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Kindly Patronize Our Advertisers.

# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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## The Civilization of the 13th Century.

(Continued.)

**A**RCHITECTURE is the most comprehensive of the arts, requiring the co-operation of sculpture, painting, and the decorative arts generally. Since, therefore, it includes the work of such a variety of artists and craftsmen, it may safely be taken as an index of the condition of the people. Now the Thirteenth Century is the great age of architecture. The pointed style of architecture, which is commonly, but improperly, known as Gothic, had its rise and highest development in that century. When we consider, even in picture, the grandeur of outline and exquisite grace of design of those glorious temples of Amiens, Chartres, Salisbury and Westminster, what must we think of the devotion and genius of those who planned and built them, and of the teaching that could inspire such devotion and genius? These temples, which, as Newman says, "possess a beauty which we shall never see surpassed till we attain to the celestial city," represent the triumphant spirit of Catholicism. They are the incontestable witnesses of the brilliancy of the Thirteenth Century civilization. We could not build these fanes to-day, for, as Fr. Sheehan says, "we toil in the workshops of Mammon; and neither *fames*, nor fame, can give the inspiration of that mother of art called faith."

James Russell Lowell, in his poem, the "Cathedral," in describ-

ing the cathedral of Chartres, gives us a master picture of all the Gothic temples:

It rose before me patiently remote  
 From the great tides of life it breasted once,  
 Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.  
 I stood before the triple Northern Port,  
 Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,  
 Stern faces bleared with immortal watch,  
 Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,  
 Ye come and go incessant; we remain  
 Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;  
 Be reverent ye who flit and are forgot,  
 Of faith so nobly realized as this.

The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,  
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,  
 The one thing finished in this hasty world,  
 Forever finished.  
 But ah, this other, this that never ends,  
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,  
 As full of mortals half-divined as life,  
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise  
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please,  
 Heavy as night-mare, airy light as fern,  
 Imagination's very self in stone!  
 With one long sigh of infinite relief  
 From pedantries past, present or to come,  
 I looked and owned myself a happy Goth.

And they could build, if not the columned fane  
 That from the height looked seaward many-hued,  
 Something more friendly to their ruder skies;  
 The gray spire molten now in driving mist,  
 Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;  
 The carvings touched the meanings new with snow  
 Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;  
 The statues motley as man's memory,  
 Partial as that, so mixed of true and false,  
 History and legend meeting with a kiss  
 Across the bound-mark where their realms confine:  
 The painted windows freaking gloom with glow,  
 Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,

Meet symbol of the senses and the soul,  
And the whole pile grim with the Northman's thought  
Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee.—  
These were before me and I gazed abashed,  
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,  
Plastering our swallow nests on the awful past,  
And twittering round the work of larger men,  
As we had builded what we but deface.

Italian painting, which grew into such a long roll of famous masters, took its rise in the Thirteenth Century with Ciambue and his pupil Giotto, who is said to equal Raphael in creative genius. Da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Angelico, and Michael Angelo, while not appearing until a century or two later, may in a sense be considered products of the Thirteenth Century, inasmuch as their work was largely inspired by its sentiments.

The political, social, and economic condition of Europe in the Thirteenth Century was immeasurably in advance of that of any previous period, and, in fact, was not in any equalled until the advent of the Nineteenth Century. Its intellectual life is comparable to that of any of the great eras of enlightenment. But in the essential element of civilization, the moral element, what time can compare with the Thirteenth Century?

It would be sufficient commentary on the moral condition of the people of Western Europe in the Thirteenth Century, to say that all the great men of that time were saints, and all the saints great men. I am not seduced by my admiration for those times into thinking that Europe was then enjoying a long reign of sinless blessedness. No, the old Adam was then rank in men, as it has been since the sin in Eden. But what can be said is, that there has been no other period since time began when the supernatural held such sway over the minds and hearts of men. Religion then was not separated from morality. Deeds were the expression of creed. Religion was the supreme affair. The world beyond the grave was an ever-present reality. Men held most intimate commerce with it. Faith, the time spirit of the age, co-ordinated all their energies in every field of activity and gave a definite motive to their life and institutions. Saints were the heroes of those times. The saints engrossed all the popular attention. Men in all the walks of life—kings and peasants, poets and tradesmen, architects and monks,—were all alike urged to action and guided in their conduct by the spirit of faith, a spirit which they tried, as men at no other time tried, to externalize in their lives and work.

The Mediaeval world suffered, no doubt, a great many evils, but they were mostly physical and material. With us it is chiefly the soul and the conscience that are harassed.

It has been wisely said that in everything there is an inexhaustible meaning, but we see in it only what we bring means of seeing. This is strikingly true when there is question of the Mediaeval world. We see in it what we bring means of seeing. If our souls have been blotted out by religious questionings, and faith is to us but a delusion and an absurdity, then surely shall we see but little of the true Middle Age.

To catch the full meaning of those truly admirable times, one must look at them through eyes of faith. This is what most historians have failed to do.

Matthew Arnold tells us that there are two forces that divide between them the empire of the world—Hellenism and Hebraism. Hellenism, the spirit of ancient Greece, the desire to see things as they are; Hebraism, the spirit of Judea, the love and pursuit of righteousness. When were these two forces so beautifully balanced as in the Thirteenth Century? "The grace stored up in Jerusalem and the gifts which radiate from Athens," says Cardinal Newman, "are made over and concentrated in Rome." And from Rome they were now spread over Europe.

The Thirteenth Century saw the greatest religious revival and reformation of men and morals since the days when the Master taught in Judea—a revival based on Hellenism and Hebraism; an honest striving to make reason and the will of God prevail.

This revival was effected by those two illustrious orders of Mendicant Friars, the Dominicans and the Franciscans, founded early in the Thirteenth Century by St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi. A sketch of the Thirteenth Century would be incomplete without a word on these two glorious men. Widely as they differed in character and temperament,—Dominic being a man of fiery ardor and rigid orthodoxy, and Francis of tender mystical piety and imaginative enthusiasm,—yet they were closely drawn to each other by a common aim in life. The temper of the one seemed to be the necessary complement to that of the other. Both were actuated by a common purpose to convert the heathen, to extirpate heresy, to reconcile knowledge with faith, and to preach the gospel to the poor.

Montalambert tells a very pretty story of the commencement of their friendship. St. Dominic had a dream in which he saw Christ preparing to strike the guilty world; but Mary interfered, and in order to appease her son, presented to him Dominic and another person unknown to him. The next day, going into one of the churches

of Rome, Dominic saw a man in tattered garments whom he recognized as the companion that had been given him by the Mother of the Redeemer. He instantly threw himself into the arms of this man in tattered garments, saying, "Thou art my brother, and dost run the same course with me; let us work together, and no man can prevail against us." The man in tattered garments was St. Francis. From that moment they had but one heart and one soul.

Associated in holy friendship on earth, so Dante speaks of them together in his *Paradiso*,—

One seraphic all,  
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,  
The other splendor of cherubic light.

Within a few years thousands of brethren gathered round Francis and Dominic. And the begging Friars, clad in their coarse frock of serge, with a girdle of rope about their waist, wandered barefoot as missionaries over Europe and Asia, toiled and preached among the poor, and lectured in the universities.

The universities soon came largely under their dominance,—the Dominicans gaining the controlling influence at Paris, and the Franciscans at Oxford. In the ranks of the Dominicans and Franciscans are to be found the master-minds of the time. Among the sons of St. Dominic, just to mention a few, were Albertus Magnus, the second Aristotle; his pupil, the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, the most commanding figure in all mediæval thought, the equal of Aristotle himself, of whom Huxley, the English father of Agnosticism said, as he looked at his statue on the Pincian Hill at Rome, "it would seem that his premises came from his heart and his conclusions from his head." In these very words, Huxley unconsciously characterized the system of philosophy called Scholasticism, of which St. Thomas is the chief—a system whose premises come from the heart and the conclusions from the head, a system born of the harmony of faith and reason, as the philosophy of later days has sprung from the revolt of reason against faith.

Among the children of St. Francis, we find the subtle doctor, Duns Scotus; the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventurè; and the wonderful doctor, the Englishman, Roger Bacon, the father of inductive science, of whom Andrew D. White finds it possible to say, that the advance of sound historical judgment will bring him to an equal height of fame with that of his illustrious namesake of later days, Lord Francis Bacon. Most of the great ones of the time, including the great Dante himself, found it consoling to die in the humble habit of the Third Order of St. Francis.

St. Francis and St. Dominic, as has been remarked, enjoyed a beautiful friendship on earth, a friendship that furnished a theme for much of the art and poetry of the older days. Some erratic religious enthusiasts of our time, however, have undertaken to change all that by setting up these two saints as types of opposing principles of religion. The cult of St. Francis has become fashionable in certain cultured circles. There is, in fact, an International Society of Franciscan Studies. This is something to be commended. The gentle mystic of Assisi is worthy of all the veneration that can be shown him, and the example of a life such as his, is, indeed, much needed by our men of to-day. But, unfortunately, the St. Francis portrayed by these Franciscan devotees is little more than a travesty.

The pamphleteers and lecturers on Franciscan subjects have, for the most part, imbibed their erroneous notions of the seraphic saint from Paul Sabatier's biography of St. Francis. Sabatier, though, no doubt, a sincere and devout admirer of the saint, uses his life to bolster up the theory of a time-long conflict between priest and prophet — a theory closely related to the recently condemned "Modernism." The prophet, of course, is taken as the type of the personally inspired, who is a religion unto himself. The priest is the type of orthodoxy, the obedient member of an organized church. By Sabatier and those who have been influenced by his doctrine, St. Francis is taken as one of the most notable examples of the prophet, standing above pope and council, and getting his religion by direct communication from the Almighty. St. Dominic, of course, is made to represent the priest, who gets his religion from the organized church. It would be going beyond the limits of this paper to undertake to show the fallacy of the theory of conflict between prophet and priest. But that St. Francis should be represented as a type of unorthodoxy and a protestant of the most liberal stripe, shows that his life has been lamentably misinterpreted by his pretended disciples. In their efforts to create a popularity for him, they have made him, as Fr. Robinson says, an absurdity and a chimera, a sort of "canonized paradox."

No one outside the Catholic Church, unfamiliar with its teaching and out of sympathy with its spirit, can properly understand St. Francis, much less portray him. A beautiful poetry clusters about the incidents of his life. But the namby-pamby talk of literary dilettanti about his love for nature and the birds and beasts of the field, gives one the impression that he was little more than a pantheist. St. Francis' love for the creatures of the earth is, indeed,



beautiful and inspiring, when we understand that he loved them only inasmuch as they are the reminders of God's love and providence.

The sincerest and most genuine devotion to the seraphic Saint, whose poetic espousal of the Lady Poverty is so divinely sung by Dante, would be found not in babbling eternally about his love for nature, but in praying for some of his ardent faith and charity, imitating the singular sweetness and simplicity of his life, and living in docility to the Church which raised his name to the sainthood. But it is greatly to be feared that with their sneaking desire for a fair measure of creature comforts, this is just what the literary devotees of Franciscanism would find quite uncongenial.

The whole moral life of the Thirteenth Century is summarized in the story of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Louis,—the types of its spiritual energies. St. Francis, the type of mystic piety and evangelical simplicity; St. Dominic, the type of enlightened faith and zeal for the Church; St. Louis, the type of justice and the spirit of Christian chivalry. And the spirit of these three men found its expression in every department of life of this period, in the affairs of state and war, in the intellectual activities of the University, and in the glorious creations of literature, art and architecture. All of these manifestations of the united unquestioned faith that was the unifying principle and time spirit of the age.

Such is a feeble and very imperfect sketch of that truly brilliant, harmonious, and symmetrical civilization of the Thirteenth Century, a civilization that found its ideal of a God-governed people in St. Augustine's City of God, and which has its unfading portrait in Dante's Divine Comedy.

Just a word in conclusion. If I look back with admiration to the Thirteenth Century, it is not that I am reactionary, that I would wish to return to the manner of life of those times. No, not that. But it is that I would like to see our civilization impregnated with the spirit of faith and common brotherhood in God, the principle that gave unity and balance and symmetry and true greatness to that era.

The streams of all the beneficent forces created in times gone by, meet in us of this generation. We have, indeed, the potent elements of a well-nigh perfect civilization. But even the most blinded admirer of our times must see that these elements exist in a state of chaos and confusion, that there is a woful lack of the unity, balance, and harmony that characterized the Thirteenth Century. We are running well, but we don't know exactly whither we are running. We seem to act without method or union, without a fixed moral guidance, without a definite social purpose; led on as though

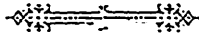
we were the blind creatures of a so-called cosmic process. We lack a motive of life for which our hands and brains and hearts should work in unison.

Says Fra Lippo Lippi in Browning's poem,—

This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

The men of the Thirteenth Century did find the meaning of this world. They found the motive of life that gave unity and harmony to all their energies of soul, mind, and body. They found it through the medium of a common belief. We, too, shall find the true meaning of life and realize a coherent, harmonious, and perfect civilization, when we shall come to have, as they had, an unquestioned, united faith in the one God that made us all.

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '08.



### SOME DON'TS.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great electrical inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his father. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right nor Christian.

Don't be a sorehead; take your knock and be glad you did not get a worse one.

## L'EGLISE DES SAINTS.



WE all can remember some moments when we have seemed overwhelmingly conscious of beauty. In my own mind, it has become indissolubly connected with a certain evening last fall, when I knelt in a dark corner of "L'Eglise des Saints," listening to the organ.

The dim light changed the cold gray marble to a living brown, and darkened the mosaics into an uneven surface, each perfect piece seeming to have shrunk and shrivelled like an autumn leaf.

Farther, in the darker corners, new details gathered into the general interchanging of column with column, and vault with vault; yet each stood out clear in a singular completeness of effect.

The mosaics darkened the marble, and the long shadows of the pillars intermingled with the gold and white of the single altar. Above the altar hung the only painting the church contained,—the "Last Supper." Around the walls stood "The Way of the Cross," carved in marble, the life work of a noble Italian master.

In the rear the organ was but dimly visible, while one star of light burned in the chancel, glowing on the four massive bronze pillars, the corners of the altar. Over the arches joining diagonally the tops of these pillars, was spread a cloth of silver interwoven with gold, which stole the colors from the stained glass windows, each shadow changing with the changing light.

The pulpit stood perhaps a dozen paces up the left aisle — a low, wide pulpit, polished until the remotest corners of the church were reflected in its burnished surfaces.

But the whole conveyed to the soul something deeper than the realization of mere beauty, for in the very curves and vaultings, in the balance of lines and forces, was the dominating suggestion of a life of "being, becoming—becoming, being," and a mind "idealizing, realizing—realizing idealizing."

Outside, the general impression of peace was well maintained. The gray stone walls were overhung with creepers, and the gold and yellow of the setting sun were mingled with the scarlet and the purple of the autumn leaves.

Soon one last ray of glorious color was diffused among the "Northern Lights," then slowly faded into gathering darkness as the last peal of the Angelus was echoed across the hills.

## Pro Passione Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.

---

(Fer. III post Dom Sexages.)

An English rendering of the Hymn at Matins, by Francis W.  
Grey, Litt. D.

See! where your God, upon the Tree accurséd,  
Hangs, while the Blood that He hath shed, bedews Him;  
See, in His gentle Hands and Feet, how deep the  
Sharp nails are driven.

There, in the midst of thieves, behold he hangeth,  
As were He, sinless, ministrant of evil;  
Dire was the will of those who wrought upon him,—  
Those of His people.

Pale His Face groweth, and His Head, so weary,  
Droops, while His Eyes close, and the world's Redeemer  
Breathes, through His sacred Lips, His blessed Spirit,  
Laden with merits.

Heart! thou art harder than the hardest iron,  
If this crime touch thee not, oh heart! remember,  
It was thy sin that nailed Him thus; thine only,  
Cause of His dying!

Praise be to God, throughout unending ages,  
Who, in His mercy to His fallen creatures,  
Washed, in the precious Blood of our Redeemer,  
All our offences.

## PROGRESS OF JAPAN.



THE Empire of Japan has now been in existence for 2,000 years or more, and, during all these centuries, not a single break has occurred in the line of Emperors. They have all been of the one family, and have ever been held sacred and inviolable. This remarkable fact is due, no doubt, to the national valor of the people, who repelled every attack upon their shores. They were closed in from the outside world, like a tortoise in his shell, and thus were enabled to preserve their peculiar customs from generation to generation. Like the Chinese in some respects, they possessed greater vigour and displayed more activity. No Mongols and no Tartars were powerful or aggressive enough to tear down the barriers of exclusion and to disturb the unbroken and unprecedented succession of Emperors.

In ancient times, there was no distinction between civil and military life. The whole people formed one huge army; militarism reigned supreme. To die in the name of patriotism was held the noblest of noble deeds. The Emperor, according to general belief, controlled the destinies of all his subjects, and so there could be nothing but everlasting glory in laying down life for him.

The adoption of Chinese ideas during the Middle Ages had the effect of creating a division of power. A line was drawn between the two spheres of arms and politics; but it proved a very vague one, and the warrior classes soon regained supremacy. At this stage there became evident a tendency to distribute authority. Feudalism, gradually made its way into the land. The Emperor rented the soil to the daimyos or seigneurs, and these, in turn, to the tenants. The system that prevailed was very much the same as obtained in other countries, but the Emperor retained the title of all property as a heritage handed down to him by his predecessors. Shoguns or governors ruled in the provinces, and they, as a body, formed the real power of the state. The Shogunate held the sovereignty of the country for seven centuries. In 1867 it surrendered its authority to the Emperor, and the old régime was resumed after a lapse of hundreds of years. The Restoration marked a turning point in the history of Japan from narrower to broader lines of policy and from lower to higher ideals of life.

As soon as the Emperor was returned to power, he began to exert a very progressive influence upon the government of the Em-

pire. Assemblies were convoked to ascertain the people's views on live questions of the day, and to bring about a general harmony between the head and members of the state. A hearty response was given to this generous call, and before long a system of self-government was established in towns, cities and provinces. Indeed by 1889, Japan had a constitution of her own and was flourishing as a Constitutional Monarchy. She seems to have been peculiarly adapted to receive western civilization. She had developed certain characteristics that gave her the capacity to absorb new ideas and the aptitude to put them to the greatest possible advantage. She had not passed from barbarism to civilization in a day, but had, by a series of evolutions, advanced in power and knowledge.

The war with China in 1894-5 awakened Japan to a sense of her possibilities. It also determined her relative position among the powers and revealed her true friends. Russia, from all appearances, was to be her great rival, and Britain her close ally. The interests of the Japanese seemed to coincide with those of the British, and their common cause gave birth to a mutual alliance. There was another power, however, whose very nature made her relations with both those countries necessarily friendly; and, finally, led them to form a trio to preserve peace and to foster trade in the East. This was the United States. Indeed, away back in 1853-4 a certain amount of intercourse existed between the American and the Japanese. Commodore Perry was the first to create a feeling of amity between his countrymen and the subjects of the Mikado; and, as years elapsed, the connections of the two countries became more and more of a friendly nature. Thus, to-day, we find Japan, Britain and United States standing side by side in the East.

With her constitution in good working order, Japan set out on an era of progress without parallel in the history of nations. She advanced by leaps and bounds during the ten years following the struggle with China; and, then, a great war created a stampede in every line of trade and commerce and in every sphere of social and national prosperity. The Boxer Rising, of 1900, brought all the Powers together in order to quell the revolt that threatened to grow to vast proportions, and that endangered the lives of foreigners in the confines of the Celestial Empire. The science of the Europeans soon overcame the might of China; though, had the movement embraced a greater area and had the Chinese, with all their courage and endurance as soldiers, been trained into a proper fighting machine, nothing could have overcome their numbers. However, peace was established and terms of compensation were arranged with the Court at Peking. Russia, after the excitement had passed

over, occupied Manchuria, under the pretext of protection; and, from her ground of vantage on the Yalu River, cast envious glances at the Korean Peninsula. This occupation was supposed to be a temporal one, though the hungry Bear evidently intended to make it perpetual. When the Czar gave no signs of any intention to withdraw his troops, there was a general protest made by the other nations, but none came forward to demand the integrity of China except Japan, then, to all appearances, a nation only in embryo, but, as the future was to show, possessed of those qualities that go to make a great power. Its people, with foresight worthy of those of more experience, saw clearly the purpose of the Czar's plans, and decided, after fair warning, to endeavor to forcibly frustrate them. Japan could never have been considered safe while there was a possibility of Russia occupying Korea. The Japanese fully realized the truth of this, and, on the strength of it, declared war against the Russians. They defeated them and compelled them to retire from Manchuria; and, thus, through one bold move, loosed themselves from the grasp of the huge Bear. The success of Japan in this war caused her to be recognized as a very strong factor in the problem of the East.

In peace Japan is proving herself as active and able as in war. She has learned her lessons in the most modern schools, and has profited very much from them. Progress is growing apace, in education, in finance, and agriculture, while there is no branch of national life that does not show signs of advancement. The nation is bent upon developing her resources, and, at the same time, is endeavoring to preserve peace with all other nations in order to enable her to pursue this object. She has had a successful past, and the prospects are that she will have a still more successful future.

E. BYRNES, '09.

---

### LIFE.

A little joy, a little pain,  
A little loss, a little gain,  
To take of each as best he can,  
This is the lot of every man.

## Abraham Lincoln.

**A** BRAHAM Lincoln! What sentiments of national pride and patriotism well up from the heart of every true American at the recollection of that name!—that staunch protector of man's rights, that bold and fearless champion of honesty and liberty, whose memory will remain forever green in American hearts. And now the centenary of this great man's birth is to be celebrated all over his native country, and the lesson of his life to be impressed upon the growing generation.

Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, he spent his early years on his father's homestead. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was descended from a Quaker family of English origin. In 1816, the family emigrated to Indiana, whence after remaining fourteen years, they moved to Illinois. Shortly after this, Abraham left home, to seek his own fortunes. During the next two years he tried his hand at different occupations, farm laborer, business-man, surveyor, till in 1832 he became a captain of a company in the Black Hawk War.

Meanwhile, he had been devoting his time to private study, and after four years of diligent application he was admitted to the Bar, in 1836. During this time he had been elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois, where he served the state for eight years, from 1834 till 1842. Five years later he was elected a member of Congress.

The success of his campaign for Senator in 1858 was a forerunner of that which awaited him two years later, when he was chosen as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. It was during this campaign of '58 that Lincoln first attracted to himself the attention of the American nation by his strong assertions and uncompromising attitude regarding the question of slavery. Everywhere throughout the country his fame spread, and it was due to his masterful handling of the vexed slavery question that the choice of the Republican party fell upon him. In the campaign of 1860, his party voted as a unit for Lincoln, the Democratic party was divided into three factions, and the result was that he won an overwhelming victory, receiving 57 votes more than his three opponents combined.

A short time after his inauguration, the Southern States seceded from the union, and from the booming of the first cannon at Fort



Sumpter till the closing scenes of the greatest civil war that ever rent a nation, Lincoln preserved such an equanimity of temper, and displayed such rare good sense in dealing with the weighty problems of those terrible days, that he won the love and affection of the nation which already had intrusted to him the enormous task of carrying on the war. The result of all this was that in 1864 he was re-elected by the majority of 191 votes over George B. McClellan. But, unhappily, he lived but a month to enjoy the fruits of victory. At a time when his skillful management, his calm judgment, and his practical ability were all but indispensable to his afflicted country, he was assassinated at Washington by a fanatic named John Booth. On the 15th of April, 1865, he passed away, and the nation was plunged into a gloom such as had never before been equalled.

Such is the life of America's greatest son. His undying energy and zeal overcame every obstacle to success, and in his steady upward march from the fields and outhouses of the farm to the Capitol in Washington, he displayed such integrity and honesty, such faith in and devotion to the people, that he won the hearts of all, Republicans and Democrats alike. All admired him, all honored him, and certain it is that he stands above the great men of his time in the affection and esteem in which he is held by the present generation.

J. CONNAGHAN, '09.



## IN SWEET ADARE.

(In memory of Mrs. C. O'Connor-Martin.)

In Sweet Adare her youthful feet  
Travelled the rose-fringed street;  
Dear heart, pure gold was she, and they  
Who met her on the way,  
The thrush and blackbird, sang for her  
Of old, in Sweet Adare.

But fate ordained that she should roam  
The ocean's fields of foam,  
Whither a land of promise shone

Beneath the setting sun;  
A long farewell, a parting prayer,  
That day for Sweet Adare.

Long laid in consecrated rest,  
Slumbers her faithful breast;  
But when remembrance dreams of thee,  
Dear isle, far o'er the sea;  
Methinks I see her, young and fair,  
Again, in Sweet Adare.

Oh! not in sorrow does the joy  
Of memory steal away,  
To walk with her in visions vague  
Beside the silvery Maig;  
Nay, for we are a happy pair  
To-day, in Sweet Adare.

—E. C. M. T.

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## The Poe Centenary

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**T**HE catalogue of centennial commemorations, for which this year stands unparalleled and pre-eminent as compared with the other years of the twentieth century, was opened on the nineteenth of last month by the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allen Poe,—that genius who has been styled the true original contributor to the literature of America. As a proof of that genius, we have only to take notice of the emulation now existing among different cities in being regarded by their respective inhabitants as his birthplace. It has been said that in ancient Greece, various cities vied with one another in claiming the place of birth of the great Hellenic poet, and if this may be taken as a criterion of greatness, Poe was undoubtedly a genius of note.

That Edgar Allen Poe has rendered infinite service to American literature there can be no question. Prior to his advent upon the field of letters, in the first half of the nineteenth century, America had practically no definite style of literature; she could not call her

literature American. The best that her literary aspirants could offer to the public were productions, characterized by shallowness, weak sentimentality and a tendency to conventionalism. But Poe ruthlessly and bitterly assailed such style of literature, with the result that he not only put a stop to any further such pretentious offerings, but he also moulded the form of American prose and poetry, thus establishing his reputation as a critic and a stylist. True, no doubt, his caustic pen made for him many enemies at the time, but when one considers the great and salutary influence his criticisms exerted upon the literature of America, he cannot be condemned. To him and Nathaniel Hawthorne is due the establishment of the short story, which has since played such an important role in the annals of American literary productions. Before the appearance of these two upon the literary horizon, America could not boast any too much of writers of a highly imaginative temperament. However, in the middle of the last century, an impetus was given to this species of prose, especially by Poe, to whom critics in general have accorded the title of progenitor of the short story.

Regarding the character and life of Poe outside the sphere of literary productions, there are divided opinions. His conduct through his whole career shows that he was naturally weak-minded, and subject to paroxysms of remorse, this latter peculiarity being evinced in many of his productions. Some writers have on this account ruthlessly and completely condemned him. True it is he was a slave, extremely sensitive to any intoxicant, but to his weakness of will this must be ascribed. On the contrary, others who knew him intimately, have represented him as a gentleman by nature and instinct, and extremely refined in his bearing and countenance. His charming presence made for him friends wherever he went, and to speak with him, and still more to listen to him, was a great pleasure.

Without exception, his reputation as a prince of letters and his influence on American literature, are permanent and salutary. No one can deny that his arrival on the literary field of America was at a happy time. For this reason, above all other considerations, the genius of Poe should be regarded as established. If at the present the way cannot be seen to granting him a memorial, it is to be hoped that before many years more the regard for his personal weakness will be dropped, and he will be permitted to take his place in the Hall of Fame along with other American writers, some of whom have been less deserving of their niche than Poe.

J. R. CORKERY, '09.

## The Moore Centenary.

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

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

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## The Burial of Sir John Moore.

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

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory!

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You cannot love the real Sun, that is to say physical light and color, rightly, unless you love the spiritual Sun, that is to say justice and truth, rightly.—Ruskin.

If human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity.—Ruskin.

“What is a weed?”—“A plant in the wrong place.”—Ruskin.

## A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

(Continued.)

**G**ALWAY was once of great importance, and even to-day retains many souvenirs of the time when it was a strong walled town and its harbor crowded with Spanish war-ships and merchantmen from many a distant port.

"The City of the Tribes" still contains many of the houses in which the Tribes, i.e., the Lynches, Blakes, Joyces, etc., lived. The most interesting one we saw was the Lynch mansion, whose walls still boast their coat of arms. Queen's College we found to be a handsome Gothic building containing a splendid library and museum. The church of St. Nicholas is very fine. It was built in 1320, and contains monuments to a large number of ancient Galway families.

A peculiar part of the town is that called the Claddagh, inhabited by the fisher folk, who elect their own mayor. The dwellings here are low thatched cottages, and the manners and customs of the people are very quaint and ancient. One of the heirlooms of every family is the Claddagh ring—two hands holding a heart—which is transmitted from mother to daughter.

Looking out across the waters of Galway Bay we could see in the distance the famous Arran Islands, once the refuge of the Firbolgs, and later one of the most glorious seats of Irish Christian learning.

We would fain have spent some days in Galway, for the district is rich in antiquities, but many places yet remained to be seen, so climbing into our tonneau we journeyed once more eastward till we reached the town of Eyrecourt, seat of the once powerful Eyre family. The castle is still there with its massive walls and large demesne, while not far off is the Abbey Church, with its huge Celtic cross—

"Which stands unchangeable as Death,  
The emblem of a changeless Faith."

After visiting the castle and neighborhood, we continued our route till we reached Athlone. This old town was the scene of many stirring events in the reign of James II., when it was defended with heroic bravery by the Irish under St. Ruth against

the attacks of William's army. The famous bridge, chief scene of the conflict, has been replaced by a more modern structure, but the massive round towers of the castle are still standing, and give the place a very imposing appearance.

After a few hours spent in Athlone we skirted the northern shore of lovely Lough Ennel until we arrived at Mullingar, one of the most ancient towns of the Palatinate. It once contained a fine castle and two large priories, but of these not a trace remains. On the day of our visit there happened to be a horsefair and we were interested and amused by the great throngs of shrewd dealers who came to sell or "trade" horses; as they jostled one another, good-naturedly, many a hard bargain was driven, and many a quip and jest flew like a barb from mouth to mouth.

Tommy Atkins was much in evidence, and we learned that the place was a very important military station.

Leaving Mullingar we encountered some pretty pieces of woodland, watered by many a laughing stream, in whose translucent waters we could often discern a silvery fin, and no doubt the place is a favorite haunt of the angler.

Our next stopping place was Maynooth, where we saw the great tower of the once famous and magnificent Castle of the Kildares. Here "Silken Thomas" held court amid "rich spoils, goodly hangings and brave furniture," as the chronicler quaintly puts it.

"And oh! through many a dark campaign  
They proved their prowess stern,  
In Leinster's plains and Munster's vales  
On king and chief and kern;  
But noble was the cheer within  
The halls so rudely won,  
And generous was the steel-gloved hand  
That had such slaughter done.  
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien,  
You'd ask no herald's sign—  
Amid a thousand you had known  
The princely Geraldine."

But of still greater interest to us was the magnificent college of Maynooth. The original college was founded by the Earl of Kildare in 1521, but the present building dates from 1795. Previous to that year, in the dark days of persecution, the Irish clergy had to go abroad for their education, but since then they have gathered here in their hundreds year by year from every part of

the island to receive their ecclesiastical training. Over 600 picked students now reside continually within its walls, and receive from a brilliant Faculty that instruction and formation which makes them the finest body of priests in the world to-day. Leaving Maynooth we quickly covered the fifteen miles which separated us from Dublin. We found the capital more gay and animated than when we left it, for the great annual Horse Show was now on. The Horse Show means really more than its name implies, for besides the magnificent exhibition of animals and the daily programme of equine sports in the fine grounds at Ballsbridge, Show-week gives one the opportunity of seeing the brighter side of life in Ireland, since Dublin is then the Mecca of Irish fashionable society. And, indeed, nothing could be gayer than those merry crowds of well-groomed handsome men, and ladies with gowns lovely as themselves, who came out each day to show their interest in Ireland's favorite animal, than which no better specimen exists the wide world over. At the end of a thoroughly enjoyable week, we proceeded once more northwards. "Full speed ahead" was the order, and our Daimler "40" simply devoured mile after mile until we reached Downpatrick. This is one of the most ancient cities of Ireland, having been the capital of the native kings of Ulster; but its chief glory consists in its intimate connection with Erin's patron saint, who in 440 established here a great monastery and church, where his ashes repose even to this day in the same tomb with those of saintly Brigid and Columba. Our hearts were filled with pious joy as we knelt by the boulder which marks his grave, to murmur a prayer for the nation whose apostle he was.

The present Cathedral is comparatively modern and replaces the ancient fane which, after being destroyed by the Lord Deputy in 1538, was allowed to lie in ruins until 1790. We visited the interesting Rath of Downpatrick, a mound some 60 feet high and 2,000 feet in circumference, built as a fortification by one of the famous Red Branch Knights.

From Downpatrick we continued north-west till we reached the shores of Lough Neagh, beneath whose limpid waters legend has it that a city lies buried—

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays  
When the clear cool eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining."

However, we were not so privileged, so we hastened on to the "top of Ireland," until finally we reached the Giants' Cause-



way. The ride had been a long one, but we were amply repaid for our trouble by the magnificence of the scene. On the west coast, Nature sports with wind and water; here she has made fire her plaything. And, indeed, as one stands upon these northern headlands one sees a mighty platform of basaltic columns running out from the base of the cliff and disappearing beneath the waves of the Atlantic. We were told that the pillars are over forty thousand in number, forming a pavement with joints so tight that not even the sea can penetrate. More marvellous still, they are fashioned into perfect geometrical figures, principally pentagons and hexagons, with an occasional octagon and nonagon. Inland, the molten lava, shrinking as it cooled, has formed with wonderful geometric skill huge masses that resemble chimney-tops, organ pipes, or giant walls. We visited in turn the Little Causeway, the Giants' Well, the Wishing Chair, the Giants' Loom, the Giants' Gateway and the Great Causeway, scarcely knowing which to think the most interesting, since each was a source of wonder and delight.

Having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves amid these mighty works of frolicsome nature, and the beautiful seascapes visible from these rugged northern coasts, we turned again southward, passing once more through Belfast, on our way to Portaferry, where we were to spend our last few days on Irish soil amid the whole-souled magnificent hospitality of some dear friends. Portaferry is a pretty and thriving little town clustered round an ancient keep, dating from the times when the De Courcys held sway. It is situated on an arm of the sea known as Strangford Lough, which is some twenty miles in length, and from half a mile to five miles in width. The Lough is a grand sheet of water, and we saw it in all its moods, peace and anger, storm and calm; one day lashed to fury by the howling East winds its billows would break thunderously against the shore, the next it lay quiet and lovely in the dancing sunlight amid scenes of beauty that rival even Killarney itself. Like Killarney it is dotted with a number of small but singularly verdant islands, its shores are indented with a hundred sunny bays, and swell gently inward to rich woodlands from whose leafy bowers rise steeple and tower of church and time-worn fortress. Many a pleasant moment did we spend in launch or sail-boat as we threaded our way amid these varied scenes, or again seated at the windows of the princely McCausland home, which crowns the hill above Ballyhenry Bay, we looked out over the ancient elms towards the sparkling waters where a veritable fleet of our host's steamers rode at anchor in the basined flood, and farther off glistened the white sails of the trim yachts, full-spread to catch the breeze.

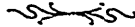
"How could river, lake, and sea  
 In softer sister hues agree?  
 And when will summer kiss awake  
 Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake?"

'Twas fitting that this should be our last tarrying place ere  
 we left the Green Little Isle, to carry away with us imperishable  
 memories of Nature's beauties, and friendship's charms—

"Oh, matchless land! so well combine  
 Thy elements of cloud and splendor  
 That earth no valleys boast like thine,  
 Enamelled with a green so tender.  
 So well in Erin, too are mixed  
 The elements of wit and honor  
 That other nation's eyes are fixed  
 In hopeless rivalry upon her!"

God bless thee dear, no, not farewell,  
 I hope again to tread thy bowers,  
 To roam once more by rill and dell,  
 By languid lakes and lofty towers.  
 I leave my heart for thy safe keeping  
 'Tis thine in joy and thine 'midst weeping!

Eiblinn.



## JEANNE D'ARC.

**I**T is now scarcely a year since the editorial world was aroused  
 by a message from Rome, announcing the beatification of  
 Joan of Arc. Journals and periodicals the world over, eager  
 for news from the centre of Catholicism, each had its page or  
 paragraph on the life and honor paid to the maid of Orleans. Her  
 name was to be found in all sorts of papers and magazines, but  
 strange to say the people of her own country showed a more re-  
 pugnant spirit to this much merited honor bestowed on her, than  
 did those of any other race. This spirit, however, was by no means  
 the voice of the French nation, but of that body of Atheists or  
 rationalists, the majority Freemasons, who rule France from Paris.

The papers of England, the country of those who were instrumental in her martyrdom, treated the matter with due respect, for they still retain at least the principles of gentlemen. Scotland's leading writer and critic, Andrew Lang, a Protestant, was loud in her praises. Ireland and America showed deep interest in the blessed maid.

Joan of Arc, known as the Maid of Orleans, was born in the little village of Domremy in Brittany. Her father was a peasant farmer. She was brought up with little or no schooling, and could not read or write in after years. "I was taught," said the Maid, "by my mother all that I ought to believe, and all that a child ought to do to be good." During her childhood she manifested a deep devotion to the Mother of God and His Saints, especially St. Catharine and St. Michael. In 1425, when Joan was thirteen years of age, the call came to her from Heaven, bidding her to continue her pious practices and to prepare to go to the aid of France. Three years after this, Joan could no longer resist the voices calling her. "I must go to the King," she persisted, when they discouraged her or refused to aid her, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees; for God wills it." After several vain attempts, she was admitted to the presence of the Dauphin, Charles VII., at Chinon. Her twofold mission from Heaven she told him was to relieve Orleans and to crown him at Rheims. The Dauphin, believing her to be sent by God, placed the Maid at the head of an army, that set forth to the relief of Orleans. Joan was clad in white armor. Her standard was a large white banner with the golden fleur-de-lis of France and the holy name of Jesus on it. She silenced all foul oaths and language among the men. Great numbers frequented the churches for prayer and the Sacraments. She was wounded in leading an assault against the English, and was carried out of the battle. But, hearing a retreat had been sounded in consequence, she, with her own hands drew forth the arrow from her neck and placed herself once more at the head of the troops. The English, seized with panic, fled and abandoned the siege. The French now, under her leadership, steadily drove the English from fortress to fortress, until finally the Dauphin was crowned at Rheims. Then followed one of the most cruel and treacherous acts which history records. At the end of a century of warfare, which left France, bleeding and exhausted, at the feet of England, appeared the peasant Maid from obscure Domremy with the declaration that Heaven had sent her to save France and crown King Charles at Rheims. This indeed was all accomplished through her agency, and surely in the annals of history no achievement is more remarkable than

that, which culminated in the solemn coronation of Charles on July 17, 1429. Then to think that she, who had done so much for her country and King, was to be delivered through treachery into the hands of the recreant Duke of Burgogne, to be sold to the enemies she had so marvelously conquered, to be tried on the charge of practising black arts, to be condemned as a relapsed heretic, and to be burned with ignominy as a witch by the English at Rouen, in her twentieth year, on May 30, 1431! Her death was most excruciating. Tied to a stake, she was slowly consumed by flames. Thousands looked upon that burning mass as the intense heat turned to ashes all that was mortal of her. There were many among these whom she had conquered, but still more numerous were those whom she had led victorious. Women, men, soldiers and nobles wept at this sight, but there was not one courageous enough to raise a dissenting voice against those cruel murderers. She climbed the scaffold as bravely as she had climbed the scaling ladders at Orleans and Jargeau. Devoutly she received and kissed the cross made at her request by an English soldier. Repeatedly she pronounced that sweet name of Jesus, in her agonizing moments, and asked of Him forgiveness for all her enemies. St. Catharine and St. Michael were especially invoked amidst this terrible ordeal. She never murmured or complained, but peacefully resigned her soul to God. When the last embers of that pile had faded, many declared that the memory of her had likewise vanished, but from the vapors of that fire rose a name never to be forgotten. Now,—after half a thousand years have gone,—her memory and merits flourish with renewed vigor, and within a short time the high honor of Beatification is to be bestowed upon her by the Church. But previous to the act of Beatification the sacred congregation had to have genuine proofs that three miracles had been wrought through her intercession. After long and careful investigation, it decided that these had been proved. There is one man above all others outside the Church, who deserves to be mentioned here, for his noble work in manifesting to the world this blessed Maid's pure life. Andrew Lang's name will be remembered as long as the memory of Joan survives, as the man who revered and defended, where Voltaire and Anatole France outraged and sneered.

C. F. G., '10.

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Nature keeps whatever she has done best, close sealed, until it is regarded with reverence.—Ruskin.

## Pitt—Bismarck: A Comparison.



HE qualities which are requisite and which are invariably found in a successful and effective statesman, are primarily, foresight, prudence, tact, dexterity and undying energy in action. It is undeniable that Pitt possessed these in a very noticeable degree, and along with these he was a man of honor, remarkably honest and straightforward, and honest in all his dealings, entirely free from all taint and suspicion of corruption. He entered public life at a time when the standard of political honor was extremely low; his private income did not exceed £100 a year, and yet in all monetary transactions he exhibited a most rare, transparent, and fastidious purity. As paymaster of the forces, at that time a position which could be made extremely lucrative, his term of office was characterized by the same scruples, the same moderation. His pride was of that kind which is a "guardian over virtue"; his ambition was the salvation of the nation from the clouds of humiliation and subjection which hung so heavily over it; his love was the unquenchable and passionate patriotism that burned within his breast.

The greatness of a man, however, does not lie so much in his character as in what he did; and to understand what Pitt did we must know and realize the wretched state in which England was when he came to power. The years of 1756 and 1757 are among the most humiliating in her history. The French, beginning with the capture of Minorca, outgeneralled and outfought the English in every encounter; scarcely a day passed that did not bring the sad tidings of humiliation and defeat, and the sun of England's glory seemed indeed about to set. In America the shameful defeat of Braddock, the capture of Oswego, and the persistent aggressiveness of the French had left that continent well nigh under the control of England's deadly and bitter enemy. In India also, English interest were sadly waning, the superiority of her enemies were painfully evident and horrible cruelties were daily perpetrated on her subjects with impunity by the French and the Indians. In that all hope of saving any possessions in India or America was given up, her prestige on the continent had become sadly insignificant, and her very independence was in the greatest peril. In the words of Burke, "England trembled under a shameful panic, too public to be concealed, too fatal in its consequences to be ever forgotten." Lord Chesterfield is quoted as saying "who ever is in or who ever

is out, I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad,—at home by our increasing debt and expensés, abroad by our ill luck and incapacity.

It was at this crisis then that Pitt was recalled to office. With great confidence in his ability to save his country, he overcame all obstacles thrown in his way by enemies in and out of Parliament; he overcame the suspicion of the people; undaunted by his first reverses he finally dispelled the despair and gloom that had settled over the land; he inspired the Parliament and the army with renewed vigour; he lifted his fallen country from subjection, humiliation and shame, and gave her once more the first place among the nations of the world. By his skill in detecting the vulnerable parts of his opponents, and mapping out brilliant campaigns, by his peculiar ability in discovering talent and resolution, the reverses of his armies were compensated for by brilliant victories, and all his expeditions were rewarded with the most gratifying results. In 1760 the conquest of Canada was completed, and about the same time India passed under English rule; while on the continent his enemies were bewildered with the turn affairs had taken and the success of the English arms. The work of Pitt was brought to a glorious termination in 1763, when by the Treaty of Paris, England was placed in the enviable position she now enjoys. This, indeed, was an Empire, destined at length by much genius and much heroism, by skillful administration, and not by a few acts of atrocious perfidy to attain to a splendour and magnitude unequalled in the history of mankind; and he who founded it was one of the greatest, as he was one of the noblest men that ever lived.

And now let us turn to Bismarck. His greatness also must be reckoned on what he did, on what was accomplished for Germany through his prudence, foresight and tact. And, therefore, to compare the two men, let us compare their work and how fortune favored both. The condition of Germany when Bismarck entered office did not indicate any great calamity about to befall the people; the army was well organized; there was no serious dissention in Parliament; there was no impending war to be feared, and in fact the state of the country was quite enviable in comparison to the wretched condition of England about the year 1756. The confederation of the German states undoubtedly exhibited great prudence and foresight, and by this Bismarck contributed more than by anything else to German greatness. The war with France, which gave Germany so much prestige abroad and which created so much peace and good feeling between the people and the Parliament, must

be attributed entirely to the rashness of Napoleon III. France had been on the decline since the fall of Napoleon I., the country was impoverished, the army disorganized and without a capable leader; the government torn by dissention. With his country in this condition, Napoleon gave Bismarck no alternative but war, and Bismarck wanted none, as he knew the state of France.

What military genius was necessary to defeat a rash and impetuous general at the head of a disorganized army, and what greatness does it entail? What economical genius was necessary to replenish the treasury, and the financial state of Empire when one country alone was paying a war indemnity of \$1,200,000,000? What administrative genius was necessary to extend the empire at the cost of such crippled countries as France and Rome? No doubt Bismarck built up an extensive and solid Empire, but not so extensive and not so solid as that built up by Pitt. Fortune smiled generously on Bismarck while it frowned unmercifully on Pitt.

As in ability and skill, so also in character, Bismarck was infinitely inferior to Pitt, as his relations with the Roman Empire and the Holy Father amply testify.

The fall of Bismarck was, as Lowe says, like that of Lucifer, while Pitt resigned from office, covered with glory.

J. F. BRENNAN, '10.

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## Science Notes

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### Wireless Telegraphy—

That the wireless telegraph is a practical and efficient means of communication has been proved conclusively by the thrilling story of the wreck of the steamship Republic, rammed to death by the Florida. The two boats collided in the stillness of the night, and they would have been practically helpless after the crash had it not been for the wireless telegraph, with which the Republic was equipped. Whilst the passengers were wringing their hands with despair, the operator was sending a message of distress which was gathered up, hundreds of miles away, by half a dozen ocean greyhounds, who rushed to the assistance of the doomed vessel. The steamship Baltic was the first to reach the place of the disaster, and to effect the rescue.

### Photographing the Voice—

A wonderful instrument that photographs the human voice has been invented by two Frenchmen, MM. Pollak and Virag. The vibrations of the voice, magnified by a microphone, are recorded in a receiver by a small mirror, which oscillates in accordance with them. The oscillating mirror reflects a dancing ray of light from a lamp placed in front of it, and its movements are recorded by an instrument which photographs them on a strip of sensitized paper, and reproduces the vibrations in an angular, upright script. It is claimed that this invention will be very useful to professors of vocal music who will now be able to judge accurately of their pupils' progress by photographing their voices at intervals.

### Dissemination of Seeds—

Nature has provided countless ways of scattering the seeds of plants so that the various species may be propagated. Some seeds are winged or tufted and thus adapted to be transported by the wind. Examples of these are the fruits of the ash, maple, elm, dandelion, thistle and fleabane. Some fruits burst open when ripe in such a way as to throw their seeds violently about. The capsule of the American sand-box tree bursts open when thoroughly dry with a noise like that of a pistol shot. Some plants, like the Russian thistle, are globular in form, and have tough and light stems which break off near the ground when the seeds are ripe. These stems are gathered by the wind into spherical masses which are rolled over the prairies, dropping the seeds only a few at a time as they tumble along. Water is another means of transportation for seeds. It is a known fact that cocoa-palms are the first plants to spring up on newly formed coral islands. The nuts from which these palms grew may have floated a thousand miles or more without injury.

A great many fruits have hooks on their outer surface. By these they become attached to the fur of animals or the clothing of man and are carried to great distances. Cockleburs can hardly be removed from the tails of horses and cattle, into which they have become matted, without cutting out all the hairs to which they are fastened. Mostly all the plants that produce berries or stone-fruits have also their seeds scattered by animals, but in a different way. While the pulp of such fruits is usually soft and of an agreeable taste, the seeds within are hard and unpleasantly flavored. Animals eat the whole fruit, but usually do not crush the seeds which are left undigested.



# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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#### A GREAT YEAR.

The year 1909 may yet obtain for itself a place of honor on the roster of the centuries by giving us the practical airship, or a cure for consumption, or by producing some future genius, but we doubt if it can outshine the glory of its centennial predecessor, 1809. What a line of great men that year begat. In the realm of politics, Abraham Lincoln, born amid the obscurity of the backwoods, rose to the leadership of the American people and earned for himself its undying gratitude. Not less conspicuous was that "grand old man" of English statesmanship, William Ewart Gladstone, dear to every race because of his liberty-loving humanitarianism. In science we find Darwin, whose "Origin of Species" has revolutionized biological studies. In literature it gave us Edgar Allan Poe, "the poet of melancholy"; Oliver Wendell Holmes, who sounded a note of joyous humour that still gladdens the hearts of men to-day; Fitzgerald, whose poetic soul gave to the world in the translation of the "Rubaiyat" the gems of Per-

sian Philosophy; Blackie, the Scotchman, who sang sweet songs of his Caledonian heath; Elizabeth Browning, that charming poetess of the fireside; and, greatest of all, Alfred Lord Tennyson, the poet of the beautiful, the lover of nature, the English Virgil. In music it gave us Mendelssohn and Chopin, whose glorious melodies have flooded the earth with sweet sounds to enrapture the heart of a listening world.

All honor then to 1809!

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### THE ELECTED AND THE ELECTORS.

Mr. Burke, in his speech after the election of Bristol, expressed very clearly and concisely what the proper attitude of a representative towards his constituents ought to be. The strictest union, the closest correspondence, the most unreserved communication, said the able gentleman, should exist; the member should rejoice to hear from his electors, give their wishes weight, their opinions respect and consideration, and their business his utmost attention. To the parliamentarian, repose, pleasure, satisfaction, and personal interest must be of no consideration where the welfare of his people or their property is in any way threatened.

Perhaps this smacks of servile compliance. It should not. A member of parliament is supposed to be one of the most learned and intellectual men of the district he represents. His opinion is relied upon to be unbiased by local affairs, his judgement ripe and discerning, and his conscience enlightened. He is not expected to prefer the opinion of his electors to his own. While legislating a greater care than that of his constituency must constantly be borne in mind. That district honored him with its choice, but did so in the name of the country. The whole dominion and dependencies come under the direction of his hand, and are first in his consideration. His constituency is second; yet more to him than any other constituency, because he is its warden and supposedly acquainted with its needs. The fact that the enacting of laws is based on reason and judgment, and the will an altogether foreign element, prevents the representative from following the voice of the people. Parliament would be reduced to a farce if its members were prejudiced. Indeed one cannot imagine a code in which a member's acting against his convictions is sanctioned, suggested, or allowed. Those who, in the course of electoral campaigns,

promise to be governed in all their actions by the wishes of the electors, violate their consciences, and may be looked upon as unscrupulous adventurers who will not afterwards discharge their duties conscientiously.

The great wide world,—the working, the professional, the business, the retired world, requires to-day, as it always has, and ever will, constant endeavor and straightforwardness on the part of its administrators. As for a party's policy, the conscientious may be influenced by it, but not governed. One point in particular, of which representatives must have a fixed and firm conception, is that they are not in any way a congress of ambassadors representing hostile interests, without the privilege of acting as it seems best to them, nor allowing their own opinions or conscience any recognition. They are not to suppose that their constituency has interests to maintain at the cost of a greater portion of the country.

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### Exchanges.

Pretty and bright comes the "Tennyson" number of the "Villa Shield." The production is excellent, both from an artistic and a literary point of view, and we tender our sincere congratulations to the ladies. The number contains a short sketch of Tennyson's life, and a review of his principal poems, all written very pleasantly and with much appreciation by various of the Shield contributors.

This month's "Ontario Agricultural Review" is one of the best exchanges we have received so far. To begin with, the cover is very pretty; it has a tone of originality and suggestiveness about it superior to any on our table. The Review is replete with illustrations, relating to agricultural work around the College, and also contains a spicy article entitled "Fragments," by W. C. Good, B.A.

"Bates Student" contains two very pretty stories entitled "Takare's Summons," and "To the Grim God." Passing to the "Editorials" we notice a strong plea addressed to the student body, asking for more co-operation in the literary work of the College. A similar plea could be addressed very profitably to our own students.

Upon the wall at Kenyon Hall,

Sat a youthlet and a maid.

"The stars above are not so bright

As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little head  
 Toward the heaven's golden light—  
 "The moon above is not so full  
 As you, dear Louie, to-night."

—The "Exponent."

The "Amherst Literary Monthly," always entertaining and instructive, this month excels itself. Among the instructive articles we notice "Our Appreciation of Music." The author of the latter possesses a very laudable spirit of impartiality, so rare among writers, nowadays, who deal with the Middle Ages. The "Amherst" also contains several very humorous little sketches, among which we found "A Matinee Pantomime" and "He and She" very witty.

Besides the above-mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:—"Abbey Student," "Acta Victoriana," "Adelphian" (Quarterly), "Agnesian" (Monthly), "Argosy," "Allisonia," "Academic Herald," "Assumption College Herald," "Bates Student," "Bethany Messenger," "Columbiad," "Collegian," "Comet," "Central Catholic," "Catholic University Bulletin," "College Mercury," "Echoes from the Pines," "Educational Review," "Echoes from St. Anne's," "Fordham Monthly," "Geneva Cabinet," "Georgetown College Journal," "Hya Yaka," "Holy Cross Purple," "Laurel," "Leaflets from Loretto," "Leader," "The Martlet," "Mitre," "Manitoba College Journal," "McMaster University Monthly," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Niagara Index," "Nazareth Chimes," "Niagara Rainbow," "O. A. C. Review," "Ottawa Campus," "Oracle," "Pharos," "Patrician," "Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," "Queen's University Journal," "Rosary Magazine," "Solanian," "St. Mary's Angelos," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "St. Mary's Chimes," "St. Ignatius' Collegian," "St. John's Quarterly," "St. John's Record," "Trinity University Review," "University Monthly," "Villa Shield," "Victorian," "Vox Wesleyana," "Western University Gazette," "Xaverian," "Xavier," "Young Eagle," "St. Thomas Collegian," "De La Salle Chronicle."

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## Among the Magazines.

As the result of the adoption of the Religious Plank by the Socialist party last May, says Rev. John Ming, S.J., in the Mes-

senger, by the small majority of one vote, and by the speeches of the delegates present at the convention, we are enabled to realize the real attitude of Socialists toward Christianity. Suffice it to say that this attitude, as expressed by the most prominent members of the Socialist party, is by no means friendly. The plank read: "The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religion." But, as the sentiments given expression to by the delegates testify, the plank is a falsehood, a self-contradiction. For Socialism is concerned with religious beliefs, opposed and hostile to them, and for the very reason that it is an economic and political movement, led on by the torchlight of the materialistic conception of history.

The same magazine is valuable for many other interesting and instructive articles, chief among which is that on Darwinism, by John Gerard, S.J. Darwinism, he says, is not synonymous with the Evolution theory, as is so commonly supposed, but in its true and scientific sense, is limited to one particular mode of explaining the means whereby the Evolution process has been effected. The writer explains what true Darwinism is, and gives a brief summary of the many arguments for and against it.

The "Anecdotal Side of Father Tabb" is an interesting article by Patrick Dempsey in the Extension Magazine, on the noted poet and priest, with whom, no doubt, many of our readers are familiar through his poems. The author gives a short sketch of his life, and dwells on the characteristics and habits of the eccentric poet.

Among several other interesting articles in the Extension is one entitled "The Peril of the Twentieth Century," by Maria Storer, in which the author laments the establishment of and puts to ridicule the modern fad, Humanitarianism. The principles of the sect are so ridiculous as to be almost incredible. For instance, the writer mentions that several suicide clubs have been established in America—clubs in which the members pledge themselves to commit suicide on appointed dates. But it remains to be seen how many of the members will live up to the principle. This is the logical outcome of the "Reformation." Protestant ministers everywhere stand aghast in presence of this defection; but they are powerless to prevent it. The idea of this Brotherhood of Humanity is well fostered and fed by the many sects, which have grown up during the last couple of centuries, Free Thought, Atheism, Materialism, and so many other. One wonders what would be the feelings of the pious forefathers of these modern philanthropists could they behold the outcome of their vehement "protest" against the "errors of the Church of Rome." They thought to plant a better and firmer

seed of piety in the hearts of men than the Catholic Church had done. Behold now the harvest of tares in the souls of their children's children!

The Rosary Magazine contains an excellent article on "Brittany and its People," by our own Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. The writer dwells on the many and picturesque places of interest, the quaint customs and habits of the people, and the memory of the great men of Brittany.

In the same magazine is the story of an apostate Irish bishop, entitled "A Collector of Church Lands."

The Catholic University Bulletin is valuable for an article on the teachings of Christ, by Edward A. Pace. One of the most prominent features of our Lord's teaching is His constant practice of drawing lessons of the highest import from things with which His hearers are familiar. One might suppose, says the author, that for so high a purpose our Lord would have chosen the grander objects in Nature, or those unusual phenomena such as the star which led the Magi to Bethlehem. But He almost invariably chose the homely thing, the thing that lies under the eyes of the people. And this is one of the secrets of Christ's great success as a teacher.

The Canadian Messenger for February contains two very instructive articles on Moral Training. It is essential to the future peace and happiness of a child to guide and cultivate its feelings of sympathy. True sympathy not only brings happiness to our own hearts, but diffuses peace around us. There are two distinct classes who suffer from timidity. The first is actuated by the desire for praise. The second class do not expect praise, but feel keenly all disapprobation, and are easily depressed by the dread of incurring it. The writer gives valuable hints for the cure of timidity in a child.

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## *Books and Reviews.*

An excellent novel, by H. M. Ross, has recently come from the press of the Benziger Brothers, whose title, "The Test of Courage," conveys the general drift of the story. Austin, a young man, who, during his childhood, had been under the ever watchful vigilance and tender care of a good Catholic mother, was sent at her request to a Catholic College. His father could be styled as a person of indifference as regards religious matters, and he led his son anything but a virtuous example. However, the effects of the

teachings of a true mother can never be lost on a son, worthy of the name, and this case proved only a confirmation of the general rule. The boy grew to be a man, and always showed that he had taken to heart the lessons of youth.

The Quarterly Review for January gives us a contrast and comparison of Dante and Milton. They were two very grave and serious poets, but Milton displayed, at least, more vivacity than Dante. They both fought for liberty. The Italian receives greater popular applause than the Englishman. In the comparison of their two masterpieces, Dante's *Divina Commedia* excels Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Dante's love for Beatrice enhances his character and makes him more lovable than Milton, yet Milton's lofty and generous sentiments make him admired by all his countrymen.

In the North American Review for February, the banking and currency problem in the United States is treated at length. The object seems to be to enable the banks to meet the exigencies that arise in the world of finance, with promptness and safety. They appear to have been partly the cause of the recent depression in their tendencies to expand too much their deposit liabilities or to reduce too far their reserves. The solution that is proposed, in a word, is to have a national monetary commission to regulate the percentage of circulation according to conditions, or, in other terms, to allow banks to issue notes to meet all demands.

"The Future of Parties in United States," is the subject of a very fine article in the Fortnightly Review for last month. The writer goes on to show how the Republicans have gradually adopted the views of the Democrats, and how the Democrats have as surely adopted theirs. Bryan did not taunt Taft with the merits of state independence in the last election. No, the union was the theme of Democrats as well as Republicans. The two parties differed very little if at all in principle. In fact, as far as that goes, they are one, and only vary as to the means of reaching the same end. In time, no doubt, there will be but the division of Liberals and Conservatives with the Labor Party as a balance.

The January number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on the great actor of the nineteenth century in the English world, Henry Irving. He was at his best as Hamlet, for there he had play for the exercise of his powers! It was his personal magnetism that brought him renown. He was neither very handsome in person nor very pleasing in voice, but possessed a certain force of attraction that overpowered his audiences and compelled them to admire him. His features were strong, but his gait slow, and his speech by no means rapid. In fact, Irving had many defects to

overcome, but he overcame them successfully, and died as he had long lived, the idol of the public in the art of tragedy.

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### *Personals.*

A meeting of the Faculty of Philosophy was held on February 10th, at which the yearly election of officers took place. The members of the new faculty are: Dean, Rev. L. Peruisset, O.M.I.; Vice-Dean, Rev. J. De Grandpré, O.M.I.; Secretary, Rev. A. Jasmin, O.M.I.; Delegate to the Senate, Rev. L. Villeneuve, O.M.I. The committee, whose duty it is to set the philosophical papers for the forthcoming examinations, was also chosen.

Bishop Grouard, O.M.I., of Athabasca, has paid the University a much appreciated visit. His Grace gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on the Cree Indians, in the Science Hall, on the evening of February 10th. After speaking of the topographical features of the territory they occupy, their likely origin, mode of livelihood, habits and intellectuality, the venerable prelate spoke in touching terms of these Indians who had a knowledge of the Supreme Being previous to their hearing the name God, who expected a happy hunting ground before they heard of Heaven, and confessed their sins to the medicine man in days when the Divinely consecrated had not yet worked his way to their wild obodes.

Rev. Father W. J. Murphy, Rector, attended the recent meeting of the Ontario Board of Education, of which he is a member. The meeting was held in Toronto.

Rev. Father Fortier, the genial First Prefect of Discipline, has taken a holiday to regain his health. The professors and students miss him very much. Father Stanton succeeds him. Father Kelly is Second Prefect, and Father Finnegan Third.

Rev. A. H. Kunz, who has been absent in the country, has returned to St. Joseph's.

Owing to his father's illness, Rev. E. Dubé is paying a short visit to his home.

Rev. Father Lalonde's orchestra and choir are moving everybody along in a current of melody.

Bro. Gerard will return with His Grace, Mgr. Grouard, to Athabasca.

Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., has returned from a week's stay in Douglas.



The Gloucester Street Convent celebrated Mendelssohn's one hundredth anniversary by a recital from the masterpiece of that sweet composer. The interpretations were not lacking in color and spirit. The appreciation of the compositions, the resumé of Mendelssohn's life, and the papers read by the pupils, satisfied, to say the least, the audience's high expectations.

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## Obituary.

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The announcement of the death of the late Harry Devlin, on the 14th inst., brought to his former professors and fellow-students the greatest sorrow. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Devlin, of 329 Besserer street. After attending Ottawa College for three years, he matriculated in 1907. Since then his health was such as prevented his return. He had a virtuous and genial disposition that can never be forgotten by those who knew him. Six of his former classmates carried his body to the grave. May he rest in peace.

We sympathize sincerely with Mr. and Mrs. Devlin in their sad bereavement.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Charles Bédard, the father of a former graduate, Albert Bédard, and grandfather of Come Coupal. For many years Mr. Bédard had practiced law in his native town, St. Rémi, till on the 14th January last he was called to his reward at the fine old age of 80. The Review extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

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## DEBATES.

There have been some excellent debates held this year under the auspices of the Debating Society, and everything seems to point to the probability that as many more of as high a standard will be enjoyed by the students before the close of the term.

On Friday, January 22, the subject of public libraries came under discussion, and proved a veritable drawing card. Messrs. D. Breen and S. Weir descanted on the drawbacks of the libraries, while Messrs. A. Fleming and J. Sammon presented, with ability

and eloquence, their merits. The decision of the judges was given, in favor of the latter two gentlemen.

The following Friday, Local Option was on the table. It is a very live topic, and too much importance cannot be attached to its solution. J. Contway and M. O'Gorman advocated the adoption of the principle. E. Killian and F. Corkery acted on the offensive, and though they poured in a fusillade of objections, yet were unable to end the siege of the strong fortress so well defended by the affirmative.

The next Friday again saw a large number in attendance at the weekly debate, and no one could have truthfully said that the success of the affair was anything but extremely gratifying to members and officers alike. The point at issue was to resolve whether Bismarck or William Pitt the Elder ranked as the greater statesman. O. Linke and L. O'Keefe did justice to the shrewd and calculating German, the Father of Confederation of the Prussian states, but still, with all their laudable efforts, were yet without success. J. Brennan and J. Kennedy, who won the debate, showed England's great war minister to be the superior of Germany's able diplomat in point of statesmanship. The two winners did exceptionally well.

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### *Priorum Temporum Flores.*

In the ordinations recently held at the American College in Rome, Rev. John Cox, '03, was raised to the Deaconate.

Revs. J. Harrington, H. Letang and W. Dooner, all of the class of '05, are now engaged in parochial work at the parishes of Quyon, Eganville and Renfrew, respectively.

Rev. John Burke, '05, of the Paulist Seminary, Washington, D.C., who is visiting his parents in the city, called upon his Alma Mater recently.

Charles Jones, of the class of '07, who is pursuing his theological studies in the Grand Seminary, paid a short visit to the College last month.

Mr. Emmet Gallagher, at present practising law at Chatham, Ont., is the latest of our old students to join the list of benedicts. To him and his bride The Review extends its best wishes.

We were very pleased to receive a letter the other day from

one of our old students, M. Foley, '00, now in Syracuse, N.Y. Enclosed he sends a newspaper clipping, which will be of interest to some of the former students of the College. It concerns Rev. Francis P. Joyce, '99, who made a short visit to his parents in the former place from Walla Walla, Wash., where he is stationed as chaplain of the Fourteenth Cavalry, U.S.A. Since first assuming his present position, Father Joyce has been with his cavalry in the Philippines, in Japan and Honolulu, and also in San Francisco during the earthquake period. In the fall he will leave Fort Walla Walla with his cavalry for the Philippines, where quite a long stay is likely to be made.

Most Ottawans who have been following the progress of the People's party in the results of the recent Newfoundland elections, are probably unaware of the fact that its leader, Sir Edward Morris, was formerly for a time domiciled in Ottawa and attended Ottawa College. About twenty years ago, according to the statement of one of the faculty, he entered and took a course here, being well known among some of the former students. Ten years later, too, he was honored by the institution which had been his Alma Mater, receiving his degree of LL.D. here. While, of course, there are very few who remember the present political leader as a humble student at the local fount of learning, yet all will be glad to hear with those old students, who knew him, of the fame he has obtained.

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## Of Local Interest.

### QUOTATIONS.

Du B- — McC-: "I desire we may be better strangers. — Shakespeare.

Mike, the stoiker: "When was he wont to wash his face?"

Bu-r-ws: "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."—Fielding.

La-z-n: "Remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow."—Joldsmith.

Jerry H.: "Man delights me not; no, nor woman either."—Shakespeare.

Dan H.: "Ain't very ornamental in general."—Dickens.

Hub. O'M.: "A new and dazzling literary star has risen above the horizon."—Bill Nye.

E. M-r-hy: "He looked as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and somebody had just found him in a lumber closet."—Dickens.

Sully: "He was joost a leetle poy, not bigger as a doll."—Riley.

D-ahy: "Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges."—Rabelais.

W-er: "He is a man of unbounded stomach."—Shakespeare.

Con-ee: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth."—Bacon.

Ha-k-tt: "He hath a lean and hungry look."—Shakespeare.

O'Br-en: "I must sleep now."—Bacon.

J. Br-n-an: "Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed."—Scott.

Ke-n-y: "Even the homeliest find some comfort in a mirror."—Anon.

Zip McL.: "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."—Shakespeare.

By-n-s: "Persuasion sat upon his lips." "Nit."—Eurpides.

Me-dl: "The boy is kind enough but a huge feeder."—Shakespeare.

#### QUESTIONS ASKED BY DIFFERENT O. U. STUDENTS.

O'K-fe: Where is the gas house?

O'Br-en: Where do they sell anti-fat?

H-rt: Are all the houses on Bay street white?

W-er: Where can I get something to eat?

D-w-y: Where can a fellow get chili sauce?

Ha-in-ton: What time does the train leave for Boston?

Fle-ing: Where can I find a chiropodist?

F. Co-k-ry: Have you (whistle) seen Mike Smith?

Co-n-gh-n: Do I look old enough to smoke?

Fl-ut: Show me the way to go home?

Ro-d-n: Where can I find somebody to fight?

O'Ri-l-y: Is that (ha, ha!) right (ha, ha!)?

G-n-a: Will you accept one of my cards?

L-c-y: Who spoiled my "desk"?

S-m-rd: Where is the A.D.T. office?

Prof. in Physics: "Now is there any one who can't see?" (A signal for the class to look intelligent.)

Levi B. came up to H-rt's apartment to get a smoke. He got it but lit somewhere in the basement.

B-yl: How do you like my new trousers?

Ga-th-er: I hate the sound of them.

H-rt: "Do you keep smokeless tobacco?"

Mr. Flynn: Shure I do.

H-rt: What!

Flynn: Chewing tobacco, but I am just out of it.

B-yl: Whoa! Back up! Lots, lots. He cannot forget the farm.

Manager O'G-r-an will present McC. and B. Br--n in the latest song hit, "Turn on the key."

In the sanctum: Get a move on; isn't there any other fellow you do not like?

Prof.: Your head is as clear as a bell.

Pupil: How is that?

Prof.: Because there is nothing in it but your tongue.

Say, boys; did you see Herpy C's new zebra-striped vest? All to the candy.

Fuzzy O'G: is now posing as an ad. for an ozograph. The title of the ad. is "His Master's B-th."

Do not worry, Herpy. They say that you never see a cheap piece of furniture with a marble top.

If Lincoln could only have seen M-r-hy giving his Gettysburg speech he would have died over again. As the boys did not expect the treat they forgot the bricks, etc.

Mike: What does your secretary make a month?

Bill: About five thousand errors.

Gu-c-on Bros. give their flat a reproduction of the late Burns-Johnson fight every second evening.

D-w-y: Where is my wandering Prince to-night?

Sam: Under the bedclothes as usual.

L-m-rc-e: I am going to have my photo taken. I hope they will do me justice.

Jo-s-n: I hope so, but mixed with a little mercy.

Young lady to friend (on seeing St. A-o-r): My! I wonder what kind of "rouge" that young fellow uses.

Have a towel, Bill?

What's the score, Mac?

Do not get sore on the Local Editor. If there is anybody you *like*, consult him.

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### *Junior Department*

Contrary to expectations, we had another loss tallied against us in the Junior Interprovincial League. Our seven went down to defeat before the Victorias. Naturally one would ask, What is the matter with Small Yard's hockey team this year? While admitting they have weight against them, can the excuse of their unsuccess be laid wholly to this one disadvantage? We think not. Our team lacks combination. They do not play together, and individual efforts, however brilliant, are generally futile against a well-organized defence. Then the team lacks condition. They are fast skaters and excellent stick-handlers, but they cannot stand the pace. They do not check back, but leave their defence to the mercy of the four opposing forwards, and when these are ready and willing to glide the puck to the uncovered man, nine times out of ten the result is a score. Doubtless we have the material for a good team, but let them listen to the coach's advice and practise.

Two or three of the small boys have discolored optics, owing to having succeeded too well "in keeping their eye on the puck."

The Inter-Mural League is progressing favorably. The only drawback is that several of the day scholars always fail to be on hand. Luckily, an ample supply of substitutes from the boarders

is ever in readiness. We hope to be able to chronicle the final results in the March issue.

One of the incidents of the month was M-lv-h-l's vicious assault on one of the innocent goal-posts. He came down the ice with the speed of a whirlwind and landed into the iron bar with both hip and shoulder at once. But the post resisted the impact with great firmness of character. Although slightly deflected from its upright position by the suddenness and fierceness of the attack, yet it threw back its assailant about ten feet, senseless on the ice, and sang out exultantly, with a clear metallic accent, st-u-n-g.

We must not forget that our second team is doing good work. Out of three games with outsiders they won two.

The Small Yard has a clever young pugilist in the person of L-r-ch-l-e. He settles all his disputes with the gloves. He has a formidable left which he uses freely to the terror of his opponent, while he keeps his right, for the most part, in quiet reserve. Br-dy is his manager, and F-nk his sparring partner.

Our minims of the Tyro League met the O.M.I. Cadets of Ottawa East in a very exciting game on the Scholasticate rink. The final score was 3 to 1 in favor of the garnet and gray. A return game will be played on home ice.

At last our first team won a victory. On Saturday, Feb. 13th, they played against the students of the Juniorate and simply out-classed them in every department of the game. There seems to be an improvement. There was some good passing and good checking back, but there was also a little too much "dirt" which is not the game at all. The College seven were: Goal, Kinsella; point, Brennan; cover-point, McDermott; rover, Nagle; centre, Mc-Mahon, and wings, Villeneuve and Poulin.



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