

The Moore Centenary.

One hundred years have elapsed since Napoleon, that great genius of war, seized the throne of Spain for his brother Joseph. Being dissatisfied with their new King, the proud Spanish people everywhere arose in rebellion. They solicited aid from England, and received it, Generals Sir Arthur Wellesley and Sir John Moore being sent out. Before long, Wellesley was recalled, and the sole task of coping with Napoleon was left to Moore. The English advanced from Portugal into Spain; but, on comparing their small retinue with the French host, it was thought advisable to retire, for sure destruction awaited them. Accordingly, Moore ordered the memorable retreat, which was the most masterly ever recorded in war. Because of a delay in the arrival of the transport ships, a stand had to be made at Corunna, the French having followed from Spain under Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's generals. With words of cheer and encouragement from their leader, the men withstood the fierce onslaughts of the French; then, retaliating, repulsed them on all sides. During the encounter, Moore was in the thickest of the fray; and, for his bravery and gallantry, he received that last and awful reward—death. Sadly his soldiers buried him in his foreign grave, far from all he loved and cherished. Many were the praises he received when the account of his bravery reached England. Everywhere was mourned the loss of one of Britain's greatest heroes. Eight years afterwards, an Irish minister, Rev. Charles Wolfe, moved by the heroism of this noble man, addressed to him the following lines, recording therein his pathetic death and burial.

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.