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## Aubrey De Vere as an Epic Poet



MAN, we are told, constitutes a perfect epitome of the whole universe. Indeed the fact is obvious enough ; for a little reflection will suffice to show that, in man, the beauty, grandeur, and perfection of all things else are concentrated, unified, and harmonized. Hence, in the words of the poet, "Man is the noblest work of God." By a similar reasoning the epic poem, since it embodies all the grandest, and most ennobling features of the various other kinds of poetry, may with truth be termed the highest production of poetic talent. The epic is unquestionably the masterpiece of genius ; the ideal of literary excellence. This is attested by the fact that of all the world-famed literary giants,—and verily they are not a few—that have attracted the attention of mankind since the "grey beginning of days", scarcely more than a dozen have had the hardihood to attempt the creation of an epic : and by the still more significant, though equally indubitable fact, that, out of even this small quota, only a few can be said to have really succeeded: some have certainly made creditable failures ; but others have only

given proof of their absolute unfitness for the task. Strict critics, or to speak more accurately, the hypercritically rigorous, acknowledge only two epics—"The Iliad" and "The Aeneid"; critics less exacting have placed the number at eight or nine; the *juste milieu* might probably be attained by admitting besides the two just named, Homer's "Odyssey", Lucan's "Pharsalia", Tasso's "Jerusalem", and Milton's "Paradise Lost"; thus making the number of epics six, and of epic poets five.

In the face of this monumental pile of evidence to establish and sustain the lofty character of epic poetry, and at the same time to warn human frailty of the well-nigh unattainable altitudes to be attained by whoso would presume to seek admission to this exclusive company of immortals, there is certainly occasion for more or less fear and trembling in the present venture; the object of which is to direct attention to the credentials of a new claimant to the sublime distinction of ranking with Homer and Virgil. Under such a very suggestive title as that which heads this paper, there is necessarily danger of the hopeless scribbler appearing in the unenviable light of a self-appointed, and consequently self-conceited, literary dictator. This consideration leads the writer to remark, with what, it is to be hoped, may be esteemed becoming modesty, that he makes no pretence to speak with judicial authority, or to judge with critical acumen. The sole and simple purpose of this essay is to apply that trite old mathematical axiom, according to which, "two things equal to a third are mutually equal;" this seems no very difficult literary undertaking, otherwise it must have been left to abler hands.

The casual remark of a former distinguished professor of English literature in Ottawa University, one whose opinion on such matters would give weight to any theory, some years ago directed the attention of his class to the epic character of De Vere's great work "The Legends of St. Patrick," and, though the teacher may not have intended any such conclusion, subsequent study has led at least one of his hearers to consider that modest-appearing booklet of poetry as among the veriest of epics. Though, a most unpretentious little volume, "The Legends of St. Patrick" is a book which has attracted widespread attention and greatly enhanced the reputation of its author. Its many

beauties, are too conspicuous to remain long unnoticed. In all there are fourteen considerable poems, beginning with "The Disbelief of Milcho," which relates the landing of St. Patrick in pagan Ireland, and concluding with "The Confession of St. Patrick," in which "The Islands Great Inheritor," his momentous mission accomplished, commends his soul to God. Each legend is in itself a complete and genuine literary gem, betraying in every line the hand, and heart of a master artist. Heart-touching incidents in the life of one of the Church's greatest saints are here narrated in a style at once elevated and solemn, soul-stirring scenes peculiar to a people "reserved in blind barbaric innocence": quiet rural scenes; scenes of simple grandeur; scenes awful in pathos; but above all, the wonderful scenes presented by a great race eternally "clanned to Christ," are here depicted with that artistic naturalness of tone, and easy grace of expression, essentially characteristic of the poet truly great. Unfortunately the natural tendency to regard each legend as apart from its fellows has closed the eyes of many to what must be acknowledged the greatest merit of a work which the poet evidently intended to be considered, not piecemeal, but rather as a literary unit. Of the gifted author, so recently called away to the reward of his great labour in the cause of religion and truth, what is to be said? His short-comings as a poet, which, sad to say, are much more widely known, and, by the majority of present day critics, much more readily admitted than his merits, may in the present case be passed over with no further comment than that implied in the well-known lines of Pope:

"Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend,"

The writer does not feel called upon to cavil, or pry into flaws, but rather to point out beauties, and perfections as would become the office of one who stands sponsor for this latest addition to the poetry of the sublime.

But to proceed to the question at issue. "The Legends of St. Patrick," by an author who has never made any appreciable stir in the

world! Is it on this that we are to bestow the high-sounding name of Epic? Aye, and wherefore not? An epic poem is generally defined as "the poetical recital of some great, and important enterprise, of a nature to excite universal interest, and command universal admiration." Strange as it may seem, this definition describes with minute exactness the scope, and character of De Vere's *Legends*; which, to state it with more precision, is the poetical history of what is, by long odds, the greatest and most important enterprise ever carried by a single man,—the Baptism of a pagan nation; than which it is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to interest and excite the admiration of all mankind. But then there is a great multiplicity of critical rules to which all epics must be conformed. What of these? Has not De Vere disregarded them? On the contrary he has submitted gracefully, and with a patience truly admirable, though scarcely common to all great minds.

These rules are of three classes, according as they regard, the action, the actors, or the narration of the story. Those that concern the action, or subject, all embodied in the above-cited definition, are three in number. The first which makes for the unity of the story is the most important, as it is also the only one our author would seem to have violated. "It must be one action or enterprise which the poet chooses for his subject." It may be objected that the work under consideration is not sufficiently connected to satisfy the requirements of this rule. But the unity which Aristotle here insists upon, as essential to the nature of epic poetry, is not so much the unity of outward form as the oneness of the story itself, all the incidents of which should be sensibly connected, and made to hang on one another, in such a manner as to evidently conspire in the achievement of a single great undertaking. It is precisely in this way that the different parts of "the *Legends of St. Patrick*" are united. Though each may, in a certain sense, be regarded as distinct from the others, and independent with respect to its own peculiar set of characters; yet none of them is really complete in itself; for through them all runs the character of St. Patrick, the hero of the whole as he is of each part, producing essential

unity in the subject itself ; and thus combining the apparently distinct poems into one grand whole, the story of a nation's conversion to Christianity. Of the second rule under this head, which claims greatness and splendor as necessary features of the epic action, little need be said. De Vere has undoubtedly chosen for his subject an event, not only well worthy to be dressed out in all the grandeur of epic pomp, but one which is by far the most noble, and dignified of any that has yet been commemorated in a similar way. The anger of Achilles, the establishment of Aeneas in Italy, though they be events sufficiently important to fix our attention, and excite our interest, are scarcely worthy to be thought of in comparison with such a grand, far reaching achievement as is the action which is celebrated by De Vere. The third requisite of the subject of an epic is that it be interesting. Discussing this point Blair says "much will depend on the happy choice of some subject, which shall, of its nature, be pleasing to the public, as when the poet selects for his hero one who is the founder, or the deliverer, or the favourite of his nation". The celebrated rhetorician could not possibly have spoken more to the present purpose ; for St. Patrick, the hero of "The Legends," combines the three above-mentioned virtues, being at once the founder, deliverer and favourite of his nation. Moreover the work derives special interest from the lofty character of the action related—an action fraught with such great consequence to the welfare, not only of a single country and nation, but even of the whole of Christendom. Surely no subject could be more intensely interesting, or better suited the magnificent apparatus the poet bestows on it !

The high standard of epic composition justifies the demand for characterization of the most unexceptionable variety. Hence we find another set of rules in the light of which the actors or characters of the poem must be scrutinized. In the first place every epic, to be worthy of the name, must have a hero. In this respect "The Legends" could hardly be improved on. As already stated, St. Patrick is the hero, distinguished, above all the other characters, not only as the central figure of the whole narrative, but in an especial manner, even apart from the poem, as one of the grandest and most heroic of all historical

personages ; one who still lives and walks among his people "by the majesty of memory and the strength of example ;" whose influence coming down through successive generations of Irishmen, has spread to every country of the world, and will be felt to the end of time. In this respect our author has certainly an advantage over other epic writers derived from the fact that his leading personage is a hero in the truest sense of the word, and as such, is universally recognized as admirably fitted to inform, an heroic tale with the spirit of real heroism. As regards the subordinate characters that find place in an epic, they are naturally expected to display the features of human nature ; they must moreover always bear the stamp of consistency and uniformity, and be well supported throughout. The nature and object of this species of writing makes it imperative that the leading actors of the story be of a type to excite love and admiration, rather than hatred and contempt ; at the same time the introduction of imperfect, or positively vicious characters, is not only allowable, but commendable in as much as it adds the charm of variety, and gives more life and naturalness to the tale. It is in the characteristical part that De Vere seems chiefly to excel. His characters are almost without exception finely drawn and well supported. Besides, the leading figures, as suited the epic plan, are virtuous ; and yet there is not lacking a certain intermixture of the indifferent and wicked class, such as Derball, MacKyle, and Milcho, sufficient at least to provide against monotony. In fact the work presents us with a really remarkable variety of characters, men, saints, angels, and demons, and in every case the delineation is of such a high order, as to place the writer in a foremost rank among the exponents of the art of pen-portraiture.

Besides the human actors that find place in an epic poem, there is usually another class of personages of considerable importance, namely the gods, or supernatural beings, on whom the plot is often made, in great measure, to depend. This brings us to the consideration of what is known as the machinery. Concerning the importance of this fracture critics are greatly at variance ; some being of the opinion that it is absolutely essential to the constitution of an epic ; while others go

to the opposite extreme in contending that it is altogether inconsistent with that air of reality which should pervade this kind of writing. But whatever may be the merits of the discussion, it can hardly amount to a difficulty in the present case. The practice of employing machinery is sanctioned by custom. Homer, the first and greatest of epic poets set the example, and all his successors, with the single exception of Lucan, have imitated their great prototype. The ancients, very wisely, took advantage of the popular superstitions of antiquity to embellish and sublime their stories by making gods and demi-gods take part with the human actors. Of course at other times, and in other circumstances, machinery of a different type is naturally to be expected. The Portuguese Camões, under the mistaken notion that no machinery can be perfect without some concession to the gods of pagan mythology, rendered himself ridiculous, and his "Lusiad", otherwise a most laudable effort, absurd, by introducing Jupiter, Venus and Bacchus in a work in which God, and The Blessed Virgin are also represented as taking part. Tasso and Milton, though they have been more happy in this matter, are yet far from faultless; neither of them has produced that sort of machinery which one would wish to find in a great Christian writer. De Vere, it would seem, has come nearer the ideal than any of his predecessors. The essentially religious nature of the enterprise he relates gives ample scope for a grand display of machinery, and the author does not fail to take the fullest advantage of it. The spirit of religion permeates the whole work, and yet human characters and the exploits of men are always kept prominently to view; the appearance of probability being thus preserved throughout, even in the narration of the most marvellous and incredible events.

A few instances of the machinery to be found in "The Legends" may not be out of place. All through the narrative, the idea which appeals most forcibly to the thoughtful reader is the wonderful way St. Patrick seems to command the omnipotence of the Most High. God so readily hearkening to the prayers of His apostle, and on many occasions, interposing on his behalf, to grant him power of performing such

surprising miracles, certainly produces an effect, in the highest degree sublime. The description of the zealous bishop and his faithful twelve treading the gloomy labyrinthic pathways of "Fachlut Wood," regardless of its countless yawning horrors, ravening beasts and spirits of ill, led on by the mysterious wail of children forsaken and distressed, "God sent heralds foot-sore bringing the heart-sore comfort"—"This is sure," a description of striking grandeur and magnificence, the counterpart of which will not easily be found. Another scene in which epic sublimity is unmistakably revealed, is that presented by St. Patrick in the rôle of "God's Athlete" in prayer in Mt. Cruachan, demanding of God "gifts mighty and immeasurable and over great for granting:" striving in contest with all the legioned demons of the isle. The saint brooks not repulse, listens not to the repeated monitions of the angel victor: he Prays on, and still prays, combatting with apostolic might the demon race that rushing on him

"From all sides, and close met in circling storm  
Besieged the enclouded steep of Cruachan,  
That scarce the difference knew 'twixt night and day,  
More than the sunless pole."

And still he perseveres in his ecstatic passion of prayer, until finally, all obstacles overcome, the object of his mighty petition is obtained. thus proving, as the author very aptly puts it, "that fortitude in prayer lays man's hand on God's sceptre." Certainly the most noteworthy passage in "The Legends," and probably the grandest and noblest to be found in the language, is that in which St. Patrick is represented as accepting the crozier staff, the symbol of his mission, from the sacred hands of the Saviour Himself. It occurs in "The Confession of St. Patrick." The future apostle, when nearing the end of his long noviceship, set out for Rome to receive the blessing of the "Chief Shepherd of the Saviour's flock on earth." On the way he tarried in a small "isle to Lerins near but fairer yet, till then unseen." Here he beheld a man who because he "saw the Son of Man, and took Him in" was preserved in endless youth; and Patrick, hearing all the



details of that mystery, was tempted to make his home in that blessed land "where Jesus trod." One of the inhabitants attempts to dissuade him and the following colloquy ensues, which is best given in the Saint's own words :

"Not so ; the Master hath for thee thy task,  
 Parting thus spake He : "Here for Mine Elect  
 Abide thou. Bid him bear this crozier staff ;  
 My blessing rests thereon : the same shall drive  
 The foes of God before him." Answer thus  
 I made, "That crozier staff I will not touch  
 Until I take it from that nail-pierced Hand"  
 From these I turned, and clomb a mountain high,  
 Hermon by name ; and there—was this My God,  
 In visions of the Lord, or in the flesh ?—  
 I spake with Him, the Lord of Life, who died,  
 He from the glory stretched the Hand nail-pierced,  
 And placed in mine that crozier staff, and said :  
 "Upon that day when they that with Me walked  
 Sit with me on their everlasting Thrones,  
 Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,  
 Thy people thou shalt judge in righteousness."

'Than the above, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, no more noble conception can be found anywhere in literature. And so it is with the machinery of "The Legends" on almost every occasion. There is no unseemly introduction of mythical deities ; no inconsistency arising from the confusion of allegorical, and real personages. All is real, true to life, and to christian ideals. Here we have the true machinery of the true religion, and probably it is no exaggeration to say that it is positively its first appearance.

It now remains to remark on the method or plan of narration, and on the style. The critical rules touching this part of the subject are of necessity rather negative than positive. The precise method to be followed cannot be rigorously defined, the most that can be done is to

lay down a few canons with a view to the exploding of false notions. The first matter of importance to be noted, is that the author is at perfect liberty either to relate the entire story in his own person, or to introduce some of his characters to recount any part of the action. Of this there cannot be any doubt since Homer himself followed the one method in the "Iliad", and the other in the "Odyssey", De Vere imitates the conduct of the latter; and his reasons for so doing are easily discernable; since the method of the "Odyssey" is obviously preferable where the subject, as in "The Legends," comprehends the transactions of several years, for it permits the writer to open with the most interesting incident of the whole action while leaving him at liberty to dwell particularly on the primary facts, and compress the more secondary parts into smaller compass. In the first twelve legends, or cantos, De Vere deals fully with everything directly pertaining to the main action: and then in the last, "The Confession of St. Patrick" he introduces his hero to recount those highly interesting details concerning his captivity, his miraculous deliverance, his subsequent visions, and long-protracted studies, his many trials and severe temptations; all of which become matters of the greatest importance to the reader, especially when he knows from the preceding parts the nature of St. Patrick's mission, the accomplishment of which necessarily presupposes an extraordinary preparation.

As the epic poem is universally allowed the highest rank among poetic works, or even among literary works of whatever sort, so it is there that we instinctively look for the rarest beauties of description, and poetic style. This is indeed so important a feature that its absence, even in an otherwise faultless work, would so derogate from the epic character as to render the writer's efforts totally futile, and preclude the possibility of his composition being included in the rank of epic poems. However it does not seem that the epic character of "The Legends" can reasonably be challenged in regard to the requirements of this law; for De Vere is undoubtedly not lacking in any of the prime qualities of the poet's art. With all the beauties of description he remarkably abounds: he yields to few authors in simplicity, in

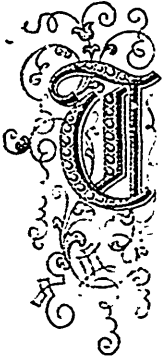
tenderness or in daring sublimity of genius; while for fertility of invention, expression of character, and variety of incident, he can compare favourably with the acknowledged masters. Even in his most pathetic and sentimental passages he seldom, if ever, becomes artificial or strained. He is never feeble, never flat in style, or deficient in poetic coloring; and, what is of the greatest importance, his narrative though always bearing the impress of firmness and strength, of liveliness and that majestic dignity peculiar to epic poetry, is nevertheless uncommonly perspicuous, while at the same time, animated, free from ludicrous and affected scenes, as well as from descriptions of objects that tend to disgust, or to "shock the moral sensibility of any well-born mind."

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; and there is much in the saying. But apart from the lesson intended to be conveyed by that pithy apothegm, there is certainly sufficient reason for courting brevity in the treatment of a subject, which, like the present, might be extended so far beyond the limits of space usually allowed to articles in "The Review"—and serials are not looked for, and rarely appreciated in the world of college journalism. The object of this brief essay is merely to point out that "The Legends of St. Patrick" possesses all the essential qualities of epic poetry. Without any overweening temerity the claim might be advanced that, in many respects, it surpasses the generally accepted models of heroic verse, not only from the nature of the subject treated, but also, to a certain extent, from the manner of treatment; nor would it be difficult to show that this great Irish literateur has succeeded in avoiding some of the blemishes and blunders that mar the perfection of the productions of his immortal predecessors. These statements may be substantiated by reference to the text. If the few facts here collected will serve to stimulate the curiosity of the reader, and thus impel him to a more close and attentive study of "The Legends," the purpose with which these lines have been written will be accomplished. "The Legends of St. Patrick" bears the stamp of genuine epic so legibly "who runs may read"; and so, will itself, prove itself "The Epic of the Nineteenth Century."

T. P. FLOS.

# A Grave Mishap

(COMPLETE)



THE closing day of the first term had come at last, and together with a number of my fellow students I bade a short adieu to "old Varsity" and proceeded to the station. After purchasing our tickets we sauntered out into the depot and were just in time to see the train from Kingston pull in. Ready, as all college boys are, for the least excitement, we strolled over to the train to see if any of our *friends* could be among the passengers. Our expectation did not last long, for we were disappointed to find that besides a company of minstrels there were but few other passengers aboard. As our own train was to leave in a few minutes we deemed it advisable to board it, but just as we were walking away from the Kingston train the following gruffly spoken words struck our ear: "Out of the way, madam! we'll handle your case as soon as possible." I immediately turned and confronted the burly conductor who had flung these harsh words at a respectably dressed lady who was apparently in great distress. Naturally quick tempered my indignation rose to a high pitch, and I rebuked this ill-mannered official in proper style. I noted his number and resolved to report his action at my earliest convenience. He muttered something about "*fresh guys from College*", and with an insolent and sarcastic smile hurried off about his business. My attention was now directed to the lady, and none too soon: for she suddenly reeled and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. A little water revived her instantly. She thanked me profusely for my kindness and then muttered incoherently something about—doctors advice—so long a trip—and he was very ill when we boarded the train—, from all of which I gathered that some frightful calamity had befallen her. Perhaps a husband or son was dying or dead aboard that train. I quickly volunteered to call a physician. She remonstrated that it was too late

for medical assistance, but not heeding her objection, I led her to the palace car, and rushing to the office, telephoned for the two College *doctors*, so as to be sure that one or the other would arrive in time to be of some help. While hastening back to the train my friends, who knew not the seriousness of the matter urged me to board the train which was about to leave. Not heeding their entreaties, however, I determined to do my utmost to aid this helpless stranger. I quickly hastened back to the car, at the door of which my entrance was barred by hearing the following words; "Oh! he's dying! My poor little Teddy! my poor little pet!" Unable to disturb this fresh outburst of sorrow I hurried back to the office and there found Dr. Jacobs, who on hearing the particulars of the case summoned the ambulance, and both of us returned to the car. Although the lady had not ceased sobbing we decided to enter, and were on the point of doing so, when the clanging of the ambulance bell caught our ears. In a moment it had drawn up along side of the car, and after a short consultation, Dr. Jacobs, the driver, his two assistants and myself entered the car. In the midst of a large crowd which had already gathered around the platform was my friend the impolite, unruly conductor endeavoring to disperse them.

As we walked up the aisle of the car, we noticed the lady, bending over a large reclining chair at the other end of the coach. She hushed her sobbing as we neared her, and met us with a mingled expression of surprise and gratitude. On reaching the chair we saw the object of her sorrow. There stretched upon that chair was the body of poor Teddy. We started at the sight. The medical men gazed from one to the other and then turned aside. And, dear reader, had you been there I dare say the sight would have sickened you. Lying flat upon that soft Pullman recliner was—as we afterwards learned—the only friend that poor lady had in this world. Her treasure had been snatched from her, and can we wonder that she felt it so much. She softly stroked poor Teddy's head and murmured her thanks for our kindness.

I felt that the time for action had come, and in almost a minute after we had first reached the bed of the dead, I was rushing madly through

that coach. And oh, what a sole Dr. Jacobs must have had on his shoe. Surely it was not a rubber one. Out on the platform I ran, and almost flew through the expectant crowd, one or two of which cried. Stop thief!—He's an escaped lunatic! grab him! etc. On, on, I ran till I reached my room at the college. I sought my bed, and buried my sore head deep in the inviting pillow. Instead of a Christmas turkey cooked and basted by mother, I was doomed to a solitary dinner at college. The only thing that broke the monotony of that sad day, was a letter I received, and it read.

Dear Freshie,

Have you buried the pug dog? How's the spinster?

Your friend,

The Conductor.

"Naughty Three"



## Ophidia.\*

In the progression of species, which has kept pace with the earth's development, we find the Devonian Age, or age of fishes followed by the Carboniferous or coal bearing period, in which reptiles first appeared. During this time vegetation was very rank, bathed as it was by dense vapors from the still heated earth, and the growth was generally of gigantic proportions on account of this very great stimulation. The earth was covered by a great sea or morass in which giant reptiles had their haunts. Of birds, mammals or insects there were none, because they could not have lived under conditions so unfavorable to their existence. But the very conditions which made life impossible to other creatures, conduced to the stimulation and propagation of reptiles.

While reptiles are largely distributed we find them most in tropical regions, where the conditions are more nearly like those in which they

\*Portion of a lecture delivered before The Ottawa University Scientific Society.

had their birth, though the changes through which they had passed, produced modifications not only in size, but in their structure as well. Such changes have gradually taken place to accomodate all animal life to the subsidence of the Seas, cooling of temperature and reduction of vegetation.

Reptiles are divided into five classes—by some zoologists into eleven—but then there are peculiarities and habits which are common to all, so to facilitate matters, we will divide them into five. These are Chelonia or Tortoises; Loricata or Crocodiles; Sauria, or Lizards; Ophidia or Serpents: and the Batrachia or Frogs.

Of these five classes, gentlemen, I am going to confine myself this evening to the fourth one, that of Ophidia, or snakes—which are par excellence the reptile.

Snakes are reptiles possessing a long, round body deprived of limbs. They possess neither eye lids nor ears. The lower jaw is not united at the centre by any bone, but by muscles, and it is made in such a way that it can open its jaw to an enormous extent.

The skeleton of the snake is the skeleton of a true reptile. It is long like the body, and has for its support the long vertebral column to which is attached a great number of muscles, by which the animal moves.

The vertebral column of the Ophidian is wonderfully formed and is constructed with a special view to the peculiar movements of the Serpent tribe. Each vertebra is rather elongated and is furnished at one end with a ball and at the other with a corresponding socket, into which the ball of the succeeding vertebra fits exactly, thus enabling the creature to writhe and twine in all directions without danger of dislocating its spine. This ball and socket principal extends even to the ribs, and as they are moved by very powerful muscles, they perform most important functions in the economy of the creation to which they belong.

Of the many bones in the skeleton of the snake none is of more interest, nor excites greater curiosity than what is known as the quadrate bone. People often wonder how it is that snakes can swallow with great facility, very large objects, oftentimes the objects being much

greater than the cavity of the mouth. This feature is due to the fact that the lower jaw is not jointed directly to the skull, but to a most singular development of the quadrate bone, which throws out two elongated processes at right angles with each other, like the letter L laid horizontally  $\neg$  so that a kind of double lever is obtained. This bone often projects backwards and when this is the case the opening of the mouth is so extensive that it may extend beyond the base of the skull.

As to teeth all snakes are well supplied ; but their number, form, and structure differ considerably in the various species. Those snakes that are not possessed of venomous fangs have the bones of the palate as well as the jaws furnished with teeth, which are of moderate size, simple in form and all point backwards, so as to prevent any animal from escaping which has once been grasped and acting as valves which permit of motion in only one direction.

In the venomous snakes, the ordinary teeth are usually wanting upon the upper jaws. In place of the ordinary teeth, the upper jaw carries the so called "poisonous fangs." These are two in number, long and curved, one on each maxillia or upper jaw bone, which when not in use are pointed backwards, but can be raised at will by special muscles. Each tooth is perforated by a fine canal or tube, which opens by a distinct aperture at the point of the fang, and is connected with the duct of the poison gland. This is a gland situated under and behind the eye, secreting the poisonous fluid, which renders the bites of these animals dangerous or fatal. When the serpent strikes at any animal, the poison is forced through the poison-fang into the wound, partly by the construction of the muscular walls of the gland, and partly by the compressive action of the muscles of the jaw. In some other snakes, some of which are known not to be venomous, there are large grooved fangs placed far back in the mouth upon the upper jaw.

Having considered the bones of the serpent, let us for a few moments consider the skin and the scales of the snake.

As we all know the movements of the snakes are made without the aid of limbs of any kind. Some kinds, such as the pythons, have a pair of horny spurs placed just at the base of the tail, and are support-



ed by tiny bones that are the undeveloped commencements of hinder limbs. The movements of the serpent tribe are achieved by means of the ribs and the large cross scales that cover the lower surface. Each of these scales overlaps its successor, leaving a bold horny ridge whenever it is partially erected by the action of the muscles. It will be readily seen then that a reptile so constructed can move with some rapidity by successively thrusting each scale a little forward, hitching the projecting edge on any rough substance, and drawing itself forward until it can repeat the process with the next scale.

Oftentimes the snake uses the scales in self defence, offering a passive resistance to its foe when it is incapable of acting on the offensive.

Serpents, in common with other reptiles, have their bodies covered by a delicate epidermis, popularly called skin, which lies over the scales, and is renewed at tolerably regular seasons. Towards the time of changing its skin, the snake becomes dull and sluggish, the eyes white and blind, owing to the thickening of the epidermis which covers them, and the bright colors become dim and ill-defined. Presently, however, the skin splits upon the back, mostly near the head, and the snake contrives to wriggle itself out of the old integument, usually turning it inside out in the process. Even the transparent scale that covers the eyes is drawn off entire, and the large, elongated, hexagonal scales that are arranged along the abdomen, and aid the animal in its progress remain for a time as intact as if they were still doing service on the snake's belly.

The tongue of the snake is long, black, and deeply forked, at its extremity, and when at rest is drawn into a sheath, in the lower jaw. It is hardly necessary to state to you, gentlemen, that the tongue is perfectly harmless, even in a poisonous serpent, and the popular idea of a "sting" is entirely erroneous. All snakes seem to employ the tongue largely as a feeler, and may be seen to touch gently with the forked extremities the objects over which they are about to crawl or which they desire to examine.

It is on the structure of the circulatory and respiratory organs that the most important character of reptiles are to be looked for. The heart in all reptiles may be regarded as being, in function, three chambered, being composed of two auricles and a single ventricle. Ordinarily the course of circulation is as follows: the impure or venous blood that has circulated through the body is poured by the great veins into the right auricle; the pure or arterial blood is poured by the pulmonary veins into the left auricle. Both auricles empty their contents into the ventricle, and as the partition that divides the ventricle is an incomplete one it follows that the venous and arterial streams must mix to a greater or less extent in the ventricle. From the ventricle arise the great vessels which carry the blood to the lungs and to all parts of the body, and it follows, as a matter of necessity, that all these parts are supplied with a mixed fluid, consisting partly of impure or venous blood, and partly of pure or arterial blood.

As regards the structure of the lungs it is merely to be noted that there is no partition—that is a diaphragm, separating the cavity of the thorax from that of the abdomen, and that the lungs therefore, often attain a great proportionate size, sometimes extending through the whole length of the cavity of the trunk.

All serpents are oviparous, some being ovo-viviparous. The egg shell is usually parchment-like, but in other cases contains more or less calcareous matter.

Now gentlemen some of you may have often thought of what use were snakes. I too often asked myself that question although I knew God would not have created them unless he had in view some good purpose. Well, they play their part in nature just as we all do. The vipers of England for instance rid the fields of those rodents which would otherwise destroy the grain. The terrible Fer-de-Lance of Martinique and Southern Mexico, destroy in large quantities the rats which ravage the sugar plantations of those countries. In Brazil the large snakes kill all the rats and other animals which would otherwise overrun the fields and devastate the harvests.

The flesh of the serpent is not of much use, although some tribes eat it. Of the skin is made pocket books, card cases, and many other things in the line of covers for diaries.

Now, gentlemen, I have only one more thing to clear up before we use the lantern, that is ; the connection between birds and reptiles.

We may say that birds and reptiles are so linked that they are included by scientists in the same class—sauropsida. The two orders though very unlike in external appearances are united by the following characters : There are never at any period of life gills or branchia for aquatic respiration ; the red corpuscles of the blood are nucleated ; the skull articulates with the vertebral column by means of a single articulating surface or condyle ; each half of the lower jaw is composed of several pieces, and is jointed to the skull, not directly, but by the intervention of the quadrate bone.

Speaking on this subject the English naturalist Kingsley says at any rate ; birds are more closely united to reptiles, than to other mammals notwithstanding the beak of the duckmole and the recent re-discovery that the echinda lays eggs, and whatever was the origin of mammals so much is certain that they sprang from an ancestral stock with which birds are only remotely connected".

The Pterodactyls and Ramphoryncus are ancient reptiles which had characteristics of birds. The latter was a size of swan and had membranous wings, which it used as a kind of parachute. The head and beak were those of bird, except that its bill was long and armed with teeth. The breast and back of the Ramphoryncus were those of a bird, save that the extension of the neck was vertebrated and terminated in a tail of considerable length.

JNO. E. BURKE, 05.



## Love Letters Astray

"Letters carefully placed between the pages of the latest books no longer excite the comment of veteran librarians" said an attentive and busy servant of the reading public, the other day "in fact almost every thing in the way of loose personal property somehow or other strays into the library to afflict and torment those in charge."

"Ask me what we do not find in the books people bring back. Then the question will be simpler. We find everything. Love letters for instance are very common. Scarcely a day goes by but what we find two or three.

"Pensive maidens read the historical novels with their love missives in their hands, for comparison, I suppose, anyway when the books are returned we find the letters between the pages.

"These we never attempt to return to the owner for the reason that the librarians haven't the heart to read them. Love letters, except in breach of promise suits are valueless, anyway, so we toss them into the waste basket.

"If the letters are stamped and ready for mailing we always hand them to the postman. Many libraries, we understand, charge this item to the incidental fund and really go so far as to mail the letters when they have no stamps affixed. Checks are frequently discovered nestling between the newly cut pages of the latest novels. The names of these make it easy to find the owners. It is simply the question of a few postage stamps and a little patience. Not long ago, "The Right of Way" was turned over on schedule time, one of the librarians hastily looked it through before shelving it to see if the volume was in good condition. It was, there was no doubt about it. But carefully pinned to page 76 was a one-hundred dollar bill. The librarian spent five dollars in advertising, but strange to say the real owner was never discovered. Photographs, curls of hair, ribbons, souvenirs and wedding invitations are very common. The owners never think of applying to the library for the recovery of these lost articles and in consequence they go to swell a motley collection of curiosities.

## Mediaeval Irish Family Names.

Thomas Davis, the Irish poet and writer, explains why so many purely Irish names have been changed and English ones substituted for them. "The English of the Pale passed a law (3 Edw. IV., Chap. 3) still in force in the poet's time, compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction to take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Tryne, Shyrne, Corke Kinsale; or color, as White, Black, Brown; or art or science, as Smith or Carpenter; or office as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly." "There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption of English names during some periods, from fashion, fear and meanness some of our best Irish names too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them" Mr. Davis very frequently touches on this matter.

In order to show the original form of some common Irish family names, the following list from the *Chronicum Scotorum* (Irish history to 1150 A. D.) is given from the *Boston Pilot*.

Ahern, Ua Echtigern or Ua Eghran.	O'Hoey, Ua Eochadha.
·O'Boyle, Ua Baeighell.	O'Hanrahan, Ua Anradhain.
O'Boylan, Ua Baeigheallain.	O'Herghy, Ua Airechtaigh.
O'Boland, Ua Beollain.	O'Hartegan, Ua Artaga(i)n.
·O'Brennan, Ua Braenain.	O'Hea(Hughes?). Ua Aedha.
·O'Breen, Ua Brain.	O'Hogan, Ua Ogain.
O'Brien, Ua Briain.	O'Kane, Ua Cathain.
O'Carthy, Ua Carthaigh.	O'Kearney, Ua Catharnaigh.
·O'Cahill, Ua Cathall.	O'Kelly, Ua Ceallaigh.
·O'Casey, Ua C'athesaigh.	O'Kennedy, Ua Cannedigh.
·O'Carroll, Ua Cerbhaill.	O'Kennelly, Ua Cinnfaeladh.
O'Carey, Ua Ciardha.	O'Keaveny. Ua Gebheannach.
·O'Clery, Ua Clerigh.	O'Lehan (Lyons), Ua Leochain.
·O'Coffey, Ua Cobthaigh.	O'Lynch, Ua Loingsigh.
·O'Concannon, Ua Concennain.	O'Langan*(Long), Ua Longan.
·O'Connor, Ua Conchobhair.	O'Larkin. Ua Lorcain.

- O'Connolly, Ua Conghalaigh.  
 O'Conaty, Ua Connaughtaigh.  
 O'Cosgry, Cosgrave? Ua Cosgraigh  
 O'Donnell, Ua Domhnaill.  
 O'Donegan, Ua Donnagain.  
 O'Donoghue, Ua Donnchada.  
 O'Downey, Ua Dubhanaigh.  
 O'Dowd, Ua Dubhda.  
 O'Dooley, Ua Dubhlaigh.  
 O, Duffy, Ua Dubhthaigh.  
 O'Duff, Ua Duibh.  
 O'Deegan, Ua Duibhciun.  
 O'Denny Ua Dunadhaigh.  
 O'Fallon, Ua Fallamhaigh.  
 O'Farrell, (O'Ferrall) Ua Ferg-  
 hail,—e.  
 O'Finn, Ua Fionn.  
 O' Finlan, Ua Finuallan.  
 O'Flaherty, Ua Flaithbhertaigh.  
 O'Flattery, Ua Flaithri.  
 O'Flannagan, Ua Flannagain (cain)  
 O'Flynn, Ua Flainn.  
 O'Fogarty, Ua Fogartaigh.  
 O'Gara, Ua Gadhra.  
 O'Gormly, Ua Gairmleadhaigh.  
 O'Gilpatrick, Ua Gillapadraig, chief  
 of Ossory (Osraighe).  
 O'Hara, Ua Eghra.  
 O'Hanley, Uah-Ainlidhe.  
 O'Hart, Uah-Airt.  
 O'Heyne, Uah-Evdhin, EdhinEid-  
 hin.  
 O'Heney, Ua Eghingh,  
 O'Hanrathy. Uah-Ihreachtaigh.
- O'Madden, Ua Madudhain.  
 O'Mulholland, Ua Maeilcallain.  
 O'Malone, Ua Maeileoin.  
 O'Mulrennan, Ua Maeilbhrennaim  
 (See Brennan).  
 O'Muldoon, Ua Maeiliduin.  
 O'Molloy, Ua Maeilmhuaidh.  
 O'Mulmoghery (now Early) Ua.  
 Maeilnocherigi (moch, early).  
 O'Mulrooney, Ua Maeilruanaidh.  
 O'Melaghlin, Ua Maeilsechlainn  
 O'Mannin, Ua Mainnin.  
 O'Monahan, Ua Monachain.  
 O'Mahoney, Ua Mathghabhna.  
 O'More, Ua Mórdhe.  
 O'Moran, Ua Mughroin,  
 O'Murray, Ua Muiredhaigh.  
 O'Naughton, Ua Nechtain.  
 O'Niell Ua Neill.  
 O'Neylan, Ua Niallian.  
 O'Quinlan, Ua Cannelbhain.  
 O'Quinn, Ua Cuinn.  
 O'Quillenan, Ua Cuillennain.  
 O'Quili, Ua Cuill.  
 O'Ryan, Ua Riain.  
 O'Regan, Ua Raigain.  
 O'Reilly, Ua Ragheallaigh.  
 O'Rourke. Ua Ruairc.  
 O'Rowan, Ua.Ruadhain.  
 O'Shanahan, Ua Seanchain,  
 O'Sheridan,, Ua Siriden.  
 O'Sweeny, Ua Suibhne,  
 O'Toole, Ua Tuathail.

The Clan name of the O'Tooles was Ui Muiredhaigh or Murray. Without the prefix it is Muiredhach ; in English spelling, Morrough. The prefix Ua or Mac is followed by the genitive case, whose sign is the weakening of the last syllable of the following word : -ach becoming -aigh. Nearly every one of the above surnames is more common now without the O'.



## Goldsmith---The Traveller.

Henry Giles, in his *Lectures and Essays*, says : "Who has not read 'The Traveller,' and 'The Deserted Village,' and 'The Hermit,' and 'Retaliation' ? And who that has read them will forget, or not recall them, among the sweetest melodies which his thoughts preserve ?" Again he says, "'The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village' are perfect in their kind." In laying down his writings, we are tempted to exclaim, "O ! that the author of 'The Traveller' had written more poetry. O ! that the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' had written more novels."

Campbell, writing on "British poets," says : "Goldsmith's poetry inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design or of fertile invention ; but it presents within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of Nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may in some passages be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic ; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own, and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity."

Oliver Goldsmith—the poet, dramatist, historian, essayist, and novelist—was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford. His father married very young, and for a time his income from a small country curacy was just enough to support himself and his wife. Two years after Oliver's birth, however, fortune smiled upon him. Mrs. Goldsmith's uncle died, her husband succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and the family moved to Lissoy in the county of Westmeath. There they rented a farm, the proceeds of which, added to his income from the rectory, made them very prosperous. Goldsmith spent his youth in Lissoy; and from it he drew most of his pictures of rural and domestic life.

At the age of six years he was placed, as a pupil, under the care of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne; and it was while with him, that he first displayed his genius. From here he was sent to Elphin, and then to Athlone, and thence after two years to Edgeworthstown, but in none of these did he display any great ability in writing.

In June 1745 at the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. In 1747 his father died and he was reduced to extreme poverty. The money his uncle gave him was insufficient to supply his wants; and to supplement these sums, he pawned his books and wrote street ballads. In 1749 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

For the next few years he spent an idle life, and then presented himself before the Bishop to be admitted to Holy Orders, but was promptly rejected. He then started for America, but soon returned home. In 1752 he entered Edinburgh University to study medicine, but in 1754 he went to Leyden where he studied for a year. Then he began his tour through Europe on foot.

It took him two years to accomplish this; and during this time he acquired more knowledge than at any other time in his life. At Padua, where he remained several months, he received his medical certificate. In 1756 he arrived in England and from that time was connected with many different newspapers and magazines.



In the year 1760 he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, who afterwards proved an invaluable friend. In 1763 he was forced to sell the *Vicar of Wakefield* to obtain money to pay off his debts. This brought him sixty pounds, with some of which he was able to apply the finishing touches to his *Traveller*. He showed the poem to Johnson who declared it to be "a poem to which it would not be easy to find an equal since the death of Pope." In 1764 the poem was published; and the author at once stood on the top rung of the ladder of fame. The members of the club to which both he and Johnson belonged were astonished that he should have written such a piece. From that time he continued to write, and at the same time to advance in fame. He brought out the play, entitled "The Good-natured Man," which brought him five hundred pounds; and he also sold many other works.

In 1770 "The Deserted Village" was published, and in 1773 "She Stoops to Conquer."

He died in the height of his fame, on the fourth of April, 1774, and was interred in the Temple burial ground. A monument in the shape of a marble medallion was put up to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The first twenty-two lines of the *Traveller* contain an affectionate address to his brother Henry, to whom the poem is dedicated.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drops at each remove a lengthening chain."

Then he alludes to his own melancholy condition:—

"But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,  
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,  
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies,  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone  
And find no spot of all the world my own."

He represents himself as seated upon an Alpine height, from which he can look down upon a hundred realms :—

“ E’en now where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,  
And placed on high above the storm’s career,  
Look downward where an hundred realms appear.”

He reflects on the small amount of human happiness, wonders where real happiness is to be found, and questions the patriot’s boast that his country is the best :—

“ As some lone miser visiting his store,  
Bends at the treasure, counts, recounts it o’er,  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :  
Thus to my heart alternate passions rise,  
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies.  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But, where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, where all pretend to know ?  
Such is the patriot’s boast, where’er we roam ;  
His first, best country, ever is at home,  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.”

Now he describes the inhabitants of Italy, those of Switzerland, France, of Holland and of Britain.

"For to the right where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer Italy extends.

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign  
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.

To men of other minds my fancy flies  
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide."

From this to the end of the poem, he treats of the dangers and the benefits of freedom, and closes with the reflection that our own happiness is to be sought within ourselves.

"Thine Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,  
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;  
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;  
But fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy ;  
That independence Britons prize too high  
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie,  
The self dependent lordlings stand alone,  
All claims that bind and sweeter life unknown.

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,  
Our own felicity we make or find."

J. R. MARSHALL.

*Third Form*

## Religion and Morality of Shakespeare

It seems strange that when three men, an agnostic, a Protestant and a Catholic, read Shakespeare, each as a rule comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare was a co-religionist of his. The agnostic noticing that Shakespeare avoids purely spiritual topics, and always remains within mundane themes, draws the conclusion that Shakespeare did not believe in the next world. The Protestant assumes that Elizabethan England was all Protestant, and consequently that the greatest of dramatists was of that religion. While the Catholic, seeing in the great master neither contempt of religion nor scepticism (the earmarks of agnosticism,) nor a prejudice against Catholicism (the only common mark of Protestantism,) fails to see that it is proved that Shakespeare was either an agnostic or a Protestant. While he does see that with a consistency and severity and inerrancy of a Dante, upholds the broad land of moral and divine truth.

It is very clear to one who has read any works of sceptics that Shakespeare, though his vision may have been confined to this world, did not look at it through sceptical glasses. Else he could not in his way have pictured virtue and vice, right and wrong, nor have written so earnestly in his admiration of sanctity and truth. Besides the England of his time was certainly not-agnostic.

Whether Shakespeare was or was not a Protestant is more difficult to decide. When Shakespeare was born the great majority of the English people were Catholic; when he died, at least one-third were still Catholic. A small minority of anti-papal zealots managed to bring the people gradually round to the belief that Catholicism was unpatriotic and Protestantism the essence of loyalty; and so England drifted away from the old religion. Now Shakespeare was no *dogmatic* Protestant. A man who has written as he has written about Catholicism certainly considered none of her dogmas sacrilegious or idolatrous. He has not even a tinge of the bigotry of Spenser or Milton.

If Shakespeare was not an agnostic nor a dogmatic Protestant, what was he? Either a practical Catholic, or like the majority of his

countrymen, one, in whose soul had sunk deep the principles of that Catholicism, which his ancestors had held for ten centuries, but who, owing to the state of the times, did not practice his religion. When we consider who were the London associates of the playwright and dramatist, we are forced to the conclusion that Shakespeare attended mass as seldom as he attended the new Protestant services. We do not expect Shakespeare to have the asceticism of the middle ages; but if he was a good Catholic, we look to see him one of the Renaissance-type—like More for example. This he was not. So it seems then most probable that he was in spirit a "Catholic," while in practice he was not. In this negative way he may be called a Protestant.

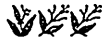
It may be added that this Protestantism limited instead of aided his genius. The true Renaissance Catholic genius—such as More, Buonarrotti, Da Vinci, the favored few who added to the deep faith of the Middle Ages the broadness and liberality of modern times,—these geniuses found their Catholicism to be the greatest assistance. Shakespeare, who in spirit was a Renaissance Catholic, would have had still more lofty visions, if he had been a good complete Catholic.

This brings us to the question of Shakespeare's morals; since moral are intimately connected with religion. It is not too much to say that Shakespeare's morals have all the advantages and disadvantages of his religion. His tracing of the influence of the fundamental moral laws on character and action constitutes the very basis of his greatness. Yet as he was not a perfect Catholic, neither are his morals perfect. Many of his plays have at least a dozen coarse if not sensual lines; which like his puns, however, though very bad taste, are yet merely on the surface. His dramas may be expurgated without interfering with anything essential. Some of his earlier poems indeed—perhaps corresponding to a period of the poet's life,—are essentially immoral, that is immoral in theme. But as Cardinal Newman says, "often as he may offend against modesty, he is clear of a worse charge, sensuality, and hardly a passage can be instanced in all that he has written to seduce the imagination or to excite the passion". But "whatever indulgence he may allow himself in light thoughts or in unseemly words, yet his

admiration is reserved for sanctity and truth. . . . There is no mistaking in his works on which side lies the right ; Satan is not made a hero, nor a Cain victim, but pride is pride, and vice is vice."

And so despite his failings in religion and morals, we may claim Shakespeare as our own. Not in a partisan but in a Catholic spirit. Shakespeare is for all, whatever be their religion ; just as he is for all, whatever be their nationality, But just as England has a more particular claim to Shakespeare than any other country, so Catholicism has a more particular claim to Shakespeare than any other religion.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN. '04



## The English Education Bill.

### THE NECESSITY FOR REFORM.

The English Educational System has never been productive of satisfactory results. Lack of co-ordination, and conflicting boards of control have militated against the unity, so essential to a good system of education. Let us briefly trace the history of Public Instruction in England, up to 1902. Prior to 1870, Primary education had been provided solely by Voluntary schools, endowed and supported by the different religious denominations, and assisted in some measure by government grants. Until 1833 these schools were entirely dependent on private subscription. In that year the first grant was secured from the Government. This marks the beginning of State aid in the cause of education. Henceforth, the Government took more interest in education, and in 1846, an educational Committee of the Privy Council was appointed with Sir J. P. Shuttleworth, as Secretary. The duty of this Committee was to enquire into, and endeavor to improve the status of the schools. Grants to different religious denominations were

secured from the Government in order to erect Normal Schools, and assist the common schools. It was not, however, until 1862, that any effort at systematizing this State aid was made. In the same year, a Board of Inspection—"Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools"—was appointed. We can judge of the standard of education in the country at this time, by observing the care that was taken lest too much money be spent in the education of teachers. No children were to receive instruction other than that contained in the 3 K's—Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.—

Such was the state of Educational affairs in England, when, in 1870, Parliament undertook to do something to improve the system, so unsatisfactory both as to management and results. This attempt culminated in the "Act of 1870", whereby elementary education was, in some degree, provided for every child in the country. The act did not interfere with Voluntary schools. It simply aimed at doing by State aid, what the Voluntary schools, owing to limited resources, had been unable to do. The idea was not to supplant these Voluntary schools by others, but to supplement them, with schools, which would do work beyond their reach. The education given in these new schools was to be undenominational. The managing authority was to be a Board chosen by the people in each district. This was the first systematic reform, by Parliament, in the cause of education.

The new Act had two important results: (a) Rivalry between the Board Schools, and Voluntary Schools; (b) A great strain on local finances was produced. It was altogether impossible for the Voluntary Schools to withstand the competition of the Board Schools, maintained, as they were, by the money, which an aggressive Board might collect under the rates, and, in which the former had no share. That there was a great strain on the local finances, is evident from the fact, that, the School Board was accountable to the community, only as regards education, and not expenditure.

Though the Act, was a great step in the cause of reform, yet, it failed in three points. In the first place it had nothing to do with Secondary or Higher Education. It related solely to Primary In-

struction. No organization was provided for Voluntary Schools, which have continued down to the present time without any system of general management.

Secondly, the Act made no provision for the education or training of teachers. The results of this defect in the Act are, Mr. Balfour tells us, that 44 p. c. of the adult teachers in the country, have never got a certificate, and that 67 p. c. of the same body have never attended a training school of any kind. These facts certainly indicate a deplorable deficiency in the system of training and education teachers.

Thirdly, the Primary, and the Secondary schools were in no way connected with each other. Hence, we often find the Board in charge of Primary Education trespassing on the province of Secondary Instruction. Moreover, many Boards endeavored to impart some kind of Secondary education, by putting certain advanced classes at the top of Primary Schools. It is evident that this could not be productive of satisfactory results. The consequence of these efforts of the Primary Authorities was frequent rivalry between the two bodies in control of Primary, and Secondary schools. Thus we can readily see that the "Act of 1870" though it did much for Primary education, did not go, by any means, far enough.

What has been done for Higher Education during this period? Much good was effected by the reform of the endowed Schools. They were put in a better state of efficiency; better methods were adopted, etc.; but absolutely nothing was done for Secondary Education. Later, the Act of 1889 gave to County Councils, and to town Councils, certain duties in connection with Higher Education. This was the first step taken, in England, in the direction of municipalizing education. As a result of this legislation, frequent conflicts took place, between the County or the Town Council on the one hand, and the School Boards on the other. This rivalry resulted from the existence of two Educational Authorities in the Community, one of which had unlimited power of drawing on the rates, but, was in no way responsible to the other, which, however was accountable for the working of the local finances. This state of affairs necessarily gave rise to much discon-



tent. Moreover, there were existing around these rivals, independent endowed, and Voluntary schools, having no connection with each other, nor with the Primary, or Secondary Authorities.

We have yet to say a few words on the condition of the Voluntary Schools in England, and the part, they must play in the educational system of the country. There is no denying the fact, that these schools are in a starved financial condition. Why is this so? It is certainly not because of lack of generosity on the part of supporters. The subscriptions are as large to-day as they ever were; in some cases they are even larger. In 1897 the Government passed the aid grant to voluntary schools. But, we have abundant evidence of the fact, that subscriptions did not become diminished as a result; indeed, in many cases they were increased, as new interest was manifested. The whole of the Government was, in the majority of cases, used to improve the efficiency of the schools, and not to defray the expenses of running them. Notwithstanding this fact, the voluntary schools of England to-day are very inadequately equipped, and do not provide the facilities and comforts to be expected in a modern school. Evidently, then, there is need for reform. What is to be done? Shall these schools be swept away and supplanted by others? This is impossible. The magnitude of the forces to be dealt with, renders it impossible; the gap, that would thus be created in the educational system renders it impossible. At present, there are in existence 14,000 of these schools with an enrollment of 3,000,000 pupils; while there exist only 5,700 Board schools, with an attendance of 2,600,000 pupils. Moreover, if the buildings at present occupied by these schools, were not any longer available as such, it would cost the nation £26,000,000 to provide new buildings, even when placing the cost of erection etc. at the low rate of £7 per pupil. Finally these schools are necessary on religious grounds. It may be very well to leave to the state all responsibility in secular education; but it is, to say the least, only fair, that parents, who desire a particular religious training for their children, should be given the proper facilities to have such instruction imported. Hence, it appears, that these Voluntary schools must continue

to exist, and that, in order to do the best work, they must be improved.

From the foregoing facts, it is very evident that the present Educational System of England is not such as can give satisfactory results. It lacks co-ordination, and a general system of control. A deplorable backwardness in Secondary Education is apparent; there is no connection between the Primary and the Secondary Schools; rival authorities frequently come into conflict with one another; the finances, for educational purposes are poorly controlled; the Voluntary Schools are in a starved state, entirely to provide the best education for the three millions of children, under their care.

H. J. MACDONALD, '04.

(To be continued)



## Apostolic Delegate's Tribute.

THE SATURDAY EVENING CITIZEN.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Leo XIII., who now so gloriously rules the church of God, was elevated to the chair of St. Peter. This long reign, as rare as it was unexpected, fills the hearts of all the faithful throughout the world with unspeakable joy; and even our separated brethren and all honest and intelligent people, without distinction of creed, or race, or nationality show their appreciation and gladness.

Leo XIII. has been the bright light which illuminated the last part of the nineteenth century, and which continues to shine as brightly in the beginning of the new year. Leo XIII. is admired for the lofti-

ness of his intellect, the strength of his character, the nobility of his heart, and for his love of everything which is just, and right and good. He is one of the leading spirits of his age. Nothing has escaped his keen and deep intuition for the good of the church and the welfare of humanity. He has ever been ready to lend his powerful influence wherever necessity required it. He has been as firm as a rock against injustice, but at the same time free from all harshness. He knew how to combine the strength of the lion with the meekness of the lamb.

With the profound keenness of his intellect he saw all the dangers which threatened the very foundations, of society and proposed opportune remedies. The materialistic, positivistic and rationalistic ideas made great inroads into the philosophic world so that many of the acutest minds, in some points at least, were led astray. In a masterly manner the holy father showed the importance of sound philosophic teaching and indicated the right path to be followed, persuaded, that the true philosophic principles form the most solid foundation of other sciences.

His activity was not confined to any special direction but had the characteristic mark of universality. Dangers threatened domestic and civil society. Legislation, with some nations, tried to deprive the hallowed institution of marriage of its sacredness and to debase it to the level of a mere civil contract. Leo raised his voice and in his beautiful encyclicals denounced this attempt as contrary to the teaching of Christ, who had elevated marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, and no one can ignore how strenuously he has combatted and is still combatting the attempt to destroy the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

Theories subversive of all social order were widely propagated. Dreadful attempts, which shocked the world, were made to reduce these theories to action. This indicated clearly how deeply the evil was rooted. This was the result of deviating from the teachings of Christ. The holy father in a luminous manner reminded the world of the origin of authority and society, showing also that according to the principles of reason all authority comes from God and that there are mutual rights and obligations to be observed by rulers and subjects.

The most weighty and important question that confronts the age and which is a menace to the stability of the civil order is the ponderous struggle going on between capital and labor. The solution, that will harmonize all these conflicting interests, is to be found only in the great principles of Christian justice and Christian charity. One of the greatest works of Pope Leo is the wonderful encyclical on this subject which has attracted the consideration and admiration of all thinking men. The principles, so masterly evolved by him, are powerful means to safeguard the rights of every one—be he owner or laborer—and have given a strong impulse to various organizations directed to the relief of the moral and material condition of the working man.

In a like manner Leo XIII. has showed himself the loving father of all humanity. The soul of Leo is eminently religious; his aspirations are heavenly: all his efforts and energies are directed to the glory of God, the welfare of the church and the salvation of souls. Inspired by a most filial devotion towards the Blessed Virgin he has sedulously worked to spread, and to engraft and to instil more deeply into the minds and hearts of the faithful the love for the Mother of Jesus Christ. He seems to transfuse into his various acts all the treasures of sweetness of his noble heart.

He spared no time nor hard work to repress abuses, to eradicate vices, to advance religion and Christian works and to promote the happiness of mankind. His love and ardent charity embraces the world. Animated by the zeal of St. Paul he has constantly endeavored to propagate the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the peoples of all nations; and his especial efforts were directed to unite into one great body all the believers in our Lord Jesus Christ so that the words of our Lord would be fulfilled: "Fiet unum ovile et unus pastor." However, human strength alone is unable to accomplish such a high object. The grace of the Almighty is absolutely necessary. Therefore in another sublime encyclical whilst explaining the wonderful action of the Holy Ghost in the soul of man, he inculcates and incites the faithful fervently to pray to God in order that the Holy Ghost who "descendeth upon all and teacheth all truth" may illuminate the intellect and move

the will "donec occuramus omnes in unitatem fidei," "until we all meet in the unity of faith." How glorious would be the day when this admirable union would take place and when we could celebrate the return of the sheep to the one fold.

No one can remain indifferent before the marvelous spectacle of this great venerable pontiff who in his hoary age, full of life, and with youthful vigor leads the church of God through the most perilous storms to the harbor of safety, who sheds the light and solves the most vital questions of our age, who is revered by millions of Catholics and who is respected and admired by all mankind. No wonder then that the whole Catholic world rejoices and gives thanks to God that he, in his inscrutable wisdom has spared Leo XIII to the church for so many years.

The Catholics of this beloved Dominion of Canada, second to none in their filial attachment to the vicar of Christ, have united with their brethren, under the direction of the hierarchy, to offer to the Heavenly Father a solemn service of thanksgiving that he in his bounty may preserve for a long time to come with undiminished vigor of mind and body our holy father, Pope Leo XIII, for the greater advancement of our holy religion and the welfare of mankind.

*Donatus Archbishop of Episcopus*  
*Apr. 9th.*

The  
**University of Ottawa Review**

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**PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.**

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

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## Pope Leo.

**H**O have reigned as supreme head of the Catholic Church for a quarter of a century is a rare event, occurring as it does in the present Roman Pontiff the second time since the days of St. Peter. Leo XIII has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his assuming the highest duties that any mortal can be called upon to perform. Born March 2nd, 1810, the Pope has consequently completed his ninety-third year. Ordained priest in 1837, he was elevated to the episcopate in 1843 and became Cardinal in 1853. On the death of Pius IX who had reigned in the Vatican for 32 years, Cardinal Pecci was, after a short conclave, elected Pope on February 20th and crowned March 3rd, 1878. Thus at sixty-eight, an age when the faculties of most men have entered on their decline, the frail and sickly Leo XIII shouldered responsibilities which the nonagenarian discharges with extraordinary vigor of mind and body. The activity, the successes, the uninterrupted industry, the unbounded usefulness displayed by Leo,

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not only in safely guiding the barque of Peter through the manifold dangers threatening to shipwreck Church and State but in meeting the wants and solving all the problems of his time, place him to-day above his fellows without a peer. No wonder that the millions who acknowledge his spiritual scepter show the aged Pontiff the profoundest reverence and filial love when a universe cannot with justice withhold its grateful admiration and sympathy. Whilst the staunch opponent of wrong and error, whilst prompt and foremost in promoting what was true, right, good, noble and useful to civilization, Pope Leo, himself a prince of scholars, showed untiring zeal in the cause of letters and fine arts. One of his first acts was to constitute the works of the Angelical Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, as the text books for the Catholic student of Theology and Philosophy: in the interests of history he threw open the archives of the Vatican. The establishment of the Biblical commission, to consider exhaustively all the questions agitated about Holy Scripture, is still fresh in our minds. Our own Alma Mater is so fortunate as to be one of the many institutions for learning which owe their ecclesiastical character to Pope Leo. By a pontifical brief of February 5th, 1889, Ottawa College which already bore a civil university charter as far back as 1866 was elevated to the rank of a Catholic university with all the privileges of such a university. Our students are conscious of the distinction there is in this and felt it was an additional reason for them to join heartily in the expressions of homage towards the great and good ruler of the Roman See. On Sunday February 22nd, they took part in chanting the Te Deum prescribed after mass and in the thanksgivings offered to God in return for the many and precious blessings which give lustre to Pope Leo's reign. A full holiday was taken on Saturday February the 28th, in anticipation of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Leo's coronation the celebration of which on March 3rd, concludes a solemnity involving in close succession, birthday, election and crowning. It seems excessive to expect much more from the aged Pontiff, still his grateful spiritual children cannot refrain from praying God to bestow on him even greater length of days to bless a pontificate rich in great achievements.

## The March Issue.

The month of March brings in view St. Patrick's Day. Ireland's Patron Saint is honored within the University with a fervor perhaps unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The preparations for this event this year, have already long been under way. The banquet, so capable of itself to call up joyful anticipations, is further enhanced by the presence of eminent guests. Another feature which lends to the occasion an interest more than local, consists in a number of good speeches delivered by the ambitious young O'Connells, Emmets and Davises in our midst. The March Review which will be the St. Patrick's number will contain the best specimens of the day's oratory. The passionate and deep love which distinguishes Irishmen throughout the world finds natural and spontaneous utterance on St. Patrick's day. We understand that the toast committee has restricted the time allotted for each speaker to a rigidly defined limit. This has its advantages. The orators will be constrained to deliver their best, impressively without needless preamble or digression. The editorial and critical work of producing those speeches will also be more satisfactory. It is a matter of common experience that a speech which won rapturous applause looks badly when set up in cold type whilst many a discourse that met no favor at the time of its delivery, grew in popularity when published as an essay. Once more The Review will gladly publish the St. Patrick's Day speeches—after they have undergone the tests usual to literary compositions.

### Various.

We call our readers' attention to the beautiful tribute Mgr. Sbarretti pays Leo XIII.

The Hague Peace tribunal has its second case to try. The claims of the European powers against Venezuela have been referred to it for settlement.

Sir Thomas Lipton's new racer, Shamrock III will be launched on St. Patrick's Day.



Mr. John R. O'Connor, B. A., '92, Barrister, has accepted the chair of Commercial Law. A series of eight lectures bearing on business will be given by him. We congratulate the students whose good fortune it will be to listen to this able exponent of sound business principles.

Our readers will be grateful to T. P. Flos for his able and interesting contribution "Aubrey de Vere as an Epic Poet." Older students will recognize therein reflections based on those good old texts and masters of literature—Blair and Schlegel.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, once a prominent Irish leader and afterwards an active politician and Minister in the colony of Victoria, died Feb. 9th at Nice. He was the author of several books and some good verse.

The Pope, says a Reuter's telegram from Rome, has lately written a poem which is commented upon in literary circles. It is addressed to one of his friends to whom it gives affectionate advice as for the best means for attaining a long life.

A bronze statue of the Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, erected in Stutuary Hall at Washington was formally accepted by Congress both branches taking part in the exercises incident to the unveiling of the statue on Jan. 31. In a remarkable speech Senator Hoar of Massachussets said among other things: "Charles Carroll was a devoted Catholic. He belonged to that Church which preserved for mankind, learning, literature and law through the gloomy centuries known as the Dark Age.. Yet it is the only denomination against which anything of theological bitterness and bigotry seem to have survived amid the liberality of our enlightened day. Every few years we hear of secret societies and political parties organized with the sole view of excluding the members of a single Christian Church from their equal priveleges as American citizens. Yet, certainly, the men of the Catholic faith have never been behind their countrymen, either as patriots or citizens, or as patriot soldiers."

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## ROBERT EMMET.

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24th, Academic Hall was filled by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, the occasion marking the first effort of this year's Dramatic Club. To state that the play was successful is but expressing the general sentiment of the select gathering who attended. Not since the productions of "The Upstart" and "Richelieu" has such interest been centered in dramatics; and this interest was the real secret of success, for, considering the amount of time at their disposal—they had but three weeks in which to prepare—the students acquitted themselves nobly, and "Robert Emmet," without question, surpassed many of the attempts made by the Dramatic Club of other years. To the Director, Rev. J. Fulham, O.M.I. is due much praise. His ceaseless energy and thorough knowledge of the Irish character, his genial disposition and kindly encouragement produced that spirit in those taking part which nothing save triumph could satiate.

The power of *Critic* has not been delegated us and consequently we must analyze the play from the stand-point of mere observer, using the approval of the audience as the criterion of our judgment. The play, from the going-up of the curtain until the last sentence, "*My King is there,*" was uttered, held the audience deeply interested; it did more, for, as the plot began to unfold, interest gave way to pleasure, and,—Emmet's plight becoming worse—pleasure to pain, while the strains of the national anthem was the signal for all present to signify their approval of the whole play.

The opening scene found the peasantry singing in the chapel and their rendering of several hymns, merited deserved applause; the kitchen scene was responsible for much laughter, and the manner in which a quartet of peasants executed their clog-dance proved them ardent followers of Terpsichore; the trial scene, well, to say the trial scene was a fitting climax to so brilliant a performance is but doing simple justice. To bestow praise on any particular member of the cast is, perhaps, unwise, but, though all did well, some few are deserving of special mention. Mr. Nolan as Robert Emmet proved that

the confidence intrusted him was not misplaced; at all times was he master of the different situations, and, in the prison scene, as his sweet, melodious voice rendered "Come Back to Erin," not a few gave evidence of their emotion. But in the trial scene was Mr. Nolan at his best. The long speech of Emmet, was delivered in a manner that demonstrated true oratorical power. Mr. King as Darby O'Gaff was always pleasing. His witticisms were well received, while his knack of gettingt himself and friends out of all difficulties captivated the audience. Messrs. Diskin, Burke and Cox performed their parts admirably, giving evidence that their ability is not of the ordinary.

The cast of characters follows :

Robert Emmet (the Irish Patriot).....	G. I. Nolan
Darby O'Gaff (a sprig of the Emerald Isle) .....	J. P. King
O'Leary.....	P. Diskin
Dowdall (friend to Emmet).....	H. J. McDonald
Kernan (a traitor).....	H. A. Callaghan
Emmet Senior (Robert's father).....	J. C. Burke
Sergeant Topfall.....	J. J. Cox
Corporal Thomas.....	W. Kennedy
Lord Norbury } .....	W. Collins
Baron Daly } Judges.....	H. Murtagh
Baron George } .....	P. McHugh
Connor (Jailer).....	F. Johnston
Mike O'Dougherty.....	J. J. Hurley

Peasants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet, Constables, Jury.

Orchestra under direction of Pros. Graziadei.

## BOOK REVIEW.

As Father Tyrrell S. J. is daily becoming more important as a religious writer, an acquaintance with him is to be desired. His first book, *Nova et Vetera: Informal Meditations*, will serve as an introduction.

Father Tyrrell "believes if the intellect needs the control of faith, faith is perfected and served by the intellect. Therefore let no man

sunder what God has joined together." That is, his meditations are explanations. "Their aim is to give a new edge to truths and truisms blunted by use. Doubtless it contains little or nothing that has not been said before and said better; yet in many cases the truths are said in the writer's own way, and so far he can claim to bring forth from the treasury old things and new—old, because truth is eternal; new, because its expression is infinitely variable. . . . A new gospel is not worth listening to; while to say old things in old words is tiresome." (From the Preface).

Each meditation is so packed with thought that a less condensed style could not cover the matter in less than half a dozen books. Even to those who like ourselves, are unfortunately not very partial to purely religious books, Father Tyrrell will prove as interesting as instructive.

When one has become accustomed to the simplicity of *Nova et Vetera*, a simplicity resembling that of the *Imitation*, *Hard sayings* comes as a change. The reader who has never studied *Morals* will have to gather everything he knows about these subjects, if he is to understand and appreciate this exposition of fundamental Catholic doctrines. If a mere tyro in philosophy might venture an opinion, we would say the book appeals most to those who have studied the dry scholastic formulas, and who wish vivid descriptions of the truths which the logician partly reveals and partly conceals.

In *Faith for the Millions* (First and Second Series) Father Tyrrell writes as a religious apologist and critic. For the ordinary reader these are perhaps the most interesting of his books. The Catholic apologist of the twentieth century must, as he says, first know the Catholic doctrines, know not only the dead formulas but feel the living truth; he must also know the doctrines of the modern non-Catholics; he must express the Catholic doctrines in phraseology which the moderns will understand; he must prove the Catholic doctrines from principles the moderns admit; and finally he must be sympathetic, and not anger his readers, as the sledgehammer controversialist does. Father Tyrrell himself meets all these requirements.

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Let us sum up the short and sketchy criticism with the dictum of a celebrated Catholic review: The mantle of Newman has fallen on Tyrrell.

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The recent death of Lord Acton calls to mind the Catholic school of history of which he was leader. W. S. Lilly, one of Acton's assistants in his great work on the Renaissance, describes in a book of his own called "Renaissance Types" this school of history. We gave a synopsis.

There are two schools of history, those who consider it as literature—a story; and those who consider it as science—a lesson. All sorts of variations between the two, seek the happy *via media*. Of the science of history there are also two schools: one considers scientific necessity, whether viewed through Christian or infidel glasses, the great principle—heroes are mere puppets; the other believes that the history of man is the history of great men, is a series of biographies. This difference had really its origin in the controversy about freewill and determinism. Again the *via media* is the true one. Great men are of their age. They would not be great men else. But they are not wholly fashioned by the circumstances of hereditary temperament, and environment. On the contrary their greatness lies largely in this, that they are not. Man belongs not only to the kingdom of necessity, that is the kingdom of nature, but also to the kingdom of liberty, where dwell preternatural forces, reason and freewill. The really great heroes, the heroes of conscience, are, as Newman says, "ordained to be the salt of the earth, and to continue the succession of His witnesses"—no little role to play in history.

Another motto of this school is to state truth, however unflattering and unpleasant it may be. As Pope Leo XIII says: "The first law of history is to dread uttering falsehood; the next not to fear stating the truth." Although this was the motto of all our great historians, their religious and philosophical bias, prevented them from

doing justice to it. Since it is so easy to juggle facts, it is very necessary that the historian should have the true principles as well as sound erudition. These two, so completely had by Lord Acton, are now the possession of many of his followers. They have a noble mission; may they succeed.

J. J. O'G. '04.

*English Exercises*—Imitation and Analysis, by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., (Allyn and Bacon, Boston), apply in English Composition the basic laws of progress in any art whatever. The awkward efforts of the creeping child straining to walk like its elders are familiar; how, with renewed purpose and the help of a chair or similar support, the inborn faculty is speedily and admirably evolved. The direct simple style and the happy choice of topics in Washington Irving's Sketch Book, so winning for all readers, are depended upon by the author of this little manual to stir in the literary tot the ambition to write well. What is it that generally nips ambition of this kind? A scant phraseology and confusion of ideas. With the "Exercises" in hand the toiling apprentice quickly appropriates the simple devices by which skilled writers impart charm in endless variations of that one element—the sentence, periodic or loose.

A second drawback for young writers is lack of ideas, or better, lack of conception and understanding. It is a tendency too common to launch forth blindly in the confident expectation that "something may turn up." Analysis, however, is the secret of success. If the student neglects to decompose or separate his subject into its component parts, can he possibly do anything but wander around and away from it. But when he studies, root and branch, the matter he selects for treatment, his pen fairly drips with the surcharged secretion of thought. Here, as elsewhere throughout the book, "English Exercises" is a valuable guide. Comparatively short time and study are required to master the methods set forth: the learner will know "how to write and what to write."

Moore's *Horace's Odes, Epodes and Carmen Saeculare* (American Book Co., New York) presents Horace's lyrical poems with special attention to the needs of freshmen and sophomores. The introduction treats of the poet's life writings, of the metres employed. The commentary gives such assistance in the interpretation as will help students to an appreciation of Horace's art and charm. Maps afford the necessary geographical information.

### Books Received

Love Crucified and other sacred verses, by Francis W. Grey. A Royal Son and Mother, by the Baroness Pauline Von Hügel (Ave Maria Press). Among the People of British Columbia, by Frances E. Herring (T. Fisher Unwin, London). Reminiscences of the late Thomas Nevins, by the Rev. John McLaughlin (Burns & Oates, London). The Talisman, and, The Pilkington Heir by Anna T. Sadlier (Benziger Bros).

### Exchanges

The January number of the *Catholic University Bulletin* contains a number of articles of universal interest to the general reader. The Rev. Cornelius Holland contributes a very thoughtful essay on "The Old English Chantry." We rejoice that the obscurity, which has for years surrounded the Chantry, is being gradually removed; thanks to the labors of a number of unbiased and disinterested men, who are willing to make an impartial study of the ancient order of things in the Catholic church, and to give to the public the results of their observations. It is too bad that the Chantry system is not better known. We scarcely credit the tales which we occasionally hear of the chantries being a great factor in the mediaeval system of relieving the poor; we do not understand the fact that the chantry system had an immense influence on the growth and development of English education. Why is this so? Simply because we have not thought enough about the work done by the chantries. Study and observation of the facts however convince us of the great work done by these institutions, especi-

ally in the matter of education; for while the monasteries were frequented principally by the rich, the chantry schools provided education for the middle and lower classes. Moreover they were free schools, "In them the 'ignoble and degenerate offspring' of the humblest peasant was enabled without expense to acquire that preparatory training necessary to fit him for the University." At the time of the confiscation of these houses of learning and religion, in the reign of the youthful Edward VI, many of them were supporting grammar schools, in which a training, by no means elementary, was given to the poor of the land. The most lasting result of the destruction of the chantries was "the deep and lasting wound inflicted on English society." The very basis of a system of secondary education was swept away; and England, up to the present time, has not been able to cure the "wound" thus inflicted. We recommend Fr. Holland's essay to the perusal of every one interested in the English educational question, as well as to the student of religion and sociology.

The *Acta Victoriana* is just as interesting as ever. "The Briar Rose," a poem written by Miss H. S. Albarus, is full of beauty and charm. It is the story of a maiden—the fairest flower in the hall,—who is "doomed to grief and harm" as a result of a spell cast o'er her by the fairies:

"Thou shalt grow in health and beauty,  
Till the fated hour appears;  
Then a magic sleep shall bind thee;  
Thou shalt sleep a hundred years!"

The maiden falls asleep, and the parents are informed that nothing but love will break the fatal charm. Soon, "the fatal slumber casts its spell o'er king and queen," and one by one the courtiers, the minstrel, and the ladies grow weary. Everything about the castle is silence itself. At last the century is over. A "gallant hunter" makes his way to the castle. He finds the king seated on his throne, his consort by his side; the courtiers circled around; but "all like statues carved in stone," the centre of the picture is a maid of rosy light. The knight at last "wakes the sleeping beauty



with an ardent lover's kiss." Soon all awake and rejoice that the evil charm is broken, 'for the Prince has found his bride.' This poem has been awarded first place in the *Acta's* recent poem contests. The botanist will find much to interest him, in a very thorough and well-written essay on "Poisonous and Edible Mushrooms," by Mr. R. Q. Anderson. Miss Joliffe contributes a very graphic description of the life and trials of James Whistler, the painter, who has succeeded in earning for himself a lasting place in the hall of fame.

*St. Joseph's Collegian* for February provides its readers with some good food for thought. A character sketch of 'Cordelia'; "The Dream of Gerontius"; "Italy's Laureate," and other essays; two very well-written poems, — "Snow-Flakes" and "The Father of Our Country," — well-written editorials, &c. all contribute to make the "Collegian" one of the best College journals which it is our pleasure to peruse. St. Joseph's may be proud of her representative.

H. J. M. '04.

## Obituary.

The Review mourns the sad loss of one from our midst. The unexpected death of Mr. Bernard McLaughlin caused us all deep pain and sincere regret.

Mr. McLaughlin was nineteen years of age. Three months before his death he left his native home in Ireland, and came to dwell with relatives in Scranton, Penna. He was with us only a few days, yet his ability as a student coupled to his amiability of disposition won for him the esteem and friendship of his professors and fellow students. Though his death was sudden and unexpected, it is a consolation to know, that cheered and strengthened by the last sacrament of the Church, he left the world in peace. The Review offers its tenderest sympathies to his bereaved relatives and friends. Requiescat in pace.

## HOCKEY.

It is to be regretted that the schedules formed immediately after the Christmas holidays, have not been carried out. True, the rink has not always been in the most perfect condition. The snowfalls during the first part of February were certainly sufficient to put a damper on anyone's hockey enthusiasm, but there seems no reason whatever why the series should not have been continued as soon as the rink was again cleared of snow. So far but two games have been played in the senior series and both have been won by Capt. Brennan's seven by a goodly majority of goals. Considering this with the uncertainty of further good ice, Capt. Brennan's team is likely to have the championship by default.

Tuesday, February 17th, being University Day, the philosophers and lay professors crossed sticks on the senior rink to decide the championship and superior ability of these factions to successfully chase the rubber. At eleven o'clock the puck was faced, and immediately the battle was on with the usual din and noise that accompanies all interesting games. Before it could be realized, Ebbs of the philosophers registered the first goal for his side. During the remainder of the half the play was by no means as one sided as the score of 6—2 would indicate. A few minutes before the gong sounded for half time the contestants had to leave the ice to spread their pedal extremities over the furnace registers in the recreation hall.

In the second half the play was mostly one sided as the professors were kept on the defensive about eighty per cent of the time. The students of St. Thomas added six more goals to their already large score while the professors succeeded in putting the puck into the net four times making the final score Philosophers 12, Professors 6.

Mr. J. J. Macdonell performed the arduous task of referee in a manner satisfactory to both players and spectators.

The players and officials were as follows :

Philosophers—Collins, Bro. Veronneau, Meagher, Bro. Stanton, Ebbs, Halligan, McDonald, (Capt.)

Professors—Day, Macdonald, Nagle, Keeley, McMillan, Casey, Nolan, (Capt.)

Referee—J. J. Macdonell.

Wednesday afternoon, 18th inst. the Drumtochty hockey club composed of the clan McDonald met and defeated the "Wessenschaftslehre" seven better known as the Soutanes under the captaincy of Bro. Michael Murphy. The game was fast and proved to be one of the most interesting played on the senior rink this season. During the first half the honors were evenly divided the score standing 1-1. In the second part of the game the Scotchmen showed their superiority and by means of the good work of J. Macdonell and J. McDonald the final score read 5-2 in favor of the representatives of the land of the thistle.

The line of the victors was as follows :

O. McDonald H. McDonald, A. McDonald, J. J. Macdonell  
J. McDonald, H. Macdonald, J. B. Macdonald (Capt.)

## Locals.

The Scientific Society listened to three most interesting lectures during the month of February. Mr. J. E. Burke read a carefully prepared paper on "Reptiles," the lecture accompanied by views made by Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, Director. "Hydraulics" was the subject of Mr. J. O. Dowd's paper which proved very instructive. He performed some very interesting and successful experiments illustrating the value and power of water as an agent of force. On the 29th inst. Mr. J. Hurley treated the society to a lecture on "Foods". The lecturer showed a thorough acquaintance with his subject and gave some very salutary advice regarding the choice and proper use of food.

The work of the Debating Society was very commendable this month. Mr. H. J. MacDonald read a most carefully prepared paper on "The English Education Bill," which was afterwards discussed by the houses and many availed themselves of the opportunity to speak or to ask questions, which were cheerfully answered by the lecturer in a very clear and comprehensive manner.

The paper as read may be found on another page of this issue.

The MacDonalds played a fast game of hockey with 'Scholastics' this month, which resulted in a victory for the Clan from Drumtochty.

The Scotchmen have a strong aggregation and are ready to meet all "comers"

The traditional hockey match between the Lay Profs. and Philosophers was played on the 17th inst. and the heretofore 'invincibles' went down to defeat at the hands of the best company of hockey players, the Philosophers have ever had together. The stake, being a banquet, all feasted on the following Thursday night. Keen appetites, caused by a fast of eight hours and good, jovial fellowship were the orders of the evening. Mr. Nolan, as Captain of the losing team presided and the speeches of the different members of the teams were gems of oratory and raillery. After the "feed", all adjourned to the recreation hall, and although we had no "Ricky" with a 'pick' nor 'Bob' and Jimmy with the gloves, yet Cox and Carey, took the cake, and speeches and songs—Rip Van Winkle—were the orders of the *Day*. Someone re-Marked that the lights were going out, but *Day* being still with us, all joined hands, sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the third annual banquet was put down as one of the pleasantest events of the year.

Mac. says he played "Point" before *day* and consequently could'nt see the puck.

Robert Emmet 'the best play since Richelieu' was the verdict of all.

Sergt. Topfall was very natural in every scene.

Jack and Joe are two clever comedians.

"Cap." was right at home as Norbury.

Father Fulham is a capable director and the success of the play is due to his untiring efforts.

Messrs. Filiatreault and Collin, assisted by Messrs. Dooner and Dowd handled the stage in a most capable manner.

His Excellency, Mgr. Sharretti and His Grace Archbishop Duhamel expressed themselves as very highly pleased with the performance of the students.

E. L. D. '03.

## Junior Department.

We take occasion to congratulate the members of the J. A. A. for the noble manner in which they have responded to the call to clear the rink of its almost daily load of snow. But it is a cause of much regret for us, not to be able to make the same commendable remark about the members of Seniordom.—but then justice is justice.

The hockey season of 1903 has come to a most delightful close, and the championship of the small yard has been played for and won by master Gamache's team. It is rather pleasing to note that—(though they had the strongest of the four teams)—they went through the season without a defeat. We congratulate Capt. Gamache and the following members of the septet: Labrosse, Berlinquette, R. Valequette, Latourneau, Joron, and St. George.

The battle was a fierce one, but "Old Jack Frost" was slowly weakening. He rallied repeatedly, but finally was forced to succumb to the oft renewed assaults of our warm friend "Sol". Fair Spring with her beaming smile is now swiftly approaching and will soon be hard at work repairing the damages caused by "Old Jack." In her onward march she will imprint on the countenances of the small boys, the ruddy stamp of renewed life and vigour. But before her arrival is announced, the Junior Basket ball League will have played its series of games for the small yard trophy. The teams are fighting desperately

for supremacy, and we would fain attempt to pick the winners. The Captains are, Bzstien, Byrnes, Gamache, and Mondor.

A comedy entitled "Our Boys as We See Them," will be presented before the footlights of Kiddom by the members of the Junior Dramatic Association.

The following is the cast of characters :

A funny old man.....	O. Gibeault
His son—an extinguished hockey player.....	J. Walsh
Thumb Bulf—a great worker.....	Our "Tam"
Mic & Mac—two friends.....	Breen & A. Fleming
Jumping Jack.....	M. Laurier
Billy Bounce.....	W. O'Brian
A Heavy Villain.....	Ouellette
Two would-be sports.....	N. Fleming & Chartrand
A much abused person.....	The Junior Editor
Soldiers, peasants, etc .....	"De Gang"

A number of invitations have already been sent to the actors' friends. All others wishing to be present will have to get a "pull."

Anyone answering, satisfactorily, the following questions will receive a costly prize from the Ottawa University Review. All answers must be addressed to the Junior Editor.

1. Why is an elephant like a brick?
2. What did the Junior Hockey team do to the seniors?
3. Who's got a pull on Simard?
4. How long would it take Fred to *comb Lanctot*?
5. What does Galip—owe?
6. Who is it that expectorates on the stairs? (This may apply to a senior.)
7. Who turns around the most in the chapel?
8. Who cut Vallillee's hair?
9. Why is Johnny Lazy?

10. Who is the biggest bully in the small yard?

11. Who is the Junior Editor?

Boy who is eager for commencement day—"Will February March?"  
Simple Simon;—"No, but April May."

Fin :—How does the theory of perpetual motion resemble the tramp.

Dreesk.—Both are always moving.

Fin (disgustedly) Naw! wrong. Why because you can't git either of them to work.

A little tack upon a chair  
The sharp end pointed heavenwards,  
A little boy sat down upon, and oh,—  
You know the afterwards.

The above was accompanied by a note, which read;

Dear Junior Editor :—

You are allus puttin stuff in de Review about me, and I just thought I'd put somethin in about a fellow I know. Would you advise me to write poetry?

V. M.

N. B.—Not wishing to discourage this first bud of spring, we refrain from answering.

J. Ed.