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The Thrush.



CROSS the field and through the grass,
Where the sweet west wind loves to pass—
Loves to pass and pause and linger,
Lifting up a dainty finger
To the clovers with a—"Hush"!
Wait—and you shall hear the thrush
Singing, singing
Through the shadows;
Winging, flinging on the meadows
Such a gladness, such a sadness,
That the soul, in very madness,
Beats her breast against the bars
Spreads her wings to greet the stars,
Drenched with music through and through
Rushes, gushes—
Stops and then—
Hush! the world is made again
Made again and very good!

H. F. B.,
d'Youville Circle.

Literary Department.

Gaelic Proverbs.

[Adapted from paper read before the Gaelic Society, University of Ottawa.]

As a branch of Folk-lore, the proverbs of a race must prove an interesting study, especially if there is brought to the subject the enquiring mind of the folk-lorist or ethnologist, for imbedded in the old sayings are the wisdom and philosophy of life, the wit and pathos of the people who have adopted them as their final statement on things that concern or touch them.

In treating of Gaelic proverbs, it must be borne in mind that, as in this paper, only those should be considered which are Gaelic not only in form and in language but obviously so in source and in characteristics; and that with the neglect of the old tongue in which they were first spoken, there must have passed from the ken and memory of the present generation many a *sean-focal*, racy saying, and wise saw. The loss to folk-lore and indeed to history thus sustained is to be regretted.

But, fortunately, there remains of the national literary heritage in respect of proverbial lore a goodly stock which it is the duty of those imbued with the spirit of the Gaelic movement not only to cherish but to use. Possibly among the proverbs still current in Éirland a few have found their way into the language from other races, as is perhaps the case with the national proverbs of other peoples. If so, a close examination will show that in the Hibernian adaptation of them, they have lost nothing of their native force. For of the bulk of Irish or Gaelic proverbs it may safely be said that in felicity of expression, in terseness of phrase, in epigrammatic quality, in compactness of thought, and quick shrewd seizing of a situation with a corresponding readiness to express it, it is hard to beat them. Doubtless much of their force and pungency is due to the fact that they came into being in an age when books were scarce, news-

papers undreamt of, and the need of some vehicle of intercommunication other than the ordinary colloquial one, imperative.

In the present paper there can be given but a fraction of that store of proverbs which yet lingers in the modern Gaelic speech; enough, however, perhaps, to serve the purpose in view, which is to give an insight into racial thought and character by means of that test which the proverbial lore of a people supplies, for in the words of no less an authority than Bacon, "the genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs."

What will be said in this rather hurried study on the subject, as well as the proverbs to be quoted in illustration, may fall under the following heads: Self-interest; Independence of Character; Innate Ability contrasted with Luck; Sociability; Marriage; some Estimates of Woman; Wealth and Poverty; the Cynic not destitute of Humor; and a Philosophy of Life.

Taking these in the order just given, we find that the proverbial expressions with respect to Self-Interest, show a keenness of intellect, a shrewdness of observation and a poignancy of humor, which, coupled with a transparent clearness of expression and thought, render comment superfluous.

Before quoting any of the proverbs to be submitted in this paper, it is proper to say, first, that in every case the English translation will precede the original version, and secondly, that, owing to the absence of Irish type, the Gaelic form, minus, necessarily, the aspirate and accent signs, is given.

To begin then our citations. "Every one is nice till the strange cow gets into his garden."—*Ta gac nite fear go lahac go dteith bo 'na garrda.* This is a keen shaft intended to pierce the smiling mask of superficial civility.

"'Tis for his own sake the cat purrs," *Iss mar maite leis fein a gnúdeas an cat cronan*; and "He who was dividing Ireland did not leave himself last," *Au te bi ag roinnt nah'Eireann, nior fag shae ae fein cum deiread,* are neat hits at selfishness.

Much ado about trifles and narrow-mindedness, respectively, are aimed at in "A worrying man is always deaf," *Bronn cluass bodhar ar an fear vohlac go deo*; and "Even a blind man finds his mouth," *Amsigean an dall a beal.*

Independence of character or self-reliance, our next classification, receives delicate and yet unmistakeable appreciation.

"Better," we are told, "one's cabin and goat's milk than another's castle," *Iss fear bothan agus bainne gouhur na caisleán duine eile*. Than this a whole treatise on the subject could not better convey the truth.

"Trotting after the great is the poorest marching," *Sodar indiad na huasile, sodar is suarange ar bit*. As a shot at sycophancy, the effectiveness of this must readily be recognized. Here is another shot at the same target—"Tis a slobbery road, the road to the big house." *Bionn leucaca sleanna an tig mor*.

In sharp contrast to this truckling to the so-called great, is the way of honest toil and self-dependence, of which terse and telling appreciation is offered in the sayings, "Better be tired than be dead," *Iss fearr beit tuirseac na beit marbh*: and "Do it once and 'tis done forever," *Dear aon uair amain ae agus ta shae deanta go deo*.

Conversely, the truth underlying these proverbs is put in the cutting references to procrastination and indolence which we find in the mouths of the people and which show that those who have incorporated them in their proverbial philosophy cannot be the improvident and lazy race which some observers would have us believe. Here are a few samples."

"You will do it when the cuckoo builds its nest."—*Deanfaid tu ac nuair a dhearfai an cuac nead*. "Listen to the sound of the river and you'll catch fish."—*Eist le fuam na h-abhann agus gcophair breac*. "What's put off will be put off."—*An sud a theidh i bhfad theid shue ro-fada*.

"The windy day is not the day of the scallops," *Ne hae la na guorte la na scolb*." In this saying, one perhaps of the most familiar of proverbs among the peasantry, there is packed a good deal of the wisdom born of bitter experience. Of a fine calm day, when the sea near-by is as placid as a sheltered pool one may easily happen on an old man seated in some sunny spot cutting into barbed lengths the pliant willow or hazel rods out of which is made the scallop or bond for the thatch, when the latter is being freshly laid or needs additional strengthening in the stress of the gales that blow coastwards, you wonder at what seems superfluous precaution, but if you ask him for

the reason he is sure to answer you with an oracular shake of the head and the proverb just quoted.

The essential is neatly differentiated from the accidental in the well-known saw, "It is not the pot-stick makes the porridge, but the meat."—*Nee hae an mada pota a gnu dheas an leite act min.*

The clumsy craftsman is warned that "He will make a spoon or spoil a horn."—*Deanfaid shae sponog no millfsad shae adharc*
The braggart is advised to "Do his work and not mind his best."
—*Dean an obair agus na bac le do dhuthchtoll.*

In dealing with the third division of our study—Innate Ability versus Luck—we are at once confronted with certain interesting and profound phases of Irish character,—some of those indeed on which ethnologists have based their theory as to the Oriental origin of the Gaels. Reference here is particularly made to fatalism and chance as opposed to free will and inherent ability, and the legitimate exercise of those prerogatives.

"Better," we are told, "is one blast of fortune than if you were breaking your heart forever." *Is fearr aon ghaolh fortuun amhain na do mbeithu ag brisad do croidhe go dev.* It is hard to reason with a man smitten with this notion. In vain you tell him in the words of another proverb to "Do his best, and leave to Providence the rest." Then the magic of chance or luck, which as might be expected holds a peculiar charm for an imaginative people, runs like a glittering though elusive thread through the thought of not a few Gaelic proverbs. Here are some of numerous examples :

"If luck is on man it will be on his cabbages :—*An te ag a mbionn an rath air fein, ionn shae ar a cuid gabaiste.*

"Misfortune knows her own."—*Aithneann an donus a duine fein.*

"The lucky one has only to catch hold of it."—*Nee bionn 'on fear sona act ae breit.*

"Better be lucky than to rise early."—*Is fearr an t-adh na eirig go mac.*

"One point of the law is to be lucky."—*Ponc d'on dlige do beir sbeuntac.*

But against this blind submission to fate and equally blind confidence in luck or chance there may be cited sayings in plenty on the side of pluck, individual initiative, manliness ; as,

"The man without a shift will be hanged."—*Fear gan sheirt, croctlare.*

"The whole world would not make a race horse of a donkey."—*Nec deanfaid an saogal capall ras d'asal.*

"It was not from the wind he got it."—*Nee o'n gaot do toig shae ae.* Tantamount to saying that the person spoken of possesses innate ability, which he can well and wisely use. This proverb is not infrequently made serve in an adverse sense when used in reference to some hereditary fault or defect. In fact it, as well as the three proverbs that immediately follow, may be regarded as proving the case from two different though not opposed points of view. As used here the truth that emerges from them is this: "Develop the talent that is in you; 'to your own self be true.'"

"What will the cat's son do but catch mice?"—*Cad do dean-fad mac an curt act lucog a gobair?*

"Put silk on a sow, and she'll still love to root."—*Do gcuifea sioda ar muic shae binneas a beal gnusact.*

"You can't draw blood from a turnip."—*Nee baintear fuil a turnaip.*

Of the proverbs in the last group, it is quite true that some are open to the inference that unless one is called to or fitted for a certain station in life, it is folly for him to seek it, and equally out of the question for him ever to hope to succeed therein should he enter upon it. But this, even in Gaelic proverbial lore, must be received with considerable qualification. For there are numerous sayings which insist that work, faithful and persevering, and an indomitable will, directed by education, will accomplish wonders by the removal or cure of natural defects.

"There is no fool," we are told, "but has some sense of his own."—*Neel amadan ar bith gan a ciall fein.*

"Sense is no load."—*Nee ualac do'ncolann ciall:* said of a dull, but plodding and patient worker.

But there must be no sham or affectation, for there is no royal road to culture. "No gentleness without education."—*Neelseim neac go beil oilte.* And so great stress is laid on courteous and kindly manners, lack of which neither material prosperity nor learning can offset in the estimation of the Gael. This quality of manners, moreover, must spring from the heart, as well as from the mind, before it

can pass as genuine, for than his race no nation is quicker to pierce the veneer that hides vulgarity or affectation. Hence, his instant appreciation of such sayings as the following, which he has incorporated in his stock of race-proverbs.

"When the goat goes to the church door he never stops till he gets to the altar."—*Nuair a tseidann an gabhar go h-ursainn ne h-ail leish go dteith shac go h-altair.* This is rather a picturesque estimate of impudence.

"Give his choice to the clown, and he'll bring you the dregs."—*Tabhair a roga do'n bodac agus bearfaid shac dioga durt.*

"When a man thinks most of himself, he's only a laughing stock."—*Nuair is doig le duine ae beit go deas, adh bideann shac na cleas-margaid.*

Coming to the next part of our subject—Sociability or the proverbial estimates of society. Our first impression is, that the Gael is not a recluse, but that he likes his kind. His relations with his neighbours must, therefore, be cordial, even if at times there is a rupture in them. His views on the subject as presented in his proverbs are certainly interesting. Here are a few of these taken at random:

"Contention is better than solitude."—*Is fearr imreas na uaigneas.*

In the next saying there is a touch of subtle pathos, particularly in the mouth of one who has tarried over long on the stage of life, thus surviving most of his contemporaries. "Oisín after the Fenians."—*Ossain indiaig na Feinne.*

Similar in strain and suffused with the same pathos is the proverb—"It's a poor country where there's none of your own people." *Is ma'g a bdeann a dtir gan duineleis fein.*

Exquisitely is the expression of this thought amplified in Dr. Douglas Hyde's just published edition (Fisher Unwin, London) of "The Religious Songs of Connacht," in which appears his fine translation of "Ossian in Ephraim."

Besides serving to illustrate a proverb here, the following quatrain from that famous poem, dealing with the long-drawn evening

of the poet's life, offers incidentally to the student of Gaelic metre an interesting example of internal rhyme in the structure of verse.

"And long, for me, is each hour new-born,
Lost and forlorn with grinding grief
For the hunting lands, and the Fenian bands,
And the long-haired, generous Fenian chief."

The home-ties find, naturally enough, representative expression in Gaelic proverbs: as, "The hob is a good anchor."—*Iss math an t-ancoire an t-adhart*. "A friend in court is better than a groat in purse."—*Iss fear carad 'nu scuirf nu bonn sa sparán*. "Drunk or sober, don't disown your friend"—*Ar a meisge no ar a ceill budh ceart go n-aitheacad duine a duine fein*.

Perhaps the wittiest efforts of Gaelic proverbial philosophy have to do with matrimony. New conditions are bound to evoke comment, and of those marriage and giving in marriage would seem to be unusually provocative of more or less humorous gossip. The Gaels are, if anything, remarkable for their fund of keen and facetious observation on the subject. It must, however, be added that the delicacy of the humor that sparkles through their sayings disarms resentment and saves them from the unpardonable fault of coarseness. At the same time, it must not be inferred that the sting of satire is wanting in them. On the contrary, the Gaelic proverbial philosopher mixes his wisdom with a certain amount of satirical humor, which gives to his *dicta* a peculiar piquancy without in any way detracting from their sententiousness. The compound, as a rule, is a rather bitter one, but let us hope not unwholesome, for the person for whom it is intended. But this is tarrying on the wayside: it is time to return to the proverbs themselves.

"When you marry a woman from the mountain you marry the whole mountain."—*Nuair a posa tu bean o'n slíbh posa to an slíbh ar fad*. The point of the saying, of course, lies in the fact that in doing so a man marries himself into a clannish community, one of the consequences of which was that on any occasion afterwards which brought his new-found relatives by his door, such for example, as a fair, a market, or a wake in the neighborhood, they were sure to

quarter themselves upon him and his humble establishment. The saying, which is often used in the connection just mentioned, has special force at a match-making, where negotiations of a necessarily delicate character require but a straw to break them.

Certain proverbial references to the fairer half of creation would indeed make us blush for a gallant race, did we not consider that these criticisms are drowned in that swelling chorus of praise of which the Gaelic poet has made the *cailin* and *bean an lighe* so often the theme. For the moment, however, the cynics press for a hearing, and here, without further comment, are some examples of their satire:

"A brisk mother makes a lazy daughter."—*Maitheir easgaid a ghindheas ingean sallsa.*

"Her dowry goes with the wind, but her manners are left behind."—*Imthigheann an spre le gaoith agus fanann an mheill ar an mnaoi.*

"A young man is bothered until he is marred, and then he's bothered entirely."—*A buachail, beir buadarta go bposf agus o'n nair shin, nee suainneus go deo duit.*

"'Tis the fool of a woman knows the faults of the fool of a man."—*Aithnigeann oinmid locht amadhuin.*

On woman generally, we find such comments as the following:

"Three without a rule--a woman, a mule and a pig."—*Fruir gun r'agal--bean, muile, agus muc.*

"A flock of geese and a pair of women are the same,"—[for noise.]—*Sgata ban no sgatha sgatha geana*

"If you like a thing well known, tell it to a woman."—*Mas mian leat sgeal do cur amac innisik mar ran do mnaoi ae.*

"Have your own way, like the women."—*B. do thoil fein agat mar ta ag na mnaibh.*

"A woman would bother a pig and a pig would bother a fair."—*Do buaidfid bear air muic agus do buaidfid muc ar aonac.*

An aimable weakness is revealed in the trait that provoked the proverb that "A mother thinks 'tis out of her own child the sun shines." *Sileann gac matair gur as a paisde fein eirig an grian*; whilst in the saying, "yellow silk on Judy, and patches on her father" *Sioda buide ar Siobhain agus prebain ar a h-athair*), an unaimable trait of character is castigated.

But perhaps enough has been drawn from this ungracious vein of proverbial comment.

The next category which deals with the everlasting contrast between wealth and poverty has a number of proverbs in which Gaelic philosophy and satire are singularly, yet not incongruously blended. One characteristic is universally conceded to the proverb, and that is the rapidity with which it conveys its thought, brevity of phrase being, of course, a fundamental condition of its effectiveness. The examples now to be noted possess not only this essential but also the quality of humor which though here grim yet pierces the gloom of that seamy side of life with which they deal. For your Gael, is not when all is said, a born pessimist. And now for instances: "The poor have no relations."—*Necl gaol ag aionne le duine boeth.*

"A herring on a cold sod, and far from the fire" (the poor man's portion).—*Sgadan air fodh fuar i bhfad suas o'n teinidh.*

"Woe to him who has nothing in his bag at sundown."—*Ag dul sìos d'en grein, is mairg nac mbionn rud aige.*

"How harsh is the voice of the poor."—*Searbh-glos an te bios lio*

"Death is the poor man's doctor."—*Liaig grc boict bus.*

"Better an axe straight to his neck, who, for the sake of child or chick, will leave himself without a speck."—*Gabhail de'n tluaig seo i mbaic a muinell d'on te tabharfad a cutl go teir no mac no d'ingin.*

Certainly the iron of adversity must have entered into the soul of him who voiced his grief in the proverbs just given, whilst those which immediately follow reveal a burning resentment against the world and a bitter arraignment of its attitude towards the poor:

"The rich man can do as he likes.—*Gn saidbir reir a aonta.*

"The poor are the sport of the world."—*Duine gun stor bionn shue n-a sporth aig aindeis an tsaogal.*

"Want is not the worst, but the contempt for it.—*Nec h-a an ainghis act an tarcuishne leananni.*

There is humor, as well as bitterness, in the comments that "the pig in the sty doesn't know the pig going the road, and "a full stomach doesn't understand a lean one."—*nec huigeann an sabac an sheang,*

Indifference to the poor finds voice in "Any clothes will fit a naked man, (*D'fóirfeud ruddar beith d'ear nocuithé*); and "A poor woman thinks sour milk lovely," *iss maith leish na mnaibl deulbha an blahhac*,) whilst "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright, (*iss deucair o'sac bolambh seasem*) seems a plea, on the ground of want and hunger, for erring indigence.

In the next classification of our subject, the cynic takes his view of life, tincturing it, however, with a subtle though at times mordant humor. Here are some samples of his philosophy.

"A man without dinner is two for supper."—*Duine gun dinner, beirt gan suipeir.*

"A pill is fine vinegar."—*Iss maith an blincigne an slibah.*

"I don't think much of buttermilk when I've had my fill of it."—*Budh beag som blahac, unair beidhinn lan di.* "Many would be drunk, but loath to pay."—*Iss windha duine beidhead ar meisge munu lesge beith ag d'ol as.*

"The toper's cure—drunk again."—*Leighas na poite, ol arish.* A plea for temperance is made in:—"He that drinks only water will never be drunk."—(*An te nac clann act usge nech bhuedh shac ar meisge*; whilst a crushing blow is dealt at the opposite vice in the scathing epigram, "Whisky is right in its place, and hell's the place for it."—(*Tu biotaitle go mait nu h-uil, act iss ue ifrionn iss ail dl.*) Blarney and gossip are aimed at in, "Many a man's tongue broke his nose."—*Iss minic do bris teanga duine a shroin*); "Fine words won't feed the friars"—(*Nice beautigeann briathra na braitpre*); and that's great softening on the buttermilk"—*Iss mar an bogad ar an instataig ue shin*). Tact and courtesy, as well as appreciation of real merit, are the dominant note in the following:—"A good word never broke a tooth yet" (*uec brisheann focal mait fiacal*): "Tisn't the big men reap the harvest".—(*uec p-iad na muu desa cuirceann pola ar fucad.*)

Making the best of a bad bargain or the wisdom of not worrying incurable defects is the underlying principle of such *dicta* as:

"Better be bald than have no head at all."—*Iss feurr bhéith muol na gan ceann.* "Come again, old breeches, when I thought I'd done with you."—*Arish cugat, a sean bhriste, unair do saolicas beheith sgapha leat.*

Irascibility and its offspring, are deprecated, and the soft answer that turneth away wrath enjoined in: "A grip is better than a blow." *Iss fearr grioirn na buille*. Caution, calculating and vindictive, rather than meekness may have suggested the advice: "Don't show your teeth till you can bite."—*Nu nach t'facle go b'feadfair an greim do bpreith*.

"The day of the fight is when the blows go astray," (*lu na brui greunn sead lniigeann na buille air a tuob*); warns against indiscriminate punishment lest the innocent should suffer or courage and energy be worse than wasted. Along the same lines is the proverb: "when hard words come, 'tis music to be dumb —*Air teact na focal forbh iss bium beal iadtu*

The Gael's philosophy of life as set forth in his proverbial lore has evoked from him the finest and truest expression of his mind and heart. There is space here, however, for only a few from a copious stock of proverbs under this head.

The length of man's earthly stay or pilgrimage is summarized in the saying—"twenty years growing, twenty blowing, twenty going, and twenty neither in nor out of it," (*fiche bliadhain ar teact, fiche bliadhain ar stadh, fiche bliadhain ar meath, agus fiche bliadhain fur cuma ann no as*); its extremes are epigrammatically put in the proverb: "Beginning and end of man—to draw near the fire."—*Tosac agus deire an duine cum na toinead triallann*.

Patience in life's trials and stress is, of course, inculcated. Hamlet's conclusion that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of, proceeds from no sounder premises or saner view of life's problems than does the old Gaelic advice; "If we can't be easy, to be as easy as we can," buttressed as it is by such arguments as are advanced in the counsels:

"Patience is the cure of an old complaint."—*Leighas scan-galair-foigia*. "It isn't the same thing to send for death, and to meet him."—*Nee hionann cuiread do cur ar an maus agus ac ionnsing*. "Many a day we shall be at the back of the church."—*Iss ionda la beidmid faoih taoibh an teampaill*.

Righteousness and the best means of attaining it,—the avoidance of evil and aught that makes for it,—are particularly empha-

sized :—" Smaller than a flesh worm is the mother of mischief."—*Iss luga no frigde naithar nu h-uncoide.* "Come back to me, says the bad deed.—(*Fil! orrn, deir an droc-gno*)

And tardy or eleventh-hour repentance is condemned :—"There's no use in crying when the funeral is gone."—*Neel aon nuith beith ag caotneud nuatr imticeann an socraid.* Similarly, deferred or vicarious piety is warned that "One Mass before (death) is worth two after"—(*Iss fearr Aifriorn romadh nu da aifrionn do diaid;* and that " 'tis the worst of fun to be slipping into hell."—(*Nee bocht go dul go h-ifrionn.*)

But it is when we come to the proverbial conception of God and His over-ruling providence that we find the depth, the beauty, the inexhaustible spiritual strength of the Gaelic mind and heart. However dark the fortune or troubled the way that faith pierces the heaviest cloud weighing upon its outlook, and sees ever the blue sky beyond.

"No tide but ebbs, save the tide of grace" (*Neel tuile na traggann act tuile na agras*),—says one proverb; "God's help is nearer than the door" (*Iss giorra cubhair De ua an doras*);—declares another.

Finally, as triumphing over every fate no matter how frowning and over every failure, we have, coupled with serene resignation, that invincible challenge to despair—

"God never closed one gap that he did not open another,"—*Nior dhunDia bearnu arinn nac osgail Shae bearnu eile.*

So allied are these old sayings with the life, the thoughts, the ideals of the people who used them that no Gael need proceed far before he feels the touch of kin in them. For wrapped up in their homely verbal exterior, crystallized into the pithiest speech, are principles, emotions and far-off, yet distinct echoes of an ancient race with which much that is best in him must throb in sympathy.

E. P. STANTON.

Problems of Life in the Plays of Shakespeare.



HE problems of life as shown in the plays of Shakespeare are of a delicate nature, but if understood throughout, show us the greatest and most exact pictures of human life.

In all his plays we see each succeeding circumstance pointing and leading up to a central plot and that plot is the problem of the play wherein lies its magnitude.

Take for instance the play of "King Lear." Here we see a man who thought he was doing nothing wrong, but his old age, generosity, vanity and ignorance placed him in such a position as to cause him trouble.

It is wonderful to see what a great play Shakespeare has written from this common occurrence of every day life, which we would pass over with a glance. But he has pictured it in such an impressive light and emphatic style, that the most learned stare in wonder.

Again in the play of "Hamlet" we see another common occurrence which by Shakespeare is undoubtedly made to be one of the most important events of history, Hamlet, knew in his own mind the guilt of his uncle, yet saw no way of making the public in general see the truth of his statements, as he had no witnesses and no plausible story on which to base his assertions. The main reason for Shakespeare's picturing to us these emphatic scenes is, that he was a reader of the human heart, a keen observer, and a student of human nature. He had projected himself into all varieties of human character, had mingled with men of vigorous limbs, impetuous passions, and keen intellect, had fed his experiences on example of pleasure, elegance, misery, care, discredit and humiliation.

In his plays of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and the "Merchant of Venice," he exhausts all human experience and imagines more, searches the heart, lays bare its strength and weaknesses, its secrets and impulses, its excesses and rages, and favors neither good nor evil. Nowhere is the wonderful range of power more visible than in the various types

of his female characters, that of Lady Macbeth, Regan, Goneril, Cordelia, Portia, Nerissa and Calphurnia. Some are "babblers", each, however the representative of a species—some vulgar minds; again we find submissiveness, obedience, sympathy and pathos. His heroines are of a fine mould. They are the possible of the female mind seen for the first time as a dream. They are all charming and fascinating. All these qualities undoubtedly come from his wonderful imagination. Others have equalled or perhaps have surpassed him in some particular excellence, but no man ever had at once, such strength and variety of imagination. He has grasped all the diversities of rank and age.

The characters which are necessary to develop his problems are legion, but whether king or slave, queen or nurse, all are distinct, all speak and act with equal truth and all are inspired by his own animation. Shakespeare's problems give the world of nature from more points of view than ever could have been imagined before reading or seeing them. His characters are so consistent and vital that we seem to know them not by description but by intercourse.

But to return to the dramas. In each one this problem of life presents itself in so plain and true a light that the reader can hardly think that he could have passed over the same identical scenes in everyday life without stopping to investigate and marvel at their beauty, yet such is the case and we ask ourselves, "Why did we not discover their lesson?" If we had gained possession of any of Shakespeare's peculiar qualities and vivid imagination, we might have pictured them.

His penetrating genius discerns the common attributes of individuals, his dramatic genius gathers them up into one problem and embodies that in a type; his poetic genius lifts it into higher realms, where under the circumstance, it finds its development. Each character has his or her important part to play. Each is rooted into humanity and each is an impassioned representation.

We are not, however, to think of Shakespeare as having achieved his work by the power of his single genius. He was fortunately born, so to speak, when the tide of thoughts and events was at its flood. Contemporary ideas and necessities forced him on and he entwined into his plays what it took centuries to develop. Filled

with the power of that spirit which formed his environment, he carried his conception to the heights of excellence. His was a nature affectionate and kind, witty in conversation, brilliantly gay, extreme in joy and sorrow, with an imagination so broad that it grasped all the complexity of human life.

If we take, for instance his soliloquys in "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth," we plainly see his great flow of beautiful thoughts and language coming to him with ease.

Perhaps what makes his problems of so great a value is that in each play, he infused a spirit of high art, gave it order, symmetry, elevation, made it an unflinching lesson of entertainment and instruction. He has through his plays revealed in plain, fresh, familiar, significant and precise details, the complete condition of civilization.

Consider the plays of Julius Cæsar and Hamlet and see with what mental activity must have been used to form so an impressive problem. How far and for how many has he enlarged the circle of study and reflection through these two scenes? Their observation is strengthened so as they can relate it to whatever is interesting, important or lofty in human life. Ready-made plots, solitary thoughts, fortunate expressions were at hand, but he organized, enriched, and vivified them.

Think of the position in which Shakespeare placed Duncan and Macbeth. Is it not one to be found in every day life? Duncan on the one hand, a true friend, kind and gentle, while Macbeth on the other is the same, but his ambition for power and the meeting with the witches placed him in the position which brought about the problem of the play and instead of getting out of his difficulty, he entered into it more deeply at every step.

The murder of Duncan prompted by Lady Macbeth caused the murder of his dearest friend Banquo, and from these simple circumstances of life Shakespeare has through his wonderful powers created one of the greatest pieces of literature ever written.

Though to us abstract, he has converted into visible images. His versification being powerful, sweet and varied was naturally and enduringly musical. And is it any wonder that a man of such thoughts, style, and vocabulary created such an excellent piece of literary work. We cannot but admire the pictures of joy and of sorrow that Shakespeare gave to us in the play of "King Lear." Here

we have, Lear, aged, irritable and half insane, asking each of his three daughters their amount of love for him. Cordelia, his youngest and most favored child, is asked how much she loves him. She cannot protest, is ashamed to parade her tenderness, as her sisters have done, in order to buy a dowry by it; is disinherited, expelled, afterwards, when she finds him forsaken and mad, goes on her knees before him, caresses him and weeps and prays for him. We can search all the pages of the best literature ever written but we can never find so pitiable a sight, pictured in such a sad and heart-breaking light, as that of Lear and his daughters, Regan and Goneril, who shun him and turn him from their doors, while on the other hand Cordelia weeps as Shakespeare says, "Holy tears from her heavenly eyes."

In Macbeth we find a similar picture. Previous to Duncan's murder Macbeth is in such a state of mind that he is afraid of his own shadow but still is urged on by Lady Macbeth. After the king's murder he is a total wreck in mind and body. Can we fail to have sympathy for him? Yet what causes our sympathy if it is not the way in which Shakespeare has pictured it to us?

In taking a general survey of his plays, we might say, that a man who can develop such problems in such an impressive and true light is an artist in this line of work beyond comparison. A man with such a vocabulary, flow of words, ideal thoughts and scenes should, perhaps, be given more praise and honor than that given all other authors combined.

He has taught the world lessons through his problems that a lifetime in books and study would never reveal.

A poet may excel in pathos, in wit or in humor, he may be without a peer perhaps in sublimity, as Milton, or in intensity, as Chaucer, or in imagery, as Spencer, and he would indeed be a great poet, but to unite all as Shakespeare has done is —

"To get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!"

FRED C. HATCH,

The Coming of Edward Bruce.

Ireland, 1315.

*In the strongholds of the stranger, from the pleasant plains of Louth
To the rugged Antrim headlands and the green vales of the south,
The watchfires burn the livelong night, the war drums beat all day,
And knight and squire have armed them fast and hasten to the fray.*

De Burgh, the Earl of Ulster, feasted high in Athlone town,
When came an anxious messenger with news of ill from Down,
And straightway at his tidings grim the trumpets sound alarm—
“The Scots have passed the ocean wide and landed in Glenarm!”

“Who is their leader?”—“Edward Bruce?”—“What purpose brings
him here?”—

“To win and wear the Irish crown by battleaxe and spear!”—
“What is his message to de Burgh?”—“Defiance to the foe!”—
“Ho, summon all my men-at-arms and bid my bugles blow!”

De Savage and de Mandeville have sworn to hold the fords,
To guard the soil of Ulster for its alien Saxon lords,
But scornfully smiles Edward Bruce and scatters their array,
The Ulster clansmen at his back—a tide no man can stay.

De Savage and de Mandeville were confident and gay,
When gleamed the morning sunshine on their armor-clad array,
But, when the day had reached its close, with reeking spur on heel,
Full fast they fled—and in their track swift followed fire and steel.

De Bruce hath called on Ulster—and O'Neill awakes Tyrone,
O'Donnell speeds the Fiery Cross from Tor to Innishowen,
The pibroch sounds from Denegal along the Northern shore—
The vengeance-hour is come at last—the Green is up once more!

De Burgh hath gone to trap the Scots—by Ballymena town
He holds the Lion in his net; he rides to bring him down;
But sharper than the Norman wile and stronger than their steel
The good sword in an Irish hand, to make the foemen reel.

De Bruce unfurls his banner to the friendly Irish wind
And all the best blood of the Gael is mustering behind;
Like lions roused from slumber's bonds, they charge the men in mail,
And sweep away the Saxon host like chaff before the gale.

*In the strongholds of the stranger, from the pleasant plains of Louth
To the rugged Antrim headlands and the green vales of the south,
There is weeping, there is wailing for the corpses in their mail
And the tide of Gaelic vengeance swiftly rolling on the Pale!*

HUBERT O'MEARA.

American Evolution.

(Selected From the Department of Current Reflections, by E. S. Martin.—*Booklover's Magazine.*)

"A New Englander, who has come back to visit Massachusetts, after living twenty years in Idaho and Washington (state), writes to a Massachusetts paper that he finds many and great changes, but nothing so wonderful as the changed religious conditions. He recalls that just before he left home his mother's brother went over to the Roman Catholic Church, and he remembers the resulting consternation in the family. Now, visiting a near relative of his father, he is told that the likeliest son of the family is engaged to marry an Irish girl, a Catholic, and as a preliminary to marriage is under instruction by a priest with a view of joining the Roman Catholic Church. "I asked the father," he says, "if it was by his consent." His reply was: "To be sure, and with his mother's consent as well. In fact, when we remember that we have two sons so taken up with business and lodge duties as to have no time or care for church, and one of them divorced twice, and a daughter devoted to Christian Science, we regard the girl in the case as a means of grace from God for the boy." The boy, being questioned, said: "I am going to be a Catholic, but what of it? I am only returning to the Church that made good Christians out of our forefathers before we were left at the mercy of every curbstoone orator with a message."

"No wonder the homing New Englander was astonished at the changes he found in religious conditions. Such an attitude as that in New England, parents of the old stock toward the Roman Catholic Church, is fit to stir reflections. The reasons for it are briefly indicated in the little story. It was much that the boy's parents liked the girl, but the two sons who had no time for church (though one of them had found time to be twice divorced) and the Christian Science daughter were the powerful factors in reconciling the parents to the

other boy's course. The parents did not like the character that was making in their family and were willing to try a new prescription for the cure of New England souls. The observer who reports the case says it may be an unusual one, and that he would not write about it if it were not that he had attended service in seventeen churches since he had been East, and "the handful present in each" made him want to stir New England up to develop "a more united, vigorous, intelligent and Christian Protestantism, and then come West and help us."

* * *

"It is no trouble to guess that some kind of religion is going to grow vigorously in our country, and that if the prevailing forms of Protestantism don't hold their old fields and do their old work something else will take their place. There must be something to shape character and hold it true to a standard. Out of the ethical disturbance which has prevailed so fiercely of late—the dissatisfaction with the methods which have lately brought commercial success, the concern at the increase of divorce, the discussion of socialism, and the disposition to experiment with various new laws to restrain the powers of the powerful and the avarice of the greedy—there is likely to result some closer examination by perplexed but conservative persons of the means of regulating human character from the inside. People, like the relatives of the man who wrote the letter to the Massachusetts paper, who have taken some pains to raise some children, are instinctively interested in the permanency of their line. They want their children not only to do well, but to reproduce their kind, an orderly, faithful kind, cleaving to righteousness, that will keep alive in the earth."

* * *

Indeed it is a fair question whether American character generally—there is no reason to single out New England—has not been much too extensively cashed in. If we have got the money and no longer have the character, we are undoubtedly poorer for the trade, and less likely to last and hold our own in the world.

And the case is all the worse if it is true that the old machinery, and especially the religious machinery, by which character used to

be moulded and strengthened, has broken down. There is no use at all—is there?—in raising families of children who will spend money, scoot about in devil wagons, shirk work, and get divorces whenever the mood strikes them? There is small profit for the human race in folks of that sort, and not much in that other sort whose representatives are deadly bent on pecuniary gain, no matter how. The Americans are intelligent and very ambitious. If American character is running out or being cashed in at a rate that imperils the perpetuation of the great national American family, it must be that they will be smart enough to see it and to give attention strenuously to the cultivation of fidelity and righteousness, as valuables more indispensable to permanency than dividend-paying securities, or even cash. And if, for example, the Americans conclude that they have got to have more religion if they are to keep their moral health, they certainly will have it, though just what particular brand of Christian religion it will be, I do not know.

“For years the current toward money-making has set very strong and run very deep, and somewhat to the detriment of the occupations in which money-making is only an important incident and not the central aim. Is there anything at work to check that tendency and foster a better distribution of the talent and best brains of the country, so that some necessary works that seem neglected just now may get better attention? I think there are such influences moving. There has been so much money slopped about of very recent years that everybody is getting pretty well used to it, and its possession no longer excites that awe it did when large collections of it were scarcer. Big people with big incomes make money respected, but little people with big incomes tend to make it more or less derided. So many kinds of Americans have got money nowadays that the most convenient method of classifying them has come to be to divide them all into two groups, those who still live with their wives and those who don't. When we see people made happy, according to our standards of happiness, by pecuniary enlargement, it disposes us toward special effort after pecuniary enlargement for ourselves and our children, but when we see people whose struggles and sacrifices have brought them money to the detriment of their conduct and their reputations, and see them having no fun that is attractive to us, it disposes us toward contentment with a humbler pecuniary lot.

The more the impression gets about that headlong money-getting is not in its final results all that it has been cracked up to be, and that there are more remunerative ways of putting in one's life, the more diversion we may hope to see of able young men to other employments. Especially we may hope that of the young men of brains who have money enough—as many of them now have by inheritance—more and more will be constrained to use their powers and the leisure their fortunes give them rather for the raising of the standard of character, integrity and morality in the country, than for its commercial development. There is no danger that commercial development will be neglected. That is too highly paid a service ever to be overlooked. But the other form of service needs cultivation. To think sound thoughts and to diffuse them, to raise the standards of conduct and to help to make them effective—those are labors of the first importance to the country, and yet not likely to be bountifully paid for in money. It is true that the school-master is abroad, but the curbstone orator with a message dog at his heels, and the message, misleading as it may be, stands a good chance to be received if there is a dearth of strong voices to speak a better.

“ Passing Impressions ”

IT was in the later seventies and the eighties that Lower Canada was stirred by the plans and projects of Father Labelle, pastor of the parish of St Jerome, who was everywhere known as the apostle of colonization. His name was very frequently in the local journals and he was a frequent topic of conversation, especially in French-Canadian circles. I had a passing impression of him, one very warm summer evening, when he came to call, as celebrities were apt to do in those days, upon my mother, who was at that time living in Montreal. I must confess, that our first sensation was one of amazement, when there literally rolled into the room a man of huge bulk and decidedly ungainly build, and who suffering severely from the heat. Introduced by a friend who accompanied him, we continued for some time to marvel,

if this could be the stirring and energetic man, the truly apostolic priest, who was agitating a whole Province and carrying his demands and aspirations not only to the ears of legislators, but beyond the Canadian borders into the New England states.

The conversation in a few moments had however, become exceedingly interesting and altogether pleasant. We had quite forgotten our first impressions in the genial *bonhomie* of Abbé Labelle's face, its kindly honest expression, and his hearty and whole-souled manner, of course; we talked and heard him talk of his ideas upon colonization, and upon the efforts he was making for that object. Obstacles had never proved deterrent to the aim he had in view; personal sacrifices, hard work, privations, he had endured abundantly in the cause, but as I remember there was not a touch of vanity, of boastfulness, of self assertion or self laudation in his discourse. We asked him jestingly, if the story going the rounds were true that he had once bewildered a penitent in confession by bidding him for his penance, make a railroad. He laughed heartily, as he admitted that it was true, explaining that he was at the time wearied and harassed with the railway which he was trying to have run through his parish according to the dream of colonization by which he was haunted, and moreover, that it was easier to make such a mistake in French.

"I wanted to tell him" he said, "to make a *Chemin de la Croix* and I said *Chemin de Fer*." We expressed the hope that the alarmed and astonished habitant had asked and obtained a timely explanation. He told us that on one occasion, he had gone to Paris in the interests of the work, in company, I think, with the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau, then charming Parliamentary Quebec with his magic gift of eloquence, and who was a co-worker with Father Labelle in the Colonization scheme. Wearied of sight seeing, the priest allowed the others to go on their way and sitting down to rest in the *Jardin des Plantes* near the zoological specimens, he noted a party of Americans wondering what kind of animal he was and if he were stuffed. They started in horror when he moved and showed them that he was real and of the human species. He had many a humorous story to tell of his own phenomenal bulk, which must have been nevertheless a severe trial to one of his super-abundant energy.

It is not possible in this space to give any idea of the broad, far-seeing views of this country priest, of his noble efforts, including toilsome work on his own part, actually aiding while he exported the laborers, in the clearing of roads, the felling of forests. His idea was the planting of Catholic colonies of fine, hardy and vigorous settlers from the old countries and from the Province of Quebec, all along the valley of the Ottawa and into the far North-west. Pamphlets explanatory of the scheme were published at the time. It included amongst other things the repatriation of the numberless French-Canadians who had crossed the borders and formed a valuable accession to the industrial population of New England. He wanted to gather them once more in the shadow of the Cross, which he desired to plant in the wilderness. He had all the spirit and the daring, the courage and initiative of the forefathers of his race, who penetrated to the most inaccessible regions in the primal days of Canadian history.

Some day, perchance, his work will be taken up on the same or other lines; other hands will complete the task, reaping where he sowed, other eyes will behold the realization of his fair vision, while, his untiring activity still at last, he sleeps near the parish church which he made famous.

Brief as was that interview, which was not so very long before his death, we parted from him with a feeling of sincere respect and admiration, acknowledging in him a strength, a simplicity, a singleness of purpose, an entire self devotion, which enabled him to accomplish much in a short space. We could fully believe all that we had ever heard of his deep and unobtrusive piety, his ardent zeal, his faith and enthusiasm, his love of the poor and his devotion to his beloved villagers, of whom he was the signal benefactor. For even in his lifetime, the railroad to that district became an accomplished fact and the population had no longer to bemoan its isolation. No doubt amongst them, at least, his memory is still green, while throughout Lower Canada, tales are still told of the brave-hearted, high minded Curé of St. Jerome, the apostle of colonization.

A. T. S.

Twelve Reasons.

The following are twelve reasons why Irishmen should know, prize and cherish the Irish language.

1. It is the language of Ireland. The Irish language, and none other, is the native speech of the country. English is the native tongue of the Saxon. That which is the Saxon's cannot be native to the Irishman.

2. It is the language of our sires. Of every generation of our race who ever dwelt in this land, Irish was, until very recently, the everyday speech. It was in the bygone days the vernacular of our kings and heroes. It was the tongue of the nobles and sages of our isle. Of Patrick, Brigid and Columcille, of the host of saints who in later times arose in this land, it was the customary speech. English in Ireland is the outcome of greed, injustice, treachery, oppression.

3. It is the one language that befits the Irish people. Not to-day or yesterday was it adapted unto them—formed, shaped, moulded to suit them. With their growth it too has grown, and only with their passing from the world's stage should it disappear. For them the Anglo-Saxon speech, such as it is on their lips, is but a crutch. Irish is, in very truth, a limb of their limbs: it is their very own, "flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone." A crutch is, of course, not to be despised: it is useful at times. But for a crutch who would barter a limb?

4. It is a beautiful and noble language. It is nobler far than English. The Saxon speech is like the beggar's small clothes; not a fabric ever woven but has been made to contribute to its variegated patches. Like the friar's historic firkin of butter, every European flag has its counterpart in its various and varied hues. More musical far than English is our mother tongue. The Protestant Archbishop Ussher, who wrote against it, has described it as one of the richest and most polished languages ever spoken on earth.

5. It is a subtle, flexible and highly intellectual language.

Those of our race who speak Irish are far more intelligent, quick-witted and intellectual than those amongst them who speak English only. Cardinal Logue says that where Irish continues to be spoken the people are "clean of heart, pious, modest in bearing, charitable, unassuming beyond the rest of the population."

6. It is a literary and scholarly language. The Irish language was a vehicle of scholarship and enshrined a literature at a time when literature or scholarship would have been as vainly sought for in the English tongue as in the cawing of the rooks.

7. When Ireland's renown was worldwide, when she was by the nations esteemed above others, Irish was the vernacular speech of her people. Just what we should expect. Where is the honourable, right-thinking, high-minded man who respects or esteems him who despises his father and mother? "The man who is ashamed of his mother is not worthy to be called a man." Of the mind, language is at once father and mother. Than devotion to the language of their race, nothing more stimulates and elevates the mind and thought of a people.

8. It is the most obvious and striking symbol of Irish nationality. When an Irishman goes to France, to Germany, to any foreign country, should he only speak the Saxon tongue, he is at once set down as an Englishman.

9. It is the most powerful bulwark of Irish nationality. Though the Irish people should be stripped of all else, if they but cling to their native speech, they could not fail, sooner or later, to become a nation in the fullest sense.

10. It is the most effective means of recalling to vigorous life the decaying nationality of Ireland. "If the tongue be Irish, the heart must needs also be Irish." An Englishman uttered these words, not one unknown to fame, Edmund Spenser, the poet.

11. It is the most essential factor, the most fundamental and distinctive element of Irish nationality. This is clearly understood and fully grasped all the world over. The English and many of the Americans have for some time been loudly proclaiming that they are one race. Why? Because they speak the same tongue! The Germans and Austrians are drawing closer together day by day, and

for exactly the same reason. The lesson of all history, of all experience is, that a people whose mother-tongue any particular language happens to be, tends to absorb, and eventually does absorb, all other people who speak it; it is a law inexorable and irresistible.

12. It is a law of native speech, that, should a people cling to it, be proud of it, glory in it, rely upon it, it so stimulates, invigorates and fires them, so kindles and fans their diverse energies, so develops and fosters self-reliance amongst them, that they invariably and necessarily advance in material prosperity. At this we need not marvel. The man who lacks self-respect and self-reliance seldom or never prospers. In Finland and Bohemia material prosperity and the work of reviving the Finnish and Czech languages have gone hand in hand; side by side have they marched along; side by side have they grown and prospered. In Ireland, on the other hand, material prosperity has declined with the decadence of the nation's language. The advent and growth of foreignisms spell misfortune for a nation.—(Gaelic League Pamphlets).

Arthur Henry Hallam

IT is a time honored and worthy custom to raise monuments to our departed heroes, the great ones of the earth, that their memory may be ever fresh and green with us and that the young, with such reminders before them, may be inspired with the noble ambition to emulate the deeds that have lent a lustre to the pages of history. With the imposing monuments of bronze and marble that adorn the public squares of our great cities and the history of those whose glory they commemorate, most people are more or less acquainted, but there is a grander monument than all these, one more imperishable, not built of bronze or brass or marble but of matchless English, one which will last as long as the language in which its beautiful thoughts are clothed and while there is a doubting soul or sorrowing heart to seek for help and consolation in its pages. Of this immortal monument, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," the noblest ever

offered to the memory of a dead friend, how little is really known after all! How few, even among cultured people, have read the poem through from first to last! And of the man who inspired it how few know anything! It seems such a pity that life's best things are always enjoyed by such a little number. In the intellectual life, this is all the greater pity, for it should not be if people were not so taken up with soul-crushing social cares and other things of little real importance.

The lecture on Arthur Henry Hallam, by Dr. John Francis Waters, which with the coming of Spring, brought to a close a series of more than usual interest given under the auspices of the d'Youville Association, might well be numbered among life's "best things" in the intellectual order. As such it was, of course, enjoyed by the few, and as I listened among the privileged ones, I could not help regretting that it was so. It would be vain to attempt to give anything like a fair account of the admirable lecture that should have been heard to be appreciated, but a few words, however inadequate, may inspire someone with a desire to study the life of that wonderful young man, that rare spirit to whom the world owes the matchless "In Memoriam." What a contrast was Arthur Hallam's life to the lives of that sad army of youth, the members of whose bedraggled ranks may be found day after day, night after night, holding up the street corners of our cities, consuming their shrivelled souls in the fumes of cheap cigarette smoke and flinging away their glorious heritage as though it were not worth a thought. What an answer to those who think that youth is the season for sowing wild oats and age the time to settle down and be serious! In the mysterious dispensation of Providence, Arthur Hallam lay dead at 22, in all the glory of "fulfilled promise," a promise immensely richer in its fruits than the attainment of most lives of greater span. How marvellous must have been the character that accomplished much in such little space of time.

Arthur Henry Hallam made a good start in life. He was the son of Henry Hallam, the historian, an honor very great in itself. He was exceedingly blessed in his mother, a noble and beautiful woman whose inspiring influence led him safely through the dark hours of and doubt and temptation that assailed his youth, a debt he has

acknowledged in lives of beauty, remarkable for one so young. Henry Hallam was not too busy, like many fathers, to take a deep and beneficent interest in his life and career, to superintend his studies and to be his best and truest friend. When separated, father and son kept up an uninterrupted correspondence, all the more beautiful because it was not forced but spontaneous. And the father's reward was great in possessing a son of extraordinary intellectual gifts and rare loveliness of character. Never, since the death of Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet of Bristol, had anyone given such early and positive promise of genius. The letters, poems and essays which he wrote and which have been preserved to us give evidence of this genius. It was said of him that it would be easier to think of what he could be, had he lived, than of what he couldn't be. So wonderful was his gift for languages that it was said: "Language flowed from his lips like honey." When a child of seven he travelled in Italy with his parents and while there, learned to speak Italian with an ease and purity of diction that were marvellous. As a boy, he attended school at Eton. Owing to constitutional delicacy, he was prevented from taking part in the more vigorous games and sports indulged in by the youths of the time, a fact which never detracted from the sweetness of his temper and disposition.

It was in the Providential nature of things that Henry Hallam, who had himself been educated at Oxford, should have decided to send his son to Cambridge University. It was in this latter institution of learning that Arthur met William Ewart Gladstone, who was one year his senior and who became not only his devoted friend but almost a worshipper. The memory of those happy days never faded from the mind of the Grand Old Man of England, but remained, after well-nigh seventy years, as fresh and fragrant as ever. Here, too, he was the intimate friend of the Tennysons, especially of Alfred, with whose name his own is forever linked. It was an interesting group of clever young men who met at Oxford in those days; more than one among them was destined to attain pre-eminence in the years to come. It was a stirring time too, alive with momentous questions that were being excitedly discussed on all sides. Catholic Emancipation, Corn Laws, Reform Bills, Tests and Cor-

poration Acts were some of the great events that were keeping the people in agitation. Such questions were indeed subjects of inspiration for debate but to the regret of Hallam and his friends they were forbidden within the halls of Cambridge. To overcome this difficulty, a room was hired outside the University where they could meet and debate undisturbed. Hallam was a power in the debating room and was ever listened to with awe and admiration. Remarkable clearness and vigor of intellect and powerful critical abilities, united with unflinching tact and sweetness, made his speeches a wonder and delight. In the discussions of such questions as Catholic Emancipation, his attitude toward the Mother Church was shown to be, not only friendly, but reverential. An extract from a letter written to a friend about this time is worthy of note as showing something of the religious sentiments of the young man. He says: "With respect to prayer, you ask how am I to distinguish the operations of God in me from motions in my own heart? Why should you distinguish them or how do you know there is any distinction? Is God less because He acts by general laws when He deals with the common elements of nature? That fatal mistake which has embarrassed the philosophy of mind with infinite confusion, the mistake of setting value on a thing's origin rather than on its character, of assuming that composite must be less excellent than simple, has not been slow to extend its deleterious influence over the field of practical religion."

It was the wish of Arthur Hallam's father that he, on leaving Cambridge, should take the serious study of law, instead of following his natural literary bent. This seems hard, but it was, after all, a wise decision of a wise father who wished thus to counteract the effects of an imagination that was too intensely poetical and inclined to the ideal for this practical life. With unflinching sweetness of disposition, Arthur submitted to his father's wishes and started his study of the dry and dusty science with an earnestness that characterized all his actions. He was at this time engaged to Alfred Tennyson's sister Emily, a beautiful girl, with eyes that were like "depths upon depths" and a face so perfectly chiselled that it might have served for the image on a coin. Love with Arthur Hallam was a high and noble affection, and ideal like all his nature. His reverence for the Mother of God is shown in a little gem of poetry which he wrote to Mary Tennyson, Emily's sister.

In the year 1833, when Arthur was 22 years of age, he departed with his father for a tour on the continent. Before leaving England he sent Emily Tennyson a copy of Silvio Pellico, little dreaming that it was to be a parting gift. It was on the 15th of September, "in Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touched him, and he slept." The blow fell "like a bolt from a blue sky" just when the travellers were about to start on their homeward journey. Henry Hallam returned from a walk to find his son lying on a sofa, as he thought, asleep. But it was the sleep that "knows no waking" in this world. Across the bridge that separates the seen from the unseen, the finite from the infinite, time from eternity, Arthur's soul had passed peacefully while he lay alone, asleep. The remains were brought reverently home to his grief stricken family and friends and on the 3rd of January, 1834, were laid in the church of his native place within hearing of the Severn and not far from the last resting place of that other marvellous boy, Thomas Chatterton.

Arthur Hallam had given unquestionable proofs of remarkable genius in the essays, poems and letters which his father had collected and published for his friends after his death. As to his personality, we can in some manner imagine how wonderful, magnetic and inspiring it must have been from the testimony of his friends and most of all from the "In Memoriam," his greatest and most lasting monument. What more beautiful than these words could be found to describe this ideal youth :

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry ;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man ;
Impassioned logic which outran
The hearer in its fiery course ;

High nature amorous of the good,
 But touched with no ascetic gloom ;
 And passion pure in snowy bloom
 Thro' all the years of April blood ;

And manhood fused with female grace
 In such a sort, the child would twine
 A trustful hand, unasked, in thine
 And find his comfort in thy face.

D. M.

The Irish University Question.

T present there are three great questions agitating Ireland : the first, the Gaelic movement; the second, the ever living Home Rule agitation ; and last, but we are happy to say, not least, the agitation for an Irish Catholic University, indeed, since the Gaelic movement is an accomplished fact, and Home Rule is merely a matter of a short time, the Catholic University becomes the pertinent question of the day.

How are Catholics in Ireland to receive University education ? Trinity College is more than three-quarters Episcopalian in its students ; it receives generally not more than five per cent of Catholics. Solutions of this question have been proposed : (a) a separate Catholic University endowed by the state, the ideal solution ; (b) another college, Catholic, in the University of Dublin, in which Trinity is now the only college ; (c) a sort of composite University with colleges in various places and something like the old Queen's University in Belfast, Cork and Galway. Meantime there is the old Trinity College solution, "let Catholics come here, everything here is open to them."

Certainly this last solution is an impossible one as far as Catholic Ireland is concerned ; for, apart from the fact that for some thirty years and more there would not be a Catholic on the governing board of the College, were Catholics now to begin and frequent it

and to take positions, there is also a tradition, political, social and which, at the gates of Trinity College, must make a Catholic pause.

In the very charter and letters patent of the Dublin University, we are told that it is established lest "our people" may be "infected with Popery (!!!) and other ill qualities", if they received their education "in such foreign universities." "But," say our Protestant fellow countrymen, "forget all that; we are liberal; we cannot tolerate bigotry; we wish the creed cry to cease." And yet they take care to exclude the Catholic from every position of emolument in the government, the railroads and other commercial interests which they control; and, when the Catholics by way of reprisal organize the "Catholic Association" to protect themselves, then forsooth, these good people hold up their hands in horror and cry: "Avaunt bigots!" It is the same with Trinity; we are told "it is non-sectarian"; and yet only the other day, as one might say, one of her leading professors, R. V. Tyrrell, burst forth in a most insulting and abusive sonnet, and, not content with that, repeats his insults in prose. Should we then be surprised if the Irish Catholics say, in the words of an Irish Member of Parliament, "We do not choose to send our children to Trinity College and we'll not send them there." The Irish people know that their faith and their language are the two things which can preserve their nationality, and may God keep them in their noble efforts to preserve both.

The Trinity College solution of the question being disposed of, let us proceed to deal with the others. The ideal solution, as I have said before, is a separate Catholic University endowed by the state; yet the recently appointed University Commission refuses a Catholic University point blank. Two reasons are given, both equally unsatisfactory. I can see no reason for the Commissioner's action, unless it be the proverbial English perverseness in dealing with Irish, and especially Irish Catholic affairs. If we are therefore to regard, (as I fear we must) an independent Catholic University as an impossibility, then Lord Dunraven's late proposals seem worth inquiring into.

Lord Dunraven's recent letter on the University question has attracted a great deal of attention; partly, because it is the first time in recent years that an Irish Protestant of position has made any attempt to grapple with the difficulties of the problem, and partly

because there is not a little reason to believe that he voices the sentiments of those greater than himself, these proposals may be briefly described. They are practically the same as those of the University Commission, if, in the scheme of settlement, we substitute Trinity College, Dublin, for Queen's College, Belfast. The University Commission recommended a self-governing Catholic College, loosely connected with Queen's College, Belfast, by a bond of central authority, confined chiefly to maintaining the standard of degrees. Lord Dunraven now proposes to erect a Catholic College, loosely connected in the same way with the Trinity College, Dublin. Whilst the Commission proposed to attenuate the present Royal University into such a standard regulating body, Lord Dunraven wishes to impart something of reality to the University of Dublin, in which Trinity is now the only college and to make it into a similar body, whose chief function shall be to regulate the standard. There is however, one very important modification in his proposals, as we shall see later.

Whatever form of settlement be adopted, it must conform to three conditions. It must be (1) popular, (2) national (3) educationally sufficient. By the first I mean that it must minister to every class of the population; it must have low funds, plentiful scholarships, and no tinge of snobbery in its composition; it must enable the brilliant son of the peasant to become the writer, the thinker, and the scientist of the future. Again it must be national and not a *seoinn* college as Trinity. Finally the education it imparts must be free from the out-of-dateness of Trinity and the cramping conditions of the Royal University.

These principles established, several forms of collegiate enterprise are at once eliminated. To begin with, a college partaking in a common emasculated culture with Queen's or Trinity becomes at once impossible. This is the system that has brought about most of the evils of the present Royal University. An Irish Catholic College thus linked to a Protestant and un-Irish one, must necessarily be defective. No form of settlement, embodying such a complete counterpart of Trinity College, could ever be really satisfactory on any conditions whatever.

It remains then to consider such forms of collegiate institutions as shall resemble Trinity in being self-governing, but differing from it in being both popular and national and therefore suited to the

country's needs. All these conditions would of course be filled in the highest degree by an independent Catholic University but, since the attainment of such is, by an unprejudiced (?) commission, deemed unpracticable, one naturally turns to a self-governing college, which really differs from it rather in form than in substance, as the next best solution. This is what both the University Commission and Lord Dunraven have recommended.

It is because a self-governing college, under the control of the central authority only in the matter of standard, may be fashioned into whatever form you please, that I think there is great hope in the present proposals. Such a college need not and must not conform to the type of Trinity College as we know it at present. Whilst being free to choose its own courses, and hold its own examinations subject to control as to standard, it will be able to fulfil the true educational function of a University by creating and imposing a special culture of its own.

Certain difficulties remain to be dealt with. As in the case of the Commission scheme the exclusion of Maynooth is a grave defect. Then there is the important modification in the Dunraven scheme—a modification adopted in accordance with Wilfred Ward's note to the Commission Report—that the Catholic College resemble Trinity in being *de facto* denominational in character. Should this give rise to any religious difficulties, we may perhaps console ourselves with the reflection that they are more like to trouble our great grand-children than ourselves. Finally there is the objection, almost comic in its nature, that the upper-class Catholics may refuse to attend a "popular" College or University such as we have outlined. An Irish essayist of some repute suggests this ingenious solution. "Within the College a special house of residence for *filii quasi-nobilitium* ruled over by a warden with sixteen quarterlings should be established. Its inmates should go to court, dress for dinner, wear riding breeches in the day-time, and hear their lectures behind a grill."

Whatever betide we must have the College or University, as the case may be, at once. Its absence has a deadly influence on the expansion of our national life. A brilliant career awaits the Catholic youth of ability in the forbidden colleges. He has but to open his mouth and rich academic plums fall into it. To resist the seductions of these colleges and to rest content with the barren honors and

despised degree of a State-ignored Catholic University calls for no ordinary strength of character. To-day degrees can be got in the Royal University without violation of any religious duty ; but they must be won in competition against candidates for whose preparation the State spares no expense. It is the old battle of the linen-clad Celt against the Norman in coat of mail. While such disabilities exist we must resign all hope of University training—"mute, inglorious Miltons." "And the nation must dispense with the services of trained intellects and cultivated powers which, undeveloped, rust in her unused."

THOMAS J. TOBIN, '06.

The Story of the Cuchulain Saga.

OF the three great cycles comprising the saga literature of ancient Ireland that relating to Cuchulain and the heroes of the Red Branch seems to have taken the strongest hold on the imagination of the world. The Mythological series affords an interesting study of pagan Irish religious beliefs ; Ossian and the warriors of the Fianna live forever in the Gaelic fairy-land of the imagination ; but, by the learned world at large, the personages of the Cuchulain Saga would appear to be considered the most lifelike and ideal types of that old Irish heathendom which made its last struggle for existence, under Druid banners, on the plain of Moyrath, while the seventh century was still in its youth. These epics are essentially pagan ; but it is a fine, vigorous paganism, with its knightly rules of conduct and its unconscious, uphill struggle towards the Light that even then was dawning in the Eastern sky. In Cuchulain striving against the wizardry of the children of Calitin may be seen typified the unending conflict between the powers of Good and Evil.

It was about the period of the Incarnation, when Conor MacNessa was king over Ulster, that the military order of the Red Branch grew and flourished in Emania, the capital of Ulster. Cuchulain, Conall Cearnach, Fergus MacRoy, Conor MacNessa and the three sons of Usna, its leading champions, were chiefs of the

Clanna Rury, a Gaelic tribe which held the sovereignty of Ulster. Than Cuchulain, there was none braver and stronger among all the men of Erin. In his youth Setanta, as he was then known, slew a hound belonging to Cullan, a celebrated armorsmith after whom is named the mountain Slieve-Gullion, in Ulster, and, to console the smith for its loss, generously offered to serve as watchdog in its place—whence his name Cu-Chulain (the Hound of Cullan.) He was trained in arms by Aoife, the Amazon Queen of Skye, whom he espoused.

In later years he slew his own son Connla in single combat, neither knowing the other till the last—a pathetic episode which has its parallels in the epic poetry of other countries. He overcame, through the treachery of his wife, Blanid, the redoubtable Munster—champion Curoi, the son of Daurya. But it was as the defender of Ulster against the rest of Ireland in the outset of the Seven Years' war that Cuchulain gained his greatest renown. This was the celebrated raid of the Connachtmen known as the Cattle-Spoil of Cooley. and it was brought about, indirectly, by the murder of the sons of Usna and the carrying-off of Deirdre

Deirdre, the Irish Helen, is the saddest and most pathetic figure in the whole gallery of Gaelic heroines. A child of destiny, foredoomed at birth, she came into the world in the midst of a feast at which were present Conor the King and the chief men of his court. Into the banquetting-hall was the infant borne to receive the greetings of the assembled company. Then Kauvah the Druid, bending over the child, uttered prophecies of woe. He predicted that through her great ruin and ill should come upon Ulster, that her beauty should set all men aflame, that through her the Clanna Rury and the Red Branch should be rent asunder and destroyed. This hearing, the warriors clamored for her death. But Conor the King silenced their outcry, and ordered that the babe should be kept in seclusion in his own palace of Emania till she had reached maidenhood, when he himself would take her to wife.

But when she was woman grown, Deirdre fled across the seas to Alba with Naoise, the son of Usna, and his brethren Ardan and Ainle, and there they abode many years. At length the men of Ulster forced the king to lift the outlawry which he had imposed on the fugitives, and Conor

pledged his personal honor that, should the children of Usna return, in naught should they be molested but in all things should enjoy the same rights and privileges as heretofore. But when 'he fated Deirdre, with her companions, had set foot on Irish soil cncē more, Fergus MacRoy, who had pledged himself to their defence was decoyed away from their company. Thereon an escort, composed of Conor's own satellites, hurried them to Emania and lodged them in the house of the Red Branch, there to await the king's pleasure. Then, when none was by to give them succour, the sons of Usna were besieged and massacred by Conor's troops, acting under the personal direction of Conor himself. As for Deirdre, her lot thereafter was such that she was glad to escape it by throwing herself headforemost from Conor's chariot and dashing her head on a rock.

It was an ill deed for Conor For Fergus MacRoy came up the next day with many fighting men, hastily collected at news of the murder, and, to avenge his violated safe-conduct and his son Illan Finn, slain in defence of the children of Usna, he straightway stormed and sacked Emania. The royal forces marched rapidly to intercept him ; but Fergus, having glutted his revenge, retired in safety from Emania and passed over, with his whole following, to the hostile sovereigns of Connacht. Cuchulain and Conall Cearnach, disgusted at Conor's perfidy, had withdrawn from his court. The borders of Ulster lay open to the invader.

Maev, the fiery-hearted queen of the Ullnemaatha, (Connachtmen) now launched against Ulster the armies of her tributary princes and allies, ostensibly to carry off as spoil of war a rare dun bull from the territory of the chief of Cooley. With this immense host, which comprised all the tribes of the Gael and the Firbolg, went Fergus and his little band of exiles, their vengeance still unsatisfied. Single-handed, Cuchulain stayed at the frontier the whole host of Ireland. One by one he worsted the champions whom Maev sent against him, promising her daughter Findabar to each in turn. He slew in single combat his dearest friend, the Firbolg Ferdia, and one of the most pathetic passages of the epic tells how "the champions in the pauses of the deadly combat kiss'd." Then the Ulster forces had time to assemble, and the men of Ireland, withdrew slowly and sullenly, southward.

But now the time was come for Cuchulain to wend his way to Tir-na-n-og, and soon the wizard children of Calitin had lured him forth from his dwelling and brought him to his death at the hands of Lugh of Munster and though Conall Cearnach slew Lugh and made a "red route of slaughter" through the men of Ireland, he could not avert the ruin that was impending over the Red Branch. For in the end the men of Ireland overran Ulster, burned Emania to the ground, slew Conor the King in battle, and drove the Clanna Rury into Down, where their descendants may be found unto this day.

HUBERT O'MEARA.



Ottawa's Sylvan Shade.

Exchanges.

The May issue of St. Mary's Sentinel contains much solid reading matter—interesting, instructive essays, and stories well told. Of the essays we mention "Memory and its Cultivation", treating of the advantages of a good memory, how to acquire and preserve one, and of fiction, "The Haunted House" as worthy of praise.

Echoes from the Pines visited us for the second time this year. The initial article entitled "Mary the Perfect Woman" is very good, but unfortunately we were forced to begin with the conclusion. "Filial Duty Rewarded" is a story deserving of merit.

From far-off California comes the St. Mary's Collegian. It contains an abundance of interesting essays and the poems contain good thoughts well expressed. "San Francisco's Tragedy" describing the scenes after the disastrous earthquake, and "Influence of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" are about the best.

The Notre Dame Scholastic still retains its high standard. The essays are interesting, the poetry of no mean merit, the editorials clear and concise. Of the recent numbers "Railroad Rate Regulations" and "The Drama" are the best.

We note with pleasure the arrival of the Viatorian after an absence of three months. In February St. Viateur's College was destroyed by fire. Well we know the effect of such a disaster and sympathize with the students of St. Viateur's.

Now that once again we are to bow ourselves out and part from our contemporaries in the field of college journalism, we send you, college friends, our best wishes for a pleasant vacation. Au revoir, ladies and gentlemen.

M. O'T.

In the life story of Mr. W. H. Newman there is that which should be a powerful inspiration to every young man.

Thirty-five years ago he was a brakeman on a Southern railroad at a wage of \$2 a day; to-day he is president of the great Vanderbilt system, with a salary of \$120,000 a year, a palatial residence in New York, and a private car so sumptuously appointed that a king might envy it.

"Watch him mounting the steps leading up to his splendid triumph!

Brakeman on Texas and Pacific.

Station agent.

Local freight agent.

General freight agent.

Traffic manager of the Missouri Pacific.

Third vice-president of the Chicago and North-Western.

Second vice-president.

President of the Lake Shore.

President of the New York Central.

President of the whole Vanderbilt system, with its 100,000 employees, and its twenty thousand miles of trackage. He gets a salary of \$120,000 yearly.

From the beginning to the end of this marvellous story not an element of chance is to be seen. With the man who has won this grand success, it was from the start, a simple problem in mathematics—so much industry, duty, devotion, painstaking care and unconquerable will power, for so much success.

* * *

The young brakeman handled the brakes conscientiously. He swore to himself that he would, if possible, do the best braking of any man on the road—just as Epaminondas, when elected street commissioner of Thebes, swore that he would attend to his job better than any other man had ever attended to it.

And when the brakeman became the station agent, and, later, on, the traffic manager and the third vice-president, and the second vice-president, it was the same spirit that dominated him—the spirit of a conscientious consecrated energy, of manly devotion, indefatigable perseverance and hopefulness in the work that was given him to do.—"Buffalo Express".



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. IX

EDITORIAL.

CATHOLIC TRUTH.

The Catholic Encyclopædia prospectus to hand contains an article on the Catholic Church in Canada which is a uniform tissue of mis-statements. American ignorance of things Canadian, although of the invincible kind, we have become accustomed to by force of habit, but the article in question is signed by a Canadian. It reads much like Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and we had some difficulty in persuading our editorial selves that we were not Rip Van Winkle II. Since the perusal of this strange concoction we have looked in vain for an arch-diocese called "Vancouver" and a diocese yclept

"Peterloo", likewise a Most Rev. Bertram Orth, who is or was "an Oblate." We have as yet failed to be convinced by the assertion that "in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec the Catholics have separate schools", for we thought that in Quebec the separate schools were for the Protestants. It surpasses our understanding how "the school question in the North-West" has been settled "and is yet a burning question" unless Hegel's philosophy has triumphed, and the principle of contradiction immortalized in Hamlet's soliloquy proved a hollow fraud. 'Tis incorrect to state that St. Michael's College, Toronto, and St. Boniface College, Winnipeg, are affiliated to "Protestant Universities" since the Universities in either case are State institutions, and non-sectarian, more's the pity. 'Tis when he speaks of those vague stretches of country West of the St. Lawrence known as the 'pays d'en haut' that our informant betrays a most provincial grasp of the situation. A clerical error such as 'St. James' Bay' instead of "James' Bay" may pass, but 'tis misleading to assert that "each bishopric outside of Quebec forms a civil corporation." On the contrary a specific act of the legislature has to be obtained. The fact that practically all the references at the end of the article are French show that the writer is not very familiar with the numerous works published in English on Catholicity in Canada. He might well have added 'The Memoirs of Bishop Burke,' by Archbishop O'Brien; "The History of the Catholic Church in P. E. I." by Dr. MacMillan; "The Church in the Niagara Peninsula," by Dean Harris; "The Jesuit Missions," by Rev. Dr. Withrow, a Methodist clergyman; "The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia," by Father Morice; "Twenty Years of Missions" by Archbishop Taché; "The Church in America," by John Gilmary Shea, not to mention others, the names of which may be found in a reliable work entitled "Canada, an Encyclopaedia of the Country." To conclude, the distribution of the religious orders is hopelessly muddled. In addition to its faulty data the article bears all the ear marks of a hasty translation. In view of the foregoing we most respectfully suggest to the compilers of the Encyclopaedia that they try again. It were a pity to include in such a monumental bureau of information as they promise, the merits of which we have already extolled, such a hash of unreliable data concerning the church of half a continent.

LOYALTY.

The following excerpt from a standard authority will be no doubt information of a kind needed about the 12th of July when loyalty is monopolized by certain noisy sons of thunder:

"In 1849 during the month of October, a manifesto was published in Montreal advocating 'Annexation.' This manifesto was signed by many leading citizens of Montreal including such well known names as those of the Torrances, the Redpaths, the Molsons, the Workmans and the Dorions, Luther Hamilton Holton, Benjamin Holmes, David Lewis Macpherson, Jacob Dewitt, Ed and Goff Penny, D. Lorne Macdougall, John Rose and J. J. C. Abbott were among the signatures to this document, which was comprehensively addressed 'To the People of Canada.' Its publication naturally produced much excitement and discussion. It soon became apparent that the sympathizers with the project were not confined to the 325 persons who had signed the manifesto. Among other public men who pronounced loudly in its favour was Mr. (L.J.) Papineau, who in so doing was consistent with the principles which he had professed ever since his return from exile; but it was Mr. Alexander T Galt among the advocates of annexation. Justices of the peace, officers of the militia, Queen's Counsel, and others holding commissions at the pleasure of the Crown, were among the signers of the manifesto, which could not therefore be treated as a mere ebullition of feeling on the part of the democratic portion of the community alone. Similar manifestoes were issued at Toronto, Quebec and elsewhere, at St. John, N. B. S. L. Tilley was among the signatories, but the signatories were by no means as numerous as at Montreal."—(*The last forty years of Canada by J. C. Dent*)



Of Local Interest.

At the Trinity ordination here on the 9th inst., seventy seven ecclesiastical students received holy orders. Among those elevated to the priesthood were : Rev. W. J. Stanton, Rev. J. McGuire, Rev. A. Verroneau, Rev. M. Murphy, Rev. S. Murphy—all Oblates who have been more or less intimately connected with the students, and to whom the REVIEW offers its most sincere congratulations.

On the evening of the ordination, the students assembled in lecture hall where Mr. V. G. McFadden, '09, on their behalf, presented the newly ordained priests with an address. Rev. Fathers Stanton and Verroneau replied in brief but happy speeches.

The address was as follows :—

Reverend and dear Fathers—

On this, the occasion of your ordination to the Holy Priesthood, we the students of Ottawa University, cannot but express our deep feelings of gratitude for your many kind and helpful efforts of the past. You have been with us for the last few years, and we have learned to appreciate the admonitions you have given us. You have fulfilled your duties faithfully and if, at times, we seemed to resent your advice, we hope that now you will exercise your power to forgive by pardoning our misgivings.

Yesterday, by the imposition of the Bishop's hands, what wonders did God not work in you! You are to-day Priests of God's altar. What a dignity! What an honor, what prerogatives, what power! You are now God's agents on earth. You are to continue the work which He began—namely the salvation of souls and the propagation of His holy religion. How deeply impressed you must be with the interior sentiments of your divine model! Each of you may say, in truth with St. Paul—"I live, not now I, but Christ liveth in me."

To be a priest is an honor—a great honor—conferred on a chosen few; and we sincerely congratulate you on being amongst

that chosen few. Your work is a work of consolation. Your duties are such that you can have nothing but the highest esteem for them. If, in your new career, you meet with trials, be not discouraged but recall the fact that trials, endured for God's sake, tend to perfect you. You have been endowed with wonderful gifts of the Holy Ghost, and they will help you to overcome all difficulties. Every day of your lives you will be victims entirely immolated for the glory of God, for the salvation of your neighbor, and for your own sanctification.

Now, dear fathers, we all join in wishing you many happy returns of this glorious day, and again congratulate you on the sacrificing steps you have taken, we ask you to kindly remember us in your daily mass. In conclusion we ask you to bestow upon us your holy blessing.

Signed by the Students of Ottawa University.

June 10th, 1906.



The Scientific Excursion

The morning of Wednesday, May 30th, broke clear and cool, ushering in a beautiful day for the annual outing of the Scientific Society. Promptly at 6 o'clock the six seated tally-ho, ordered for the occasion, drove up to the arts building and twenty-three budding scientists, among whom was the writer, thirsting for knowledge, stepped forth, ready to take their allotted places. Such a heterogeneous collection of uniforms as was worn on this occasion, has seldom been seen. An Ogdensburg man affirmed that his khaki suit had seen three years service in the Philippines. He could also account for its color by the fact that it had suffered a severe attack of yellow fever. Other famous pieces of apparel were a cloak worn by Napoleon at Elba, the boots used by "McSwiggan" in the championship Argonaut game, and a hat brought from a Sioux reserve by "Moon-Dog."

Sam Weller once said that coaches were like guns ; they needed to be well loaded before they go off. Our coach was no exception to this rule, and it seemed as if we were stocking it with a year's provisions. But all was soon ready and we were moving at a merry clip through the city, waking the inhabitants by hearty V-A-R's and frequent bugle calls. Our destination was Pellissier's cave, a wonderful subterranean cavern in a mountain some twenty-five miles up the Gatineau, and of which a short description will be given later on.

We passed through Hull and had proceeded about eight miles when we suddenly remembered that we had not yet broken our fast, and it was decided to get down at the next grove and knock the edge off our appetites. The opportunity soon presented itself in the shape of a small island in the Gatineau river, reached by a bridge. Before reaching this point we were stopped by a toll-gate, where the treasurer was relieved of half-a-dollar. "Bill" tried to beat him down to forty cents, saying the stage only carried fifteen, but his answer was "twenty-three—skidoo."

After doing justice to a generous repast of sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, cocoa and milk we felt even more like scientists than ever, and every one prepared to make the most of his time in the interest of science. We had reached a hilly country and were frequently requested to rest ourselves by slowly walking up the hills. It was about this time that "Fat" displayed his ferocious nature by drawing a revolver and wantonly killing small birds and squirrels as we drove along. The other members of the party contented themselves with killing rare specimens, and in this respect they were very successful. Only two "very rare specimens" escaped and so could not be classified. The first one had been followed almost a mile by an ardent scientist with a rifle, who discovered, however, when about to shoot, that the gun was not loaded. The second specimen gave us a still longer chase, and finally disappeared, presumably in a small lake beside the road. "Dinky" says it was a mermaid, looking for her sheep.

Meanwhile we had reached a second toll-gate which cost us thirty cents more, making eighty cents all *tolled*.

And now, the coachman's favorite dog who had graciously lent his presence for the journey, began to make trouble. He had

already insulted one member of the party at breakfast, by refusing to eat from the same dish as is usual on such outings. Suddenly developing a taste for spring lamb, he pursued a flock of sheep and was only stopped by the irate farmer who told him in "up the Gatineau" dialect what he thought of him. His next escapade was with a calf, which was rescued by "Bud" who in turn found himself almost on the "horns of a dilemma" by the approach of the said calf's mother, demanding an explanation. After the philosophers of the party had reasoned with her, she saw the force of their arguments and decided to let the matter drop.

At 11.30 we reached the small farm house where we had arranged to leave our horses and have lunch, and in a very few minutes we were partaking of a banquet which had been prepared by our Rev. Director with "Filly" as "cookee". And such a feast! Space will not permit me to describe it, but some idea of its magnitude can be obtained by the fact that the fragments when gathered up, filled several great baskets.

At two o'clock we started for the cave, and after following a trail along the mountain for about a mile, the opening was reached. Lighted candles were given to each member, and in single file, with Fr. Lajeunesse leading we entered the side of the mountain and after proceeding about 100 feet, a halt was called in a large cavern where a flashlight was taken of the group. Retracing our steps some thirty feet, we crawled through a small opening and found ourselves in a low narrow passage with walls of solid rock. The floor was of clay or rather mud and this combined with the ice cold water from the dripping walls made the travelling rather unpleasant. When we had gone about two hundred feet farther in this fashion, a halt was called at the mouth of a deep chasm. Ladders had been placed here by a daring scientist named Pelletier and we all prepared to descend into the bowels of the earth. By means of ropes and ladders each member in turn made the trip and when all had safely landed two hundred feet below, a rousing V. A. R. was given to note the echoes. When silence had been restored we listened, and far below we could hear the water from a spring in this well, dropping into what we presumed was an underground pond below.

The water in this spring was clear as crystal and ice cold, while its depth has never been ascertained.

We now had reached the end of our journey, and after spending almost three hours underground we emerged again into the light of day. The trip to the farm-house was quickly made and in half an hour we were again on the road home. In order that we might get over the worst of the road before dark we decided to eat supper on the road home, and this was accordingly done. The return was made in good time, every member of the party contributing to the program of songs and speeches. Arriving at Old Varsity, cheers were given for our director, the driver and the Scientific Society. Rev. Father Lajeunesse secured many fine photographs of the cave and surrounding country, which will be used to illustrate the lectures delivered before the Society.

T M. C.



Kicker's Corner.

Dear Editor:—

Re a book note in the March number of your excellent Review, a friend, "way down south," born and bred there, the son of a distinguished writer and a war veteran, writes to me to enter a protest against the possibly dangerous enthusiasm we northern people express, as to the ertswihle slaves down in Dixie. S. N. Seems in that book notice so much in earnest and so surely right in recognizing the poetic merit of a recent volume of song by Braithwaite, a negro, that he or she cannot resent an equally earnest word on this now fearfully interesting subject of the Black Problem in the United States, which, bad as it is, would surely be worse if it became a yellow (mulatto) problem. My correspondent quotes a very pretty love song as one of the most beautiful of those mentioned by S. N., and he says: "Very exquisite poetry, I grant; but herein lies the kernal of the negro question down south. Does it make any difference what the color of a man be? is asked. Confidently, I say it makes the difference of civilized existence down here. Do you northern folks, who see the negro only transfigured by theories and sentiment, do you ever reflect, that with us white men of the South, it is a question of saving white civilization, of preventing the incoming of a yellow, a mulatto civilization? Do you not see that 'logic' will make your theories result in miscegenation—the inevitable debasement of white womanhood and white manhood? This is the rock of foundation of the southern struggle for existence. The Northerner says: Oh! we only demand political and economical equality for the negro, but what reason has he to think it will stop there? I purposely pass over the recent struggles of the South as t. result of the war; but remember that had that infernal carpet-bag ruling of the South continued for another generation, the land of Dixie would have become a Yellow man's land: our own delicate white girls have been replaced by dissolute, luscious-mouthed octoroons, the demi-mondaines of the far south. And this poet, a good one, I grant, that's what's in his brain. He's too refined to address such exquisite love verse to one of his own race; he couldn't find a black woman in all this poor land who could appreciate such delicate love. No! Braithwaite is singing his sweet song to an ideal white woman, and I'd stab the 'ideal'

before I'd let her listen to this pleading." There are and there may be more negro Anacreons, there may be more workers coming like Booker Washington, thanks to the uplifting power of education, but a Southerner who has lived so near the burning question must be listened to when he speaks, as I know my friend does from his strongest convictions, that the lot of the negro woman was so hard before emancipation that the few years that have gone by since the material shackles were broken, have not sufficed to raise her to the level of the better educated negro man, except in rare cases. My friend says a dreadful thing from his knowledge of statistics even in the Catholic colored parishes. He adds: "This evil was forced on us, it is a terrible one, we are far from done with it. It was forced upon us by the Northern bayonets. How it will be solved eventually God only knows. What we white men of the South do know, however, is this: That we will die to a man before the negro becomes even an equal factor in our civilization. We would not be worth shooting if we did otherwise. We sympathize with the negro really more than you do up North; but we will kill him (or will be killed) before he dominates us and contaminates our women with his inferior blood. Booker Washington knows this as well as I do. Hence he cringes down South and is eloquent up North, and Braithwaite knows it and yearns for a white woman's love, not that of his own race."

We have been so stunned by the menace of the far Eastern "yellow peril" that it is quite possible none of us, above Mason and Dixon's line, have realized how very near we are apt to grow to a far worse yellow danger; to teach and refine the black race must be one of the most urgent of the needs in Darkest America.

M. L. NORTH.

Editor's Note.—'This in co-incidence with the disquieting news from Africa will perhaps induce our readers to think for a moment what is to be the destiny of the Sons of Ham. The above is not quite the "Cursed be Canaan" diatribe we sometimes hear, as the revelation of a problem. The Catholic Church in the States is preparing for concerted action on the negro question and the question of mixed marriages in its varied complications will receive attention. The editor being Canadian born knows 'nuthin' 'bout niggers'!

DREAM.

(By One of Our Opium Eaters.)

Last night I had a strange dream, which, if it comes to pass, foretells the future of at least some of our students. As in most dreams, unfortunately I was able to remember only a few of the events portrayed therein, and these I now place before you.

I thought I was on my way home from Australia in the year 1930, after spending some twenty years in that country, whither I had gone to recuperate from a severe illness brought on by overwork, ahem!! Coming by way of England, I had the good fortune to meet in London, an old friend in the person of Fat, whom I had not seen since we parted at College in 1907. After the first fusillade of questions had been answered, we set out for his apartments, there to renew the events of the last twenty years and recall the many happy days spent in Old Ottawa College. Not until we had arrived at his apartments did I realize that I was talking not to Fat as we used to call him, but the Hon. J. Edmund, premier of Ontario, now in London to represent his province before the Privy Council in some dispute with the Dominion. When I had congratulated "Mac" on his good fortune, I began to inquire after other friends of my youth, for, during my enforced stay in Australia, I had lost all account of most of them. "Well," said "Fat," "I can't place them all, but the names of some of them are well known on at least two continents. Tod has just received knighthood from the King as a reward for his services in completing the tunnel between England and the continent, one of the greatest engineering feats of the age. Charley is also a knight now, and a worthy successor to Sir Henry Irving as an interpreter of Shakespeare. He's in New York at present, filling a three week's engagement. I understand that he is thinking seriously of contesting for a seat in the British Parliament where his ability to grapple with the great questions of the day, would, no doubt, prove an immense benefit to the Empire.

"Con. was in London last week, where he gave a piano recital under the patronage of his Majesty the King. The

newspapers spoke very enthusiastically of the performance, and called him king of pianists. Of course you have heard of Mike's luck, you know he has inherited a fortune of a man named Smith. A gentleman died without a will, and the courts decided that of all the Smiths—some 5,000 in number—Mike had the most right to the money. "Happy" also submitted his name, but, although his claims were eloquently represented by Lionel, LL.D., he failed to get a share.

"Quam" represents Lindsay in the Dominion Parliament, and Archie is a member of my cabinet. Others who have attained prominence in political circles are Senator from Winnipeg; Sir Anthony, from St. John; Mayor of Ogdensburg; and Congressman Frank, of Waterbury. Do you remember Vic, the professor with the smiling countenance and ready wit? "Well," said Fat, "I see by last week's papers that he has set out on a tour of the world in his new airship. Incidentally he will try to find Jim and Willie, who, twelve years ago, set sail in a small boat for some uninhabited island in the South Seas, where they hoped to spend their days together in peace. I don't know what Matt is doing now. When I heard from him last he was head designer in a millinery establishment in New York. The other members of the sewing circle—whom we won't mention—had positions with the same firm. But fortune has not been so kind to all our chums, said Mac; George, for instance, has never been heard of since he started out on skates in 1912 to find the North Pole, with no provisions except some sandwiches, and no weapon but a hockey stick. Hollis was killed a few years ago, when he attempted to cross Brooklyn bridge, after he had been warned that it would not carry him. Sleepy also died accidentally. While standing on the bank of the Georgian Bay canal, watching some motor boat races, he fell asleep and tumbled into the water. Tobin saw the accident and made an effort to save him, but he was a little late, and the poor fellow perished." During the conversation with Fat, I noticed a nicely bound book lying on the table, and imagine my surprise when I found the writer was none other than Roddy. "Why" said I, "surely he is

not an author?" "O yes," said Mac, "he started out by writing short treatises on checkers and euchre, but soon sought deeper subjects, and his last book 'My Valentine,' has brought him both fame and fortune." I was just going to inquire after a few of the happy families and some others of the bunch, when, as I thought, an unearthly clanging of bells took place all over the city. In reality it was the Prefect's bell, and I was rudely awakened from my strange dream by his sonorous voice calling out "Six o'clock! Get up!"



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