

# FASTI:

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The FASTI will endeavour to give a list of books of reference which will be useful for the debates of the Literary Society. We hope to see more life introduced in the debates, and will endeavour to do all in our power to aid the movement.

We would draw our readers attention to the paper on Public Monuments from the versatile pen of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. Canadians are under great obligations to Mr. Adam for his unwearied efforts on behalf of true Canadian literature. The FASTI expects, from time to time, to have contributions from *litterateurs* of note, and also papers on live University subjects from prominent Graduates.

Mathematical men will look with interest for Vol. vii., No. 3, of the *Mathematical Journal*, which will, as it is announced, contain a full exposition of Prof. Young's recent investigations and discoveries in equations. Prof. Young paid a graceful compliment to the Mathematical Society by reading his paper to them, and the University may be justly proud of having a gentleman of such varied attainments on its staff.

The Committee of the Rugby Football Club are at present making arrangements for the annual intercollegiate match with McGill University. The match takes place this year in Montreal, and we hope the team will receive every encouragement, financially and otherwise, to enable them to repeat the brilliant victory of last year. Each succeeding occasion makes these events more pleasing, and we hope the McGill Undergraduates will make an effort to aid us in establishing intercollegiate contests of a more extended nature.

The Glee Club are to be commended for their enterprise in undertaking the production of a musical work of importance at the Annual College Conversazione. The high reputation of Mr. Torrington is sufficient guarantee that the rendition will be worthy of the performers and the event. Few College organizations are more deserving of support than the Glee Club, as it should, with the Literary Society, be one of the chief promoters of genuine College life. The ready manner in which the Literary Society promised the three hundred and fifty dollars required is both creditable to the Society and flattering to the Club.

THE promoters of the FASTI, strongly convinced that the want of an independent University paper has existed for some time, have endeavoured to supply this want by founding the present journal. They desire to offer a medium wherein the opinions of University men may be fully represented, and they believe in this effort they will receive the hearty support of Graduates and Undergraduates.

The founders of the FASTI are determined to establish a paper which, in literary form and sentiment, will be worthy of the Provincial University.

The columns of the FASTI will always be open for the ventilation of grievances, but can never become a channel for personal abuse. Any scheme for the improvement of University College by additional endowment will receive the FASTI's most cordial support and will command its best efforts.

The promoters of the FASTI, believing that the introduction of mixed classes into University College does not meet with the approval of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, will support the proposal to found an annex for women. The meetings of College Societies will receive special attention, and the interests of the Undergraduates in Medicine will be given prominence.

The FASTI will be mainly owned and controlled by the Undergraduates of the University.

It will be loyal to the authorities of the State and University and the true interests of its alumni.

Last year a step was made in the right direction by holding the University dinner during the College term. Unfortunately the Undergraduate representation was not as large as was hoped for, nor did the results realize our expectations. The presence of so many Graduates rendered the unassuming Undergraduates silent and meditative, so that their feelings found vent in but two flickering songs and a couple of speeches at the end, when the guests were surfeited with oratory. Could not the Undergraduates hold a dinner in their own name? The earlier this term the better; most men apply themselves seriously to work after the holidays. The success of our medical *confrères* should encourage us to hold a dinner which will be like the *conversazione*—an event by which the year is to be known.

There seems to be a movement on the part of some Undergraduates in the direction of having the meetings of the Literary Society assume a parliamentary form. The decision of the last meeting to leave the matter to the discretion of the General Committee we judge to be a wise one. To say nothing of the lack of permanent issues, the great difficulty in the way of standing divisions, is to find men having the confidence of their fellows who are willing to assume the responsibility of leadership. An organization by which each debater is assigned a distinct part of the question, beyond which his speech is not supposed to extend, would no doubt give excellent opportunities for preparation and secure a thorough and comprehensive discussion of the subject. But spontaneity and life are most important elements in effective debating; and under such an arrangement both could not fail to be largely wanting. Moreover the plan leaves the members of the Society entirely at the mercy of a few individuals, and the experience of last year ought to demonstrate that undergraduates cannot be handled like pieces on a chess-board.

#### CONVOCAATION DAY.

CONVOCAATION day has come and gone, and, though the echoes of horns and the enlivening strains of "Old Grimes" are dying away in the distance, the memory of the day is with us still. Objection has been raised that we have had too much noise, and demands have been made for a quiet and decorous proceeding that will offend the ears of neither dame nor don.

Britons, however, and especially young ones, are apt to be recalcitrant, and, like the mountain stream, the more they are repressed and obstructed the more noise they make.

What is the object of Convocation, at any rate? It is, of course, an opportunity to present such

rewards and premiums as have been awarded to the lucky ones; but, take it all in all, it is but the grand field-day, the turn-out of the caps and gowns, a "triumphus" of education.

The happy student, arising on the morning of the fatal day, first looking at the sky to pray that ill-omened clouds may not come up to shroud and bury the burning sun, translates Horace's "Nunc est bibendum"—Now we must have a horn—and, his pockets bulged out with trumpets and cow-bells, intends to have as good a time as his lungs and the authorities will allow. And he has it.

There are extremes in everything, however, and although we can congratulate ourselves that we are quieter on such occasions than many other colleges, notably Oxford, yet the practice of shouting out personalities and interrupting the speakers is, to say the least, quite unworthy of the actors. While the long procession of robes is moving forward to the tuting of trumpets that have apparently been constructed upon some unknown principle of harmony, surely there is time enough to work off superfluous energy. But when our President and Professors speak let us listen to their words, which will certainly be a better memorial of the occasion than ruptured lungs, or a broken tympanum.

#### COLLEGE LECTURERS AS UNIVERSITY EXAMINERS.

ALTHOUGH the topic "examinations" may have but little attraction for many of our readers who may dislike to recur to those troublous times, yet a few words on the above text may not be unprofitable.

The number of men qualified to act as examiners is necessarily limited, but surely not so limited as to require the selection of College Lecturers to act as University examiners. It is most undesirable that such a system of appointing examiners should be established. If persisted in it may result in serious injury to our University.

A lecturer in the College holds, as a rule, two written examinations during the academic year. In some departments, moreover, written exercises are handed in for correction. So it is not difficult to imagine that a lecturer may become familiar with the handwriting of at least some of the students.

Again, in the examination on the modern course an oral is held in certain subjects. Of course, the examiner learns the designations of the competitors appearing before him. Now, if the examiner is also the lecturer, what protection is the designation against partiality?

In citing these particular cases, we do not for a moment wish to imply that partiality has been

shown in the past, but wish to point out that there is an opportunity afforded for the exercise of undue preference. Sooner or later, the mere fact that such an opportunity exists will destroy all confidence in the fairness of the examinations.

Another important aspect of this question still remains to be discussed. If college lecturers conduct the university examinations, naturally they will draw up their papers with an eye to the lectures they have delivered; points strongly insisted on in the lecture room will have due prominence on the university papers. This is obviously unfair to competitors who, although prepared at affiliated colleges, have to write at the university examinations.

It is also to be remembered that students are in a manner encouraged to work, independently of lectures, on points not taken up in the lecture when there is a probability of such extra work counting on their papers. If we make the lecturer also the examiner this encouragement is removed. The lecturer will go, year after year, his usual round, and the students will follow the rut.

In conclusion, we would just observe that the combined sentiment of the students has great effect in questions like this, and we should be glad to have the matter fully discussed in our columns.

#### PERMANENT.

"Another squatter," the old man said,  
 "Has staked his claim in the field of the Dead,"  
 As passing we saw the fresh mould and the mourners,  
 And the rough posts standing at each of the corners.

"Accident, I guess, down on the track,  
 Went to his work and never came back;  
 Only his body—his wife or brother  
 Got that—but what of himself the other?"

"I've often thought thro' the long, dark nights,  
 After the team had been fixed to rights,  
 "What would have happened if, just on the minute,  
 There'd slipped from my body the man within it.

"It must go somewhere—of that I'm sure;  
 It must do something, or couldn't endure;  
 We're busy enough here, and so, for certain,  
 We'll be busy enough behind the curtain."

Here he flicked his horses, the reins he raised,  
 And I think I've his words scarce paraphrased  
 Save one more remark as we onward went, sir—

"That settlement there is permanent, sir!"

JOHN CAMERON GRANT.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said to  
 the small boy when he fell into the water.

#### PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

SOME ONE has made the remark that the history of humanity is often made luminous by the mention of a name. In our own much-contemned history, in recalling some epoch of the past, how truly might this be said! Cite a prominent name in even our uneventful history and what a train of incident circles around it! Erect a monument in the heart of a busy city, and what memories will it not keep alive? Yet how little have we done to perpetuate in stone the memory of our patriots! We have just had a Centennial Celebration of the incoming of the U. E. Loyalists, and a Semi-Centennial Commemoration of the incorporation of the Provincial capital. Though the one recalls the sturdy first military Governor of the Province, and the other, the equally sturdy champion of reform, the earliest Mayor of the city, we have yet to hear the first word, by way of suggestion, of a monument to either Simcoe or Mackenzie. Still more recently, we have had a demonstration in honour of Mr. Mowat; but though the Reformers of Ontario made an imposing show on parade, and an equally impressive appearance in the banqueting-house, we have never heard of a monument to Robert Baldwin, while the statue to George Brown shames the country with the exhibit of an uncrowned pedestal. Nor have the names of McCaul and Ryerson, and our boasted educational system, met with better fate.

To explain public indifference to the memory of those who have well-served the country is not an easy task. Perhaps the reason why we have so few public monuments in Canada may be found in the fact that the extremes of climate are not favourable to their preservation. That they contribute to the picturesqueness of a city few, we apprehend, will deny, and that they in some measure stimulate patriotism will, presumably, be conceded. Literature and the graphic arts, we may however be told, have long since taken the place of the sculptor's handiwork. It may also be urged that, in the present condition of art, public monuments are apt to be an eyesore. For public monuments, nevertheless, there is, in our opinion, something to be said. Some, it may be, are content that our public men shall go down to history in the limnings of the Party press. Others, indifferent, would as soon that their personality should be gathered from the cartoons of *Grip*. To our own mind, the worst of them deserve a better fate.

In general, it may be safe to commit the memory of our public leaders to the historian and biographer, who, with due allowance for personal considerations and literary and party bias, may be trusted to preserve aright the record of their deeds. But

the historian and biographer are not "read of all men." Of the masses there are many whose education is achieved, not by reading, but by the sense of sight. To those the influence of public monuments is not less real than that derived from books. Hence we would urge, that the education of the eye, picked up in the highways and byways, should not altogether be neglected. Who shall say, for instance, what incentives to patriotism the Volunteer's monument in the Queen's Park has not inspired? What other lessons might not our youth learn from the chiselled block, in the classic groves of University Park or within the cloistered walls of the College itself.

We are not much enamoured with the casts and pictures in the theatre and galleries of the Education office; but there can be little doubt that, to a large class of sight-seers, they prove of undoubted interest and attractiveness. Better by far are the portraits at Osgoode Hall and the House of Commons, Ottawa. To the sociologist and the student of history these portraits are of no small interest, for they help materially in reconstructing the past and in enabling one to judge of character. In their way, these are of value. Of like value, to our mind, would be the public monument raised to commemorate worth and give wing to aspiration. Only on the score of expense could monuments be at a disadvantage, though, contrasted with other modes of keeping green the memory, the larger outlay incurred in their erection would be worth the sacrifice. They would be a priceless boon to our descendants. By their use posterity would be relieved of the fulsome biographer, and literature would recover her respect for truth. Could we limit biography to a statue in bronze, who and what would not be the gainer?

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### CRITICISM.

DURING the year one meets with a good deal of literary criticism. Some of it, marked by keen insight and hearty appreciation. On the contrary, much of it is singularly barren and shallow. It is apparently impossible for some critics to reach any clear, distinct, individual judgments; their method is simply to place a writer beside a well-known figure of literature, and then with their chalk and tape-line ascertain the fact that he is of less stature by an inch than the epic poet; slighter of build than this dramatist, less finely proportioned than this master of lyrical song. Meanwhile, what the man really is in himself, entirely escapes attention. The points in which he differs from others are clearly indicated; but the qualities which make up his individuality are completely overlooked; the

critic's method has no place for that sort of adjudication. I have become so thoroughly weary of this mechanical beating of the air that when I came upon the phrase, "Mr. Jones lacks Brownings' intensity and dramatic force; he has none of Wordsworth's tranquil insight into the universal element in nature; nor does he possess in any degree the Tennysonian faculty of melodious expression," I close the book or the magazine and turn to something more promising. I know there is nothing to be learned from that kind of criticism.

This method is particularly irritating when applied to poetry, to which unfortunately it is more frequently applied than to any other form of literature. There are many people apparently whose capacity of appreciation is not large enough to include more than one object, or a class of objects. If they like the dramatists, they can see nothing in the epic poets; if they admire Wordsworth, they can discover no poetry in Byron; if they love Whittier, they must forswear Longfellow. The sympathetic imagination which opens the door to creations as far apart as those of Wordsworth and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is by no means a common possession, and it is the lack of it which defines so sharply the range of appreciation in many people, and sets narrow limits to their intellectual companionships. I do not envy the man whose zeal for the fresh, virile verse of Burns will not permit him to enjoy the finely chiselled, weighty lines of Walter Savage Landor. Life is large enough for both; poetry is too great to be bound by the limitations of individual taste and experience.

There are excellent persons who live by one poet, who find a single chapter sufficient for their needs, and leave the great book of universal experience uncut. No one cares to quarrel with such a one so long as he does not attempt to impose his limitations on the rest of us; it is only when he declares that because Burns is a genuine poet, therefore a singer of such different tones as Landor cannot be, that we feel disposed to hint there is a defect in his scale that deprives him of some of the deepest notes, and that his world is possibly smaller than the universe.

A genuine poetic nature is catholic: it will have its decided preference, its spiritual affinities and kinships; but it will be quick to recognize excellence under all forms, and to detect the melody that may thrill the most unexpected combination of sounds, and will find its laureate for each of them. For such a nature Spencer will dream, Milton set his vision to the organ music of his mighty line, and Herrick scathe the blossoms of May as he fingers his mellow pipe.

Fortunate is he in whose nature this faculty of appreciation is found; to him life speaks in many tones, and in each there will be some revelation of the mystery. Poetry is one of the great consolations of life, because it lifts us to those outlooks from whence we see a kind of order running its shining lines through chaos. Life needs constant idealization: incessant feeding from the fountains of imagination. Poetry renews wonder and awe in the presence of the perpetual miracle of nature, and sows the rugged field of life with flowers of immortal blossoming. I find in every poet some lesson which I am glad to learn, and I strive to turn to each a responsive side. My own preference is strongly for the poets that draw their inspiration from universal experience; my deep conviction is that the greatest literature can have its roots in no other soil; but I should count myself blind, if I did not find in the poet's scholarship some chords whose vibrations were in harmony with my own thought. I should lose much if, loving, as I do, the deep poetry of Woodworth, flowing sometimes like mountain rivulets through the heart of world-old forests, I did not also find in Arnold a music sweet and penetrating, though burdened with a different song.

L.

### THE EARLY MASTERS OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

UNIVERSITY PRIZE ESSAY, JUNE, 1884.

IN the central hall of the National Gallery at London there is written in letters of gold this sentence "The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend." It is a saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds and is a good maxim for us to adopt in seeking to consider justly the great theme set before us. In passing in review the artistic creations of the world we seem as if visiting an ideal Art Gallery. At one time we are jammed hopelessly into the front rank of the spectators, with the sun dazzling our eyes, and too near the pictures to see anything but a vague and shapeless outline of colour. This is our position as regards Modern Art. Again, we may be held in the crowd at the back of the room, where we are vainly trying, over the heads of our neighbours, to catch a glimpse of the pictures, and, in the surging throng, all the productions are apt to look alike pretty or alike indistinct. Such, we fear, may be our position when speaking of the works of the Early Masters. It may be said in beginning an essay in this nature that Art is a universal language, intelligible to the whole world, a language, the power to appreciate which is a gift not alone for the rich, or the mighty, or the learned,

but one that comes straight from Him "who gave the eye" that all might see. The works of the Great Masters, whom we are about to consider, are the Classics of Art, or rather perhaps the Classics of Painting.

The great area of painting in Italy, which we have before us, includes the last quarter of the fifteenth and the first thirty or forty years of the sixteenth centuries. This period saw all those perfect productions which we call the works of the Early Masters. The most casual glance at the products of this wonderful age impresses us with two facts: that these works find their theme mainly, almost entirely, in religion, and that in their treatment the artist draws his inspiration from the most perfect of all creations—the human form. We therefore see that Art in its highest stage expresses nothing mean, nothing transitory. "I have always found," says Mr. Symonds in his "Renaissance in Italy," "that the Arts in their origin are dependent on religion. Art aims at expressing an ideal in the transfiguration of human elements into something nobler, felt and apprehended by the imagination. Such an idea exists only in the form of religion." Fortunately for us the productions of the Fine Arts have been among the most lasting and treasured things in the world's history. "The human race," as Emerson says, "takes charge of them that they cannot perish." Still one sometimes often hears it asked: "What is there so wonderful in the works of the Early Masters?" In reply to this it may be justly said that no one who has not to some extent cultivated the Art of Painting, or at least that of Drawing, can form a correct estimate of the difficulties or beauties of Art, or appreciate the excellence of its highest efforts. This principle at first sight seems narrow, and we naturally feel disinclined to accept it as true; but it extends to other Arts, for sensitiveness to a wrong note, a harsh expression, an ill-rendered passage, as well as a ready eye to detect a crooked line, a clumsy curve, or a bad perspective, can only be acquired by the cultivation of the ear, the eye, and the mind.

In considering more especially Art in Italy, let us for a moment seek to gather up a few of the threads that bind together the times before our great epoch. The name of Cimabue, the great founder of the Florentine school, can be noticed as far back as the thirteenth century; Giotto and Fra Angelico, Masaccio and Perugino in the fourteenth century, and Giotto follow him in the fourteenth century, and Fra Angelico, Masaccio and Perugino in the fifteenth century. These men were the forerunners of the perfect day of Art, working through the night that came before it—a night of preparation, of struggle with incompleteness of resource, of stretching out and reaching towards perfection. But their toil was not in vain, the Renaissance

came at last after years of barbarism, of blindness, of sterile effort; it burst forth almost without a dawn, glorious as a summer's day. Giotto and Dante open that mighty era and re-create the arts of painting and poetry; Ghiberti casts his great gates of bronze; Brunelleschi designs exquisite architecture; then, too, Columbus and the Cabots discover another world; Copernicus displays the laws of the universe, and Luther and Savonarola work their great work of Reformation, till, "last in the noble train." Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael come to adorn with their surpassing works this great blossoming epoch of human genius. That love for beauty of form and face, which the Middle Ages had smothered, was revived, and we see once more an appreciation of the common things of life and nature.

I hope you will bear with me when I seek to tell you something of only three of the Early Masters and their works. I trust the richness of the field will be ample excuse for examining some of the sheaves more closely. The first name that attracts attention is that of Leonardo de Vinci. To all who care for art for its own sake, or indeed for the general history of the time, Leonardo de Vinci must always be one of the most fascinating figures in the whole brilliant group of Italian masters. He represented the Florentine school of painting—the school of truthfulness of mental expression. Seemingly possessed of every endowment of mind and body there was no path of learning of his age he did not explore, no part of the arts of decoration, of mechanism and of engineering that he did not master, as well as in the higher forms of human expression—poetry, painting, sculpture and music. His pictures have all the painter's characteristic mystery of form and expression, painted with that curious felicity which belonged to his hand alone. We can only pause for a few minutes to consider his masterpiece with which the great picture-loving people of America have long since become familiar, and will never forget.

It was at Milan he painted his "Last Supper," the most renowned of his works; all that remains of this noble picture is on the walls of the refectory of the Dominican church in that city, where Leonardo had gone in 1483. Upon a damp wall, wet with its mineral salts, he placed this supreme effort of his genius. Painted as it was, not in fresco but in oils, time has proved that on a plaster wall no process could have been less durable. From the numerous excellent photographs, paintings, and engravings which have been made of this work the general features of it have become familiar to all lovers of art. The central figure is that of the Greatest Master of all; but, faint and spectral as it is, it is the outward type of Christ, fixed for us by

Leonardo, as it has been presented to us by all his disciples through the centuries since. The painter chose for his subject the tragic moment when Christ utters the startling words, "One of you shall betray me." The wild strife of feelings which ensued, the emotion and tumult of conflicting passions are all depicted there. The features of Christ however, and the expression of sweet and pensive benignity on His face, remain in the mind long after the eye may have lost sight of the picture. Troubles of peace and material were not all that this work was to suffer; it has been subjected to every kind of indignity from the hand of man; it was "restored," the monks cut a door through the lower part of it, and to make the sacrilege complete, the imperial arms were nailed on it close to the figure of Him who is "the King of Kings." Leonardo de Vinci's life was changeful and often checkered, but it is consoling to know that his genius found a champion in Francis I., under whose protection he closed his busy life at the Chateau de Clou in France.

Let me next say a few words about Michael Angelo, a genius perhaps of more power, but of less familiar sweetness. His works were more vigorous than those of Leonardo or Raphael, but they were also less sympathetic. Architect, sculptor, poet, and painter—a man with four souls, as he has been called—Michael Angelo has ever been the central figure of the first half of the sixteenth century. His creative power was boundless, his perseverance indomitable and his knowledge of the human body as consummate as his talent to represent the austere truths of human nature. "I paint simple persons," was all the reply he gave to the querulous criticism of Julius II. that there was no gold in the figures of the Sistine Chapel. "My chapel will look very poor," said the Pope. But answered Michael Angelo, "the people I have painted were poor." As in the case of Leonardo we will have to content ourselves with a hasty glance at his master-pieces. The painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is considered to be his greatest work and the grandest monument of painting in any age. The long central surface displays, with all the artist's graphic power, the great scenes of Genesis from the Creation to the Deluge. In the triangular spaces of the vault were the sibyls and prophets—those weird voices of the past—that had foretold the coming of the Messiah. The corners contain the four great deliverances of Israel. The magnificence and terror of his conceptions only seemed to heighten as he neared the close of his life.

At the age of sixty we see him painting his terrible picture of the "Last Judgment." In it the gestures, the grouping, and the attitudes display an

almost overwhelming wealth of inventive faculty. The artist took the moment when the world-appalling sentence is pronounced, "Depart from me ye cursed." We see the most violent movements of the human body, the fiercest rage of passions. There terror, despair, impotent rage, the struggle between fear and hope, are everywhere visible. The angels in mid-air are too divine to be the work of a human hand, and the vision of the saints around the throne seems almost a real glimpse of the courts of ineffable day.

Michael Angelo undertook in 1546 to finish the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome. At the age of seventy-two he executed the design for the dome which in its grandeur overshadows the Eternal City, "and all," to use his own words, "for nothing but the honour of God."

As we pass to the third and last of our little group, even the humblest disciple of the Italian masters is disposed to linger over the name of one whose fame can never die while the human race loves all that is noble and true in life and art—that name is Raphael. His life seems to have been as full of beauty as his pictures. Willing to learn of all, no success gained by his fellows was despised or disregarded. His ambition was first fired by the works of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, and though his life was short, his works are imperishable. The purity and freedom of his genius kept far from his productions all that was unnatural and superficial, and his industry has left for succeeding generations a vast number of works to elevate the mind as long as a love for art shall remain.

In 1508 Raphael, on the invitation of the Pope, visited Rome to ornament the chambers of the Vatican. The large hall and three rooms have been left for the present age to admire. Raphael's very latest creation, however, reaches the climax of his dramatic and inventive greatness. The work is entitled "The Transfiguration," and is at present the most zealously-guarded treasure in the Vatican collection. Above, in a flood of light, float the glorified forms of Christ, of Moses and Elias. As they pause in mid-air we are afforded a glimpse of the blessedness of Paradise; below, a group of persons touched by human suffering display in striking contrast the pain and woe of earthly life. But the very glimpse of the opening heavens, and the very revelation of the eternal glory of Christ throw a ray of hope on the night of the existence of earth.

This picture was to be his last; the brief life had almost closed. The years had been crowded with creative force and industry. But the burden and heat of the day were past. The painter laid down his brush and palette to seek the coasts of perfect day there to gaze upon the glorified person

of his Lord and view with the eye the seraphic bands he had so often seen on earth in his fancy. When Raphael died Rome was left in mourning. Painting had lost its father and its friend. All his country's noblest stood round the bier above which hung in all its sublimity the grandest monument that could be raised in his honor, his last great work—The Transfiguration.

DUGALD J. MACMURCHY.

## AN ELECTION DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

FROM republican Rome—our early teacher—we borrow most of our political ideas, and even language. Our elections vary little from those of the Roman Forum. To the Latins we owe our candidates and our orators, our tribunitian arts and tribunitian veto, the ballot and ballot-box, the register and the polling, the conception of personal independence, the sovereignty of the people. The free Roman would bow to no man; and Cicero and Cesar were forced to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens with a humility that was never feigned.

To obtain an office at Rome the candidate toiled for months, and even years. Clad in his white robe he walked the Forum and the busy streets of the city saluting every one, asking votes, and seeking what we now call popularity. He spoke to every citizen he met familiarly, he grasped his hand, he begged his support; he spoke of his own merits, decried his opponent, promised to advocate some liberal measure, and sometimes a bribe. Cicero, who was above bribery, has left us in his letters a curious picture of the toils, anxieties, and interior life of the Roman candidate.

An election day at Rome was a scene of singular excitement. Every year the chief magistrates of Italy were renewed, and every year the voters crowded the capital. The city was agitated by intense party feeling. The rural population from Latium and the distant colonies over the Tiber hastened to exercise the prized right of suffrage. Chariots filled with citizens came from the Sabine villages, footmen crossed the Sublician Bridge, a great multitude wandered through the streets of Rome, astonished at the magnificence of the city.

It was a Consular election the people gathered at sunrise in the Campus Martius, where the voting was to take place. The candidates in their white robes before daybreak were seen mingling with the voters, followed by their partisans and proclaiming their political principles. Sometimes they stood on a high position, where they could be seen by all; sometimes the great multitude covered

the tops of the houses and filled all the extensive plain from the capitol to the river.

At length, at the sound of a horn, the voters assembled in the Campus Martius. If the auspices were favourable and no peal of thunder heard, a standard was raised on the Janiculum, and the Consul began the ceremonies with prayers and sacrifices; the people, deeply superstitious, awaited awe-stricken until he closed. The spectacle was one of rare interest; it was an assemblage of Roman freemen. In the later *comitia*, at least, all were equal. The rich noble, accustomed to luxury and power; the equites, who had sprung from poverty to wealth; the prosperous traders of the Forum and the Suburra; the farmers, even sometimes the freedmen, the manumitted slaves—were blended by the Roman law into one harmonious and momentary equality. Each was gifted with a vote.

The voting next began. The excitement rose. The people, arranged in centuries or hundreds, passed over a bridge of wood into the polling-place. Here, in the earlier age, they voted orally, and later with wooden tablets. Each vote was recorded and counted at once, and the result announced. The ballot-box and the register were watched over by citizens of undoubted honour, and fraud was scarcely possible. As one by one the centuries gave in their ballots the excitement was redoubled. The candidates and the people hung breathless upon the cries of the heralds as they proclaimed the progress of the election. Livy has left many a picture of these fierce political struggles. Now on one side, now on another, the balance hung. At last it was fixed forever. A Scipio, a Cato, a Gracchus, a Caesar, had triumphed, and the victors shouted in a wild strain of Southern enthusiasm that echoed far away over the Capitol and the crowded hills. The beaten party turned silently homeward. The excitement was over, and the Roman voters went quietly again to their usual pursuits.

These were the first general elections, the models of our own. They were preceded by a period of discussion as animated as that which has recently stirred fifty millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Recent excavations in the Roman Forum have laid bare the stone terrace of the *rostra* on which these discussions were held. We may tread the very platform where the Gracchi, almost the authors of modern republicanism, defied the Roman slave-holders, and perished by their daggers; where Cato demanded reform; where Cicero spoke to a degenerate, hopeless race. For four hundred years, at least, every year the Romans gave in their vote on the Field of Mars. At length an emperor—a tyrant—swept away the polls and the polling-places. Despotism reigned over man for ten cen-

turies; the very conception of a popular election and of popular rule had perished; the right of suffrage—the pledge of independence—died. It was revived in the republics of the Middle Ages; it lived in the homes of the workingmen; it passed to Holland and to England. It has spread once more to Italy, to Germany, to every European State, never again to sink before the rage of a despot or perish in the poisonous embrace of slavery. The election day is the centre of modern progress.—*Harper's Weekly*.

#### COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

**MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.**—The fortnightly meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held, Tuesday evening, in Lecture Room, No. 8, the President, Prof. Galbraith, in the chair. After routine business the election of the First Year Representative on the General Committee was proceeded with—Mr. Jay Witton being chosen. The feature of the evening was the paper read by Prof. Young on "Solvable, Irreducible Equations of Prime Degrees," in which he placed before the Society his discoveries in this department of mathematics. He showed clearly the steps toward the solution of this problem that had been made by Galois, Abel and Kronacher. These mathematicians had shown that each root of an equation of this class could be expressed in a rational function of one or more of the other roots. The Professor proved that this was correct, but at the same time showed how the function was formed—thus completing the problem. Prof. Young also announced that he had discovered the general solution of the "Solvable Quintic." This famous problem has been under discussion for centuries. It had previously been shown that the general equation of the fifth degree could easily be reduced to the form  $x^5 + px + q = 0$ , but beyond this no step toward the solution had been made. The Professor's discovery consisted in finding the general forms of  $p$  and  $q$  in the solvable case, and thence the roots of the equation. After receiving a hearty vote of thanks the Professor withdrew. Some very interesting experiments on "Interference of Sounds" were performed by Mr. T. Mulvey, B.A.; one particularly where he produced from the interference of two notes of high pitch, a note two octaves below either of those forming it. The problems which had been handed in to the Secretary were solved by Messrs. Thompson, Martin, Stewart and Henderson.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and a half of it is an "if." Put this on "file" if you would as "lief."

**NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.**—The first meeting of the Association for the present year was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, in the School of Science. The President, Prof. Wright, in the chair. A large number of Graduates and Undergraduates of the College were present. After the opening of the meeting a communication from Mr. G. Atcheson, who was elected to the office of 1st Vice-President for the present year, tendering his resignation, was laid before the Association. The resignation was accepted with regret, and Mr. A. G. MacCallum, B.A., unanimously elected to fill the vacant position. A large number of new members were proposed. The President was then called on for his Inaugural Address—the subject of which was “A New Form of Larva” belonging to the Trematoda, which the President recently discovered. In the first part of the address a short account of the structure and development of the Distoma was given. The Professor dealt at some length with the embryonic forms from which the Distoma arise, and concluded his address by giving a short account of the structure of the “New Form of Larva” and its agreement in many points with the larva of Distoma. An interesting discussion then took place on points out of the address. One young gentleman, who apparently had recently eaten his first dish of oysters, was greatly relieved on being informed that shellfish were not infested by parasites similar to Distoma. The Association, with the large increase in its membership, has every prospect of a successful year.

**MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.**—The first regular French meeting of the club was held last Tuesday evening, the President, Mr. Sykes, in the chair. Minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting were duly read and adopted, new members proposed and accepted, and the elections for the office of Vice-President and Secretary proceeded with, the successful candidates for the respective positions being Mr. Rowan and Mr. Logie. The society then decided to extend an invitation to the ladies taking the Modern Language course to attend their meetings in Moss Hall. Mr. Rowan then opened the literary part of the programme with an essay on Victor Hugo, a production evidently the fruit of much time and labour. It was followed by the customary presidential criticism. Mr. Kent then came forward with a paper entitled “Les Idiotismes de Faire,” in which he elucidated the difficulties and peculiarities attached to the ubiquitous monosyllable. The society was then favoured by Mr. Macpherson with the reading of one of the poems contained in Hugo’s “Les Chants du Aépuscule.” The next item on the programme was to have been a discussion on the advisability of the abolition of

text-books on the French portion of the curriculum, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, it was postponed by unanimous desire, and the society adjourned. In conclusion we note three things, to which we call the attention of those therein concerned, to wit: the late commencement of the proceedings, the rather sparse attendance, and the chilly condition of the apartment.

## ROUND ABOUT THE COLLEGES.

### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The Gynasium is in a flourishing condition, the attendance being large. The Secretary should see that the towels get their annual washing before the cold weather sets in.

*Gelidus canis quum montibus humor liquitur* was thus happily rendered the other day “when the cold dog is left on the mountains for a joke.”

Saturday will be a field day at the Fort for K and C companies.

Students of the School of Practical Science complain that they cannot attend the meetings of the Literary Society, as they have a lecture at 8 p.m.

Mr. S. A. Henderson, '85, this summer was gazetted as 2nd Lieutenant, 34th Batt. H. M. active militia.

The demand for books in the Library seems to be greater this year than ever before.

Several pairs of gloves have been surreptitiously removed from the owners' pockets in the hall. Someone will keep his hands warm this winter.

### McMASTER HALL.

There is only one resident in the Hall who is not a theolog. this year.

McMaster Hall Football Club is training hard for the approaching match with Knox College.

Last Saturday night was the occasion of a great destruction of apples in the upper corridor. Several “bests on record” were registered. Some gentlemen being up in the dozens. A hearty vote of thanks to the donor, Mrs. McMaster, was passed by those present.

## MEDICAL NOTES.

### TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The Association Football Club are practising hard and expect to give a good account of themselves.

The Freshmen have been deprived of another seat this year; many elevations have resulted.

An open meeting of the Medical Society will be held on Friday evening (to-night). The public are cordially invited.

There was a meeting held on the 21st to elect officers for the annual dinner, the following men were elected: Chairman, Dr. Bascom; 1st Vice-Chairman, C. M. Foster; 2nd Vice-Chairman, W. B. Thistle. Toasts, "Ladies," Mr. M. J. Malloch; "Graduates," J. G. Hutton; "Freshman," J. H. McCasey.

#### TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The Literary Society is again in full running order.

An Athletic Club has been started with excellent promise of success.

One hundred and one Freshmen have joined our ranks.

Mr. C. Trow is studying medicine at Philadelphia.

Messrs. Minchin and Hooper are studying at Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Several of our students who spent the summer in Britain have returned.

The students deeply sympathize with Dr. Fulton in the loss of his wife, who died Thursday last. Both schools will attend the funeral in a body to-day.

The nomination of officers for the annual banquet took place last Saturday. Messrs. Lynch and Dewar were nominated for Chairman; Mr. G. Gordon was unanimously elected first Vice-Chairman. Much interest is taken in the election, which takes place on Nov. 1st.

#### PERSONALS.

Milton Haight, B.A., '84, is teaching in Port Hope.

R. A. Little, B.A., '84, is teaching in Ridgetown.

J. Gamble, B.A., is Science Master in Woodstock College.

W. H. Smith, B.A., '84, is teaching Moderns in Strathroy High School.

C. Durand, B.A., '84, is attending Toronto School of Medicine.

J. H. Kennedy, '87, is studying Medicine at McGill University.

A. B. MacCallum, B.A., has accepted the position of fellow in Biology.

A. H. Young, '86, is teaching in Drummondville High School.

J. C. Fields, B.A., '84; is at present pursuing a post-graduate course in Mathematics at Johns Hopkins' University, Baltimore.

C. A. Whetham, B.A., '84, has returned from Germany, and has been appointed fellow in Modern Languages.

We hope in our next issue to be able to say something about Prof. Loudon's paper "On Lenses" which has been recently published.

T. C. Robinette, B.A., '84, is studying law in the office of McLaren, Macdonald and Meritt, Toronto.

Mr. Alfred Baker, M.A., has assumed the duties of Dean of Residence having resigned the position of College Registrar. Mr. Baker is we understand fully realizing the high expectations of his friends and will doubtless become a popular Dean.

In the Examination Hall at Osgoode Hall there are two portraits very fittingly placed in such a room. They are those of the late Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal, and J. A. Boyd, the present Chancellor of Ontario.

We are glad to observe that many of our recent Graduates are already winning honours and preferment in legal circles. This fall Mr. S. C. Smoke and Mr. D. Armour have entered prominent law firms in this city; Mr. J. B. Jackson is established in Ingersoll with J. C. Hegler; Mr. F. H. Keefer is practising law in Port Arthur. There are a large number of Graduates now managing clerks in our best firms in Toronto. Our Graduates have always occupied leading positions, both on the Bench and at the Bar.

#### SPORTS.

We are pleased to hear that J. H. Kennedy, '87, is upholding the honour of University College by winning the quarter-mile at McGill College sports in the good time of fifty-seven seconds.

We notice by yesterday's papers that Victoria Football Club has played one of the Association ties. What has become of the Intercollegiate cup?

The Rugby Football Club met a team from Upper Canada College on Tuesday afternoon on the lawn, and were defeated by a score of four points to nothing. For the College the backs played an excellent game, but the University backs appeared hardly up to their usual form, although the tackling of Senkler was magnificent. Mustard as full back was a success. We hope that, for the sake of the team's chances at Montreal, they will be most diligent in their practices, as there are still some weak points which require attention.

The forwards appear to lack organization, and do not seem to have a leader. Sharp, decisive work is what is wanted. We hope the record of last year is not going to be disgraced.

It is proposed to start a baseball club next year in connection with the College. W. O. Galloway, of the Toronto Club, and Pte Wood, of the Clippers, are available, and the club expects to demonstrate the game to the Torontos and the Clippers early next spring.

#### REVIEWS.

Though Mr. G. H. Lewes' "Study of Psychology" (Boston: Houghton & Co.) has little value in itself as a contribution to psychology, it is interesting as denoting the progress of the author's mind, and, perhaps, also as denoting a somewhat unnoticed tendency in the physico-psychological speculations of the present day. Mr. Lewes was a pronounced advocate of the Positivist school, did not believe in metaphysics, and even wrote his extended Biographical History of Philosophy to prove that there was no such thing as philosophy possible: but in the present book, when he wrote it he revered Darwin, still he thought Herbert Spencer a great thinker, and still kept the kink he got from Comte; he seems to have had glimpses of truth he never saw before, which, if he had seen it in its fulness, would have recalled him from all its vagaries, and set his feet in a straight path to a sure goal. Though a brilliant *litterateur*, rather than a profound scientist, he has yet done original work in biology and physiology sufficient to make his utterances worthy of respect even in the scientific eye, and it is therefore noteworthy when we find him warning his readers "not to place reliance on the immature knowledge of the structure and the functions of the nervous system which has hitherto been reached." "For any one," he says, "to propose an explanation of mental processes by adducing imaginary connections between neutral elements having imaginary proportions is to explain the imperfectly known by the unknown." Though he had not fully divested himself of the notion that mind is in some way the product of the organism where it is found, a notion which the facts of physiology contradict, he had yet become able to see that there is something more in perception than sensation can account for, and that the subjective elements in human experience no methods of the physical can explore, and no movement of molecules or transmutations of cells and fibers can explain.

#### NOTICES.

The FASTI will be published during the Academic year on Friday afternoon of each week.

The subscription will be \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

All communications concerning the literary part of the paper should be addressed "The Editor of FASTI, University College, Toronto." Communications concerning other matters to the "Managing Director of the FASTI, University College, Toronto."

The name of the writer must accompany all communications for publication.

#### BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Hon. Simeon Borax (*stumping the Pumpkinsville Deestrick*): "Let me ask of the intellect and intelligence I see before me to look at Ohio! Where is she—" Drowsy Intellect and Intelligence on front seat: "She went off—last—week—with—the—hired man."

"These beautiful \$5 poets only \$3," says a sign in a down-town bookseller's window. Think of going through whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, and the other perils that intervene between the cradle and maturity, to become a beautiful \$5 poet, and be sold at forty per cent. discount!

The Russian, General Skobelev, used to tell an excellent story about one of his soldiers who once saved his life. "Which will you have in return, my good fellow," he asked, "the Cross of St. George or one hundred roubles?" After hesitating a moment the man inquired the money value of the Cross of St. George. "Oh," replied the General, "it is very little—five roubles, perhaps; but it is a great honour to possess it." "Then," said the soldier, "if that is so, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St. George."

The Lime Kiln Club last week listened to a lecture on the "Mistakes of Nature," by Hon. Edward Leavy, a venerable coloured statesman. There was but one portion of the subject worthy of preservation in the archives of the club, and that was the orator's views on the oyster. Said he: "Did natur' make a mistake when she constructed de oyster? Some folks complain kase he has no wish bone, and kase dar am no wings and legs to sarve up on de table. Natur' intended de oyster fur people who can't chaw deir meat. Instead of runnin' aroun' de kentry he settles down whar' he can be found when wanted. It am de same way wid de clam. If he had de rovin' disposition of de fox it would take six months to get up a clam bake."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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