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THE HERMIT.

With melancholy sound
The dead leaves trailed along the ground ;
The wind swept sorrowfully by,
Chafing the restless trees on every hill ;
Pale lightnings rent betimes the midnight sky ;
Deep, distant thunders groaned—then all was still.
The aged hermit who for eighty years
Had dwelt in those dark solitudes alone—
No mortal shared his hopes, or joys, or fears—
Looked to the gloomy heavens while rapture shone
Making his withered cheeks like roses bloom ;
“Come, my beloved, come !”
His fond prayer pierced the clouds— the stars beyond
Grew brighter as it passed— it echoed sweet
As angel music where the seraphs thronged
The king of love upon their pinions fleet.
The storm bursts forth anew
And doth the earth with ruins strew
The thunders crash and whirlwinds roar resounds ;
Smote by the livid lightning’s deadly power
The noblest trees lie shapeless on the ground
City destroying floods rage in this hour

And, hark! the fatal earthquake's awful shock
 Yet, the old solitary sits serene
 Seeming the angry elements to mock
 "My God!" he cries, "Thy wonders I have seen
 The earth was shaken; Thou
 Remainest in eternal peace—and now
 Speak once again with Thy tremendous voice,
 And I shall hear and answer Thee with joy."
 So spoke the sage whose soul had learned to rise
 From things created, and was fixed on high.
 All beautiful and bright awoke the morn
 With song of birds and streams and scent of flowers
 The wild rose bloomed in beauty on its thorn
 And countless blossoms thronged the forest bowers
 But, to his prayer, alone
 The solitary rose, and made his moan;
 "My God, I seek for Thee, and find Thee not;
 Oh! brighter than the sun—oh! fairer still
 Than yonder honeyed white flower in its grot
 My heart with love Thou woundest, why not kill
 And let my spirit fly to Thee, and rest?
 The beauty I behold, but doth me fill
 With longing for Thee, who art brightest, best."
 Thus, like a sigh of love the hermit's soul
 Was poured unto the ear of God alone,
 And like a tender ray of light it stole
 To that deep abyss where God's glory shone.
 The wild beasts of the wood
 Came at his call, and quelled their thirst for blood;
 Then happy birds around his calm retreat
 Sang blithe, melodious anthems as they flew;
 But one mild dove stayed, nestling at his feet;
 The solitary sighed, and prayed anew;
 "O Love of Loves!" O sweetness of my soul!
 O Fire, consuming with celestial Flame!
 My heart Thou ravishest with blissful dole,
 Oh! loose my spirit from its prisoning frame;
 As this fond dove to me,
 So, my Beloved, I would fly to Thee.
 Open to me, my God, the golden doors—"

Then was that heart love-broken; he lay dead;
His soul in love without its pain, adores
The source of love to which he thus hath fled.

E. C. M. I.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh Erin sweet Erin, I fondly remember
Thy green-tinted fields and thy bright azure skies,
And as I thus muse, recollections all tender
Of happy days by-gone within my heart rise.

For thou art a country where holiest feeling
Towards homestead and fatherland dwell in the soil,
And thy visions of love around us come stealing.
In far distant lands 'mid our troubles and toil.

Thy sons are the bravest that the sun ever shines on
So generous and loyal to God and to thee,
Thy daughters are the fairest that fancy can think on,
As brilliant and pure as the pearls of the sea.

How often I've wandered on bright sunny evenings,
By the emerald meadows and clear purling streams
And my poor heart beat quicker as then I remembered
How soon I must leave thee, thou land of my dreams.

But though these dear mem'ries bring sorrow and sadness
To the heart that's away in a far-distant clime
I'll repine not, for soon God will change all to gladness
'Midst our loving, loved friends, beyond earth's border-line.

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The seventeenth of March is always looked forward to by the Irish students of the University of Ottawa with perhaps more joyful expectations than any other feast throughout the year. And why should they not? For to the heart of every true Irishman nothing is dearer than to celebrate the feast of the Great Saint and Apostle who brought the light of truth into his beloved Erin, and rescued that land of destiny from the bonds of paganism and idolatry. The twenty-fifth annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet, given by the classes of '08 and '09, was, in point of excellence, equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors. The memorable function materialized in the students' refectory, which was gaily decorated; streamers of red, white and green hung in graceful abundance, numerous portraits appeared on every side bedecked with appropriate flags, and in the centre of the hall stood the University's several coveted trophies, surrounded with artistic folds of garnet and grey. As the many students and guests seated themselves to the sumptuous repast they could not but feel that those who had managed the affair were to be heartily congratulated. Valentine's orchestra furnished dulcet Irish airs throughout the feast. The students who spoke ably upheld the excellent reputation which Ottawa University possesses in oratorical proficiency, while the rank and reputation of those guests who addressed the assemblage enhanced the interest, which their remarks deserved.

The material portion of the banquet having received due consideration, the toastmaster, Mr. F. J. McDonald, '08, in fitting words, proposed the different toasts.

Mr. J. R. Corkey replied as follows to "The Day We Celebrate":

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, and Gentlemen,—

The celebration we Irishmen make here to-day is one of love and of sorrow. For is not Ireland a most singular nation: singular in her glories, and singular in her misfortunes? And among the glories the one which stands out most prominently is her religious fidelity. She points to the man, who, nearly fifteen centuries ago, quenched the lurid fire of the Druid, and shed over her virginal bosom the rays of divine faith; to him, who transported her from out the vale of pagan obscurity into the marvelous light of Christianity. And thus

our celebration to-day is a most glorious and triumphant one. With the poet, I may say :

“Far from the hills of Innisfail,
We meet in love to-night,
Some of the scattered Clan-na-Gael,
With spirits, warm and bright.
Why do we meet? 'Tis to repeat
Our vows both night and day,
To dear old Ireland, brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys! Hurra!”

The story of Ireland is most glorious. Hardly had the great apostle concluded his task of evangelizing the Irish people, which, in the manner of its accomplishment, was nothing less than marvelous, than our ancestors became a nation of saints and sages. Monasteries and schools sprang up everywhere with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of Christianity. Even while practising their Druidistic superstition, the Irish showed themselves to be not devoid of learning. No wonder, then, that a race, with so keen an intellect, which, in its pre-Christian state, had attained a considerable degree of civilization, while neighboring nations were yet in the condition of barbarism, should, under the influence of the Catholic faith, gain distinction in the field of education. It was during the same epoch that the great intellectual centres in other parts of the civilized world, in the name of science, began to renounce the Gospel, and to sow the seeds of heresy. But Erin, designed, as it were, by Divine Providence, came forth to the rescue, and shed her rays of salutary light to the farthest confines of civilization. Where, indeed, do we not find Irish evangelists and teachers during these troublous times? Imbued with the fire of teaching the heathen, we find them radiating into all lands to cheer the Christian, trodden down by barbarian invasion, to rekindle the quenched fire of art and science, and to carry everywhere the light of faith and learning. Not only did Ireland enlighten those people, to whom science was hitherto unknown, but even, to use the happy expression of her best historian, “She reflected back on Rome herself the light derived from Rome.”

For three centuries this glorious epoch of peace and joy lasted—three centuries, which rendered the Irish nation, in her saints and scholars, the admiration of the Christian world. But the eighth century brought this to a close, and then began a new era, in which

Ireland was to distinguish herself as a fighting race. For three hundred years the Danes invaded the Isle. Year after year fresh armies of these northern barbarians poured into Ireland, the Irish people standing at bay, sword in hand. But in the eleventh century Ireland arose as one man, and drove her enemies from her shores. Those Danes, who were able to subdue England, and all northern France, and to leave the marks of their sovereignty in Scotland, were repulsed by Ireland. And, as Irish historians affirm, the secret of her supremacy lay in the magical sound of the name and faith of St. Patrick. These barbarians had come forth openly avowed to wipe away Ireland's faith, but it was this that nerved and united her, and resulted in that final glorious victory at Clontarf. Let me ask you: What other people can boast of such an achievement, after three centuries of constant invasion, to finally come forth with all its pristine vigor and faith intact? History gives us no similar example. And, therefore, have I said that Ireland is singular among the nations.

But if the Irish people are singular in their glories, they are likewise singular in the wrongs that they have suffered. After four more centuries of war, Ireland, to save her nationality, was called upon to lay down the sword, the sword that for seven hundred years had never seen its sheath, and on bended knee to transfer it to the tainted hand of Henry VIII of England. But, alas, the deal was barely finished when the news arrived that England had changed her faith, and demanded of Ireland the surrender of her divine inheritance. And then commenced that era which brings to every true Irish heart a sense of compassion and sorrow. Where, in the history of nations, is there a people who have undergone the persecution the Irish people have? For three centuries the strongest nation on the earth sought to extinguish, by Irish blood, the light of Irish faith. But Ireland fought for her freedom, and in the name of faith triumphed.

True it is, Ireland lost her national parliament. Nevertheless, the national sentiment, contrary to the belief of English ministers, has not yet been extinguished, and never will be extinguished. Irishmen at home yet cling as devotedly to their nationality as at any former period. This is evident in the conduct of the Irish national party, whose whole history is one of the most unselfish patriotism. Abroad, especially in the American Republic and this fair Dominion of ours, Irish sentiment beats high. And the en-

thusiastic manner in which St. Patrick's Day is celebrated in Ireland, and wherever Irish exiles or their children are to be found, is a demonstration of their loyalty to the cause of the land from which they spring, as well as a veneration of the memory of that great apostle from whom they received the light of faith. To that faith they are determined to remain steadfast, no matter what may befall them; no matter what persecutions they may have to endure, in order to maintain it. And they are determined, also, with that kind of determination which is peculiarly Irish, to fight to the last for those rights of which Ireland has been so unjustly robbed. The day seems not far distant when she shall enter upon an era of peace and prosperity, for which she has long contended; but whether the immediate future has such a blessing in store for her or not, her sons will not desist from the fight until 't becomes an actual fact.

Mr. M. D. Doyle's response to the toast to the Pope was as follows:

Most fitting as it is that we, as devoted sons of the Emerald Isle, should gather round the festive board to-day to celebrate the anniversary feast of him who carried the glad tidings of the Gospel to Erin's shores; appropriate as it is that we should commemorate her glories and recall, with sympathetic remembrance, her sorrows, it is also most appropriate that a toast at this banquet should be in honor of him who is the Supreme Head of that Church, fidelity to which, ever since the days of St. Patrick, has been the distinctive mark and the greatest glory of the noble nation whose praises we sound.

Making abstraction of the consideration that Pius X holds the sceptre of that spiritual empire, founded by Christ, to watch over the souls of men, and viewing his life in all its different phases and varied relations from the tender years of infancy and childhood down to the time of his accession to the chair of Peter, what a grand and inspiring example is presented to us. And to-day, as we contemplate him gloriously reigning over the Catholic world, lifting his hand in benediction over his faithful subjects, what a magnificent vision of his papal dignity rises before us.

How befitting it is, therefore, that we, the Irish students of a Catholic University, should, in our patriotic celebration, reverently honor that venerable and saintly man, who, pining a prisoner in the Vatican, yet commands the fervent love and unquestioned obedience of millions of the truest hearts that ever beat in the bosoms of men.

If Catholicism has been the cause of all those centuries of persecution with which the Irish people have been afflicted, and has also been the secret of their national strength; if it has brought them untold consolation in their miseries, and has been the source of their unparalleled national grandeur, it was one of the predecessors of Pius X that commissioned Patrick to bring that religion to them; and unflinching loyalty to the Head of the Church, on the part of the Irish, wherever they may be found, has been, ever since, characteristic of them. And to-day, when the Sovereign Pontiff finds himself surrounded by enemies, who are continually seeking to despoil the Church of her rights and properties, persecuted Ireland sends messages to the Prisoner of the Vatican expressing her indignation at the injustice that is being perpetrated against him, and the Irish public representatives make open protest against the outrageous violation of the solemn compact that existed between Rome and France.

A few years ago His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, who had been sent by Leo XIII as Papal Legate to Ireland, paid a beautiful tribute to that country's devotion to Rome. Acknowledging the wonderful reception everywhere accorded to him, he said: "Ireland has ever been primarily distinguished in her attachment to the Holy See, and all the manifestations I have witnessed in my tour through your beautiful country have been abundant proofs of your grand, holy faith, of your unshaken and unalterable fidelity to our Holy Father, the Pope." The late Cardinal Richard spoke in similar terms: "Amongst all the children of the Church," he wrote, "the Irish have given the most striking proofs of constancy. May we, by a courage as persevering as yours, be able to win back the liberty which you now enjoy. Your O'Connell, who was its most eloquent defender, wished that his heart should rest in Rome. This is the symbol of your unalterable attachment to the Holy See. We ask God for strength to imitate your admirable fidelity." Let us hope, gentlemen, that Ireland will always remain what she is to-day and has ever been since she embraced Christianity—the faithful and submissive child of Rome. May the illustrious Pius X, the worthy successor of the great Leo XIII, find in her a source of solace and support in the midst of his tribulations, and may she, until the end of time, be foremost among the nations of the earth in unswerving allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Mr. V. K. O'Gorman responded thus to Canada:

It is a source of great pleasure to every Canadian to be called upon to proclaim the glories of the land that gave him birth, and to give expression to the hope that a kind Providence will ward off from her all misfortune, and will continue to bless her with happiness and prosperity.

Canada has not a long history; she is still in her infancy. She has had no great wars to give her sons an opportunity to display, in her defense, the characteristics of intrepidity and endurance with which a generous nature has endowed them. And, hence, it is not our honor to proclaim the praises of our distinguished soldiers. Yet, when Canadians have been called upon to face the enemy on the field of battle, they have shown themselves possessed of that mettle of which heroes are made. A few years ago, when Canada sent contingents to South Africa, they covered themselves with glory by their dash and constancy, and won fame for their native land in the eyes of the world. But, through the special protection of Heaven, we have been blessed with comparative peace, and have been enabled to devote our energies almost exclusively to the development of our vast resources.

From being relatively unknown a few years ago, Canada has won a position in which she is attracting the attention of all nations. She has disclosed a mineral wealth, particularly in Klondyke and Cobalt, the like of which the world has never yet beheld, and we must not forget that the first chapter in the history of her mining has not yet been brought to an end. Her vast forests, too, are well-nigh inexhaustible. But her greatest wealth consists in her immense expanse of fertile lands, that demand but to be touched by the hand of the tiller that they may be converted into a fruitful paradise. Where but a short time ago there was a boundless prairie over which the buffalo ranged with undisputed sway, to-day we have thriving settlements, and where to-day we have but villages in the next twenty-five years we shall have flourishing cities. Thus the progress of Canada will continue until, in the not distant future, she will take her destined place among the nations of the world, the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

Of those who are coming from foreign lands to be citizens of this great Dominion, many are driven hither by the oppression of unjust laws and the tyranny of rulers. They find here a country where every man is free, where everyone is given an opportunity to make an honest living, and to derive the fullest profits from his toil and industry.

Though a British colony, Canada makes her own laws, and is working out her own destiny. The happy and contented condition to which self-government has given rise has cemented our union with England, and furnished all thinking men with an argument for Home Rule in Ireland. Hence Canada has always been a friend of Home Rule, and several resolutions to that effect have been passed through the Dominion House of Commons. We believe that, as self-government has preserved Canada's loyalty, so will it, besides bringing contentment to Ireland, be a means of uniting that oppressed country to England by a bond that would make her a source of untold strength to the British Empire, instead of a continual menace to it.

Canada has begun well. Those who have gone before us in the building up of this country have nobly fulfilled their duty. Besides doing their utmost for its commercial advancement, they have laid that solid foundation of religion and education upon which alone national greatness can be built up. We must continue the work that they have so well begun, striving to make our native land powerful and happy, and an influence for good throughout the world. And one of the directions in which that influence will be unquestionably exercised, will be in obtaining for Ireland, that has so much suffered in the cause of righteousness, the complete freedom for which, through centuries, she has so valiantly fought.

But Americans likewise entertain the kindest of feelings toward their Canadian neighbors, and they sincerely trust that, as time passes by, that feeling will be intensified, and that, on this northern continent, two great nations will grow up in prosperity and mutual friendship, without forgetting that island beyond the sea whence have come the ancestors of so many of us.

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From once bright Ireland flown,
Great are the lands we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own."

Yes, gentlemen, while truly loyal to our respective flags, we must be able to say in all earnestness: God save Ireland! Erin-go-bragh!

In an eloquent manner, Mr. J. C. Conaghan replied to the toast proposed to the Irish Parliamentary Party:

As there has recently been some opposition to the policy of the

Irish Party in Ireland, and even in America, it seems but proper that we, by placing the name of that party on the toast-list of St. Patrick's Day Banquet, display our gratitude for the noble fight which it has sustained in an endeavor to secure the redress of Ireland's wrongs; show our hearty approval of the policy pursued by that party, and assure it that we join with the rest of the Irish world in lending it our support.

The advocates of Sinn Fein have lately been displaying hostility to the Irish Party, and to the Irish national organization as founded by Parnell and Davitt in the Land League, and continued in the United Irish League. Some of these expounders of the Sinn Fein movement have had the hardihood to deny that the Irish Party and their agitation of the past 29 years have won any benefits for Ireland. A glance over the records of the Irish Party will show that no other political body has accomplished, in the same length of time, what they have done. They have kept Ireland's grievances before the eyes of the world, both by their conduct in the British Parliament, and by the sending of envoys to other nations, particularly to Australia, Canada and the United States. At home, by their magnificent fight, they have encouraged the people, and raised them from a state of apathy, in a nation of agitators, demanding the rights which have been withheld from them so long. For 29 years has this illustrious party struggled against the most powerful empire in the world, and in time they have wrested from her measure after measure. The Land Act of 1881, the Migration Act of 1882, the Agricultural Act of 1898, the Local Government Act of 1906, and the Franchise Act of 1885, which took the representation of Ireland out of the hands of the landlords and placed it in those of the people—all testify to the courage, eloquence and aggressiveness of the Irish Party in the British House of Commons.

Is it to be wondered at that a party in which appear the names of Parnell, Grattan, and Pitt; Justin McCarthy, one of the greatest of modern historians; T. P. O'Connor, the greatest journalist of the day; Timothy Healy, Joseph and Charles Devlin, men renowned the world over for their oratory and political tact, and last, but by no means least, John E. Redmond, the greatest political leader—is it to be wondered at that a party which numbers among its members such men as these should have wrested from England so many measures, that it should have excited admiration throughout the world, and have universally won the hearty support and approval of the Irish race.

But, better than the brilliant qualities which distinguished the Irish Party, are the uprightness which has characterized its members, their steadfastness of purpose, and their undying loyalty and devotion to the country they serve. Their one great object is to obtain for Ireland Home Rule, the right of an Irish Parliament in Ireland, elected by and responsible to the people of Ireland.

That there has been disunion in the past is not wonderful, for what party or organization is there which has not at some time experienced it? But an understanding has been reached, and the slight disunion, which arose, after all, but from a difference of opinion as to the means to be employed for obtaining the same end, has disappeared, and the Irish Party is a united, solid, brotherhood sworn to act together in parliament and outside of it. Now that complete union has been established among the Irish representatives, there is ample force behind the party to ultimately win what Ireland has long been seeking.

Ireland is no longer weakened by division; Catholics and Protestants have united in the endeavor to obtain Home Rule for their country through the efforts of their faithful and able members of parliament. The Irish people have elected as their representatives a party which has the approval and sanction of His Holiness Pope Pius X, the English hierarchy, the Irish bishops and priests, and the support and sympathy of the Irish race throughout the world, a party which is renowned for eloquence, integrity and political tact, a party in whose devotion and determined struggle to obtain justice for the land of our forefathers

We place our hopes to see
The emerald flag of Erin wave
O'er College Green, and e'er to be
A standard of the free and brave.

Mr. E. H. McCarthy toasted Alma Mater as follows:

To respond to the toast to an institution of learning should, indeed, be a very great pleasure to any Irishman who cherishes the memory of his ancestors in the ages gone by, when the Emerald Isle was, in its devotion to education, the first of the nations of the world.

Then, as to-day, thirst for learning was regarded as one of the prime characteristics of the sons of Erin. In the days of her prosperity Ireland gave the first example in the history of mankind of

absolute free education, and no nation has ever yet surpassed her in her love for learning.

It is, consequently, to us, the sons of a race famed for its love of science, a great pleasure to show our devotion to our Alma Mater on such a day, and to give expression to a hearty wish that the future has in store for her a development vaster even than even her most earnest friends could desire, and that she will render great services to this Dominion and the neighboring republic by laboring earnestly and faithfully in that noble work of education.

It is even a more delightful pleasure for a son of St. Patrick, a descendant of a people whose country bore the title, not only of Isle of Scholars, but also Isle of Saints, to toast an institution imparting an education which is at once secular and religious.

No question at the present day is more agitated than that of religious teaching in the schools. It is a burning topic in English political life, and it is much discussed in America. On that question Irishmen are one with the great National Party in demanding that education be religious.

Only recently that noble leader of the Irish party, Jno. E. Redmond, in delivering an address to the students of a Catholic college in England, said: "We believe that religion is a most necessary part of education. We believe it is not possible to bring out good men and efficient citizens by the banishment of religion from the education of our children."

We glory in the firm stand that that noble party recently took in the fight for religious education in England, and the sentiments of the leader, Redmond, are exactly those of all the members of his race scattered throughout the world.

And therefore we, being strongly attached to religious education, bear intense affection for this institution, our Alma Mater, consecrated, as she is, to the sacred cause of a learning which proclaims that the education of the heart must be carried on simultaneously with that of the mind.

Nor should we fail on such an occasion as this to proclaim our athletic victories, for the Irish people have ever been firm believers in the old adage, "Mens sana in corpore sano." And Ireland is at the present day the home of some of the world's greatest athletes, and the most famous athletic organization of the day is the Greater New York Irish American Club, which is the proud possessor or probably half the championships of the world.

And, therefore, we to-day rejoice in our athletic triumphs, which go hand in hand with our intellectual success. The pages of the history of our Athletic Association are replete with glorious victories in every line of sport. Its fame has rested particularly on its football team, and this year is no exception. The greatest praise is due the men who, during the past season, so nobly defended the glorious standard of Garnet and Grey. They brought home that proud and much-coveted title, champions of C. I. R. F. U., and placed their Alma Mater again in that exalted position she is ever accustomed to hold, namely, first among the Universities of Canada. It would be improper for me to allow the present occasion to pass without expressing the thanks of the student body to Rev. Fr. Stanton for all he has done for us, for in reality he is the winner of that glorious championship. Proudly I say: Rev. Fr. Stanton is a true Irishman in every respect, and all the more Irish because of his great love for athletics.

For the victory brought to the City of Ottawa, the citizens were not slow to show their deep feelings of appreciation. We are, indeed, grateful for the beautiful and lasting souvenirs which they presented the University, the champions and those intimately connected with the team, and we assure them that we shall ever try to uphold the honor of our city.

We are proud, also, that, besides proving themselves worthy rivals of other Canadian Universities on the football field, our students have demonstrated, by their well-earned victory in the field of debate, that excellence in athletics does not necessarily mean neglect of other very important university organizations. To the students who so successfully defended the honor of Alma Mater and brought to her halls the coveted Intercollegiate Debating championship; we must express our congratulations and gratitude.

And let us hope that our successes of this year are an augury of a future filled with happiness and prosperity for our Alma Mater. This, I am sure, is the earnest wish of every Irish graduate or student. Their sentiments are most appropriately expressed in the lines on the programme, connected with the toast to which I respond:

To our Alma Mater fondly,
We would wish a thousand graces,
Student throngs preparing nobly
All to fill the higher places.

Mr. F. O. Linke responded to Columbia thus:

It is an honor and a pleasure for me to answer the toast to the United States of America; an honor, because you have invited me to do so, because the country for which I speak is a greater and a freer republic than has been, and, again, because of the occasion, the glorious feastday of Ireland's apostle. Then, gentlemen, it is a pleasure, too, for a loyal American is ever ready to stand by the Stars and Stripes, ever ready to glory in his title of American citizen.

True, it has often been said that the Americans are a boastful people; but, I know that you readily admit, with me, that a country which can make its sons enthusiastic, and I would say even a whit boisterously patriotic, is not one ravager by internal warfare, not a land of want and suffering, but a land of plenty, a young, strong land, one, like this great Dominion of Canada, which has even more to expect of the future than what the past gave and the present is giving.

But whether we are Canadians or Americans, it is our privilege to gather around this festive board to-day united in our common heritage of Irish blood; united in our common love for the "land across the sea." It is our privilege, in our deep affection for that much oppressed land, to give expression to the hope that ere long she will be blessed with that peace and prosperity which have been so long absent from her shores. It is our determination to aid her in the fight for justice, no matter how long that fight may last. And if we can judge by the signs of the times the day is not far distant when Home Rule will be an established fact, and she will be in full possession of her own parliament on College Green.

I feel proud as an American to be able to say that when Ireland needed a friend "the land of the free and the home of the brave" was there to welcome our evicted elders, comfort them in their sorrow, cheer them in their exile. And, being given every opportunity to develop and display their natural ability, nowhere else have Irishmen succeeded as they have in the United States. The high esteem in which they are held there is evidenced by the conduct of our illustrious president, who wants the world to be well aware of the fact that he, too, has the staunch old fighting blood of Ireland in his veins. He well knows that, whatever the Irish are, they are not commonplace at any rate; they are loved or hated accordingly as judged by friend or by foe, while such is their native candor and courage that they can grant friend or foe his heart's request.

What has made the American people so enthusiastic? Whence comes their buoyancy, their very ambition, if not, as economists claim, from the great amount of Irish blood flowing in their veins? And this common blood will ever be a bond of union between the United States and Ireland.

In a very eloquent speech, Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I., replied to "Soggarth Aroon."

Among those who replied in behalf of the guests were: His Excellency Monseigneur Sbaretta, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Rector, Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rev. McNally, Mr. W. Foran and Dr. Freeland.

The following vocal selections were rendered with excellent effect: "The Wearing of the Green," by Rev. D. Finnegan, O.M.I.; "The Maple Leaf," by Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.; "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall," by the Glee Club; "My Ottawa," by the Glee Club; "Good Old U. S. A." by Mr. E. H. McCarthy, assisted by the Glee Club; "God Save Ireland," by the Glee Club.

The committee in charge was as follows:

Hon. Chairman—Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.

Chairman—M. D. Doyle.

Secretary—F. J. McDonald.

Treasurer—G. S. Costello.

Executive Committee—A. Stanton, E. H. McCarthy, F. O. Linke and E. Byrnes.

TO OUR BLESSED LORD.

Every creature by Thee made
 On Thy birthday homage paid:—
 Angels lent Thee hymn of praise,
 Heaven, the star with silver rays;
 Wise men, incense, myrrh and gold;
 Shepherds, wonder manifold;
 Beasts, the manger; Earth, the cave—
We the Virgin-Mother gave.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DAWN.

The herald beams of mellow dawn
That soon shall softly rest
On verdured hill and dewy lawn
Illumes the mountain's crest;
The stars whose silver light
Was flashed athwart the changing scene
While sentinels of night
Are dimmed, their brilliance lost, unseen.

The light at first so coy and faint
Now bathes the Eastern skies
And hastens on to richly paint
The morn in crimson dyes;
It smiles afar on sea and land,
Afar its folding glory spreads,
While feathered choirs together band
And high the lark the azure threads.
A brighter dawn awaits each soul
That fills its mission here
When darkest clouds away shall roll
And joy succeeds all fear,
Where living light shall ever shine
And night is never known,
Where endless bliss is yours and mine
If well our deeds are sown.

The sunlight's lustrous gleam
As pure as diamond's flashing rays,
The aurora's hues that seem
A royal hail to fairest days,
Are faint reflections all
Of splendors real that never wane,
Delights that never pall,
Of dawn eternal, glory's reign.

RAY.

OLD IRISH ORATORY.



NOWADAYS, when clear, concise business statements, whose only qualities are those of argument and exposition, and when cold, commercial considerations determine every issue, there is little demand for the ancient lofty eloquence which fired men's hearts. The prevailing opinion seems to be that all elevated language is necessarily stilted, false and hollow, and used only by those, who—

“With gold and silver covers every part,
And hides with ornament his want of art.”

The great orators of Ireland, who, with whose inspiring voice and impressive gesture, moved men to make almost inconceivable sacrifices, were, almost without exception, vehement and rhythmical, figurative and impassioned in address. Their language seems to the reader of to-day to be so exaggerated, in comparison with the present parliamentary style, that they are in danger of total neglect by this generation.

There may be some excuse for this ignorance and lack of appreciation of Irish oratory. The clamor of a host of pigmy imitators, striving to clothe their puny thoughts in words and imagery, brought these men of lofty thought and mold into general and undeserved disrepute. When the ears of men were assailed with noisy and meaningless harangues, and when the trained and cultivated judgment was outraged by extravagant figures of speech and strained, pointless metaphors, educated men may well have been pardoned for thinking the whole art of oratory was nothing but a work of verbal embroidery.

The conversational method is seldom employed in Irish oratory, which is, as a rule, pitched in a high key. They all have borne the impress of a lofty and impassioned style, sweeping their auditors onward with the irresistible force of a torrent.

All great orators have, as their prime essentials, the qualities of passion, reason, imagination, diction and delivery; and these men are purified and ennobled by enthusiasm, without which no orator ever succeeded in reaching the hearts of his listeners. The orators of Ireland possessed these qualities in a superlative degree.

One grave fault, however, has been urged against Irish orators. All true masters of speech are constantly on their guard against taking that fatal step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Irish orators, it is claimed, are prone to excesses of speech which grievously offend the educated ear. But even if this were true much allowance must be made for the terrible tension of the times in which these speeches were delivered, when justice was but a travesty and parliament was a thing of sale and barter; and the righteous indignation which sometimes ran over into hyperbole may well be judged leniently because of the great and just provocation which produced it.

What is known as the "Irish School of oratory covers little more than a half century. The names of Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Grattan and Plunket stand out prominently from the rest of the group which made that period famous. In them Irish eloquence reached its sublimest height; in them, too, the faults usually attributed to Irish oratory are emphasized. But under the spell of their fervid eloquence all else save the ordered march of the sentences, the swelling periods, the joyousness of attack which has all the glory of a captain leading his hosts against a citadel, rousing his followers with drumbeat and trumpet call, and all the gorgeous bravery of an "army with banners." Listen to Grattan's great speech on the Declaration of Irish Rights, on the 19th of April, 1780:

"Hereafter, when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty and observe that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic trances of gratitude, and they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold? I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking of the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction.

"I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory.

"I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker may die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."

In these brilliant periods we have material from which to judge Grattan's quality in the workmanship of oratorical construction.

Daniel O'Connell's place as a parliamentary debater has never yet been settled. The king of popular haranguers, his reputation as a parliamentarian was not great. Bulwer, in the famous lines wherein he describes O'Connell in his glory as an open-air speaker, says:

"Hear him in senates, second-rate at best--
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth:
Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth."

But Peel, reproving a young man for disparaging the Great Liberator, said: "I would rather have that broguing fellow, as you call him, on my side than all the other orators that you have named."

O'Connell's true element, however, was the mass meeting, where he reigned without a rival. His fame as a lawyer, also, was very great. Dickens relates an instance where, listening to O'Connell's eloquent voice, he was melted to tears. That same speech, however, makes rather unimpressive reading; which leads us to believe that the charm and power of the Great Tribune laid in his voice and personality.

There is not space in the limits of this article to touch, even briefly, upon the names of the old Irish orators whose reputations endure. Yet any mention of Irish orators must include the name of Edmund Burke. Burke is a classic, whose place is assured for all time. His sublime intellect was characteristic of no race or time. None have approached him in gorgeousness of style, in the pomp and magnificence of language. The first of Irish orators, his fame will endure while time lasts.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

E. BYRNES, '09,

J. CORKERY, '09,

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09,

A. STANTON, '09.

W. J. SMITH, '10.

W. J. GRACE, '11,

Business Managers:—M. DOYLE, '08; E. B. LEACY, '10.

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THE QUEBEC TERCENTARY.

The present year will be a notable one in Canada, by reason of the Tercentenary of the Founding of Quebec. Lord Grey, the Governor General of Canada, initiated the movement to commemorate the event, and at the same time unite the Plains of Abraham, where the English defeated the French, and the battlefields of Sillery and Ste. Foye, where the French defeated the English, into a National Park, to be called King Edward Park. Lord Grey is also in favor of erecting on the Point of Quebec a colossal statue representing the Angel of Peace, symbolizing the union of the two races. The King has cabled a contribution of 100 guineas to the project, while the Canadian Parliament has voted \$300,000, besides instituting a Royal National Commission, of which Mayor Garneau, of Quebec, is the chairman. Lord Elgin, the colonial secretary, has been asked to invite to the coming fetes a representative of the town of Brouages,

as well as representatives of the families of Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Guy Carleton. Australia will be invited to send one representative, South Africa four, New Zealand one, Newfoundland one, France one and the United States one. France and the United States are also expected to send fleets to participate in the fetes. The Prince of Wales will be present, escorted across the Atlantic by a fleet of British warships.

According to the official plan approved at the inaugural meeting of the Commission, the Prince will land on the morning of Wednesday, the 22nd of July, and will be officially received by His Excellency the Governor General. The Royal Society of Canada will hold a special session the same day in the Parliament House, at which eulogies on Champlain will be pronounced in English and French. On Thursday, the 23rd, Champlain is to arrive with his crew in a fac-simile of his little ship, now being built for the purpose, his arrival being saluted by the men-of-war in the harbor. Other features of the day will be a loyal cablegram addressed to the King and congratulations exchanged with different parts of the Empire, France and the United States, and especially with the mayor of Champlain's birthplace. The grand historical parade through the principal streets of the city Friday, the 24th, will mark the dedication of the battlefields, which will be made the occasion of a grand military and naval review. Sunday, July the 26th, will be Thanksgiving Day. There will be a grand open air mass on the Plains of Abraham. Monday evening will be represented the bombardment of Quebec by the joint army and fleet under Saunders and Wolfe, which took place on the 27th of July, 1759. Tuesday, the 28th, will be Children's Day. The Prince of Wales will leave the port on Wednesday morning, the 29th. The grand pageant of scenes from Canadian history will be given on several afternoons. Three thousand performers will take part, and a stage and grand stands will be erected on the Plains.

HOURS OF DAILY STUDY.

It is vastly better, according to Todd, to chain the attention down closely and study hard a few hours than to keep it moderately fixed and engaged for a greater length of time. The most successful students seldom study over six hours in a day. In this are not

included recitations and desultory half-formed impulses of the mind, but hard, devoted study. He who would study six hours a day with all the attention of which the soul is capable need not fear but he will yet stand high in his calling. But it must be study as intense as the soul will bear. The attention must be all absorbed; the thoughts must be all brought in and turned upon the object of study, as you would turn the collected rays of the sun into the focus of the glass when you would get fire from those rays. Do not call miscellaneous reading, or anything which you do by way of relief or amusement, study; it is not study. Study should be done as much as possible in the morning. The mind is then in good order. *Aurora musis amica, necnon vespera.*

A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING SKILL.

If success is to be measured by the failure of others in the same project, and if the greatness of an achievement is to be estimated by the difficulties overcome and the time expended, then the completion of the Hudson River tunnel by the Hudson and Manhattan Railway Company is a remarkable triumph indeed.

It was thirty-four years ago that the project was first started by Haskin, but, after eight years, his company failed. An English company, who undertook to complete the work, suffered a like fate; and it was only the new company, of which Mr. McAdoo is president, that brought the scheme to its present successful conclusion. Both the work and the experience of the two former companies, who had excavated 4,000 of the 5,400 feet, were made use of. A compressed air chamber had been depended on by Haskin to advance through the silt of the river bottom. Owing to the thinness of the coat of ouse, however, many lives were lost from blow-outs. To obviate this danger, the second company made use of a shield, forced forward by hydraulic pressure, and having doors to remove the silt that was squeezed through the slit of the shieldfront. A new difficulty of advancing where the tunnel had to be excavated through half rock and half silt was met by building a steel apron in front of the shield to protect the workmen blasting and removing the rock as advance was made. However, all difficulties have been finally overcome, the last steel plate of the tunnel shell has been put in place, henceforth the New York millions may enjoy a fast and sure

passage to the New Jersey side without being placed at the mercy of the slow and inconvenient ferryboat service.

Exchanges.

The *Georgetown College Journal* has resumed its visits to our sanctum, the February and March issues being the first to come for over a year. In the March copy there is two good essays, one entitled "The Merchant Marine Question," one story, "The Lovers' Mirage," and several bits of verse, the bulk of the magazine being taken up with college notes. It holds well to its long established reputation as one of our best college publications. We are happy to be again on calling terms with our contemporary from Georgetown.

One of the exchanges it is always a delight to us to glance through is the *Acta Victoriana*. Having noted the beauties of the engraving "Spring," and of the poem entitled "Reflections," we find ourselves in "Newfoundland," an article whose illustrations rest the eye, and whose neat paragraphs gratify both our natural curiosity and our national pride. The old Glastonbury Abbey is the subject of a very readable article. We never neglect the "scientific" department, though we cannot but envy the students who seem to live so close to and familiarly with nature.

The titles in the March *Spokesman* are suggestive. There is no nonsense about "The Great Restorer," "Dante's Face," "My Master's Song." The essays treat very seriously on "Goddess and Saint in Victorian Poetry," "The Passing of the Poet," "Popular Dislike of Higher Poetry," "Religious Element in American Poetry." The editorials are occupied with important matters, such as "Shall Anarchy Prevail?" "The Panic—Who Caused It?" "M. Briand and Trial Marriage." The Alumni notes are valuable.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Ava Maria* for March the 14th the Rt. Rev. Monseigneur John Vaughan points out how intemperance is one of the "dang-

ets" of the day. This eminent writer, of course, like very careful theologians, shows that "wine is a genuine gift from God, and something unquestionably good and innocent in itself;" yet "it would be extremely difficult to point to any gift that men have so grossly and so continuously abused." The writer is in favor of abstinence evidently. He overthrows the contention that alcohol is an article of food; it does not make flesh and tissue; it is rather the most certain and insidious destroyer of health, happiness and life. The most stalwart people never touched the blood-stirring concoctions. The warlike Spartans loathed nothing so much as the sight of a drunken man. The Suevi, noted by Cæsar as the most renowned warriors, and the fighting men in Germany, never touched anything stronger than milk, etc. The Hindoos are forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks by their sacred books, and are far more vigorous than English beer-drinking, gin-gulping laborers. The Sepoys will march from twenty to thirty miles a day heavily burdened under a scorching sun without showing signs of fatigue. The moral is obvious.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

When passing through Ottawa on his recent visit to the centres of Hibernianism in Canada the National President of the A. O. T., Mr. M. Cummings, of Boston, paid a visit to the University. We were all pleased to meet the genial president, and also to be present at his able address to the Irishmen of Ottawa in St. Patrick's Hall on March 19th.

Chas. Murphy, '86, K.C., was the orator of the day at the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal.

Rev. O. Allard, O.M.I., for some time a professor in the University, paid us a short visit during the month.

Rev. A. Henault, O.M.I., for many years connected with the Senior Department, was a recent visitor.

THE REVIEW extends its sincerest sympathy to Monseigneur Sinnott on the recent death of his sister.

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the great and frequent falls of snow, the rink was not as well patronized this winter as in former years. The result was that the double schedule which was drawn up was not finished, but the winner of the single series was awarded the championship. The honor fell upon Captain McLaughlin and his stalwarts, who succeeded in defeating Smith's aggregation on the small-yard rink by the close score of 3 to 2, the score at full time being 2—2.

A most exciting game was played on College rink between the Ottawa Collegiate and the seven best of the Garnet and Grey, on Saturday, February 22. The game was very fast and clean, Collegiate showing, by their good combination, that they had been under strict coaching. Rev. Fr. Stanton held the whistle, and the score at half time was 5 0 4 in favor of College.

Shortly after play started in the second half Collegiate tied the score. College now took a brace and sent in 4 successive goals. The visitors made many desperate attacks upon the College nets, but "Shorty" was always there to greet the rubber and throw it aside. They only succeeded in counting 4 more, and when time was called the score-board read 9 to 4 for College.

On February 27 the College seven journeyed to the little town called Aylmer and lined up against the heavy representatives of the "burg." The outcome of the contest proved favorable to the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, the boys of the summer town succumbing to defeat to the tune of 9 to 6. From the face-off until the referee blew his whistle announcing the end of the battle the spectators were furnished with good hard and straight hockey, and here and there a spectacular play.

On March 7 the College seven met the Collegiates on the Rideau rink for the return game. The Collegiates were determined to retrieve their former defeat, and played hard from start to finish. But the College squad proved too strong. The finding of the opponents' nets by Bawlf and O'Neil, and the clever work between the posts of Costello was too strong an argument for the visitors from across the "square." The final score was 7 to 3 for College.

The most important event of the season occurred on the evening of March 5, when Dr. Chabot asked the Canadian Inter-collegiate champions of 1907 to accept, as a small token of esteem, the beautiful souvenir rings which the citizens of Ottawa had donated to them. The reception took place in the rotunda, which was nicely

decorated for the occasion. The address was read by Dr. Chabot, after which each one of the players advanced in his turn for the much-cherished token. After the distribution the champions and invited guests partook in a sumptuous banquet given by the University of Ottawa Athletic Association.

The rest of the evening was most enjoyably spent listening to noted speeches, among which were those of Dr. Chabot and Messrs. Foran, Slattery, and how fields were often won by the Garnet and Grey by Dr. Nagle and Mr. Devlin. The champions then expressed their sincerest gratitude to the Citizen Committee for the deep interest which they took in the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, and hoped that the season of 1908 would favor them with another opportunity of addressing the College team as champions.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

At a meeting of the Debating Society on March 1st Messrs. E. Letang and N. Grace successfully contended that "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword" against Messrs. D. Breen and S. Quilty. Messrs. O'Gara, Conaghan, Gauthier and Ginna spoke from the audience, and adduced some interesting arguments for and against the contention. The musical numbers between the speeches were highly appreciated.

On the following Sunday the question of "Woman Suffrage" was defended by Messrs. L. Lark and W. Grace, while Messrs. E. Byrnes and E. Ginna argued negatively. The vote of the judges favored the negative.

Frank M's soliloquy:

Steak, steak, steak,
A big juicy steak for me,
Would that my tongue could utter
How steak agrees with me.

Tr—pc.—Why so pensive to-night?

Edn. L.—Y-e-s.

OBITUARY.

College laments a devoted alumnus in the person of Rev. Alex. Motard, who passed away at Water Street Hospital after a lingering illness. Deceased was born in Quebec, and removed to Ottawa with his parents when he was twelve years of age. He began his education in the Separate Schools, thence matriculating into the University of Ottawa, where he was distinguished for a studious and pious disposition, and for his quiet, yet genial, demeanor. In '87 he took out his degree of Bachelor of Arts. After four years spent in theological study, he was ordained to the priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Father Motard's first steps in the priestly career were made under the tutelage of the late Very Rev. Canon Foley at Almonte. There he remained two years. Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, desiring a bilinguist for the remote, but flourishing, mission of Maynooth, Fr. Motard was asked and accepted the call thither. After two years he returned to his own diocese, and became Pastor at Cantley, in the Laurentides. It was a scattered and wild country, but the young priest's zeal was proof against toil and difficulty. A vacancy occurring in Orleans, Ont., he was placed in charge. Here, for seven years, he labored, till death summoned him. The parish of Orleans, thanks to the untiring efforts of its late Pastor, is one of the best organized in the diocese. Father Motard was a staunch friend of his Alma Mater, having had to defend her interests on more than one occasion. His valuable collection of over six hundred volumes he bequeathed to the University Library. THE REVIEW expresses the sympathy of the student body to the family and many friends of the deceased. *Requiescat in pace.*

On the 15th inst. died Magistrate J. T. St. Julien, of Aylmer. Born in 1838, he made a part of his studies in the University of Ottawa, finishing his law at Laval. The legal bar of Ottawa District attended the funeral in a body. *Requiescat in pace.*