



HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. FALCONIO.

The..

University of Ottawa Review.

No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1902.

Vol. V

His Excellency Mgr. Falconio.

O noble envoy of our Pontiff and King,
The illustrious Leo, whose compassion would bring
All creation in aid of the weak and oppressed,
The lowly resigned whom the good Lord hath blessed.
By the Spirit of Light in God's wisdom attired,
Thy soul all inflamed, thy heart all inspired
Have taught us true peace. Faith kindles anew
In the triumph of truth over doubts that we knew.
To an arena more vast, to combats more stern
With zeal unabated, but with calm unconcern,
Thou dost haste at the call of duty again
To add to the laurels the past crowned thy pain.
To vanquish the error that stalks through the land
Rome thee hath chosen. The valorous band
Of God's chosen people to victory can trust
With a leader so fearless in a cause that is just.

A TRANSLATION.

Mgr. Falconio's Farewell to Canada.



ON Tuesday the 18th inst., His Excellency Mgr. Diomedo Falconio, late Papal Delegate to Canada but succeeding Cardinal Martinelli at Washington, left Ottawa to enter upon his new labors. Since his arrival, Oct. 12th, 1899, in this country, he has gone on in the even tenor of his way without exciting much attention, quiet and unostentatious. When Cardinal Martinelli had sailed for Europe, it began to be rumored, and persistently rumored, that the Delegate of Canada was appointed by the Holy Father to the vacant post. And this was as persistently denied. At length when the official documents from Rome, announcing the transfer, had arrived and were published, then, not only the Catholics but the whole population of Canada seemed to be stirred by the fact. All the Capital dailies, and the principal papers of the Dominion, contained regrets, and sympathetic allusions to the pending departure of His Excellency, as well as flattering compliments towards his person. Naturally, it was for Catholics, who best understood the eminence of his dignity, and the high character of his mission as direct representative of the head of the Catholic Church—those of them especially, who had lived with or near him—to give unqualified expression of their sentiments under the circumstances. If Mgr. Falconio's arrival was sincerely though formally greeted in every section of the country, in addresses from clergy and laity, the demonstrations which marked his leave taking were deeply heartfelt and spontaneous. We have seen this in the farewell visits the Delegate paid to our three principal cities, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. In Ottawa and Montreal respectively the Hibernians and the Catholic Sailors' Club placed themselves on record for their enthusiasm. At a splendid function in Ottawa, His Excellency was the recipient of a precious pectoral cross of solid gold, chased in shamrocks, and mounted in oriental opazes and diamonds: the gift was presented by the Canadian councils of the Knights of Columbus.

The banquet, tendered the Delegate at Toronto under the auspices of the Catholic Union of which Mr. Justice MacMahon is President, was noteworthy as a brilliant gathering of the representative clergy and laity of Ontario. Very excellent speeches were delivered, The Apostolic Delegate declared that: "He regretted to leave Canada* In his three years residence here he had learned to love Canada above any other country. While he admired the extent of our land, its productions and its beauty, he admired above all the spirit which animated Canadians Although of different races and of different creeds; yet they lived in loyalty and friendship together; and the country was going on its way with its people bound by brotherly love and sure to prosper."

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Ontario Premier, after a witty compliment to the Bishop of London, Ont., remarked, that, on a similar occasion three years before, the Delegate appeared to him a little lonesome away from sunny Italy. He became less so, as he became acquainted with our Dominion. Any Canadian would appreciate Mgr. Falconio's high encomiums on Canada. The Premier understood that His Excellency came "bearing a message of peace and good will to Canada; he has completely fulfilled that duty. His words to-night showed that he came here, bearing this message, that he was a worthy messenger; and we feel that he has discharged that duty to the whole of the people of Canada; not merely to the people of his own Church, to whom his message was primarily to be delivered, but to all those who bear the name of Canadian, and who are interested, as he is interested, in the peace and prosperity of our beloved Dominion."

The speech of Mayor Howland, of Toronto, seemed to be a rift in the harmony that prevailed. He was glad to be present he said to express the cordial welcome which he was sure the citizens, irrespective of creed, would give to the distinguished representative of His Holiness. He acknowledged the indebtedness of modern civilization to the Roman Catholic Church for its preservation of learning and religion through the dark ages. "I have joined with you," said Mayor Howland, "in drinking the toast of His Holiness, a friend of the British Empire, a friend of the peace of the world, one whose name and fame

*This and other extracts are from the Catholic Register.

are respected by all creeds. I would have preferred it should not have been followed by the toast of His Majesty the King. I think it would have been better if the relations between the Church and State had not thus been expressed in this city. I could not refuse to join following that in drinking the toast of His Most Gracious Majesty. I am sure every Roman Catholic present joined most heartily and loyally in the toast, and I know you meant nothing more than expressing a sentiment in which I do not think I could refuse to join you, that the spiritual is higher than the material." Just so. Mayor Howland knows and gives the only reason why in a Catholic banquet the toast of the Pope precedes that to the King. The two orders, spiritual and temporal, are perfectly distinct, and independent one of the other, within their own limits. True, they are too often opposed as rival claimants; because the same individual happens to be at the same time subject of the spiritual and the temporal authorities; though in view of essentially diverse ends, of which one is our eternal and supernatural destiny, having under present conditions a more or less indirect bearing on the second, viz., temporal and material prosperity in this world alone. More or less indirect bearing, we say; for temporal and material good is not the ultimate, but it can either vastly facilitate or vastly impede one's ultimate welfare. Friction arises, only because one of the claimants in the dispute, not fully alive to the proper adjustment of things, unadvisedly steps over the frontiers of his neighbor. The trouble for some people is, that, more zealous than wise, they wish to subordinate the spiritual to the temporal, a subversion condemned by tight sociology, execrated equally by common sense and Catholic conscience, and fraught with mischief to both spheres. It is likely such persons—and they form a powerful class—Mayor Howland had in view when he spoke. At any rate Messrs. Ross and Howland touched on this delicate subject with considerable tact and frankness. Their speeches do as much honor to their perspicacity as to their courtesy to their respected guest.

Mgr. Falconio's stay in Canada was short, it has been singularly fruitful in good; it has conciliated the respect and friendship of a whole people. Mgr. Falconio has gained our esteem and our gratitude. In spite of our regret at his departure, we are glad his success with us opens a wider field of usefulness and honor. His future will be followed with interest and sympathy.

M. T. P.

The Roman Pronunciation of Latin.

MUCH is the title of an article from Prof. W. T. Raymond of the University of New Brunswick. It gives a welcome proof that the incomparable masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature are not going to be excluded, as has been strongly advocated in many quarters, from the educational institutions of this country. It evinces, moreover, the presence of a widespread and reviving reverence for the old classical studies, and their return if not to pre-eminent, at any rate, to general favour. Professor Raymond advocates in the *Educational Monthly* of St. John, N. B., the old Roman pronunciation of Latin, that is, with Italian vowels, and hard *c* and *g*. We quote merely some of the authorities he adduces in support of his contention. The first referred to is Prof. H. T. Peck of Columbia College, New York, who in a little book on Latin pronunciation delivers himself as follows: "The Roman method of pronouncing Latin has now received the approval of authority in Europe and America, as giving substantially the pronunciation employed by educated Romans of the Augustan age. It has been formally adopted at our leading universities. The most recent grammars of the language recognize no other method. Thus one great reproach to classical scholarship seems likely to be removed, and one universal pronunciation of the noblest of the ancient languages to receive general acceptance [*sic*]. This little book will more than accomplish its object, if it shall have aided ever so slightly in discrediting the barbarisms of a method which, to use the expression of a distinguished scholar, 'ought long since to have followed the Ptolemaic system of astronomy into the limbo of unscientific curiosities.'"

Prof. Raymond writes: "Wishing to know from themselves what was the prevailing use in the United States, and what their opinion of it, I wrote to distinguished professors in the leading colleges of the United States, and also to some in Canada. Here are some of their answers: "

Professor Wright, of Harvard, says (Nov. 18, 1901): "Here in

the States we have given up almost universally the so-called English method of teaching Latin. We were led to this step; because it completely disguises, if not caricatures, the ancient speech, and causes the reader to lose much of the rhetorical effect of the original tongue. The so-called Roman method of pronunciation is, we believe, not far removed from the pronunciation of the ancients; and though not perfectly satisfactory in every respect, is much more satisfactory than the English method. I think nothing could induce us to return to the latter.

"The same observations apply to the pronunciation of Greek. Indeed, there is almost absolute uniformity, so far as my knowledge extends, in this respect among the teachers of Greek in the States. The so called Erasmian method is followed; and pupils are taught to write the accents; and to observe them in pronunciation. In a very few places where the Erasmian method is not in use, the modern Greek pronunciation has been adopted. This is, of course, open to grave objections, similar in nature to those I have urged with respect to the English pronunciation of Latin."

Professor Morgan, of Harvard says: "The Roman pronunciation of Latin has been in use here since 1869; and I find it hard to see how anybody can defend the teaching of Latin pronunciation by any other method." In regard to Greek pronunciation, he says: "I am glad to hear that you have entered the field against the 'English method' of rendering the sounds; your campaign is heartily to be commended."

Professor Goodwin, of Harvard (Oct. 29, 1901), says: "In the United States there has been no difference of opinion in late years about the absurdity of trying to pronounce Greek and Latin like English, and especially that of giving Greek the Latin accents. Many details of pronunciation are not agreed on; but the general principle is now treated as settled."

Principal Peterson of McGill, says: The Roman pronunciation of Latin is in use here, and is certainly to be preferred, if it can be carried out without pedantry. The vowel sounds seem to me to be of the

greatest importance." The most authoritative Latin grammar written by an Englishman, is the Latin grammar of H. J. Roby. After sixty pages of closely reasoned discussion of the pronunciation of Latin, he concludes that the probable pronunciation of educated Romans in the period from Cicero to Quintilian, say 70 B. C. to 90 A. D., was what was called the Roman pronunciation. He evidently thinks English the language least suitable of all to which to reduce the pronunciation of Latin, for he says, "The phenomenon presented by most letters in English, of sound and sign having but a fortuitous connection, is, I believe, quite unique." And in its October issue the *Educational Review* returns to the subject thus: "Such an argument should not be necessary at this date, after the battle between Roman and English pronunciation has been virtually decided, and the result accepted by nearly every college and university on the continent. We hope the Board of Education [of New Brunswick], which seems to have taken a one-sided and somewhat hasty and ill-advised view of the matter, will not pursue the course of insisting upon the English pronunciation, a course which will bring upon us the well deserved contempt of scholars."

The *Canada Educational Monthly*, in its issue for September, takes the same view:—

"Whatever consonant sounds are best to choose, the vowels, at least, should approach modern Italian vowels. Every one is agreed on that—except, it seems, a headmaster and an inspector of schools, in New Brunswick. It is to be hoped, in the interest of sound learning, of good taste, and of respect for common sense and elementary knowledge, that that province will not go back to a comparatively recent corrupt English method, abandoned now in English authoritative books, unknown in any university of note in the United States or Canada, and a subject of amusement to every nation of cultivated beings on the face of the earth."

A Friend's Revenge.

K. R., '03.

I was daylight when I awoke with a morbid sense of depression at the events of the previous day. My spirits were in no way restored, when, on pulling on my suit, I perceived that my purse and money were gone. Here was my remaining wealth flown like the rest—stolen from me in the very house that received me as a friend and guest. Beside myself with chagrin, I rushed out and asked for Cotton. He had gone out on pressing business, they said, and would not return for a couple of hours. God forgive me but it was the first time that a doubt crossed my mind about my friend's integrity. Perhaps he was become depraved since his removal to this wild country. However, I do not seek to excuse myself for my subsequent conduct. I mastered myself sufficiently to tell Mrs. Cotton and the servants the story of my loss, but wound up rather abruptly by asserting that some one on the premises knew how I had been twice tricked out of my money; and I insisted on having the house and domestics searched. To this impertinent request, Mrs. Cotton replied that she was really sorry for my misfortune; I might search my own apartments but as for looking for the money in any other room, it was out of the question; the servants were honest and trusty, she was certain. This repulse exasperated me beyond control and I answered readily. This in turn aroused the spirit of my hostess, whose frequent dealings with men, rough in their manners, but sensitive on points of honor, rendered her absolutely fearless. She reminded me that I was a guest, but if the hospitality did not suit me, I might go elsewhere. I accordingly departed, observing that someone would have reason to regret the treatment meted out to me.

I rode away in my anger, thinking myself a most unhappy man. To be in a single day bereft of both fortune and friends and left practically an outcast in this strange locality, My ill luck did not rest there. Half a mile from the house I encountered a band of cow-boys who

inquired if I had seen any stray cattle : some had been lately stolen, they said; and the thieves were thought to be in the vicinity.

"Go yonder," I replied bitterly pointing to the house I had just quitted, "You may find plenty of thieves and perhaps some information with regard to your cattle."

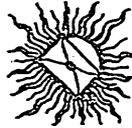
I saw them gallop off, little thinking what fruit my ungrateful words would soon produce. Very soon I heard a commotion around the homestead but imagine my terror when I perceived smoke and flames issuing from the buildings. As I afterwards learned, these cow-boys, who were strangers in those parts, found in the place some of the missing cattle which Cotton had in good faith bought some days before. Not deeming the explanation satisfactory, the cow-boys set fire to the buildings, and, little better than thieves themselves, decamped with all the live stock, leaving the members of the household to deal as best they could with the flames. They shouted to me their unwelcome thanks for the advice I had given as they passed with their spoil.

Struck with remorse for the part I had taken in the deed, I wheeled my horse around and rode back to the scene of the conflagration ; but I dared not show myself to the family. Cotton had returned, and was doing what he could to save his property. I entered the small grove of maples where I had been walking the previous evening. On the ground lay a red parcel—my pocket-book which I had dropped there myself. Its recovery, however, gave me no joy. Before me were the miseries it occasioned. Goaded on by remorse and shame, I fled the place. Since then I have wandered far and wide, hiding my identity under various names, squandering money in cards and wild living until driven to hunting and prospecting for a livelihood.

The news which now and then reached me concerning my old friends was not reassuring. Owing partly to fright suffered at the time of the fire and partly to the hardships afterwards undergone, Mrs. Cotton took sick and died, leaving her husband with two small children, and a fortune almost destroyed by the calamity I was instrumental in bringing about. Although Cotton was aware of the part I had taken in the affair, he remained none the less my friend. This fact was manifest, when he generously lent a hand in saving me from a lonely

death in the hills. The steel box he left during my illness contained the money which he received from the east, only after the ruin of his happiness had been accomplished. His generous and unselfish revenge had made a man of me. Determining to do better, I prayed Providence for the chance of repaying my friend's kindness in due measure. It came in part; when I made Cotton's leaving the world a happy one by taking charge of his two orphan children, and sending them to be educated in a place remote from the contamination of this wild West. Thank God, I shall in future have the income sufficient to carry out this obligation to the full."

THE END.



To Test Novels.

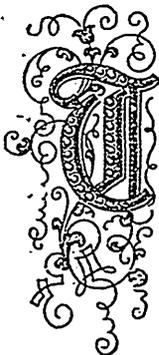
Springfield Republican offers a good test for novels which undoubtedly has merit. It says that the good old custom of reading aloud ought to be revived. It is right. The custom of reading aloud in the family circle would prevent many a trashy, and many an immoral novel from being read by the members of the family, and all concerned would be as well amused, and less injured. Our contemporary rightly says that many a book that is eagerly devoured by individuals would be laughed out of the house after three chapters when read aloud to listeners, and those who would otherwise spend time over it alone would in that way come to see its silliness, and join in the laughter.



Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY, M. A.

SECOND PAPER.



THE Great Coal Strike seems to have determined any choice of a novel for this month. I perused "Those Black Diamond Men," a story of the mines, in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, by William Futhey Gibbons, a new writer. Whether or not this tale is destined to attain to a high and permanent place, in what that sprightly philosopher, Mr. Martin Dooley, calls "lithrochoor," I do not propose to surmise. What is certain is, it supplied me with a picture of human conditions among the American coal kings' slaves, and confirmed me in my preconceived sympathy for the miners. The author evidently speaks from close acquaintance with facts, he is a master of pathos; and he makes a skilful use of the varied elements of human life which his field presents. In early youth, I read Robert Michael Ballantyne's "Deep Down," a vivid tale of the Cornwall coal mines, varied by smuggling scenes, and I was captivated by the story. If my judgment counts for anything, the new tale by Mr. Gibbons is worthy of its English prototype.

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Old Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," is praised by many and read by few; and I who find him wonderfully stimulating, should be glad to see the number of the latter class increase. From the twelfth to the end of the fourteenth century, the language we speak was in a transient state. About this time, it had succeeded in asserting its superiority, and, in the words of the learned Brother Azarias, the tongue of the classes in church and castle gave way to the tongue of the masses in field and workshop. Thus, the reign of the Third Edward was

illustrious not for military achievements alone; it was a period when the English character displayed its first intellectual boldness; and the choicest spirits of the Church, taking advantage of the peace produced by the union of Saxon and Norman, busied themselves to bring about a reform from within, and thus obliterate the inevitable results of many years of confusion and strife. While Normans and Saxons regarded each other as conquerors and conquered, neither of them could produce a national literature; but all this had passed away before Chaucer's time.

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The accounts of his early life are very uncertain. That most entertaining and reliable of literary exponents, Professor Maurice Francis Egan, somewhere remarks that the French name of our first great poet is suggestive of footwear, and, indeed, it is so of the better sort of footwear: since it cannot be denied that his *soul* wears well. I have space for few biographical details. In order to meet the requirements of straitened quarters, I must ever emulate the condensing power of the hay-press. However, in his day he acted many parts; being a student, a courtier, a civil servant, a negotiator, a diplomatist, an ambassador to foreign lands, a partisan of Lancaster, a prisoner in the Tower of London, and, finally, an old man of no great wealth; exactly what might be expected of a poet. In short, he was a keen man of the world, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes* and what he saw and heard he reflected in his writing with infinite humor. For the rest, he was a Catholic with a strong turn for speculation and satire. Nature put a whip in his hand and he cracked it without bothering about who was hurt. But his satire was of the laughing sort; unlike that of Swift, and akin to that of Cervantes.

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Chaucer began his literary work as a translator, and the habit of the translator he carried with him to the end. "The Poet," Lowell reminds us, "invented almost nothing. Wherever he found anything directed to Geoffrey Chaucer, he took it, and made the most of it." Taken without qualification, this is one of those half-truths which are

worse than blunt lies; and it is but justice to add that Lowell carefully qualifies his pointed assertion. The fact is, that like Shakespeare, Chaucer borrowed his plots. He copied and he translated, it is true, but by dint of artistic retouching, he impressed on his translation and copies his original mark, so that he recreated what he imitated. His method of translating and adapting may be illustrated by an anecdote. Bonnardot, the possessor of the original drawing, looking at the famous etcher, Charles Méryon's exquisite interpretation of Nicolle's old design "Le Pont au Chang," said to him, "Why have you put that church-tower in the corner?" "Because it is there," said Méryon. "But no," rejoined Bonnardot, referring to the original drawing for a convincing proof, "there is not the faintest sign of it." Answered Méryon, "You do not see it, but I see it." The fact was, the picture wanted the tower, and Méryon the artist placed it there, and by so doing made a composition otherwise stiff and fragmentary both charming and complete. So it is with every artist. Art means discrimination. It is totally opposed to random expression, whether in writing or painting. In order to obtain the effect he desired, the artist must sacrifice, he must leave something out here, he must put other things in there, the colors must not be too bright in this place, or too faint in that place. Well, Chaucer never hesitated to excise and change with a free hand, and to touch in a single tower or a score of towers, and to reject and add without end, so that his copies and translations are virtually original. Of the translations I shall find something more to say in a later paper.

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Chaucer was a story-teller by right of birth. His best poems are versified tales. His verse is like a stream which runs from stones and rocks to the softest sward. His heroic couplets are seldom monotonous, and despite Mr. Lowell, he invented the seven line stanza, the Rhyme Royal of a later date, and he handled it in a manner worthy of a great inventor. His own words in the "Cuckow and Nightingale" might stand for a motto to very many of the more than thirty-two thousand lines he wrote:

"And the river that I sate upon,
 It made such a nois-e as it ron,
 Accordant with the bird-es armony
 Methought it was the best melody
 That might be yheard by any mon."

When it is said that the "Canterbury Tales," the ripe fruit of, the poet's old age and experience, are the best things Chaucer wrote, almost all is told. Nothing could more clearly show how the material which he borrowed from Boccaccio and others failed to affect the original and native character of what he produced himself, than the prologue to the Tales compared with the introduction to the Decameron. The idea of thus setting his tales in a sort of frame, by bringing together a number of persons to tell them, was probably suggested by the immortal work of Boccaccio; but how different was the Tabard Inn in Southwark, and the company which started for Canterbury, from the ladies and gentlemen in the Florentine villa, and all their luxurious refinement. A mere list of the pilgrims would give an inventory of English society as it existed in that day, while as the sketches are thrown off the daily life of each seems to pass before us. It may be added that there never was a freer flight of original genius than Chaucer's Prologue; and it is native and English in every line.

Two objections are made to Chaucer by Catholic readers. He is said to be more severe on the Church, to be more precise, on what he deemed laxity of discipline in the Friars. Of a truth he is severe; when monks are in question, Rabelais himself is not more bitter. When he makes the monks the subject of his satire, he takes more than the freedom of Molière with the doctors, and leaves but scant allowance for the roughness of the period. As a class, poets are not as firm as Cato; and although a good Catholic, Chaucer was on the whole, very savage to ecclesiastics, and probably as unjust as he was savage. Let that fault stand against him; but it is well to remember that dispassionate history has deprived most of his venom of its sting. The other objection is to the indeco-

roushness and coarseness of the old poet. Like Milton's Michael "things by their name be called." The coarseness is there, but it was rather of the age of the man. "Truth is the highest a man can keep," he wrote somewhere. He painted his age without gloss. If his words be rude, and his thought rough, his characters are to blame, not he. Thus in *Sir Chaunteclere*, the wonderful speaking cock, he explains: "These speeches are the cock's not mine." If you do not like such things "you are free to 'turne over the leef to chese another tale" as the Host remarked to the Miller in one of the introductions. Such amiable efforts to do the impossible—to shirk the awful responsibility of an author—are frequent in his pages. Says an able as well as a faithful member of the Church: "It was no fondness for coarseness for coarseness' sake that dictated the tone which is frequently found in his poems." The coarseness was part and parcel of the age. It was necessary for the picture. When all is said, his was the coarseness of the Bible, a coarseness which can work no ill to a healthy mind. I wish I could say that on this point the author differs from our taste, but I cannot. In the words of Carlyle, let us avoid cant. An average issue of one of our dirty daily newspapers contains more undecorousness than is to be found in the whole of Chaucer. Furthermore, there is a greater volume of obscene talk in many a modern conversation than in all the *Canterbury Tales*, and more lewd suggestiveness in some modern poems that I could name than in all the other poems of Chaucer. This "smooch in the margin" of the old poet can be wholly avoided by using an expurgated edition, or better, the excellent "*Riches of Chaucer*," by Charles Cowden Clarke, and what is left is pure gold.

The influence of Chaucer on English literature is unlimited. Shakespeare and Spenser complimented him; Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson spoke his name with reverence; a host of lesser lights paid homage to his genius. By reading him, we discover how the language was got together. He used one of the first dialects into which our tongue was molded. By following him, we see the written tongue in the course of formation, so to speak. His genius, humor, music and native charm, make the examination of the sources of the "new language" he used, a pleasure and delight to every intelligent being; and, surely, no more need be said to leave the fact clear to every student of English that he amply repays study, and the moderate effort necessary at the outset to master his orthography.

Bently's First Game.

A sunny smile, a frank, manly countenance, that's Bently; a sure catch, as good a punt as ever donned the togs,—that's Bently too.

The first game was but a week off, and, of the twenty five possibles; none seemed a likelier candidate than he, while, its constant attendance at practice and close attention to coaches counted aught, none was more deserving a position.

"Break it off Bently! Break it off. Grabbing a man round the neck never yet brought him down. Tackle low and — *fetch* him," quoth the coach.

Bently hesitated, burning words of anger leaping to his mouth, but finally decided to profit by the advice. It wont do to grumble, he thought, and, since some notice is being given me, I must stand a fair chance of landing a place.

"Here you! You personification of all that is clumsy in man; the way to make headway is by a direct line. Don't circle the field." Bently swallowed that too and allowed that he was *getting his*, but not a protest did he utter. Every day of the week this sort of thing went on, and the coaches paid him particular attention, seemingly enjoying his discomfort at their repeated "callings-down." But when the time arrived that was to give us the personnel of the team, the moment truly supreme to the fretful candidates, Bently was down as first-spare.

The day dawned clear and cool, the air being fraught with a crispness that suggested little else save foot-ball. Throughout town, Dame Rumor whispered that Auburn was coming down strong and would seek to lower the garnet and grey, while among the staunch supporters in college, the betting was even that Varsity would win by a comfortable margin.

From the kick-off the play was fast, the ball going from centre to Varsity's twenty-five yard-line, then two short runs and hitting the line brought the sphere again to mid-field, and thus it zig-zagged during the first half, neither side scoring. Bently on the side-lines felt like a freshman called upon for a Greek oration and, when told that Beck, the

captain, was ill, prepared, for the half that was to make or mar his name. The 'paterfamilias' had come over to see the game, for Bently, you know, like most of us, had used up many a study writing home (and elsewhere) about the merits of the team and its initial chances on the far distant championship: and *She* was there, accompanied by her friend.

The whistle blew, the ball bounded from the centre's toe and Varsity was immediately on the aggressive. But precise punting, brilliant interference, accurate passing, sure catching, running, skirting—all seemed of no avail, for, with the ball in possession of the enemy twenty-five yards from our own goal and but five minutes remaining, the score was still 'zero all.' On the next scrimmage Varsity pilfered, and a series of rushes advanced the oval ten yards. The centre-half signaled Bently, who had been called upon but once, to move to the extreme rear. The ball came from the quarter, then followed a swift, long, perfect pass, and knowing what was expected of him, the first spare dashed forward.

"Go it Bent! Go it," came from the stands as if one voice had shouted and Bently was going. Dodging a man here, cleverly eluding the next a little farther up-field, there remained only one man to pass, only one man between him and those coveted posts, and, as he came near the line, that one made a lunge for him. It was all over, he thought, but decided to jump and jump he did, his boot striking the man's shoulder, and Bently landed in a heap, rolling and twisting yards behind the touch-line.

Varsity had scored. The day was won. Bently lying exhausted on the ground listened, not to the plaudits of the crowd, but kept his eyes fixed staringly on a particular section of the grand-stand. She was there, smiling and waving a tiny pennant of the loved colors; and coming across the campus was the "governor," the man who had worked early and late, tilling the soil, that his son might go to college; and here he was, coming to congratulate him on his brilliant run.

"Hey you, Chester! Git right up thar and go to that er rig at the fence. Seem's how I must pay money t' have you learn to play this yer foot-ball, I guess I'll use yer speed t' hum. Git' long.

Peat.



URING the recent strike of the coal-miners in Pennsylvania the question of fuel became a problem of vital importance. In Canada it impressed upon us the advantage of, if not necessity, of developing our own fuel resources. Ontario has a dearth of coal-fields but there is lying in extensive peat bogs throughout the province a very good fuel in an undeveloped state.

Peat is described by Von Thaër as a kind of humus and is produced by the accumulation of the remains of more or less decomposed herbaceous plants in wet and swampy places. This vegetable matter slowly undergoes a change, finally becoming a kind of imperfect coal but containing a great quantity of moisture.

In Ireland turf or peat is practically the only fuel used. There it compared by two different methods, slane turf and hand turf. Slane turf is so called from being cut with a slane which is a tool somewhat similar to an ordinary spade, but so constructed that a wing or cutting edge is attached at right angles to the blade of the spade in such a manner that the cutting edge is L shaped and when pressed into the soft moist turf will cut an oblong block about the size and shape of a building brick. Hand turf is the very moist peat which is moulded into bricks by hand. When the peat has become sufficiently dried it is carted into the home and is in condition to be used as fuel.

The preparation of peat in Canada is somewhat different to that of the Old Land. The industry of preparing peat for the market has made great progress in Ontario. In this province the *modus operandi* is, to drain the bog to a lower water level and then removing all surface growths for the purpose of obtaining a smooth clean field of peat. From this the peat is cut and spread in thin layers where the wind and sun may dry it. After a sufficient quantity has been ab-

stracted it is brought to the plant or factory. Here it undergoes further drying and is finally passed through a machine which presses it into small cylinders about two inches in diameter and a couple of inches in length. It is now ready for the market and although it may be hauled in the same rough manner as coal, care must be taken to store it away from all moisture.

Little may be said of peat as a fuel beyond the fact that it gives a bright cheery fire and burns to a very fine ash leaving no clinkers.

A ton of prepared peat is equal to a cord of the best hard wood or to about two-thirds of a ton of anthracite coal.

W. J. COLLINS, '03.

Before the Snow.



DULL grey sky, marked here and there
 With tangled tracery of bare boughs,
 A little far off fading house,
 A blurred, blank mass of hills that wear
 Depressing shrouds of ghostly air,
 And langor no winds rouse.

The wild geese seeking southern isles
 Advance their line through skies remote
 Nor drop to earth a single note,
 No squirrel barks nor chattering toils,
 And from the grave's stark, leafless files
 No cheerful ditties float.

The humming bees have left the lane,
 The fields hold now no bleating flocks,
 The piping quail has fled the rocks,
 The sedges no shrill ducks contain,
 The rapids hush their groans of pain,
 The solemn stillness shocks.

Inspid silence everywhere :
 The waveless waters hardly flow,
 In silence laboring flies the crow
 Without a shadow, o'er the bare
 Deserted meadows that prepare,
 To sleep beneath the snow.

MONOS.

A Great Language.

THE claim made by the students of Gaelic as to the origin and superior character of the Irish language seems to be taking hold of the public. A discussion of the subject has been going on in newspapers. By request of a member of the University of Ottawa Gaelic Society we present to our readers the following concise but comprehensive statement of this claim given in the New York Evening Journal :

“Irish is a branch—probably the oldest—of the northern division of the Great Aryan family of languages, and it is one of the purest and most highly developed tongues. The Aryans had reached a high degree of culture at least 5,000 years ago, when as one great nation they inhabited the fertile region around the Caspian Sea. They tilled the soil—in fact, the word “Aryan” signifies a plower, from the root “Ar,” to plow, from which is derived our word “arable,” as applied to land. They were monotheists, and their god was usually addressed as “Father of the Sky,” Dyaus Pitar, from which is derived the Greek Jupiter. But neither Greek nor Latin existed then. These Aryans obeyed God’s command: “Increase and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it,” and when it became too crowded where they were, the most enterprising families emigrated. Some went south, some north. The descendants of the former constitute the Hindus, Persians and Armenians; those of the latter the inhabitants of all Europe, except the Finnic tribes, the Basques, the Hungarians and the Turks. Of those who emigrated into Europe the Celts lead, and, pushed on from behind by the Latinic, Hellenic (Greek), Germanic and Slavonic races, they marched on till they reached the Atlantic shore, and then most of them crossed the British Channel, and the most adventuresome, the channel separating Great Britain from the Emerald Isle, where they hoped to be left in peace, and where they established a practically sinless Paradise.

It was in Ireland, the home of culture and learning, where the Celtic language developed into one of the most cultured tongues spoken by man. It is then a classic language with a classic literature, ranking with Sanskrit, Persian, Greek and Latin; and compared with it English and German are modern upstarts. Very respectfully.

JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M. D.”

Tribute From A Traveller.

Last week according to the Evening Journal, Dr. B. F. De Costa of New York, was in Ottawa, a guest at the Precious Blood Convent. He visited all the leading Catholic authorities and was the recipient of much hospitality. He was particularly pleased with the Parliament Buildings; and has left behind him the following pleasing and encouraging verses.

OTTAWA.

No cannon-throated, frowning walls
Are thine, oft waked by bugle calls :
Peace garrisons thy splendid halls,
Ottawa !

Thy cloud-capped towers with blue skies blent.
Soar where sits throned in high content
A loyal people's Parliament.
Ottawa !

From Newfoundland to Behring Sea,
Ruled by a common, mild decree,
The vast Dominion bows to thee.
Ottawa !

Religion, learning, commerce, kiss
Each other's hands, in naught remiss,
Grouped round thy grand Acropolis;
Ottawa !

Thy future triumphs who shall tell,
Since genius e'er with thee must dwell,
And dangers to the State dispel ?
Ottawa !

Yon splendid Fall, broad Chaudière,
Whose Carillon chimés in thine ear.
Sings of new greatness drawing near,
Ottawa !

A noble goal before thee lies :
Endowed with civic virtue, rise
And win the Crown of grand Empire,
Ottawa !

The
University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1902.

Vol. VI

A Farewell.

THE rumors that circulated all summer came true at last. Mgr. Falconio has bidden us farewell and has left Canada for his new post in the United States. On his arrival here, the Apostolic Delegate chose the university as his headquarters until his residence was made ready. He thus came into close contact with the workings of the institution, and for the students especially he ever showed a hearty concern. The students in their turn soon found themselves quite at ease in the companionship of the august representative of the Holy Father. His unassuming, democratic yet dignified manner captivated their hearts; while he was always frankly pleased with their demonstrations of esteem. The *Review* for its part offers its gratitude to His Excellency for the approbation he was pleased to show it on more than one occasion. We join in the Godspeed that accompanies his departure, and in the prayer that success may continue to be his constant attendant.

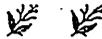
Legal.

Sir Henry Elzear Taschereau had been appointed to and was on Nov. 24, sworn in as chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. The ceremony took place in the privy council chamber in the presence of His Excellency the Governor General and the following cabinet ministers: Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. James Sutherland, Hon. M.E. Bernier and Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. The justices of the supreme court present were Sir Louis Davies, Hon. Justices Mills, Girouard and Sedgewick.

Judge Sir Henry succeeds Sir Henry Strong, the retiring chief justice. His has been an honored and most successful career. Admitted to the bar in 1857, created a Q. C. in 1867, he was appointed puisne judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec in 1871, and puisne judge of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1878, being the oldest remaining member of that body of judges. Being a student, as well as practitioner, he has contributed several books to the mass of legal literature; and his works have all become hand-books for the profession.

His many qualities, according to the *Montreal Star*, marked him out as desirable successor to Sir John Thompson as dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Ottawa; and he was appointed to that position on the death of that eminent jurist,

We hasten to offer sincere congratulations to the new head of the Supreme Court and pray that kind Providence may long preserve him health and the discharge of his high functions.



The Successful Student.

The exercise to-day contains a very hard problem. One student tries it, fails, tries again with a satisfactory result. This is the real student endowed with ability and application. He may be depended

upon to carve out his fortune quite easily without asking for much assistance. Another student tackles the same problem : but try as he may, he cannot master it. However he is by no means a failure : by his unremitting industry he is preparing and disposing himself to profit fully by the instructions of his professors. So will it happen for the future : This student will not find that his best efforts secure immediate success but he does not expect it. He works and waits cheerfully, till a friend or a sympathizer gladly contributes the opportunity that advances him to his goal. His failure was only apparent. Why is it that many a man of very mediocre talent—the tail-ender at school, the dunce of the college—is seen to climb successively to the highest positions? Because he works on till he compels admiration and the assistance that he needs to succeed. A third student, so-called, takes up the problem in question. He has ability to solve it, but yields to a feeling of distaste or is in haste to open a more agreeable book. In consequence with the first check, he leaves the work to a classmate or the teacher whose aid under the circumstances does him as much good as his dinner does when eaten by another boy. There is no need to forecaste his future.

It is in studying as in eating. Do not wait for your professor to aid you in your talks. Do them yourself. Do not ask even a hint from anybody. Try again. Every trial increases your ability and you will at last succeed by dint of the very wisdom and ease the effort always gives. After all, it is the study and not the answer that rewards you. Here is a boy whose task is satisfactorily done only after one or two hard studies. See the joy in his eye. How proud he looks as he walks into I or III Form. He recites like a conqueror and well he may. And his poor weak classmate who pushed away that same task after the first half-hearted attempt looks upon him with wonder as his superior. Yesterday those two boys stood together : never again, with that task separating them, will they stand together on equal terms. The boy who waited to see others do the task fell behind and before long he will lack courage to follow any of his studies. The student who did the task for himself, who has therefore taken a stride forward, and, what is better, gained strength for greater ones, is the successful student.

Actum Est.

"It's all over." As the conviction reluctantly forced itself upon the minds of College men that the Championship, to which they had become attached by frequent possession, was become the spoil of their old rivals, the Rough Riders, they could only do the proper thing generously—shake hands and congratulate their victors. With interest similar to what assembled Greece in times of yore at the Olympic games, the population of the Capital and numerous deputations from neighboring towns gathered at Varsity Oval on November the 15th to watch the respective champions of Ontario and Quebec try conclusions in football. Since the memorable fall of '98, these two teams had not come together. The bitter feeling, that was then exhibited by players and supporters towards each other, had greatly diminished. The chief reason for which the teams desired to meet this season was to decide, if possible, the question of their merits, for both fifteens possessed a remarkably brilliant record. And the spectators were satisfied. Even the uninitiated felt interest; one instant he thrilled with dread as he noted the attacks on his favorites; or the next, joy, when a gain was made by them. It was a keen struggle devoid all through of objectionable tactics. Adepts in the mysteries of Rugby were delighted. Moves and counter-moves there were and plenty; strategy foiled by strategy. It was fast and brilliant play in which College excelled—and lost, against the slow heavy advance forward, to which the Rugby Riders bent their energy—and won. College finally, though of course disappointed, is satisfied. Nothing had been neglected in order to secure success. And after the struggle was over, Coach Clancy could very truthfully say in an interview for the papers: "I am satisfied with the result; College showed themselves men." Like true sportsmen we cheerfully accept our luck and as cheerfully do honor to the distinguished champions of Canada.

Various.

No shade, no shine, no print, no flowers, no leaves — November

Ottawa's population exclusive of suburbs is according to the latest statement 61, 137.

Rev. Dr. M. Gordon who accepts the principarship of Guéen's University, Kingston, Ont., is fifty-seven years of age. From 1867 to 1882 he was pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa.

Graduate (at parting) — Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know.

Professor — Don't mention such a trifle — *H. S. Calender.*

Judge Curran, of the Superior Court of Quebec has kindly consented to contribute an article to the Christmas *Review* on the late Right Hon. Sir John Thompson.

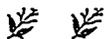
Marie Corelli by birth ought to be a member of the Anglican Church, but she has run the gamut of various oriental beliefs into positive Nothingarianism. Her work shows her mind to be an ollapodrida of many queer things — *New World.*

"Now, boys," says th' profissor, "all together." 'Rickety, co-ex, co-ex, hullabaloo, bozoo, bazoo, Harvard', says th' lads — *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy.*

After 42 year's administration of the diocese of Chatham which comprises the northern section of New Brunswick, the Rt Rev. James Rogers D. D. transfers full charge to his coadjutor Bishop Barry who was consecrated in Feb. 1900.

Sir John Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons, died at Ottawa, aged 65 years. His death removes from public life a man eminent as an authority upon the constitutional practices of Parliament, a useful Canadian historian.

Mgr. Donato Sbaretta, for the past three years Bishop of Havana, Cuba, was appointed by Pope Leo XIII Apostolic Delegate of Canada in succession to Mgr. Falconio. He has been the first auditor of the American Apostolic Delegation under Cardinal Satolli and previously Propaganda clerk of American affair. This new Delegate is a good linguist and is deeply learned in canon and in civil Law.



Exchanges.

The October number of the "*Catholic University Bulletin*" is in every way, thoroughly representative of the Institution from which it comes. Its articles, written in a clear, comprehensive style, evince an originality and depth of research, on the part of the writers, which give it a place among the first-class Magazines of the day.

We are glad to join our voice in the chorus of welcome which the "*Columbiad*" is receiving on its advent to the ranks of College journalism. Coming to us from the mighty West, "where rolls the Oregon" it is brimful of life and youthful vigor, quite in keeping with the progressive spirit of 'Columbia', which though founded only one year ago, is already recognized as one of the leading Universities of the country. We bespeak for the "*Columbia*" a large measure of success. The "*McGill Outlook*" comes to hand, "clothed in new attire, under a new management, and organized under a new system," We think the change a good one, and heartily compliment the Editorial and Business Boards on their enterprise, in thus producing a paper, which is in every way worthy of McGill. It is to be hoped that the new "Outlook" will meet with that cordial support from the student-body, which is necessary for the continuance of its publication. The mission of a good College journal in promoting a healthy University spirit is not to be questioned, even by those, who, through negligence or indifference, or both, fail to sympathize with its efforts. Why, then, does any man, who pretends to be a student, neglect to contribute his

mite towards its success? McGill, we congratulate you on having won the "Intercollegiate Rugby Championship." You did splendidly. We are deeply interested in the work of your fifteen, probably, because three of them have been Ottawa College men; but, none the less because we admire the sportsmanlike game which 'McGill always plays.

The "*Acta Victoriana*" is a splendid specimen of up to date workmanship. A worthy feature of this interesting publication, is the number of high-class illustrations in each issue, which, with an attractive outer garb give it a dignity of appearance, which 'Victoria' may well be proud of. "Emile Zola, and the Realistic Movement in France" is a masterly treatise, dealing with the life work of a man, who, though undoubtedly a great thinker, yet, infused into his works, a grossness which will forever preclude them from the libraries of men with a taste for respectable literature. In an article on "The New Fight for Liberty" the Non-conformist view of the Education Bill, at present under discussion in the British Parliament, is forcibly presented. Gratitude, Victoria for your kind words regarding our Football Team. Such expressions of sympathy and good will, coming from a sister University are sure to be appreciated.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is always interesting. A feature of the October number, to be commended, is the amount of good verse, which it contains. In the same issue, also appears the copy of an address, delivered before "The "Oldest Inhabitants Association, D, C.," on July 4th, 1902, which is interesting reading, for the student of American History and progress. In "The Pyrosideron Compound" the account of the life and wonderful discovery of Conrad Weichal, a German Chemist, is related in a pleasing manner. The *Presbyterian College Journal* contains many good articles in English and in French. "The Doctrine of the Incarnation in its relation to Modern Thought" is a thoughtful composition of fourteen pages, in which the writer treats his subject in a thoroughly comprehensive manner. In "Talks about Books" Mr. Campbell gives a masterly criticism of a number of the latest publications.

The "*Notre Dame Scholastic*" maintains its high standard of excellence: No College journal comes nearer the ideal, than this genial messenger from the South. "The Progress of Polish Literature" is well

written, evincing a thorough knowledge of his subject, on the part of the writer. Such an article should be of interest to every lover of literature not only, on account of the treasures of Polish literature in the past, but, from the fact, that two of the greatest living writers — Kraszewski and Sienkiewicz — are Poles. A charming sketch of the life of Patrick Sarsfield, and his work in the cause of Irish freedom, is well worthy of perusal by every admirer of "Ireland's Brave." The usual quantum of "Varsity Verse" continues to lend attraction to the "Scholastic".

The following journals have also been received, but space does not permit of the review, which they merit; *The Alpha*; *Excelsior*; *McMaster University Monthly*; *St. Vincent's Journal*; *Niagara Index*; *St. Joseph's Collegian*; *St. Mary's Chimes*; *College of Charleston Magazine*; *Ottawa Campus*; *The Cross*; *University of N. B. Monthly*; *Young Eagle*; *St. Mary's Sentinel*; *Vox Wesleyana*; *Agnition Monthly*; *Argosy*; *The Xavier*; *Bates Student*; *The Laurel*; *Sacred Heart Collegian*; *Dalhousie Gazette*; *Abbey Student*; *Mountaineer*; *S. V. C. Student*; *Holy Cross Purple*; *St. John's University Record*; *S. V. C. Index*; *The Bee*; *Fordham Monthly*; *Mercury*; *O. A. C. Review*; *Stetson Collegiate*; *Mount St. Mary's Record*; *Trinity University Review*.

H. J. M. '04.



Among the Magazines.

In the November number of *The Messenger* we find a criticism, by Rev. H. G. Ganss, of Prof. Lindsay's biography of Luther. After recounting some of the most common errors made in histories of the Reformation, the critic proceeds to show up many false statements contained in this biography and conclusively proves the untrustworthiness of Prof. Lindsay's history of the founder of Protestantism. Other articles are "Pilgrim Walk in Rome" and "Some Educational Tendencies" and the magazine also contains a chronicle of all recent events in the Catholic world.

The *Ave Maria* is a regular visitor at our sanctum and furnishes much good reading. Besides discussing all the questions of present interest to Catholics, it contains many other excellent features and succeeds admirably in maintaining interest and at the same time imparting instruction.

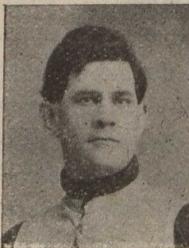
Current History for November opens with sketches of several "world's leaders" of the present time and goes on to discuss various important questions of recent history. Separate departments are devoted to art, literature, etc., and the magazine is well illustrated throughout.

The November *Catholic World* contains several very interesting articles, e. g. "Certain Characteristics of Dante" by A. C. Storer; "The Educational Crisis in England" by Rev. G. Simmons, all very readable and instructive. Besides these, the number contains considerable poetry and several short stories.

On the cover of the *Rosary* for November we find a beautiful picture of Cardinal Rampolla, which is accompanied by a short sketch of the great ecclesiastic. The magazine also contains an account of the rising young poet, Mr. Thomas Walsh, of New York, and several selections from his works are given. The number is a most interesting one, containing several poems and bits of fiction, as well as many other articles besides those mentioned above.

For Dominion Championship

ROUGH RIDERS 5—COLLEGE 0.



The 15th of November has come and gone and with it the football season of 1902. On Varsity Oval before one of the largest crowds that has ever turned out to view a sporting event in Ottawa, did the Rough Riders and College battle for the Dominion Championship. The rivalry, long existing between these Clubs, linked to their wonderful records in their respective Unions during the past season excited more than ordinary interest, as upon the result of

Cox.

the meeting depended the coveted title of Champions of Canada. The Rough Riders won the honor but the Collegians were in every play to the bitter end. The game proved to be one of the hardest fought in annals of Canadian Rugby, and the fact that the result was in doubt, until the expiration of time made it interesting throughout.

The large grand stand presented an animated picture of excited humanity, while the far side of the field just provided sufficient standing room for the balance, the full attendance being about five thousand. Here were placed the students, about three hundred of them armed with home made megaphones which they used to great advantage. The teams issued from their respective dressing rooms about three o'clock, and as they lined up, it at once became evident that the Riders were by far the heavier team. As the wet ground and the atmospheric conditions favored the latter, it was rightly conjectured that they would put up a desperate struggle. While College lacked the avoirdupois of their opponents, they relied upon the speed of the wing line and the punting abilities of the backs. Prior to the game an arrangement had been made whereby a player being disabled, at any stage, could be replaced by a substitute. Thirteen minutes from the expiration of playing time, Joe Gleeson, who has been playing splendidly throughout, hurt his ankle, necessitating his retirement.



Here came the surprise of the day when the redoubtable Eddie Gleeson foremost of Canadian halfbacks and football general, ever true and loyal to his Alma Mater, stepped out upon the field and took up his position as a fold behind the garnet and grey line. His presence filled the College players with renewed vigor and courage and as he punted far into the enemy's territory the wing's followed with lightning speed bringing the ball to the Rough Rider's twenty five yard, Here the Riders instead of a passing and running game resorted to continuous close work, well knowing that if the ball ever got loose, their fairest dreams of victory would have suddenly faded away.

The referee and umpire on the whole performed their parts fairly well, but they certainly could not be said to have given College any of the best of their decisions, considering offside and the five yard rule. Moreover mass plays in which the men of both teams were offside were continually allowed. College, being the lighter team naturally, suffered severe losses in those plays.

As for the play itself it might be said that better games have been played here this season. It was with few exceptions devoid of any scientific exhibitions. It was a case of a light team capable of playing scientific rugby, against an aggregation of giants relying on brute strength to push their opponents inch by inch over their goal line.

On the line the Garnet and Grey held their burly opponents in a way very gratifying. The captain of the enemy not wishing to seem outclassed by the redoubtable Lafleur stooped to tactics that deservedly brought down upon his head the wrath of the megaphone brigade. Hal Walters was in himself more than three quarters of the Roughs' team. He proved himself a wonder both in keeping possession of the ball and in bucking the line. He was responsible for four out of the five points as, everytime he ran, it was always for a gain of several yards. On the half back line College was much superior; Callaghan outpointed Boyd while the work of Powers and Murphy combined could not be compared to J. Gleeson's, O'Brien at full-back accepted every chance and played brilliantly throughout.

During the major portion of the game College, played but two halves, Corbett being moved up on the line where he performed heroic work. The Ottawa Captain, whose oppressed brain was continuously at work, not to be outdone by this, placed Boyd directly behind the scrimmage in order to increase the weight of his forward line.

Summing up we must say that the better team won on its merits, if muscle and weight alone are to be taken into account, while reckoning a team's ability to play the game. Had College been able to obtain possession of the ball for at least half of the playing time, a

different story would now have to be told. Hal Walters had the pigskin within his grasp over sixty per cent. of this time, his col-
 aiding leagues, according to their small abilities. Herein lies the
 explanation of the defeat of the Garnet and Grey.

The teams and officials were as follows:

Rough Riders—Back, D'Arcy McGee; halves, Murphy, Boyd,
 Murphy; quarter, Hal Walters; scrimmage, Isbester, Kennedy,
 Buckam; * wings, J. McGee, (Capt), Pulford, Parr, Rayside, Telford,
 M. Walters, Boucher.

*Replaced by Moore.

College—Back, O'Brien; halves, Corbett, Callaghan, *Gleeson;
 quarter, Dooner; scrimmage, Cox, (Capt), Harrington, Killeen; wings,
 Lafleur, Austin, Devlin, Filiatreault, Filion; McCreadie, Castonguay.

*Replaced by Eddie Gleeson,

Referee—N. Lash, Montreal.

Umpire—H. Molson.

Time-keeper—Ald. P. D. Ross, Ottawa.

J. O. D., '03.



Book Review.

They do not read books who complain of the endless making of
 books. A true reader is willing that thousands appear, if but one of
 them has worth.—Bishop Spalding, -

Spencer Jones' *England and the Holy See* surprises most of us
 whatever be our religion. To us, a person believing in each and every
 dogma of the Catholic Church, yet remaining an Anglican, is almost as
 startling as was Newman's "*Via Media*" in the thirties of last century. Our
 latter day Tractarians are proving from Anglican authorities the infalli-
 bility of the Pope. If any considerable portion of the Anglican Church
 think or will think as Spencer Jones, the time for Disestablishment has
 come, else England may be supporting a Catholic Church.

The *Life of Christ* by Father Elliot, is in its fifth edition in five months. If it is almost a truism to say that a biography is the most difficult kind of prose to write, it is none the less certain that the life of Christ is the most difficult of biographies, Father Elliot's book is the first successful Catholic attempt in English. When we fully understand what that means, further criticism is unnecessary.

One critic has noticed that more books have already appeared on St. Francis of Assisi in the twentieth century, than in all the preceding ones, and that, excepting his contemporaries, no preceding age knew him as well as we can.

In the Days of King Hal; by Marion Ames Taggart: Benziger Bros. In the days of hysterical historical novels, this story seems a plea for some juvenile romance. It is a nice little tale reminding one of "The Cloister and the Hearth" by the once popular Charles Reade. As the author and publisher are both Catholics, we shall with the reader's permission, state our views on a question which the fact suggests.

As most of us read dozens of novels, their influence on us must be important. At once follows the obligation of reading good novels. Likewise Catholics should not neglect the worthy Catholic novels simply because they are Catholic. But it is objected, are there any great Catholic novels? The controversial tracts which go about in that disguise reap their abundant harvest of unpopularity. But in answer to the question, it may be taken as an axiom, in this Protestant world of English letters, that if a Catholic novel is popular it must have real merit. Thus we can make a fairly accurate list of the great Catholic novels of the past. "The Collegians" (1828) by Gerald Griffin is the first (we are speaking of course only of novels in the English language.) Other Irish novels that have reached its high standard are *The Poor Scholar*, *Willy Reilly*, *Valentine McClutchy* by William Carleton; *the Boyne Water* by John Banim; and *Knocknagow* by Charles Kickam. While in England we have *Fabiola* by Cardinal Wiseman, and four or five, *Grantley Manor*, *A Will and a Way*, *Constance Sherwood*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. To these we can certainly add *Callista* by Cardinal Newman, for the author's rank as master of English prose, outweighs

the unpopularity of the story. Here are a dozen Catholic novels of the past, which are surely fit to rank with the best non-Catholic novels of the last generation. If we must have the latest fiction, we should not forget our co-religionists. On our continent, strictly abiding by our criterium of popularity, we have Father Finn, John Oliver Hobbes, and Henry Harland. Marion Crawford is a Catholic, but not a Catholic novelist. Across the Atlantic we have Rosa Mulholland, Mrs Frances Blundall, Katherine Tynan, Seumas MacManus and Dr. Sheehan. This last on the list the author of *My New Curate*, and Luke Delmege, is also the best. *My New Curate* fittingly brings to a close the great Catholic novels of the nineteenth century. If its successor Luke Delmege be but the predecessor of many more such as itself then we need have no fear for our Catholic fiction of the twentieth century. To those who have not read it, let it be said that Luke Delmege has two great themes: the first, as exemplified in the hero, the progress of the soul from youth's egoistic dreams through life's bitter disillusionment to a final spiritual regeneration; the second, as illustrated in the heroine the march, which has already begun, of Ireland from her denationalized state following so unhappily her glorious upholding of the Faith in penal times—to her old rank as intellectual and religious leader of the world. These are mighty themes; yet they are fittingly developed: and no greater praise can be given. Nor is this mere laudation. Leo XIII, publicly recognized the merit of the author when he made him a Doctor of Divinity. And yet there are some who do not read Catholic novels.

J. J. O'G, '04

Virgil's Aeneid, edited by Frieze, revised by Dennison and published by the American Book Co., is a complete and handsome volume. It should be a great help to the student. The novice in hexameter verse will find the long vowels marked in the 1st and 2nd books. He is informed about the plan of the *Aeneid*, the meter manuscripts, editions and books of reference. Copious notes embody the latest results of Vergilian exegesis. There are references to leading Latin grammars. The illustrations are numerous and of the best

—though one or two might have been left out for reasons of propriety and morality. In too many of our recently edited Latin and Greek texts are to be found—on the plea of art forsooth—representatives of things infamous, unnamable. A family newspaper which cares to retain its circulation would not shock the view of its patrons by the printing of certain of their cuts. Just one or two defects of this glaring nature are sufficient to bar our Catholic colleges and academies to manuals that otherwise supply a much felt need of our times for a quick and easy understanding of the classics. Expurgated texts are now everywhere prepared for students. Why not expurgate entirely the picturing of the indecencies of a corrupt heathen mythology which are liable to do more harm than good if they needlessly incite to prurient curiosity and to sensual passion.

Laelius de Amicitia is "another useful book from the American Book Company. In very full notes, the editor Mr. Clifton Price, instructor in the university of California, devotes special attention to those subjects in which students most need help. The author, the sources, style and form of the work are discussed at length. A complete index refers to the contents of both the notes and the introduction.

M. J.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Foncin's *Le Pays de France*: Bruno's *Le Tour de la France* (American Book Company). Price 60 cents each. The *Wager* of Gerald O'Rourke, A Christmas Drama (Benziger Brothers), 35 cents.

Football.

QUEBEC CHAMPIONSHIP.

College, 8—Montreal, 1.

Saturday, November 8, College again met their old rivals the Montrealers, on the M. A. A. grounds in Montreal. From the way the Britannias had been beaten the preceding Saturday it was expected that the College score would be a large one. But the Montrealers had determined to avenge the decisive defeat they had suffered some time previously on Varsity Oval, and certainly when referee Burland blew the whistle for the start the M. A. A. had turned out the best team that had yet lined up against the Garnet and Grey. The back division composed of Craig, Suckling and Molson aided by Dr. Johnson at full-back towered above any quartet in the Quebec union. Their forward line made up in speed and tackling what it lacked in avoiddupois. On the College team, Joe Gleason was replaced by Ussher, whose work was good, considering his lack of experience in senior ranks. The wing line, doubtless overconfident, showed little of the snap and determination that marked its previous work. The play open throughout, was greatly enjoyed by the large number of spectators who had come to witness Montreal "put it all over" Ottawa College. At half-time the score stood 1—0 against the visitors. During the second half the home team was forced to rouse twice. A few minutes before the finish Lafleur made an eighty yard dash for a touch down which Callaghan converted. When time was called shortly after without further score, College remained victors after a hard struggle by eight points to one.

The last of the scheduled games was played on the Oval, November 8th, when Brockville strained every nerve to dim with defeat the triumphant march of the Garnet and Grey through the series of the

Quebec union. The result would not have affected the championship, still the players and supporters of both teams viewed the contest with interest. The wearers of College colors wanted to finish off their record without a defeat while the "Island City" people were anxious to retrieve the honors they had lost on their own hillside, October 11th. The day was an ideal one with all the atmospheric conditions perfect. Both teams lined up considerably changed. For College, Meagher and Corbett replaced Ussher and Beaulieu on the half line, Letang took Dooner's place at quarter, while Kennedy occupied Castonguay's position at 3rd wing. Graham was absent from the Brockvilles but he was replaced by Rev. Mr. Laird. From the kick off College asserted its superiority and never relinquished it. Even Martin at half back for the visitors could not do his usually affective work. It was either a plunge through by Letang or a punt by Callaghan. As a consequence at no time did the "White and Blue" look dangerous. During the first half the visitors had the benefit of the elements which did not however prevent the score from showing 8 to 0 against them at half-time. In the second half College continued to go over the line almost at pleasure. When the time-keeper gave the signal that the game was over, the score of 27—0 confirmed to Varsity the title of 'unbeaten' champions of Quebec.

Now that the schedule in the Quebec Rugby union has been most happily concluded, we review with considerable pride the decisive superiority of College over all her worthy competitors. The following table shows the comparative scoring abilities of the respective teams.

College vs. Britannia	41—1
“ “ Brockville	39—4
“ “ Montreal	46—7
Total	126—12

Athletics.

B. SLATTERY.



B. SLATTERY.

Mr. Bernard Slattery has been for years a well known patron of outdoor athletic games. Born here fifty years ago, he grew up with, and in no small degree, it may be said, contributed to the growth of his native city. He is a prosperous business man controlling four of the finest meat markets in Ottawa as well as being a member in several other important concerns. A resident of Ottawa East, Mr. Slattery had done much toward the embellishment of that pretty suburb during the several terms he presided in its council. In the Provincial Election of 1897 his popularity caused his party to choose him as one of its candidates to contest Ottawa in the Conservative interests.

A practical christian and a universally respected citizen. Mr. Slattery is an ideal father and takes immense pride in his home. Three of his sons — there are eight children — have already graduated in the commercial course of the University and and two more boys are waiting their turn to enter College.

Mr. Slattery's well-known foundness for athletic sports has made his cooperation very valuable and much sought for, it being his passion and experience to land nearly every championship that is worth the

attempt. He was one of the inaugurators of the now long famous Capital Lacrosse club. Under his practiced leadership the Young Beaver Lacrosse team this summer captured intermediate honors. When the Rugby season opened Mr. Slattery was found with Varsity as Honorary President of the O. U. A. A. The Quebec trophy was secured without a single defeat though fickle Fortune favored the Ontario champions to the disappointment of College on Nov. 15th.

College owes a great deal to Mr. Slattery's advice and good judgment and gratefully acknowledges the same. His services in the behalf of the team during the season just closed as well as last year and in '97, always proffered so unassumingly, may never be duly estimated. The players will never forget his thoughtful attention to their needs when they were travelling or about to go on the field. At the beginning of the season—a fact not generally known—he bestowed on the team a gift of eighteen handsome and costly uniforms in garnet and grey, feeling that he would be fully repaid if the wearers would do honor to themselves and to the traditions which the colors represented.

G'T & G'Y.



COACH CLANCY. A very pleasing event took place last night in the hall of Ottawa University when the members of the football team presented President Bernard Slattery with a gold-headed cane, and Coach. "King" Clancy with a gold-headed umbrella. Captain Cox, who made the presentation on behalf of the team, expressed in appropriate terms the players' appreciation of the services rendered to the club by Messrs. Slattery and Clancy. Perfect Kerwin and W. Callaghan spoke in a similar strain. The recipients replied feelingly and were cheered to the echo. The gifts were very handsome in appearance and were snitably engraved.

Locals.

To the Foot-ball team, congratulations.

We are Prouder than ever of your achievements.

On Tuesday, the eighteenth inst., His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, left for Washington, D. C., to fill the position of Papal delegate to the United States, recently made vacant by the raising of Mgr. Martinelli to the Cardinalate. A large number of Ottawa's most prominent citizens, many of the clergy of the diocese and the students of the University were at the station to bid his Excellency, good-bye. The students of the University, whom Mgr. Falconio ever regarded with the truest feelings of love, cheered, to the echo, the departing prelate with many lusty V-A-R's.

Among the distinguished persons present at the station were: Archbishop Duhamel, Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Frs. Emery, Rector of the University, McCarthy, Whelan, Kerwin, Myrand, Plantin, Harkin, David, Murphy, Valiquette, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick and Hon. F. R. Latchford. The two last named gentlemen accompanied His Excellency part of the way.

Mgr. Falconio is especially loved and revered by every College student, for, it was at the University that His Excellency made his home for the first eighteen months of his stay in Canada, during which time, by his kindly actions and holy solicitude, he enshrined himself in their deepest and sincerest affections.

May happiness and success ever accompany him in his new field of labor.

During the first week of November, the Scientific Society elected the following officers to look after and advance the society's interests for the ensuing year: Director, Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M. A.; President, G. I. Nolan, '03; Vice-President, H. J. Macdonald, '04; Secretary, J. O. Dowd, '03; Treasurer, J. P. King, '03; Reporter, J. Burke, '05; Councillors, J. McDonald, '03, W. Dooner, '05, J. Hurley, '06. It is expected that two public lectures will be delivered before the Christmas holidays.

On the twentieth inst., the Senior English Debating Society elected the following list of officers: President, M. F. Burns; Secretary-Treasurer,

J. O. Dowd ; Councillors, H. J. Macdonald, J. R. O'Gorman, and J. T. Harrington. Prof. Stockley was chosen as moderator. The society was somewhat late in organizing this year, owing to the paramount interest taken in football. It is to be hoped, now, that every student will do his utmost to advance the society's interests.

Basket ball has of late become a permanent fixture among the sports of the College, and from the amount of good material which has been brought out in the practices, we feel safe in saying that the College can turn out a team second to none in the city.

Here's success to the Basket-ball team.

The rinks for hockey are already built and the devotees of that sport are only waiting for "Jack Frost" to make himself sufficiently felt so that active operations may be begun. Rumor has it that the "Hurleyites" are coming out this year stronger than ever. Jack has something up his sleeve which even his best supporters are not aware of.

Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, director of the Dramatic Society, is daily rehearsing a French play, entitled "Le Gondolier de la Mort," which will be presented in the University Dramatic Hall, on December fourteenth. Each actor is especially fitted for his particular part, and the whole play is worthy of good patronage.

The *Review* extends its sympathy to one of its editors, Vincent Meagher, in the loss of his sister, whose death occurred in the Motherhouse of the Congregation of St. Joseph, Troy, N. Y.

The departed sister's religious name was Sr. Inez.

The *Review* also joins in the sorrow of a former student of the University, Dr. Chabot, who, last week, lost a sister, Miss Beattie Chabot.

The Philosopher's Basket-ball team are practicing under barred doors for their coming contest with the Lay-Professors team. However, some of the "State Secrets" leaked out and it is understood that "Dick" and "Cap." are fast *rounding* into shape.

According to Hamersly, C—xey is all right but he can't chew soap.

Basket-ball advice: "Don't play for the galleries." This is no *Day-dream*.

Good security-locks, bolts and bars.

Joe M. Look at Eaves falling all over the ball.

Jack B. Would you call that *Eaves*-dropping?

J. H. That was an awful cut for the King of "Rooters."

Mac. How's that?

J. H. Why, one of the city newspapers styled him, only Prince of "Rooters."

It is whispered in society circles that "Spud" played with the small yard. Vindicate yourself, Spud.

Ed. L. D. '03.

Flores.

The Dominion Championship game at Varsity Oval on Saturday Nov. 15th was the occasion of quite a gathering of "Old Boys." The match brought back to many of them memories of by-gone games when they themselves were the recipients of many a lusty cheer and rousing v-a-r-s i.t-y. Among those present were the Rev. Fathers W. McCauley '89, D. McDonald '89, D. Campbell '90, D. McDonald '91, A Newman '93, J. Quilty, '97, Geo. Fitzgerald '97, Geo. Prudhomme '97, L. Raymond '93, and Messrs, Frank R. Latchford, '82, T. Rigney '95, F. Devine '91, H. McDonald, A. Tobin, H. Gilligan, L. George and a host of loyal sons of Alma Mater.

Hon. J. J. Curran, Judge of the Superior Court during a session of the the court at Hull paid a visit to the college.

Rev. J. Sloan '78 and Rev. Jas. Foley '97 were among the recent visitors to the college.

J. A. Ouimet '89 lawyer of Montreal renewed old acquaintances while on a trip to see the final game.

By a curious coincidence the captains of the three champion football teams are Ottawa varsity men :Sarsfield Nagle '03, of the McGill intercollegiate champions, J. McGee '91 of the Rough Riders and J. Cox '06 of Quebec champions.

J. J. Healy, Marquette, Mich., commercial graduate of '02 is receiving a substantial salary in the paymaster's dept. of the South Shore R. R.

José Gonsales, Comm. '02 is ledger keeper in the Mexican Trust Co., Guadalajara.

Chas. Murphy '84 has been appointed a secretary in the new commission charged with the revision of statutes.

C. A. Brault visited Alma Mater last week. He is doing a good apothecary business in Montreal. A friendly call at the Sanctum made the managers happy.

D. Murphy, honor graduate of '92, M. P. P. for Yale, B. C. has been made Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education in the cabinet of Premier E. G. Prior. He is a brother to W. J. Murphy, O. M. I., M. A., Secretary of the University.

Obituary.

The *Review* undertakes the sad duty of recording the death of old student, Dr. Francis J. Masson. After entering college in 1884 he went to Laval, Montreal, to pursue his medical studies. These he completed in the Universities of Lille and Paris, France. Dr. Masson returned to practice in Montreal. During a second visit to France he was stricken with fever and died at the early age of 34 years. His sterling qualities gained him a host of friends in College and elsewhere. To them and to his bereaved family the *Review* offers the sincerest sympathy.

Another old student, the Manila news informs us, has gone to rest in the person of Rev. W. D. McKinnon who died in the Philippine Islands, Sept. 24th. Born in Prince Edward's Island but reared in California, he studied classics in Santa Clara College, began theology in Ottawa University and was ordained in Baltimore Séminary in 1887. The "Flores" of past years gives interesting notes in reference to the important positions he successively held in the Archdiocese of San

Francisco. During the Spanish-American war he accompanied the 1st California Regiment of Volunteers to Manila as chaplain. His work since has become a part of history. Overwork and the climate of the Philippines brought a useful career to an early close. *Requiescat in pace.*

As we go to press we learn with deep sorrow of the sudden death of Mr. J. A. MacCabe LL. D., Principal of the Ottawa Normal School. Dr. MacCabe was very recently married.

Junior Department.

The Junior Editor strolled through the small yard the other evening, but not finding his genial pets, he concluded that 'Jack Frost' had driven them indoors. Entering the recreation hall I was pleased to find the youngsters engaged in playing checkers, star, cards, ping-pong and other fascinating games. Over in the corner sat the "gab society," composed, as usual, of the same members who hold down the benches in the yard. I proceeded next to the gymnasium and there beheld about fifty young athletes performing most astonishing feats. I decided to remain for some time to watch these healthy and vigorous youths, but the bell sounded, and in a few moments the crowd had formed in ranks. Silence reigned supreme, and feeling out of place I hastily withdrew.

The casual observer will detect the fault-finder in the field of sport as well as in the class room. When upbraided for misplays, he proceeds to blame the glove, the bat, the lacrosse stick or the foot-ball, and he is ever ready to excuse *himself*. In class he voices similar complaints—'the teacher can't teach, never could.' Allow me to suggest to this discontented murmurer, that when he makes a mistake he should at least be frank and manly enough to acknowledge his fault, and not too eager to blame 'the other fellow.'

The small boys definition of the equator—an imaginary lion running round the earth.

Prof—*Who'll* translate the next line? *Houle* stood up, and then there was a *Howell* in the class.

The "Corner Chasers" have organized for the present scholastic year. F. Norman has been chosen president, and M. Victor, "chief rusher" of this new organization. As the object of this society is to see that all the small boys participate in some game during the evening recreation, we would recommend them to take immediate action against the members of the 'gab society.'

In Geography class—Why are days longer in summer than in winter?

Wise boy—Because heat expands bodies.

The O'Brien brothers were badly beaten by the Kehoe brothers in the Ping-Pong tournament. It is claimed that the O'Brien brothers are going to Soo at Christmas:

Teacher—Decline plus.

Smart boy—(Self complacently) plus, pla, plum.

A spectacular game of foot-ball was played Nov. 10th, between our first team and the Mascottes from Lower Town. Slattery, Letourneau and Durocher's work aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the college supporters, while Archambeau and the half-backs put up star ball for the visitors. A drop kick from the twenty-five yard line was one of the features of the play. When Referee Cox blew his whistle the score read 6—6. Previous to this game, the small yard II defeated the pig-skin chasers of St. Joseph's school by a score of 12—0. Labrosse for College deserves great credit for his long and well-placed punts. He has the making of another Callaghan. The 'monks' did good work for the visiting team.

Nov. 12th, the Senior IV defeated our first team in a practice game. The former outweighed our youngsters and—we must acknowledge—outplayed them too.

Small boy in physiology class—What *anecdote* would you give for blood poisoning?

After finishing the third cup of coffee, he remarked: "That coffee's no good." He admits, however, that he likes soup.

It's a clever teacher who can manage to put *Faure* in one bench and still maintain order in the class.

On October 25th, our first team lost to the fifteen from Juniorate Hall. Our boys on this occasion were evidently out of form. Slattery, however, was conspicuous by his excellent work at half-back. Plaisance, Boileau and Kennedy, showed up admirably for the victors.

A student from Brockville referring to the "cut" in our last issue, declared that it surely was the "unkindest cut of all."

The small boys wish to take occasion to again extend their grateful thanks to Messrs. Cox, Nolan, Halligan, Harrington, Brennan, Senecal and Filitreault, who so kindly acted as officials for the junior teams, during the recent foot-ball season.

Said Lachaine—"Gee, I gas dey buy McSwiggan."

Grandpa L . . . rd ÷—"fittle boys should be heard and not seen."

The foot-ball togs have been put away and a hearty welcome awaits the coming hockey season. The small yard expects to have a first-class representative team. But before looking forward to the material of the team, would it not be well to consider that it requires no little labor to make two suitable rinks. Be generous boys, externs as well as boarders, and lend a helping hand in a good cause.

Behold the result of a competition in verse-making, held between two budding-poets. The first spontaneous outburst of genius *runneth* thus:—

There was a bloomin' sparrow
Went up a bloomin' spout
A bloomin' rain came down
An washed the bloomin' sparrow out.

The second effort marks the extraordinary mental power of author:—

And the bloomin' sun came out
 And dried the bloomin' rain
 And then that bloomin' sparrow
 Went up that spout again.

I thought I saw "Tommy" the other day and he thought he saw me. But when we went up to each other, we found it was neither of us.

Teacher—Please translate, "Si sic omnes."

Brilliant pupil—All *seasick*.

JR. ED.



Dead Summer.

O radiance that can never more return!

Thou art quenched out of life, and distant flown,
 The close - pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,

And some frivolous hearts may quickly learn
 To praise frore Winter's verdure - searing dew.

But as the painter that long seeks in vain
 A novel tint to charm his hungry eye,
 Dreams it will woven be on Morning's loom,
 And, waiking, finds grey Dawn bears no such gain,
 So have I lost a glory to the tomb.

C.