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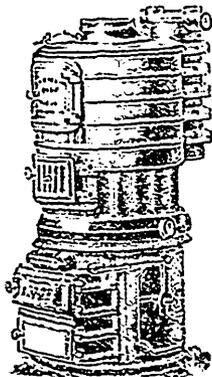
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UNIVERSITY
OF OTTAWA
REVIEW

No. 9

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Vol. VI

Spring.

DOWN in the country of seasons,
As sages are wont to relate,
Four rivals contend for dominion
Over the kingly estate.

Summer so sweet and so smiling,
Crowned in the city of June,
Promised to all men and nations
Comfort—as her great boon.

But, alas! for fickle promises,
For the sun of power was felt,
And throughout all towns and cities,
Her peoples' brows rolled sweat.

Then autumn in all her beauty,
Clad in green and gold,
Entered the royal palace
And bid them her beauties unfold.

That all her faithful subjects,
Might feast their eyes thereon,
And see in her glorious promises
That justice sat on the throne.

But she robbed the trees of their foliage,
The leaves she scattered wide,
Chill rains and haughty whirlwinds
Made one long for the fireside.

Down in his snowy chariot,
King winter came riding fast,
And rivers flowing peacefully
He caught in his icy clasp.

A jolly old king this winter,
But he carried his pranks too far,
For his subjects rose in rebellion,
And from power fell his star.

Who is it that comes riding,
Along in such queenly state,
Flourishing her beautiful banner
At the Palace of Seasons' gate.

The birds sing loud in their carols,
Warm breezes as they pass by,
Whisper to tiny budlets
That Princess Spring is nigh.

The sentinel sun in the heavens
Awakens the sleeping throng,
And valleys and hills and meadow
Place their richest garments on.

Welcome a thousand welcomes,
We shout from our hearts to-day,
Long may you reign in triumph,
Thou lady Queen of May.

May your path be strewn with roses,
May the heavens forever smile,
May the birds sing sweet melody
Upon you, all the while.

W. J. R

Philosophy in America.



THE present essay is an historical rather than a summary. It is an attempt to present and explain the prevalent philosophical doctrines rather than to judge them.

The first period in the history of philosophy in America, is the colonial (1607-1765). It was a period when struggle for existence precluded much philosophical speculation. "Prius esse quam philosophari." One philosopher at least was produced, Jonathan Edwards, (1704-1758). In all this time the Southern States practically did nothing intellectually. Ten years before the Declaration of Independence there was but one printing press in all Virginia. Of the middle states Pennsylvania alone was important as a centre of culture. Indeed, towards the middle of the eighteenth century it eclipsed New England and retained its pre-eminence till the nineteenth. But during the early colonial period, it was the Puritans, who, by their faith, moral vigor and untiring energy, really formed the root of the American nation. From 1629, in all their establishments except Rhode Island, education was obligatory. Harvard was founded in 1636, and was controlled by ministers. It set up a printing press, three years later (under religious censorship). Many works of Puritan divines were published. Consequently it is to New England that we must turn for what philosophy there was during that period.

Two men alone deserve mention, Franklin and Edwards. Benjamin Franklin was a genius with a philosophical spirit, but not properly a philosopher. He is a fitting representative of the eminently practical nature of the times. It may be remarked that even the surnames of these men, Benjamin and Jonathan, proclaim them to be of Puritan stock.

Edwards' first work "Notes on Mind," is something like Pascal's *Pensées*, though needless to say of vastly inferior importance. It is very suggestive however, and shows a thinker. Many scholastic doctrines are found in the book. Edwards is an

idealist. He defends the Calvinistic doctrine of determinism by the following argument : It is impossible that what is by its very nature indifferent to any determined choice, could *spontaneously* become determined. This, it may be remarked, is admitted by Thomists, who base on it the necessity of the determining intervention of God in every voluntary act (*premotio physica*). The great merit of Edwards' work was that it awakened speculation. The chief characteristic of his and contemporary philosophy is its subordination to the Puritan theology ; this indeed kept up a tradition of sound philosophy but lessened the freedom of speculation.

With the revolutionary period in America history begins the era of Scottish influence on philosophy. In 1768 John Witherspoon (a descendant of John Knox) was called from Scotland to be president of Princeton. He introduced Scottish philosophy into America. The Puritan spirit which was essentially religious had no sympathy with the prevalent English deism and French scepticism which were attacking the Christian idea. So Americans utilized the Scottish "common sense" school to defend religion. From the beginning of the century it was the dominant philosophy in the United States—a position it held, at least in the educational institutions, till the sixties, and even to-day it has many partisans, especially in the denominational colleges.

The first writer of importance is L. P. Hickok, (1797-1888) president of Union College, Schenectady. His aim is to establish solidly on demonstrative and rational bases, the philosophic conceptions which revelation supposes. Though he has some Kantian ideas he upholds strongly a sane realism, and believes in a perfect accordance between the subjective and objective world. His works on Rational and Empirical Psychology and Rational Cosmology, are, according to an able critic, the most original, complete and important movement that American thought had till then (1854) given birth to.

When in 1868, one century after Witherspoon, John MacCosh (1811-1894) like him, assumed the presidency of Princeton, Scottish philosophy in America was giving way to German and evolutionary systems. MacCosh wrote strongly against German idealism, attacking it with the common sense argument. He is

principally famous for making Princeton from a college into a real university. Harvard and other places quickly followed the example, and soon America had like Europe some real universities.

What MacCosh did for Princeton, Noah Porter (1811-1892) did for Yale. The latter is perhaps a greater philosopher. His "Human Intellect," (1868) has been pronounced one of the most profound studies of the subject that had till then appeared in America. His work on moral philosophy is also an important one. While he rejected the conclusions of the Kantian philosophy, he admitted that it had the merit of forcing the human mind to a greater study and to a critical demonstration of the practical, necessary, reasonable, and fundamental principles of knowledge.

Other writers, of less importance, have upheld and still uphold this same sane Scottish philosophy, but while it is still secure in Protestant denominational colleges, the great universities have discarded it. It has done good service as a safeguard to faith and morality and has exhibited as well, considerable speculative progress.

Germany next to Scotland left its mark and influence on American thought. In 1800, there was hardly a German book in Boston; forty years later, there was hardly an educational person in this intellectual capital of North America, for such it was then, who could not speak fluently about German literature, music, and philosophy.

"German thought was introduced to United States in two ways: indirectly, through the writings of French eclectic philosophers, and more so by those of such Englishmen as Coleridge, Carlyle and Wordsworth; directly it was imported by American scholars, and by the numerous students, who, beginning in 1815, inaugurated the regular exodus to the German universities."*

According to Emerson, the infiltration of German ideas began to make itself felt in New England in 1820. The "Transcendental" movement is a singular one to those who consider that Americans must necessarily incline to realism. It was to New England what

*Translated from "La Philosophie en Amerique," a: able work just published by L. von Becelaere, O.P. (New York: Eclectic Pub. Co.)

romanticism was to Europe. It had extravagances and sentimental enthusiasms, but it caused great intellectual awakening.

The Trancendentalists believed in innâte ideas, and followed a vague mystical idealism. Their philosophy is now extinct and remained to posterity chiefly in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).

Emerson though a great thinker, and perhaps the greatest American writer, has no philosophical system properly so-called. He was an intuitionist, a mystic, and a student of Plato.

Emerson was an evolutionist of the worst type. He said the reason man was making so many discoveries about Nature, was that the material elements in him were thinking. Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc, of zinc. In justice to Emerson however, it must be remembered that the greater part of his writings may be read without danger to faith while they have always an invigorating intellectual and even moral effect.

It may be mentioned that some Trancendentalists tried to form an ideal community at Brook Farm. Of course it failed. Nevertheless this is interesting as it shows that they were sincere in their convictions. But the real importance of transcendentalism was the intellectual vigor it gave the country. It woke up the Americans to the philosophical convictions prevalent in the early nineteenth century, but the nation, being very young, produced consequently something rather juvenile, in the attempt to digest these principles.

The influence of German idealism did not die with the Trancendentalists. There is a contemporary school of American idealists that deserve some attention. W. T. Harris (b. 1835) the editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*—a review that did much in its day to strengthen German idealism in the country—may be considered as the founder of the present school. Though rather a Hegelian, he has always upheld a personal God, an immortal soul, and liberty, and claims that Hegelism, properly developed, leads to these doctrines.

Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is another of the principal representatives of idealism: "The world of facts is an illusion, its truth is a spiritual life." His view of the world, he himself has said, is analogous to the scholastic doctrine of possible beings, existing as

ideas in the mind of God before creation. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that he has a great esteem for mediæval philosophy though he differs from it radically. There are a great many other contemporary idealists, including Dr. Watson in our own country. Royce considers that at John Hopkins University there is arising a new school of logicians, one of whom Mrs. Ladd Franklin, has, according to the same authority, given the most successful reduction of the theory of the syllogism, that have ever been proposed. If such be so, and we doubt much, then America has given to the world its first great female philosopher!

The number and influence of these men (and women) shows that the Americans, though preferably practical and experimental, can also lend themselves to pure ideal speculation.

But idealism, at its best, could never vie in popularity with that realistic philosophy—evolution. Three times as many copies of Herbert Spencer's works were sold in the United States as in England. Evolution was popularised on this side of the Atlantic chiefly by Youmans (1821-1897), the founder of the Popular Science Monthly. John Fiske (1842-1901), is the most important American evolutionary philosopher. He considers evolution as certain as the Copernician astronomy. He makes God an *anima mundi*. His style is good.

It would be tedious to mention all the upholders of this hypothesis. The strength of the movement may be inferred from the fact that influenced even Catholic philosophers. Father Zalm, S.H.C., wrote a book advocating the theory that the body of man evolved, or could have evolved from low inanimate life, his argument being potential creation. Hostility in religious quarters induced him to withdraw the book.

On the whole American biologists have been evolutionists. Of late, however, evolution seems to be on the decline. It would be unfair to class the greater number of American evolutionists as mere materialists.

During the last twenty-five years in the United States there has been a very characteristic and important philosophical development—Experimental Psychology. The special interest in this subject was derived from Germany. The men most celebrated in this development are not so much trying to overturn the old

psychology as to prove *a posteriori* what has been proved *a priori*. It is a big attempt to learn something more about the nature of the soul, by experimental methods. There are now about forty "psychological laboratories" as they are called in the American universities* Professor Ladd of Yale, James of Harvard, and Hall of Clark, are the chief founders and representatives of this school. The last named, Dr. Hall, developed another branch, "Infant Psychology." He made a complete study of the child before it enters school. A considerable amount of interesting literature has recently appeared on this subject. Psychological pedagogy is now being studied with great interest in the United States, and no doubt much good will be accomplished. This is a question of vital importance to the United States, where last year alone \$130,000,000 was spent on education. Consequently it is at present the most popular and promising branch of philosophy in the United States.

This brief summary would be incomplete without some words about Catholic Philosophy in America. Catholic belief cannot accommodate itself to every sort of philosophy, so-called, since it supposes a certain number of rational principles as a basis.

Before 1873 there was scarcely any Catholic or scholastic philosophy taught in the United States. That year however, some Jesuit Fathers, Hill, Clark, Mings, inaugurated in the University of St. Louis, a course of scholastic philosophy in English, and published some English text-books.

Orestes A. Brownson (born 1803 and converted to Catholicism in 1844) had, till his death in 1876, considerable influence on American thought. He was sort of an eclectic and ontologist. He was rebuked by religious authorities for some of his teachings though never officially condemned. He submitted to the rebuke and always remained Catholic.

With the accession of Leo XIII, in 1878, came his personal intervention in favor of scholastic philosophy. America like the rest of the Catholic world followed his regulations. Since then we have had some American scholastic literature. The Dominicans, Kearney, Higgins and Kennedy have commanded attention

*There is a chair of Experimental Psychology at the Catholic University of Washington.

by their work ; some of the Christian Brothers likewise. The "Philosophical Essays" of the late Brother Azarias, are rather important, while an "Elementary Course of Christian Philosophy," by Brother Chrysostome of New York, is used as a text-book at McGill. Thomism is taught in all Catholic colleges and universities, where it is essential for a degree in Arts. It need hardly be mentioned that it is required as a preliminary to a course in theology. However, Catholic colleges do not devote as much time as others do to the study of the history of philosophy ; lack of time being perhaps the chief reason as Catholic post graduate courses exist now merely in embryo. If the Catholic University of Washington realizes the ideas of its founders, it ought to be the centre for Catholic philosophy in America.

An essay of this sort would be incomplete without a consideration of the relation the American spirit bears to philosophy. It is an incontestable fact of history that civilizations remarkable for the predominance of the practical arts are not very favorable for the birth and development of pure philosophic speculation. Hence Anglo-Saxon culture and consequently its philosophy has a practical if not realistic tendency. This accounts for the fact that the Scottish Common Sense philosophy, and the evolutionary philosophy were much more popular than have been Jonathan Edwards, or the Transcendentalists. To-day by far the most important, as well as most successful school, is not idealism but *experimental* psychology.

The prompt and spontaneous absorption of foreign philosophy is after the practical tendency, the most important characteristic of American thought. But Americans (aside from Catholics who, as we said before, are in a class by themselves) never belong to "schools." They are too individual for that. They modify everything they absorb. They absorb as we have said not mechanically but spontaneously. Royce, the professor of philosophy at Harvard, says :—"I have taught eighteen years ; I have had many pupils ; however, I doubt if I have at the present day a single 'disciple.' Those with whom I have best succeeded differ with me all the more." That surely is spontaneous individualism.

However, up to the present, America has depended upon Europe for her philosophical inspirations. There has been, as we

hope to have shown, philosophy in America, but properly speaking no American philosophy.

It is in the great American universities (which number less than twenty) that philosophical speculations find their home. The second rate universities (over a hundred) and the colleges (about 200) do not as a rule take a lively interest in new speculations, many of them hardly study philosophy at all, and even in the few real universities, philosophy is not essential for a degree in Arts. Then there are some four or five philosophical Reviews which exercise considerable influence.

So much for the present. As to the future? Those who profess to know the signs of the times believe that a period of productivity will succeed the present one of assimilation. There is good reason to believe that America is a country of great promise for philosophy.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

A Varsity Man in Rome.

THE following letter will be interesting to many readers of the REVIEW to whom the name if not the figure, of John J. Cox, has been familiar on account of his exploits on more than one Canadian Foot-ball field. Since his coming to College, John has been a prominent member of the Varsity team. For three seasons in his position as scrimmager he helped to secure the Quebec trophy, and once the Dominion championship. He was president for a couple of terms of the O. U. A. A. and was one year vice-president of the Quebec Rugby Union. But he was above all a close student, his part in our favorite College game whilst being a diversion from, also showed, in a degree, the practical results of application to his studies. Rev. Father Kirwan, O.M.I., has kindly acceded to the Editor's request to have the reflections, if not the confidences, made by Mr. Cox during his travels, published in the REVIEW.

Collegio Americano, Roma, Italia, April 8th, 1904.

DEAR FATHER KIRWIN,—No doubt, you will think it nearly time to hear from me ; but you will understand how a person is

pushed his first year in Rome, as I have had to get up about all my matter myself, on account of not having attended Latin lectures before.

The course of studies, here, is entirely different to what we was accustomed at Ottawa, as, there, the Professors showed a very keen interest in the students work whilst imparting the matter, while here our philosophy Professor walks into the class-room, take his place, pulls out his watch and starts to talk like an automatic machine wound up for the occasion, taking it for granted that every member of the class understood everything he was saying, whether they did or not ; and when time was up, he blesses himself, recites the usual prayers, and walks out about his business. At first, this way of proceeding nearly took my breath away. I thought I could see a faint picture of my finish, being scarcely able to understand him. But when I found on comparing notes that there were others of the students in the same boat as myself, I began to regain heart and to feel confident that the time would come when I would be able to take the lecture alright. A man is supposed to have made very good progress, if he is able to fully understand the Professor and take notes by the end of his first session. While I don't expect to be able to take notes of any account, I have very good hopes of being able to follow him without difficulty, as I can follow him sufficiently now to know what he is talking about. I purchased the Stonyhurst philosophical series in English, and along with the Latin text-book followed at Propaganda, I think I know the matter well enough to pass my first year, having already passed my examinations successfully.

I presume it will be useless to tell you that I am in love with Rome. Here a person finds, outside of his classwork, any number of interesting monuments and other important places to occupy his time and keep his curiosity alive. Of course without St. Peter's and the Vatican, Rome wouldn't be Rome at all, and so we have spent quite a few very pleasant as well as useful hours in these two places. The Vatican where our glorious Pontiff reigns, is the largest palace in the world ; in length it is 1,151 feet, and in breadth, 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and is said to contain 11,000 chambers of different sizes. As regards the interior, I was very much interested in the Sistine

Chapel, the picture galleries, the Stanzi and Raphaell's Loggia. I honestly believe that a person could learn almost as much church history by studying these different departments as he could with books, or at least they certainly made a more lasting impression on the mind. Here are to be found the rarest and most excellent paintings in the world, from the sublime to the ridiculous, or from the kingdom of heaven to the depth of —. In the Last Judgment, Michel-Angelo painted Cesena, who was master of ceremonies at the Vatican, in hell, because he had complained of the indelicacy of certain naked figures on the wall. When Cesena begged Paul IV to cause these figures to be obliterated, the Pope, so the story goes, sarcastically replied: "We might have released you from Purgatory, but over hell we have no power," the picture in consequence remained unchanged.

St. Peter's is, without doubt, the largest and most beautiful church in the world: it not only surpasses anything ever erected by man, but seems even beyond the imagination of the men of the present day. There is indeed something very curious about the building of St. Peter's when we recall the fact, that just at the time there lived the greatest painters, the ablest sculptors, and the most wonderful architects the world has ever seen. The erection of St. Peter's extended over 176 years and cost in the neighborhood of fifty millions of dollars. Besides this, many buildings were levelled for the purpose of obtaining one or two rare pieces of stone. To be sure I had heard and read a great deal concerning the immensity this monument, but to be candid with you its apparent smallness, when I first obtained a glimpse of it, both surprised and disappointed me. But when I went up to it and tried to distinguish the statues and decorations extending along its front, or turned around to survey the great and mighty colonnades embracing the wonderful piazza thronged with people, I began to think this was in truth the St. Peter's I had heard and read so much about. Yet when I entered and ramed about among its chapels, tombs and alters; particularly when I stood under and gazed up at its magnificent dome, I concluded that the seeing far surpassed all I had ever heard or read, and no doubt is much beyond all power of description.

A few days after our first visit to St. Peter's, we went to the

top of the dome and fourteen of us crowded into the apparently little ball which is supposed to hold at least twenty-one persons. It took us twenty minutes to reach the first balcony on the inside of the dome, where the mosaic figures, which before seemed like little angels now appeared enormous giants, while the people on the ground floor looked like children ; even here we were not more than half way up to the ball.

However, in the immensity and richness of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, St. Paul's and St. Mary Major's, as well as a host of other churches are not to be lost sight of by an American, especially as we haven't anything to compare with these places. St. John Lateran's, next St. Peter's, is without doubt the most remarkable church in the world, and in some respects even surpasses it, being known as the true Pontifical Throne. There is little striking about its exterior except its great bulk. The interior is extremely rich in marbles and frescoes. I think there must be at least fifty chapels in this church and about three or four hundred statues of different sizes, while the ceiling and walls are completely covered with holy paintings of every sort. Here too are preserved the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul.

St. Paul's Basilica is built outside the city and it may be added, in a part of the country almost a desert. It seems too bad that such is the case, but I presume it was erected more to commemorate the martyrdom of the great Apostle. St. Mary Major was built to commemorate a marvellous fall of snow which in August covered that piece of ground and no other. This church contains the richest chapel in the world known as the Borghese chapel. Everything about this chapel is simply gorgeous with marbles and frescoes. It contains the tomb of Paul V., the Borghese Pope. The church on the whole is one of the most beautiful strictly architectural structures of the city.

On Good Friday we ascended the Holy Stairs which at one time belonged to Pilate's home, and which were ascended and descended by our Saviour. Everyone must ascend these steps on his knees without at all touching them with his feet. There are twenty-eight steps in all, two of them stained with our Saviour's blood. The number of people ascending those, with rapt devotion, was a remarkable sight.

We visited the Forum and the Colisseum several times, so interesting on account of the connection they have with the history of the Roman Empire, and also with that of early Christianity. Still in studying the Forum and the Colisseum, there is a deal more work than pleasure, for which reason I would prefer to spend such time in some of the real old churches where numerous relics and paintings of the many martyrs and saints are well preserved and kept sacred.

The day before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, we had a private audience with the Pope ; and I am proud to say that I had the extremely great honor of pressing his hand, receiving his blessing and kissing the great ring which to Catholics symbolizes the greatest power on earth. It was truly a very happy moment for me as well as for the other students of the college, for this is the first audience the students have enjoyed in many years, and I assure you, it was highly appreciated by every one of us. After imparting his blessing the Pope spoke of the necessity of employing our time well, in order to be able, when we will have finished, to confute heretical anti-Catholic doctrines, which he declared were quite current in our country, and which if possible, should be made to disappear. I thought him the kindest and most fatherly speaking man I have ever met ; he spoke with exceptionable feeling and it was easily to be seen that every word came from his heart. Among other things he asked us to remember him in our prayers to our Blessed Lady, that she may help in performing his duties as Christ wished them to be performed.

* * * * *

Well, Father, I am getting worn out both physically and mentally, so I had better be signing off. Before closing I wish to express my profound sorrow to yourself, Fathers and students, concerning your terrible loss. I wrote to your very Rev. Rector the moment I had definite news about the fire. I felt awfully sorry to bear of the deaths of Fathers Fulham and McGurty, as for the latter I was exceedingly pained, because I had known him so long and enjoyed his friendship during my five years' stay at Ottawa when he was Brother, Professor and Priest. Knowing what great friends you were, I feel your loss was greater than anybody else's in the College. I have remembered those good

Fathers in my prayers, though doubtless they went straight to heaven. In my letter to Dr. Emery I mentioned that I would gladly help towards a contribution list, and James Golden wishes to inform you that he will gladly do the same.

I presume that everything is going going on just as usual at College. I sincerely hope that you will be able to erect a College second to none in the world. With best wishes.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. COX.

Modern Fireproofing.



MODERN thought at the present time, in the face of the extensive conflagrations that have taken place in what was considered at the time of their construction to be thoroughly fire proof buildings, in the Boston, Chicago and Baltimore fires particularly, is still active in devising with forms and compositions of matter to resist destruction by fire. In all large constructions for commercial purposes there is allowed in their details enough of inflammable material to allow a large but not an ardent combustion in its incipiency, which if allowed to spread without any particular direction being given to it becomes unmanageable, and involves the whole structure, by being fed from the combustible parts of other divisions of the structure. What is called fire walls, and fire proof doors, have played there almost useless part by giving a false sense of security, they have failed in their purpose almost everywhere.

To-day with the scientific advance of the age it is fairly difficult to say what is fireproof, and indeed to the extent that it is considered better to devise means to curb the destructive element in its infancy, and prevent its extension than to construct with a part of supposed fireproof materials and the other parts of combustible details, such as doors, windows, &c., of wood or its substitute equivalents.

Granite, limestone, and other bodies used in construction in their material conditions are known to melt and run like water under the effect of fires as they occur in cities and leave nothing but a mass of slag and other debris, which goes to show that the material left after a fire is only then in a condition to be made into a compound much better fitted to resist fire than when in its natural state, so that the constructor is at his wits end to find something to satisfy the new demand, he is often thrown back on the necessity, of choosing from amongst the many scientific compounds on the market said to be positively fireproof, and perhaps with a great deal of truth, provided it is not submitted to the action of a fire which had been allowed too much headway. Hence the necessity of seeking other safeguards in conjunction with material judiciously chosen, such as brick, concrete, &c., in its various forms, and degrees of fineness in its composition to suit its particular use, such as for walls, partitions, flooring, &c.

The old so-called fireproof material is to-day out of date, and scientific thought is no longer spent on its use in its natural condition, the materials only occupy a very small space in the field of construction where proof against fire is required, in fact, the less the better. Common clay in many of its scientific conditions is one of the best constituents of a fireproof material, you may call it brick in any of its forms, and the condition it assumes when submitted to fire in its preparation, it assumes the nature of the hardest substance, and in the end is almost completely incapable of change by the agency of fire in the ordinary sense of the word in our field of enquiry.

In speaking of the details of construction where wood is ordinarily used, wood pulp properly made and run into moulds or slabs is a surprising body where a thorough study is made of its applicability as a fireproof material, it can be mixed with other bodies which lie dormant until their fire-resisting qualities are brought out by the neighborhood of a sharp fire, and when properly made is not affected by heat or moisture, and is stable in whatever condition it is made to assume.

But all these conditions are of very little use if you cannot give a proper direction to the conflagration in its early moments.

The following suggestions are made to be modified to suit the particular purpose for which the construction is to be utilized.

It is suggested that a building be divided by walls from the foundation to the roof having each division complete in itself, but traversed by the usual means of communication, such as halls, corridors, &c.

In or near the centre of each division there should be constructed a fireproof shaft made with a small cross-section at the base, and increasing inside in area from story to story, to allow the heated gases, smoke and other bodies to escape to the open air without exerting any force, or pressure, and by so doing communicating more of the heat to its walls. With communication with every room in that division, so that on the occurrence of a fire in any room the heat of the fire would by fire plug or other means, at once open communication with the shaft of that division and allow the draft of perhaps an otherwise uncontrollable fire, to exhaust itself through the shaft and save the adjacent rooms from damage, by this means no extensive conflagration could take place, as the shaft would always take the draft from the corridor if the door was open and if not open, the heat of the incipient fire would go up the shaft, and with ordinary effort very little damage would be done. These shafts might be used for ordinary ventilation purposes under regulations for winter or summer use, and to direct the economy of heating in winter by automatic regulations. I have refrained from perhaps clogging the general idea by entering into any scientific details, so as to allow the interested mind room to grapple with the idea as ordinarily known, but I will be very happy to furnish any further explanation as far as I am able, if I will serve a useful purpose.

The incorporation into a fireproof compound of refractory material after it has been submitted to the rigorous action of fire is not new, it has been forgotten as useful material and is now resurrected after years of oblivion. It was used over 70 years ago in making fire brick with fireclay (grease). The Mandan Indians constructed their wigwams, or what was called dirt buildings of concrete of clay and gravel, over one thousand years ago, and covered them with the same. The composition of fireclay is a matter of common knowledge, Stanebridge and Monmouth taking

the lead, with some excellent German and French clays as very refractory, such as the Isle of Bourbon, which is good except in glass furnaces; as the clay is composed of silica 100, and alumina 34, whereas French bottle glass is composed of silica 100 and alumina 30, clay of quasi-pure quality, combined with silica is of the most refractory character, provided alkalis, oxides of lime and magnesia are absent. At one time the fireproof body was judged without reference to the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, or the heat of the electric current, but now a-days in large conflagrations in 15 story houses, fancy the staircases or elevator shafts turned into a blow-pipe 150 feet long, with a blast fed by Hydro-carbons; it is irresistible and spreads destruction broadcast. The most solid structures melted like wax and trickled down the incondescent surface. Sprinkling tubes are useless in winter and are not formed to remain always in working order. Cements except when used in large blocks are destroyed in a fierce fire to the extent of rendering the structure incapable of being repaired.

The great study of the time is a positively safe fireproof floor, it must have a section so proportioned in form and material that sag does not take place during the fire; hence its material should not have the property of expansion, and should support 120 pounds to the square foot. In all fireproof construction a filler of a non-hygroscopic character should be applied as a surface, incapable of receiving water in its pores during a fire, as it is then destroyed by the fire turning the water into steam and destroying what strength it had been based upon, when its construction was devised.

Porous silica bound with clay when well burned in the form of brick then broken for concrete, are very refractory, and should be used but should be well burned.

The old idea of swimming brick should not be lost sight of in what is called fireproof structures, particularly in the building of safes or other constructions to protect valuables from fire.

In all large constructions such as schools of all sizes, colleges, theatres and public halls or rooms where large numbers of pupils congregate, it is not as was previously stated, as much the using

of fireproof materials as the means of guiding the fire in its inception, and conducting the early blaze and heated air, through a positive channel to the outside atmosphere.

CALORY.

An Arab Legend.

THERE was at Bagdad, in the year 175 of the Hegira, (A.D. 792) a baker named Marouf. He was a man of good character. Living very simply he had no enemies, because he never gave credit, the vice so productive of slanderous and offensive deeds. Moreover he was greatly esteemed being honest and giving light weight only to an extent that would not lack civility to the Genius of commerce.

One evening he was enjoying the cool on the doorstep of his shop watching children who were playing knuckle bones. A stranger coming up informed him of a great disaster that had befallen him. Filled with misgiving Marouf pressed for details, and was told that a ship with a cargo of flour, which he was impatiently awaiting, had incontinently gone to the bottom of the Tigris.

At the news Marouf threw his turban to the ground and shouted so shrilly that the children fled, leaving their knuckle-bones. After which according to custom, Marouf overwhelmed the unlucky bearer of bad tidings with a tumultuous storm of curses skillfully graduated.

The next day seeing he was ruined, Marouf closed his shop and hastened to the Tigris to heap upon it the curses and invectives he had composed during a sleepless night. Thus occupied he wandered up and down the banks till dusk, which only increased his lamentations over his lot as the most pitiful in the world. And as we always depend on some one here below, particularly on those who have been the occasion of our advent to the valley of tears, Marouf did not omit to execrate the days when his father and his mother were born. Not being able to do likewise for his descendants, not having any as a bachelor, he cursed his ancestry back to the seventh degree, and was about to give his

attention to the eighth, when he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground.

The cause of his tripping he found to be a black glass bottle sealed with lead and of unusual shape. Believing that it held some good liquor apt to soothe him in his trouble, he carried it home.

At the sight of his shop, with its shelves ready to hold loaves, but now empty as his stomach, he felt his sorrow revived and in tears he sought his rear shop where he deposited the bottle on a lame table, There he began to weep pitifully and, gazing at the great scales which were hanging idle from the ceiling, he tore out handfuls of hair with such violent and reckless movements that he knocked the bottle over, dropping it to the floor where it broke with a great noise.

"By Allah! Here is the last straw in my troubles!" exclaimed the baker. "I had reason to expect help from the contents of that flask, and my awkwardness should empty it upon the beaten earth. So bitter is this new disgrace that I cannot conceive what is proper for me to do now."

As he finished speaking he was dazzled by a singular light that rose from the floor. The baker noticed to his astonishment that the light escaped from the remains of the bottle, which seemed to exhale a sort of luminous smoke. This smoke by degrees took the shape of a woman of such imposing majesty that Marouf, seized with terror, threw himself on his knees.

Thereupon this woman addressed him in the following terms :

"Dismiss all fear, Marouf, and be assured of my favor. You see in me the fairy Zealmaid, whom the giant Azelma in unrequited love, imprisoned in this bottle about six hundred years ago."

"Madam," replied the baker, "if I'm allowed to express an opinion, I would say that this Azelma, though a giant, was sadly lacking in good breeding and courtesy."

"He was lacking in many other things," returned the fairy, "for he had but one eye and six teeth. But enough of him. Marouf you have liberated me from the prison, and this signal benefit claims a reward. Take that weight from yonder slab and place it on one of the scales."

Marouf did so. That scale borne down fell to the earth while the other rose to the ceiling.

"That weight, Marouf, represents the mass of pains and afflictions which are reserved for you and for every mortal. Consider now the weight of joys to counterbalance it.

The fairy poured upon the empty scale, the contents of a small purse she carried at her cincture. At seeing the size of this purse, Marouf could not control his temper.

"See!" he said "for much evil, very little good, and certainly life is not worth the living, if Mahomet had not taken pains to describe the delights of paradise which must reward our resignation!"

However, he took heart at noticing the prodigious way the purse held out. It was a fairy, like the lovely lady who owned it, and it poured out such a quantity of sequins that the great weight was lifted and the two scales were at length equally laden.

At this point the fairy ceased her liberality and returned the purse to her cincture.

"Marouf," she cried, "hold thyself a happy man since by my power your joys and pains are equally distributed. But have a care not to touch those sequins which I have told you, represent thy portion of happiness. If the unlucky scale rises above the favorable one you will become directly the prey of adversity. With this she clapped her hands. Her body resumed its smoky appearance and disappeared by the window.

Marouf left alone wondered long over this strange adventure. Surely enough, he was owner of a considerable quantity of sequins which he was forbidden to touch. Having some philosophy he realized he was in the presence of supernatural things, the sense of which was above his feeble grasp. Wisely deciding not to weary his head about it he went to bed to have the benefit of sleep. On awakening he learned that the flour ship that he believed lost entered safely the port of Bagdad.

Marouf returned thanks to God, to the Fairy, and went to the Tigris to express there his gratitude in blessings ingeniously graded. He then boarded up the marvellous scales, so that no one could go near them.

Marouf grew so prosperous in his business that the maids of

the neighborhood in quest of husbands who might assure them a life of ease in return for their caresses, desired to share his lot and favored him with wistful glances. This embarrassed the honest fellow somewhat. He feared a choice might arouse jealousy and grieve those on whom it could not fall, wherefore he remained unmarried. One day however, as he wandered into the country he perceived a slim, frail looking girl, bending over a spring as if seeking to drink from the water itself. Coming closer he became apprehensive of the girl falling into the water. Drawing from his sack a shell of the finest pearl he presented it to her with all the politeness he was master of.

"Madam, the position you are in is not the easiest. You will find it more pleasant to drink out of this cup."

On hearing this the girl lifted her head. Marouf was so struck with her beauty that he almost dropped the shell. The girl remarked the confusion into which she had thrown this fine fellow and could not refrain from helping the impression.

"I have no need of the shell," she answered in a tone as sweet as her looks: "You have surprised me at the brink of this fountain, but it was not to quench my thirst, for I was merely looking at myself in the water."

Marouf replied that the girl had many good reasons to take pleasure in looking at herself, for he had never seen beauty to compare with that of the delightful object before him. He soon learned that this lovely person was called Amina, and that she belonged to caravan which was going down from Edessa to the sea.

"But," she explained "I got very tired of travelling in this way, and thinking that Bagdad presented all kinds of amusements and riches, likely to delight a girl of good taste, I allowed the caravan to go on its way. Unhappily I lost my mirror in descending from my camel, and I would not have been consoled for its loss had I not encountered this liquid sheet of water, in which I might rejoice my eyes by the contemplation of my reflection.

At this, Marouf felt his heart throb. Penetrated with admiration he said:

"Madam, even to enjoy your own image you are obliged to this uneasy posture. If you should be pleased to approach my

unworthy person, you will find in my eyes two faithful and delighted mirrors, in which you will behold your incomparable beauty concurrently with the incomparable love which it has inspired my heart."

She did as he wished and Marouf having unfolded the happy state of his affairs, she consented to be his wife.

After a magnificent wedding Marouf returned to his commerce—not ceasing to bless destiny for the happiness it granted him in his tender companion. But as night succeeds day fortune changed, and in all he undertook Marouf found himself unsuccessful. Thereupon he thought of consulting the marvellous scales which he completely neglected, since the love he had for his wife left him very little leisure. Great was his surprise on approaching the wall enclosing the scales to find a board removed, but greater still his grief when he perceived the fatal scale lying on the ground and the favorable one, deprived of its sequins, gone to the ceiling.

At the sight he cast off his turban and tore out handfuls of hair amid the heartrending imprecations. Attracted by the noise, Amina hastened to the spot and informed of the trouble broke out into tears in her turn saying, that through curiosity she had taken off the board, and that seeing the sequins which appeared to be useless, gave them to Jewish and Christian peddlers in return for their wares and to stimulate their chat:

Amina going out returned carrying the cloth, ribbons and many precious jewels she had purchased.

"Here," she said, "is what the fellows gave me for the sequins; put them in the scale; perhaps it will come down."

The articles were put on the plate but it did not stir. Marouf brought all the sequins he could find in the shop, also without success.

"Alas!" resumed the baker, "Amina, my poor little heart. What thou hast taken in order to make thyself more beautiful and more desirable, what you believed to be the sequins had the appearance of gold only. In reality those pieces of gold represented the joys and the blessings reserved for me. And thy innocent white hands have inconsiderately thrown these joys and blessings to the wind."

"Are they truly flown to the wind?" asked Amina, with a

look of tender reproach. "And dost thou count as nothing the joys I have given thee, O my husband, and those I am still able to give thee?"

He agreed that on this point he had much to be thankful for, but he continued sighing nevertheless.

Then Amina in a resolute tone demanded Marouf to take her up in his strong arms and lift her into the scale.

"Hast thou lost thy senses, my poor little heart!" exclaimed Marouf wildly.

"My mind is clear enough. Dost thou not often repeat that I am the soul of thy soul, the breath of thy life, the living flower of thy garden, the light of thy days. If these compliments, which flatter me and which I never tire of hearing, are sincere, methinks I may substitute myself without disadvantage for the lost sequins."

Though he remained incredulous, Marouf consented to take up the young wife and with infinite care placed in the scale this object as fragile as it was precious. Scarcely was Amina seated than the pan raising the unlucky weight slowly descended and stopped at the level of the other.

Marouf astonished, knelt to thank the Lord.

He had cause to return thanks to Providence, since by it he was instructed in this truth, namely, that there is no adversity which love may not vanquish, no quantity of sequins, however considerable, which can supply the ingenious and tender devotion of a faithful wife, dowered with youth and virtuous attractions.

G. G.



Ludwig Windthorst.

(Continued from April.)

QUINCELY those, who have passed through the Kulturkampf, can form an adequate idea of the wretched condition of the church in Prussia, when the untimely death of the great Mallinckrodt in 1874, made Ludwig Windthorst the sole leader of the Catholic cause. Truly herculean was the task, that confronted the Catholic chief and the Holy See in the beginning of 1875. True enough, he had a party to stand by him, a party which counted 57 deputies, some of whom were men of great political experience and commanding ability, such as Bishop Kettler, the two Reichenspergers, Peter and Augustine, Savigny Baron Von Schoremmer-Alst, but the very make-up of the Centre presented a serious difficulty, which only the skill, tact and self-denial of Windthorst could have overcome. The Centre was and still is a highly representative body including members from almost every station in life, from the titled gentlemen to the humblest workman. And precisely in this cosmopolitan character, as it were, of the Catholic party lay its weakness, for the many distinct political creeds coalesced but slowly and withal only under a master hand into a firm political unit, strong enough to offer successful resistance to the government. Windthorst's task was comparatively easy during the first decade of the party's existence, when the severe and exacting measures, the severity with which the laws were carried into effect, as well as the abuse which the Centre met with on all sides, concurred to keep the members united in the great principles they were defending. But later on, when the down-trodden and despised minority had become an influential and often decisive factor in the inner politics of the State, the difficulty of maintaining harmony and unity was increased a thousandfold, and the simple fact that the party was never divided on any question of importance proves Windthorst's greatness as a party leader. As was to be expected, the leader of the Centre lost no time in entering a vigorous protest against the expulsion of the religious orders and the enactments for the civil marriage.

At the same time he answered the Chancellor's declaration that the Dogma of Papal Infallibility was a menace to the State. His clear and eloquent utterance on that occasion found a ready response in every honest heart. Finding himself baffled by the splendid logic of the Catholic leader, Bismarck proposed the union of the other factions and so hoped to crush the ultramontane minority, but Windthorst equal to the occasion, boldly and vigorously resorted to similar measures, and in 1875 opposed with marvellous energy the expulsion of the religious, whom the storm of 1872 had spared, and the unjust law which deprived the clergy of further stipend. He solicited at the same time, but in vain, the establishment of a Catholic section in the ministry of public worship.

Windthorst's wonderful activity enabled him, while battling for the liberty of the church, to show the same perseverance and sagacity in reclaiming for the primary school and the establishments of secondary instruction the prerogatives of the church; for like every true Catholic, his personal opinion and conviction was that "religious teaching in the schools ought to be again entrusted to the church, for it is her department by positive right and by natural right." If the first ten years of his leadership met with but scanty success, this circumstance but served to make him the more undaunted and filled him with a holy determination to keep up the struggle until either he or his great antagonist should be forced from the political arena. In his own words: "Finally should all earthly power fail us, we have confidence in Him, Who is mightier than kings and majorities, we have confidence in God, Who will never forsake us."

But with the death of the saintly Pius, affairs assumed a brighter face. Touched by the state of the church in Germany, Leo XIII. essayed a relaxation in the persecution by notifying the Court of Berlin of his accession to the pontifical throne. Negotiations opened with discourteous replies and numberless evasions on the part of Berlin; with too much confidence and perhaps an exaggerated optimism on the part of Rome. Moreover, though Bismarck had solicited the aid of the Sovereign Pontiff in settling the religious affairs of Germany and had sought him to arbitrate the Caroline dispute with Spain, Windthorst rested not till piece by piece he had silenced the batteries of the Chancellor against the

church and her institutions. In place of the violent Kulturkampf, Prince Bismarck now had recourse to disguised and underhand measures, which proved far more dangerous than the open persecution.

Windthorst ever had at heart the civil liberty of the people and so, while championing the cause of the church and the interests of religious teaching, he directed his efforts towards bettering the laboring classes. Indeed, while the the Liberals and Conservatives refused to believe in the existence of the social question, the Catholics led on by their chief, formulated a programme, which made provision for the just revendication of the fourth estate. Their proposed measures were at first rejected : but the rapid march of democracy soon brought the infatuated members to their senses and to a just appreciation of the gravity of the situation. Windthorst was moreover a decided and stubborn opponent of socialism in all its forms, and he clearly demonstrated in the Reichstag that the inner politics of Bismarck was the cause of the incredible progress of the revolutionary party, and that "force will ever prove powerless against socialism, because the atheism of the Liberals and the impoverishing of the masses are the principal sources of the evil." In demanding from the State measures of social protection, he reclaimed for the church her liberty, that she might be in a condition to instruct and better the lot of the poor. The proposed measures of Hitze and Lieber for the protection of the laboring classes were ultimately carried through the lower House by an overwhelming majority ; William II. adopted the social ideas of the Centre and Prince Bismarck, seeing himself defeated in the religious and social questions, was obliged to resign. The programme of the Centre became that of the International Congress held at Berlin ; and the former minister of the King of Hanover, the leader of the German Catholics shared the counsels of the Kaiser.

In political questions, Windthorst displayed an equal activity in restoring harmony to the most embarrassing situations. To oppose the usurpation of Prussia, to defend the autonomy of the States, to revendicate the loyal exercise of public liberty, to take action against the measures of exclusion directed against the Alsacians, the Danes, the Poles or the socialists. Such were

some of his principal political measures. In 1872, he protested against the maintenance of military rule in Alsace, demanding in 1873 national representation for the two annexed provinces. In 1882, he opposed the Tobacco and in 1886 the Alcohol monopoly, which latter was ultimately rejected. But although he had refused his vote to the new military law of 1880 and to the Septennate of 1887, Windthorst never hesitated to throw all his authority into the balance when the dignity and military power of his country were at stake.

Though undoubtedly one of the busiest, if not the busiest member of Parliament, Windthorst found time to extend his exertions to other spheres of action. In fact, whatever concerned Catholic life in the Empire merited his close attention and claimed his fostering care. His influence and that of his friends contributed largely to increase the clientele of the Catholic journals to such an extent, that they soon ranked with the most widely circulated periodicals of the land. But it was on the congresses, held yearly for the purposes of preparing for the elections and of drawing up and carrying into execution a programme suited to the demands and needs of the times, that the indefatigable champion bestowed his greatest care. He was never absent on such occasions and took the liveliest interest in the minutest proceedings. He always spoke at the end of the congress, and his words, eloquent in their earnestness and sincerity, called forth such mighty enthusiasm from the speltbound throngs that nothing seemed impossible to their ardor and zeal. His opening words were invariably: "Praised be Jesus-Christ" and back came the response from thousands of pious listeners: "for ever and ever. Amen." At these reunions, Windthorst never failed to call frequent attention to the important mission entrusted to the catholic wife and mother. In his own words: "Women have a grand mission here below: it is to keep men in the path of truth... Oh! Women should never cease praying. While the men are battling in the field, the faithful wife should be on her knees at home."

Before passing to the last period of Windthorst's life, it may be well to give a brief sketch of the eminent qualities and virtues and character, that distinguished him from most of his party and combined to give him a distinct and genuine greatness. "I ask

but one thing," said a sturdy workman of Bochum one day, "it is to press the hand of our noble Windthorst; I would die content." These words form a fitting preface. Endowed with the most amiable qualities and with the gifts of genius, Windthorst won the sympathy and admiration of his adversaries. Serious and at the same time spiritual, he ever refrained from giving grave offense to anyone. Though possessed of keen wit and biting sarcasm, he was ever ready to repara the word that might seem dictated by passion. He knew how to gain the youth and how to be on the most familiar terms with the common people. He was beloved because he was unselfish, and many were the occasions on which he gave proof of the greatest self-denial. His chivalrous character recalled the heroes of another age, and at a time when egotism was the forte and self the secret of all striving, he served his country with a disinterestedness that has few parallels in history. Full of zeal for truth, he was tolerant towards all. Without spurning those not of his opinion, he yet remained inflexible when there was question of principle. None knew better than "his little excellency," as he was popularly called, the art of attaining the possible in the midst of the most perplexing situations. Scanty success never discouraged him, flattery was powerless against him: for having once determined upon the end, he wished to attain, he never allowed himself to be dazzled by his first victories; rather he made them the stepping stones to later triumphs. He was undoubtedly astute and ingenious, but no one could accuse him of an act in any way dishonorable. Moreover, Windthorst was a marvellous tactician in parliamentary affairs, and richly deserved the title, which posterity has given him, "the Von Moltke of Parliament." He reasoned coldly and did not provoke his adversary immoderately. His memory was remarkable: he could recall the entire proceedings, including budget figures, of a six hour session and yet he was never known to take a single note. He dominated every question and his word alone often decided the day. Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Gladstone, and Disraeli lived again in this great statesman, who knew how to make the most of the agitation of the people as well as of the opposition of parties. The ideal he strove after was to make society Christian, the church independent, authority respected and liberty and civil equality

enthroned in their proper spheres. What was perhaps most admirable in the "Pearl of Meppen," as the great Mallinckrodt loved to style him, were his constancy, his fidelity to his friends and his unshaken faith in God. His fervent piety and sincere love of sacrifice were the fountains from which he drew his steadfastness and above all his confidence in ultimate victory. His private life was a model to all, and his great devotion to religion has taken substantial form in the splendid Church of St. Mary's at Hanover, which he built for God and country and to which Leo XIII. contributed a beautiful marble altar.

And now we come to the consummation of this grand life. Space will not permit us to detail at length the last hours of the venerable leader. Death smote him in the midst of his parliamentary labors in the capital of the Empire, for four-score years had indeed bent his frame but could not quench his spirit or cool his ardor. On March 14th, 1891, after a short illness, fortified by the last sacraments of the church and consoled by the papal benediction, with the sweet name of the Saviour on his lips, Windthorst passed before the judgment-seat of Him, Whose battle he had fought for twenty long years and Whom he had served with singular fidelity from his childhood. On his death-bed, Windthorst bequeathed to his party, as a precious legacy, the proposed School Bill and the banished sons of St. Ignatius, for he had not been permitted to complete his life-work. A few months later, the Centre carried the former through the Reichstag, and only a few weeks ago the anti-Jesuit law was repealed and Windthorst triumphed at last over his life-foe Bismarck. In death, Windthorst received the honor that had been denied him in life, and the lifeless remains spoke more eloquently than had ever the living Windthorst in the heated sessions of the Reichstag. His funeral would have done honor to a prince, and Germany irrespective of creed or party, wept and mourned as she had never done before, save for the two good Emperors, William and Frederick. And not only his native land, but the whole Catholic world mourned and prayed for this last of the great Catholic laymen.

Though Windthorst is no longer among us, his spirit still lives, lives in the triumphs of his own dear Centre, lives in the grand Catholic congresses of his own creation, and lives lastly but

principally in the renewed faith and wondrous activity of the Catholics of the Fatherland.

In conclusion, we quote the words of the great Leo, whose faithful son and ally Windthorst had ever been: "To Our very dear sons and noblemen, the Count of Ballestrem, the Baron of Hermann and the Count of Preysing.

"We understand your just and profound sorrow at the unexpected death of this great man, whose sense of religion, integrity, prudence and other qualities of mind were so particularly recognized by you, who have followed him as a chief in his important mission and who have been associated in his labors and plans as well as in his glory. Encouraged by your assent and supported by your suffrages, he has valiently defended the rights of the church in times of the greatest gravity for all interests Christian and social, and when once he had undertaken in his magnanimity to sustain the cause of justice, he persevered therein until he believed he had acquired and obtained what he had constantly proposed.

"Moreover you glory, and rightly too, that you have had him for your leader. Ludwig Windthorst has never indeed allowed himself to be shaken by the efforts of his adversaries, nor by the transient wave of popularity.

"He has loved his country and respected his sovereign in such a manner, that he has never separated his duties as a citizen from his zeal for religion. So well has he battled against his adversaries by weight of argument and the force of his eloquence, that it could be easily seen that pure love of truth pushed him on to the combat and not the greedy desire of advantage or personal honor.

"His merits have been very pleasing to us. As occasion permitted, we have shown this, whether in the past, or during the present year, when on the anniversary of Our coronation, we wished to bestow a new mark of honor by conferring on him the insignia of the first rank of the equestrian Order of Saint Gregory the Great. Notwithstanding the fact that, snatched away by death, he has been unable to enjoy this mark of Our affection and of Our esteem, we are consoled by the certain hope, which assures us, he has received from God the highest recompense and obtained

that incorruptible glory, than which man can desire nothing happier or more illustrious. You, however, dear sons, keeping in mind the virtues and example of so great a leader, follow firmly in his footsteps, preserve among you that strict concord which he has constantly and carefully fostered in your ranks, and always regard as certain what he ever had engraved on his mind and heart: the more profoundly faithful to God and to the church, your mother, you show yourselves, so much the more wisely will you provide for the prosperity and glory of your country.

"Given at Rome in the Vatican, the 19th of March, 1891, in the fourteenth year of Our pontificate."—LEO XIII, POPE.

E. J. STRAUSS,



Mainly About Books.

By MAURICE CASEY.



HERE is a notable falling off in the production of novels, and the fiction that now sees the light is of a no very high order of merit. Dean Stanley has well said that a really good book is worth reading three times; once for the story, once for the thought, and once for the style. Few novels justifying this triplicate perusal are written to-day. The much-vaunted "American short story," has long since gone to seed, or worse. But should the lack of superior fiction drive back the more thoughtful, or, to be exact, the less thoughtless, portion of the multitude of novel readers to a perusal of the standard novelists of the language—the really great story writers—it will prove to be the diametrical opposite of an unmixed evil. I venture to affirm that there is more of what is desirable in a novel—delineation, description, sane speculation, literary style, amusement—in one page of Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens, than in an entire volume by any living novelist.

In a former issue of those notes, I took upon myself to state that poetry was at a low ebb, and that there was no money to be made by the art. I have before me too friendly letters of remon-

strance. Really I have nothing to retract. What I stated is the truth. Let me refer my correspondents to any reliable publisher, or to the remarkably outspoken sketch of the life of Archibald Lampman, prefixed to the collected works of that poet. A time will come, may it be soon, when poetry will command its price. As a matter of fact, poetry will die when feeling and imagination die, but not before.

Alberto Santos-Dumont's account of his airships, is more interesting than a stock of present-day novels. His first flight, in 1897, was made in a spherical balloon. Here is his description of the experience: "Suddenly the wind ceased. The air seemed motionless around us. We were off, going at the speed of the air-current in which we now lived and moved. Indeed, for us there was no more wind; and this is the first great fact of all spherical ballooning. Infinitely gentle is this unfeeling movement forward and upward. The illusion is complete: it seems not to be the balloon that moves, but the earth that sinks down and away." On one occasion he was thrown to earth unconscious. He describes his feelings: "For the moment I was sure that I was in the presence of death. Well, I will tell it frankly, my sentiment was almost entirely that of waiting and expectation. What is coming next? I thought. What am I going to see and know in a few minutes? Whom shall I see after I am dead? Indeed I think in such moments there is no room for either regret or terror. The mind is too full of looking forward. One is frightened only so long as one still has a chance." All who have been in a position of extreme danger will recognize the truth of this passage. M. Santos-Dumont is a Brazilian aerostatic sportsman, of small size and great courage, with an overpowering desire for rising in life. His book "My Air Ship," is as lively a bit of writing as heart can desire.

In his recently published "Autobiography," Herbert Spencer's whose life-work, the "Synthetic Philosophy," is already as dead as the Cepidodendron, writes thus: "The usual purposes of a reviewer are, first to get his guineas with the least expenditure of labour; second, to show what a clever fellow he is; third, to

write an amusing article; fourth, to give some account of the book; which last purpose, often practically unattempted." Evidently the practice of the reviewer has not improved since the first quarter of the last century, when poor Gerald Griffin was employed by the London publishers, and used to be sent new books for review, accompanied by the request not to cut the leaves!

A prominent member of the British Liberal party, when at school, was taken by his father to see Carlyle, and was bidden to treasure in the depths of his soul the words of wisdom which would fall from the great man. At first Carlyle was taciturn, and the boy by way of opening the conversation, ventured to say: "I have seen two philosophers to-day, for as we came along papa pointed out Mr. Herbert Spencer in a 'bus." With majestic emphasis Carlyle replied, "And have ye seen Herbert Spencer, laddie? Then ye've seen the most unending ass in Christendom." Thomas Carlyle grumbled, swore, and blustered his way through life with a bad stomach and worse tongue. Barring his abuse of worthy men, and a few of his sharp sayings, his works are as good as forgotten. It is probable that twenty years hence both he and Herbert Spencer will be names and nothing more. Their "philosophy" was not worth the paper upon which it was written.

Agnes Repplier contributes one of her thought-kindling papers to the May "Harper's," on that fascinating theme "The Gayety of Life." Hear her plead for cheerfulness: "Hazlitt, who was none too happy, but who strove manfully for happiness, used to say that he felt a deeper obligation to Northcote than to any of his other friends who had done far greater service, because Northcote's conversation was invariably gay and agreeable. "I never ate nor drank with him, but I have lived on his words with undiminished relish ever since I can remember; and when I leave him, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time." Here is a debt of friendship worth recording; because Northcote imparted something infinitely better than either eating or drinking. Miss Repplier continues: "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being

happy. By being happy we shower anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor." The statement that is really eloquent must be true also, and these assertions are as true as they are eloquent, which is saying much. Happiness is the greatest thing in this life, and it is so, I venture to think, because it consists almost wholly in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature, it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

The suggestion made in the press that a monument be erected to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will, I venture to believe, strongly commend itself to our Canadian sense of propriety. Any such memorial should, I think, be paid for by public subscription instead of money voted by Parliament. A parliamentary grant would be a too perfunctory proceeding to suit the circumstance. On the other hand, a public subscription would mean that the high talents of the murdered statesman were remembered and admired by the people he served so faithfully. This is not the place to discuss McGee's politics, even if I possessed sufficient knowledge for such an undertaking, the which assuredly I do not. McGee is known to me only by his writings. Like Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Samuel Lover, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a man of many rare gifts. He was a scholar, an orator, a poet, a historian, a statesman; and if the deliberate opinions of such discriminating critics as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Alexander M. Sullivan, count for aught, he excelled in each department. The mere mention of building a monument to such a splendid subject should find a ready response in every generous Canadian heart. The Irish especially should take an active part in the movement. A monument when efficiently executed—a proviso unfortunately overlooked in the erection of more than one in Ottawa—not only perpetuates the memory of the person represented, and publicly records his good deeds, but appeals continually to the national mind, and animates all posterity to walk in his steps. The great men who adorn a nation are its noblest property. It behooves their country to perpetuate their name and form, as they have so largely contributed to establish its greatness and glory,

only to honor those who have conferred so much honor on the state. McGee was Irish of the Irish. Had he been Scottish or French he would have had a suitable monument ere this late date. Are the Irish losing that respect for intellectuality which used to form a striking and honorable trait of the national character? I hope they are not, and they now have a fine opportunity of making that much patent to the world by powerfully advancing the project which forms the subject matter of the foregoing paragraph



A New Canadian Poetess.

CANADA so far has had but few worshippers of the muses ; and it is therefore with pleasure that we welcome a young writer of promise in the field of poetry. This is Miss Pauline Johnson, whose two small volumes of poems, "Canadian Born" and "The White Wampum," have been favorably received by the public.

From her mother Miss Johnson received the cool Anglo-Saxon blood, vivified, however, by the spirit of her father, a Mohawk Chief of the Brantford Indian Reserve. It is this spirit that predominates in her poetry, cherishing sad memories of by-gone days when the redoubtable Iroquois were the arbiters of the land.

And few to-day remain ;
 But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire
 Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
 To be my proudest claim.

In her simple, easy verse, the poetess shows herself emphatically the child of nature. She loves to revel in the primitive scenery of this wild, free land of ours—mountain, woodland, prairie—where the swift stream flows smoothly or is broken with rapids, where the salt sea is whipped into foam by the winds, where the landscape is spread with hues mellowed by the gold of sunset. We quote "Erie Water" to show how well she adapts the thought to the metre :

A dash of yellow sand,
 Wind-scattered and sun-tanned ;
 Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand ;
 And, creeping close to these

Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'-western breeze.

A sky of blue and gray ;
Some stormy clouds that play
At scurrying up with ragged eye, then laughing blow away,
Just leaving in their trail
Some snatches of a gale :
To whistling summer winds we lift a single daring sail.

O ! wind so sweet and swift,
O ! danger-freighted gift
Bestowed on Erie with her waves that foam and fall and lift,
We laugh in your wild face
And break into a race
With flying clouds and tossing gulls that weave and interlace.

The personal side of her poetry is best displayed when she treats of topics pertaining to Indian life and conditions. To my mind it is a noble trait in her character that she should devote herself to the uplifting of her father's fallen race—so little understood, so much despised, and alas ! so greatly wronged by the white man.

They but forget that we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean ; that they stand
Upon a soil that centuries ago
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone.
They never think how they would feel to-day
If some great nation came from far away,
Wresting their country from their hapless braves,
Giving what they gave us—but wars and graves.

There is something extremely pathetic in the following description of an Indian Chief :

With eyes that lost their lustre long ago,
With visage fixed and stern as fate's decree,
He looks towards the empty west, to see
The never-coming herd of buffalo.

Only bones that bleach upon the plains,
Only the fleshless skeletons that lie
In ghastly nakedness and silence, cry
Out mutely that nought else to him remains.

These quotations from one of themselves, prove that the Redmen fully understand the sad portion left them of their former grand inheritance. "The Cattle Thief" has a striking passage in this connection, which I cannot omit.

You have cursed and called him a Cattle Thief, though you robbed him first of bread—

Robbed him and robbed my people—look there at that shrunken face,
Starved with hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.

What have you left to us of land, what have you left of game,

What have you left but evil, and curses since you came ?

By a *book*, to save our souls from the sins *you* brought in your other hand.

Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game ;
Give back the furs and the forests that were ours before you came ;
Give back the peace and the plenty, then come with your new belief,
And blame if you dare, the hunger that *drove* him to be a thief.

Some ballads, couched in local dialect and pertaining to the whites, are of unequal merit. In political ballads, such as "Give us Barrabas," the poetess has succeeded least.

There is a train of melancholy that pervades most of her verse. This perhaps is due to her sympathy for her peoples misfortunes.

Sleep, sister-twin of Peace, my waking eyes

So weary grow ?

O ! Love, thou wanderer from Paradise

Dost thou not know

How oft my lonely heart has cried to thee ?

But Thou, and Sleep, and Peace, come not to me.

I cannot do better than close by quoting a poem on a religious topic, which is very nicely done. It is entitled "Brier."

GOOD FRIDAY.

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand too weary guiding me aright,
Because, you walk before and crush the brier.
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have harkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

M. S.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Vol. VI

DOES JAPAN NEED SYMPATHY?

It is idle, of course, to speculate as to the outcome of the war between Japan and Russia. The Japanese, far from asking the sympathy they are getting so abundantly, are showing that they are quite able to take care of themselves. They are undoubtedly a wonderful people. The progress they have made in becoming acquainted with all the advanced methods of warfare is simply incomprehensible. The more civilized peoples have gladly acted as their instructors. But may not the pupils outstrip their masters and what may be the consequences for the latter? "It is a cause for serious reflection," says the *Acta Victoriana*, "that Japan which during the last fifty years has absorbed so much of western civilization, should have taken so little of Christianity. That nation has adopted in their entirety the best military and naval systems of Europe, has a large standing army and by a *levée en*

masse can convert the whole male population into an armed force. She has the best modern rifles, the most perfect artillery and directs the deadly torpedo with unerring precision. Those indeed, are products of the most advanced civilization, but they represent its worst features. On the other hand, how comparatively slow Japan is to embrace the basic principle and the advancement of our civilization—namely, Christianity." In this connection it will be of interest to recall some of the observations St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary of the east, had made concerning this people: "The Japanese," he says "are a cunning, intelligent nation, and withal accessible to reason and most anxious to learn. Being naturally very inquisitive, they never tire of discussing our controversial statements and discourses and answers which we make to their many queries. Having a lively desire to learn some new thing, they display the greatest interest in our conferences." The saint touches upon their martial spirit in this wise: The Japanese have a good opinion only of their own nation, and it may be owing to this depreciation of all other nations that up to the time of the landing of the Portuguese they had entered into no commercial relations whatever with any of the other nations. They are not one whit less warlike than the Spaniards." The "Yellow Peril" may be a trifle overdrawn, but when it is considered that the Japanese have lost nothing of their intelligence, cunning and hostility to foreigners, there may be some ground for the statement of Count Cassini, in the *North American Review*, "that were Japan to obtain supreme control in Manchuria, the dominant military spirit of the Japanese would lead them to organize the Chinese into a modern army of such proportions that Europe and America would stand aghast at this menace to their peace and well-being."

THE LATE SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

On May 10th, death came to Sir Henry M. Stanley, the greatest explorer of his time. His was a stirring life, an example of what may be accomplished by a man of great ability, but of still greater energy. The success with which Henry Stanley made his way may be gathered from the fact that though born in poverty

and placed while still a child in a poor house he rose from one position to another till he was received by the inner circle of British aristocracy, and laden with wealth and honors. Sufficient to note that he was successively cabin boy, clerk, Confederate soldier, Union sailor, reporter and war correspondent. Stanley's enduring fame was secured when in three great expeditions between 1870 and 1890 through perils and privations that astonished the world, he explored Equatorial Africa. As the result of his discoveries not only was the sum of the geographical knowledge concerning the 'Dark Continent' increased, but the routes which he required years to travel amid innumerable difficulties and great cost of life to his attendants are now threaded by the telegraph and traversed daily by steamer and locomotive. The various hardships which Mr. Stanley had to meet made their mark on his constitution and he suffered long and serious illnesses. Then, too, his successes were not allowed to pass without criticism. Charges were advanced of inhuman treatment towards his native followers and towards the tribes he came in contact with, especially in his last expedition. After defending himself from these charges, the explorer went on a lecture tour through the United States, Great Britain and Australia. On his return he became a candidate for parliament and was elected to sit in Westminster. In 1890 he married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the artist, whose sister is now the wife of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. In 1892 he was knighted. Sir Henry's work is recorded in the following publications: "How I found Livingston, 1872;" "Through the Dark Continent, 1872 and 1885;" "Coomassi and Magdala," "In Darkest Africa," and "Through South Africa."

From the eulogies of Sir Henry that have appeared, we may be allowed to quote the following sentences appearing in the New York Tribune; "He was not a conquest seeker, as Cortez and Pizarro and Drake and Cabot were. In his immortal march through the heart of the Dark Continent, he carried the stars and stripes. But he never once planted that or any other flag in token of conquest. He seized no lands in a sovereign's name. He filled his own coffers with no spoils wrung or cozened from the native tribes. He went in on an errand of pure philanthropy. He fulfilled his mission in that spirit. He came out again with hands

unsoiled by selfish spoils. In such respects he stood alone and unapproachable among those whose doings were comparable with his in the arduousness of their execution and the magnitude of their results."

HONORING THE OLDEST SENATOR.

Veneration for age, observes the *Ottawa Events*, from which most of these particulars are taken, is undoubtedly one of the primitive instincts of mankind, evidences of it being found in history in all countries at all times. That it is a tradition much in honor in Canada, was amply shown on April 28th, when there was practically a convocation of Parliament for the purpose of paying respect to Senator Wark, on the occasion of the completion of his one hundredth year. The Commons, including the Premier and his Cabinet, adjourned to the Senate Chamber, where the colleagues of Senator Wark were already in their places. When the venerable centenarian entered at the main door of the Senate, leaning on the arms of Senator Scott and Senator Bowell, the whole assembly arose to their feet. Amid applause the old man was conducted to the Speaker's Chair where he was presented with an address which was read by the Speaker of the Senate. To this Senator Wark returned a short speech. In his remarks he affirmed his firm conviction that an all over-ruling Providence presided over the affairs of the world, including the affairs of the British Empire for which he predicted a great future, provided a policy of peace is carried out.

The Hon. David Wark is the Nestor of the Canadian Parliament. Born in Ireland in 1804, he emigrated to New Brunswick. He entered the political field, 1843, as a member for Kent in the New Brunswick Assembly, and, in 1851, was appointed to the Legislative Assembly where he remained until the Confederation of British North America in 1867. He was then called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation. He has always been a Liberal and free trader in politics. Along with the address read by Mr. Speaker Power, there was presented to Senator Wark an oil portrait of himself.

THE CORNER STONE LAID—SOUVENIR NUMBER.

Victoria Day, May 24th, 1904, will be long remembered in Ottawa. It was an ideal day, warm and bright. The chief point of interest was, of course, the site of the New Arts Building. At an early hour crowds of gaily attired people began to gather to take part in the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new edifice. The proceedings began with a pontifical mass at ten o'clock in St. Joseph's Church. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Apostolic Chancellor was the celebrant. Cardinal Gibbons assisted at the throne. The Sanctuary was filled with visiting prelates and clergy. Mass over, the laying of the corner was proceeded with, His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti the Papal Delegate officiating. Here His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons delivered an eloquent address which was listened to most attentively by an audience composed of people of all classes and creeds. Bishop Eward afterwards spoke in French. His Excellency the Governor General of Canada closed this part of the programme. In a speech which was frequently applauded, he expressed welcome for the Cardinal and hoped that the new University would be soon in a position to excell its past great educational record. At the luncheon in the Rideau Rink, there were eight hundred guests. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided, having on his right His Excellency Lord Minto and His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, on his left His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The toast list elicited several very important speeches. As lack of time and space would not here permit the insertion of the speeches in full and of a detailed description of the splendid function, there is no alternative but to reserve the agreeable task for a later issue. The work of getting out a suitable souvenir number is already under way.

Inter Alia.

“ If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith he’ll prent it.”

“Ireland has a right to Home Rule.” The chiel, in his capacity of captious critic, asks: “On what grounds?” Further, he would fain have a definition of “Home Rule.” Also, of its limits. Kindly believe, oh Sons of Erin! that the Jacobite, Papist, seeks enlightenment, if not conviction. Insular prejudices do not thrive on Canadian air.

First, as to “right.” It sounds brutal, but in matters international, might is right; always has been; always will be till—The Federation of the world, otherwise, the Millenium. That is the first principle of International Law. “The second is like “unto it”—self interest. The third: Survival of the Fittest: *i. e.* of the best observers of those two principles. Cynical? True, nevertheless.

But, as to “right”—the question is pertinent: “On what grounds?” “On that of “nationhood?” So have Scotland, Wales,—and the Province of Quebec. No “nation” is homogeneous; it is a question of degree. The “foreign element” in French Canada is not more numerous, or more “dominant” than the “British garrison” in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Quebec, are just as truly “nations” as the Martyr People.

Yes, but Scotland, Wales, Quebec, are “contiguous” to other “nations;” Ireland is an island. So the “right” rests on nationhood, *plus* geographical position. That puts Hungary and Bohemia—to say nothing of our three instances—“out of court.” Which seems unkind; to put it mildly. Ireland’s claim is as good as that of the Isle of Man, Jersey and Guernsey. Which have “Home Rule.” If you must have “parallel cases,” let them be parallel.

So much as to "right," which, possibly, is not so simple as one could wish. Next as to limits. Is it to be "Canadian Home Rule?" That, the chiel ventures to suggest, is of two kinds: Federal and Provincial. If Federal, Home Rule is tantamount to independence. Canada is part of the Empire—so long as it is to her interest to remain it. Brutal? No: true. The chiel does not pause to define "interest." Federal Home Rule for Ireland is the first step to Independence. So, at least, British unionists are convinced.

If Provincial, Ireland lacks but little of it. That, the chiel admits, as a bold statement, but he makes it boldly. Each county of the United Kingdom is a miniature Province, with ever-widening powers. The English Councils have control of Primary Education. Scotland's turn, and Ireland's, come tomorrow. Great bodies move slowly, but they move. It is we who are ephemeral; hence our impatience. They are from age to age, and can afford to act leisurely.

There is no right, but might: nationhood and geographical position are not everything. Home Rule is an x quantity, ranging from a Parish Council to a Dominion Parliament, and "Rome was not built in a day." There remains but this: "Convince the Dominant Partner." Whereof? That it is to her interest to grant Home Rule. Put—"more flies," saith S. Francis de Sales, "are caught with honey than with vinegar."

Wherewith, the chiel ends his first—and last—excursion on the thorny paths of politics. He prefers smoother ways, for if he be acynic, he is no less a philosopher.

THE CHIEL.

Book Review.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.—HAMLET, 350 pages. MIDSUMMER'S-NIGHT'S DREAM, 220 pages. THE TEMPEST, 226 pages. JULIUS CÆSAR, 240 pages. OTHELLO, 263 pages. MACBETH, 304 pages.

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Among the Magazines.

The Canadian Messenger for May, contains among other articles, one on the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, which in itself is excellent. Other matter is a story entitled "A True Happening," relative to the Nine First Fridays, which is most interesting, also there is other information easily obtained from its pages and well to remember.

The Rosary Magazine, always good, has been pleasing the eye of late by some wonderfully good reproductions from the old masters, more especially scenes in the life of Christ.

One where the Mother and Mary the Magdalen are at the foot of the Cross, and John the beloved is there too, and in the distance are the far off hills of Calvary with just a rift of breaking through the blackest of clouds. A supreme moment one almost hears the words, "Son behold thy Mother." The conception is very reverent, and exceedingly beautiful. The May issue is so very good that to single out any one article would be rather a hard task, and it is hardly necessary to introduce any of the writers, as all are well known to the reading public.

"*The Guidon*" from Manchester, N. H. is characteristic in its ideals and like her hills, no doubt, shall continue to maintain the same position she has carved out for her future.

Pages 221 to 223 inclusive, contains for Catholic and other girls words of a liberal education. It is hoped that many will have the pleasure, together with the profit of the reading.

The Good Council Magazine from Villanova, Pa., comes to us, replete with entertaining stories, written in a clear style, particularly that from the pen of Richard A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. on the gift of spiritual perception. We hope to hear something more from the same writer. The book notes are also good, in fact up to the standard of our best magazines—and that is excellent.

Exchanges.

The first remark we have to submit to our readers this month, after looking over the different exchanges is, that we feel confident spring is here. On opening our different college journals we were greeted with verses styled somewhat as follows:—Spring; Thoughts on Spring; Gentle Spring; Flowers of Spring; Return of Spring, etc. And we fear that the fever has claimed some victims even in our own sanctum. We wonder why Spring is held responsible for all these effusions? It was Tennyson, if we mistake not, who wrote:—"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and we suppose poetry is the language of love. Q. E. D.

We compliment the writer of the "Editorial Column" in the *Acadua Athenæum*, for his article "College Gentlemen." We have ourselves experienced the agony of meeting men who posed as college boys—when if one is to judge from actions and words—stable boys would be more expressive.

Students should take a pride in the good of their college and make things unpleasant for one who feels it too much trouble to acquire the habits of a gentlemen.

The *S. V. C. Student* brings with it a pleasant odor from the land of the orange blossoms. Catholic college journals cannot do better than turn the light of research on the pages of history and reveal the lies which have caused the Catholic church to be considered in the minds of many as the enemy of truth. The Spanish Inquisition has been a theme most fruitful of scandals, most dear to the Protestant historian for the easy manner it lends itself to his construction, which is as the *S. V. C. Student* remarks; to represent "the Catholic priesthood enjoying with a fiendish zest the agony of tortured victims." Even if the circulation of the college journal is not immense, yet such articles as the "Spanish Inquisition" from the *S. V. C.*, causes the student to become acquainted with such questions of history which every college graduate should have at his finger tips.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, A. W. A. F. L. P. O. E. E. Possess your soul in patience dear reader, Mrs. Grant is merely a member of the "American Woman's Association for the preservation of Ethical conditions."—XAVERIAN.

Nothing gives us greater pleasure, in looking over our journals, than to find a writer who is perfectly conversant with the political life of his country. Too many students alas, give to books and sports moments which ought to be spent with the newspaper. Too many students come into the world of action as travellers from a far country. The writer of a sensation in Congress—*Holy Cross Purple*—is perfectly conversant with the deplorable state of affairs in the House of Representatives. He says—"Your representative has become a cog-wheel in the vast legislative crumpling wheel, a cog-wheel that grinds along in response to the pressure of the motor forces of party demands—but that is all." And now Representative Bourke Cockran, one of the finest orators of the Republic, has made a stand against this state of affairs, and is attempting to elevate the House of Representatives to the lofty position it occupied in the days of Clay and Webster. Let every paper from the smallest college journal to the largest daily issued, support Bourke Cochran in a work so noble and of such great moment to his country.



Athletics.

In the spring Rugby Foot-ball series, four teams captured by Messrs. Kennedy, Lonergan, Filiatrault and A. L. McDonald competed. The teams were very evenly balanced and as a result a very fair article of ball was played and some very promising material was developed. On account of the early arrival of warm weather the series could not be completed and the teams stood: Filiatrault defeated by Kennedy; Kennedy defeated by Lonergan; and the latter defeated by McDonald. In all cases the victor won by a close score, which left the result in doubt until the final call of time.

BASEBALL.

With the opening of the baseball season College found itself with but one of last year's team available. However a goodly number of candidates for the vacancies came forward and a very well-balanced team was placed in the field for the opening game on May the 12th.

The greatest difficulty for College was to secure a battery, as the old reliable pitcher, Callaghan, was no longer available. For this position Messrs. Casey and M.Carthy made good, whilst a very good catcher was found in Jack Freeland. The first game on May 12th, was played on the Little Farm baseball grounds, Hull against the nine from that City, and a very good article of ball was played. The game ended in favor of Hull, but it demonstrated that College had found good material for a strong nine and the team felt that with more practice they could turn the tables on the fast Transportine City batters.

On May 29th, the boys in "Garnet and Grey" again journeyed to Hull. College were unfortunate in that their pitcher hurt his arm in the first innings, and though McCarthy, who replaced Casey, played a very strong game the team was defeated by 10 to 5. The weakness seemed to be in the infield, but we hope to see this remedied before College plays her next game.

Those who played for College in the games against Hull were: Casey, Freeland, J. B. McDonald, McCarthy, O'Neil, Harvey, Halligan (Capt.), Davern, Donahue and Cleary.

Of Local Interest.

THE PRIZE DEBATE.

This is the first opportunity which we have had to report through the columns of the Review, the result of the Annual Prize Debate held under the auspices of the University Debating Society in St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday, April 28th. The subject chosen for this year by the Executive was timely and one of current interest in Canada,—“Resolved that Canada should have full treaty making powers provided she pay her share towards the imperial de-

fence." The debaters were men who proved themselves fully capable of doing justice to this much involved question; and the detailed manner in which they handled the subject showed a very careful preparation. The delivery of all the four debaters was acknowledged by everyone present to be exceptionally good. In addition to the students in attendance a large audience from the city listened to the speakers, each of whom had a certain following which applauded whenever he scored a point.

The debaters for the affirmative were Messrs. J. Torsenay, '06, and C. Jones, '07; for the negative Messrs. R. T. Halligan, '04, and R. J. Byrnes, '05. After a consultation the judges, Mr. Chas. Marcil, M.P., Dr. Russell, M.P., and Prof. Grey, decided to award the prize to Mr. Halligan. In announcing the decision of the judges Mr. Marcil stated that he was much impressed with the oratorical ability of the debaters and was pleased with the proof which this afforded of the growth and progress which the University of Ottawa had made since he was a student in the halls of that institution some thirty years before. On the whole the results of the Prize Debate speak well for the material available for the Intercollegiate Debates next term.

Two students were discussing the Prize Debate. One asked the other what he thought of one of the speakers, "Oh," said the second student, "he didn't say anything, it was the way he said it."

Some of the students were endeavoring to "draw out" a professor the other day regarding the likely questions for examination. "You will not know," said the professor, "anything about the questions until the day of examination." "The trouble is," said Harry, "we may not even know then."

Professor in philos. class—"Some men say that man is nothing; for instance people have often said to me '*Nihil*.'"

The question that is agitating the sixth form now is where did J. M. get the rubber doll.

Prof.—"Is a woman at her best at forty?"
Jerry— "Not according to my experience."

The following letter speaks for itself, but we did the same when we were learning French.

Ottawa, Canada, May 16, 1904.

M. T. G———,
39 D——y Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir,

I writ to you for give of my news.

I am all right in this times.!

The weather it is very hot by here.

The 24 of this month the first stone of new collège be set. The Fathers gives a banquet for the visiteurs to the Rideau Rink and congé for the pupils.

It is all for this moment,

I am yours pupil,

On Wednesday evening June 1st, the last meeting of the Gaelic Society for this scholastic year was held at the home of the secretary Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, '04. A large attendance was present and a very pleasant evening was spent. The President, Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., after the usual prayers in Irish announced to the member that the minute book and some valuable old Irish books belonging to the society were not totally ruined by the fire, having been found among the debris somewhat damaged but not destroyed. Mr. T. Tobin then read a succinct study of St. Columbcille. The host of the evening, Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, introduced an animated discussion on Ireland as seen by an American visitor. Mr. O'Gorman gave the members some very valuable notes on his own journey to the old country.