

# THE OWL.

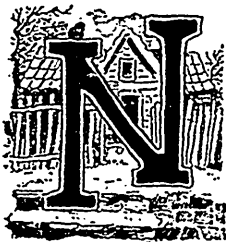
VOL. VI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1893.

No. 5.

## LADY MACBETH.

By Henry H. Glasmacher, LL. D.



NO poet, ancient or modern, has represented woman in colors and forms so true and yet so exalted as Shakespeare. He was the first dramatist who exhibited, in characters of life-like and undying freshness, all that is great and beautiful in the female nature, without undue idealization. He painted the shade as well as the light, but never applied to vice the colors of virtue.

His characters, however, although true to nature, are never commonplace, are never selected from the throng that crowd the highways of human existence. They are chosen rather from the rarer types of mankind and womankind, and the true connoisseur will appreciate them the more for standing above the common level without losing touch with the earth.

In order to bring creatures of such an exceptional mould within the pale of human interest, Shakespeare loves to place the scenes of his dramas, whenever their subjects demand it, in the dim, distant past, which allows a wider scope to the display of human character and destiny, free from the restrictions which a more definite time and place would impose upon him.

The character of Lady Macbeth is one of those types that are acceptable only in connection with the special setting in which they appear in their plays. Taken from its surroundings and transported to a different age it would cease at once to represent to us the full truth; whereas from

the first opening of that drama our imagination is impressed in a manner that we naturally expect such characters as it brings before us, and yet perceive no violation of human nature or of poetic truth. But, although Lady Macbeth, with her whole mental equipment, requires for her scene of action just such a world as the one she moves in, in which the historical and the legendary characters of a rude age are still warring with each other, she nevertheless exhibits in her fundamental organisation a common element, which appeals to all ages, and in which the eternal laws of morality find an adequate reflection. Thus every great artistic creation depends for its mysterious charm upon a similar elementary combination by means of which it impresses us, on the one side by the spirit of its own special world, whereas on the other it is endeared to us by features of our common humanity.

The scene of the tragedy of Macbeth is the blood-stained Scottish heath with its strange objects that excite the imagination, its misty perspectives, its phantomlike fogs, its gloomy gorges and fantastic peaks, its uncanny legends and ghostly superstitions. Delusive forms flit past our view; we know not whether they are real or the creation of our own heated fancy. We imagine we can almost seize them, but they vanish into thin air.

Amid such surroundings we first meet Macbeth, with eyes fastened upon the lips of the Fated Sisters who reveal to him the high destiny which the future has in store for him. This gladsome news, however, affects him in a manner contrary to our expectation. It quite overpowers him, and dismay and terror are depicted upon

his cheek The poet draws our attention to the fact by Banquo's pointed question as to the reason of his strange behavior.

Upon the correct interpretation of this passage depends the comprehension of the whole piece, which centers in the character of Macbeth. One is not naturally horrified by a joyful message. It is evident therefore that the prophecy of the Witches strikes terror into the soul of Macbeth, only because it coincides with his own long cherished thoughts and wishes. In the final soliloquy of the same scene, after he has received news of the fulfilment of part of the prophecy, his thoughts have shaped themselves already into dim resolutions, "whose murder is yet fantastical." If we compare these utterances with his outburst of joyous exultation in the seventh scene of the same act, when Lady Macbeth reveals to him the means of performing the crime meditated without fear of detection, thus removing from his soul the only remaining obstacle to its commission, there can remain no further doubt in our minds as to whom is to be imputed the original conception of the fearful deed. Nor will we be tempted to share the strange opinion of those who speak of Macbeth as the gallant hero nobly given, who is urged upon his fiendish course by the instigations of his wicked spouse. Still less will we fall into the error of those extremists who conceive Lady Macbeth as a modern Fury, as the incarnate principle of evil, as a creature destitute not only of all feminine, but almost of all human feeling. If the existence of such a woman were possible, a woman without a trace of modesty, pity, fear or remorse, Shakespeare would certainly have known that she was unfit for all poetic representation.

The careful student of this strange character, however, cannot fail to perceive that in its deepest foundation it rests upon a strong and unselfish devotion for the one she loves; a devotion which exceeds even that other towering passion of hers, ambition, for even her ambition relates not to herself, but finds its highest complement in his greatness and success. And so unselfish is it, that, as long as her reason holds out, she guards the fearful struggle in her own breast from all outward observers. To uphold her husband's vacillating merits, she

suppresses the surging floods of woe that begin to assail her own heart, and bids her eyes and her lips utter nothing but hopeful assurance. She thinks not of herself, she cares and fears only for him, who thinks of nobody but himself. Thus while she is perfect devotion, he is selfishness personified, who in the last act, when her sad end is announced to him, does not even bestow upon her memory the passing tribute of a sigh, but consoles himself with some fatalistic platitudes.

This fund of strong devotion, however, Lady Macbeth shares with the whole galaxy of Shakespeare's noble womanhood, and with true womanhood in general, but she stands apart by that unbounded ambition and by an equally boundless will-power. Whatever in her solitary musings her fancy has seized upon as the highest aim of her life, she has also the fearful courage to pursue with an undaunted tenacity of purpose. She is an enemy, therefore, to all irresolution, because she knows well that by half measures and lack of determination the prize of an evil deed is lost and yet the inner peace is not regained. What her imagination once has dwelled upon with ardent longing, after it has crystallized into a determined effort of the will, no afterthought can shake, no reflection arrest.

Lady Macbeth, however, in the economy of the play, has a twofold mission: first, to remove all scruples and resistance from the mind of Macbeth and to rescue him from the wavering impulses of his own heart, and secondly, to exhibit in her own sad doom the vindication of the moral order that stands above all human destiny. On the other hand, she is not to be imputed with first kindling in her noble lord that fatal ambition and that mad lust for kingly power. They have long lain lurking at the bottom of his soul, and need only the kindling spark of the Witches' prophecy to start them into full blaze which finally enwraps all other aspirations in its fiery embrace. Macbeth could not be the hero of the tragedy if his mind lacked all initiative and had to receive the inspiration of his ambition from his wife. On the other side, if her own part were so limited in its scope as to serve merely the purpose of impelling her husband unto his fell career, she would sink to the level of a secondary instrument in the development of the

drama, and would lose all higher poetic interest.

Thus we observe that Lady Macbeth and her lord, in their doings and sufferings admirably represent the general types in which the operations of tragic fate and poetic justice are symbolized. To man belongs the deed. It is therefore upon Macbeth that the commission of the crime devolves; it is he who has to accept the responsibility and has to fight the world for its consequences. Whereas Lady Macbeth, through her eloquence and the power of her inspiration, brings her husband's wavering resolution to its maturity. Macbeth, moreover, lays open before us the whole working of his struggling mind: first the resistance of his moral nature before the deed, then the triumph of the dark powers over it, and lastly its reaction in the play of his gloomy fancy down to his final destruction. Lady Macbeth, with her ardent nature, seems to be wholly controlled by the demoniac power of her ambition and intoxicated, as it were, by its fascinations. Under the impulse of this passion she attacks the faltering purpose of her husband with an irresistible eloquence, urging the murderous deed upon him as the only means of attaining the object of his desires. In doing so she appears like one inspired, who in that condition holds command over extraordinary powers. Her passionate exultation having reached a point where no moral reflection can effect it, she attempts to ward off the Furies from Macbeth's mind by infusing into it some of that energy with which she steels her own heart against remorse.

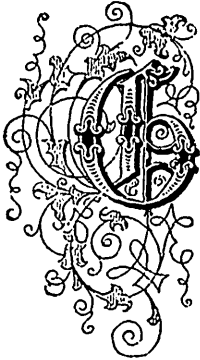
However, the final reaction of her moral nature does not assume, as in Macbeth, the form of alternate paroxysms of horror and transport, but manifests itself only here and there by inarticulate outbursts of sudden dread or insuppressible anguish, as in those whispered questions exchanged between the guilty pair after the commission of the murder. Furthermore, while Macbeth's fall is accomplished by forces that move upon him from without, his spouse succumbs to an inward process of physical and mental dissolution. The more the outward political struggle against

the murderous usurper advances to the foreground in the play, and the more the action is transferred from the psychological field to the field of history, the more Lady Macbeth recedes into the background, and the Nemesis that finally overwhelms her appears only as a gloomy episode in the general destruction that engulfs the world of crime of which she forms a part. Thus the judgment imposed upon her appears in the form of a gradual mental decay, which reveals to us the utter wretchedness that must have preceded this condition. As before, the transports of her ambition broke forth in eloquent exultation, so now, when her doom descends upon her, the Furies that gnaw at her heart betray themselves by the suppressed mutterings of a being that slowly works its own mental and physical destruction.

Woman cannot, like man, willingly embrace her own destruction in the open fight with the world, gathering new daring from the very excitement of the struggle. Her ruin is accomplished by the inward tortures of the soul, which we know only by their deadly effects. In Lady Macbeth, therefore, that daring spirit, which at first upheld the whole action of the drama, suffers utter collapse, as soon as the feverish tension of her nerve-powers subsides, and the impending doom of her husband no longer calls for her support. Womanlike, she is confined, in the display of her energies, to her inner world. In this world she becomes entirely immured, and here the remembrance of the past gradually destroys mind and body.

Thus Shakespeare, in Lady Macbeth, has drawn a character which, by the extraordinary force which she puts forth, challenges comparison with the most impressive types of womanhood that art has yet devised. It finds its counterpart only in those semi-mythical creations of the ancients, such as the Medea or the Phædra of the Greeks, or the Crimhild and Brunhild, the heroines of the medieval bard of the north. But these owed their more than human powers to an origin divine, whereas Shakespeare's matchless art has fashioned, out of purely human elements, a being of almost titanic energies.

## GUNPOWDER AND ITS HISTORY.



UNPOWDER, like many other agents at man's disposal, is a powerful instrument for good or evil, and proves a boon or a curse according as it is employed for useful and beneficial objects, or is taken advantage of for the furtherance of baleful designs. Hence, conflicting ideas exist as to the light in which the invention should be considered. For some, it is associated with pictures of fear and destruction; a thing to be shunned and avoided; while others look upon it as a means of assisting man's progress in the several arts where it can be made use of. Both views have reasons for their existence, and it may be safely concluded that the invention of gunpowder has proved a disguised blessing for mankind.

The first great effect which it produced was a revolution in military tactics, cannon and guns taking the place of battering-rams and arrows. In former times, the contestants in battle were accustomed to meet in hand to hand encounter, and the results were truly disastrous. The warriors being brought into close contact, were inspired by feelings of anger and revenge, and fought with savage cruelty. The vigor and determination with which battles were carried on was so great, that at times few would escape death on the field. The duration, too, of the encounters was long, and consequently the destruction was great. But after the introduction of gunpowder a change came about, the old order giving place to the new. Armies were drawn up at greater distances apart, and fighting between individuals became a thing of the past. The passions of the soldiers were not excited to such an extent, the idea of self-preservation took an uppermost part, and the scenes of carnage were rendered less repulsive. All things considered, and notwithstanding the deadly effect of gunpowder, we can easily believe that war became less cruel, and was attended with less direful results. The end of the fighting, too, is more definite, and

the contestants are not offered such favorable opportunities for continuing their deeds of cruelty after the actual battle has ceased. In the event of the weakness or overpowering of one army, greater facilities are offered for retreat and escape, and soldiers are not obliged to wait for certain death. Can it not be justly said then, that the introduction of gunpowder into the methods of warfare has been a change for the better, and that soldiers are made more careful, and the fighting less bloody and cruel?

It cannot be said with certainty to whom we are indebted for the invention of gunpowder. Many attribute it to Friar Roger Bacon, in conjunction with Schwartz, a German monk, but although these may have been instrumental in making the explosive known to Europeans, it is altogether likely that gunpowder was known and made use of long before their time. It is probable that we must look for its origin to the far East, where so many useful inventions took their rise. Who knows but that the storied "Grecian Fire" was only a primitive form of gunpowder.

Of course, gunpowder in its primitive state of existence was far different from the perfected explosive which we now possess. Still, the latter is only the outcome of the former.

From some accounts it would appear that the Arabians knew of an explosive allied to gunpowder. Its existence may have been known in India at a more distant date, but the precise time at which it was invented is involved in obscurity, like the origin of many other useful agents. However, it was not for long years after its invention that it was employed for military purposes to any great extent. Its first applications were probably in rockets and shells. The damage done by these of course would not be very extensive, but gradually led up to the introduction of artillery, and finally of small arms. In these forms of rockets and shells, the Chinese were acquainted with it before the Christian era, and likely applied it to warlike purposes. But it was a long time before it was made use of for throwing projectiles, as is done by modern arms. Just when it was first used for this purpose

cannot be easily ascertained, but it may be regarded as certain that the Chinese employed guns extensively about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

A number of years elapsed before gunpowder came to be generally used in Europe as a means of throwing projectiles.

About the year 1200 A.D., it would seem to be pretty sure that gunpowder was in use in India, and as the Saracens were about this time making their inroads into the West, it is possible that through their influence the knowledge of it reached Europe by way of Spain. The Saracens made use of the Grecian fire in their fights with the Crusaders.

Though we are indebted to the East for the discovery of the valuable explosive, due credit must be given to its European inventors. Roger Bacon takes a front rank among these, but he did not seem to design its use for war. Brother Ferrarius, a Spanish contemporary of Bacon's, is credited with having given the ingredients of Grecian fire, charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur, which are the same as gunpowder, though differing in proportion. Barthold Schwartz, it is related, was mixing the ingredients in a mortar, and placed a stone on them; but they accidentally took fire and projected the stone for some distance. However, the knowledge and general adoption of gunpowder as an element of war in Europe seems to have proceeded from Spain, whereto it was probably brought, as has been said, by the Moors and Saracens. Once it became known in Europe, the discovery was easily spread to different countries, through the medium of mercenary soldiers, who were to be found in large numbers at this period. They, too, were probably instrumental in spreading the knowledge of fire-arms through the continent.

Artillery was probably the first important element of war in which gunpowder was given a practical application. At least, as such was it first employed in Europe, particularly, perhaps, in siege operations. But during a number of years, we do not find much mention of its extensive application on the field. Of course there were a few cannon used by the different armies, but it required a long time to educate the people to adopting it generally. This fact may perhaps be accounted for as a result of the imperfect state in which it yet was,

or it may have been owing to the ignorance of the people at the time, in the mechanical arts. For the nature and power of gunpowder should, even then, have been recognized, and it should have assigned to it that important position in military methods which belonged to it. Such was not the case, however, and for about two hundred years it took almost a minor part in the prevalent wars. It is always difficult to part with old associations, and change time-honored methods for those of nearer date. Such may have been the case in this instance. Though the early development was slow, the fact was placed beyond doubt that sooner or later gunpowder would assert its supremacy in the military art, and be considered the most important agent of destruction in the contests between rival nations; and that such has been the case, the last few hundred years of the world's history has abundantly proved. When the explosive was first used in battle it must have caused considerable consternation in the ranks. It exerted a moral as well as a physical influence, in showing that it required more than mere numbers to obtain victory.

At the battle of Crecy, A.D. 1346, it would seem that artillery was used in the field for the first time. Though it did not play a very important part, still it was retained in the English service, and was soon adopted in the others, according to Captain Hime. It showed its possibilities. Hence are we to look for the reason of its adoption. Artillery may have been used in naval service previous to its appearance on the field, or at least it received here a ready acceptance. There is not so much mention made of small arms at this time as of artillery, which may be owing to the fact of the latter's being considered the more important, and that archers reached a high degree of perfection in their art. But the application of gunpowder to small arms gradually came about, and the infantry became a most important factor in the army's list. Muskets seem to have been the generic name for small arms in their early state.

Artillery continued to be used more or less in the more important battles, from the fifteenth century, but for a number of years did not decide the fates of battles. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the art of gunnery made great

progress, and many new developments were brought about. But it remained for the nineteenth century to complete the perfecting process of the art; and the results achieved during the last fifty years have been wonderful indeed. The progress of the art may be instanced in the perfected guns which are turned out by the Krupp factory. The gunpowder which we now have at our disposal is an explosive of a much improved nature to that in use four or five centuries ago; and the manufacture of it is a most important industry. The quantity of saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur consumed in its manufacture is something enormous.

Other developments of the use of gunpowder are its applications to shells and torpedoes. The modern rifle is a vastly improved instrument on the original musket. Revolvers and pistols are other weapons which go to show the wonderful developments made in gunnery, an art which had its source in the invention of gunpowder.

Besides in the art of war, where its use has of course been most extensive and important, gunpowder has rendered valuable service to man in the arts of peace. In mining and other operations it has been largely called to aid, and ably assisted man's weak efforts, making possible works which without its application would be almost impracticable. Of late years it has been to a great extent supplanted in this direction by more powerful explosives; but it possesses qualities which these do not possess. There is less danger attendant upon its use, and it is more easily managed.

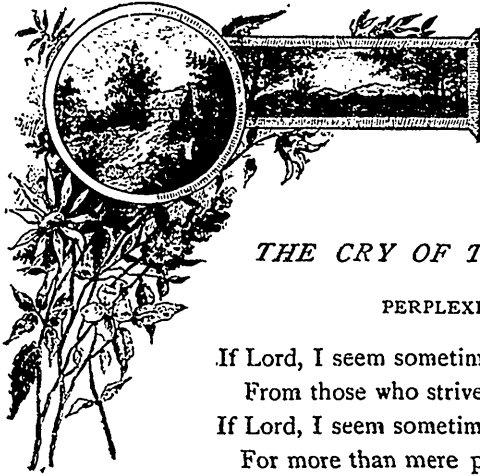
From what has been said, it becomes evident that the invention of gunpowder was a most important step in the history of mankind, revolutionizing as it does the art of war, and exercising a moral influence on the strifes between nations, causing greater foresight in their methods, and diminishing, perhaps, their frequency.

LOUIS J. KEHOE, '94.



Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,  
 The only fruit that life's cold winter bears.  
 Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,  
 By the fierce storm of passion torn away;  
 Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,  
 They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;  
 Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,  
 No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

LADY MONTAGUE.



*THE CRY OF TWO SOULS.*

PERPLEXITY.

If Lord, I seem sometimes to turn  
 From those who strive to tell of thee ;  
 If Lord, I seem sometimes to yearn  
 For more than mere philosophy,  
 Wilt thou, O Lord, who read'st my heart,  
 Not find therein some saving part ?

If Lord, in stress of pain, I cry,  
 "An end to all perplexity ;"  
 If Lord, in selfishness, I sigh  
 For signs thou can'st not give to me ;  
 Wilt thou, O Lord, who know'st my love,  
 Send absolution from above ?

FAITH.

Dear Lord, I cannot pierce the haze  
 That hides from us eternity ;  
 Dear Lord, in all thy secret ways,  
 I see but cause for loving Thee.  
 Cleanse thou, O Lord, my sinful heart,  
 Take for thyself the better part.

THEODORE McMANUS.

## SAINT ANDREW.

*By the Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D.*



THE festival of Saint Andrew having been so joyously celebrated in our city as well as in so many other places, we are led to speak of the great Apostle. It is related that an arm of the Saint found its way to the spot where the ancient city of Saint Andrews now stands.

From this happy, and we may say, providential circumstance came the idea of choosing St. Andrew as the Patron Saint of Scotland. Be this as it may, the Apostle extends the arm of his power over the Scottish kingdom and every other region of the wide world where sons of Scotland are to be found. The chief remains of the Saint were deposited in the cathedral at Amalfi in Italy. They were enclosed in a coffin of chestnut wood, almost all covered with silver nails and inscription plates. This coffin was encased in a heavy marble sarcophagus. The grave is a vault in front of the high altar, where prayers and masses are constantly said both day and night, and the resting place of the Saint carefully guarded against desecration. At the request of the late Most Reverend Dr. Strain, the first Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, in the restored hierarchy, Scotland, the church authorities of Amalfi allowed a portion of this precious relic to be transferred to Edinburgh, where it is carefully treasured at the high altar of St. Mary's Church, Broughton Street. Rome, also, possesses an invaluable relic—the head or a portion of the head of the Saint. The vast amount of writing concerning these relics proves to demonstration the respect and veneration in which the memory of St. Andrew was held. When the head now in St. Peter's was brought to Rome, people of all classes joined in shewing their love and devotion. Miles from the city it was met by a delegation of Cardinals and other Ecclesiastics. When within sight of the walls it was carefully

placed in a church and closely guarded for three days. Meanwhile the holy Father, Pius II. (1461), sent out invitations far and wide, and proclaimed a public holiday for the day on which the head was to be formally received. The route along which it was to pass was lined with altars, the houses were decked with tapestry, and the city looked as if it were preparing to celebrate some great triumph. At night the head was carried through the streets to St. Peter's attended by an escort of 30,000 men, each of whom carried a torch. The vast concourse of people that lined the street knelt and prayed as it passed. The Vatican was illuminated for the occasion, and the Pope personally received the relic, addressed it in a long, eloquent and, at times, pathetic allocution, and then, with his own hands carried it to the place where the head of St. Peter was to be placed and laid it there. Surely no greater homage could be paid to blessed Andrew, the Saint and Martyr, of whom the head was only a faint memorial, however bright and pious inspiring.

Not only at Amalfi, Rome and Edinburgh is the memory of Saint Andrew highly honoured. It is the same all the world over. Festivals are held in more places than can well be enumerated. In Canada and the United States of America, this last year, there were hundreds of joyous celebrations. In the Cape of Good Hope and South Africa there were ten; in India thirty; in New Zealand a like number; and what is perhaps still more notable, at Alexandria, Aden, Jerusalem, Canton, Yokohama, and on the banks of the Congo river, in the very heart of "the dark land," while in many other places high honour was done to the Patron Saint of Scotland. But in no country more than in Scotland is the festival of the Saint solemnly observed. Among the Catholics there it is a full holiday, and masses are celebrated. Semi-barbarous Russia, even, claims St. Andrew as its Patron and offers masses in his honour.

Among the religious communities of old



Saint Andrew appears to have had more honour than any of the other apostles, although he was distinguished only by the readiness with which he was the first to obey the call of our Lord. There must, however, have been in his qualifications for the apostleship something peculiarly great, as he was chosen to evangelize the most cultivated people of antiquity. That he succeeded, Saint Paul bears witness, declaring that so great was the faith of the Achaians (the Greeks) that he needed not to preach to them. His success is also shewn by the determination of the people whom he had taught, to rescue him from the hands of the cruel tyrant who doomed him to the cross.

Of all countries Scotland is the one in which the memory of Saint Andrew is least honoured. This neglect, no doubt, must be ascribed to the rigid Calvinism which is still so prevalent and which forbids all honouring of the saints. The Scotsman when removed from his native home shakes from him such intellectual trammels and his devotion appears to revive as he treads the soil of a distant country. This pleasing circumstance is well shewn by the great number of benevolent societies in the name and under the patronage of Saint Andrew that have arisen on this continent. The members of these societies, not unmindful of the innumerable blessings that are heaped upon those who are considerate as regards the needy and the poor, whilst they cherish the memories of their native land, are careful to make ample provision for their fellow-countrymen in distress. Such liberality is very notable as concerns the St. Andrew's Society which was constituted in this city (Ottawa) some forty years ago. The celebration of St. Andrew's Day by these societies is partly religious and partly secular. They meet in their hall and walk thence in procession to the Kirk, where their chaplain or some other friendly minister delivers a sermon suited to the occasion. In the evening there is generally a concert. This last year, at Ottawa, the evening's entertainment was Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy" dramatized. The audience was numerous and much amused by the performance.

The sermon was, on the whole, in good taste and appropriate. The Preacher's remarks on our new home, Canada, are particularly noteworthy. "This Canada of ours is a goodly land to live in; and we are only now as a people beginning to awake to the full consciousness of our magnificent inheritance. There are leagues of forests which have never yet rung to the woodman's axe; mines and mineral wealth yet wholly undiscovered; there are thousands of acres of fertile soil through which the ploughshares have not yet been driven; and though we are a young people and for the most part engaged in what we call practical matters, we have every reason to be proud of the intellectual status of our country, of the schools, and colleges, and general system of education and of the laudable efforts which some amongst us are making to win for themselves an honourable name in science, or art, or literature, and in this way to erect a worthy memorial to the land that gave them birth. . . . . We are Canadians and as Canadians we believe that we have a destiny. We desire to carry forward unsullied the banner of our national birthright and win for ourselves an honourable place among the nations of the earth. . . . . If Canadians are fully alive to the magnificent grandeur of the task which is imposed upon them. I think they will conclude that we are not intended to be a mere appendix to someone else's book of history . . . . We must bind ourselves together from ocean to ocean in a united brotherhood, our hearts filled with a divine enthusiasm and our laws framed to achieve the supreme ideal of national prosperity and the happiness of that people whose God is the Lord."

With such celebrations in Canada which is, as yet, in the eyes of mankind, a mere colony, what an encouragement to old Scotland to awaken, renew its devotion and walk in the footsteps of some of its noblest sons! One of these, a nobleman of high rank and large fortune, has done honour to Saint Andrew, and the handsome church which he has erected in Saint Andrew's City will long remain, instructing and edifying the generations to come.

MYTHOLOGY—A RELIGION NOT A MYTH.



THE world is the mighty temple of the gods."

In these words Seneca summed up the religious belief of the Greeks and Romans.

Mythology for them was not a fable, a play of the fancy, but a religion, solemn and true. Their sacrifices were not offered to an allegory, to a poetical fiction but to the Infinite Power by which the world is governed.

Belief in a supreme power whence all things originate is the foundation of what is termed natural religion. Such a belief makes itself felt in the heart of every man be he learned or unlearned, civilized or uncivilized, Christian or Pagan. It may exist independent of scientific knowledge and divine revelation. Hence, as respects natural religion the Pagans of old were as favourably situated as we are at present. The Greek had before him the same universe, the same evidence of design in its structure. True, great discoveries have been made in modern times but nothing is added by these to the force of that argument which is suggested to the reflective mind by every beast, bird, fish or plant. As Lord Macaulay tells us the reasoning by which Socrates confuted the little atheist Aristodemus is the reasoning of Paley's Natural Theology. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and the paintings of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. Natural religion is not progressive. The ancient classic nations possessed it in its dilute form. Worship springs from natural religion. By the former man gives utterance to feelings of reverence and awe for the Infinite Power on which he depends for his very existence. "Man," says Carlyle, "always worships something; always he sees the Infinite shadowed forth in something, and indeed can and must so see it in any finite thing, once tempt him well to fix his eyes thereon."

What we call mythology was for the Greeks and Romans the embodiment of natural religion and worship. Their faith in this religion was firm and sincere. We

may even go further and say that this religious belief was for them the offspring of reason. For, convinced by every day surroundings that some Supernatural Power must exist, they believed with all sincerity that that power was vested in their gods. To this opinion an objection may be raised. How account for the irrational element in this ancient religion? There is nothing inexplicable or unnatural in the Homeric conception of Jupiter as a god who "turns everywhere his shining eyes," and beholds all things. But what shall we say of Jupiter the hard-hearted, the irascible, the adulterer? This irrational element is the puzzle in mythology which as yet has not been satisfactorily solved. Töbeck's theory seems in the main logical and conclusive. He says: "We may believe that ancient and early tribes framed gods like themselves in action and experience, and that the allegorical element in myths is the addition of later peoples who had attained to purer ideas of divinity, yet dared not reject the religion of their ancestors." This theory would make the irrational element in mythology merely a "survival" from the age of savagery. Succeeding more enlightened ages not daring to do away with the element altogether, explained it by assuming it to be allegorical. In this more cultured age, belief in the gods was as firm as it had previously been but to them was attributed a character more congenial to the notion which a civilized people would entertain of divinity. As Emerson somewhere observes: "There ever exists a proportion between heaven and earth. The god of a cannibal is a cannibal, the god of the Greek is a Greek."

What was the belief of the classic Greeks concerning their gods? It may be summed up as follows. They considered their deities as possessed of human form, sometimes rather gigantic and super-human, and of great beauty. The gods maintained their original youth and strength by living on ambrosia and nectar. They were subject to suffering for they could be wounded. They were for the most part holy and just, yet at times they

fell into grievous crimes. They were truly divine for they knew no age and were never to die. They could foretell what would befall a person; but much must have been hidden from them, for even Jupiter could be deceived. They were powerless before the decrees of fate. They at times moved among men in any form they chose. Messages and signs could be sent by them such as were announced by the oracle of Delphi, or by the cries, chirping, eating or flight of birds, or by the peculiar formation of the entrails of certain animals. It would seem then that the religious belief of the Greeks though firm was ill-defined and to a certain extent contradictory. That the gods were not impeccable excites the surprise of the modern mythological student. It should be borne in mind, however, that the ancient classic nations had no distinct knowledge of the spirituality of the soul. Cicero wrote as follows: "There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls." From these words we must infer that the Pagans had but a feeble notion of spirituality. They had no well defined knowledge as to what the shades of the dead were. In a word they were too sensuous to have a conception of things absolutely and essentially spiritual. Hence their gods for them were beings not altogether supernatural but rather deified men, and as such were subject to a certain extent to human frailties.

That the majority of the ancient Greeks believed in the actual existence of the gods may be proven from the enthusiasm displayed by them in repelling the attacks directed against their religious belief. He was doomed to death who openly preached atheism or monotheism. It has been asserted by some that this protection was extended to the deities by the rulers who wished to make use of the popular credulity in the supernatural to disguise their acts of tyranny and oppression. True it is that not a few unscrupulous potentates by attributing the injustice of which they were guilty to inspiration from the realms above shielded themselves from the wrath of their subjects. But the very fact that the mythological religion continued to

thrive even under such adverse circumstances is a proof in itself that faith in it was deeply rooted in the hearts of its adherents. That faith for centuries withstood opposition—opposition the most difficult to battle against, viz., insinuating underhanded. This opposition was carried on by those who entertained a purer, a higher notion of divinity than that embodied by the gods. And what shall we say of these attacks made against the national religion. It is undeniable that such opposition was right and just so far as it was directed against the above mentioned abuses and against the arbitrary fictions or grossly sensual features of mythology. These objectors, however, had but a faint idea of the strength of the fortress against which they directed their attacks. As they had not truth wherewith to replace the national religion by attempting to perfect the latter they ran the risk of destroying it altogether and of laying open the way to atheism.

The chain which bound the Greek nation so firmly together was common faith in the gods. This was the life blood of Greece's strength and superiority. The death of this faith meant the nation's downfall. A certain relation ever exists between the worship of a nation and the display of energy which it puts forth, so that its worship is in some way the source of a nation's physical, moral and intellectual strength. All the great ages have been ages of belief. History will bear us out in the assertion that when there was any extraordinary manifestation of power, when great national movements began, when arts flourished, when heroic deeds were accomplished, when great poems were written, the human soul was in a ferment of religious exultation. Art to reach anything like perfection requires a certain amount of the supernatural element. Bulwer Lytton tells us that art is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature. The masterpieces of pagan architecture were the temples erected in honour of the gods. It is not too much to say that the architect of these magnificent structures acted under the inspiration—if it may be so named—of the notion he had of the honour due to the power above nature. Thus, the masterpiece of Phidias, the great Grecian sculptor, was

his Olympic Jupiter. The Greeks believed this statue to be of divine inspiration. It was said that when the artist requested of Jupiter a token expressive of his appreciation of this wonderful work he cast down a thunderbolt to signify his approval. Since an artist's power depends on his comprehension of the object he contemplates it is safe to say that had Phidias seen in the person of Jupiter merely a myth he could not from this conception have fashioned such a grand, noble, God-like statue.

Even among the most steadfast believers in the ancient myths, few, if any, knew whence they took their origin. The Greeks believed in their gods, but for the most part could not assign reasons for their belief. This faith was the offspring of reason, but of reason overshadowed with dark clouds which nothing but the sun of divine revelation could dispel. Modern enquiry with its vast erudition, patient observation, quickness of apprehension and above all with revealed truth as its guide, has been enabled to discover the underlying principle of this ancient religion. It has traced the inner threads of a higher truth which lay concealed within those fictions, and were the source of their vitality, for it was from such a beginning of truth that they originally set out, however widely in their subsequent course and growth they may have deviated therefrom. In fact, a faint, indistinct knowledge of the true God runs through, and ever and anon manifests itself on the very surface of heathenism. Hence the conclusion that Divine revelation was the source whence the pagan religion originally sprung. In the course of time, the pagan lost the notion of God's spirituality, and came to believe that all His attributes were gods. It is an historical fact that only by repeated miracles and manifestations from on High, could the faith of the Jews, the chosen

people of God, be kept intact. Once polytheism had taken a firm hold of the pagan mind the gods thereof assumed a character congenial to that mind, for

"When fiction rises pleasingly to the eye  
Men will believe because they love the lie;  
But truth herself if clouded with a frown  
Must have some solemn proof to pass her  
down."

When this ancient religion ceased to be a religion in the eyes of the pagans, it stood for a time a mere mockery of its former self, but was soon swept out of existence by the mighty wave of christian faith and feeling. We are told that the poison which proved fatal to the pagan religion was administered by Euphemerus, a Messenian, who lived in the time of the first Ptolemies. He came forward and boldly declared that the gods were originally men. He claimed that all the tales about them were only human facts, sublimed and elevated by the imagination of pious devotees. Grecian morality at this time had fallen far below its former standard. This fact, in addition to the growing sceptical tendencies of the scientific school at Alexandria, favored the promulgation of Euphemerus' views. His work obtained a wide circulation, and was even translated into Latin. When the poison had taken full effect, the worship of the gods came to assume that unnatural, revolting form, which characterized it about the beginning of the Christian era. Hence the very manner of the death of this mythological superstition testifies to the truth of the words of Carriere, who says: "Mythology is no fable, but the truth. Although this truth be presented in a garment woven by human fancy, its foundation is the idea of the Infinite, which idea is awakened in the consciousness of man by the phenomena of nature."

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



## JULIUS CÆSAR AND HIS RIVALS.

"He doth bestride the narrow world:  
Like a colossus.—*Shakespeare.*



**D**URING the century which immediately preceded the Christian era, Rome found herself in that state to which all great cities are brought when the hand of government is withdrawn from them, and they become the battleground of rival political parties. The alternate proscriptions of Marius and of Sylla had deprived the Republic of her great, upright citizens, till, at the time of which we treat, every man who hoped for distinction attached himself to one party or the other, and strove for rank and wealth at the expense of his opponents. The old power of the Senate had vanished, for that body was now the aristocratic faction, despised by all good citizens for its weakness and incapacity, and hated by the parties of Marius and Cinna for its cruelty towards the people. Among these rival parties it was impossible to maintain order. Robbers infested the roads and pirates the seas, while in public no man was safe from assassination, either for his political principles, or for his equally dangerous wealth.

The troubled state of the times and the frequent revolutions gave many opportunities to a young man of talents to acquire a reputation and a place in the government of the party, which, in his estimation, would have the upper hand. It was thus that Julius Cæsar commenced a career which left him, at the age of fifty-six, the idol of the people, the recognized head of the state and the master of the world.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born in the year 100 B.C., of a very ancient and honourable family, who even claimed to be descended from Tulus of the Æneid. He attached himself at a very early age to the party of Marius, his uncle, who saw his great talents and made him a priest of Jupiter, at the age of fourteen. His ambition began to show itself about this time,

for he broke off a match which his father had proposed, and married, at sixteen, Cornelia, the daughter of the great Cinna. This marriage was highly displeasing to Sylla, who was then in power and who, the next year, ordered Cæsar to divorce Cornelia, to marry anyone who should be provided. Cæsar refused, and deeming himself unsafe, tried to fly, but was caught by Sylla's messengers and brought before the tribunal. However, he had many friends whom Sylla did not wish to offend, and they interceding, the Dictator pardoned him, though with great reluctance. "Take him," he said, "since you will have it so, but I would have you know that the youth for whom you are so earnest, will one day overthrow the aristocracy . . . . . in this young Cæsar there are many Mariuses."

After this narrow escape, Cæsar thought it wise to get out of the way of his enemy, and accordingly retired to the army in Asia. In the campaign against Mithridates, he began his military career, but it does not appear whether he distinguished himself or not. However, Mithridates was soon reduced to sue for peace, on which Cæsar went to Greece and studied rhetoric under Molon, a celebrated teacher, in order that, on his return to Rome, he might take a creditable part in the contests of his party. He had before gained some reputation as an orator, and had even presumed so far on his talents as to undertake the prosecution of Dolabella, governor of Macedonia, for cruelty and extortion. In this case he was opposed by one of the most celebrated pleaders of Rome, Aurelius Cotta, and his inexperience was no match for the astuteness of this veteran of the law courts. Dolabella escaped, and Cæsar, seeing that his orations lacked art and polish, went to Greece as we have described above.

It is reported that, while crossing the Ægean, on the way to the School, Cæsar was captured by pirates, who demanded about twenty-five talents for his ransom.

"It is too little," said Cæsar, "you shall have fifty, but once free, I will crucify you." It is probable that the pirates laughed at his threat, but Cæsar was a man of his word, and no sooner was he free than he gathered a fleet, seized the pirates while they were dividing his ransom, and took them off to Pergamus to be executed.

Cæsar studied with Molon for two years, after which he returned home and retired for a short time from public life. But he was not suffered to rest long in retirement. His well known sympathies with the Marian party and his steady resistance to the Senate, procured him the esteem of the people, who thought they saw in him the rising leader of their party. In 66 B.C. he was elected Military Tribune, as a reward for his services in wiping out the pirates. He had now an opportunity of displaying his talents as an orator, which he did to very good effect, for he recovered for the people the right of assembling at the call of the tribunes, to discuss the laws and the government of the country. His action in this affair must have made him still more popular, for only two years after becoming a tribune he was elected questor, which office brought with it a seat in the Senate.

It was about this time that Cæsar became connected with Pompey. Pompey was Consul and as Cæsar was under his command, it was natural that they should see much of one another. Cæsar desired to make this connection closer, and as his first wife, Cornelia, was dead, he married Pompeia, Pompey's cousin. Shortly after his marriage Cæsar was sent to Spain to regulate the affairs of that country, in which mission he was completely successful.

Cæsar returned to Rome at the time when Catiline and a few other noblemen were hatching their conspiracy. When it was discovered, and while the Senate was debating on the punishment due to the conspirators, some of the Senators, particularly Cato, accused him of having taken part in the affair. Cæsar treated the charge with disdain and as conclusive proofs could not be brought against him the case was dropped.

Some time after the Catilinian conspiracy Cæsar stood for the consulship, and such was his popularity, that the Senate brought forward no candidate against him

and he was elected without opposition. He used his power with moderation, and though he gave large tracts of public land to Pompey's soldiers, he first submitted the proposal to the Senate for discussion or amendment. Cæsar signalized his consulship by many other important acts, such as the publication of the "Leges Juliae" and of the daily doings of the Senate; all of them tending to make him more popular. But his term of office soon expired, and as he could not further his fortune by remaining at Rome, he procured by the popular vote, the command of three provinces, Illyria, Gallia Transalpina, and Gallia Cisalpina, that is of south-western Europe.

And now we come to the most important part of Cæsar's history. There is little pleasure, though much instruction in reading of his life at Rome, for it presents a continuous picture of wranglings with the Senate and of efforts to promote his own selfish ambition. But when we come to his campaigns in Gaul, Rome and politics disappear from the scene and we find Cæsar, living the plain, hard life of a military commander, and beloved by all his legions, particularly by his tenth legion.

This military life in Gaul was what Cæsar liked and needed most. It is true, he enjoyed in Rome some reputation as a general, but it was nothing to that of Pompey, and besides, he had no army, like that of his colleague, attached to his person and accustomed to victory. Thus it was Cæsar's intention, in asking for the command in Gaul, to form there an army of trained and devoted soldiers to oppose to the veterans of Pompey, for he foresaw whom he would have to fight against for universal dominion.

His first campaign was against the Helvetians, who, like all the other nations, of central Europe, were pressed upon very heavily by the Germans from the north. Having kept them out for a long time, the Helvetii at last grew tired and migrated in a large body into the country of their southern neighbours. Cæsar marched against them, and after some skilful marching brought them to a battle and totally defeated them. They were so much discouraged at this defeat, and had lost so many men, that after a little more fighting they made a treaty of peace and returned to their homes, about one

third as strong as when they started.

But though Cæsar had conquered the Helvetii, he had still the Germans to deal with. They, led by Anovistus, who had been called by the Senate, "the friend of Rome," had advanced far into the country of the Sequani. Cæsar marched to meet them, and after a short conference offered them battle. The Germans, so long held in terror by the Romans, were entirely routed and the few who were not killed fled across the Rhine into their own country.

After this, Cæsar engaged in many minor wars with the different tribes of Gaul, all of which being successful, carried Roman civilization far and wide. It is worth mentioning that in this second campaign, Cæsar acquired for Rome the island of Great Britain which has since gained so large an empire for itself. The influence of the Roman civilization is still to be seen both in the laws and in the many historic ruins scattered over England.

Having been so often defeated, the Gauls desisted, for a short while, from all hostilities. Cæsar took advantage of the truce and repaired to Rome, to look after his party and his personal interests. But he did not remain long in Rome. Word was brought to him from the north, of a new and general insurrection of the Gallic tribes, and without a moment's delay, he hastened to rejoin his army. The cause which sent Cæsar speeding north, was, as we have said, a Gallic insurrection. It was headed by Vercingetorix "Summa potentia adolescens," and nearly all the tribes of Gaul joined the confederacy, and sent men and money to help the enterprise. After some difficulty, Cæsar reached his army and instantly went in search of his adversary. On his road he took three towns which, according to his custom, he plundered and burned. Cæsar then marched to Arvarium "pulcherrimam prope totius Gallia urbem. Vercingetorix had been for burning this town with the others, in order to leave the Romans no chance to forage or plunder, but he had been overruled, and now Cæsar appeared before it. The siege was a short one. The Gauls fought like heroes and the Romans conquered, as Vercingetorix would have it, "non virtute, neque in acie, sed artificio quodam et scientia oppugnationis." However, they conquered and in their fury spared no

one; "non mulieribus non infantibus pepercerunt." A short time after this siege, Vercingetorix, after a vain attempt to surprise Cæsar on the march, was forced into Alesia, in Burgundy, where he was closely besieged by his victorious enemy. To describe accurately the siege would prolong this paper farther than time and space permit. Suffice it to say that after a blockade of about a month Vercingetorix surrendered unconditionally, which put an end to the war.

Meanwhile in Rome, Cæsar's victories were watched with great anxiety. The Senate rightly feared that Cæsar would come out of the war with a large army, well-disciplined and devoted to his person. Pompey also, seeing that Cæsar would bear no equal, and determined not to be his inferior, sided with the Senate in informing Cæsar that, the war being over, he should disband his army and return to Rome. They concluded by saying that if this were not done by a certain day, they would consider him as a public enemy. Cæsar saw that to comply with this message would be to put himself and his party into the hands of his enemies, while to disobey it would be to commence a very doubtful civil war. Cæsar's resolution was soon taken. He crossed the Rubicon at the head of his legions, marched swiftly south and meeting with no resistance, entered Rome in April, B.C. 49. Cæsar spent but eleven days in Rome and then hurried off to Spain to meet the army raised in Pompey's interest. He soon accomplished his object and then returned to Italy "magnis itineribus." He sailed with half of his army for Greece to meet his rival and to keep the war from home. After a slight check at the siege of Durazzo Cæsar fell back. Pompey followed him and on the plains of Pharsalia was fought that memorable battle, the result of which is too well known to need description. After his victory at Pharsalia, Cæsar went to Egypt and after a great deal of desultory fighting broke the spirit of his enemies and returned to Rome, to enjoy for one short year that universal dominion which had been his aim through life.

When once established in Rome, Cæsar began to rule the Empire, not under any title, which would have offended the citizens, but simply as a private man. Consuls and other public officers were

appointed, it is true, but they were all answerable to him for their acts. Having restored order and made the laws respected, he began to revolve in his mind great designs for the advancement of the Empire. He determined to drain marshes to found libraries in various cities and to condense into a code the great mass of statutes and precedents. Cæsar would have accomplished all these and more too, had time been allowed him. But another fate had been chosen for him. Even while the Senate was heaping honours upon him and Cicero was exerting himself to praise him sufficiently, they all hated him in their hearts, and were eagerly looking round for a means to get rid of him. Murder, the usual way in those days of deposing a public man, was the device resorted to. A conspiracy was formed in which about sixty Senators had a hand. Cæsar was invited to the Senate-house, where a chair was placed for him. Under pretence of offering a petition, the conspirators approached and surrounded him. On a given signal they drew their daggers and rushed upon him. He looked round and seeing no friendly face, yielded himself to his fate, "And in his mantle muffling up his face . . . great Cæsar fell."

In conclusion, a few remarks concerning Cæsar's character and general policy may not be inappropriate. Like all great

Roman commanders, he was at once a general, a judge, a jurist and a statesman. As a general, he is considered the greatest of ancient, if not of modern times. As the head of his army, and the arbitrator of the fate of his enemies, he seems to have been just and even merciful, when we consider the custom of the age as to the treatment of captives; though he was very severe in every case of mutiny in his army. In his character as general, he united, of necessity, that of law-giver, for it was the Roman custom to carry their laws in a body, to every conquered province and thus Cæsar brought nearly every country of western Europe under the influence of the highest civilization then known to the world. Finally, as a statesman, the wisdom and vigour of his policy, which he was unable to carry out before his assassination, enabled Augustus in after years to establish firmly the Roman Empire. Had Cæsar lived to complete them himself, it is impossible to estimate the benefit he would have conferred on the Roman state; but though he was cut off before his time, he still has left the reputation of being the greatest general and the ablest administrator, in fact, the greatest man that the ancient world ever produced.

PHILIP GRIFFIN,

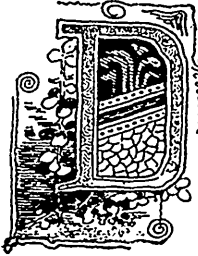
*Third Form.*



Nor deem the irrevocable past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW.



*SPIRIT - SENSE.*

OST thou tell me things grow common  
 In this modern world of ours?  
 That from Nature's self the human  
 Hath exiled celestial powers?

Nay; 'tis we ourselves have blunted  
 Soul and sense, until we see  
 But our mortal image stunted  
 Glassed upon the Shoreless Sea.

We have eyes, but unbeholding;  
 We have ears that cannot hear;  
 Vain the heavens our steps enfolding;  
 Vain the music of the sphere;

Vain the very Face of Godhead  
 Wooing us where'er we go;  
 Vain His very Word embodied  
 Breathing through the high and low.

From the gleam and from the shadow,  
 From the mighty heavens o'erhead,  
 From the lowly grass o' the meadow,  
 From the very dust we tread,

Music breathes and beauty glances  
 When the spirit is awake,  
 And the Soul of all romances  
 Through most common shows doth break.

For the Godhead shines as throughly,  
 And the God-breath everywhere  
 Breathes His life, e'en now, as truly,  
 As through Eden's haunted air.

FRANK WATERS.

## MENTAL INTEGRITY.

" 'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning, join,  
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine."



**S**UCH are a great poet's words of advice to the critic—words that might with equal felicity be addressed to the student. It is not enough that a student should be able to construe Latin and Greek, to quote Homer and Virgil, to discourse learnedly on the respective merits of Demosthenes and Cicero, and to elucidate abstruse problems in the realm of astronomy. No; another duty is imperative on him, if he wish to succeed in after-life. This duty is the acquirement of that candor, of that sincerity, of that clinging of all the mental qualities to the truth, which should always distinguish the true, Christian gentleman.

The student should ever bear in mind that never too-oft repeated truth, that his future career depends upon what he does while within the walls of the college; that every step in after-life will depend upon the steps made under the guidance of his Alma Mater. Hence, if a young man at college is addicted to the habit of prevaricating, not to say lying, he will sooner or later find it most detrimental to his dearest interests. No doubt, when time hangs heavily, his fellow-students will laugh at his nonsense and encourage him to while away for them the tedious hours. But in after-life, will they trust him with important interests? Can they conscientiously recommend him as trustworthy to others? Not at all. They knew him as he was, not as he now wishes to be. And let him not beguile himself with the fair promise, that, as soon as he graduates, he will leave his old life behind him; that he will

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"

and commence a new career among strangers. Vain promise this; for dead and buried though that past may be, its spirit will rise from the tomb to haunt him, to mock him, to afflict him all the

days of his life. Escape from it is impossible: he must bear the consequences of his early imprudence and shortsightedness.

Mental integrity is a virtue so rare, so precious, that it at once raises its possessor above his fellow-men. It gives him prestige and influence, and marks him out for a future noble career. How many men has this virtue raised to rank and influence, and even to glory and renown? Witness the noble figure ancient history presents to us in the person of Pericles. Conspicuous among the Athenians for his moral and mental integrity, he was placed at the head of the administration in a critical period of his country's history. In this exalted station, he gave ample proofs of his sincerity and disinterestedness. He humbled the power of his country's enemies; he enlarged her dominions and increased her prosperity. He gathered around him the intellectual lights of his day, and so encouraged literature and the fine arts, that Athens rose to a pinnacle of glory beyond which no country has ever towered. No name, therefore, has come down to us from ancient times, more noble, more illustrious than that of Pericles; and no quality of this ancient statesman casts a more resplendant halo about his name than the virtue of mental integrity.

Instances might be multiplied from the history of the world, but it is sufficient for the purpose of this brief essay, to cull one name from modern history, that of George Washington. Washington was one of those retiring, meditative dispositions which abhor all worldly tumult and ambition, and desire only to be left in the quiet enjoyment of rural life. His stern uprightness and unswerving fidelity to truth, however, gave him weight and influence in the councils of his people, and they called upon him to advise and guide them in the hour of their need. How nobly he responded to that call, history tells us; and with the deeds of his noble, self-sacrificing public career we are all well acquainted. Many were the virtues

and noble qualities which endeared this hero to his countrymen, but one virtue shone more strikingly, more brilliantly, than all the rest. One virtue made him remarkable in private life; one virtue influenced his every action in public life; one virtue was more particularly remembered and extolled after his death—the virtue of mental integrity.

The student, then, should not be content with merely acquiring a large store of knowledge, but should labor in the cultivation of a fervent love of truth. He should always endeavor to be frank, open, and sincere. He should ever scorn to utter an untruth, or to connive at the deception of others; while his words and actions ought to be but the natural outward expression of his inward thought. In a word, he should hate falsehood for truth's sake, and love truth for its own sake. Thus shall he lay the foundation of his future career, not on the shifting sands of falsehood, but upon the solid rock of truth.

"Think truly, and thy thought  
Shall the world's fame read;  
Speak truly, and thy word  
Shall be faithful deed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed."

E. J. CORNELL, '95.

### GENUINE GEMS.

**K**IND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and came on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while, an angel's nature into us.

*Faber.*

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.

*Lowell.*

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

*Goldsmith.*

It is success that colors all in life;  
Success makes fools admired, makes  
villains honest;  
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world  
Fawns on success and power, how'er  
acquired.

*Thomson.*

'Tis with our judgment as our watches;  
none go just alike, yet each believes his  
own.

*Pope.*

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we will.

*Shakespeare.*

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that  
the man was never yet found who would  
acknowledge himself guilty of it.—*Anon.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er  
gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*Gray.*

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it  
is with words as with sunbeams, the more  
they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

*Southey.*

No lie you can speak or act, but it will  
come after a longer or shorter circulation,  
like a bill drawn on nature's reality, and  
be presented there for payment with the  
answer, No Effects.

*Carlyle.*

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue; she alone is free;  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphyry chime;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

*Milton: Comus.*

Nature is but an name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God.

*Cowper.*

I feel my immortality oversweep  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears  
and peals  
Into my ears this truth, "Thou liv'st for-  
ever."

*Byron.*

## A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.



FOR many years a small hut stood in an opening in the heart of the Black Forest. There was not another dwelling within twenty miles. The hut was solitary, as the forest was a solitude. An old couple of singularly simple habits had lived here for forty years. A half acre of forest land cleared away was their garden; and twice a year they trudged on foot to the nearest market and sold what they could spare from their own necessities. Aside from this journey they never went a mile from the cottage door.

It needed but one look at the old man's mumbling lips and bleared eyes, or to see the childish way he followed his wife about and did her bidding, to know that he was a foolish, harmless fellow, half idiot, half paralytic. As for the woman, her face showed more intelligence, but was even less pleasing. Her small blue eyes were crafty and relentless, and her parchment skin had sunk into forbidding lines about her mouth. However, she kept herself, as well as the foolish old man, and the cottage spotlessly clean. If she had been expecting the arrival of some dear friend every moment, she could not have been more scrupulous about sweeping the clay floor of her hut, or more careful to keep the husk mattress in the sleeping-loft fresh and dry.

She and her husband worked side by side in the garden, seldom exchanging a word, in stolid peasant fashion, except when she called out, "Here, Ludwig!"—wanting him to do something for her. The old man followed her, indoors and out, his trembling lower lip hanging down, his vacant eyes watching her motions and trying to imitate them, like a small child.

Silently they worked together during the day, and silently they sat and smoked together on the bench in front of the house in the evening.

As it began to grow dusk, the old woman (whom her husband called Hunta), would take the pipe from her blackened

teeth, and hobble down to the road that rose and fell and crept away into the darkness of the forest. As long as the light lasted, she would stand, looking intently down the road, shading her eyes with both gnarled and crooked hands; even after night had come she waited, listening for many moments longer. Was she expecting guests?

Twelve years before, a man had stopped at night-fall and asked for a place to rest. He was made welcome, as the family depended largely for their living upon the occasional travellers through the forest. The man looked not only tired but sick, ate the merest mouthful of supper, and went up early to the clean little loft, with his bed of sweet-smelling husks. He did not come down the next morning. Toward noon Hunta went up to waken him, thinking he would want to continue his journey, and found him lying dead, with a stain of blood on the pillow under his cheek. There seemed to be nothing for them to do but to bury him. It often happened that for six weeks together no one came near the hut, and Hunta's brain was so low in expedients that it never occurred to her to go twenty miles, to the nearest town for assistance, or for a purpose other than to sell cabbage and potatoes twice a year. Otherwise someone might have come out to help give the stranger a decent burial, and see if there was any clue to his identity.

But to Hunta, a dead man was a dead man: there was nothing to do but to bury him. So with only Ludwig, like a terrified child, to help her, she tried to make preparations as she had seen once or twice in her life. Under the stranger's vest, she found a heavy leather belt. She looked it over, felt of it, and at last cut it open. Handful after handful of gold coins slid out on the floor. Ludwig sprang to snatch some of the shining objects, but Hunta held his hands back.

"No, Ludwig, no!" she cried out sharply, "they are for Erfurt: we'll keep them for him, there's a good Ludwig." Trembling with eagerness, she gathered the gold into her apron, and Ludwig never

saw it again. He dug a grave in the forest for the stranger, and together they carried him out and buried him.

After Hunta had gone back to the house Ludwig, for reasons of his own, drove a large iron spike up to its head in the tree, and rolled a stone on the grave, which he had levelled off so smoothly, and covered with sod so neatly, that none would have known the ground had been disturbed. After that, he came out once a day, rubbed his fingers over the spike-head, and sat on the stone for a few minutes, chattering and mumbling in his senseless, uncanny way.

From this time, Hunta seemed changed. Not that the death of the poor gentleman made her sad, but she thought night and day of Erfurt and the hidden gold. Erfurt was her only child, and she loved him as all mothers, good and bad, love a son who is handsome and masterful. He had always been good to her, had never beaten her as many a son, that she knew of, did his mother; and when he went away, years ago, he had said in his hearty way: "Save all you can from the garden, mother, and I'll save all I can, and after a while I'll come back, and we'll put it all together, and you shall go away from this little hut, and keep house for me.

Since then she had never wasted a potato or a cabbage, or a morsel of goat's milk curd. All had been taken to market, yet she had not been able to save, in all one fiftieth part as much as she had found in the leather belt.

She began to have wicked thoughts. She knew where a plant grew in the forest that her mother had told her about. You might steep it in goat's milk and no one would know by the taste that there was anything in it; but if a man were to take even a half-cup of it at night, he would never waken in the morning.

She thought of the small sum she had been able to save. Erfurt might come back any day; and, when he saw how little money she had, he would think she had not cared to help him, or wished to live with him, when the one thing she did care for was to have a splendid boxful of good gold coins, and be able to say: "Here, Erfurt, they are yours; enough to buy a good house, and a cow, and a double acre."

In imagination, Hunta often went through the whole process of steeping the

little green leaves in milk, mixing some of it with the cakes she would be baking for some traveller's supper, and ending by pouring the rest of it into his mug of milk. Then she would picture herself waking in the morning to find him still and harmless, and her joy at the gain of another handful of beautiful gold for Erfurt.

She went through these scenes so often that at last it seemed as though she had already done the deed; and when a man stopped one night, and strode around arrogantly while he waited for his supper, it seemed almost a matter of course that she should do in reality what she had so often fancied herself doing. Many times during the night she awoke, crept to the foot of the ladder leading to the loft, and listened. Once she had heard groans and struggling breaths, and then she hurried back to bed.

In the morning she had found the stranger just as her mother had said; and sewed into his doublet, were gold pieces larger than Hunta had ever seen. When she called Ludwig up in the loft to help lift the body down, he expressed no surprise, but mumbled and laughed in his meaningless way, and afterward dug the grave, drove another spike into a tree and rolled up the stone as he had done once before.

During the next twelve years, Hunta laid aside many a handful of precious coins; and it took Ludwig some time to go the rounds in the forest, searching out the nail heads, sitting for a few moments on each stone kicking his feet about among the leaves, and muttering strange things to himself.

Hunta felt no reproaches from her conscience. Her moral nature was slow moving and ophidian, and she had been taught the harm of being found out rather than the wrong of the sin itself. Moreover, her love for her son was about as narrow and exclusive as the tiger's love for its young, and she was capable of crunching the bones of victims in her lair, with just as little reflection, if Erfurt was to gain by it. She felt perfectly secure against the danger of being found out as long as there was no one near but Ludwig, who watched whatever was going on as the blackbirds did, and was just as likely to make an intelligent report of it.

It happened that there had been no one

through the forest for many weeks. Hunta was making her usual observation of the road from under her twisted fingers when a horseman clattered up, and wanted to know if he could have some supper and a night's lodging. "I can only give you a clean bed in the loft, and a plain supper," answered Hunta in her humble manner. "Well, be quick about it; I had an early dinner," said the stranger, leaping from his horse, and stretching his legs as though he were tired from long riding.

It did not take Hunta long to see that the traveller was dressed in the finest of riding coats, and his horse fitted up with such trappings as she had never before seen. Hunta hurried in to make supper ready and kept her watchful eyes on him through the little window, as he swaggered around the yard with Ludwig at his heels. She saw that he frequently put his hand on one side of his waistcoat, as if to be sure something was there, and she knew what that meant. It was a sign that had never tailed yet.

At supper he showed himself very friendly; asked if the old man was her husband, if she did not find the forest lonely, and if she had any children. She told him she had one son; and he asked her more questions in such hearty, simple fashion that, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance and the ugly fringe of red beard around his chin, and the lanky hair that fell over his collar, she was led on to talk more than she had for many years.

So, while she watched him sip his mug

of milk, she told him how Erfurt went to Sopdorf to make his fortune; and what a splendid lad he was, with curls all over his head, and such a grip in his jaw and his hands that he had cracked nuts with his teeth ever since he was five years old, and could throw any man in the market town.

The stranger's eyes twinkled with amusement at the old woman's simple-hearted bragging, but he soon seemed to lose interest in it, said he began to feel sleepy, and would talk again with her about her son in the morning. So Ludwig came to show him the way to the sleeping loft, and it was not long before the little hut was as silent as one of the trees of the forest in which it stood.

In the morning Hunta sent Ludwig up as usual to go through the formality of calling the guest. He had been gone only a few minutes, when she heard one shrill, terrible cry he always made when he was frightened. She clambered hastily up the ladder, and found Ludwig wild-eyed and trembling from head to foot. He pointed with horror, first at the fringe of red beard and wig of lanky hair that now lay on the floor, and then at the dead man extended lifeless on the cot. Hunta saw at a glance the close-cropped curly hair, the powerful jaw, and handsome, good-natured mouth, and threw herself upon the body with a heart-broken cry of anguish. She had killed her own son.

GEORGE ANNABLE,

*In Short Stories.*



## SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.



Is it not to be regretted that Canadians, who hold the great men of other countries in high esteem, should be so forgetful of their own illustrious countrymen?

For when we mention the name of Logan, how few there are who could give us the history of his labors for his native country, and could tell us what benefits Canada is now deriving from them! When we consider that largely through his exertions the mineral wealth of the country was made known, not only to Canadians but also, to the whole world, we have greater regard for him, and we feel more deeply interested in the story of his life.

Logan was born in the city of Montreal on the 20th of April, 1798. His father, William Logan, had come to this country from Sterling, Scotland, and had prospered in business while in Canada. His third son, William Edmond, the future geologist, made a reputation for himself as a boxer at his school in Montreal; but as this was not the kind of progress his father most favored, William was sent to a then famous High School at Edinburgh. Two years later, in 1816, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he led his class in mathematics. He was also proficient in classics and modern languages; and it was here he first displayed that untiring energy in the pursuit of an object, which characterized him in after life. For such was his devotion to learning that he often spent most of his night at study.

Under these circumstances it is strange that he decided to follow a mercantile life. In 1817, however, he went to London to conduct his uncle's business, and he remained there for ten years. The life was not that for which he was most fitted, and although he did not entirely give up study, the time hung heavy on his hands. Part of his time was spent in social entertainments, and as he was of a genial disposition, with a ready fund of anecdote, he was a most agreeable companion. At length, however, his active, searching mind began to tire of this mode of life, and he gladly accepted his uncle's offer for him to

take charge of a mining company's operations in Wales. This was in 1831.

While there he attended to the working of copper and coal, and as he had lately taken much interest in geology, the occupation was agreeable to him. He was constantly employed, either looking after the business of the firm, or surveying the surrounding country with regard to its geology. In Wales he first noticed that under every bed of coal there is a layer of clay, crossed by numerous rootlets of a plant called stigmara. Afterwards, in Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia, he observed the same phenomenon, and on the constancy of the fact he founded an important theory.

The manner of his living at that time is best told in his own words: "Here I am," he says, "out of the world altogether, and attending to nothing else but the making of coal and the digging of copper." His diligence was not wasted, for it was by his work in Wales that he laid the foundation of his practical geological knowledge, and that he befitted himself in mind and body for the task he was afterwards to undertake. Logan's reputation as a geologist spread through England when his map of the surrounding district was incorporated with that of the government survey.

Writing to his brother in Canada at one time, he remarked, "If I ever return to Canada again I shall geologize there;" and it was not long before he had an opportunity of carrying out his wish, for in 1838, on the death of his uncle, he resigned his position and came to this country.

The subject of a geological survey had been for a long time agitated in Canada, and at length, in 1841, the Provincial Government voted \$1,500 for the purpose.

On the recommendation of such eminent geologists as Henry de la Beche, Murchison and Sedgwick, the position was offered to Logan, and he willingly accepted it. The work which was undertaken by him was described by Sedgwick as a Herculean task. The country to be travelled and examined was in most cases wild and rugged; the roads, where there were any, were bad, and generally the only way to proceed was on foot or in canoes.

We see, then, that the only motives which induced Logan to undertake the difficult work, were his love of country and his devotion to science. Gaspé and Nova Scotia were the first places to be examined, and for a number of years he worked diligently in the lower provinces. His life in Wales had hardened his constitution, and he was well prepared for all hardships. In summer his time was spent in the woods—often with an Indian for his only companion. He would rise early in the morning, and after a slight breakfast would saunter off with his instruments and his hammer to work till sundown. Then he would return to his tent or his boarding-house, which was, perhaps, an Indian wig-wam, and write notes of what he had seen. In 1845 he was offered a much easier and more lucrative position as geologist in India, but he refused to go, as he preferred to labor for his native land. After concluding the survey of Gaspé, he examined the Ottawa to the head of Lake Temiscamaingue; and he also explored the district around Lake Superior. The effect of these investigations was to show the people of this country the vast mineral wealth which lay at their doors.

The reward for his service was not long in coming. In 1851 he was called upon to exhibit a collection of Canadian minerals at the London Exhibition; and some years later at Paris. For his services in the French capital he was knighted by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria; and he received the Wollaston Medal, "the greatest honor the Geological Society has to bestow." When he returned home, his countrymen woke up to a slight recognition of his merits, and addresses, receptions and banquets were tendered him; but such was his dislike to speech-making that these social duties were irksome to him.

Another exhibition in London in 1852 claimed Logan's attention, and took him away from his work at home. The survey at this time was not progressing rapidly, as the funds were low, and Logan himself had often

to supply the necessary money. In 1863, his great work "Geology of Canada," was published. The country had been waiting a long time for it, but when it appeared it met with much adverse criticism. How little the work deserved this is seen by the approbation with which it was received abroad!

In one of his later investigations, Logan discovered the Eozoon Canadense, a supposed organic remains, in the lower Laurentian series of rocks. Were it true that there were really organic remains, it would indicate that animal life was present much earlier than geologists at first supposed. Lyell, the first geologist of the day, said it was the greatest geological discovery that had been made in his time. Later scientists, however, have denied that the Eozoon Canadense is organic. The work of the survey was becoming too fatiguing for Logan, who was now becoming old, and in 1869 he resigned his position, after serving his country for twenty-seven years.

The remaining years of his life he spent in ease, and departed this life on the twenty second of June, 1875. His biography, written by Bronard J. Harington, of McGill University, is an instructive and interesting work of five hundred pages.

The most prominent features in his character were his singleness of purpose, and his untiring energy in pursuit of an object. From his earliest years his motto was, "What you do, do well." His constitution was good, but he over-taxed it by his severe work, and the little rest he took. His tastes, like those of most great men, were very simple; the plainest food sufficed him, and he was the very opposite of ostentatious in his dress and manner. He was a close observer and careful delineator, but he seldom engaged in the speculations and flights of fancy common to geologists. As a friend, he was frank, true and genial; as a man, he was hard-working and persevering. Let there be more Canadians like him!

D. A. J. McDOUGAL, '94.





## FAME'S FAVOURITES.

*By the Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D. etc*



## I.—BYRON.

HAT art thou Fame? Let them reply  
 Who climb thy heights, who court and win  
 Thy darling smile. In glory oft  
 Thou com'st thy chosen few to crown.  
 Yet comes not peace-inspiring love.  
 No balm hast thou for bleeding hearts.  
 No wrinkle, flatterer. canst thou shake  
 From off the aching brow of care.  
 Where wert thou when that child of thine  
 Aud Fortune's child, his native shore  
 Scornfully abandoning, there left  
 No thing that claimed a Patriot tear?  
 When heaved with pain his tortured breast,  
 No anodyne thou deignedst to give.  
 Nor yet didst thou forsake thy child.  
 Round his triumphal car enchained  
 Thou ever heldst the adoring world.  
 Might'st not have cheered in hour of need  
 When lay thy Son on foreign strand,  
 In agony of care unsoothed  
 More than disease's conquering power!  
 No word from thee of peace—no spell  
 The fated dart so early thrown to slay!

## II.—L. E. L.

Where, Fame, thy power when One thou lovedst,  
 Who loved thee well, and at thy shrine  
 Long worshipped, faithful, sought thine aid  
 And sought in vain? No care of thine  
 That from her lips ruthless was dashed  
 The brimful cup of joy. Plead'st thou  
 Bounteous thou rarest pleasures gavest,  
 No sorrow mingling with thy gift?  
 Of bliss thou gen'rous pour'dst the meed.  
 Yet not so could'st thou fill that soul

## THE OWL.

But care and pain a place there found ;  
A crushing load thy service was  
No thrilling ecstacies could sooth,  
Around Eliza's car thou heldst  
Admiring Nations. Happiness  
Thou couldst not give ; and thy lone child  
From dear ones far, o'er Ocean's foam,  
On Afric's burning shore sought rest.  
This boon deniedst thou, cruel Fame !  
Eliza wept, and pined and died.



## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

..... Sundry jottings  
Stray leaves, fragments, blurs and blottings.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Those acquainted with the *Causeries du Lundi* of the famous French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, cannot have forgotten the captivating "chat" wherein he professes to make an analysis of his critical method. The paper is to be found among his *Nouveaux Lundis*, and it is abundantly evident that, modest writer as he ostensibly is, he greatly piqued himself upon its value. But it is one thing to propound a theory and quite another matter to reduce its principles to useful practice. The first can be performed by anyone who is not an idiot, nor is the latter at all times disqualified. The application of a theory, on the other hand, not only necessitates the inherent trustworthiness of the hypothesis, but also calls for some ability, not to say genius, on the part of the experimenter. Theory and practice are constantly at war, more especially when they relate to the individual rule of life. Those among us who have already broken all the good resolutions we made at New Year will not deny this fact. Then, when a man undertakes to explain himself I tremble for him. Whatever much or little we may learn about our neighbours, very few of us know anything about ourselves. Nor should Sainte-Beuve, learned and observant as he was, be numbered with those few. I may say at once, then, that I do not set a much higher value on his boasted plan, when applied to the literature of the world, than, I believe, one need do on Wordsworth's laws for writing poetry. When Wordsworth wrote beautiful poetry, as we know he continually did, he did so by flinging to the four winds of heaven what he calls his laws for metrical composition. Sainte-Beuve does pretty much the same with his critical method as one may easily perceive who knows anything of the way in which he discusses the multitude of men, women and books that crowd his highly instructive pages.

But although the French critic habitually departs broadly from the letter and even the spirit of the laws he formulated for his own guidance, I find no reason to

doubt that his method, albeit not always applicable, is within certain limits, intrinsically correct. In propitious circumstances the rules of verse laid down by Wordsworth are simply invaluable. So it is also with the canons of criticism to which I refer. When I have stated the method described by Sainte-Beuve I am certain the reader will agree with me when I affirm there are books and authors which should be weighed and measured by the scales and weights prescribed by this great French writer.

As my time and space are alike narrowly restricted I must, of necessity, refer succinctly to the boasted method of Sainte-Beuve, but I hope to be able to give in a little space enough of the spirit of the whole article to do its author sufficient justice before such of my readers as are so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with the original essay. "I have often," says Sainte-Beuve, "heard modern criticism, and mine in particular, reproached with having no theory, with being altogether historical, altogether individual. Those who treat me with the greatest amount of favour have been pleased to say that I am an excellent judge, but that I am without a code. I have a method, nevertheless, and though it may have had no pre-existence in my own mind, and may not at first have arrived at the condition of a theory, it has shaped itself with me by practice, and a long series of applications of it have only confirmed its value in my eyes." This is exceedingly precise. It justifies us in inquiring what this method is. Alas! Sainte-Beuve does not set it forth with all the exactness the foregoing sentences would lead one to anticipate. But he is, as usual, thoroughly intelligible, and so I shall endeavour briefly to explain what he designates his system. Literary production, then, according to Sainte-Beuve, is not something distinct and separable from the writer that produced it and his corporeal organization. One can taste of a work, but it is difficult if not impossible, to judge it independent-

ly of a full knowledge of the man himself. One must say, such a tree produces such a fruit. The literary study of an author, consequently, leads naturally to a consideration of his morals. I must content myself with this short paraphrase of the paper by Sainte-Beuve.

Now, it sounds trite and rudimentary to say that a knowledge of its author should form an important part of the preparation necessary to pass judgment upon a book. Every critic worthy of the name has endeavoured to acquire such a knowledge, more or less. On the other hand some of our best critics have judged some books entirely apart from their authors. With such an array of precedents on both sides the adoption or rejection of Sainte-Beuve's plan, becomes a mere matter of choice. Then again, his theory, as I have already intimated, has its limitations. A modern critic, for example, applying the method of Sainte-Beuve to a Shakespeare or a Chaucer would, of course, find himself sadly inconvenienced by a great and irreparable want of knowledge. The obstacles become insurmountable if a man of our times was to apply the method to a Dante or a Homer, to say nothing of the other great masters of all the histories: climes who can never be more than the mere shadows of immortal names to those who stand in the Valley of Life amid the gathering shades of the advanced evening of the nineteenth century. It must be allowed, however, that the great classics have already been judged. To apply criticism to them at this late hour would be impertinent. We must admire the great masters of prose and verse and not show our utter want of wisdom by criticising them. Therefore, the theory, so far as those great ancient authors are concerned, would not be utilized even if it could. Sainte-Beuve frankly admits that to get hold of a man book in hand is nearly always impossible in the case of the great writers of antiquity, and the utmost our scrutiny can command is a half-broken statue of what was once an admirable and commanding personality.

Nevertheless, when the method is applied to living authors, or the dead authors whose biographies are trustworthy and copious, it will, I believe, be productive of the most useful results. More than that, I believe it is the best of all

schemes for estimating the true value of the modern author as a moral force. Therefore I do not hesitate to make use of the system advocated by the author of the *Causeries du Lundi* in endeavouring, as I intend presently to do, to arrive at a just opinion of the poet Shelley, the anniversary of whose birth fell within the year last past, and was celebrated by the millions of his admirers with such profound reverence and touching solemnity. Shelley lends himself to this means of criticism insomuch that one of his latest biographers bewails the immense amount of writing of which he has been made the subject by those who uphold him as a demi-god worthy of their worship, or by the other class who are wont to paint the author of *The Revolt of Islam*: as one of the most potent latter-day vicars of the devil.

In the present article I propose merely to furnish such a sketch of the personality of the poet as will serve to give some idea of Shelley, the man. In a second paper I shall deal with Shelley, the poet. That is, I shall offer such criticism of this great writer as seems just to one who like myself never forgets the personality of an author whilst perusing his works. In referring to either his life or his poetry I shall continually bear in mind that however heinous his faults as a man may have been, as a singer he possessed a voice which his own "nightingale" might have envied, and as a poet he has produced specimens of almost every phase of his art, each one of which is destined to live as long as the generations of man people this sphere.

#### I.—SHELLEY, THE MAN.

At the manor of Field Place, adjacent to Horsham, in the County of Sussex, Percy Bysshe Shelley was born on Saturday, the 4th of August, in the year 1792. He was the eldest child of Timothy Shelley and Elizabeth Pilford, a woman of great beauty. Timothy Shelley was one of the three children of Bysshe Shelley and a Miss Catherine Mitchell, the rich and pretty daughter of a clergyman. On the death of this wife Bysshe Shelley won the affections of an heiress of noble lineage whose fortune greatly increased the considerable riches which he already possessed. For his services to his political party he received the honour of a baronetcy.

At that time his grandson who was given his name coupled with another which was long preserved in the family, was just about to enter Eton.

The poet was born into a world seething with revolution. The French nation was in a ferment, and the volcano which was belching blood and flames in Paris was viewed with awe and horror by the more conservative in all the countries of civilization. New born Democracy was locked with senile Aristocracy in the death-struggle. The pent up passions of the masses were in revolt against the abused authority of the classes. The established order of things, spiritual and temporal, was threatened with the fiery anger of the many who hitherto were the slaves of the few. So it was in France. In England, separated from the tumult by miles of ocean, and preserved from the French contagion by difference of language and the salutary teachings of such patriots as Edmund Burke, things were tranquil, but unrest possessed the public mind. Thus, the poet who was to sing the underlying thoughts of revolution and rebellion was, as one of his biographers correctly and eloquently remarks, born at a moment when all the stars of tumult and revolt fought in their courses against the established arrangements of civilization.

From his earliest childhood Percy Bysshe Shelley was a dreamer of dreams and a beholder of visions. He was an imaginative and mentally restless child. Forms and features revealed themselves to his poetic eye where others saw only the stones and their surrounding dust. The winds spoke a message to his ears, the running waters filled his soul with music, and the spangled cope of the broad heavens furnished his mind with a subject for endless meditation. The imaginative faculties developed so early that when other children of his age contented themselves with the usual amusements of infancy, Percy Bysshe displayed an unconscious desire to create in the invention of weird tales of legendary creatures. This surprising early play of the imagination should not be forgotten by those who desire to comprehend the inner promptings of the author of *Queen Mab*. Quiet, mild, contemplative and unfitted for all sorts of rough amusements, the poet certainly had himself, as a very young child,

in view, when he wrote in *Rosalind and Helen* :—

“ He was a gentle boy,  
And in all gentle sports took joy.”

Yes, but this gentle child possessed a spirit which was to blaze like a meteor when, to use his own words, “It might walk forth to war among mankind.” Next to the imagination, the memory was the most remarkable characteristic of the child. His memory was highly remarkable, and he found no difficulty in committing to it any printed thing read to him, if it only “knocked at the door of his fancy,” to use a pretty expression of Emerson.

The grandfather of the poet was a gentleman of comely face and figure, in which good looks the father of the poet plentifully shared, while his mother, as already stated, was a lady of universally acknowledged beauty. Small wonder, then, that Percy Bysshe, the eldest son of such parents, was positively beautiful. His hair was of dull gold, silken in texture, and it bunched and tumbled in long natural curls about a face more long than oval, the leading features of which were a sensitive mouth, and large prominent, dreamy blue eyes. Although the remaining features were somewhat irregular, their exceptionally fair and ruddy complexion, and the pleasing expression which animated them, coupled with a stately poise of the head, formed a rare assemblage of mutually modifying lineaments which it would be only sober truth to designate as aerially charming. In fact, a famous painter declared it was simply impossible to paint the poet's portrait as he was “too beautiful.” As to the rest, his frame was light, his chest narrow, his limbs small, and he gave indication of growing up a tall man—a promise which he fulfilled.

The educational training of Percy Bysshe Shelley began when he was six years old. His first preceptor was the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Warnham, under whose kindly guidance he remained until his tenth year. The four last years of this period, however, were spent in gaining bodily vigour; but it would be a mistake to conclude from this incident that the poet was either an aerial or an unhealthy being from his infancy onward. On the contrary, he was naturally of a vigorous constitution, although the light of his refined spirit lighting up his countenance

gave him somewhat the appearance of undue delicacy.

When Shelley was ten years old he was placed under the care of Dr. Greenlaw, who presided over sixty or seventy roistering youngsters in Sion House Academy, at Brentford. The youth was not happy at Sion House. His second cousin, Captain Medwin, was also in attendance at the Academy, and he tells us in his well-known published reminiscences, how the mental stimulus too strongly dominated the physical energies of the poor young poet for him to care much for the ordinary sports of boyhood. A book was more valued by him than a bat, a ballad than a ball. Then, his companions viewed him with suspicion as a young aristocrat, and he, unconsciously no doubt, scorned them for certain trifling, though none the less real, vulgarities. He belonged to "the caste of Vere de Vere," and although a mere child was even then a Republican and steadfast believer in the essential equality of all men, but the young Hodges about him only thought of his comparatively high descent, and pecked at the strange peacock which had been driven into their barnyard to insult their homely attire with his glowing plumage. Your typical schoolboy is a little savage. I do not believe the students of Sion House Academy were a whit worse than the general run of students elsewhere. Here was a strange youth come among them who coupled with almost feminine beauty, a look of natural gentleness and innocence. Here was one who showed but little inclination for their rough and boisterous games. Here was one who had an incomprehensible habit of amusing himself in a manner which they did not understand. Here was one who spent his time in dreamy reverie and in watching the clouds, the glittering streams, and the white, mysterious moon when he should have been at cricket or manfully kicking the inflated sphere. Surely Dr. Greenlaw's young bears may be well excused for pouncing upon this eccentric young lamb. Was he not fair prey? In this world does might not rule? True, he was a young genius. But men, not to speak of little boys, frequently find it impossible to understand your genius. Girlish, gentle, sensitive, retiring, a dreamer of dreams, fond of solitary reading and lonely musing—surely here was an appropriate

victim for that humane and delightful collegiate institution known as fagging! I have dwelt on this period of the career of Percy Bysshe Shelley, not to prove his juvenile tormentors, depraved, which certainly they were not, but rather to set forth in due proportion events and experiences which many reasonably believe first influenced the subject of this paper to become the lifelong antagonist of—to use his own words—"tyrants and foes"—even when the former assumed the shape of public order and the latter that of religion and of approved convention.

At the age of twelve, according to Professor Bowden, Shelley was removed from Sion House and entered at Eton. Here the youth had to face, not three score of "tyrants and of foes," but a company of several hundred. The head-master was little better than a polished brute, who was known to have gleefully thrashed eighty delinquents in succession on one occasion and on another to have left his meal in order to flog a batch of youngsters, returning to his beef and coffee with intensified gaiety and appetite. Shelley was, at first, placed with a sympathetic tutor, but, ere long, was transferred to the care of a dull and ignorant assistant master. This man entered Shelley's room one day and found the boy occupied in producing a blue flame. The teacher angrily inquired the meaning of the uncanny work and his pupil jocularly replied that he was "raising the devil." A voltaic battery stood on the table, but the master was unaware of its properties. When he received the surprising answer just given he seized hold of the machine and was instantly hurled back against the wall by the unexpected force of the electric shock. Of course Shelley was severely thrashed, and his cherished chemical experiments prohibited, but he must have found infinite solace for his woes in the discomfiture of his stupid chastiser. It is only fair to state, however that all his woes did not proceed from his teachers. His fellow-students made his life perfectly miserable for a long time. William Sharp tells us, in his excellent monogram on Shelley, that the poor youth was baited, worried, jeered at, called "Mad Shelley," and constantly subjected to endless drubbing. He hated cruelty and he hated meanness. Yet much of this abuse he withstood without

a murmur. But his forbearance had a limit, as is the case with us all. A time came when he was aroused to extremes of anger and indignation, when his eyes flashed like a tiger's, when his cheeks grew pale as death, when his little limbs quivered. He already knew of the brutality of his companions; he now discovered their cowardice and his own strength, and he despised them with all the spiritual vigour of his proud soul. They learned to fear, if they did not respect, the mild youth who could be roused into dangerous anger. In fact, some of the best of them were won over by the great moral courage displayed by their victim. They found out that he was no milksop. The incident of the battery gained him some friends who liked him for the enemies which he had made more than for his own qualities. In spite of this relaxation of the unworthy efforts of his tormentors he led a lonely life. The poisonous seeds were planted withal, and Shelley was driven recklessly to denounce authority, to vapour against the Christian religion, and to regard social order as tantamount to individual slavery. I shall not endeavour to justify Shelly. Such an effort would be vain. This much I shall say, that had his lot been cast under happier stars while his mind was still unformed, the whole tenor of his after-life might have been changed for the better. At all times an apt, if not an assiduous, student, he deserved careful attention at the hands of his teachers. But neither care nor watchful attention were

accorded him. Of a kindly disposition and an essentially noble spirit, his companions might have spared him. On the contrary, they subjected him to manifold indignities. He loved to escape from teachers and pupils alike. His happiest hours were spent alone, reading the drastic literature in which he delighted. He would roam the fields and the woods during the day and at night would wander in the graveyard lit by the ghostly glare of his own "Orbed Maiden." As a result of the meditations and the brooding over his unhappy situation the poem of *Queen Mab* began to shape itself in tentative fragments. When we consider the trying experiences which hitherto had affected the clouded life of Shelley—his hardships, his sufferings, his wrongs, the repellant apathy and blind antagonism of those who should have been his friends and counsellors,—when we consider all that his sensitive heart had silently suffered, and the scant share of friendly advice and encouragement which he received, we should be prepared to discover that the raw youth who composed this wild, crude, rebellious, atheistical chant was a moral outlaw who distrusted mankind, and that his verse echoed the thundering chaos of passion and indiscriminating detestation of all authority, religion and morality with which his palpitating breast had been filled by the brutality and the utter want of comprehension of the little student world in which he was compelled to live and move.

(To be continued.)



# The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. 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 the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1893. No. 5.

## THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

The official call to the delegates who are to attend the American Catholic Congress at Chicago during the World's Fair has gone forth. The Congress opens on Monday Sept. 4th, and will be composed of lay and clerical delegates from the various dioceses and vicariates of the United States, each of which will be represented in proportion to population. Moreover every university, college, and seminary for young men will be entitled to send two delegates-at-large, and one additional delegate for every one hundred students enrolled in the institution during the

college year 1892-93. But the Congress likewise purposes to receive and welcome Catholics from other countries than the United States. The closing paragraph of the official call reads as follows:—"Catholics from other countries will be cordially welcome to the Congress, provided they present recommendatory letters for the purpose duly signed by the Bishop of the diocese from which they come, which shall be only submitted to the committee on organization prior to the assembling of the Congress."

A programme of the work to be undertaken by the Congress has been submitted by the Committee on organization, and having received the approval of the Archbishop of the United States is published together with the official call. It defines briefly the scope of the Congress. The questions for discussion are three in number, the social question under twelve heads, as outlined by Pope Leo XIII. in his famous Encyclical, the questions of Catholic education in the United States, and the independence of the Holy See.

It is needless to dilate on the importance of this Congress to Catholicity in the United States, and beyond it, and not to Catholicity alone but to humanity. The thoroughly representative character this Congress will have, the vast importance of the problems which will be treated of with a view to practical results, the wisdom and experience that will be brought to bear upon these questions must deeply influence the future of Catholicity in the United States. Where apathy heretofore existed an interest will be awakened in these vital questions, and this interest, so aroused, cannot fail to be an enlightened one, fruitful of good to society. Each delegate will return to his native city or state imbued with sound ideas on social reform and Catholic education, and fully impressed with the necessity of exerting himself to propagate these ideas as much



as he can, and to realize them in practice.

Great good must result from the broad practical teaching of the Congress, but more still from the enthusiasm it is the nature of such assemblies to arouse. There will doubtless be little new taught, but the teaching will have a reality and a force it did not seem to possess before, when it comes from the lips of earnest workers, and is approved by the best minds of the country.

It will be seen, however, that the results of this Congress must necessarily extend beyond the bounds of the United States. The social question and the Independence of the Holy See concern the world, and the question of Catholic education in the United States is local only in some of its aspects. Canada, especially, from her proximity, is in a position to avail herself of the invitation to foreign Catholics, and it is clearly very important that Canadian Catholics should be well represented in this Congress. The social question, it is true, is not so accentuated here as in the United States, but our turn will come, and with the experience of other countries to guide us we should avoid the mistakes that have bred socialists and anarchists elsewhere. We should rather anticipate than wait for social difficulties, and we can do this well only by having men able to guide us aright in solving social problems. The true solution can only come from the Catholic Church, and it is from the educating power of Congresses such as this and the stimulus they give to individual effort the Church must hope to have her ideas prevail. From the discussion of the school question, too, Canadian Catholics may learn something, were it only to be awakened to the fact that there is also a Catholic school question in Canada. Catholics in Canada are guaranteed their separate schools, and having these, their interest in the question of education is commonly too slight to insure the efficient working of the

separate school system. The great problem of the day in connection with the successful working of the Catholic schools is to assign a due proportion in the curriculum to religious and secular instruction, so as on the one hand to plant deep the seeds of virtue and religion in the child's heart, and on the other hand to furnish the child with as thorough an intellectual training as he could receive in the public schools. The best methods of founding and conducting such schools for Catholic children will engage the attention of the Congress, and it is to be hoped that prominent Catholic educators will be present from Canada to assist with their knowledge and experience, and to bring back with them to Canada the experience and inspiration of this great assembly.

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#### WAKE UP.

A feeling very much akin to pessimism, seems to have taken the place of the sanguiness and confidence that was, till a short time ago, characteristic of the clubs in the Athletic Association. The OWL spoke in November about football in particular, and would rather now avoid all such topics, but that it sees in the present a chance perhaps of kindling the almost wasted embers of enthusiasm and hope. For some time past a feeling has gained ground that our golden era has irrevocably slipped into the past; and the feeling of mingled despair and resignation to our lot that finds expression in the old saying, "Every dog has its day," is not very encouraging indeed to those who are self-sacrificing enough to accept office in our Athletic Association. For any man that takes office in the association, is really, though perhaps unconsciously so, a self-sacrificing individual. He will get lots of work, little encouragements and loads of abuse. The members of a team expect a manager or captain to do all the work, and then if anything goes wrong, those same

ones that aided none in management are the first to find fault, and grumble. They talk of the way things used to be, and the men that used to be, and then convince themselves that we never can win again in any game. "Our day is over," they say what's the use of killing one's self, we're going to be beaten anyway." And they are right; perfectly right. We never did win, never will win, nor did any other club ever win when such a spirit of despair and pessimism pervaded its rank and file. As some one drily remarked the other day, "We need a *renaissance*." We need to brace up. Football was the game in which we excelled in particular, but we would never have excelled in it if there had not been an almost equally great interest taken in every other branch of athletics. Let us begin the new year well. Let us date the *renaissance* in athletics from January, '93. Two clubs will give us ample scope in which to exercise our athletic talent; one is the snow-shoe club, which was formerly one of the most popular and enjoyable clubs in college. If the spirit of old, that we hear so much about, were here to-day, the snow-shoe tramps would have an attendance of at least fifty. The other club is the hockey club. Two years ago, we had a club that was a credit to the college. Four of that team will be playing this year. The team is scheduled to play with teams of its own class. Everything that the management could do has been done and there is nothing to prevent the hockey club from having a successful and brilliant season, except that all-pervading spirit of pessimism above referred to. The hockeyists have a brilliant opportunity of making themselves famous in the annals of college athletics. Last winter the hockey team was badly beaten, last spring the base ball team, and last fall the foot ball team. Now is the hockey team's chance to reverse matters. Let them go in and work like beavers to win for us a

championship, a common city championship though it be, we would gladly welcome it. If they show any kind of determination to work and win they will find that they will have the hearty encouragement of every man in college and will be tending to bring about that which is so lacking and so desirable, a feeling of courageous confidence, that if we all work strenuously and all work together, we can do every bit as well on the hockey rink, on the football field, or on any other field as did the men of the past.

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#### PERSISTENCY IN EFFORT.

There is nothing worth having which does not call for persevering exertion. The day has gone by when we can reach the heights of fame without persistent effort. He who would succeed must work, and work with all the energy which the forces at his command allow. Even in our own sphere of college life we may have noticed the sad results that follow from lack of determination. Young students enter college attain a fairly good standing in their classes and offer promises of a successful course, when lo! a clouded day appears, on which something happens which is not in strict accordance with their opinion and will. This they construe into a terrible obstacle in their way, and well-nigh impossible of surmounting. For want of energy they are unequal to the task demanded of them, and leave college with a very doubtful career before them. For he who is unable to overcome oppositions and rebuffs in his young days, has indeed a poor prospect of achieving success in the battle of life, where the strife is so keen, and the hands willing to aid so few. A little reflection on our part, will be sufficient to show the senselessness of giving in to those minor difficulties which we must inevitably encounter. This is a world for workers, and they alone will succeed. There is no place for negative virtue, for such a thing does not exist.

Let us ever bear in mind that we were not born in a state of perfection; still nature has been kind and has endowed us with faculties susceptible of wonderful development and improvement. All that is left for us to do is to properly employ the materials we have at hand, which are amply sufficient to fit us for our destined state or position, and make a wise use of time, that heaven-sent boon. Demosthenes, Cicero, and many others who might be mentioned, afford us splendid examples, of what can be effected by well-directed labor, and perseverance. If we work with method and persistency of purpose in furtherance of good objects, we can hardly fail to achieve victory, and when old age is full upon us, we may be able to truly say, that the worth of a man, is to be judged from his ability to bear with, and overcome difficulties.

#### *PERSONAL APPEARANCE.*

To every well-bred person, whatever smacks of the inelegant elegance of the dude's apparel must be particularly nauseating. Nothing, perhaps, calls to our mind more forcibly the picture of a pawnshop, where every article of apparent value is artfully hung at the door, than the foppishly arrayed snob.

But whilst denouncing this disgusting parade of dress, with all the force our language commands, we cannot pass uncensured that other extreme, into which not a few even of university men occasionally fall. If the fastidious attire of the dude is wholly unbecoming anyone that aspires to the title of gentleman, the utter indifference and inattention to dress too frequently displayed by students, who aim at something higher, is far more unseemly.

There is a just mean in matters of apparel as well as in everything else. And no word, possibly, expresses this "golden mean" better than the good old Swedish derivative, tidiness.

Now this does not mean that a student

should wear his Sunday clothes every day. Otherwise, he could scarcely ever lay claim to such an outfit as is vulgarly termed Sunday clothes. It simply means that he should keep his every day garb as neat, and as carefully and properly adjusted on his person as he would his Sunday attire.

It is quite true that a faded coat or a broken shoe will not lend the same stimulus to one's efforts to appear respectable as would the latest cut and make-up of a "Burgess & Co.," or a brand new, pointed toed, patent leather gaiter with shining buckle. Still, in the absence of such powerful incentives as these latter afford, there are other motives, quite as strong, that should warrant one's suitable appearance.

In most cases, however, and especially among students, the defect is not to be traced to a patched pants or a thread-bare coat; Fortune now-a-days smiles on the generality of youthful knowledge seekers more benignantly than she did upon "poor Martin Lee," celebrated in verse for his wonderful cheerfulness, despite "a hole in his shoe and a patch on his knee." The fault lies, not so much in the quality of the garments worn, as in the wearer's defect of taste, an unpardonable indolence and slovenliness that beget a total disregard for the proper arrangement of his dress. What can give a young man more of a disreputable appearance than his having the collar of even a new coat negligently turned up in doors, or the lower portion of his vest buttonless or unbuttoned? Nothing, we venture to say, save a hat paling under the weight of a fortnight's dust, or a shoe blushing for the want of a covering of blacking. A little more rubbing above and below with suitable brushes would immensely improve the appearance of many an aspirant to university honors.

Now, some may think that nursery lessons in etiquette should be acquired

along with primary education, and that from the august chair of the university such elementary matters of deportment as dress ought not to be inculcated. We fully agree with them inasmuch as they admit the necessity of an early training in this respect; but, where students, by their gross negligence in point of dress decorum, manifest a marked deficiency in social culture, we deem it not in the least beyond the sphere of the highest systems of education to supply as far as possible whatever may be lacking in their home training.

Moreover, it is well to bear in mind that a practical knowledge of the usages and rules of good Society may, in the course of time, become as threadbare as the well-worn coat; it may need patching, and—"tis never too late to mend." Let the student be a scholar by all means—but begin by being a gentleman.

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#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There is as yet only one woman studying law at Osgoode Hall—Miss Martin, B.A., of Toronto University.

Rev. Father Lacombe, the faithful Oblate missionary, who has laboured with such good effect among the Indians of the North-West, is in Quebec seeking nurses for his hospital in the reserve of the Blood Indians.

The *Catholic Register*, in an editorial "About Catholic Clubs," says: "He who told us to pray always did not tell us to be always at prayer. Christians are not to be of the world, but they are to be in the world, and they must learn how to utilize this life while fitting themselves for the next." This cannot be too well impressed on our Catholic people. Such words are too seldom found in our Catholic papers. By the way, the *Register* is a new paper and we intend to have something to say in our columns of its appearance in the journalistic field, but as it has come to our notice just as we go to press, we are forced to leave it over for the February issue. We may say, however, judging from the above mentioned editorial, that it appears to have the right spirit.

Dr. J. M. Rice, criticizing the St. Louis Public Schools in the *Forum*, says: "Arithmetic is taught mechanically and abstractly almost from the start. The recitations in geography are so formal that pupils themselves frequently keep the ball rolling, the teacher's part in the lesson being limited to saying, 'Right,' 'Wrong,' 'Next,' 'Don't lean against the wall,' 'Keep your toes on the line.'" This criticism can scarcely be applied to our Ontario schools, yet there is to be found in them plenty of machine work arising from lack of originality, and too servile imitation of plans laid down in school journals and normal schools.

Mr. G. Saulayana of Harvard University, in a sixteen-page article in the *New World* on the present position of the Catholic Church, among other things, says: "Pope Léo is a man of diplomatic experience and an enthusiastic student of Thomas Aquinas; he spends his leisure in composing very graceful Latin verse, and he watches with the double dignity of a philosopher and a pontiff the movements of human affairs and the fortunes of princes. He has seen the fall of more than one who was not his friend, and not everything in the world can look black to him."

The best article so far, written on the late poet laureate is one by Maurice F. Egan, published in the November number of the *Catholic World*. At least, so says the *Review of Reviews*, and it generally displays good judgment in summing up the true worth of an article.

The January reviews and magazines which have so far come under our notice are so replete with interesting contributions that we scarcely know which to read at once and which to make a note of for some future occasion. But, even if class matter is to be sacrificed, no one should fail to devote an hour to Father Zahm's able article in the *Catholic World* on that eminent chemist and biologist, Louis Pasteur. We students know too little of this great scientist and of his invaluable services in indirectly refuting atheistic theories. Had Pasteur's first and last work been the conclusive demonstration of the impossibility of spontaneous generation—thus proving beyond doubt the

existence of a First Cause—this alone should make him rank among the greatest benefactors of religion.

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**THE ELECTRIC WORLD.**—An illustrated weekly review of current progress in Electricity and its practical application. Published by the W. J. Johnston Company, Limited, *Times* Building, New York. A fact worthy of more than passing notice, inasmuch as it gives evidence of the wonderful development of electrical science in our midst, within recent years, is the intensely interesting character of not a few of our scientific journals. The *Electrical World* is one out of a long list of publications issued by the W. J. Johnston Company, treating exclusively of currents, potential, voltage and like expressions of electrical terminology, truly not very interesting in themselves, but deeply so, when introduced in their application to the labours of the household, of the farm and of other scenes of common toil. The *World* for December has a rich table of contents. "Electricity at the World's Fair" leaves no room to doubt that a power plant such as the world has not yet seen, is presently being set up in Jackson Park. "The Modern Development of the Dynamo," being an abstract of a paper read at the general meeting of the Society of German Engineers at Hanover, exhausts the question of electric lighting, so far at least as the machines thus far employed are concerned. J. F. Mottelay contributes the second portion of his "Chronological History of Electricity," and Dr. John Hopkinson has an article of special importance on "The Cost of Electrical Supply." The *Electrical World* is published every Saturday. Subscription, \$3, payable in advance.

**THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.**—The Sabiston Company presented their patrons with something extra for the holiday season, in their large and embellished edition of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. With the exception of "Canadian Winter Sports," by S. M. Baylis, the number is "the regular Christmas Story" throughout, whether told in prose or in poetry. The best of the tales are "Arcady in Acadie," by Charles G. D. Roberts, and

"In the Midst of the Waters," by J. Macdonald Oxley.

**THE CIVIL ALLEGIANCE OF CATHOLICS.**—A paper read before the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa by the Rev. M. J. Whelan. The appearance in neat pamphlet form, of Father Whelan's able paper on Civil Allegiance, will be warmly welcomed not only by those who listened with interest to the reading of it a short time ago, but by the wider circle of Catholics who were deprived of that pleasure. For those unacquainted with the facts of the case, a word as to the occasion of the paper, will not be amiss. The last annual Gunpowder-Plot celebration was emphasized in one of our city churches, by a discourse on Civil Allegiance. One point attempted by the preacher was to prove that the Catholic religion did not leave men free to yield faithful and true allegiance to the civil power, in support of which he cited what he alleged were the words of the late Cardinal Manning. According to the daily press, the Cardinal was made to say: "I acknowledge no civil power. I acknowledge no temporal prince. I claim to be the chief ruler and dictator to the consciences of men, of the prince who sits on the throne, the peasant who tills the soil, of the privacy of the domestic household and the member of parliament who legislates." With no small amount of difficulty the reverend preacher was persuaded to point out his citation, when, as was surmised from the beginning, it was found that the text of the late Cardinal was disfigured beyond recognition and that the words imputed to him were not in reality his, but rather words which the Cardinal placed in the mouth of the Sovereign Pontiff in illustration of the Holy Father's attitude towards the Italian revolutionists, who sought to make him subject to them. Father Whelan thereupon undertook to place in the proper light, the position of Catholics with regard to the civil authority and to vindicate the eminent churchman to whose loyalty the whole English nation bears willing witness. The latter, Father Whelan tries by the test of his own writings, quoting at length from "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance," wherein Cardinal Manning so thoroughly refuted Mr. Gladstone's expostulation on the subject of Catholic

allegiance. We need hardly add that the trial results entirely favourable to the late Cardinal. The temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff is next passed in review, and if we can, without reflecting on the paper in general, single out any portion of it for special merit, we would bestow it here. Nothing could be clearer than Father Whelan's explanation of the Holy Father's relation to the temporal and spiritual orders, and thus explained, nothing can be more sensible than that same relation. With telling force it is pointed out that that same supremacy of the spiritual order which we Catholics claim, is at least presumed, if not actually claimed, in the conduct of every Protestant. On the whole the paper is a crushing reply to a slander that should never have found utterance, and it proves what has so often been proved before this—that groundless attacks on the faith tend only to bring it into more favourable light. In offering the paper in pamphlet form and at merely nominal cost, the Catholic Truth Society deserves well of the reading public.

GREATER BRITAIN: London, Palmerston Buildings, 128 Old Broad Street.—Greater Britain, according to the magazine's explanation of its title, means Great Britain with her colonies, vast in their extent and resources, rapidly increasing in population and her teeming foreign dependencies. "Great Britain, greater with her colonies and dependencies" is the journal's motto, and it exists in order to give voice to the practical necessities and aspirations of the whole Empire. Its articles are of general interest, written by British writers, resident in Australia, Canada, South Africa, India and other parts of the globe. The leading article of the present number is "The proposed Pan-Britannic and Anglo-Saxon Olympiad," to be held in Chicago next year. It is a huge undertaking and already we feel our enthusiasm in our own little struggles for champion-hip honours, grow cold for merely thinking of the world's champions in every sport, competing next year for the world's supremacy.

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#### EXCHANGES.

We took occasion in our last issue to give *Queen's College Journal*, a merited favorable mention. We have always ad-

mired the manly spirit, generally displayed by the writers in that paper. But what's the matter with the *Journal's* exchange man? In the issue of December, 24th. he devotes half a column to a notice of Rev. Dr Dawson's, article on Purgatory in the November number of the OWL. He is lavish of his praises, and seems to find nothing very objectionable in the learned Doctor's paper. But, he is afraid . . . . . we cannot make out of what; here are his words: "No mention is made of the more repulsive ideas concerning Purgatory, which we fear are only too common, among all classes of Roman Catholics." He fears. Don't be afraid brother, speak out when you are criticising articles which appear in the OWL. Tell us, pray, what these *repulsive ideas* are. We have time and again heard the Catholic doctrine regarding Purgatory laid down by those who presumably knew what they were talking about, and as far as our memory serves us, Dr. Dawson's article sets forth about all we have ever been asked to believe concerning "Education beyond the Grave."

One of the finest journals on our well laden table is the December number of the *Sequoia*. Its pages are handsomely decorated with a number of excellent engravings. In an editorial the *Sequoia* advocates the establishment of a Department of Journalism within the walls of the University, whence it hails. The writer says: "Many newspaper men are college bred, but they are not prepared with the end in view." This may be very true but in our humble opinion a college journal properly managed, is capable of furnishing willing students, with sufficient practice in journalistic work.

The holiday number of the *Oberlin Review*, is before us. Its garb is sparkling and quite in keeping with the season of "peace and good will." Engravings of the Oberlin football team and glee club are features worthy of mention. "A Christmas Story" is about the best article in the journal before us. It is written in a sprightly style and is interesting throughout. The poetry is commonplace and hardly deserves the space it occupies in Oberlin's Christmas Number.

*The Argosy* apparently makes no pretensions towards being a literary journal.

It records neatly and concisely the doings of its Alma Mater, and contains a few stray bits of poetry and a number of pointed editorials. Its Christmas dress is chaste and attractive. What the editors of the *Argosy* attempt to do they do well, and from them in this respect some more pretentious college journalists might learn a practical lesson well worth remembering.

Conciseness characterizes the articles in *St. Viateur's College Journal*. Its editors say what they have to say in a simple, natural, pointed manner. "Ernest Renan" and "The Unreasonableness of Evolution" are articles which amply repay the trouble of perusal.

*The Red and Blue*, from Philadelphia, is before us. In it appears an interesting editorial on a lecture delivered by one Colonel A. K. McClure. The subject of the Lecture was Journalism. In the editorial we read: "Colonel McClure gave voice to the fact that journalism offered to men, properly qualified, opportunities unexcelled in any calling. He pointed out that in journalism, beyond any other vocation, there is abundance of room and good salaries awaiting the proper men. He also emphasized the nobility of a position of trust upon a great paper, and said that, with the facilities a college education afforded, he could predict a bright future for those who entered journalism and were properly qualified for it, as one must be in any calling he decides upon." The editorial finishes up in these words: "The moral of all this: if you feel you have any literary ability, and desire valuable training, try to secure election to one of the boards of your university papers." Every student in the university course should consider it his duty to produce something worthy of being printed in his Alma Mater's journal.

The *Acadia Athenæum* is a worthy representative of the Maritime Provinces. An engraving of Acadia University is an excellent frontispiece for the number before us. The articles in the *Athenæum* are timely, and the attractive sparkling style in which they are written reflect great credit on the editors and contributors. In point of style, the article entitled "Distinguished Members of the Canadian Parliament" is simply exquisite.

## \* SOCIETIES.

Owing to the publication of the OWL this month, so soon after the return of the students, there are no proceedings to report in the different societies. We promise however, that in the future ample space will be devoted to chronicle their doings; and with this end in view, we respectfully ask the secretaries of these societies to aid us. They can do so by giving us every week, a notice of the subjects as well as the names of the participants in the discussion.

## ATHLETICS.

The City Hockey League whose formation we spoke of in our November issue, has since been organized and is now in full working order. Six teams compose the league, and a series of home and home matches has been arranged by the committee.

The admission fee has been placed at \$3.00, and a trophy is to be purchased for the team winning the league championship. The members of the Executive are:

Hon President, J. W. McRae.

Hon. Vice-President, P. D. Ross,

President, T. Birkett, Ottawa Juniors.

Vice-President, T. J. Rigney, Ottawa

Varsity.

Sec-Treas., E. Code, Rideau H. C.

Committee, J. Murphy, Electrics; E.

Forbes, Aberdeens; A. Adamson, Rebels.

The schedule of games drawn up by the Executive is as follows:

Jan'y 9 Ottawa Jr. vs. Electrics.

" 10 Rideaus vs. Aberdeens.

" 14 Rebels vs. College.

" 17 Ottawa Jr vs Rebels.

" 20 Electrics vs. Rebels,

" 24 Aberdeens vs. College.

" 26 Ottawa Jr. vs Aberdeens.

" 26 Rebels vs. Rideau

" 28 College vs. Electrics.

" 31 Rebels vs. Ottawa Jr

" 31 Rideau vs Electrics.

Feb'y 1 College vs. Rideau.

" 6 Electrics vs. Aberdeens.

" 8 Ottawa Jr vs. College.

" 10 Aberdeens vs. Rebels.

" 15 Ottawa Jr vs Electrics.

" 17 Aberdeens vs Rideau.

" 18 College vs Rebels

" 21 Rideau vs. Ottawa Jr.

" 22 Rebels vs Electrics.

" 25 College vs Aberdeens.

" 28 Rideau vs. Rebels.

- Meh 3 Aberdeens vs. Ottawa Jr.  
 " 3 Electrics vs College.  
 " 6 Ottawa Jr vs. Rebels.  
 " 8 Electrics vs Rideau.  
 " 9 Rideau vs College.  
 " 14 Aberdeens vs Electrics.  
 " 15 College vs. Ottawa Jr.  
 " 18 Rebels vs. Aberdeens.

\* \* \*

The five city clubs in the league have all had a few practices during the time of our Christmas vacation and have consequently that much of a start on our players, so that the latter have no time to lose but must work to be ready for the fray. The clubs in the league include some very fine skaters and handlers of the hockey, but our team ought to be able to cope with any of them. When there is no certainty of games ahead and the players have nothing more to depend on than the mere hope of arranging matches, some allowance might be made for lack of interest in the practices or anything else that tends to the welfare of the team, but when the days and dates of ten matches are all pre-arranged, there is not the slightest excuse for anyone not making the most strenuous efforts to achieve success. If the hockeyists do not succeed, they can blame themselves.

\* \* \*

Of course there must be a rink for the players to practice on. At the time of writing there is none, but it is to be hoped that before these lines appear in print there will be one. The making of the rink, however, is not the only difficulty; the keeping of it in order is equally great. There has always been a great reluctance to working on the rink, and skating has ceased before the winter was half over. If the students would all turn out after a snow storm, the rink could be cleared in an hour. Everyone should help in clearing the rink. Those who skate have an interest in clearing it and those who do not skate should help for the sake of the out-door exercise it affords. In the past, the skaters have always had an abhorrence of a snow shovel. We do not expect them to do all the work, but the least they can do is to set the example and do their share.

\* \* \*

To those who cannot skate, an excellent opportunity for exercise and pleasure is afforded in the snow shoe club. Snow

shoeing does not require any skill or practice and should be indulged in by a great many of the students who are anxious to while away the dull winter half-holidays.

It is to be hoped the annual Aylmer tramp will not be omitted from the college calendar of events for 1893.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

That temporary gloom which usually accompanies a change from work to play has gradually disappeared from the countenances of the Juniors and they are settled down to active work again. Immediately on their return the members of the J. A. A. set about the construction of the hockey rink. Rev. Father Tourangeau and Rev. Brother Henault with their usual interest in the pleasure of those under their charge, assisted by a large number of willing hands have already cleared a large space which will be occupied by the rink. It will be somewhat larger than the rink of last year, and will no doubt be the scene of many exciting contests during the present hockey season.

Captain Kearns is rapidly getting his team into condition and is at present making arrangements with several city teams for return matches to be played during the winter.

We understand that there is a movement on foot among those who remained here during the vacation to make a presentation to Messrs. Cowan and Leclerc, who so successfully catered to them during the festive season. The boys declare that they were not afraid of getting any "Slimmer" when they were so plentifully supplied with "Beans."

The amusement committee intend holding their next entertainment on the evening of Jan. 25th. The programme, which will be a lengthy and attractive one is not entirely made out yet; but from what we have seen of it we believe that all previous efforts in the same direction will be eclipsed on this occasion.

Among others will be a paper from the pen of E. Larue on seal fishing in the province of Quebec. This announcement will, doubtless, be received with great



pleasure, and something interesting may be expected on the subject.

"The Grizzly" and Tessier will appear in a glove contest. This number will no doubt, prove a drawing card to all those interested in this branch of athletics. Mediums Donegan and McFee, by special request, will repeat their spiritualistic seance which they so successfully produced a few evenings ago.

Among the first to return at the reopening on Jan. 7th, was the inimitable Fatté. Either from necessity arising from an over indulgence in good things during the holidays, or in anticipation of the immense benefit to be derived from abundant exercise on the open air rink during the winter season, he has had attached to his trousers an extension waist-band which will, no doubt, be conducive of much comfort to him.

The Emerald branch of the J. A. A. were considerably agitated, on their return when they learned that Rufus had been promoted to the big yard. This promotion unfortunately necessitates the severance of Joe's connection with the Emerald Hockey team. His friends, however, think that his services may be secured for the next baseball season.

The goose which "Collins" longed for on Thanksgiving Day called during vacation; but after lingering about a short time departed unobserved.

### SUBRIDENDO.

#### NOTHING TO ACT ON.

Buckton—I wonder why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Nendick—Because after it strikes once the place isn't there any more—Truth.

#### A DWARF.

Clinker—What do you think of this Prince Albert? It was my brother's, and I had it made over for me.

Callaway—Don't you think you are too short to look well in a Prince Albert?

Clinker—I am too short to get anything else.—New York Herald.

#### FATHERLY ADVICE.

Tommy—Pop, is it wrong to call another boy names?

His Pa—No, unless the other boy is bigger than you are, my son.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### THEY WERE.

"These Folks think they're purty smart," said the burglar to himself, fishing from its concealment under the edge of the parlor carpet, back of the piano, a well stuffed pocketbook and slipping it into an opening in his coat.

"And they are!" he ejaculated in deep disgust as he opened it a few hours later and found it to be stuffed with tracts on the sin of stealing.—Chicago Tribune.

#### DIFFERENT TREATMENT

Patient—As we have known each other so long, Doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have left you a handsome legacy in my will.

Physician—Very kind of you, I am sure. Allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I should like to make in it.—New York Herald.

Chicago Girl—What would you do if you were in my shoes? St Louis Girl—I'd get lost, I'm afraid.—Brooklyn Life.

#### NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.

"No, miss," said the school trustee of District No. 18 Cornstalk township, shaking his head slowly, "I don't think you're quite the person we want for teacher in our school."

"May I ask in what particular I fail to meet your requirements?" inquired the young woman timidly.

"I've been listening to your talk," rejoined the official reluctantly, yet firmly, "and if I must tell you the truth you don't seem to have no idea of grammar."—Chicago Tribune.

#### AN UNEXPECTED DEMAND.

Santa Claus—Hello! What's this? Ten stockings instead of eight?

Assistant—Yes, sir. I forgot to tell you. There was a pair of twins born here last night.—Selected.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, Ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants ter put them under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little Girl—No ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's goin' ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought if you would lend us some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselves.

It is never necessary to tell the money lender to take a little more interest in his business.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### TO SAVE THE DOG.

"Do you mean to say you et that pie the woman give ye?" said the tramp to his companion.

"Yep. Ye see my dog was with me, and ef I had throwed it away Bube would a tackled it, sure. He's a mighty good dog, and his health ain't been none of the best lately."—Washington Star.

#### NEAR THE TRUTH PERHAPS.

"I wrote 'Patti will make her last farewell tour of America in the year 1894,' and The Bugle printed it 'in the year 1894.' Wasn't it a curious error?"

"But was it an error?"—Life.

## ULULATUS.

All right ! All right !

Salve.

Bonne Année.

Dan's ghost appeared only once during the holidays ; but will be more *kerful* in future, as after that terrible fusilade of old boots et cetera it exclaimed that it would not be *Donnegan*.

WE'LL SEE IT IN P——Y.

If we come to a doctrine which doubt hovers round,

And which none are inclined to believe,  
Which appears too fantastic to have any truth  
And would seem to be meant to deceive,  
After pondering on it we bring it to class,

Show it to our professor, and he  
Will inform us, that question we can't understand,

We will see it in Psychology !

If a link in the chain of philosophy's lost,  
Or apparently lost, I should say,  
Through the fields of the science we wander in vain,  
In endeavoring this link to *trouver*,  
It's no use, we can't find it, we give up our search,  
And let this link go in despair ;  
But when the professor we ask where it is,  
In Psychology,—we'll find it there.

Oh, Psychology ! store-house, of all these great truths,

Brilliant beacon which still lures us on,  
How I wish we could reach thee, thy treasures explore,

And glut o'er thy gems one by one !  
How we'll ever be able thy riches to hold,  
Is at present a mystery to me,  
I suppose we'll find this out with everything else,  
When we come to thee Psychology.

Comrades spent the holidays in Ottawa.

Gatineau Point Bill, has resumed his violin practice.

Roosey has returned decked with *Garland*.

This world is full of pleasure,  
Though it has its weal and woe,  
But the *above* cuts no figure,  
When the mercury goes down below  $\alpha$ .

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"  
Said *John* as he sat down to put it to the test,  
The song it was that reached his heart,  
For which two ribs he had to part.

When the boys went away,  
Merrily they sang their lay,  
V-A-R-S-I-T-Y,  
But now that joy is sorrow, why ?  
In Greek, Latin, Philosophy,  
Mathematics don't you see,  
Until June ninety three,  
Will they toil laboriously,  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ah.

One of the gents at the OWL banquet, displayed a most wonderful knowledge of algebra as he took oysters in any given quantity, and solved the equation by removing all the (XXX) in sight.

During the holidays, one of our embryo astronomers, wishing to ma(c)ke known his knowledge of that science, inquired of a fakir as to whether the watches he was selling kept sidereal or solar time the vender promptly replied, young man I don't know, but I think you are out of your Zenith.

J. C. Opping and E. MacLewod have composed a grand chorus to the air of "Always Together" to be sung at the wedding ceremony in the near future. There will be no cards and "please remember my name is Mac, not Mc, as the fellows call me."

The following conversation was overheard in the yard some time ago:—"So you shaved that off your upper lip?" "Yes, you see I needed a shoe-brush, and I made one out of it quite handily." "But you will grow some *more, eh?*" "Oh certainly."

Much latent talent has been discovered since the advent of the piano into the Recreation Hall. "Cæsar" and "Mick" especially are a most promising pair. They are a decided success, however, when it comes to a *bow*.