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LAC DES CHENES.

Oh thou lake: thou beauteous lake:
How the rippling waves o'er thy bosom break,
And joyously dance from shore to shore,
Sweet silvery singing forever more,
While the ruby flame of the sunset glow
Spreads a rosy blush in thy depths below,
And flushes thy opalescent skies
With the wondrous hues of Paradise.

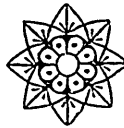
The sapphire heavens above appear
Less deep, serene, than thy waters clear.
So calm they lie in untroubled rest,
A care-free heart in a guileless breast.
Zephyrs waft the white-sailed boat
With trustful hearts, on thy breast afloat,
Who list to the mermaids' sweet refrain,
Singing thy praises, Lac des Chénes.

Ah, thou lake! dark, treacherous lake!
Whence that tempest so quick awake?
Dark with lowering clouds of dread
Are thy heaving depths, and the skies o'erhead;
The angry waves, with mutterings hoarse,
Strike the trembling shore with sounding force,
Smothering the cries for help that break
From thy helpless victims, cruel lake.

Where is the boat that glided by—
A white winged bird in a cloudless sky?
The blithesome hearts a watery grave
Have found, unsought, in thy pitiless wave,
Thy treacherous waters have closed above
A father's pride, and a mother's love;
While the syren song of thy mermaids rise
To drown the dying, struggling cries.

A sunny gleam, and, heartless lake,
Once more your silvery wavelets break,
With dancing ripples your bosom swells,
Though over you echoes the dolorous knells,
For hapless victims, lured to graves
'Neath your crystal depths, translucent waves.
But the laugh of your waters hide not the moan
Of the bleeding hearts, bereft and lone.

S. M. A.



Literary Department.

CERVANTES.

There is a country unfortunately much ignored by those who have the precious privilege of visiting the Old world and viewing the wonders it offers to the New. Tourists, content to follow in the well-beaten track, remain for the most part on the gay, sunnier side of the Pyrenees, unmindful of the interest and charm that lie beyond the dividing-line. An excursion into the ancient kingdom of Spain, once glorious, now decadent, but forever interesting, would well repay the studious traveller, and the fact that it is so often neglected is the reason for the greatest difficulty we meet with it in the study of Spanish literature. It is ignored by those who know not what they miss when they pass it by for more alluring hunting-grounds.

Spain has a charm all her own as peculiar as her history and her character. Though fallen from greatness and power, she still retains that character unchanged as in the days when she held sway as the richest province of the Roman Empire and the sun never set on her dominions. Haughty, exclusive, reserved, grandiloquent, such is the Spaniard of today, such was the Spaniard of the proud centuries past. The beggar in his rags accepts your crust or your coin in a way that makes you feel that HE, not you, bestows a favor. Time has changed his country from a vast world power to a crumbling dynasty but has left his quiet dignity untouched.

Intensely interesting as this strange land has ever been, its chief glory lies in the fact of its being the birth-place of one of the world's immortal geniuses, Don Miguel Cervantes, the Shakespeare of Spain. Spanish genius reveals itself more in literature than in any other line and has found its highest expression in those two great romantic works, the *Cid*, representing chivalry in its brightest flower, and *Don Quixote*, its melancholy counterpart showing its decline. In another paper this famous novel will furnish material for pleasant study, but as the artist is ever greater than his greatest work, we shall first consider the author, Cervantes, one of the noblest and most beautiful characters the world has ever known and learned

to love too late. In studying Cervantes we find that his place is with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, the world's highest authorities outside the Scriptures, the indirectly inspired writers for all times and countries. These are the four names the world can never forget; all the rest might well be lost while these remain. Yet, remarkable as was Cervantes' genius, he has a still deeper charm for us and a stronger claim on our love and admiration as a man and a hero who lived out his own tragic life and made no fuss about it, called no attention to it, never blamed himself or others, and preserved through all the saving grace of being able to laugh at his mistakes. In those days of too much pessimism and cynicism, it is refreshing to think of this ignored but illustrious scholar whose hard fate failed to embitter or make censorious, who ever looked on life with wistful yet tolerant eyes, forgetting how to whine or sneer? who, in his own words "was content with little though desiring more."

Don Miguel Cervantes was born in Alcala, near Madrid, in the year 1547, a few years after the close of that magnificent era of Ferdinand and Isabella during which Spain had become emancipated from the Moorish yoke. His parents were poor and little is known of his early life. He says himself that he always loved poetry for its own sake and his career as a writer was really opened by eulogy written on Queen Isabella, that noble woman to whom not only Spain but our own America owes such a debt of gratitude. But Cervantes had other ambitions outside the literary line; those were fighting times and he longed to be a soldier. His opportunity came in the reign of Phillip II. when a League was formed against the Saracens, the Christian's ancient enemy. Our young writer joined the League and prepared with great ardor to take part in the battle of Lepanto (1571). When the grand day came it found him alas, condemned to bed, ill with fever! But when the signal for battle was given his spirit triumphed over physical weakness, and rising he rushed on deck exclaiming: "I would rather die fighting for God than think of my own safety and remain under cover." The story of that famous victory, one of the most decisive in the world's history, is too well known to need repeating; it was the last great battle between Turk and Christian and when the day was done the sea-power of the Saracen was broken for ever. Cervantes took a noble part in the struggle, so bravely and desperately did he fight that although wounded in the breast and with his left hand crushed, he still fought on unconscious of pain, till at last he

fell fainting and exhausted amid the cries of victory. Speaking afterwards of this great day he would say: "I lost my left hand for the glory of the right." The Battle of Lepanto was followed for him by six years' hospital service in Italy. Here he made the acquaintance of many famous Italian writers, among them Dante and Tasso, and here he conceived the idea of writing his greatest play. But his six years' service ended in his being captured by the Moors and taken prisoner to Algiers where he spent nearly five years amid the horrors of the galleys. This was a dark time for the brave soldier who had fought so well for his king, for that gloomy and ungrateful monarch had forgotten him and paid no attention to the petitions presented to him on behalf of the captive. Cervantes' family was too poor to pay the ransom demanded and two attempts to escape ended in failure, and so he had to bear the yoke and possess his soul in patience. But dark though it seemed, there was a bright side even to this heavy cloud. The Moors, fascinated by the unmistakable charms of their prisoner, treated him with much kindness, and he in turn entertained those lovers of plays and pleasures with many exhibitions of his dramatic skill; thus the time was not lost for it helped him to discover his real dramatic ability and did more besides.

The day of freedom came at last won by the sacrifice of his mother and sister. It is interesting to note that the ransom was finally paid by the needle-work of those devoted relatives and the kindness of their old parish priest. When Cervantes returned ransomed to Spain he was still a young man and more ambitious than ever. But in spite of his wonderful energy his health was delicate and his experience at the battle of Lepanto had left him partly disabled yet his hopes were high and he came back thinking of the great things he would do for his beloved country. While in Algiers he had seen and learned many things and had employed what time he could in preparing a memorial to the king who had ignored him, which he presented on his return. "With the characteristic imbecillity of kings" it was promptly consigned to the Limbo of the Archives where it lay in oblivion until long after the death of the gallant soldier who wrote it when it was at last given to the public. And thus, forgotten once again by those who owed him the most, he was obliged to begin a hard struggle for life, and he began it cheerily. Where a weaker or less noble spirit would have given up in despair, he simply set to work to make literature for the world and win the admiration of all times.

Cervantes' supreme hope was to arouse the slumbering spirit of his country which 800 years of bondage had almost crushed, and to convince her that that spirit was high and noble and that her mission in the world was a great one. This he meant to do by his dramatic writings. He found the Spanish stage in a very low state, its chief feature being the Spanish dance, a wonderful thing in itself but not very inspiring. Taking it as he found it, he soon transformed it into a great romantic stage worthy to be compared to that of England's although more limited. Thus he became the creator of the Spanish stage and succeeded at the same time in awakening the enthusiasm of his countrymen and inspiring them with the courage to rid themselves of the last of their Moorish oppressors. Some years later this was finally accomplished and the fetters were struck from 20,000 captives in African prisons, but the credit is due chiefly to Cervantes, and his stirring dramas. The charm for us in these plays is that the writer brings in his own story. In this he differs from his renowned contemporary, Shakespeare, whose impersonality was so remarkable. But Cervantes does not parade; he simply appeals to the feelings of his audience and seeks to give a direct lesson. In his "Treaty of Algiers" he makes one player say: "I have been a soldier many years; I have been in captivity for five years, and one thing I have learned—to be patient in adversity."

Cervantes' favorite work was a pastoral, calling *Galatea* which was dedicated to the future Senors Cervantes, and at which he labored lovingly for many years. It was begun at Lisbon shortly before his marriage, which took place when he was 37, but was never completed; only six books (a mere fragment) ever having been published. The busy world today has no leisure for such "linked sweetness long drawn out" but *Galatea* has many beauties and was written in the style in favor at the time. The author always held hopes of seeing it finished and often spoke tenderly of it. The wife of Cervantes brought him no fortune. She could boast no riches save the possession of Spain's blue blood, a beautiful character and a wonderful string of names. She was Donna Catalina de Palazos y Salazar y Vozandiano! Their married life was pathetic in its poverty. Literature did not pay then as it does now and \$40 was the price received for one play and so, although Cervantes wrote some thirty or forty, his income was not large. And besides there appeared in the dramatic firmament at the time a bright particular star in the person of Lope de Vega who became the greatest of Spanish dramatists, and Cervantes wisely saw that he had better

leave the field to him. Like Scott on the appearance of Byron, he realized that he was eclipsed as a poet and turned his attention to prose writing, and all who have read *Don Quixote* must be for ever thankful that he did so.

It is a pitiful thing to see a great man beg, but his poverty was pressing and Cervantes, who should have lacked for nothing, was obliged at last to solicit aid in finding work and the result was that he obtained a position in the government. Phillip II. was at that time preparing his Invincible Armada for its mighty attack on England and our poet was commissioned to go through the country gathering corn and supplies for the fleet. A poet in a government position is a most pathetic spectacle and we perhaps feel more sorry for Cervantes than he even did for himself. Hawthorne in the Custom House at Salem, Charles Lamb at his desk in the dry dusty Custom House in India, wearing his life out for the little money that was necessary for himself and his sister, Cervantes trying to keep track of every bushel of corn that went on board,—these arouse not only our pity but our indignation at the systems that made such outrages possible. It was not to be wondered at that Cervantes should fail at his uncongenial task and make an error in his reckoning,—the surprising thing would be if those who judged him could have understood. They did not, of course, and in spite of the fact that his devoted wife came to court and swore that he was honest, he was condemned to prison. There is no more startling instance on record of the world's blindness as to merit and greatness, than Spain's treatment of this genius. No writer was ever deemed so insignificant by his country, and yet it was from his brain that Spain received the work that authorizes her to challenge all the other nations in literary competition. It compels us to regret that she had no Alexander Pope to write a *Dunciad*. But the beauty of it all was that his trials did not make him angry or unhappy. In prison he began the *Don Quixote* and thus saved himself from despondency. He gathered rich material for this work while travelling through Seville and other parts of Spain in search for provisions for the Invincible Armada, and thus we see the providential trend of things in his life, and how, after all, it may have been a blessing in disguise when Phillip II. laid the ransomed slave's memorial away in the Archives. Had he not done so we might never have known Sancho Panza! Nor should we have known Old Spain with all its good and evil, its folly and wisdom, its wit and humor, so deep and rich and yet so peculiarly simple and unlike that of any other time or

place, its high-flown sentiment that can never be confounded with sentimentality. To know Cervantes is to know Spain; to understand him is to understand chivalry. He sums up his country as Dante does his, for all time.

Cervantes could never forget that he had been a prisoner and declared that he could always feel the pressure of the irons, although his nature lost none of its sweetness. In the years that followed his release from the confinement to which his poor knowledge of book-keeping had condemned him, he managed to write some more comedies, a few stories and the second half of *Don Quixote*. His last work, *The Great Persiles*, is no very well known and is chiefly admired as a Castilian study. All his works are good pictures of the times and his character studies recall those of Victor Hugo and Walter Scott. We know that these two writers borrowed from him, especially the latter in his *Fortunes of Nigel*. Cervantes had many works planned at the time of his death. Not the least interesting of all he has written are dedications. In the last one which was written a few days before his death he says: "Farewell wit, farewell pleasant jests, farewell my friends. Dying, I carry with me the desire to see you soon again, with joy in the other life." The illness which ended his life was borne with Christian patience; he received the last sacraments of the church with full consciousness and passed peacefully away on the 23rd of April, 1613, after sixty-six years of labor and neglect and trouble. He belonged to the third order of St. Francis and was buried in the Convent of the Trinity where his only child, Isabel, was a nun. When, some years later, the nuns removed to another convent, they took his remains with them, not because he was the immortal Cervantes but because he was the father of "Sister Isabel." It is only of late that Spain has raised a monument to this man who is her greatest glory. It is worthy of note that the date of his death (23 April) is the same as that on which Shakespeare's death occurred a few years later. The illustrious contemporaries did not know each other but they were kindred spirits, and both took life much the same, easily but seriously. Both, too, found a resting place in a church-yard called 'The Trinity.'

Cervantes is the impersonation of Spanish character and genius in their highest form. He is the perfect type of the Spanish writer, soldier and gentleman. Unlike the author of *The Divine Comedy*, he did not think it necessary to go through Hell and Purgatory and

Heaven to understand this life. He found his university in the inns and streets, the haunts and quiet country places of his native land, at fairs and weddings, as Charles Dickens found his university in the east end of London. And the immortal Don Quixote, the book that after four centuries still holds its place in the hearts of humanity, was the result of this face-to-face study of life.

(To be Continued.)

M. D.
D'Youville Circle.

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**IN SWEET ADARE.**

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

But fate ordained that she should roam  
The ocean's fields of foam  
Whither a land in glory shone  
Beneath the setting sun;  
A long farewell—a parting prayer,  
That day, for sweet Adare.

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

Ah! not in sorrow does the fay  
Of memory steal away;  
To walk with her in visions vague  
Beside the pleasant Mague,  
Nay, for we are a happy pair,  
Today in sweet Adare.

E. C. M. T.

## Celtic Lyrical Writers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

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The Jacobite period in Ireland gave rise to some of the most beautiful lyrics to be found in the literature of any country. Irish poetry at that period was, indeed, almost exclusively lyrical. Seldom, if ever, do we meet any specimens in the style of the romantic ballad, which, in other countries, particularly the Scottish Lowlands, reached such a high degree of excellence and popularity. The days of the *Tain Bo Chauailgne* and the other great epics of the Heroic Era had long since passed away. The Ireland of the Penal Days, with her back to the wall in a last struggle for faith and freedom, had but scant leisure for literary cultivation.

### THE "FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD."

It was in 1691 that the Wild Geese set sail from Limerick. The feelings of the people, thus deprived of their natural defenders, may be judged from the "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," the composition of some unknown bard, best known to the modern world through the genius of that gifted and unfortunate poet, James Clarence Mangan, who, even more than Moore, struck a truly national chord on the long neglected harp of Gaelic Ireland. Here are the first lines of Mangan's version:

Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your path!  
Your camp is broken up, your work is marred for years:  
*But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's wrath,*  
Though you leave sick Erie in tears.

He recapitulates the episodes of the Williamite war—episodes so disastrous, and yet so glorious, for Ireland:—

I saw at royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood;  
I fought at Graina Oge, where a thousand horsemen fell;  
On the dark, empurpled field of Aughrim, too, I stood,  
On the plain by Tubberdonny's well.

And again:

On the bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow;  
 By Slaney the next, for we battled without rest;  
 The third was at Aughrim. O Eire! Thy wee  
 Is a sword in my bleeding breast.

The writer, evidently a participant in the scenes he describes, concludes his poem with a promise of vengeance on the victors, the O'Kelly whom he mentions being probably some famous Rapparee leader:

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil!  
 He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,  
 And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil  
 Upon many an Aughrim yet!

The strength and expressiveness of the original Celtic--emphatic almost to the point of exaggeration-- will be noticed in the following stanza:

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon  
 And saw the Saxon muster, clad in armor blinding bright,  
 Oh, *rage withheld my hand*, or gunsman and dragoon  
 Should have supped with Satan that night!

#### "THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O!"

The heart longings of the exile, separated from his native country by leagues of ocean and penal laws more deterrent still, were humanly expressed by Donnchadha Ruadh MacConnara in a lay included in most Irish anthologies under the title "The Fair Hills of Eire O!" It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect example of the melodious Irish, metre, with its constantly recurring vowel-sounds and interweavings of rhythm:

Beir beannacht o'm chroidhe go tir na h-Eirionn,  
 Ban-chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn,  
 Chum a mairion do shiolarach Ir is Eibhir  
 I m-ban chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn.

An ait ion ar bh' aoibhinn binn guth ean,  
 Mar shamh chruit chaoin ag cuimhne Gaodhal;  
 Se mo chas a bheith mile mile a g-cein,  
 O, bhan-chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn.

Edward Walsh, in his metrical translation, follows closely both the sound and meaning of the original:

Take a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever,  
 To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,  
 To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,  
 In fair-hill'r, pleasant Ireland,  
 Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,  
 Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael,  
 And, oh, that I pine, many long days' sail  
 From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

The second stanza has Rossetti-like touches in its comparisons and imagery:

On the gentle heights are soft, sweet fountains,  
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!  
 I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains,  
 In fair-hill'd pleasant Ireland!  
 More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song  
 The lowing of cattle the vales ameng,  
 And the sun shining down upon old and young,  
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

I borrow J. C. Mangan's version for the concluding stanza:

A noble tribe, moreover, are now the hapless Gael,  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O!  
 A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail,  
 On the fair hills of Eire O!  
 For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,  
 To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword;  
 O woe of woes! to see a foreign spoiler horde,  
 On the fair hills of Eire O!

## "BAN-CHNOIC EIREANN OGH!"

Another song of the same period may be considered companion to the foregoing. I may be permitted to quote a stanza or two, using the late Sir Samuel Ferguson's beautiful translation:

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley  
 ear,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 There is honey in the trees, where her misty vales expand,  
 And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;  
 There is dew at high noon-tide there, and streams i' the yellow  
 sand,  
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

The following is a characteristic example of the Gaelic word-melody:

Is bachallach, buachach, dualach, dreinnach,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 Gach faraire a ghluaiseas o chuintaibh no h-Eireann,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 Rachadsa ar cuaird, ma's buan mo shaoghal bheidheas,  
 Go talamh an t-suirceas mar ar dual do shaoghal bheith,  
 Do b'fharr liom na bhur ndualgas gidh mor le muidheamh  
 bheith,  
 Ar bhan-chnoic Eireann ogh!

The stanza just quoted Edward Walsh renders as follows:

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,  
 Uileacan dubh O!  
 Would Heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,  
 I'd seek that land of joy in life's gift excelling,  
 Beyond your rich rewards I'd choose a lowly dwelling  
 On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

## "THE VISION OF JOHN MacDONNELL."

The Celtic writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used the fairy mythology as a fanciful, but highly classical, medium for keeping before a sympathetic public the cause of the exiled Stuart. Thus the poet, John MacDonnell, wrapped in slumber, finds himself visited by a queen of the Sidhe, who commands his attendance at her court to learn the destinies of the nation. To reach it he traverses the principal haunts of the fairy host:

Tighim go sith Mhic, Lir, na gruach,  
 Go Graoibh Ruadh, 's tighim go Teamhair;  
 Go sith Chnoc Fhirinn, aoibhinn, fhuar,  
 'S Aoibhill Ruadh re tacibh na chaige;  
 Bhi cead bean og, ba seimhe clodh,  
 Ag eistean ceoil 's ag deanamh astighe,  
 A bhfechair Aoibhill 's riogradh Thuadh-Mhumhain,  
 'S mile gruagach gle le gaisgidhe!

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode--  
 Through Creeveroe my question sounded,  
 Through Temor's halls of state I strode,  
 And reached Cnoc-Fhirinn spell-surrounded.  
 By Evil-Roe, 'mid wine-cups, flow,  
 A thousand maids' clear tones were blending,  
 And chiefs of the Gael, in armed mail,  
 At tilt and tourney were contending!

## "THE MAGIC MIST."

One of the sweetest singers that ever drew his inspiration from Irish legend—Alfred Percival Graves,—embodied the same legendary beliefs in fairy influence over mortals in his poem "The Magic Mist," wherein he imitates with felicity and success the Celtic vowel-rhythm and the Celtic imagery:

"Dread Bard out of Desmond deep-vallied,  
 "Whence comest thou chanting tonight,  
 "From thy brow to thy bosom death-pallid;  
 "Thine eyes like a seer's star-bright?



“And whence o’er thy guest-seat allotted  
 “These strange, sudden eddies of air?  
 “And why is the quicken-flower clotted,  
 “Like foam in the flow of thy hair?”

“To and fro, in high thought, on the mountains,  
 “I strode in my singing-robe green,  
 “Where Mangerton, father of fountains,  
 Starts sternly from lovely Loch Lene,  
 “When around me and under and o’er me,  
 “Rang melody none may resist;  
 “For rapture I swooned, while before me  
 “Earth faded in magical mist.

“And there my dull body sank sleeping  
 “’Neath quickens of quivering sway—  
 “My soul in her song-robe went sweeping  
 “Where Cleena holds court o’er the fay,  
 “The land where all tears are with smiling  
 “The land where all smiles are with tears,  
 “Where years shrink to days of beguiling,  
 “Days yearn into long, blessed years.”

“Arch minstrel of Desmond, we dread thee,  
 “Lest, lifted tonight in our hall,  
 “The spell of lone music that led thee,  
 “To Faery have fettered us all.”  
 “Nay, fear not! though Cleena be calling,  
 “I only her *clairseach* obey.”  
 To earth the dull body is falling—  
 The soul soars exultant away.

### “THE LAP FULL OF NUTS.”

But, after all, it is in the love-songs of a people that we should seek its most truly characteristic expression of poetic feeling. Of the translations which the late Sir Samuel Ferguson has left us

few surpass in refinement and chivalry of sentiment, the Jacobite lyric that follows:

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes,  
 And nut-brown curls,  
 I think of those bright days I spent  
 Among the Limerick girls;  
 When up through Cratla wood I went  
 Nutting with thee,  
 And we plucked the glossy clustering fruit  
 From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sate,  
 Thou, love, and I.  
 And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap  
 Beneath thy downcast eye:  
 But little we thought of the store we'd won,  
 I, love, or thou;  
 For our hearts were full, and we dare not own  
 The love that's spoken now.

O, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,  
 And high Germanie!  
 And I'll come back ere long again  
 With knightly fame and fee.  
 And I'll come back, if I ever come back,  
 Faithful to thee,  
 That sat with thy white lap full of nuts  
 Beneath the hazel-tree.

Paistin Fionn is ruder in sentiment. It has a rollicking chorus:

Is tusa mo run, mo run, mo run,  
 Is tusa mo run is mo gradh geal,  
 Is tusa mo run is mo chom u' go buan,  
 Se mo chreach gan tu agam u'd mhathairin!

The ideas it expresses are familiar to all the love-songs of its day and class:

Cara mochroidhe mo Phaistin Fionn,  
 Bhuil a da ghradh air lasadh mar bhath nag-crann,  
 Ta mise saer air mo Phaistin Fionn.  
 Acht amhain gur olas a slainte.

## "CLEANN DUBH DILIS."

I may here be permitted to quote an exquisite lyric, Ceann Dubh Dilis. The Dear Black Head, clothed in the English garb devised for it by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson:

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,  
 Your darling black head my heart above;  
 O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,  
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?  
 O, many and many a young girl for me is pining,  
 Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free—  
 For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows,  
 But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!  
 Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,  
 Your darling black head my heart above;  
 O mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,  
 Who, with heart in breast could deny you love?

Beautiful though the verses are, their author does not seem to have been specially gifted with modesty—if we may judge him by the stanzas relating to "the other girls" which, probably, was the reason why he chose to remain anonymous. It is to be hoped that the fair object of his verses was able to appreciate his devotion, so ardently expressed, and that "the other girls" did not pine away completely at his indifference.

Aubrey de Vere puts the following soliloquy in the mouth of an Irish soldier, after the fall of Limerick:—

I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook,  
 And hurled it at my household door!  
 No farewell of my love I took:  
 I shall see my love no more!

I dashed across the churchyard bound;  
 I knelt not by my parents' grave:  
 There rang from my heart a clarion sound,  
 That summoned me o'er the wave.

No land to me can native be  
 That strangers trample and tyrants stain:  
 When the valleys I love are cleaned and free,  
 They are mine, they are mine again!

Till then, in sunshine or sunless weather,  
 By Seine and Loire and the broad Garonne,  
 My warhorse and I shall roam together  
 Wherever God will! On! On!

Two centuries only have passed since the green flag was lowered from the steeple of St. Mary's church in Limerick, and already the Gaelic League and the National Party have effectually undone the work of the Williamite conquerors. We are about to witness the final cleansing and freeing of the valleys in the establishment of an Irish Parliament in Dublin. So much, at least in spirit do we owe to the poets of the Penal Times who kept the Celtic language and the Celtic tradition alive in days of difficulty and danger, teaching the nation to live up to the motto composed for it by Geoffrey Keating:

HUBERT O'MEARA.

\* Muisceal do mhisneach, a Bhanba.

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### Are We Rising or Sinking?

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This seems to be the underlying question in Henry Van Dyke's latest volume: 'Essays in application,' of which he says himself, that he has tried in these theories to touch on certain points in education, in politics, in literature, in religion, in the conduct of life, from the standpoint of one who wishes to be guided in every-day judgments and affairs by a sane idealism. The book makes no attempt to be a defense, or even a statement of a complete system of philosophy of faith, it is simply a collection of essays in application. Some of the most interesting of these essays compel deep thinking and as one happens to be either pessimist or optimist or meliorist,

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\* Awaken thy self-confidence, O Banba.

might provoke some controversy; for instance, could we simultaneously answer either yea, yea, or nay, nay, to this one: "Is the world growing better?" and what a deal of talk might flow from the reading of: "The Heritage of American Ideals!" and how far and wide might we not wander on the trail of "Christianity and Current Literature!" as for "The Powers That Be," who is not set on fire for them or against them. Judging by contemporary history the present writer purposes to limit these remarks to the essay that seem most in harmony with his own views and theories: "The Creature Ideal in Education." In the essay "The Creature Ideal in Education," one is forced to agree with Mr. James Bryce, who in his admirable book: *The American Commonwealth*, places his study of the colleges and universities next to the chapter on Wall street. One likes to believe the American colleges and universities will always keep the balance, and perhaps sometimes lead in national reasons for security, and that we may always look to education for protection against "raw haste,"—against the fearful temper of gambling. If the newspapers are good reflectors how earnestly gigantic will the educators have to be:—and is it education that will help destroy the idolatry of mere riches, and are all the "silly rich" and "sinful rich" as the fashionable journals are exposing them, lacking education? It is good to believe that education can and will clarify public opinion, steady the feverish energy dispel narrow prejudice and strengthen the ties that should bind a people together, but what must the basis of that education be? Here's the place for the defenders of the faith, the crusaders of today to rise and say their act of faith and hope. Mr. Van Dyke's gentle sarcasm justifies a lesser light in daring to doubt that by dint of steadily improved ways and means, one may hope to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. He makes a powerful plea for the decorative ideal in education, but finds it short in results, he is also eloquent in pleading for the marketable ideal, or rather in pleading against this "cash value" of education—and who will not, who is not sold to Mammon, protest against running the child through a mill, cramming him with rules and definitions, while ideas and feelings are left to take care of themselves! And who is not glad to hear a mighty voice protest against leaving the child's imagination to feed on the weekly story paper? Judging by the frequent signs in the higher institutions to put the humanities aside, one is forced to realize how for the marketable ideal has been allowed to creep into

the academic hall. Is the importance of studies to be measured by the direct effect upon industrial or professional success? Which is best—educate the boy to live or to make a living? Must the educator bear first in mind that he is to help the boy find himself a man? or turn out a journalist, a chemist, a lawyer, a physician, an engineer? If the trade or the profession be the chief aim, then how much time need be given to literature and philosophy. What's the use of a library? The trade and industrial schools are not despised by this earnest essayist. He simply wants to show in what sense they can never take the place of the broader and higher education. "They mean business, but business is precisely the one thing which education does not mean." True education should make the shoemaker go beyond his last, the clerk beyond his desk, the surveyor beyond his chain, the lawyer beyond his brief, the doctor beyond the prescription and the preacher beyond his sermon, Verily it looks as if we could twit Mr. Van Dyke with some of our educational reforms.

Have we not all come to groan over the enormous productions from the press that most certainly are not adding to the world's literature? Listen to Mr. Van Dyke: "If our education would but create a race of readers, earnest, intelligent, capable of true imaginative effort, then the old writers would not be forgotten and the new ones would get a wiser welcome when they arrive." Is it not true that we read too many books and papers to be what our elders called, "Well read?" When reading becomes "as passive as massage," is there any mental emancipation possible? Can these devourers of books say: "My mind to me my kingdom is?" And must we with all our boasted freedom from authority be forever dependent on our daily paper's editorial for an opinion on the world stirring events? The noble conclusion of this essay is that the final result of education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put his powers to the service of his country and mankind, and that we do not need more colleges but more power in the colleges to make men.

T. N.

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## HOME!

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Home is that loved spot where the heart finds rest, where the wandering thoughts and restless mind turn to seek a sweet repose. If the heart nowhere finds rest then it has no home, and its owner is but a wanderer,—a being without earthly aim or heavenly hope. But is everywhere the soul is content, and the heart at rest, and the willing hands find fitting work to do, then such thrice happy mortal has found the highest, and holiest destiny, for his end, his aim, his love is God.

Not to all souls does God reveal His entrancing beauty with a charm strong enough to enable them to break every earthly chain, and choose Him as portion forever. This is the great pearl beyond price—the secret He imparts only to an elected few. The great crowd catches but a glimpse of His absorbing loveliness, and is content to follow Him afar off. They have not the courage to rattle the good things of this world under foot, and use them as a ladder to attain the heights where angels love to dwell.

Priceless gifts have been lavished on us by our Creator but none is so precious to our hearts, so profitable to our souls as a happy home. A home where mother, wife, or sister reigns supreme, a blissful Utopia where the scepter of love holds sovereign sway, wielded by the firm hand of a gentle woman. There the sweet fire-side virtues bloom in perpetual loveliness, and permeate the atmosphere with delicious fragrance; kindness, candor, gentleness, gaiety, forethought, deference, and a host of others, sowed and fostered by that tender love which binds those that draw their blood from the same fountain. To such a home the tired father, or husband, or brother returns eagerly at eventide, and feels, at the charmed threshold, his worry, anxiety, or ill-humor fall from, exorcised by the magic of love in the tender eyes that welcome his coming.

Fair young mother, with your child nestling on your bosom; it is for you to make such homes. Yes; for you and you alone. Men can build houses, houses they cannot make. That is the sacred right, and glorious privilege of woman. But the edifice must have for cornerstone self-sacrifice, and must be ornamented with what is richest in a womanly woman's head and heart. It must be her life work, the end and aim of her every earthly aspiration. Still will she fail if she shows not how to sacrifice self to her devoted love

for husband and children. If you recoil from this constant self-abnegation, if love make it not so sweet that you feel it no longer a duty but a pleasure, you are no true wife or mother. You love only for your own gratification; in other words it is yourself you love in others.

"But will it pay such cost?" you weakly cry. Will it pay the cost to save your manly sons from gambling dens and drinking saloons? Will it pay the cost to keep your young daughters off the streets at night, or from places of dangerous amusement, and guard around these fair brows the aureole of purity? Will it pay the cost to present to their God, at the last, the souls confided to your care, and be able to say, "I have not lost one of these you gave me." Pay the cost! Yes; ten thousand fold even in this life; for you would soon find the thorns of such a pathway turn to roses where sweet perfume would embalm your middle life and old age with the redolence of love returned. In the beautiful words of Holy Writ, "Your husband shall extol you in the gates, and your children they shall call you blessed."

S. M. A.

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## Sketch of Characters.

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### In the Play Coriolanus.

The central figure in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* is Caius Marcius who, after the battle of Corioli, was named Coriolanus, in honor of his great bravery. Another strong character in the play is the hero's mother, Volumnia. Many of the characteristics of the mother are easily recognized in the son. Besides these, there the two tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, who are an entirely different stamp of men from the hero of the play. Tullus Aufidius and Menenius are two characters less important than those already mentioned.

Coriolanus' chief mark was pride. He was descended from a noble family and one which had performed many services for Rome. He had associated with nobles and senators all his life, except when in the wars; his continual intercourse with the higher class of society produced in his mind the idea that the lower class were inferior beings, fit only to be the tools and slaves of the nobility. His contempt for the common people is shown in the opening scene of



the play. A mutinous crowd are clamoring against the senate, and against Caius Marcius (Coriolanus) in particular, who, they say, is no friend of the common people. That they have reason to believe him their enemy is evident from his words. He calls them "dis-sentious rogues," "scabs," "curs," "cowards." His pride is manifested again when the senate calls him to be consul. According to custom a man had to beg the voice of the people before being elected to the consulship. Coriolanus was very unwilling to submit to this humiliation; and it is probable that, had not his friend Menenius urged him to submit, he would not have asked the people for their voice. As it was, he insulted those who came before him, and intimated that he did not seek the consulship, but that the consulship sought him. His pride was so great that he thought his will was strong enough to resist the entreaties of even his wife and mother to spare Rome. In this he erred; he remained obdurate for a time, but finally nature prevailed, and he sacrificed his one desire for the sake of those who were nearest and dearest to him.

A humble man is not offended when he is slighted, but a proud man is always very sensitive and, if he is contemned or humbled, he seeks to avenge himself on his humiliators. In a character as proud as that of Coriolanus, we might expect to find revenge and our expectations are not false. This great man, having defeated the Volscians, returned triumphant to Rome, and was about to be chosen consul, when, by the plottings of his enemies, he was deprived of the honor, and, instead of receiving a reward for his services, he was ignominiously banished from his native city, which he loved so much. This was a great blow to his pride, so he went to his deadly enemy, Tullus Aufidius, saying: "I come not out of hope to save my life: but in mere spite, to be full quit of those, my banishers. Make my misery serve thy turn; so use it that my revengeful services may prove as benefits to thee: for I will fight against my canker'd country with the spleen of all the under fiends." No stronger words, expressing the intention of revenge, could be imagined.

Coriolanus was extremely merciless. Before Rome, he refused to give ear to the prayers of the people for pardon. His best friend, Menenius, was turned away so coldly that he imagined Volumnia would have no influence on her son. Menenius says: "I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger.

The bravery of Coriolanus was remarkable. This bravery, not being tempered by reason, finally cost him his life. That cowardice was unknown to him is shown by the manner in which he addressed the Roman mob on several occasions. He called them abusive names, and, although practically alone, he offered to fight the entire crowd. His challenge is: "No! I'll die here! There's some among you who have beheld me fighting. Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me." In the battle of Corioli he entered the enemy city alone and fought the citizens single-handed. Again when he returned to Antium, after the treaty of Rome, he was falsely accused by Aufidius. This he resented in very strong language, although he was alone, while Aufidius was surrounded by his soldiers.

Coriolanus was a born soldier, and general. Whenever he was leader his forces conquered. First, the Volscians felt his power at the battle of Corioli, which would have been a victory for them had not the bravery and appeals of Coriolanus inspired the Romans to fight like demons and finally conquer. That the Roman victory was due to Coriolanus is seen by the fact that, when he joined the Volscians, the fortunes of war were reversed, and instead of the Romans being the victors, they had to humbly beg for peace. Lartius, who was Coriolanus' general, speaks of him thus: "Thou wast a soldier, even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and the thunder-like persecution of thy sounds, thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world were feverous and did tremble."<sup>2</sup>

With the character of Coriolanus is closely connected that of Volumnia, his mother. The traits of character in her are discernible in her son. She was ambitious that her child should win fame. To Virgilia she said: "When he was tender-bodied, I, considering how honor would become such a person, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. Patriotism was another marked characteristic of Volumnia. She said: "I had rather have eleven sons die nobly for their country than one surfeit out of action." Though the Romans treated her son disgracefully, her patriotism was so great that she begged him to spare her native city when it was in his power to destroy it. She held honor highly, and used it as the subject of one of her entreaties to Coriolanus, when she said: "Think'st thou it's honorable for a noble man still to remember wrongs."

In contrast with Coriolanus we have the two tribunes,, Sicinius

and Brutus. Jealousy was their distinguishing mark. They envied the fame of Coriolanus. While he was away shedding his blood for his country and making her feared by her enemies, the two tribunes were arousing the people against him, telling them he was no friend of the common people. By their intrigues Coriolanus was deprived of his just reward, the consulship. They were only too glad, to insist upon the people seizing him, and casting him off the Tarpeian rock. They were cowards. While Coriolanus was in Rome, these two tribunes abused him whenever possible. But when his conquering Volscians appeared before the city, the tribunes were most earnest in obtaining petitions to go to the camp of Coriolanus and ask him to spare the city.

Tullus Aufidius is an example of an ungrateful wretch. He fawned upon Coriolanus while the latter was humbling the Romans and making the Volscians feared. But, when peace was made, Aufidius cruelly murdered his general, for fear he would become too popular with the people.

An examination of the character of this play shows us that men have already been the same. The really noble man and the one who deserves reward receives, instead rebukes and insults, on account of some whim of the people. On the other hand, the flatterers and intriguers work themselves into the confidence of the people, and receive the places of honor. This was so in Coriolanus' time, and it is so at the present day.

J. N. G. '06.'

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### Sir Walter Scott.

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Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. His father was a writer to the "Signet," and his mother the daughter of an eminent Edinburgh physician. When an infant he was rendered lame through a fever, and during his early years, his health was very poor; so much so, that he was sent to reside at his grandfather's farm-house, near Melrose. He received his primary education at the Edinburgh Grammar School. Later on he attended the High School and University there. During this time, however, he does not seem to have been distinguished for his scholarship. Though a fair Latin scholar he was averse to Greek—a circumstance that he bitterly regretted in after life.

In his youth Sir Walter was fond of athletic sports, given to miscellaneous reading, and a general favorite among his fellows on account of his great gifts as a story-teller. Concerning this he himself says: "The chief employment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise." Thus even while he was yet a boy, we see asserting itself, that brilliant imagination which, later on placed him among the most distinguished writers of the early part of the nineteenth century. In deference to the wishes of his father, young Walter studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. As, however, the lawyer's profession had little attraction for him, he soon abandoned it for that of the writer, to him a congenial occupation.

Though Scott's literary career dates back to 1796, it was not until 1802 that his first publication of any note appeared. This was entitled "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In 1806 his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was published. It is a border tale of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, and is intended to describe the scenery and also the manners and customs that prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland at that time. The principal characters—the minstrel, the border chief, and Margaret—are well drawn, and the author's power of description are everywhere evident.

In 1808 "Marmion" appeared. It is considered by many the best of his chivalrous tales. The story of this poem turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character, Lord Marmion. It is called, also, "A Tale of Flodden Field," because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it.

His "Lady of the Lake," written in 1810, is, probably, the best known romantic poem in the English language. It has been called his "fairest creation," and is more richly picturesque than either of the above poems. The basis of the poem is historical, but the characters are creations of the poet. The hero is supposed to be the Scottish monarch, James V., and the subject is one of the common Highland revolts, but the scene is laid in a locality where the surroundings afford unrivalled seats of description. The wild clans are so near the court, that they are connected intimately with the romantic adventures of the disguised king.

The above are generally considered the best of his longer poems,

but he gained, moreover, a "considerable" reputation as a writer of prose, particularly in his series of novels under the title of "Waverley." Among his more important prose works are: *Guy Raverley*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Redgauntlet*, *Woodstock*, and *Tales of My Landlord*.

Both as a poet and as a writer of fiction, Scott is beyond doubt, one of the greatest authors of the nineteenth century. The novelty and the originality of his style of poetry formed his first passport to public favor and applause. His perfect clearness of style and beauty of conception are among the distinguishing features. His landscape characters and situations were all real delineations. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesque fancy. None were so graphic in painting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents, and none so fascinating in narrative nor so powerful in description. He could portray vividly the contrasted effects of passion and situation. The suffering and sin of Constance, the remorse of Marmion, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, the rugged virtues of Roderick—all these are fine specimens of moral painting. In a word, then, Scott's great strength lay in the richness of his conception, and in the abundant stores of his memory. Moreover, he wrote his longest and best poems in the romantic measure, iambic tetrameter, in rhyming couplets, and to him, mainly, is due its popularity.

As a rule, the moral tone of his works is good. We find in them many types of all that is honest, true, and, morally as well as physically beautiful. For these reasons, they are well adapted for educational purposes. They are in places, however, very disagreeable to Catholics. On this point T. M. Marshall says: "We cannot say that Scott is licentious, but he is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices. His saints are madmen, his monks are half fool and half beast, his lay Catholics scoundrels or pretended heretics. More than once he speaks of what he calls 'a hunting mass,' purposely abbreviated for the convenience of hasty worshippers, being totally ignorant that no ecclesiastic has power to suppress a single word of the missal."

In 1820, the title of baronet was conferred on Scott by George IV., but in 1825 he became a bankrupt through the failure of the firm of the Ballantynes, in which he was a partner. The liabilities of the firm were £117,000; and unwilling to let his creditors lose

anything, he set to work, very much like Jenkins, to pay off the debt. The undertaking was, however, too great for him, and hurried his death. He died at Abbotsford, in 1832, from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

Carlyle says of him: "No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good which all Scotchmen inherit ran through every fibre of him."

J. E. McNEILL. '06.

## The Fundamental Law of the Diatonic Scale.

Every manual of music treats of the diatonic scale; but most of them, if not all content themselves with the mere statement that there is such a scale—at best they declare only the proportions of the several notes of the scale to the tonic and to one another. There is scarcely a work that gives an answer to the natural query "Why it is so?"

Nevertheless the knowledge of these fundamental reasons is to the musician, of as much importance as the knowledge of first principles to the philosopher, because these are natural laws, and indispensable conditions of the beautiful in music. Without doubt there is a certain beauty in the diatonic gamut, and it is equally evident that this beauty is not accidental. Art indeed is but a further perfection of nature and as such can not arbitrarily go its own way; in order to be pleasant and agreeable it is bound to remain natural. A few lapses here and there, exceptions as it were, do not seriously prejudice the effect, but to ignore rule on principle is most disastrous from an artistic point of view. Surprising, astonishing, bizarre effects may be produced, but there cannot be question of real beauty. The tendency of such malpractice too is to corrupt artistic judgment—points we shall dwell on later. At present, however, let us answer the question.

Taken singly we may employ in music any tone which attains a determined minimum of vibrations and does not exceed a fixed maximum. In order to employ these notes successively or synchronously they may be grouped with reference to vibration proportions and in these proportions is to be found the fundamental law of the diatonic scale.

According to careful experiment the tones of the diatonic scale are to one another in the following proportions:

C 24, D 27, E 30, F 32, G 36, A 40, B 45, c 48, d 54, e 60, f 64, g 72, a 80. These numbers are used to avoid fractions. The notes have the following ratio to the tonic i.e. C.

D:C eq. 9:8; E:C eq. 5:4; F:C eq. 4:3; G:C eq. 3:2; A:C eq. 5:3; B:C eq. 15:8; c:C eq. 2:1.

Other proportions may easily be found by inversion. Thus: Thus:

D:c eq. 9:16; E:c eq. 5:8; F:c eq. 2:3; G:c eq. 3:4; A:c eq. 5:6; B:c eq. 15:16.

If moreover we compare the tones to one another we find besides those already given the following:

D:E and G:A eq. 9:10; D:F eq. 27:32; D:A eq. 27:40; F:B eq. 32:45.

The inversion of these last intervals gives other proportions as follows:

E:d eq. 5:9; F:d eq. 16:27; A:d eq. 20:27 and B:f eq. 45:64.

To sum up we have the list as enumerated in order.

Perfect octave, when the ratio is 1:2.

Perfect fifth, when the ratio is 2:3 (D:A.)

Perfect fourth, when the ratio is 3:4 (A:d.)

Major third, when the ratio is 4:5.

Major sixth, when the ratio is 3:5 (F:d.)

Minor third, when the ratio is 5:6 (D:F.)

Minor sixth, when the ratio is 5:8.

Major second, when the ratio is 8:9 (D:E and G:A.)

Major seventh, when the ratio is 8:15.

Minor second, when the ratio is 16:16.

Augmented fourth, when the ratio is 32:45.

Diminished fifth, when the ratio is 45:64.

It is to be noted that the perfect fifth and fourth, the major second and sixth and the minor third and seventh are not perfectly equal. Between the major second C:D, F:G, A:G and D:E, G:A is a difference of  $\frac{8}{315}$  ( $9/8:10/9 = 81/80$ ) which explains why the other intervals mentioned are unequal. The fifth D:A contains two seconds of the second kind D—E and G—A, and its inversion second does not contain any. The minor third D:F contains also a major second of the second kind, while the other minor third contains a major second of the first kind; its inversion contains one major second of the last kind, while the other major sixths contain two.

The minor sevenths are not equal, since they are the inversion of the major second. The difference  $S_0:S_1$  is called the syntonical comma.

The question arises, "Why is the diatonic scale constituted by these proportions? Because of their simplicity. The few complicated ones cannot be omitted without sacrificing simple ones with which they are inseparably connected.

The simplest proportion is that of an octave, viz.  $1:2$ . The next in order is  $1:3$ , but it cannot be used since it exceeds the gamut scale. Then follows  $2:3$  the perfect fifth, then  $3:4$  the perfect fourth, then  $4:5$  the major third, then  $3:5$  the major sixth. So that we have the following relations:

C 1, E  $5/4$ , F  $4/3$ , G  $3/2$ , A  $5/3$ , c 2.

The inversion of these gives the minor sixth and the minor third, c:E eq.  $8:5$  and c:A eq.  $6:5$  and also c:F eq.  $3:2$ , c:G eq.  $4:3$ .

Again E:F eq.  $15:16$  (minor second) and E:G eq.  $5:6$ ; E:A eq.  $3:4$ ; F:G eq.  $8:9$ , (major second) F:A eq.  $4:5$ ; G:A eq.  $9:10$ . We find also that the distance between C and c is divided in two equal parts separated by a major second C:F eq.  $3:4$ ; G:c eq.  $3:4$ , these parts are called tetrachords. Furthermore the simplicity of the proportions requires that their number be not augmented arbitrarily, and therefore we are obliged to use for new divisions of the intervals, proportions found among the intervals already obtained. The distance  $4:5$  is found between F and A and there it is divided by the note G in the following proportions: F:G eq.  $8:9$ ; G:A eq.  $9:10$ . If we divide C—E in the same way we obtain C:D eq.  $8:9$  and D:E eq.  $9:10$ . Again the distance  $5:6$  is found between E and G and there it is divided: E:F eq.  $15:16$ , F:G eq.  $8:9$ . This division will also be used for the distance A—c.

But in this case the simplicity of the disposition requires the displacing of the intervals so as to give the first  $8:9$  eq. A:B then  $15:16$  eq. B:c. The reasons are first to divide the two tetrachords as evenly as possible, secondly to obtain a leading note to the octave. In this way we obtain the intervals as follows:

C 1, D  $9/8$ , E  $3/4$ , F  $4/3$ , G  $3/2$ , A  $5/3$ , B  $15/8$ , c 2.

It may be objected that the division of the first two tetrachords must be perfectly equal, which is not the case, for when between C and D the interval is  $S_1$  and between D and E  $S_0$ , while between G and A is  $S_1$  and between A and B  $S_1$ . But the objection is not



to be considered; for it would be a fault to introduce a more complex proportion from the first to the second note than that between the second and the third, especially since the tonic as the starting point is the all important note and the tetra chord natural, remaining subject to the whole scale.

It may be asked too why the proportion 5:8 and 5:6 which are simpler than for instance 8:9 are not combined with the tonic, upwards. The reason is that the intervals would be too crowded and the scale as a whole overburdened and disfigured. On the other hand to avoid monotony it is quite natural that several exceptions occur.

Let us discuss the question whether simplicity of proportions generally and these simple proportions as above, particularly are necessary for true musical beauty.

Here is the place to define once for all the general notion of the beautiful. Philosophy exacts three conditions—integral perfection or completeness, suitable and adequate proportions, clearness of outline. In the matter under discussion the first and third conditions concern us, but indirectly as much as they affect the second element. What then are these just and adequate proportions? They vary evidently for different things, depending on the nature and properties of these things and their relations one to another. Objects closely allied in nature and properties have other due proportions than things widely divergent. Now the constituent parts of the diatonic scale are closely allied, all depending on sound vibrations of varied frequency, and in this class of phenomena, it is a fact that the most pleasing proportions are the simplest, forming a more symmetrical effect than complex combinations. Of course from an artistic standpoint the latter are not excluded entirely, but they are admitted only to modify the simpler proportions while remaining subordinate to them.

Overburdening of the proportions must be avoided, as it seriously prejudices a beautiful succession of intervals, in which the charm of music consists. In the moods of the Gregorian plain chant however, we find another arrangements of intervals, yet the disposition of the diatonic scale must be regarded as the best, since it is the simplest and is more apt to form harmonics without recurring to modifications for the intervals.

P. H.



## Book Review.



### A Double Knot and Other Stories.

Benziger Bros., New York.

A Double Knot is a very interesting little tale by Mary T. Wag-gaman, who also contributes four other good stories to this book. Others are written by T. Sadlier, Maurice F. Egan, etc. This book contains twenty-nine stories in all, suited to please both the old and the young. Price \$1.25.



### One Afternoon and Other Stories.

Benziger Bros., New York.

One afternoon is a fascinating short piece of fiction by Marian Ames Taggart. This book contains twenty-one stories, all by the same author. They are written in an easy and a pleasing style, and contain a moral, by which the reader may be benefitted. Price \$1.25.

W. H. V. '07.



With permission of the London C. T. Society, the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just published the interesting and timely little pamphlet by Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John Vaughn entitled "Is There Salvation Outside the Church?" There is a special need nowadays that the correct doctrine of the church upon this subject be thoroughly understood. Mgr. Vaughn has in the compass of a few pages showed how untenable on the one hand is the view that it matters not to what church one belongs and on the other hand he makes it clear how

those who are innocently outside the visible fold may be saved. The price of the pamphlet is five cents.

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Life of Mrs. Fitzherbert, W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A., \$5.00. Longmans, Greene & Co., London, New York.

Those who believe in Mary Tudor's maxim that "Time Reveals Truth," must be pleased to have the true story of this good woman, whose fate it was to be truly loved and won and wed, and for a while set aside by the "First Gentleman in Europe." Her long and chequered career shows her as a lovable, honorable and clever woman, very dear in her old age to the young Queen Victoria. The story of her royal suitor and husband is well told and thanks to the publication at last of some letters and especially of his last will and testament, it is possible to think more kindly of the man who has been more in our minds under less flattering epithets than the one quoted above.

This cleverly and chivalrously telling of that tragic romance is in great part due to the kind permission of his majesty the king to use the correspondence and official documents, until now kept safe in the royal archives. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert who was first Miss Smythe, then Mrs. Weld, then the wife of George Fourth, died in 1837, at the age of 82, and to the end of her life Mrs. Fitzherbert was an exemplary Catholic, and even if she must marry the king of England, head of the Established Church, she will not forswear her religion. She bore her troubles as nobly as she bore her favors, and one can understand why George the Fourth could never lose her love, though he might forfeit her respect and outward abhorrence. His last will is an exceedingly interesting study; it helps to redeem the character of the chum of Beau Brummell, the sad story of Queen Caroline is well told in this book, and one is pleased to learn many things that the official historians have deemed fit to omit in their study of the opening of the nineteenth century.

T. N.

\* \* \*

Though "Cecilia of the Court," by Miss Isabella Hess, is about a colony of little Sweeneys, Flynns, Dalys and McGuires, needless to add, not inhabitants of the Italian quarter, and one red-headed little musician in particular, very boastful of her saint's name, it is not the children but the grown-ups who derive most pleasure from reading it. It is a pathetically beautiful story of one of the poorer

tenement districts of New York, told if not with the true Dickens touch, certainly with all his sympathy, for the poor half-frozen, half-starved little waifs, told directly, simply, in a way to grip the heart-strings, and to make the tears come in spite of one's self. Though it is a slum story and all the misery, all the poverty, the seeming hopelessness of life under such conditions, are convincingly put before us, to the author's credit be it said, she has made it a clean one. It seems as if drunkenness were the most deplorable evil she could point out in an Irish slum. Another thing to be noticed is the absence of the priest in the houses of trouble, at the bedsides of the sick and the dying; we all know that in any poor district, in an Irish one particularly, he is the first one to be sent for—always to be relied upon for help and comfort. Miss Hess, though she does not possess an Irish name, certainly knows the Irish character. In her book she gives the natural little touches of Irish humor, the sharp, jealous speeches of the women, which irresistibly suggest the idea of noses being elevated much higher than nature originally intended, and the warm-hearted Irish generosity, bringing painfully home to us the truth of the old Cockney's saying. "Lor Sir, its always the poor what helps the poor." These people of Miss Hess had only half a crust to give, yet they gave that same willingly, cheerfully, with a "sure what would I be doing with it. sure take it I'll never be wanting it, at all at all."

The characters are all well and truthfully drawn, the making of two in particular seems to have been with the author, a labor of love. The fiery-headed, fiery-tempered little Cecilia and her guide, philosopher and friend, James Belway, are certainly worth knowing. quiet; gentle, proud old Jim, whose eyes were young and whose heart was a flower garden in spite of the surrounding wilderness. Jim who loved the children of Flanery Court, loved to gather them in his little box of a shop, for be it known that he was a shoemaker to the little Court, where dimes and dinners were equally scarce, and his fire was the only bit of cheer in the whole place, to which they were welcome. Jim who went without enough to eat that he might hoard up apples and candy just for the pleasure of seeing the brightening eyes in the childfaces, and the eager, clutching baby-fingers. Jim who played the flute for them and told them

stories, the right kind of stories too. Jim who, as the Doctor said, had led "the clean life you can't buy; and a clean life in that God-forsaken Court is a finer achievement than anywhere else. Cecelia's character is just as beautiful, in its way, as Jim's. She wanted to be good, so good, but how could she in Flanery Court, with no father, a drunken mother, and not enough to eat; and above all, not to have enough for "Puddin" (her little brother) whose love for her was the one bright spot in her life? Jim had been through it all; she had still to face the struggle; no wonder it seemed worse than hopeless to her young eyes. Jim took hold of the poor starved little body, helping the starved little soul, teaching her lessons of charity towards, and patience with, all men. Then her prayers became that God would let her grow up a woman to take care of "Puddin," only not a woman like *her*, Lord, meaning her mother; and that He never let "Puddin" know his father died in the Penitentiary."

We cannot close the book with the thought that these are exaggerated cases; we know they are not. The fact that this story ends in general joy and thanksgiving makes the heart ache all the greater, for we know too that the life of these people is one long struggle with the Giant Despair, and seldom if ever, do they receive the reward of virtue this side of the City that lies over the Hill. The book is productive of sadness of a healthy kind; makes one long to be up and doing for the poor we have at our doors. The story too in a negative way, than a whole series of sermons on Contentment, the sense of contrast rendering the daily prayer, 'For what we have O Lord, we are truly thankful,' more real and earnest.

E. M. M.

d'Youville Circle.

\* \* \*

The city librarian of Camden, N. J., has founded an organization of boys under the title of the Reading Fraternity, for the purpose of decreasing the percentage of fiction read by the patrons of the free public library of that city.

Every member of the fraternity, and it now includes a membership of 300, has signed this obligation:

"I do solemnly promise that for every volume of fiction

shall read hereafter I will read two "class" or non-fiction books. I also promise that I will respect the work of the free library and protect its property, and I will urge all other persons to do the same. To all the foregoing I pledge my sacred honor."

\* \* \*

Since reading habits, like most others, are formed in youth, this is a most enlightened work, and should reflect much credit upon the city of Camden and result in a vast improvement of its citizenship. Reading fiction is generally to be regarded as a relation, and while there are many important benefits from it, nothing is more deteriorating to memory, to the faculty of sustained effort, and to mental habits than to read nothing but fiction. This is true of the best fiction, and of course, if possible, none but the best should be permitted to come into the hands of the young people.

There are few things in which there is more satisfaction than a nice taste in reading, and a liking for the best things in literature. The constant reading of fiction tends to dull the fineness of this taste, just as the constant abuse of a liking for sweets will spoil one's taste for solid, wholesome food. Mental indigestion is as common as physical indigestion, and infinitely more harmful.

Nobody should advise the elimination of fiction, but in order to cultivate in the young a satisfactory taste for literature, one that will bide with them and make them better men and women, it is necessary to place light readily in its proper relation to the rest, that of dessert and relaxation. As a steady mental diet it is worse than useless, leading to poor memories, slovenly mental habits, and superficiality. The proportion of one part of fiction to two parts of solid reading is well advised.

There are hundreds of the world's best books that omnivorous fiction readers shun like the plague, because their tastes have been poorly formed, or vitiated by a too constant diet of fiction, but which are a constant and never-failing source of pleasure and delight to those with normal literary tastes.—Ex.

# 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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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., February, 1905.

No. V

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## EDITORIAL.

### CATHOLIC AMERICA.

The Review has just received a most elaborate prospectus of the Catholic Encyclopedia, about to be published by the Appletons. The Board of Editors is as follow: Charles G. Hebermann, LL.D., Edward A. Pace, D.D., Condé B. Pallen, LL.D., Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., John J. Wynne, S.J. These names and the imposing list of collaborators are sufficient to assure the success of the giant task. Orthodox, up-to-date, artistic, are adjectives that apply to every sample page and the schedule of topics is comprehensive and exhaustive. The fifteen volumes will form an effective arsenal for the militant Catholic and no doubt be responsible for many a conversion.

## VERITAS LIBERABIT VOS.

That the Catholic idea is coming to the fore in the great Republic is becoming quite evident to a peruser of the more serious periodical literature. A late number of the North American Review, a publication which has the ear of the more enlightened class, contains an article on "Lynch Law and its Remedies," by Jas. Cardinal Gibbon, another entitled, "Is Catholic Education a Menace to American Institutions," by Rev. Dr. J. G. Mullany, and a study of the reduction of congressional representation by Emmet O'Neil. Evidently the policy of the church on the West is to court public opinion on matters of human interest after the example of Pius X, whose belief in the leverage of public opinion is tacitly expressed in the exposures of the White Book of the Vatican.

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**BENEFACTORS TO CHARITIES.**

Among the notable benefactions of the past year to Catholic institutions were the three gifts of \$10,000 each made to the Catholic University in Washington by J. Pierpont Morgan, Senator W. L. Elkins and Senator N. W. Aldrich, respectively. Others were \$5,000 from Adrian Iselin to the New Rochelle Hospital; \$40,000 to Italian settlement work in New York by Miss Annie Leary; for Catholic charities in Philadelphia, \$44,300 from Miss E. Brasier; Thomas F. Byrne, for church at Phoenixville, \$50,000; Mrs. J. L. Standford, Notre Dame University, \$10,000; Miss H. T. Gardiner, Catholic University, \$100,000; Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, Georgetown University, \$125,000; Rev. Frederick Bender, \$50,000 for Denver church; Nicholas Walsh, St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Ky., \$100,000; Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, memorial chapel at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$100,000.

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## Athletics.

February, 1906.

The Annual Intramural Hockey League should have finished on February 3, if the schedule had been followed out. However this was too much to expect in a winter such as the present one. Rainstorm followed snowstorm, and decidedly cold weather gave place to warm, so that our series yet remain unfinished (Feb. 19.)

A single schedule was drawn up, starting on Jan. 17, when Captain McHugh administered a defeat to Capt. Durocher by a score of 4 to 3. Saturday, January 20, saw Captain Joron and his men down Captain R. McDougall's braves by a score of 4 to 1. This was followed by a defeat for Durocher at the hands of McDougall by a score of 3 to 1. On Jan. 27, McHugh won from Joron by 5 goals to 1 and on Feb. 17, McDougall won from McHugh, the score being 4 to 3. At the time of writing there remains one game to play, and everything points to a three-cornered tie in which the contestants will be Captains McDougall, Joron and McHugh.

Although the league this year has proven a success, it cannot be said that it has equalled those of former years neither in the interest it has aroused among players and spectators nor in the quality of hockey played. Evidently there is a falling off in good hockey material around the University, and the reason is hard to find. With the possible exception of a dozen who play good hockey the players go into the games with the intention of beating their opponents off their feet, and as a consequence the officials have to keep open eyes on the whole two teams at once.

The lack of interest may be attributed to the presence of our senior team in the City League, but from the present state of affairs, it is hardly probable that the attention of the hockeyists will be turned in that direction for some time to come.

### CITY LEAGUE HOCKEY.

On January 17, the College Hockey Team made its debut in City Hockey Circles. The game was played against Rialtos on Rialto Rink and resulted in a defeat for our team by a score of 5 to 3. The ice was in first class condition and the game developed

into a good exhibition of hockey. Our team suffered inasmuch as they were not acquainted with the rink and its surroundings, nevertheless, they had the game well in hand and in fact it was a tie until the last two minutes of play. At this juncture, Duffus, the star rover of the College team was hurt and Rialtos scored the winning game while College played six men against seven. The College team was: Goal, Lamothe; point, Filiatreault; cover, Dunne; rover, Duffus; centre, Byrnes; right wing, Joron; left wing, O'Neill.

Our game with Cliffside, scheduled for January 23, was postponed as the grass was beginning to grow in Rideau Rink about that time.

On January 29 the College sprang a surprise on New Edinburgh' by defeating them by the good score of nine to three. The weather was all that could be desired for good fast hockey, and such was the game, for, from start to finish a pace was kept up that would remind one of the exhibitions of the Stanley Cup holders style of play. The whole college team played well, especially Lamothe in goals. He undoubtedly showed himself to be the equal of any goal-keeper ever seen playing in Ottawa. Although New Edinburgh team were and are still aspirants to premier honors in the C. H. S., they could not stand the pace set by our boys and as the score indicates, they were outplayed in every point of the game.

#### RIALTOS 4—COLLEGE 4.

This game with Rialtos on Feb. 2 was not up to the standard of City League Hockey. The weather was exceedingly cold and the ice on the Rialto Rink was as hard as diamond. The players could not stand on their feet and consequently the game proved to be a very ragged one. The game ended in a tie and although the College team begged for a settlement then and there, Rialtos refused to play off, for financial reasons, we suppose, and for the sake of victory also.

Emmets 7, College 1, was the score in the now famous game of February 7, which for more reasons than one we wish had never been played. The play started off with a rush, and after ten minutes had elapsed College scored its only goal. A great cheer went up from the students gathered round but within a short time the rejoicing gave place to

silence, for Duffus, the clever cover point of the College team, dropped to the ice seriously injured. This was the first unpleasant feature of the game and owing to the seriousness of the injury, it cast a gloom over the College contingent which was slow to disappear. The injured player was carried to the dressing room where it was found that he had been struck on the eye with a hockey stick. The injury caused him great pain and although every effort was made at the time to alleviate his suffering means at the disposal of those around were inadequate. In the meantime the game went on, each team playing six men aside. About twenty minutes elapsed when Duffus, although still in pain, determined to get into the game again, so, bandaging up the injured part and pulling a cap down over it to protect it from the cold, he stepped on the ice again to the great surprise of the spectators.

With admirable pluck and pertinacity the resolute college man played his position as best he could, but with all due recognition and consideration for the difficulties under which he labored, the fact still remained evident that the Emmett slugger, whether intentionally or otherwise, had done his work so far as the College cover-point was concerned, for Duffus was no longer the stonewall he had been before the injury. Nor could it be expected that he would, for time and again the puck dropped beside him and he could not see it.

The score stood two to one for Emmetts at half time.

In the second half the college team went out to win. Every man played for all that was in him. Bawlf, Byrnes, O'Neill and Joron on the forward line worked like Trojans, while Dunne and Lamothe guarded the College goals in a manner worthy of praise. All was of no avail for as time went on, the College team went down before the terrific pace set by the greenshirts who were in the best of condition. As playing time drew to a close shots were sent in thick and fast on the College goal until the score of seven was reached. Thus ended the last game that the Ottawa College Hockey Team played in the City Hockey League.

#### OUR EXIT FROM THE C. H. L.

The direct result of the accident in the above mentioned game was our reluctant withdrawal from the City League. On the very day following the match came the order from the Rector that the Athletic Association Executive should sever all connections with the

League. The order was received with regret, for it was hardly thought that the accident would have such an effect as to deter the College team from continuing to play. The statement given out by the learned practitioner, under whose care Mr. Duffus was placed, was that the injury consisted in a broken nose, an injured eyeball and a serious hemorrhage in the socket of the eye and that the results would be such that the injured player would have to wear glasses during life.

His evidence in the police court, however, was that the injury was nothing more than an "ordinary black eye."

### OGDENSBURG VS. WATERBURY.

The septet of hockeyists representing the little village of Ogdensburg, N. Y., recently met and defeated in a series of three games of puck-chasers, who have the misfortune to hail from Waterbury, Conn. The first game went to the Ogdensburg outfit by a score of 7-1. Waterbury captured the second spasm after a hard struggle. The score was 1-0. Then came the saw-off or rather kill-off.

Waterbury sent a 'special' to New York, and brought on J. E. O'Keefe, of Clinton High, to help their team to victory. In the meantime the wise ones from the 'little village' caught wind of what was going on, and by way of counteraction offered a healthy roll of greenbacks to Coach Hatch, of Pottsdam (N. G) who, after a week's faithful drilling, sent his braves to victory. The score read 6-1. Ogdensburg now holds the championship of the United States, and the title to an oyster supper. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give a detailed account of the games, but are forced to limit our matter to a few general remarks. The chief rule that obtained in all three matches was of the Eddie King type, "dig in, duck your head and smash." Needless to add, the rules were observed to the letter and that the series was the greatest burlesque on hockey ever witnessed on the senior rink—barring of course those days when Carney, Cox and Killaloo amused the spectators with their never-to-be-forgotten serpentine movements. In speaking of the first match, a word of praise is due to one, Mr. Gallagher, who stuck to his position like a man. Some claim that he never budged, and had to be pried off the ice at half time, and sent to the boiler room to thaw out. As lovers of clean hockey, we are obliged to upbraid Mr. Hollis Burns for his rude tactics in

all three matches. Despite the repeated warnings of the officials, and the entreaties of his friends, he was wont to grind his teeth and threaten to do things. We are, however deeply grateful to him for not carrying out any of his threats. Be it said to in his behalf that he was at all times quite graceful in his movements. In direct opposition to the above named gentleman, was Mr. F. Edgar Smith, the Waterbury goal tend. They were indeed fortunate to have so gentlemanly a player on their team, for, although he doesn't know the first rudiments of hockey, and at times lost his equilibrium, let it be carefully noted that he never, even once, lost his temper. We congratulate Mr. F. Edgar. Besides Duty's high dive for the small yard rink, Deahy's Johnson's and Rock's clever footwork, we must mention the efforts of Messrs. Guilfoile, Golden, Marshall, McCaffrey, and McCarthy, who gave a splendid mixture of hockey, waterpolo, assassinating football and fists. From the expressions on their faces, and from the way in which they slashed and chopped, one would judge them advance agents for the undertaker. Considerable praise is due to Messrs. Sloan and Filiatreault, who refereed the matches, for the fearless manner in which they performed their difficult tasks. Stationed on the roof of the Science building (for safety sake) they were equipped with megaphones and field glasses. Whenever a player was ruled off, they shouted their orders to the 'bouncers' below who quickly lassoed the culprit and with the aid of the College's piebald pony dragged him off, vowing vengeance, *a la Holis*. Now that the war is over, we wish to congratulate the victors and offer our sympathies to the vanquished tem, who, by the way, attribute their defeat to their coach, Mr. Louis O'Grady, who, they claim, gave them instructions to "rough it." (Waterbury "Bubble," Ogdensburg "Sidelight" and Cherterville "Thunderer" papers please copy.)

### LINDBORO" VS. "UP-THE-CRIK."

The Up-the-Crik" representatives can no longer boast of their prowess at hockey. They were defeated in a close contest, by a Lindsay-Peterboro aggregation, the score-board reading 3-2. The game took place on Varsity Arena before an immense crowd of spectators—not only students, but also the entire population of Sandy Hill, witnessed the slashing match. Yes, it was a slasher! Everybody slashed! Even the otherwise clean Central Ontario boys had to use their weapons after the example of the Ottawa Valleyites,

and, as a result, for many days quite a number were seen "limping their weary way" to class.

Duffus, the spunky senior College cover-point, was by far the best player on the ice. His style of play was a source of wonder to a few "Emmet" men, who came to see the game and get "wise" to Joe's tricks. Evidently they were greatly impressed for "Joe" was a marked man from the beginning of the Emmet-College match.

Many of the players undoubtedly were on skates for the first time, for their futile attempts to stand still were a source of annoyance to them as well as of mirth to the spectators. And if one of them ever got started on a spurt down the ice, nothing could stop them but the snow-bank. Their sticks acted as propellers for many occasions, while for others they were excellent weapons of offence and defence.

One of the funniest incidents of the game was when "Mike" body-checked the lanky Lay Prof. from Peterboro. Mike got a good start, paddled down the ice and forced "Sliverinski" to do a loop-the-loop act in the direction of St. Joseph's church. The game was delayed five minutes while the proprietor of the Flats was extricated from the depths of a friendly snow-bank.

The game was played for a banquet, the expenses of which are to be defrayed by the losers. We sincerely hope that the "bun-feed" will soon take place, as we are getting hungry, doncherknow!

### "SOUTANES" VS. COMMERCIAL PROFS."

On Saturday, Feb. 17th, the "Soutanes" and "Comercial Profs." met for the second time in a friendly game of hockey. The first game, played the previous week, resulted in favor of the Black Robes, the score being 10-8. But the Business men were minus the services of their star goal-keeper, Father Legault, whose presence in the line-up of the second game made the score-marker indicate the result of the match as 3-1.

Both matches were replete with special features and at times the atmosphere was filled with feet! The man from St. Regis Falls was always dangerous. No one had nerve enough to approach him, for his shillelah was generally doing the contortion act. He was in almost every mix-up, he being the one most mixed. After each scrimmage it took him five minutes to unwind himself from the other combatants. And he had the happy faculty of secretly thump-

ing an opponent and then calmly folding his arms while an "innocent" would be benched. At one time he showed that his head was in the game. He did a stage faint on the ice and delayed the game long enough for his fellow-laborers to get wind.

"Shortie," from Brudenell was always a factor in the rushes, and figured in the scoring of almost every goal. So anxious was he to hear "goal!" shouted that on two occasions he helped the Soutanes to score! The change of goals at half time must have rattled him!

For the Soutanes Brother Stanton was the star of the forward-line and Father Fortier was a hard man to pass at point. Father Sherry in goal got so excited once that he forgot he was playing, and stood on the side lines urging his team to "super up." The only accident happened before play actually opened. Father Hammersley's face came in contact with the shoulder of the Business English Prof. with the result that he had to wear a large piece of court-plaster for a few days.

The third game to decide to whom the honor of the season is to go will be played as soon as the ice is available. Both teams are practicing and the best game of the season is promised.

#### FINAL GAME BETWEEN "SOUTANES" AND 'LAY PROFS.'

On Wednesday, Feb. 28th, the "Soutanes" and "Lay Profs." crossed sticks in the third, and final game of the present hockey season. As each team had won a match this game was the deciding one, and proved to be the most hotly-contested of the three. It went to the Soutanes who scored three times while the Profs. tried in vain to get the puck past the goal tend. "Robes" had an excellent combination while the Profs. depended more on individual work.

The Soutanes had a fine forward quartet and their team work was continually cheered by the many spectators who braved the Arctic weather to see the exciting mill. The stalwart defence was instrumental in keeping down the Profs' score to zero. All the Soutanes' goals were scored by Rover Stanton whose "lightning flashes" were a sources of worry to the Commercial Academy. The Prefect, who, by the way, did excellent work between the posts for his "Under-studies."

On the forward line of the Profs.' seven, Manager Brudenell Costello was always conspicuous in spite of the fact that he checked thirteen men on the ice. His inability to fill the position of manager

was evidenced by the poor showing of his team because they lacked practice. If you have another game billed, Tom, make your men practice more. Mr. Casey made a very good rover. He was the only man to play his position and all the others helped him to play it. They were all rovers! "Tommy" Bawlf, who was rented for the occasion from the Winnipeg Stanley Cup challengers, played centre for the Profs., while the puck was being faced and then joined the ranks of the Rovers. Tommy is an excellent stick handler, but must do more passing to prove himself effective. Our slim friend from "Lift-lock-ville," Prof. McFadden, who was supposed to play left wing, played every position but left wing. He failed to "gap-the-gap," during this game, evidently because there was no "Smith-force" present. Chas. Jones—a former Eganville player—held down cover-point until he had to retire owing to an injured knee which he received on being "bodied" into the sides. His place on the line-up was filled for the rest of the game by the "Artistic Wielder of the Pen and Brush," Mr. J. C. Logan, who distinguished himself in wonderful plays as well as in close attention to the seven opponents. St. Regis Falls Boucher, with the "Green Bee" sweater, played in his usual form at point and proved of great assistance in preventing the score from soaring into the hundreds. In goal, Father Legault did exceptionally well and, were it not for his good work in blocking the disk time after time, the final tally would have been about twenty to nothing.

The "Soutanes" are to be congratulated on their victory as they worked well together. However the Lay-Prof. must not feel too down-hearted on account of their defeat as they are not such experienced players as their opponents. Next year! Well!!

In all the games, Mr. Filiatreault, of foot-ball fame, acted as referee in a most impartial manner.





## Of Local Interest.

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Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, paid his Alma Mater a visit last month.

Messrs. W. Kennedy, ex-'08, H. Murtag, ex-'08, and A. O'Leary, of Queen's, were among those who accompanied the Queen's Hockey Club to Ottawa on their unsuccessful quest for the Stanley Cup.

Mr. L. M. Staley, ex-'06, and his bride, are spending the winter in Florida, where Mr. Staley is recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

From Worcester comes the news that Mr. C. P. McCormac, '02, "has taken unto himself a better-half," and is now numbered among the Benedicts.

At the first February meeting of the Scientific Society, Mr. T. J. Tobin read a very interesting paper on "The Mysteries of Subterranean Caverns." The lecturer showed that he had studied the question deeply, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the matter.

At the following meeting, an able article on "Sound" was read by Mr. J. N. George. Several successful experiments were performed to prove the theories and the laws laid down. A short musical programme was rendered by the society's Glee Club.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Debating Society on Feb. 4th, the subject discussed was "Resolved, that ancient heroes were more heroic than those of modern times." Messrs. V. G. McFadden and P. Gorman upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. L. J. Rock and P. Harris opposed them. The decision was awarded in favor of the affirmative.

The following week the question was, "Resolved that a Japanese victory in the Far East was more beneficial to mankind than would a Russian victory have been." Messrs. T. J. Sloan and T. M. Costello had charge of the affirmative and Messrs. A. M. Power, and Wm. Veilleux, the negative. The judges decided in favor of the former.

"Resolved that the result of the recent elections in Great Brit-

ain will be beneficial to the Empire," was debated at the next meeting by Messrs. W. P. Derham and J. A. Lajoie for the affirmative, and Messrs. G. W. O'Toole and A. Stanton for the negative. The gentlemen for the affirmative captured the judges' decision.

At the last meeting, Messrs. J. N. George and P. G. McHugh argued against Messrs. W. F. P. Cavanagh and G. Costello whether or not "War is the greatest of all evils." The gentlemen for the negative were declared the victors.

On the evening of February 17th, University Day, Mr. G. B. Williams, of New York, the talented interpreter of Shakespeare, gave a recital in the basement of the Sacred Heart Church, under the auspices of the University Debating Society. The affair was pronounced by all present as one of the most successful and most entertaining that has ever been held by that capable organization. The audience was a large and appreciative one, comprising, as it did, nearly all the students, and over a hundred of their friends. Mr. Williams proved himself a thorough master of Shakespeare, giving an almost perfect interpretation of the different characters in "The Merchant of Venice." He was heard to advantage also, in "Squire Hawkin's Story," one of Whitcomb Riley's poems, and in "The Sleeping Car," two pieces full of wit and humor.

A clog dance by Mr. J. Gallaher, and a vocal number by the Varsity Quartette, composed of Messrs. Burns, Veilleux, McCarthy, and Golden, were well received. Several selections by the University Orchestra under the direction of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, contributed to make the evening a most enjoyable one.

Active preparations are under way for the annual St. Patrick's Day banquet. As, this year, it will be held for the first time in the new Arts Building, those in charge would have liked to have made it a record one, and sought from the authorities, the permission to hold it in the rotunda. The latter, however, could not see their way clear to grant this request, consequently it will have to be held in the recreation hall.

The Committee on charge are:

Chairman, G. W. O'Toole, '06.

Secretary, T. J. Sloan, '06.

Treasurer, M. T. O'Neill, '07.

Toastmaster and Chairman of Toast Committee, W. P. Derham, '06.

Chairman of Menu Committee, J. George, '06.  
Chairman of Reception Committee, G. W. O'Toole, '06.  
Chairman of Decorating Committee, J. E. McNeill, '07.  
Chairman of Music Committee, W. M. Veilleux, '07.

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### FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

As in former years, the French Debating Society has not been inactive. Every week regular meetings are held under the direction of the Reverend Father Binet, O.M.I.

A play, appreciated very much by all those who saw it, was given in Ste Anne's Hall, Ottawa, on February the 18th. "Le Reliquaire de l'Enfant Adoptif," was a success, even from a financial standpoint. On February the 27th, a lecture was delivered under its patronage by Rev. Father J. A. Guertin, O. M. I. The subject of the lecture was "Riel the Half Breed Chief."

A public debate will be held in a near future in the Sacred Heart Hall. The society is very prosperous, for all realize the importance of public speaking.

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### THE WASHINGTON CLUB BANQUET.

It is not very often that the American boys of the University have the opportunity to show their love and loyalty for their native land, yet, when this occasion presents itself, it is most heartily welcomed. It has been the custom for the past two years to celebrate Washington's birthday by holding a banquet and singing the praises of Columbia, and it is gratifying to know that this year, the students did not deviate from this custom.

The banquet was held in the seniors' refectory, and nearly all the members of the Washington Club and the professors who claim the United States as their native land were present. The dining hall was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting in which the Stars and Stripes held first place, while the Union Jack, the Canadian flag and the Irish banner also occupied conspicuous places. The tables were laid out in all the profusion of white linen, flowers and china.

Much credit is due to the committee in charge for the comely appearance of the hall. The students filed into their places sur-

rounding the toastmaster after which the repast commenced. The menu was the best that could be had; course followed course amid the rattle of dishes, the hum of voices and the strains of sweet music. If there was any particular in which the menu provided was lacking, the students seemed willing to agree with Lady McBeth that:

"To feed were best at home:  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony."

And it was not long before even the hungriest son of Columbia was satisfied.

Then followed the speeches, songs and toast. The monotony which is a natural consequence of much speech-making no matter how eloquent, was relieved by songs reminiscent of the native land. "My Own United States," was sung with excellent effect by Rev. Bro. Nolan; whilst Canada's national anthem, "The Maple Leaf Forever," was rendered by Rev. Bro. Stanton in his usual artistic manner. Mr. Golden, McCarthy and P. Harris favored the club with songs which were received with great pleasure, and the musical programme ended by all singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The toastmaster, Mr. F. A. Johnson discharged the duties of his office in a manner most creditable to himself and to the student body. He introduced the speaking by a few remarks suitable to the occasion. He told of the two-fold purpose of the banquet to honor George Washington the first president of that great republic south of us, and to bring together all the American boys who pursue their studies at the University. Each succeeding toast was introduced by Mr. Johnson in a few well chosen but eloquent words, which he proved himself worthy of the onerous duties which he had to perform. After which he introduced the toasts by asking all present to drink to the Day we Celebrate. The response was made by Mr. E. H. McCarthy and was very interesting and well delivered as were all the other numbers. "In every Catholic banquet," said the toastmaster, "one toast is sure to occupy an honored position on the list, the toast to the Pope, Our Holy Father. To Pius X then we drink, Pius already the favorite and admired of the world."

Long and vigorous applause greeted Rev. P. J. Hammersley as he rose to reply. The Rev. Moderator was at his best and the audience settled down for what was to be one of the best of his many brilliant efforts.

Then followed the toast, Our Flag, and Mr. F. C. Hatch who upheld this toast, made a very eloquent speech in response.

The toast to Our President, was responded to by Mr. F. J. Smith. In a comparatively brief speech he eloquently described the most noble of men, President Roosevelt, one of the greatest rulers the world has ever seen.

The toast to Canada followed, and was responded to by Mr. J. E. McNeill, who was the guest of the club. In replying to the toast to his native land, the speaker took pride in the achievements of Canadians the world over. He spoke eloquently of the link of friendship existing between Canadians and Americans and of the welcome extended to the sons of Columbia by the Canadian students. In concluding he expressed the hope that the maple leaf might always be the emblem of a noble and patriotic race, and that the Washington Club might flourish and prosper, increase in membership and long continue to be one of the foremost of the many useful societies of the University.

Following came the "Alma Mater" speech by Mr. C. F. Bresnahan, after which the toastmaster spoke a few words and the proceedings were then closed with the singing of Columbia and the students dispersed, pleased, impressed, broadened, elevated by their participation in a symposium, the like of which has rarely been seen at the University.

Among the professors present were Frs. McGowan, Turcott, Hammersley, Kunz, Rev. Bro. Nolan and Bro. Stanton. Among the letters of regret at inability to be present was one from Rev. Fr. Emery, former rector of the University and first honorary president of the Club.

C. F. B.



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