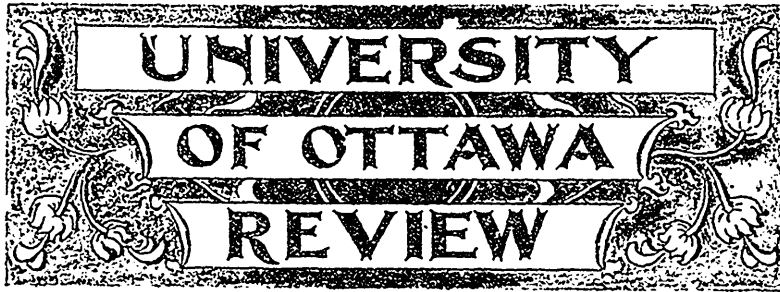


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UNIVERSITY  
OF OTTAWA  
REVIEW

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No. 4

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### The Star of Peace.

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**B**ETWEEN the star of war and star of love  
Is hung this earth, mixed scene of love and hate ;  
Sunlight and roses, cooing of the dove,  
Tigers and snakes, and Lazarus at the gate.  
O that the planet closer than the sun,  
A silver fire at morn or close of day  
Would in its circuit nearer to us run,  
And rule our spirits with its heavenly sway !  
Bright love, shine on us through the circling year,  
Thy gentle influences on us send ;  
O'erpower the hate, the cruelty, the fear,  
And Mars' dominion in our planet end.  
So everywhere shall war's fierce raging cease,  
And on the earth descend the reign of peace.

JUNIOR.

# Literary Department.

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## A Gaelic Poet of the Last Century.

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DR. DOUGLAS HYDE, in collecting and editing the poems of Anthony Raftery, has placed the swelling ranks of the great movement of which he is head under another debt of gratitude. The results of his labor, which was not, as may be supposed, a light one, first appeared in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, some four years ago as a serial, to appear in book form shortly afterwards. The task undertaken by the President of the Gaelic Movement was indeed a difficult and intricate one, but its object made it for the ardent student and scholar one of love, for it rescued from oblivion a veritable poet, as well as an interesting figure of a period of which we are beginning to forget some picturesque features.

The poems thus collected and published were, most of them, scattered through various manuscripts. To get some it was necessary to take them down *vivâ voce*. Occasionally the search was not only trying but fruitless; and always there remained the delicate task of reconciling varieties of versions, as to which it may be said, at once, that the oral one was not infrequently found to be the most authentic.

That the collection is not complete, we are not, under the circumstances, suprised. The compiler thinks that not much more than half the poems have been gathered by him, but he assures his readers that he has included the best of Raftery's work. Indeed the wonder is that he has collected so many in view of the conditions just noted, of the vagrant character of the poet's life, and of the fact that he himself, not being able to use the pen, has left no written copy or record of his poems. Naturally, therefore, only the most popular of his productions had sung themselves, so to speak, into the memory of the people who had heard them from his lips, and who have transmitted them to a younger generation, for until Dr. Hyde's collection appeared scarcely any attempt had ever been made to publish them.

Then, there were not a few of the songs which became known only to the district in which they happened to be composed, and where they would be remembered for a time, and then forgotten. "But," as the compiler reminds us, "the old Irish proverb says, 'There be's a taste on a little.'"

In the preface to the collection, written by the editor in both Irish and English, there is one feature which can not fail to arouse the reader's interest. That is its style, which as far as the English side of the performance is concerned would suggest that it was the last written, and that therefore it is a translation from the older tongue. For who could, except from the mould of the latter fashion English into the idiom and structure of the version in that language of Dr. Hyde's Irish text. Here is a specimen, which is also a statement of the circumstances under which his attention was first called to the Connaught poet.

"I had risen out," he writes, "of a fine frosty day in winter ; my little dog at heel and gun on shoulder, and it was not long I had gone until I heard the old man at the door of his cottage and he singing sweetly to himself :

" Anois ar dteact an earraig beid an la sinead  
 Nois ar dteact na Feil Bridge 'sead togfad me ceol,  
 O cuir me in mo ceann e ni stopfaid me coidce  
 Go seasfaid me siar i lar Condae Muig-Eo.

\* \* \*

Fagaim le h-udacta go ne'eirigeann mo croide-se  
 Mo arduigtean an gaot no mar sgaptar an ceo  
 Nuair smuainigim ar Cearra agus ar Balla taoil sios de  
 Ar sgeatac a'mile, no ar Plainead Muig-Eo.\*

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\*This, as well as the other excerpts quoted in the present paper from the Irish text, is, in the absence of Irish type, necessarily given without the vowel-sound and aspirate marks which make the reading of Irish comparatively easy even for the beginner. For the same reason the consonants R. and S.—the only letters in the Irish alphabet which differ materially in form from the corresponding ones in the English,—are written like the latter.

The sense, but not the inimitable melody of these stanzas may be gathered from the following translation :—

“ Now, on the coming of Spring, the day will be a-stretching,  
 Now, on [the coming of Brigit's Eve, it is, that I shall raise  
 my music ,  
 Since I took it into my head I shall never stop  
 Until I stand in the West in the midst of the county of Mayo !

\* \* \*

I solemnly declare it, that my heart rises up,  
 Even as the wind is lifted, or as the mist is scattered,  
 When I think upon Carra and upon Balla to the North of it,  
 Upon the Bush of the Mile and upon the plains of Mayo.”

The words thus sung held the appreciative listener in the spell of their sweet naturalness, and he asked the old man if he would teach him the song. “ He taught it to me,” continues Dr. Hyde, “ and I went home, and with me a great part of ‘ The County Mayo ’ by heart.” This popular lay, it should be explained, is also known under the title of “ The Song of Killeadan.” It was the first time that Dr. Hyde had heard it, and it was not until long afterwards that he learned who its author was. “ I was another day,” he tells in the quaint though pleasant style of the English version of his Irish-written preface, “ fifteen years after this, handling and poking amongst the old Irish MSS. that are in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, and what should I meet there but a manuscript book in which were some of Raferty's poems, and amongst them my old friend ‘ County Mayo,’ and it was then that I learned that Raferty was its author, and that many another sweet song he had composed as well as it.”

Still later whilst taking a walk near Blackrock, Dublin, he was accosted by a blind man begging alms ; and after giving a dole and proceeding a few paces, it occurred to him that the mendicant “ had the face and mouth of an Irish speaker on him,” and turning back, he spoke to the old man in Irish and was answered “ with melody and taste in the same language,” and thereupon ensued an interesting conversation, in the course of which Dr. Hyde ascertained much respecting Raferty from this chance acquaintance who happened to

be a Galwegian. At his suggestion when he next visited the capital of Connaught, Dr. Hyde made some enquiries in the vicinity of Raftery's labors. Here he found that somebody in the neighborhood had a manuscript copy of his poems, but further quest of this only elicited the information that it had been taken to America; a like failure resulted with respect to his search for another volume in the same district. Lady Gregory, however, was more fortunate in her efforts, of which we have the fruit in her admirable appreciation of Raftery in her book ("Poets and Dreamers"). She found a manuscript which had been in the possession of an old stonecutter. "This book," observes Dr. Hyde, "was written very well in Irish characters by some nameless person, apparently about fifty years ago. She got a loan of the book and lent it to me, and I copied out of it seventeen songs. . . . After that I went to look for the book I had seen in the Academy more than ten years before. I first went to the index of the MSS. in the Academy, but there was not even the name of Raftery in the index of the Irish books there, nor was the first line of any of his poems to be found amongst the index of first lines. I spent the two days from morning till night going through the books before I found it. There are more than twenty poems by Raftery in this MS., which is well written, in Irish characters, in an old man's handwriting, a doctor's, perhaps, for I found this line written on one of the leaves :

"Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,"

and there is a picture of Raftery's head drawn in a rough and ready way, with pen and ink, upon another page, and a couple of words in English underneath, giving the date of his death."

The rest of the collection was obtained from various sources: eight poems from Owen O'Neachtain of Galway; five others from Father Clement O'Looney, Loughrea, who had written them down many years before from the lips of an old man. As to the rest the compiler obtained a poem here and a poem there from manuscript or from the mouth of some person with a retentive memory. Thus he wrote down from the dictation of Thomas Hynes, Kiltartan (a relative, by the way, of the comely subject of it) the song of "Mary Hynes"; also the most of "Raftery and the Death," was gathered in this way from the same man. "County Mayo" reached the col-

lection through the medium of a herd possessed of a tenacious memory, and brought up in the townland in which its author was born and had spent his childhood. The greater part of "Anach Cuain" was obtained through a friend who had heard it from an old woman who lived in Anach Cuain itself; and so on, piece by piece, the best of the material wherewith was wrought the mantle of Raftery's muse came to light in Dr. Hyde's thorough and discerning quest, and finds permanent form in his interesting volume.

The range of our poet appears to have been an extensive and versatile one, comprehending the gamut of human feeling and swaying between the depths of passion and the laughing shallows of reckless humour,—sentimental and satirical by turns with a tendency as youth and its buoyancy vanished, to be didactic and occasionally sombre.

A few facts as to his life. He was born in the year 1784, near Kiltimagh, in the County of Mayo. The site on which stood the small cottage in which the poet was born was shown to Dr. Hyde on the occasion of a recent visit to the locality, "which," according to the latter, "is one of the places most frequented by fairies or *sheehogues* of all that are in that country." When about nine years of age he lost his sight as a result of smallpox. Shortly afterwards he began to learn the violin, evidently intending to make it a means of livelihood, his parents being unable to provide for him, but as a musician he appears to have gained only an indifferent reputation, and used what skill of the instrument he acquired as merely subsidiary to verse-making and better calculated to procure the wherewithal for the bare necessities of life. For some reason, not recorded, he left his native village, migrating to the adjoining county of Galway. Here he spent the greater part of his life, wandering from one end of the county to the other, and depending for subsistence on his songs and music.

As contemporaries of Raftery, Connaught had, we are told, three or four poets such as Sweeney and Barrett, in the county of Mayo, whom some of the old people considered superior to him. But as most of their poems are lost and as they were themselves men of education and means, it would not be fair to make a comparison between such scholarly men and Raftery, who, blind from his childhood and deprived of education, was a poor wanderer all his

days. And yet Raftery's work has left a deeper mark than theirs. Besides, this blind poet was a power in the land that counted for much in dark and evil days. He taught the people among whom he moved how best to resist injustice, especially in the case of that iniquitous exaction known as *tithes*, and in doing this he showed a soundness of judgment that appealed powerfully to those he addressed.

Raftery's muse, though doubtless chastened thereby, yet suffered because of the rigor and narrowness of his fortunes. Not the least famous of his songs were composed in praise of his patrons, and he had to please these people. Others were due to a monetary resentment against their enemies or rivals or against his own; thus we have many specimens of the satire or *aer* from him—short, pungent, personal. In the known collection of his poems, he has left some religious and didactic pieces of considerable length, which show remarkable knowledge of the subjects with which they treat, when one considers the educational limitations of their author. As to the historic side of his productions, his "Story of the Bush" is pronounced by competent authority to be a concise and intelligible history of Ireland. It won great popularity through the county of Galway, and possibly beyond it, diffusing, as it did, a knowledge of the history of the country which perhaps no other means could so well do in view of the dearth of education during that period. For in those comparatively distant days acquaintance with the history of Ireland, so far as the bulk of the population were concerned, was acquired, mainly, from the word-of-mouth narration of old people. One can, therefore, form some idea of the service rendered by a man like Raftery, who spoke and used the old tongue with, it is said, unrivalled skill and put the facts that his marvellous memory had conserved into apt and effective metre. To what extent his natural talents were helped by education we are left in doubt, because of the lack of trustworthy information on the point. As has already been implied in the present paper, he was, as we understand the term *education*, at the present day, practically uneducated. There is, however, a legend to the effect that an uncle, who was a school-master, had imparted to him such instruction as was possible to one who was deprived of the priceless sense of sight and who, therefore, could only sit and listen to the lessons taught to the other pupils of



a small village school. However this may be, his thirst for knowledge appears to have been insatiable.

Physically, Raftery was a sturdy man,—short of stature and compactly built. He used to boast that he never wrestled with a man whom he could not throw. Although blind, he knew the roads over which he travelled thoroughly. There are stories still extant of his marvellous sense of locality that verge upon the incredible.

That there were faults and shortcomings goes without saying, when one recalls the sort of a life he led,—that of a wandering minstrel among people who both loved and feared him,—loved, because of his genial qualities and intellectual gifts, feared because of his caustic tongue and biting sarcasm. In his poem "Repentance," he says with a sort of grim complacency, which sounds strange in such a connection, that he was not half as bad as many about him. His moral lapses were possibly due, in large measure, at any rate, to the conviviality induced by the sort of a life he led. We are told, however, that he was a man of sense, as well as of piety, and that the last seven years of his life were spent in the composition of religious poems, in prayer and in a deepening realization of death. The accounts of his own passing differ in details. Of several referred to by Dr. Hyde most reliance is placed on that furnished by Lady Gregory, which she received from a man in whose father's house Raftery died and who, as a boy, was present at the occurrence. This informant states that the bard had taken ill in Galway, and that when he had apparently recovered he resumed his wandering life through the country places in order to gather a little money, but that he was struck down again. This was at Killenin in the south-western part of the county. For a fortnight he was confined to bed, and then the priest was sent for, and the last rites administered. "My mother," says this narrator of the last scene, "wished to send for his wife and his son, who were in Galway, that they might come to take better care of him, but he would not let them do it. It seems to me he thought they had not done too well by him. I heard a story that the priest refused to give him absolution, and he dying, unless he would forgive some enemy he had, and that he said, 'I forgave him with my mouth, I did not forgive him with my heart,' but there was not a word of truth in it. . . . But there was a carpenter living down there on the road whom Raftery had insulted one time.

This carpenter was a sort of poet and he had a fine voice singing a song, and he came out and broke Raftery's fiddle. And it's well I remember when he was dying that the priest brought in this carpenter, and he made them forgive each other and shake each other's hands." The account of the funeral, given by a neighbor of the last informant, is interesting. "It was on Christmas Eve he died," goes on this account, "and that's a sign that he was blessed. There be's a blessing on the people who die at Christmas. It was at night he was buried, for no work would be done on Christmas Day; but my father and a few of the other neighbours gathered a trifle of money to buy a coffin for him, and it was made by a man in the village on St. Stephen's Day, and it was brought here and the people of the village followed it, for they all had a love and respect for Raftery. But when they got here the night was falling, and when they were digging the grave there was a big stone before them in it, and they were not able to lift it, and the boys thought they would bring him into the barn and take the night out of him (meaning, of course, to have a wake). But my mother—God have mercy on her—had a great respect for Raftery, and she sent out two mould candles lit, to give us light. Every woman used to have her own mould at that time, and they used to make their own candles against the Christmas. We held the lighted candles over the grave, which was near the gable of the church, to give us light, and my brother went down into the grave and raised up the stone and we buried him then. There was a good breeze of wind out that same time, but it did not quench the candles, and I don't think it even stirred the flame itself, and that shows that the Lord had a hand in him."

Thus in the year 1835 and at the comparatively early age of 51 passed from this mortal scene one of Nature's own poets, and a master of the Irish tongue. Two generations had rolled over his unmarked grave and his name had all but been buried in oblivion, when as a result of the Gaelic awakening in the quiet countrysides his memory was revived and fame established. This was largely due to the thoughtful act of a noble and gifted woman. At an early age of that literary awakening, Lady Gregory's attention was attracted to certain of Raftery's songs as she heard them sung by the peasantry in her part of the county of Galway. The fruit of the researches and study induced by this interest in an almost forgotten

poet is that charming appreciation to be found in her "Poets and Dreamers," one of the classics of the Gaelic movement, To her kindly interest, moreover, was due the erection in August, 1900, of a suitable headstone bearing an inscription in the old tongue, to mark the grave of the people's poet.

As for Raftery the man, it is but fair to remember in our estimate of him that, besides the irreparable infliction—loss of sight—from which since childhood he had suffered, his life was a nomadic one, and he more than once felt the touch of want. Circumstances, as well as temperament, had made him a strolling minstrel and musician. It is questionable indeed whether he would, under such conditions, ever have contented himself to live in any one place, however comfortable domicile there might have been made for him. This proclivity to wander betraying a spirit of vagabondage possibly explains why, when on his deathbed, neither his wife nor son (apparently the only members of his immediate family living) visited him, also why it was said of them that they had not done too well by him. His domestic life does not seem to have been a happy one. Perhaps there were faults on both sides, yet the fact remains that he had no settled residence, but wandered hither and thither, a veritable embodiment of the *seagraun*.

It is an odd personality, yet a picturesque figure, that Lady Gregory and Dr. Hyde have presented in their separate sketches of Raferty. The careful reader can readily fancy the itinerant bard whose best work, as well as personality, these indefatigable workers in Irish literature have brought to the surface, thus rescuing from oblivion, perhaps, the last of the genuine bards that the past century has carried unto us from an age already becoming, as far as tradition and oral legend are concerned, dim with the shadows of fading memories. Although Raftery lived until Catholic Emancipation had come and a few years after that event, he was nevertheless a child of the Penal Period, and his impressions and view of life were necessarily more or less affected by its influence. However that may be he remained throughout fervently attached to the Church of his fathers. When it was first mooted that the Government were about to found a system of national education for Ireland, he advised the people to have nothing to do with the scheme, which, according to

Dr. Hyde, has in practice contradicted its alleged attributes of national.

We can imagine, then, the effect upon his fellows of such a one as Raftery dropping in, say, of a winter night at a Connaught fire-side, taking without question and with a *ceud míle fáille*, the place of honor there, and reciting his poems to an eager and expectant audience, supplementing, if not accompanying, them on his violin. He was, not unlikely, the only one who at that day could tell them aught of what was going on in the world outside of their restricted environment. For the vogue of the now universal newspaper had not yet arrived in remote districts; and his reputation as a poet, which to his average hearer was tantamount to that of an oracle, gave special weight to what he said. That he had influence with those among whom he spent his days, and that on the whole he exercised it wisely, goes without saying. Proverbs are yet current among the peasantry of the county of Galway which owe their racy pith, as well as their popularity, to the felicity of his language or the pungency of his humor. Many a quip and apothegm prefixed by the formula, "as Raftery says," as the present writer heard in that part of the world, the speaker quoting has if from an oracle.

His merits as a poet can be fairly judged only by the medium in which his muse found expression—the Gaelic language and its laws of metrical composition. So far as the first of these tests goes, there is authority for the statement that the purity and aptness of Raftery's diction, and the idiomatic structure of his lines, stand almost unrivalled among the recognized masters of modern Irish. The place he occupies in that connection may be judged by the fact that in the suggestions recently made for the establishment of an Academy of the Irish Language his poems are prominently mentioned among the literary standards to be adopted. Whilst making due allowance for the adulation of a simple peasantry there is doubtless something in what a countryman once told Dr. Hyde on the subject: "Raftery was an inspired man, and that's all about it, and every word of it correct, just as if it was coming out of a dictionary."

As to his work as a poet, the first outstanding characteristic is the simplicity and directness of his style. He spoke from the heart naturally and freely. This quality distinguishes him from his rather pedantic contemporaries. "There is no comparison at

all," writes Dr. Hyde, "to be drawn between Raftery, as a poet, and a man like Owen Roe O'Sullivan or the Munster poets who lived a hundred years ago. They were learned men. Masters of the Irish language, old and new, were they. They had a vocabulary of their own, but it was not a too natural one. It was melody they sought for and melody they found. But they took away too often from the sense to add to their melody. My Raftery never sought out melody at all. He is not without it; but he never went hunting for it. He never used a 'cramp' or hard word in order to increase the melliflousness of his verses. He spoke out the thing that was in his heart, simply and directly, in his own words; but for all that I am mistaken if even a Munster man would not understand him to-day better than he would understand Owen Roe."

Some peculiarities of Irish metre are illustrated in Raftery's verse, as to which his editor has this to say:—"He who is not accustomed to the poetry of the Gaels will not see or understand the melody and music of this poem ('Lament for Thomas O'Daly,' a famous Connaught piper and contemporary of Raftery's). The English speaker will not understand it at all, for the poetry of the Gaels is altogether different from the poetry of the English. Every boy in Ireland," Dr. Hyde enjoins, "ought to have a knowledge of the two sorts of poetry, but, alas, they have not; and the miserable schools we have do not teach the people an iota about their own literature. For this reason I ask the reader to observe how the stress of the voice falls eight times, at regular intervals, in the first verse, upon the letter A, and I print it large to make the reader understand it after a more intelligible manner." He goes on to explain that the same peculiarity occurs in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh verses of the elegy taken for illustration; that the accent falls eight times upon the letter U in the third verse, and eight times upon the letter E in the last one. Space will permit of only one verse,—the first,—for illustration, and Dr. Hyde's translation of the same stanza. In both the original and translated forms the accent is indicated by a capital letter (A) in each case.

" Is a e Tomas O DAlaig  
 D'fag fAn agus sgap ar aois oig,  
 A's o d'imir an bAs air,  
 Na grAsa go dtugaid Dia do.

Ta an tir seo ar fad crAidte,  
 ~ Ag sior-trAct air, o d'eagar bfeair-spoirt,  
 Do bearfad an bAire  
 As gac ceArda le breagta a cuid ceoil."

Dr. Hyde's version of the above is as follows :—

" It is Thomas O'Daly  
 Left Aching in young hearts and old,  
 And since death has waylAid him,  
 May the grAces of God be his fold.  
 This country is Ailing,  
 BewAiliug that fingers of gold  
 Which made music like Angels,  
 Should be lAid in the clay and the cold."

That Raftery could also use the English metrical forms and use them cleverly is abundantly evident. Take, for example, that instant and pathetic reply of his to a stranger who had happened to hear him playing and had asked aloud, " Who is the Musician ?" It consists of three simple verses in a readily recognised English metre. Here is the first stanza, with Dr. Hyde's English of the same :—

" Mise Raitteri an file,  
 Lan docas agus grad,  
 Le suilib gan solus  
 Le ciunas gan crad."

" I am Raftery the poet,  
 Full of hope and love,  
 With eyes that have no light,  
 With gentleness that has no misery."

The felicities of expression, the subtle poetical touch, that indefinable something without which verse is a meaningless jumble of rhyme, the noble use of simple things, the haunting melody of a single line or of a phrase, that union of thought, rhythm, and diction which is the unerring note of " the vision and faculty divine,"—these at his best may be found in this blind poet whom practically a life-long affliction had deprived of the use of the pen. " Observé," says his appreciative and capable editor " now finely he shapes a word, 'forge of gold' for the mint where the gold pieces are struck, and

words like ' tables a-speckling, *i.e.*, backgammon being played, and ' ivory dice ' and a ' calling of the school ' and the ' Land of the Fail (*i.e.* Ireland), and how he brings in names like ' The Hill of Slaughter ' (an Ossianic poem), Coniaoch (Cuchulain's son, celebrated in an Irish epic), . . . . . &c., out of the old literature that was at that time in the mouth of everyone."

He is free from the mythological jargon so popular with the writers of Anglo-Irish balads, such as "The Colleen Rhue," to quote an example familiar to most readers.

" Are you Aurora or the Goddess Flora,  
Eutherpasia or fair Vanus bright ? "

His love songs, " Brigdin Veasaig," " Mary Hynes," " Nansaid Breathnac," to mention the most widely known, are among those expressions of lyric poetry that live as long as the memory to which they have been committed.

In the tribute, already noticed, to Thomas O'Daly, there are some not easily forgotten touches which even survive the strain of translation, as this, in referrence to his dead friend's art, "On the tops of whose fingers lay the pleasantry", and this recalling of the kindness of his features, "Fairer were his two grey eyes than the dew of the morning on the top of the grass."

"AN T—Atair Uilliam" (a poem addressed to Father William Delaney who had often befriended Rattery) contains a line likely to recur to one long after he has read it. The poet in praising the priest for hospitable and generous treatment, gives such an explanation of its mainspring as must captivate the mind having any pride of ancestry (and what Celt has not?). The line runs,

" 'S ni leanann se act nos a daoine " (i.e., literally, In this he but follows the way of his people). The charm of this, which must be admitted to lie in its subtle appeal to a treasured past, is really lost in the familiar Anglo-Irish rendering, "'Twas the way of the old Delaneys."

The note of true poetry can be found in Rattery in more ways than are here set down. But perhaps enough has been said to carry out the object of this rambling paper,—that is, excite curiosity as to the work of a genuine poet.

E. P. STANTON.

## LIFE.



GLIMPSE of light

Ineffable from the empyrean far :  
 The grace and glory of a new born star  
 Leading to Bethlehems where Edens are  
 Fresh from Heaven's height.

A rose of spring  
 Enfolding in its heart's exquisite bloom  
 The essence of the world's most rare perfume,  
 The pearl of love, the gold of hope, pride's plume,  
 When youth is king.

The golden grain  
 Scattered by hand divine on fertile ground ;  
 Anon, by glorious harvest fitly crowned,  
 Or, haply, on perilous wayside found,  
 A gift in vain.

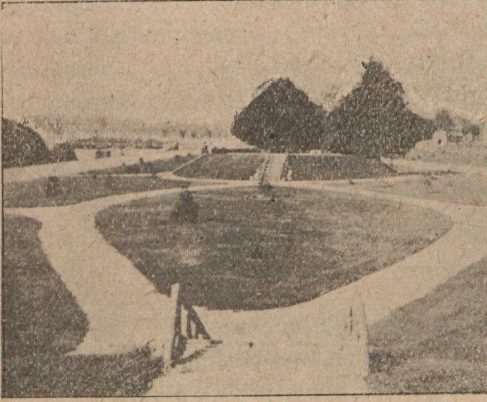
A wind harp, wild,  
 Responding with impassioned thrilling tone  
 To every breeze by joy or sorrow blown,  
 In music blithesome, or despair's deep groan,  
 Emotion's child.

The tempest's strife,  
 Darkness and tears through: all the troubled air,  
 The thunders of God's anger,—penance—prayers  
 The splendor of a sunset calm and fair—  
 And this is life.

CAMEO.



## “Good-bye, Sweet Day.”

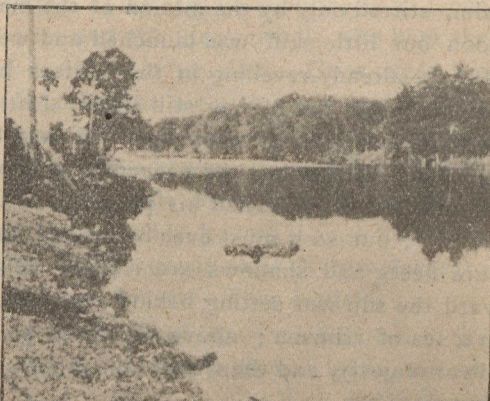


THE train that bore us homeward after our holiday trip seemed fairly to crawl, so great was our impatience to be once again in our own dear city, made dearer still by absence. Even the wild beauty of the mountains we had just left was forgotten when, through the window of our car, we caught the first faint glimpse of the delicate purple hills we loved best of all. Ottawa had looked so enticing in its summer loveliness that it was almost with regret we made our yearly concession to custom and had departed for other scenes. Monotony may be the rust of experience, but our city's growing charms seemed to us very far from the point of becoming monotonous, and to find fairer scenes elsewhere—well, we were rather sceptical. However, absence makes the heart grow fonder of the other fellow, and we thought we'd try what it would do for us. The best part of a journey comes in on the home-stretch, and how are you ever going to experience the joy of the prodigal if you don't wander a little from your own fireside, or your own flower-plots, if it happen to be summer?

A holiday resort of idyllic loveliness charmed us for a while, but a warning chill in the air and the sight of crimsoning leaves brought our visit to a close and caused us to turn our steps whither our thought readily preceded us—homewards. Imagine our surprise and joy to find Ottawa on this late September day of our return almost as fresh and green as on the day we bade a reluctant adieu weeks before! It might have been June but for the mellowness in the air suggestive of a richer season, and here and there a gold or crimson leaf to tell that the great and solemn mystery of the year was working. The law of compensation never fails. Spring had come and gone before we were sure enough of its presence to write

it even a sonnet, but autumn, more beautiful still and far more us, stretched out over wee of glorious sunshine, lingered with us till life itself became a sonnet and the world about us a picture gallery hung with inimitable tapestries.

And so we, who had come back with every good intention of settling

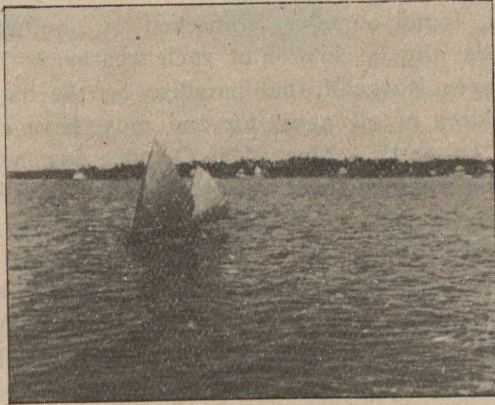


down to work, found ourselves embarked on another holiday, for who could resist the fascination of such weather? It was so long since we had seen Rockcliff, that paradise on the banks of the Ottawa for children of all ages, for one must be a child to know heaven even on earth. One ideal October day, whose fragrant memory no east wind can ever dissipate, was chosen for the revisiting of that favorite spot. How good it felt to breathe in once again the odor of those dear pines! We wondered, in the excess of our joy, if earth held any sorrow those pines could not soothe. That was extravagant, of course, and yet how potent they are to chase away the blues, and who knows if the blues are not the root of all evil? Like happy children that we were, we followed again the old familiar pathways beneath those pines or traced new ones deeper into the heart of them. Nature's hand had slowly but steadily done a wonderful transformation within these sylvan depths, and as we noted the pale, delicate greens, the touches of gold and crimson on the elms and maples and beeches, the effect of those lovely colors against the clear blue of the sky or the darkness of the evergreens, we longed for the pen of a poet or the brush of an artist, whoever else might sigh for the wings of a dove.

How inviting the river looked there below, as now and again we caught a glimpse of it through the green tracery of the leaves! By and by its invitation became emphatic and we followed down the rocky pathway that leads to its banks. How peaceful it looked and

calm, stirred only by the motion of the many boats upon its waters. Soon our little skiff was launched and we joined the happy number of those already revelling in the perfect beauty of the day. Sometimes rowing, but oftener still simply drifting dreamily with the current, we surrendered to the spell of that beauty, forgetful of time and place until at last the deepening shadows recalled us to reality. Would that the poet had his prayer, and day might never "end in night"; but so it must ever be on this side of the veil where pleasure fleets and shadows are forever falling. As we rowed homeward the sun was setting behind the church spire of Gatineau Point in a sea of crimson; above Rockcliff bluff the moon was rising in silver majesty, and the waters all about us looked like liquid jewels

from the mingled reflections of sunset and moonrise. The boy was waiting to draw up the skiff, a car was in readiness to take us home, and so we silently said



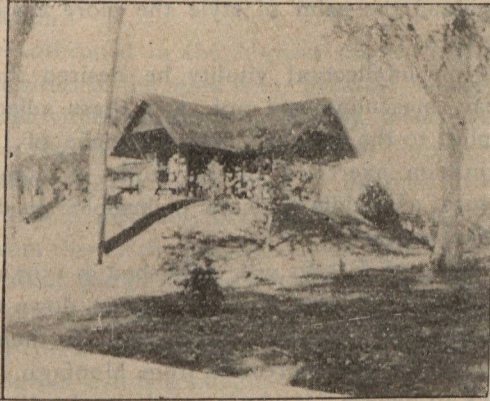
"good-bye" to our favorite summer haunt, till the violet and the daisy lift their delicate heads once more beneath the shadow of its stately pines.

The Government Driveway never looked more charming than on the bright sunny morning we paid it a visit after weeks of absence. On this occasion it was our happy privilege to exhibit its many beauties and attractions to admiring strangers. The residence of His Excellency the Papal Delegate, it, too, was carefully pointed out as one of the attractions, and much admired. And the rustic summer-house! how proudly we exhibited its wondrous artistic design and skillful workmanship. In stifling summer days, what joy it was to leave the noise and dust and glare of the city and wander here among the cool, shaded paths or rest within those pretty rustic houses and feast our tired eyes on the welcome vision of green without, green everywhere, depths upon depths of green!

The big cars looked deserted, so did Britannia-on-the-Bay. Gone were the singers and the players and the funny people who kept the auditorium filled in the good old summer time. Gone were the children—most of them—who filled the air with the music of their merry voices. The flowers were almost faded—*sic semper transeunt* all things. But the day was beautiful and warm enough for us to sit out on the pier and watch the white sails that dotted the waters of the bay. And as we watched, the brief day drew to a close and those waters became empurpled with the gorgeous tints Nature loves to reveal in when she paints an autumn sunset. Then we left.

And Strathcona Park, you little jewel, have we left you to the last? Well, just because you came to us last, you know, but we hardly think we'll love you least. May you live long and prosper and be worthy of your name! Although "the melancholy days" had *almost* come when we made your acquaintance, yet we anticipate many pleasant hours for the future beneath the protecting folds of the flag upon your summer-house. A happy choice for such a retreat, where the low murmuring music of the Rideau may soothe our spirits ruffled by worldly cares, and sing to our listening ears a song of peace on its way to the sea.

A. BUG.



## Characteristics of Bacon's Essays.



HE most brilliant Englishman who survived Shakespeare was Francis Bacon. He stood, as Ben Jonson put it, "the mark and acme of our language," yet with all his intuition he failed to recognize the trend of the times. He desired an immortality of readers, but he thought that books written in his native tongue could never be "citizens of world," and thus by a futile disregard of his own language he robbed English literature of a great part of its heritage.

It is very strange and indeed sad to think that his Latin works, in literature, philosophy and science, those on which he rested his fame, the books which were to "last as long as books shall last," are now unknown except by a few scholars and that it is the despised "Advancement of Learning" and the "English Essays" which will sustain his reputation as a "master of words" as long as the English tongue endures. Disbelieving in the permanence of the language of Shakespeare, Bacon did not aim at an excellence of English literary style. He continually protested against the "Pygmalion frenzy" of devotion to words. In his estimation it was a snare quite as often as a help, and lordly conscious of his peculiar greatness, he gained the palm of style the more easily because he was indifferent to it.

Abounding in intellectual vitality he desired that his prose should be clear, masculine and apt, and these adjectives may in general be applied to the Essays. The influence of the wonderful age, the fascination exercised by the study of human character shows itself almost as vividly in these philosophic productions as in the drama of Shakespeare.

The first book of Essays was published in 1597 and the completed edition in 1612. "Certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously," Bacon himself says of them. The title "Essays" may have been borrowed from Montagu, but the thing itself dates back to Seneca, "whose epistles to Lucilius, if we mark them well, are but essays, that is, dispersed meditations though conveyed in the form of epistles." In the first edition often the subjects are of a simple nature,—Discourse, Studies, Expense, Faction,—

such as do not admit of rhetorical style but more of apt and homely illustration. The astuteness and conciseness of form and matter is very noticeable. The second edition is on a higher level, the theme loftier, and the language more elevated; there is evidence of greater care. The third volume Bacon deemed worthy of being translated into Latin.

None of the Essays attempt anything like a grandiloquent style; they avoid both formal introduction and elaborate close. The opening is often an abrupt maxim or metaphor. "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue." "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished." Such phrases are to the whole as the essay to the more pretentious productions. They are the skeins or bottoms of thread which may be unwinded at large when they are wanted." In general they are almost all too short, often mere notes or headings for chapters. The essay on Friendship is one of the few exceptions.

The Essays are not mere "fancies," but on the contrary they are the outcome of the author's observances of everyday life. Full of pithy metaphors and trite maxims, "they come home to men's business and bosoms." They portray the actual rather than the ideal man and endeavor to set up rules of conduct as a guidance towards perfection.

Virtue is enthroned in the highest place. "Goodness of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of its Deity, and without it a man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." But human nature is corrupt and not always favorable to the free exercise of virtue. Most people "understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration, but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all." Throughout a great number of the Essays there runs this under-current of contempt for mankind.

A knowledge of evil is a safeguard against it. The practical man rises to a place of eminence among his fellows by knowing and taking advantage of their imperfections. Unlike Machiavelli, Bacon does not sanction an indiscriminate use of evil for the advancement of one's fortune but he leans that way. "If you would work a man you must either know his nature and fashions and so work him; or

his ends and so win him; or his weaknesses or disadvantages and so awe him; or those that have interest in him and so govern him." And again in the essays on "Dissimulation and Falsehood," "Certainly the ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity. But then they were like horses, well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop and turn."

Religion is seldom touched upon in the *Essays* but an important place is assigned it in "De Augmentis" and "Advancement of Learning," "A sharp line of distinction is drawn between matters of revealed religion and matters of science.

Friendship in Bacon's opinion is one of God's greatest gifts. It is far superior to love or to the ties of family affection and to a powerful influence in the bettering of mankind. "I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage."

They contain also some very good ideas on the political questions of the day. Rules for external and internal government are laid down but they are chiefly from the point of view of the King, "Primum Mobile." Able statesman though Bacon was, yet in those days of Tudor and Stuart despotism he looked with genuine dread upon the prospect of an administration conducted by a mass of plebian legislators.

Few men have shown greater adaptability of style. It varies cleverly to suit the slightest change in circumstance or purpose. He had an early tendency to spangle his speech but he gradually succeeded in overcoming this and, avoiding uncommon words and phrases became as he wished "more current in the style." Largeness of vocabulary, a free daring spirit and aptness of illustration are characteristic features of all his work.

It is not however the strength and condensation of thought or the happiness and fecundity of expression which constitute the real merit of the essays. It lies in the power which they apply to human life; they imprint on the memory a number of good practical thoughts and revealing at the same time the author's train of reasoning, they stimulate the reader to follow in the lead of the master mind. "To use his own expression his words are 'male' by which he meant not impotently ornamental, but generative of such thoughts

as are potent to produce action. As long as infirm human nature remains what it is, few Englishmen will fail to learn something about their infirmities from the Essays and to rise from their perusal with a quickened contempt for an objectless existence and for those who having an object do not go straight towards it."

## Irish Airs and their Associations with Irish History.

(Read before the Gaelic Society.)



THE title of this paper indicates its scope ; the old melodies of Ireland have helped to make history on more than one occasion ; it is these striking historical episodes and the relation which the old airs in question, many of them now forgotten, bore to them that I desire to illustrate.

### THE WHITE COCKADE.

On May 11th, 1745, France triumphed decisively at Fontenoy ; she owed her victory entirely to the genius and valor of the Irish regiments in her service. As the broken and routed remnants of Cumberland's army escaped from the field, they heard the pipers of the Brigade play a tune with which after events were destined to make them more familiar. This air passed over to Scotland during the Jacobite rising, and so popular did it become among the adherents of the Stuart cause that they made it their chief rallying-tune. This fact gave rise to the supposition that it originated among the compatriots of Burns ; such, however, is not the case. "The White Cockade" is a very old Irish air, to which an Irish song was written during the Williamite period by Maurice Mac David Duff Fitzgerald, a name sufficiently Hibernian in itself to dispel all doubts. He styled his composition "An Cnotadh Bàn," in reference to the cockades or topknots of white ribbon which the Irish soldiers of James II. wore affixed to their three-cornered hats. White was the Borbon color ; and it was adopted by the last Stuart King, in compliment to his ally, Louis XIV.



It was probably of the poet Fitzgerald's version that J. J. Callanan made the metrical translation included in his published works. The original song is best known, however, through its stirring Scotch variants. Their choruses bear, in most cases, a close resemblance to that of "Siùbhail a-Rúin," also a Brigade ballad, and, as such, introduced by the late Robert Louis Stevenson into his novel "The Master of Ballantrae."

#### AIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

Now, let us hearken back to 1641—to the period when Confederate and Covenanter were grappled in a death-struggle—a struggle that was only to end with the appearance of Cromwell on the stage of Irish history. We find the northern pipers at Benburb playing "Planxty Sudley," an air which Moore's genius immortalized in after times by his spirited word-setting, "O the Sight Entrancing." They seem to have played it to some purpose, too, for, of the 8,000 Puritans who confronted Owen Roe that day more than 3,000 went down before the onset that followed. Monroe, their general, left behind him his hat and wig, so hurried was his flight from the field of battle; they were afterwards found, and a facetious Ulsterman exhibited them on the point of his pike to his admiring companions as trophies of the victory.

The glories of Benburb were soon obscured. Two years later, the now sadly divided and disunited Confederates vainly struggled to make headway against the overwhelming forces of the Puritan generals in the south. At Knocknanoss, or Shrub Hill, near Mallow, on the borders of Cork and Tipperary, "Murrrough the Burner" (as the then Lord Inchiquin is still known in popular tradition) routed a greatly inferior Confederate force commanded by Lord Taaffe. The victor spared neither man, woman nor child, on the warpath; and, as he had out-Cromwelled Cromwell at Cashel a short time previously, so on this occasion he stained his victory with massacre. The gallant Sir Allaster McColl Keitache MacDonnell (known to readers of Scottish history as Colkitto) was barbarously assassinated by his orders while parleying with an officer. The Irish reverently interred the fallen hero in the ancestral tomb of the O'Callaghans in County Cork; and their pipers composed over his body a wild and spirited pibroch which has come down through the ages under the title,

"MacAlisdrum's March." Other airs there were, of course ; of such was "The Red Fox," which drew from Robert Emmet the exclamation : " Would that I were at the head of ten thousand men marching to that tune !"

#### THE TUNES OF 1798.

Mention of Robert Emmet recalls the modern revolutionary period of Irish history. The armed movement of 1798 produced a splendid series of popular melodies, of which "The Wearing of the Green" is, probably, the most widely known at the present day. Dion Boucicault heard it sung by a ballad-singer in the streets of Dublin, and so impressed was he by the pathetic beauty of the air that he inserted it in his drama "Arrah-na-Pogue," with words of his own setting. John Keegan Casey, a poet of the Fenian period, wrote to the same air his stirring lyric "The Rising of the Moon," which, in the martial vigor of its sentiments, happily supplements the dirge-note of the earlier versions.

The Marseillaise was chanted by the gallant Presbyterian patriots of Ulster, who, under the leadership of Henry Joy MacCracken, marched on Antrim, on the 7th of June, 1798. They dashed through the streets in the gray light of dawn, while the garrison, roused by the sound of approaching feet, turned out of their beds to meet them. They threw themselves across the pathway of the onrushing masses, but all their efforts were in vain. The insurgents dashed in on them, still thundering the Marseillaise, and their long pikes scattered the redcoats like so many sheep. The tide of fortune soon changed, however. Outside Antrim, the fugitives rallied, and, strongly reinforced this time, returned to the attack. The gradual dispersion of the insurgents followed. MacCracken himself, taken a month later, was hanged in accordance with the ruthless military law of the period. With him expired the last hopes of the patriotic party in the North.

Connacht had a memorable share in the events of '98. On August 22nd, the French landed at Killala ; on the 27th with their Irish allies they routed the British at Castlebar ; on the 8th September, General Lake and Lord Cornwallis surrounded them and forced them to surrender, at Ballinamuck. The celebrated popular song, "Sean Bhean Bhocht" expresses the high hopes of the peasantry on

the eve of Humbert's arrival ; what happened after Killala is best described in the vigorous rebel ballad "The Boys of the West," by the late William Rooney, of Dublin, and which I shall take the liberty of quoting, as a fitting conclusion to this article :—

While you honor in song and in story,  
 The names of the patriot men  
 Whose valor had filled with all glory  
 Full many a mountain and glen,  
 Forget not the boys of the heather,  
 Who martialled her bravest and best,  
 When Eire was broken in Wexford,  
 And looked for revenge to the West.

CHORUS :

Here's to the gallant old West, boys,  
 Who rallied her bravest and best,  
 When Ireland was broken and bleeding—  
 Hurrah for the men of the West.

Killala was ours ere the midnight,  
 And high over Ballina town  
 Our banners in triumph were waving,  
 Before the next sun had gone down.  
 We gathered to speed the good work, boys  
 The true men from near and from far,  
 And history can tell how we routed  
 The redcoats through old Castlebar.

So pledge me the stout sons of France, boys,  
 Bold Humbert and all his brave men,  
 Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle  
 Brought hope to the drooping again.  
 And Eire has clasped to her bosom  
 On many a mountain and hill  
 The gallants who fell—so they're here, boys,  
 To cheer us to victory still.

Though all the bright dreamings we cherished  
 Went down in disaster and woe,  
 The spirit of old is still with us  
 That never shall bend to the foe.  
 And Eire is ready whenever  
 The loud rolling beat of the drum  
 Rings out to awaken the echoes,  
 And tells us the morning has come.

HUBERT O'MEARA.

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### The Philosopher.

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If reading, as Bacon says, "maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man;" what shall travel teach him? That there is nothing new under the sun; that there were heroes before Hector, philosophers before Aristotle.

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It shall teach him something more—or should. That teaching is one thing, and learning another.

"Send a horse to the water, ye'll no mak him drink;

"Send a fule to the college, ye'll no mak him think:"—

Briefly, that progress depends wholly on the pupil. It is a case of "bonæ voluntatis;" not of discipline: the qualities of teacher and disciplinarian are not always concomitant, or even necessarily so.

\* \* \*

But it shall teach him more: to wit, as the Wise Man says: "Wisdom is the principal thing," but adds: "With all thy getting, get understanding," which is quite distinct from either wisdom or knowledge. Newman, by the way, says that a man should stand above his acquired information; view it as a traveller views a landscape from a hill...the higher the better; since the view is wider, and each item assumes its due proportions.

\* \* \*

Lastly—second lastly, as the Scottish preachers say: It shall teach him that “There be many things which to know do but little “or nothing profit the soul:” shall persuade him to “cease from an inordinate desire of knowing” these same “many things,” for the reason given. “Knowledge,” it is written “puffeth up, but charity edifieth.” “Some books,” says Bacon, “are to be tasted, others “swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.” The trouble is, we misapply the various processes. Whereof, the result is dyspepsia, or worse.

\* \* \*

Lastly, really lastly—it shall cure him of “that narrow provincialism, which is largely the result of ignorance.” Josh. Billings, to be sure, says:

“What’s good’s all English, all that isn’t, aint;  
“And when the vartooos died, they left her heir:”

but the failing, one may say, is not exclusively English, or even British. There are others who

“Think the rustic cackle of their burg,  
“The murmur of the world.”

“Go east, young man, across the herring pond;  
“There in the ancient halls of Oxenford,  
“Rub not shoulders with the scholars of the world:  
“And b’lieve that there is good “in Nazareth.”  
(I apologize for dropping, Silas Wegg fashion, into poetry.)

THE PHILOSOPHER.



**Extracts from "A Pet's Story."**

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An unpublished Poem.

IN Rome I walked with 'bated breath  
'Mid monuments of ancient death  
And modern life ; her sacred spell  
On me in benediction fell.  
Hers are the treasures of the years,  
Marvels of Art in all its spheres—  
Man's fairest work in her appears.  
The arch and column—the estate  
Of splendor they commemorate ;  
The temple's architectural poem ;  
The stained window's harmonious bloom ;  
The sculptured marble image rife  
With grace and beauty—almost life.  
Paintings sublime of world-wide fame,  
Harmonies as of heaven's acclaim ;  
All things ornate and exquisite,  
Evolved from human skill or wit ;  
And, having sense and spirit both,  
As the saint's crown its subject doth  
His presence, who in power alone  
Sits on high heaven's vice-regal throne.

This land of Italy doth seem  
The great Creator's special love ;  
Its beauty is a glowing dream  
Of loveliness, below, above.  
Its sunlight falls like kisses mild  
Of fondest mother on her child ;  
Earth and the melting heavens appear  
To meet and mingle in embrace  
Of ecstasy—a radiant sphere  
Fit for an angel's dwelling-place.

'Mid ancient Paestum's ruins I stood  
 Beside the purple sea's dark flood,  
 And looked in gloomy reveries  
 Down the dim shadowy centuries  
 To that far age when strong and proud,  
 Its turrets mingled with the cloud.  
 Its sons were bold and gay and wise,  
 Its daughters fond and fair. The rose  
 Twice yearly did its sweets uncloze,  
 Fit incense for sublime emprise.  
 Now, Nature mourning o'er the place,  
 It secret holds in her embrace,  
 And weaves a spell of baleful airs  
     That man repels; the while a pall  
     Of lovely flowers she lays o'er all  
 Those buried triumphs and despairs.

In fairy Florence long we stayed,  
 In its art galleries delayed,  
 Thro' its enchanting arbors strayed.

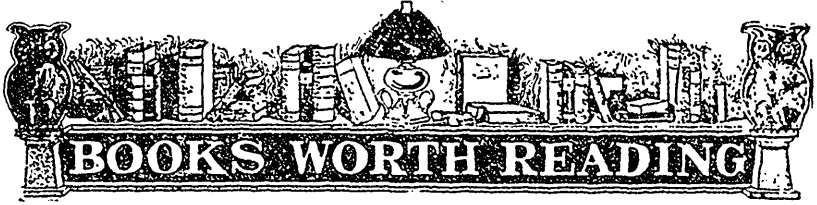
In travelling thro' those foreign climes  
     The magnetism of multitude  
 Gave me new life; the magic chimes  
     Of music my wild heart subdued:  
 The artist in me gloried in  
     The harmony of splendid hues  
 Of earth and sky; in grace divine  
 Of paintings breathing in each line  
     The beauty heaven alone imbues  
 By hand of Genius; statues fair  
     Of Loves and Hopes, of Gods and men.  
     But they were in repose—in vain  
 I breathed Angel's native air:  
 Like to the dove from Noah's ark  
 Sent wandering over waters dark,  
 Finding no shelter for her breast,  
 I roamed afar, devoid of rest.

.Lovely Lake Luzerne charmed my sight,  
 A jewel gleaming blue and bright,  
 .Set 'round with many a rocky height.  
 Fair Venice, Adriatic's queen,  
     I viewed, entranced, when sparkling stars  
 Looked at me from her streets serene  
     Where, floating o'er the silver bars  
 Of light, I felt almost as if  
     Midway 'twixt heaven and earth I soared;  
 Beneath I saw the fretted cliff  
     Of palaces, the domes that towered  
 Inverted, to a nether sky.  
 Golden boat lamps went flashing by,  
     From darkness into darkness sent,  
 Like harmless meteors trailing nigh,  
     Across the bay the armament  
 Sent up its signal lights in showers  
 Of parti-colored, fairy flowers;  
 Violets of flame, the crimson glow  
 Of gladiolus, and the show  
 Of burning lilies, white as snow.  
 'Twas not a glimpse of fairyland  
 For mortal music of a band  
 Mingled with voices blithe and clear,  
 And merry laughter echoed near.

Eden of beauty and repose  
     In Switzer glen and German plain  
 I found—but oft when skies of rose  
 My gardens flushed, a dream of pain  
 Came o'er me, and the utter North  
     I seemed to roam—its gloom and frost  
     Were mine, and pilgrimages vain  
 To desolations, reaching forth,  
     A wandering spirit, lone and lost "

CAMEO.





## Book Review.

VERGILIUS, by Irving Bachelier. *Harpers. N. Y.*

This is a tale of the reign of the fatherly Augustus, which brings us to Jerusalem in the days of King Herod the great, and permits us to go over to Bethlehem with the shepherds and the magi to see the "new born King." The undying charm of the wondrous story finds exquisite expression in this attempt of the author of *Eben Holden* to speak in classic and in mystic words of the great things that came to pass, in those awful days of Roman supremacy and Jewish intrigue. One is forcibly reminded of *Ben Hur*, and perhaps to the detriment of *Vergilius*. The descriptive chapters are very glowing and realistic, and the argument compels fullest surrender.

S. N.

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THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRID CAMPBELL. *Toronto.*  
*William Briggs.*

These poems are classified as follows :

Elemental and Human Verse.

Nature Verse.

Sagas of Vaster Britain.

Elegiac and Commemorative Verse.

Poems of the Affections.

Dramatic, Classic and Imaginative Verse.

Sonnets.

Vapor and Blue. (These are the "Lake Lyrics.")

To be fair in the appreciative note on this collection, one must read the best only of each class, then in strict justice say : Here is sweet music, sometimes deep and true meaning, vivid color, but

the soul is still a hungered ; the beautiful faith that compels Hope and Love strikes only uncertain chords.

S. N.

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JORDAN'S ELEMENTARY LATIN WRITING, by Clara B. Jordan, Head of the Department of Latin, Hughes High School, Cincinnati. *American Book Company, New York.*

Jordan's Elementary Latin Writer is planned for the second, third and fourth years' work in secondary schools. It therefore assumes that the pupil has studied Latin one year and is ready to make use of the regular forms of the Latin language. The book aims to teach the student to write good Latin prose. To this end it pays attention to style rather than to form. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of the student's grasping the feeling of an author's expression and imitating his style without copying his exact words. The volume presents the important rules of syntax and a series of 100 graded English exercises to be rendered into Latin. These passages are both interesting and useful. The first part of the book contains a brief summary of the general rules of syntax, arranged by topics in the order of their presentation in Latin grammars. The second part is devoted entirely to general exercises, which furnish more advanced and connected work than that previously encountered. Latin quotations, presenting in order nouns, verbs, adverbs, pronouns, and numerals, have been introduced for the purpose of providing systematic and mechanical drill in forms. An English-Latin vocabulary completes the book - it is very full and contains not only words, but also important phrases, with references to the articles on syntax.

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KNIGHT'S PRIMER OF ESSENTIALS IN GRAMMAR AND RHETORIC, by Marietta Knight, English Department, South High School, Worcester, Mass. *American Book Company, New York.*

This primer is the outcome of the need felt by many teachers in secondary schools for a concise and compact summary of the essentials of grammar and rhetoric. It is designed as a guide in review study of the ordinary text-books of grammar and rhetoric, or as an aid to teachers who dispense with such text-books ; in either case it

assumes that abundant drill work has been provided by the teacher in connection with each subject treated. The work will also be found to harmonize well with the recommendations of the College Entrance Examination Board, which require that students should be familiar with the fundamental principles of grammar and rhetoric. Inasmuch as entrance examinations to colleges may include questions involving such essentials, it is important that the study of the latter should go hand in hand with that of the texts. For this purpose the present primer will be found admirably well adapted, especially in view of the fact that it is not burdened with many illustrations and comments which are of no value.

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MERRILL'S ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF THEORETICAL MECHANICS, by George A. Merrill, B.S., Principal of the California School of Mechanical Arts, and Director of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco. *American Book Company, New York.*

This book is intended for the upper classes in secondary schools and for the two lower classes in college. Only a knowledge of elementary algebra, plane geometry, and plane trigonometry is required for a thorough comprehension of the work. The book presents only those principles and methods which are of the greatest importance, and thus overcomes many of the difficulties now encountered by students who are looking forward to an industrial career in engineering—civil, mechanical or electrical. While the very nature of the subject requires a liberal application of mathematics, the author has kept constantly in mind the fact that mechanics is one of the inductive sciences. On the other hand, as this is a text-book and not a treatise or a history of mechanics, it is written from the standpoint of the student in the manner that experience has proved to be the one most easily grasped. The few necessary experiments are suggested and outlined, but no effort has been made to include a complete laboratory course. Any good teacher, however, could easily arrange a parallel course of laboratory exercises. The explanation of each topic is followed by a few well-chosen examples to fix and apply the principles involved. Four-place tables of the natural trigonometric functions appear at the end of the book.

CONAT'S ORIGINAL EXERCISES IN PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY, by Levi L. Conat, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. *American Book Company, New York.*

This book contains 900 theorems, constructions, and numerical problems designed to supply material for original work in plane and solid geometry. Although intended primarily for reviewing these subjects in the final year in high schools and academies, it can be used with great benefit in supplementing the regular course. The character and great variety of the problems make them admirably suited to that purpose. This collection of problems was made in connection with a course in original work in geometry which the author, a teacher of wide experience, gave for a number of years, and which was always exceedingly popular with his students. The exercises have been arranged in a somewhat promiscuous manner, because in the solution of an original problem the student should be given full liberty to apply any method he can devise. This is the natural method, and the one he is forced to employ when the entrance examination to college is encountered. Original problems are always, or almost always, set, but freedom of choice is always given as far as the method of solution is concerned. Diagrams are occasionally included as a help to the student in the solution of more difficult problems.

Ex.

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THE DIVINE FIRE, by Mary Sinclair.

This remarkably clever novel from the pen of a gifted English-woman, is a decided contrast to the ordinary, light-weight sample of fiction on the market to-day. It isn't exactly the book with which to while away an idle summer's afternoon; it isn't verandah literature. To thoroughly enjoy the story, and appreciate the moral it conveys, one would need bring to its perusal a serious mood, a taste for psychological problems, and a fair amount of patience and perseverance, for it is a long story and told with a carefulness of detail that many might find tiresome in these days of innumerable interests. The plot—by no means an exciting one—is placed in very recent years, but, with a few changes, it might do for any age, for it is the old tale of battles fought and won for the sake of a lady fair, though in this case, the battles are of the silent, unnoticed kind, being waged

within the hero's soul. The valiant warrior has his reward at last, but it is ten years in coming—ten long years! With a heroine who needs ten years to find out the state of her feelings, and a hero who takes as long to come to the important point, it is little wonder if the modern, busy reader is in danger of losing patience. But Savage Keith Rickman is not an ordinary hero but a strange, wonderful character, and Miss Sinclair has drawn him with a masterly skill and a rare combination of delicacy and power. He is the possessor of the "divine fire," that mysterious, heaven-born gift men call genius; he possesses, too, that inexplicable something termed magnetism, but he is a complex construction,—exceedingly complex,—and he is six different things besides a poet. Although having given manifestations of extraordinary genius at an early age, the divine fire burned unsteadily; the poet element was in danger of being crushed by the conflicting forces that went to make up this very interesting human medley. Like many another youthful poet and dreamer, Keith Rickman was inclined to seek for inspiration in strange places, and to offer the incense from his sacred fire on altars by no means divine. But the erring prodigy met his fate, as the priestess do sometimes, and for him fate brought salvation. The glare of the crowded London streets, through which he was wont to chase the Fugitive Joy, ever alluring, ever eluding, was forgotten in the clear, steady light of Lucia Harden's eyes, magnetic, like his own, but softly revealing the beauty of a soul whose unconscious mission was to lead men "onward and upward"; while the low music of the Variety Theatre, where he had sought for "life," died away forever in the exquisite melody of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, played by the woman who had enthralled his soul; even recourse to champagne was no longer necessary, since a cup of innocent black coffee offered by Lucia, and drunk in her company, produced the sublimest kind of inspired intoxication. The wonderful effect on the young poet's life of the entrance into it of this woman, whose chief beauty was "from within," how it transformed him, how it helped him to rise superior to the accidents of birth and environment, how, inspired by it, he triumphed over all obstacles, and even conquered a cockney accent, how he shivered and starved in a miserable garret, repelling all temptations while he paid a debt of honor that separated him from the goal of his desires, how his

genius was forever saved and shone forth resplendent,—this is the story which, with many interesting incidentals, Miss Sinclair enfoldes to the reader in faultless English and with a style worthy of a master. When at last we leave the lovers united after their long years of novitiate, we feel no fear for their future happiness; with a love so solidly founded, the cynic has nothing to do. The characters—and they are many and varied and chosen from widely different ranks in life—are portrayed with an amazing knowledge of human nature. We may not love them as we do the creations of the old masters who have found a permanent place on our library shelves, but, they are, nevertheless, true pictures of London life to-day and, in many instances, more's the pity. There are some very beautiful descriptive passages in the book, especially where we are led into wild loveliness of Devonshire scenery, and wherever the author leads us, we follow, seeing that she wishes us to see, for her pen is a magic wand. Often she lifts the veil from the ugly realities of life and we shudder; generally a feeling of depression is upon us, no doubt because there is so little hint of the spiritual all through the story. Altogether it is a wonderful book; now and then it almost reaches the sublime; here and there is a passage that might afford subject for inspiration to a master of the brush; not infrequently we seem to hear the strains of the poet's own exquisite music. We lay it down at last with a feeling of awe for the brain that evolved it, for such a brain must surely be lit with a spark of the divine flame itself.

M. D.,

D'Youville Circle.

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### Among the Magazines.

In his article "Donnas of the Patio" (*Delineator*, December, 1905), Broughton Brandenburg pays the following tribute to the zeal of Spanish missionaries in Mexico:

"It will never be given to any man or any set of men to see that which is native within the political boundaries of Mexico. There are regions in Chlapas, Campeche, Oaxaca, Guerrero and Sonora, which are practically unexplored, and they are inhabited by tribes of

which little is known, except that in general they are like their brothers of the better known States. There are seven hundred known dialects, eighty distinct methods of tribal dress and an endless variety of local customs. In every peopled valley one can hear at dawn and dusk the clangor of the small cracked bell of the little church established in other centuries by the Spanish missionaries. How thorough must have been the method that not only wrought the conversion of so heterogeneous and scattered a people, but has perpetuated it even though they have not changed from their primitive state! There are churches and Indian priests where there are no roads but mule paths, and no law but fear of the *efe politico*, and where the news of the sudden submersion of Great Britain and all the inhabitants below the line of the sea to-morrow would be heard by some possible chance two or three years hence. All the assaults of the 'civilization' of the 'white' man have left little traces except in the matter of religion, and there the wonders have been wrought through the women.

"The most devout creatures in the world are the Mexican women of all classes. On every hand one sees the signs of it, and nowhere more strongly than in the Indian towns. Every *hacienda* or large estate has its chapel for the people who work on it."

This is the testimony of a Protestant, a man of wide travelling experience, and, as his article shows, of considerable erudition, and one willing to do an act of justice to the much maligned conquerors of Mexico.

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### Exchanges.

In the Christmas number of the REVIEW, the exchange column was omitted, not on account of the lack of exchanges, but rather through lack of space. However, we shall briefly review some of the most important before we take up this month's work.

The *Victorian* contains an article on Catholic Literature, worthy of comment. A Table with the Boys is very good and well worth reading.

In the *St. Ignatius Collegian* there contains many instructive

essays. *The Jesuits in Chicago*, *The Causes of the American Revolution*. There are also a few short stories and a few verses; which taken with the essays make this number very interesting.

The *Fordham Monthly* in an article intitled *The Eternal Riddle* ably reflects Prof. Haeckel's false theory concerning the constitution and the evolution of the cosmos, and the persistence and transformation of substance.

The *Agnesian Monthly* contains an article on "Tennyson's Genius as seen in the Palace of Art, in which the writer displays a knowledge of Tennyson. The *Agnesian Monthly* is always a welcome visitor.

Another exchange whose arrival is always looked forward to with much pleasure, is the *Laurel*. The essays this month are very interesting and instructive, while the poetry is of high order.

The *St. Jerome's Schoolman* is one of our best exchanges. The articles on Catholic Federation, and Shakespeare's *Miranda* in particular are worthy of perusal.

From La Grange, Illinois, comes the *Nuzareth Chimes*. The essays are instructive, and the poetry, in particular, the *Sonnet to Humility*, is worthy of comment.

"Should Ireland have Home Rule?" is the title of an article in the *St. John's Record*. Very strong arguments are brought forth in favor of the agitation for home rule, and the objections against it ably refuted.

The Christmas number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, like the other numbers, contains many well written stories—"A Word on the Chronology of Christmas," "Christmas in Merry England," and "Epiphany in the York Cycle."

In the *Fordham Monthly* "A Fiasco of Interference" is indeed well written. Not until we had reached the last page were we able to tell that it was not written by the original author of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. A few more like that, *Fordham*.

The *Niagara Rainbow* is to be congratulated on the appearance of its Christmas pictures.



# Science Notes.

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## LIGHT

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**A**T first sight it would appear that a definition of light is entirely unnecessary and superfluous—everybody knows what light is. This is true to a certain extent, but the knowledge possessed of it is very vague and indefinite, and when asked to give an exact and scientific explanation of it, many a one is at a loss to give concise expression to the idea which it conveys to their mind. They may, however, console themselves with the fact that great scientists have differed widely in this matter. The definition given by Ganot, a physicist of note, covers the ground fairly well, and will suffice for present needs. It reads: Light is the agent which, by its action on the retina of the eye, excites in us the sensation of vision. The point has been raised whether light would exist had we no sense of vision—but that is another question. As to the explanation of the phenomenon of light, two very weighty theories have been propounded, the undulatory theory and the emission theory. The first would have it that all matter is surrounded by a subtle, elastic medium, called the luminiferous ether, which serves to transmit the vibrating motions of the molecules of bodies, to the eye, much the same as the circular wavelets produced by the dropping of a stone into water radiate in all directions over the surface. The supporters of the second hypothesis contend that particles of light are being continually emitted by luminous bodies which strike the delicate mechanism of the eye. The first theory is the correct one, as proved conclusively by experiments in refraction.

The phenomena of light supply the subject of a most attractive and entrancing investigation. We have all been struck by the magic beauty of a perfect rainbow and have marvelled at the gorgeous splendor of the northern lights, but their explanation reveals to us with tenfold force the wise and perfect ordering of the Creator. We cannot but be affected by the evidence of the perfect harmony

and accord which has existed throughout the universe for ages and ages.

The first law of light is, that it always travels in straight lines. This is a fundamental principle in the study of light, and on it are founded many very important laws. Thus it differs from sound in its method of propagation, for a wall between the eye and the luminous body will prevent it from being seen, while sound may be heard around or over the obstruction.

It is of interest to note the velocity at which light travels. By means of astronomical observations it has been found that light shoots through space at the approximate rate of 190,000 miles per second. This is quite a development of speed, yet even at this velocity it takes years for the light of some stars to reach us, from which some idea of their immense distance may be gained. Experiments to determine the velocity of light have been performed on our earthly sphere but on account of comparatively small distances available they have been none too exact.

Reflection and refraction are two very important and interesting headings under which phenomena are classed. Reflection necessitates the use of mirrors which, according to their shape are divided into plane, concave, convex, spherical, parabolic, conical, etc. The effects produced by their scientific use are sometimes very beautiful and are always in complete accord with certain clear and well defined laws. By the adjustment of plane mirrors at various angles, multiple images are formed, which appear most bewildering to an observer ignorant of these fundamental underlying principles. Concave mirrors are utilized in converging rays of light *i.e.* bringing them all to a point called the focus. A light placed at this point will produce brilliant illumination to a considerable distance, as is seen in searchlights. Light falling on convex mirrors, is diverged and spread out in all directions. Such mirrors, therefore, can have no real focus. All the varied styles of mirrors are put to many and diverse uses in science and the arts.

We come now to refraction, which may be described as the deflection or bending which rays of light experience in passing obliquely from one medium into another, so, for instance, from air to water. The most common example of this phenomenon, and one which illustrates it most clearly is that of a stick thrust into water, appear-

ing bent at the point where it penetrates the surface of the water, There are many very interesting experiments to be performed in this department of optics. It furnishes the explanation of how we can see the sun for some time after it has passed below the horizon and in the case of total reflection reduces to a scientific fact the apparently the inexplicable mirage. It is by virtue of refraction that leuses have power of magnifying, thus making the telescope, the microscope and opera-glass possible. Refraction is to be distinguished into single, exemplified by light passing through uncrystallized media, and double refraction, produced by the passage of light rays through such transparent material as Iceland spar and other highly crystalline substances.

In dealing with refraction we take up the study of prisms which form a very necessary part of it. A prism is a transparent medium comprised between two plane faces inclined to each other. A ray of light, striking obliquely on one of the faces, is, by the peculiar property of the material, deflected at the point of entrance and traversing the prism is still further bent on passing out through the other bounding surface, so that its final direction takes a very noticeable change from its original course. The property of the prism is to deflect light rays always towards the base. Lenses are really combinations of prisms, and are of different styles according to the arrangement of the prisms. Thus a double-convex lens, which has the power of converging light rays and bringing them to a focus, may be considered as a combination of prisms placed base to base. A double-concave lens, on the contrary, which diverges rays of light, is merely composed of a number of prisms placed with the apices towards the centre. The double-concave and double-convex lenses are the ones which are most used, but there are four other forms, namely, the plano convex, the converging meniscus-convex, the plano concave, and the diverging concavo-convex. In proportion to the greater or less convexity or concavity, lenses have a greater or less power of magnification. The eye which is the most perfect as well the most delicate of optical instruments is essentially composed of two lenses, a plano-convex and a double convex, and it is to remedy certain defects of these human media that people so affected are forced to make use of lenticular glasses.

Returning to prisms we must remark on their wonderful pro-

perty of dispersing light rays and reducing them into their component colors. A ray of white light, passing through a prism and thrown on a screen, produces a band of seven colors: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet, which shade into each other gradually and produce a magnificent effect. These may be again brought together and then produce a white light showing that all these tints really are contained in a beam of light from the sun or any other luminous body. This explains the rainbow which is caused by sunlight striking on rain-drops at a certain angle, which really act as prisms in dispersing the beams of light from the sun. A very ingenious device, called the spectroscope is used in making researches into the light giving properties of various bodies. Of this we may say a word in another issue of the REVIEW. It is but one of the wonderful instruments which have been the means of raising this branch of experimental science to the highest degree of perfection. New inventions and discoveries are continually being made which demonstrate the universal interest which is taken in this subject and rightly so, for it is by means of them alone that we may hope to extend our knowledge beyond the limits of our earthly sphere.

W. P. DERHAM, '06.

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### The Manufacturing of Paper.

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**O**F all the materials which are used daily by a student, there is perhaps nothing more useful or necessary than paper. There is no other product which has so much benefited man, or which has served so well as a stepping stone to greater things. How many know the story of the making of this wonderful writing material. It was my good fortune during the month of August, to visit a large paper mill in one of our big cities of Massachusetts, and as I was shown from one floor to another, watching the different processes, I became very much interested.

The first thing noticed, was the different materials of which paper is made. As many as twenty or thirty are used, but for the finer grades, linen rags and pulp are preferable

After the rags or pulp had been sorted in regard to color, tex-

ture, and quality, quantities are placed in a large boiler in which bleaching chemicals are used to remove all stains and impurities. After a thorough cleansing they pass into a large vat of water, fitted up with revolving cylinders set with knives by which the mass is triturated. Carried around for several hours in this vat, the stuff is then transferred to another and larger receptible containing a solution of chloride of lime where the material is beaten into a soft white pulp resembling wet cotton. Sufficient water is then poured in to make the mixture thin enough to spread evenly, and it is now ready for the machines which distribute the particles smoothly over surfaces especially constructed. From this the sheet passes on to a felt blanket which carries it through rollers, submitting it to a heavy pressure, after which heated cylinders remove all the moisture. Then the sheet is pressed and hardened, until it reaches further end of the machine, where the paper is completed and delivered on the reel upon which it is rolled.

If desired an extra finish can be put on the paper by feeding it between rollers, the effect obtained is called the coating. If the paper is to be ruled, a special machine is fitted up with large needles and as the paper passes through the machine these needles touch the paper at equal distances apart thereby ruling it exactly.

The different colors of paper are produced by mixing the desired quantity of color with the pulp. To-day the paper is fed into a machine made up of as many cylinders as there are colors. Each cylinder is charged with its peculiar coloring matter, and is so arranged as to register perfectly with the feeder. After being dried and carefully dusted the sheets are cut into the desired length and are then ready for the market.

In all papers the method followed is exactly the same, with the exception of preparing the pulp. Although rags are generally used in paper making yet we find that sometime ago wood came into competition for this purpose—pine, spruce and fir are the most important. Cut into slabs about half an inch thick, the raw material is placed in a machine which cuts them up fine, and the fibres are then gathered and pressed into pulp.

Having spoken of the materials used, the different processes which takes place and the result obtained. I think it would be well

to say a few words about the paper machines and the mills themselves.

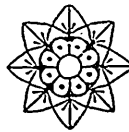
The first machine was invented about 1800, a very long and narrow contrivance occupying a space of about fifteen hundred square feet, and it is said that for every working day it was capable of turning out from three to fifteen tons of paper.<sup>3</sup>

The first mill established in America was near Philadelphia, about 1700, and served for many years the early printers, among whom was Benjamin Franklin. As time advanced the supply was about to become short, owing to the increasing demand, and at the time of the revolutionary war great difficulty was experienced in obtaining rags for the mills. In the year 1800 the consumption of paper was about 12,000 reams in the United States, valued at 700,000 dollars. But to-day any newspaper in a large city like Boston, Chicago or New York pays more than that amount for the year's supplies.

Although paper mills are situated in many cities of the United States, the best are those in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania. One of the greatest centres is that at Holyoke, Mass., which produces from four to five hundred tons a day.

The Holyoke mill is the plant which afforded the writer the data for the first part of this little article. Visitors are allowed at all times, and are shown through the factory by a man who is there to explain everything to strangers interested in the manufacturing of that precious commodity we so often inadvertently waste, so cheap and universally employed as it is, in this the paper age !

C. F. B.



# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. IV

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## EDITORIAL.

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### NEW YEAR.

We are getting on. The century is six years old—no five—pardon, we do not wish to introduce the secular conundrum. What concerns us most is that we are growing older, perhaps wiser, perhaps better—perhaps! Here is a good resolution—not to take any, but to keep the one we made last year. It seemed good then, it ought to be serviceable yet, and we have the whole experience of our failures and mistakes to make its realization a sure thing this time.

## NIAGARA.

An organized effort is being made by border Americans to restrict the engineering operations which threaten to eliminate Niagara Falls from the list of wonders of the world. It is a concerted howl of virtuous indignation at the betrayal of an international trust, mingled with sundry appeals to the artistic temperament we had supposed was lacking in our neighbors. Let's see. The American fall, which was never of much importance from either scenic or utilitarian standpoint, a mere dribble as it were compared to the majestic Horseshoe, is already perilously near the vanishing point, thanks to tunnels for Buffalo power. Ontario is thinking of tapping her side for Hamilton and Toronto; in fact is at it. Of course water is water, and if reduced in volume, will seek the lower level of the Horseshoe, which means adding new territory to the United States. Very kind of the Canadians, but Jonathan wants to rule the waves. *Inde irae*—most disinterested, in the cause of art for art's sake.

## MR. WILFRID WARD.

The *Athenæum* says :

“With the January number the *Dublin Review* will pass into the editorial hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Founded nearly three-quarters of a century ago, this periodical has been the leading exponent of intellectual Roman Catholicism in the English-speaking world. Under Cardinal Wiseman, it was read by the leaders of the Oxford Movement, and played its part in the secession of Newman. When Dr. W. G. Ward became its editor it had the respectful ear of John Stuart Mill; and in the hands of Dr. Ward's son it is likely enough to enlarge its influence on readers both within and without the Roman communion.”

The *Dublin Review* is issued quarterly, and we trust will again be for its English-speaking readers what the *Civiltà Cattolica* is for the Italians, the *Quinzaine* and the *Correspondant* for the French, the *Stimme aus Maria Laach* for the Germans, what *Brownson's* was and what the *Catholic Quarterly* is for our friends across the border.

What of the needs of a high class magazine published in a



Catholic atmosphere in this Canada, which is to be the favorite child of the new century?

From time to time, as issues arise which affect the interests of the Catholic people of Canada, a need is felt of some publication to which the Catholic people could look for calm and scholarly discussion consistent with their religious ideas. There is also a constant need for a magazine which would not only merit the respect and support of the best Catholic writers, but which would also inspire and encourage literary minds of the rising Catholic generation. It is universally recognized that the Catholic Press of the country has done much good service along these lines, but its treatment of many important questions is necessarily hurried and the circulation in many cases local.

Judging by the way in which these needs have been filled in other countries, and after considerable inquiry, it is felt that the establishment in Canada of a literary quarterly, Catholic in tone, is desirable.

Such a quarterly, edited by a man of recognized literary ability and journalistic experience, controlled by a board, the majority of whom would be representative laymen, with the approbation of the clergy, should do valuable work for the Catholic cause in Canada.

The publication might be devoted to discussion of all important questions in which Canadians are interested, and might as well contain articles on matters of history, science and art. The tone, while being decidedly literary throughout, might be lightened by the introduction of fiction, poetry, book reviews, etc.

With an able man as editor, it would be assured of active assistance from Catholic writers, and articles on suitable topics might be had from writers other than Catholic.



## Athletics.

Following our admission to the City Hockey League, every effort is being put forth towards putting a winning team on the ice. The spacious rink is the scene of much labor those times in battling with the elements.

Owing to the kindness of the weather-man several practices have already been held and everything points to a successful season in the C. H. L.

Many of last year's men are on hand and they together with some promising new material will undoubtedly uphold the honor of the garnet and grey in hockey circles.

At a meeting of the City League held recently, the following schedule was drawn up:—

- Jan. 8—Rialtos at New Edinburgh.
- Jan. 9—Emmetts at Cliffsidcs.
- Jan. 12—Emmetts at Rialtos.
- Jan. 15—Cliffsidcs at New Edinburgh.
- Jan. 17—Rialtos at College.
- Jan. 23—College at Cliffsidcs.
- Jan. 24—New Edinburghs at Emmetts.
- Jan. 26—Cliffsidcs at Rialtos.
- Jan. 29—New Edinburghs at College.
- Jan. 31—Cliffsidcs at Emmetts.
- Feb. 2—College at Rialtos.
- Feb. 6—New Edinburghs at Cliffsidcs.
- Feb. 7—Emmetts at College.
- Feb. 12—New Edinburghs at Rialtos.
- Feb. 14—College at Emmetts.
- Feb. 15—Rialtos at Cliffsidcs.
- Feb. 19—Emmetts at New Edinburghs.
- Feb. 23—College at New Edinburghs.
- Feb. 26—Cliffsidcs at College.
- Feb. 28—Rialtos at Emmetts.

The international series is now in full swing and indications are that it will be a grand success. Four teams have been chosen

with Messrs. P. McHugh, R. McDougall, E. Durocher and L. Joron as captains.

A long standing difficulty was done away with at the meeting of the Canadian Rugby Union which was held in the the Russell House on January 13 and now the Ontario, Quebec and Intercollegiate Unions play the same style of football.

The rules adopted were those played by the college teams, with a few amendments. The C. I. R. F. U. rules constitute a medium between the close game of the Quebec Union and the machine-like workings of the Burnside snap-back system and were accepted as a compromise by both leagues. These rules were not accepted in their entirety, however as several alternations were made which change more or less the fine points of the game.

Some of the radical changes are :

“ During a scrimmage the opposing players must not be in contact with each other until the ball is placed on the ground and therefore in play. No player shall touch the ball with his hand until it has been put in play with a foot.”

The “ throw-in ” is now a feature of the past and instead of the old-time scramble the ball will be taken in ten yards and scrimmaged. The others rules in this connection still hold.

Other rules as regards penalties were adopted which, though important, do not affect the game to any great degree.

The time and place of the final games has also been decided upon so that there will be no more argument about it. As a part of the new round established next year, the champions of Quebec play the champions of Ontario on the latter's grounds and the winners play the winners of the Intercollegiate series on the latter's grounds.

A very desirable state of affairs has been brought about by this meeting and its results are expected to benefit Canadian Rugby. However, the effect of the new rules depends much on the enforcement of them by officials. If the latter are strict, then the game has been much modified, whereas if they go on as they have been going on the game remains that was played by the C. I. R. F. U.

## Of Local Interest.

### Christmas Ordinations.

At the Cathedral, Ottawa, by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.  
Deacons—Jas. Guy, O.M.I., H. Gonneville, O.M.I., R. de Granpre, O.M.I., J. S. Giguere, O.M.I.

Subdeacons—A. Lalonde, O.M.I., W. A. Connor, O.M.I., E. Duret, O.M.I.

At the Grand Seminary, Montreal:—

Priesthood—Louis Renaud, '05.

Subdeacon—Jos. H. McDonald, '03.

Minor Orders—R. A. Carey, '03. Jas. Keeley, '03. R. Halligan, '03.



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