settled villages along the highway lanes as far as Montreal.

ROMANCE

Many were the romances of the Ottawa Valley, but being of a similar nature to the romances of the present time: it will be useless to give any graphic description of them.

If the narrator does not err in memory Father Dandurand, O.M.I. was one of the first, if not the first Oblate parish priest in Bytown village, stationed at the church where the Catholic Cathedral now stands on Sussex Street. Father Dandurand lived to a very old age, and died in the mission country of the Northwest Canada.

A wonderful change has taken place in the religious aspect of the country. The priests opposed a dauntless courage and a steady purpose to the dangers and privations before them during pioneer days. The transformation has been wonderful. They kept the light of faith ever burning before the eyes of the early settlers and, as time went on, the old log churches were replaced by more imposing structures which are now to be seen in all parts of the country. As the population became more numerous, so also did the churches to accommodate the ever increasing numbers of adherents and

converts. In the Capital, old St. Joseph's Church was under the care of the Oblate Fathers; it was the church well known to the students of the 70's and 80's; its destruction by fire left a void in the fond recollections of the past.

COLLEGE

No sooner had the Oblates settled in the sparsely inhabited country than they turned their thoughts to the education of the young generation growing up, for they knew that the future depended upon the present. In the very beginning of his episcopal administration, Msgr. Guigues took a deep and lively interest in education and immediately founded a college giving it the name of St. Joseph's, a name it went by until it was known as the College of Ottawa. Bishop Guigues found a man, with will of steel and a heart of love, for the government of the new College, in the person of the Reverend J.H. Tabaret, O.M.I. of glorious memory; he, above all others, did more for the early education of the scions of the Ottawa valley and the surrounding country than any contemporaries of his time. In 1853, owing to the large number of students and the lack of room, the College was moved from Lower Town to Sandy Hill, giving more room for the College academic work and more spacious athletic grounds, for boys enjoyed sports in those halcyon days as they do now. The College on Sandy Hill was still called St. Joseph's, for when the writer of this treatise first entered those portals of learning in 1879, it was still known by the old traditional name of St. Joseph's. However, in time it began to

be known as the Civic College of Ottawa. It was a small beginning, like an acorn shoot that grows year after year until it becomes the gigantic oak; so also did the College of Ottawa progress in different departments of science and art until it became not only the University of Ottawa, but also until it ultimately became the Catholic University of Ottawa.

EDUCATION

The Oblate Fathers threw themselves whole-heartedly, vigorously, and fearlessly into this new educational field. It was not an easy task to face the future in those early days, with what little of the world's goods they had at their command. Theirs was an ardent desire to carry the torch of faith and learning into dark places, and although difficulties and dangers daily multiplied, yet they were eager for converts and deeper and deeper they penetrated into the wilderness. With only the torch of faith for their guide, they were inflexible in their intent to keep the light of faith burning amongst the pioneers in the new settlements; meanwhile they sought for the best sites for colonization. The early French explorers, fired by rumors and narrations of unknown and undiscovered lakes, rivers, and streams, made long journeys into distant parts of the country in search of nature's riches in unexplored regions. The missionaries followed step by step in the old trail, harassed by obstacles and surrounded with dangers. The lives of those missionaries

imbued with heroic virtues, attest the earnestness and bear witness to their faith and the magnanimity of their zeal. The pioneers were adventurers with a dauntless courage for they feared neither dangers nor privations. The words of Saint Paul to the Ephesians, are applicable to the early missionaries, "For their loins were girt about with truth and had on the breast-plate of justice, their feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and they had for protection the shield of faith." (Eph. VI.)

The retrospection of other days reminds one of the time when the settler and the habitant rode over rugged roads with the one horse cart bumping and lurching over corduroy swamps. "As styles are forgotten so are the memories of former days." But it seems to the writer, kind reader, that one should take interest in the past for what it recalls to memory. Bytown soon doubled its first population and became not only the centre of a great lumber industry, but also the centre of culture, education and civilization.

To the College of Ottawa came scholars, not only from Ontario and the surrounding country, but also from Lower Canada and the New England States. They came to imbibe knowledge and drink of the waters of a new civilization. The Venerable Bishop Guigues, O.M.I. lived to see the wish and the desire of his great soul an accomplished fact,--the College of Ottawa had made progress beyond his expectations. The Oblates were firmly established in this New Colonial Vineyard and well did they accomplish the task bequeathed

to them by their saintly Bishop. Bishop Guigues died in February 1874, and was succeeded by Right Reverend T.J. Duhamel, D.D. in October of the same year. Later the See of Ottawa was raised to an Archbishopric and the Most Right Reverend Archbishop Duhamel became the first chancellor of the Catholic University of Ottawa.

The former students of the University will remember with joy and pleasure the additions made to the buildings, the East wing, the Centre and the West wing. Time has not effaced the memory of the beautiful chapel in the old section of the University, nor can the Academic Hall, where so often the students gathered to witness the display of histrionic ability of the boys in Shakespearean lore, be ever forgotten.

There does not exist in the annals of educational institutions a name more revered than that of Very Reverend J.H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D., professor, superior and Rector in turn of St. Joseph's College, College of Bytown, and the University of Ottawa.

Father Tabaret, a simple priest in the great and noble army of adventurous missionaries which France gave to the young English colony of Canada, carried the torch of classic and scientific lore in the one hand and the spiritual sword of conquest in the other, for the ethical and moral training of the faculties of the spiritual life of the younger generations. Much remains to be said of the virtues of this generous and magnanimous missionary. He died suddenly, still

in the shackles of his labors, but his name lives and is heard from one generation to another; it is truly said that Father Tabaret paved the way, "Parate viam Domini" for others; he carried the banner of a new civilization, and long will his name, beloved by all the students of former years, adorn the annals of the golden pages of the Catholic University of Ottawa. In all walks of life, there are obstacles to hamper progress; fire and the elements are no respecters of persons or places, yet in spite of all obstacles, the University is still sending out well-trained young men for the battles of life, whose names and fame are written in the records of their respective countries.

COLLEGE EDUCATION VARSITY

At the time of the founding of the College of Bytown, Bytown itself did not boast of a very large population, but as time revolved, the College kept up with the progress of the rapidly developing town and at confederations, Bytown, now named Ottawa, could count a probable census of nearly 20,000 persons.

Hand in hand with the progress of the young city, the University kept pace. After mentioning the names of the most distinguished founders of the College of Bytown and the Very Reverend Rectors of the University, it will suffice to mention the names of those who follow in chronological order from the beginning to the present.

The eminent Superiors and Rectors of the College and University are as follows:

- 1848-49 Rev. C.Edw. Chevalier, Superior
- 1849-50 Rev. Father Allard--College of Bytown
Incorporated.
- 1850-51 Rev. N.Mignault
- 1851-52 Rev. A. Gaudet
- 1853-61 Rev. H.J. Tabaret, Superior of the College
which is now the LaSalle Institute on
Sussex Street, of which the Christian
Brothers took charge when the New College
was ready on Sandy Hill.
- 1856- The New College Buildings were finished,
and Rev. Father Tabaret of happy memory
removed to the New College and opened
its Educational doors for all those who
came to drink at the new Spring of
Knowledge.
- 1864- Rev. Father Timothy, Superior.
- 1866- The College was given a Charter and in-
corporated as a Civil University when
the Name of Bytown was changed to Ottawa
City; the University so closely iden-
tified with the progress and welfare of
Ottawa became the University of Ottawa;
the Rev. Father Timothy became its first
Rector.
- 1867-74 Rev. J.H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D. was
appointed Rector.

- 1874- Father Tabaret was unable to attend to the duties of Rector on account of illness, and Rev. Father Pallier succeeded as Rector until 1877, when the kindly hearted father Tabaret was named again Rector, a post he filled until his death in 1886.
- 1886- Rev. Father Provost, O.M.I.
- 1887-89 Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., D.D. First Rector of the Catholic University.
- 1889-1902 Rev. H. Constantineau, O.M.I., D.D.
- 1902-04 Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I., D.D. , Rector.
- 1905-11 Rev. W.J. Murphy, O.M.I., D.D. , Rector.
- 1911-14 Rev. Father Roy, O.M.I., Rector.
- 1914-15 Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I.
- 1915-21 Rev. Father Rheume, O.M.I., D.D., Rector.
Now, His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bishop of Haileybury, Ontario.
- 1921-~~27~~ Rev. F.X. Marcotte, O.M.I., D.D., Rector.
Now, the Secretary of the University.
- 1927-30 *Rev. Fr. U. Robert, S.M.I.*
- 1930-36 Rev. Gilles Marchand, O.M.I., D.D.-- the present Rector of the Catholic University. His Excellency, the Archbishop of Ottawa, is ipso facto, the Chancellor of the University. No Chancellor took more interest in the progress of the University than did

His Excellency the Most Rt. Reverend

Thomas J. Duhamel, D.D. of happy memory.

The above is written so that the link of the past, welded to the present may extend to the glorious days of the future.

LITERARY ELUCIDATIONS

The literary efforts of the Collegiate and Classic Students were generally set forth for perusal in the University monthly periodical under the very attractive name of the "Owl"; in the course of time its name was changed to the "Review". The Halls of Learning bulged with the exuberance of scientific and scholastic lore; for the student the monthly periodical was a welcomed "sesame" to give it vent.

ATHLETICS

Athletics fifty years ago were the great animated amusements of the students; it recalls to mind figures of young men unknown to the athletes of today. They were marvels of stalwart strength, indomitable courage, and physical endurance. It brings back to memory's walls the sportsmanship of those who wore the garnet and the gray. It recalls to memory the days of rugby, the days of baseball and the days of other manly sports in which the students showed their skill and their prowess. The many trophies in the University Halls bear witness to the great feats of the students in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

THE FIRE

An early morning alarm on December 2, 1903, gave the disastrous signal that the University was on fire. The writer does not wish to recall the scene of havoc; the old school days with their happy memories were in the funeral pyre-- never to be forgotten. Phoenix-like on the ashes of the old ruins, there arose the walls of the new architectural structure more imposing and more beautiful than the old, and although it is still the University, yet to the boys of the nineteenth century, it is not the old loved one of cherished memory. May the new building be like the giant oaks of the forest, standing, mocking and defying the elements as if laughing at the blasts of the hurricane. It is good to reminisce and bring back the recollections of former days; it makes the old young again and makes of the yesterdays of the past the present.

THE NATIVES

A great deal of theorizing and speculation is swept away when the fact is recognized that the Ottawa Valley was "terra incognita" to the civilized world for a long time after the discovery of America. Some place must have been the "Culture-home" of the Aborigines, who roamed through the unblazed forests, following in their hunt the wild animals that prowled about and lived in the vast wilderness. Ethnology is not a part of this narrative, yet reference must be made to it, so that the reader may know what there was for the white men and

the early missionaries to encounter. Those Indian Races were ethnical and devoid of all culture and barbaric in their manners. But look to the result of the missionary's work in the past one hundred years; a new civilization has replaced the barbaric, and a Christian race has replaced the savage heathen. Phenomenal indeed was the change when one considers how tenaciously the Indian held to his pagan mythology. It was a difficult task to woo them to Christianity, but by God's grace the early missionaries led ^{them} to the truth. The natives were the children of the wilderness and only by the self-sacrificing and patient work of the missionary Fathers could they be brought to the knowledge of the Gospel and the Word made Flesh. The lives of those Canadian missionaries attest the earnestness of their faith and the intensity of their zeal.

It will not be amiss to mention here that the Fathers were obliged to study the philology, phonology, morphology and syntax of the linguistic language of the tribes with whom they associated and finally evangelized.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The present generation enjoys unlimited educational advantages, but it must not be unmindful that in the days of the time between 1800 and 1870, schools were not conducted in every section of the sparsely settled communities, but the schools that were opened were for every class in the community. Reminiscences of some of the old teachers are worthy of inspection. Men of thirty sometimes sat side by side

with children of nine to fifteen. The school-master lived a penurious life; in country places, he lived from house to house, thus ekeing out a living. At school the rod was used often times on those who in his estimation, did not come up to the standard of the three R's, which were the sum and substance of the curriculum in those days. Many a tale would the old desks and benches tell had they been kept in the old curiosity shop instead of being a prey to the flames. Not a few of the scions practiced the art of carving letters and hieroglyphics with the pocket-knife. But those school days are past and only a few of the scholars are left to tell the tale of the happy days spent in the old log school. Some men laid the foundations of great and noble careers in those old schools; men who visualized the future and took advantage of the opportunities of the times. There were no electric lights in those days, nor was there gas for lighting purposes; there was the tallow candle and the wick placed in grease and rosin; then the kerosene lamp made its appearance; then the urchin could read at night by the side of a flickering wick. Nowadays, it is artificial light day and night. Sufficient has now been written to remind the modern student that former days were not days of ease and comfort, but days of labor and hardship. The road to learning today is roseate and paved with ease and comfort. The modern student has received much and much will be expected from him.

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

As time revolved, there settled in the midst of the pioneers, men versed in the art of medicine such as it was at the time. In those pioneer days, the doctor was a necessity because of accidents and sickness. It was a stern and grim frontier, the roads were not built for automobiles, they were trails through the woods and lanes through the settlements. What must have been the hardships endured in order to reach the cabin, hut or camp when called to relieve poor suffering humanity? Let the reader conjure in his mind what it meant to go fifteen or twenty miles on a sick call on a cold and stormy wintry night. It is all changed now, and the country doctor's name and fame are written in golden letters on the records of the past. The evolution of time and travel have brought the city hospital nearer and nearer to the countryside, so much so, that all medical advantages are found in the nearby villages.

Truly it may be said that the elegy of the country doctor has been sung and now, although he may live in the country he is indeed only in the suburban part of the city; all this is due to the evolution of travel.

THE OTTAWA RIVER

The Ottawa River with its many tributaries forms the great water shed, which drains the Ottawa Valley from its source in the St. James Bay region to its confluence with

the majestic St. Lawrence River. In the early days, it was said that the Ottawa took its rise in Lake Temiscamangue, but not so, for said lake is only an expansion of the Ottawa River as are all the numerous lakes found on the Ottawa, from its source to its mouth. It may be said here, by way of digression, that those who have visited the lakes of Killarney in the Emerald Isle have favorably compared the scenic beauty of Temiscamangue with Killarney. The river above the city of Ottawa is but a combination of rapids and chutes, lakes and bays, a blend that makes the Ottawa picturesque and majestic.

From Ottawa City the river is navigable from the Chaudiere Falls to Grenville at the Long Sault, where a canal has been constructed for navigable boats. The Ottawa was a very lively and busy river.

Before the days of railroads, beautiful passenger steamers made day and night runs from Ottawa to Montreal. In recalling the navigable days, the Steamer Queen nightly made the water trip from the Capital City to the Long Sault, a distance of sixty miles or more, where the old Grenville and Carillon railroad took the passengers to Carillon where connections were made for Montreal boats of the Ottawa Navigation Company. The day trips from the Capital were made by the Steamer Peerless, a palatial steamer in those days. It unfortunately burned at Montebello, on the day

when the students of the University held their picnic in the beautiful sylvan groves of the village of Montebello. There are not very many of the students left who were there on that very exciting day. No one perished although a few in their excitement fell into the water; the ducking did them no harm. The Steamer Queen was also burnt to the hull; it was never rebuilt. The Ottawa River Navigation Company passed into oblivion with the burning of its boats. But the Ottawa River was noted for the many large rafts that were assembled and put together below the Chaudiere Falls and were towed to the Coves of Quebec. On these rafts the river-men lived, ate and slept. Now it is peaceful and quiet on the river; occasionally there may be seen a small steam-freighter churning its waters, or the duck hunter's canoe gliding gently into ^{its} the bays. It is passing strange that the picturesque river is not enjoyed by the denizens of the Capital. It is now more than fifty years since the Canadian Pacific Railway Company built its North Shore Rail line from Montreal to Ottawa. Time has wrought many changes in and around the Capital of Canada.

TRAVEL

The general restlessness of humanity accounts for the general evolution of travel. It is innate in the human being to seek for adventures wherever they may be found; it is also in the human being to seek for the new and to invent the new. Today travel is not what it was one hundred years ago; a

Rip Van Winklish recollection shows that travel now by land, by sea, by air, on water and under water belongs in its changes to the generations of the present.

Some say that traditions are worthless when no records are kept; be that as it may, every age has its own peculiar superiority complex, as each individual mind has, "non omnia possumus omnes", is very applicable here.

Many of the traditions and folklore of the earlier years of the Nineteenth Century have passed with the years into oblivion; it is for this reason, that this treatise has been written in order to reawaken interest in the slumbering past, thereby rewelding it to the present.

The Passing of the Narrow Gauge is symbolic of the fading days of the Nineteenth Century and the passing of the sturdy and stalwart pioneer who in his time played his role on the stage of life with its odd customs and its inimitable mannerisms. The Requiem of the Nineteenth Century has been sung; its panegyric has been delivered, and its Funeral March has passed the eye witnesses standing on the threshold of the Twentieth Century.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
-Elegy in a Country Churchyard--Gray.

The writer has endeavored to give a faithful and graphic description of the principal events and of the special occurrences in the educational arena; also of pioneer life in the latter half of the golden era of the Nineteenth Century.

With the disappearance of the vast and dense forests of North America, the Narrow Gauge Railroad has passed out of existence; moreover, with its passing many of the pioneer-life traditions and folk-lore romances have been forgotten. Many of these remembrances are described in a traditional style, in order that some of the events of the past may be linked and welded to the present. It is not in the province of this treatise to record all the events of the early days, ~~May~~ it suffice to bring back in fond retrospection some of the memoirs par excellence of the heydays of the past. It is desired, on the part of the narrator, that any errors found herein will be favorably and agreeably overlooked. The writer will be well repaid, if this work will keep alive the recollections of the past bound to the daily memoirs of the present. The object of the narrative is to instill in the minds of others a desire to keep the past reverberating with the present. By so doing, the present generation will be assured of a greater educational culture in the present, and a higher degree of civilization in the future.

Today, amid the crowd upon the street,

A face from out the past I chanced to meet
That wakened in my thought old memories dear
Of bygone days for which I shed a tear.

J. W. Albin
Marywood College
Grand Rapids
Mich

REFERENCES

- Narrow Gauge R.R. - 2 feet wide - $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide; standard
Narrow Gauge - 3 feet wide.
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Railroad.)
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Reverend F.X. Marcotte, O.M.I., D.D., Secretary of
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P. H. Albin