



SIR JAMES GRANT, M.D., K.C.M.G., M.P.

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SIR JAMES GRANT.



THE OWL has much pleasure in presenting in this issue the portrait, and a short biographical sketch of the member-elect for the City of Ottawa in the House of Commons.

We feel that space can never be devoted to a better object than to bringing to the notice of our readers, especially of students, some of those who have obtained great success in their efforts for the advancement of our fair Dominion. What makes us welcome, with more than ordinary heartiness, an opportunity of giving a page or two to Sir James Grant's career, is that whilst distinguishing himself in his profession and by his services to the state, his deep interest in higher education long ago made him one of the firmest friends of our *Alma Mater*.

Sir James Grant was born in Inverness-shire in Scotland, in the year 1830, but was brought to this country in his mother's arms. His early arrival in Canada, and his unflinching loyalty to the land of his adoption, entitle him to the claim of being a thorough Canadian. He comes of good old Highland stock, *The Grants of Corrimony*, and he now has the distinguished honor of being the chief of that family. His father was Dr. James Grant of Edinburgh, and afterwards a prominent surgeon in Glengarry, Ontario, the "Scotland of Canada." His grandfather was a writer of note, being the author of "Essays on the Origin of Society," and of the "Origin of the Gael." For this latter the author received great praise from the critics of his native land. The subject of this sketch attended the

common schools of Glengarry County, and then took a course in arts in Queen's University, Kingston. Adopting medicine as his profession, he made his professional studies in the famed medical school of McGill College, Montreal, graduating in 1854. He at once settled in Ottawa, where from the first, his success at his chosen calling was decided, because he not only possessed all the learning and practical knowledge necessary for a good physician, but was also graced with that urbanity and charm of manner so desirable in the medical profession. Sir James' success is perhaps best proved by enumerating some of the honors which have fallen thick and fast upon his worthy shoulders. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, Member of the Geological Society of England, Member of the Royal Society of Canada, Corresponding Member of the Boston Gynecological Society, was a Member of the International Medical Congress held at Philadelphia in the year 1876, and was by that body appointed one of the vice-presidents of the surgical department; he is consulting surgeon of the Catholic and Protestant Hospitals of Ottawa, Ex-President of the Dominion Medical Association and representative of the University of Ottawa in the Medical Council of Ontario. Besides all these honors he has been the attending physician at Rideau Hall during all the *régimes* since the time of Lord Monck.

As a contributor to the leading medical journals of this country and of Europe, Dr. Grant's erudition and elegance of style have placed him in the front rank. Be-

sides enriching the literature of his profession, he has written much on other scientific subjects, in which his close application to his medical studies has not prevented him from becoming well versed. His professional and literary labors prove Sir James' vast capacity for work and almost unparalleled industry.

In politics Sir James has always been a staunch Conservative, and for the eight years during which he represented Russell County in the Dominion House, he fought the battles of his party with the best of them. To show that he possesses statesmanlike qualities, and is not merely a politician, it is sufficient to recall the fact that he was one of the first to believe in the feasibility of that great undertaking which has won for Canada a name among the nations, and has been such a unifying power among the different provinces of this vast country. Allusion is made to the great Canadian Pacific Railway. He was the first to introduce into Parliament what he called the "Pacific Railway Bill," and that at a time when most men considered the undertaking futile and utopian. He also first urged the House to consider the advisability of admitting the great North-West Territories into the Dominion of Canada, and that too at a time when that great country was commonly looked upon as a wilderness that could be of no practical benefit to the Dominion.

It is now quite a long time since Sir James withdrew from public life and devoted himself exclusively to his profession, but the old love for political fame, which, once acquired is said never to be lost, came back when at the solicitation of his Conservative friends he accepted the nomination of the city membership, left vacant by the appointment of the late member, Charles H. Mackintosh, to the governorship of the North-West Territories. Sir James was elected by acclamation, the Liberals of the city not seeing

their way clear to cope with such a strong man. He now only awaits the opening of the House to once more resume his place in Parliament, and to take part in the debates to which his long experience and thorough knowledge of the needs of the country, combined with his remarkable oratorical powers render him especially fitted.

As a public speaker, our member-elect has few peers. True to his traditions as a Highlander, he is a fighter, and never happier than when he has a sharp debater to contend with. His splendid command of language, deep knowledge of the questions of the day, and ready wit, make him a doughty opponent in debate. But although possessing all the qualifications of a good political orator, perhaps Sir James is at his best in the milder field of post-prandial effort. Whoever has heard Sir James in an after-dinner speech must envy him his easy flow of language, charm of delivery and wonderful tact in always saying the right thing in the right place.

Sir James is in religion a Presbyterian, but following the belief of his brother Scot, Burns, that "A man is a man for a' that," he considers not what religion a man professes so long as he is manly and straightforward. He received the title of K.C.M.G. in the year 1886, most likely in consideration of his services at Government House. In 1856 he married Miss Malloch, daughter of the then member for Carleton County, and their union has been blessed with twelve children.

The Owl joins with Sir James Grant's hosts of friends in congratulating him on his recent election, and hopes that Providence will give him many years yet to continue to display that ability, energy and integrity in the discharge of duty which have thus far made his career so honorable and successful.

J. R. O'C.



MIRACLES AND THE LAWS OF NATURE.



LT is often said that earth and sky are the best of books, and that it is given to all to read this wonderful book. Its pages are ever open, no matter where we turn our eyes or direct our footsteps. We are fond of admiring nature and the effects of certain causes in the world, and we want to know the reason why things are so. Among other discoveries, made from time to time though rarely, none are more fitted to arouse curiosity than certain wondrous effects popularly known as miracles. Nature is seen to associate with a loftier power; a higher world lends some beats of its life and vigor, and miracles are the result.

Philosophers and those who profess a claim to extensive knowledge, find the miracle a favorite theme. As usually happens, they separate in endless discussions. The other classes of society, including the uncultivated, are not subject to this inconvenience. They form their notions of miraculous events with the greatest ease and correctness. To fancy indeed that miracles do not lie within the grasp of the most ordinary mind, is a great mistake. Vivid impressions pave the way for rapid thought, and if sufficient common sense is present it does the rest. Notions formed in these cases may lack art and polish, but they preserve the charm of freshness and originality. Slow and overstrained reflection tends more to obscure than to enhance any natural splendor.

Besides, the same conception is not lost under different forms. An unskilled laborer wishes to bargain for a watch. The watchmaker is not slow to produce the article, showing that he had the idea of the same thing as his customer in his head. Yet what a difference is noticeable. In the laborer's eyes, the watch is small, round, flat object, supplied internally with a curious mechanism, and externally completed by a dial and hands to mark the time. The watchmaker has the same idea

and a vast deal more. He further knows what is required for the composition of the time-piece, is acquainted with the secret of its parts and workings. In the first instance, there is a clear notion. It answers common purposes, anybody can understand it. In the second, the notion is said to be distinct, not only putting forward the whole object clearly, but even marking out its inner details. The first embodies the popular mode of knowing things, the second belongs to the more confined limits of art and science.

To realize that miracles are not made solely for the learned, it suffices to follow the uneducated in the appreciation they form of these strange occurrences. Suppose them guided by the usual common sense and place them in presence of a miraculous event. Nothing can describe their intense astonishment and admiration. They feel at once that they gaze on something more than earthly, something extraordinary, nay extraordinarily great. As if to realize better, the magnitude of what seems a divine manifestation, the beholders turn their eyes toward heaven. God seems present, a hush of awe prevails. Each one is ready to exclaim "God is here," see His power." Undoubtedly mistakes can and do occur when the impressions are not well founded. Facts appear more extraordinary than they really are. As far, however, as it concerns the beholders, they would think the same whether what they believed to be extraordinary were really so or not. For them a miracle is but one thing, namely an extraordinary work manifesting the divinity.

Scripture, reproducing word for word the language of its times, alludes to miracles as signs, that is marks and authentic testimonies of God. Thus, the man born blind, cross-questioned about his cure, bursts out with "can a sinner do these signs (signa). The princes of the synagogue commenting on the miracles of the Savior, remark that "this man does many signs" and the Evangelist himself makes use of the same term "And many other signs also did Jesus." The whole question in these instances referred to

miraculous works, and they are further called signs, because they offered sensible proofs of the working of a divine power.

Miracles by their nature call for these two characters. First of all they are sensible, or else could they be thrust forward as signs manifesting anything. It is equally plain that exterior and material phenomena can alone supply miracles, because they alone are perceptible to our senses. In addition they must be extraordinary. Ordinary phenomena, though the work of God as well as of second causes, do not however indicate sensibly God's immediate and ordinary presence. It costs effort and thought to realize that without God nothing is done. God is the most secret as well as the first of causes. He sets the second causes in motion by imperceptible means. But when there happens a number of phenomena, plainly due to no natural cause, the primary cause shows itself directly. Common sense can recognize or suggest none but this secret cause, and it says, "This work is surely the work of God."

Miracles are therefore so closely connected with nature, its phenomena and laws, that justice would not be rendered to these latter, if passed over unnoticed "Nature," in the words of a scientist, "is the united totality of all that the senses can perceive. In fact, all that cannot be made by man, is termed nature, that is God's creation." In nature there are certain causes and effects and also objects. An object is a thing perceptible to the senses and occupies space. From objects spring phenomena. In ordinary language the term denotes something extraordinary or preternatural. Strictly, phenomena are visible changes remarked in an object outside of chemical effects. They include the results perceptible to one of the senses. Take a stone, as a familiar example, in our hands, open the fingers and the stone falls. We know it falls because we see it fall. We say it falls by the law of weight or gravity. The curious, naturally ask what is a law.

At this point investigations dig somewhat deep, for they touch almost the foundation of things. Law is not besides an object we can see or touch, nor do we find practicable means of laying hold of it. It is artfully constructed by means of careful

observations, reflections and abstractions. Airy and elastic of substance it is found adapted to the most dissimilar circumstances. Observe what takes place. In its proper sense law applies only to free agents. It is a rule which these adopt for the purpose of fixing themselves upon a certain aim and precision in action. In man this rule regulates his free acts with a binding force. By aid of intellect and will, he comprehends its substance, drift, and urging force. On this account it is called the moral law. Of itself, it directs, but gives no reality or being to the action which follows. The force which does this lies within the agent, the rule is without.

From this its proper sphere, law is transported to the physical world, to agents not masters of their movements. It is no longer an external rule for it finds here neither knowledge nor liberty, required to choose and observe its dictates. Physical law therefore differs essentially from the moral. We remark that irrational agents have each their peculiar natures, constituted by particular properties, which in turn give rise to peculiar acts and no others. We notice that in each being, the nature its properties and actions are so considered as inseparable that when one or the other is taken away, the rest changes or is lost. The relation by which these elements are so bound up together is called the physical law. Here, the nature of this law is clear. It is not a force, has no real influence and the action is independent of it.

It is now pretty well agreed to explain law as the constant and invariable relation between phenomena and their diverse forces; in other words, the same phenomena are invariably produced when the conditions are the same. A stone falls if not held up. At ordinary pressure water boils at 100%. Yet is this definition more than a statement of facts? Does it throw light on the causes of the phenomena, and why they should be necessarily identical? Herein lies the nature of the law. We know it is the object of every law-giver that all his subjects tell the truth always, that the property of all would be respected by all, in a word that in the same circumstances, the same acts of virtue would be reproduced with mathematical precision. Yet does it really happen! It

uniformity of result were the law, it would follow that when not observed the law would not exist. It is the same in the physical world. Uniformity is the result, but not the law itself. In fact the law precedes the acts, points out the relations these acts should follow. Uniformity is a mark showing how these relations have been carried out.

Invariability is a contention scarcely borne out by facts. This will appear very clearly in considering the physical law in another sense. Nature, as we see, is made up of innumerable parts all working together in admirable and perfect harmony. There is a wonderful succession of days and nights, of years and seasons; there are phases of vegetable and animal life of birth, growth, decline, a faultless arrangement in every department of nature by virtue of which the most various phenomena are seen to arrive without fail at a given point. These successions and phases are called laws. It is common to hear mentioned the laws of the succession of days and nights, of seasons, years, and so on. Yet is invariable precision found here? It is the law of a fruit-tree to bear fruit each season. Still can it be said that it will bear fruit every season? It is the law of winter to bring ice and snow. Can it be depended upon absolutely, that every winter will be accompanied with these attendants? It is a fact of experience that natural laws are far from rigid in their working. Nay more, there were laws, not now in operation, and there are laws in force for but a comparatively short period in the world's history.

Extraordinary as miracles are, they do not, however, effect any special violence to the laws of nature. They do not undo as it were, what was constituted not to be undone. The physical law is not of such unyielding stuff that it cannot be departed from. Among the many powers and forces observed in creation, some are stronger than others. Naturally the superior force overcomes the weaker if placed in opposition to it and suspends

the law by which it would otherwise have accomplished its effect. Man himself can counteract many of those laws. What then is there to prevent a yet higher cause like the supreme agent from stepping in and producing in nature effects, which either as to substance or mode surpass the activity of man or any creature.

It may appear that the occurrence of miracles indicates an abrupt change or redispotion of the decrees and plans of God. However it is not so. God has decreed once for all, by a single act of His will, all the events of which He was to be the immediate cause and He accomplishes invariably in time, that which He has decreed in eternity. It is not for the human mind to say what is contained in these decrees. Miracles are included in those plans in the same way exactly as less miraculous events. The contrary was never decreed and hence the decree could not be changed when it did not exist.

To sum up briefly, miracles are physical phenomena and belong by this fact to the physical order of things. They are further most extraordinary in every respect. They belong in no way to the claim of connected events which compose this sphere. The natural play of secondary causes does not give birth to them: the very name of miracle shows that they are far from happening daily or even at distant periods. If the natural world does not exclude, neither does it in any way call for them for the world does not need to be repaired or retouched by the hand of the Creator. To be sure, there are beings which cannot come into existence without the immediate influence of God, but apart from these, nature does not require the immediate action of its Maker. At the same time, the miracle can exist in most beautiful harmony with physical effects. By the addition of these unique facts a new and rich department is secured to the already vast store of nature's marvels.

THOS. P. MURPHY, O.M.I., '88.

THE NELSON MONUMENT IN MONTREAL.



THE majority of the readers of the Owl, have doubtless had the pleasure of visiting Montreal, and of beholding its many magnificent buildings, extensive shipping accommodations, pleasant parks, crowded markets and busy streets. In that great metropolis, the eye meets with a goodly number of objects of a nature to awaken within the youthful Canadian's breast feelings of loyalty, of pride in his country's past and of confidence in her future. Among the numerous patriotism-inspiring spots and structures of Montreal none can vie, in point of far reaching significance, with the statue of Nelson which rears its stately form on Jacques Cartier Square.

The Canadian people erected that monument to honor the great naval hero, and to give emphatic expression to their appreciation of the justice and statesmanship displayed by England in her dealings with the colony she had wrested from France. To rightly understand this twofold object which the Nelson monument embodies forth one must needs recall to mind a few facts of English and Canadian history. By the treaty of Paris, signed on the 10th of February, 1763, Canada was lost to France forever. In October of the same year a royal proclamation was issued in which the King informed his subjects that, as "soon as the state of the new American colonies permitted, the governors would call general assemblies, until which time all persons resorting to the said colonies might confide in his Majesty's Royal protection for enjoying the benefits of the laws of England." This proclamation was productive of much well-founded dissatisfaction. The English colonists were led to infer from its wording that Canada was to be governed in exactly the same manner as a county in the centre of England. The French settlers on the other hand, were

loud in their denunciation of laws and customs heretofore altogether unknown to them, and when they found themselves obliged, under pain of being expelled from the country to take the oath of abjuration, their previous half-hearted confidence in British justice deserted them altogether. General James Murray, the first Governor-General of Canada, with that good judgement so characteristic of Englishmen, instead of introducing English laws pure and simple and setting aside entirely those under which the colonists had formerly been governed, adopted a compromise, and thereby delayed for a time, the impending storm of revolt. However, the arbitrary form of government under which they were living was not at all satisfactory to the residents of Canada, and by petitions they repeatedly and earnestly solicited the ruling power of Britain to consider their grievances and to set about remedying them. That cumbersome, cool-headed, mighty body, the British Government is as a rule very slow to act and especially to initiate reforms. "All their (English) statesmen," says Emerson, "learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom, and have invented many fine phrases to cover their slowness of perception and prehensibility of tail. The favorite phrase of their law is: 'a custom whereof the memory of men runneth not back to the contrary.' They hate innovations. Bacon told them that "Time was the best reformer;" Chatham, that "confidence was a plant of slow growth;" Canning, "to advance with the times," and Wellington, that "habit was ten times nature." Under ordinary circumstances, petitions and resolutions from her dependencies are treated with stoic indifference by England and if considered at all are rejected as "trivious and vexatious." For centuries the foremost statesmen of the world have sat in the British House of Commons and that parliament has been for years and is still fully conscious of its ability, of its superiority, and it has been and is still prone to a certain extent

at least, to regard itself as the proper, and most competent body for managing the affairs of British possessions wherever located. The English have always felt themselves to be a nation of rulers. Writes Pope:

"Let India boast her palms, nor envy we
The weeping amber nor the spicy tree,
White by our oaks those precious loads are borne
And realms *commantat* which those trees adorn."

We feel justified in saying that it was not her petitions and entreaties, but her geographical position, that won for Canada the rights and privileges granted her by the "Quebec Act" which became law in June 1774. By that Act the royal proclamation of 1763 was annulled; the rights and dues of the Roman Catholic clergy were held inviolable; the oath of abjuration was done away with; French laws were restored for civil cases, criminal offences were to be tried by English laws; for the welfare and good government of the Province a council of from seventeen to twenty three inhabitants was to be appointed. This bill was fraught with reforms and innovations, yet it was adopted without much discussion, and why? Simply because Britain felt that she would need Canadian good-will in order to quell the insurrection which was then brooding in New England.

In 1791 the English Parliament saw fit to bestow on Canada a new constitution. By this the colony was divided into two provinces, Upper Canada and Lower Canada. The government of each province was to consist of a Legislative Council composed of persons appointed for life by the royal authority, a House of Assembly whose members were to be elected by the people, and a governor. The object had in view by the framers of this constitution was to put an end to the race rivalry and jealousy which had been cropping out, to a greater or less extent ever since England had taken possession of Canada. For a time it proved satisfactory to all parties concerned and Canadians one and all admired and heartily approved the wise and just legislation passed in their behalf by the Mother Country. The French colonists rejoiced at having their rights respected and rejoiced still more at having been

delivered, by falling into the hands of the English, from all the horrors of that awful cataclasm, the French Revolution, which at this time was raging with the unchecked fury of Vesuvius' crater at its maximum activity. The "Quebec Act," the constitution of 1791 and the French Revolution, each was a force at work impelling the Canadian people to join hands and show their esteem for England by erecting the Nelson monument.

Allow us, reader, to recall to your mind the three great victories which were the most potent factors in casting around Nelson's name a halo of never ending glory. The great American war, which terminated in 1782, had sapped the British Empire of much of its mighty strength. That war had added £100,000,000 to the national debt, and, as a consequence, the army, many of whose bravest heroes had been ushered into eternity during the long struggle, was now sadly neglected. "We have no general but some old woman in a red ribbon" wrote Lord Grenville a few years after England had formally recognized the United States as a nation. Yet England was not crushed nor driven to despair, though vanquished she could fight still, as Napoleon learnt to his bitter regret. In perusing this part of the world's history we are tempted to say with Montesquieu: "No people have true common sense but those who are born in England."

The younger Pitt who came into power shortly after the close of the American rebellion did much to tide his country safely over the crisis through which she was then passing. He was a master economist, and soon raised the national credit even above its former high standard. He was a man of peace and at that time England needed a man of peace to conduct her affairs. Burke was anxious to interfere with the French Revolution and taunted Pitt thus: "The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever." But Pitt was immovable. He knew as only he could know, that his country was not in a position to take the initiative in any war. He therefore replied to Burke in these terms: "This country means to

persevere in the neutrality hitherto scrupulously observed with respect to the internal dissensions of France, and from which it will never depart unless the conduct held there makes it indispensable as an act of self-defence." The conduct of France was soon of a nature to oblige England to rise in self-defence.

In November, 1792, the French Government by resolving to attack Holland violated the treaty it had signed with England two years before. England joined the first coalition against France and though she could not furnish well disciplined troops she could and did furnish money. By the treaty of Campo Formio signed October 18th, 1797, France made peace with England's last ally, Austria. Napoleon then set out for the East with the determination of invading and laying waste British India. The battle of the Pyramids made him master of Egypt. England as before stated had no army to cope with her mighty enemy, but she had a fleet and a master admiral, Nelson. Nelson met Napoleon's fleet in the Bay of Aboukir and at the close of the encounter he uttered those memorable words. "Victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene." Few more important victories than this were ever gained by any general. It may be said to have put an end to Napoleon's Eastern expedition and what it warded off by so doing was thus expressed by the great French general years afterwards: "With a hundred thousand men on the banks of the Euphrates I might have changed the face of the world."

Finding it impossible to realize his plans whilst he was being continually harassed by the British fleet Napoleon resolved to put an end to that bugbear once for all. By the treaty of Luneville concluded in February, 1801, being again at peace with the whole continent, he determined to strike a final blow at British power on the seas, and for this purpose leagued with himself Denmark, Sweden and Russia, at the time the only continental countries besides France possessing a fleet of any importance. But his efforts were again in vain. Nelson hurried to the North, came up with the Danish fleet off Copenhagen and :

"Again, again, again,
And the havoc did not slack
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.

* * * * *

Then all is woe and wail
As they strike the shattered sail
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom."

It stung the ambitious French leader to the quick to behold England with her navy set his invincible army at defiance. Reflecting on the disproportion between the populations of the two countries he exclaimed: "Fifteen millions of people must give way to forty millions." He is also reported to have said: "Let us be masters of the Channel (English Channel) for six hours and we are masters of the world." Under Napoleon's direction, Admiral Villeneuve, of Toulon, having united the Spanish ships with his own, drew Nelson off to the West Indies, evaded him and hastened back to Cadiz with the intention of joining the French squadron and putting an end to that part of the English fleet which was in the Channel. But Nelson hotly pursued his enemy and met him off Cape Trafalgar when, on the 21st of Oct., 1805, the great battle was fought in which Britain's ablest and bravest admiral lost his life. Shortly after that great victory Pitt in his last public words said: "England has saved herself by her courage; she will save Europe by her example." Who can tell what might have been England's and even all Europe's lot had any other than the immortal Nelson stood at the helm of the British fleet during these perilous times.

Steamboats and telegraph lines were not as yet in use and consequently the news of Nelson's great victory and heroic death did not reach Montreal before December. The papers containing the account arrived in the town at a time when a grand ball was being held in the Exchange Coffee House. Amidst cheers and intense excitement the dispatch was read before the assembled merry-makers. A certain Mr. Samuel Gerard at once proposed to have a monument erected in the city in honor of the slain admiral. The suggestion was heartily endorsed by all present, a subscription list was opened and a goodly sum collected that very

night- Though Montreal had a population of only a little over eight thousand it did not take long to collect from its generous citizens £1,300, the original cost of the monument. The Governor furnished a grant of land and the foundation stone of the present pillar was laid on the 17th of August, 1809.

The monument is built of limestone. On its foundation rests its base or pedestal, which is six-and-a-half feet broad on each side and about ten feet high. On the top of this is placed a circular column fifty feet in height and five in diameter. This pillar is surmounted with a square tablet which in turn is crowned with a statue of Nelson eight feet in height. The face is turned towards the west and its expression is one of wrapt attention. On a broken mast surrounded with tackle, blocks and other naval equipments rests the hero's left arm. He is dressed in full uniform and decorated with the insignia of the various orders of nobility conferred upon him. The statue and ornaments are of a wrought stone composition invented by Coade and Sealey of London. The ornaments, which were executed by the same two gentlemen, are in panels on the four sides of the pedestal and are emblematical of the principal events of the Admiral's life. On the side facing Notre Dame Street there is on the plinth of the base a figure of a crocodile, emblematical of the battle of the Nile. On this side also a circular laurel wreath surrounds the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF

THE RIGHT HONORABLE VICE-ADMIRAL
LORD VISCOUNT NELSON,

DUKE OF BRONTÉ,

Who terminated his career of naval glory
in the memorable

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

ON THE 21ST OF OCT., 1805,

After inculcating by signal this sentiment
Never to be forgotten by his country :

" ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO
HIS DUTY."

This Monumental Column was erected by
the Inhabitants of Montreal in the
year 1809.

On the opposite panel facing the wharf is a representation of the interview between Lord Nelson and the Prince Regent of Denmark, on the landing of the former after the engagement off Copenhagen. Its inscription is as follows :

"The Right Honorable Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté, after having, on the 2nd of April, 1801, with ten ships of the line and two ships of fifty guns, taken and destroyed the Danish line, moored for the defence of Copenhagen, consisting of six sail of the line, eleven ship batteries, etc., supported by the crown and other batteries, displayed equal precision and fortitude in the subsequent negotiations and arrangement with the Danish Government, whereby the effusion of human blood was spared, and the claims of his country established."

On the north side of the monument is a representation of the battle of the Nile with an inscription which reads :

"On the 1st and 2nd days of August, 1798, Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, with a British fleet of twelve sail of the line, and a ship of fifty guns, defeated, at Aboukir Bay, a French fleet of thirteen sail of the line, and four frigates, without the loss of a British ship."

The south side commemorates the battle of Trafalgar and bears the following inscription :

"On the 21st of October, 1805, the British fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, commanded by the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté, attacked, off Trafalgar, the combined fleets of France and Spain, of thirty-three sail of the line, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve and Grivina, when the latter were defeated, with the loss of nineteen sail of the line captured or destroyed. In this memorable action, his country has to lament the loss of her greatest naval hero, but not a single ship."

In the first cut stone at the east corner is deposited a plate of lead on which is this inscription :

"In memory of the Right Honorable Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté, who terminated his career of naval glory in the memorable battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of Oct., 1805. This monumental pillar was erected by a subscription of the inhabitants of Montreal

whereof the Honorable Sir John Johnson, Knight and Baronet, the Honorable James Monk, Chief Justice of Montreal, John Richardson, John Ogilvie and Louis Chaboillez, Esquires, were a committee appointed for carrying it into execution, and the same was erected, under the direction of William Gillmore, stone-cutter and mason, from the designs obtained from Mitchell, an architect in London, on 17th August, 1809."

This remarkable structure already bears

the marks of time's iron hand, and it is to be hoped that the citizens of Montreal, who have just erected a statue of Maissonneuve, the founder of their city, and who intend, in the near future, to honor the late Sir John A. Macdonald in a like manner, will not neglect to keep in repair the once beautiful monument of him whose " Brave heart to Britain's pride was so faithful and so true."

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss
Which led to the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

—SHELLEY.



A TRUE FRIEND.

Lines on the death of my favourite cat.

"ONLY a brute?" Ah, yes; 'tis true :
 Only a brute, only a friend
 Whose love surpassing never knew
 One moment's faltering to the end.

 I might be good, I might be bad,
 My fellow men might praise or blame :
 While this most constant friend I had,
 To one true heart I was the same.

 She did not question if I was
 Or good or evil ; for to her
 All things were good : but I—because
 God willed her heart should so prefer—

 Of all her good was still the best,
 Her playmate, friend, and sure defence,
 A power to trust, whereon to rest,
 Her master, lord, and providence.

 Say I was sad : how touchingly
 She ruled her mood to match with mine,
 And, heart-subdued, sate still by me,
 Until my sun again might shine.

 Say I was glad : how swift her heart,
 Expanding, took from mine the tone !
 How many a little playful art
 Attested my joy was her own !

 How little filled her full content !
 How,—far all selfish greed above,—
 Ere breaking fast, the thanks she meant
 She looked, her favourite food being love.

 With what a sweet humility
 She took rebuke, when dealt with pain,
 And drooped awhile, till censure-free
 She knew herself received again ;

Returning with no afterthought
 Of cold mistrust, or wrongful pride
 Which would arraign, for error wrought
 And chide, the lips that scarce could chide.

O God, could I but stand before
 The patience of Thy Holy Face
 With such a meekness as she wore,
 With such a fit and lowly grace ;

Could I but love, with such a love,
 The Providence that tendeth me ;
 Could I but trust as far above
 All shade of doubt and fear as she :

Then by yon small pathetic grave,
 Outhewn with toil of heart and hand,—
 Where late the loan Thy bounty gave
 Submit I rendered,—I might stand

With less of conscious self-rebuke
 That I so far should fall below
 This lesser life, and better brook
 A loss whose largeness Thou dost know.

Thou gavest, and Thy gift was good :
 Thou takest back, and well it is.
 And who dare tell me, if I should
 Attain unto Thy perfect bliss,

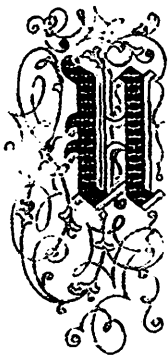
As well I trust, whose trust Thou art,—
 That the " new earth " will have no place
 For that pure life, and the new heart
 For that most steadfast love no space !

Or that my spirit falsely dreams,
 My heart to Thee need cleave no less,
 Were I to feel, by heavenly streams,
 An old, familiar, mute caress !

FRANK WATERS.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

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



ULTRAMONTANISM according to many writers, is an exaggerated Catholicism which they hold, originates and is cultivated on the Roman side of the European Alps. To our mind there is no such ultramontaniam. We dislike the term.

If admitted at all, it can only be received as expressing the Catholic religion pure and simple. This religion is the same on both sides of the European Alps; *Non alia Romæ et alia Athenis*. It is a powerful civilizer. When the Empire of Rome fell to pieces, it gathered up the fragments, and mingling them with the barbarous nations of Northern Europe, established that civilization which Europe has enjoyed for so many centuries. The admirable organization of the Christian Church serving as a pattern, the discomfited Romans and their barbarian conquerors formed their civil polity which has been so enduring—Their parliaments of kings, barons and commoners. Nor was this all. The persuasive teachings of religion softened and refined manners, elevated, and, with its high sanction strengthened morality. War, even, was mitigated and its evil diminished by the all pervading influence of that new power, the religion of the cross, and there are ages of chivalry. This was not yet Christian love; but, it was an approach to it. High sentiment was the order of the day,—honour the watchword. Only who was noble became a knight of the chivalrous days. Chivalry is not much considered in these utilitarian times. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that it was a powerful element in the civilization of Europe; and that the nations owed to it a degree of glory that was quite unknown to Greece and Rome.

The civilization originating in Religion could not only glory in its chivalry, but could also claim the noble characteristic of humanity. Its enormous humane associations and its institutions for preventing cruelty everywhere meet with acceptance and encouragement, while no such cruel games as the gladiatorial shows of Rome, the combats of wild beasts, and the tearing to pieces of human beings by those ferocious animals meet with any countenance.

The relief of human misery is everywhere aimed at, and if it cannot be done away with, it is greatly alleviated. For this purpose hospitals have been established throughout Europe. The loving care bestowed in these hospitals on the sick and suffering is beyond all praise. Modern civilization labours to do away with them; and lest they should retain any religious character, it banishes from them the good kind sisters of charity who minister so successfully to the suffering patients, and replaces them by hired nurses, as if money could buy that self-denial and kindly care which religion inspires. In vain have the physicians remonstrated against this barbarity. Modern civilization demands it. But the learned doctors who appreciate the labours of the devoted sisters may yet be able to cause the ancient system to be restored. The "Hotel Dieu," of Paris, may well be called an international hospital, as it receives patients of every nationality, and treats them all alike without distinction of creed, politics or country. It can hardly be thought that this wise and liberal management will be continued now that the institution has been secularized according to the ideas of modern civilization.

Under the civilization which arose with religion, education was powerfully promoted. Schools were established everywhere; and there was no monastery without its school. Whole orders devoted

themselves to the cause of education ; and universities were planted in every nation by the direct agency of the church. All this must be done away with, says modern civilization. It is not to be tolerated, it pretends, that in this advanced age, youth should be taught to mumble prayers and invoke the Christians' God, now that even the "Supreme Being" has been discarded and reason only held in honour. Accordingly, reason, as understood, demands that no religion be taught in any school, and that schools shall be abolished where in the name of God is mentioned with respect.

There is a greater proneness to evil under the new civilization, if we may judge by the frequency of great crimes, treacherous murders, murder and destruction of property by dynamite. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering that the high sanction, which religion gives to morality has been removed and youth are brought up without any fear of law, human or Divine.

The spread of secret societies, all of which tend to the overthrow of social order,—nihilists, socialists, anarchists,—all these are bound by a secret oath, and

all claim the right to inflict death on members who offend them.

Of all the secret societies, the Freemasons' society is the only one that has won any measure of respect. There are varieties of it. It differs according to the countries in which it prevails. In France it is atheistic ; in England, on the contrary, it acknowledges belief in God and reverences the holy Scriptures. This fact became manifest when the Prince of Wales succeeded Lord Ripon as grand master in England. On that occasion the French Freemasons made advances to the English and invited them to fraternize with those of France. The Prince declined on the ground that the British Freemasons could not associate with infidels. Instances could be referred to in which the former, in conformity with their belief, helped to build up the broken altar. Notwithstanding all this the fact cannot be got over that they are a secret society, the chief lodge directing the action of the less initiated, and thus exercising power greater than that of the most despotic monarch. Such power, governments cannot but consider as an *imperium in imperio* which it is impossible for them to recognize.



This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given :
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but heaven !

—MOORE.



PATRIOTISM.



PATRIOTISM," as Lowell puts it, "is the endeavor to arrive at a proper conception of the power of heroic conditions in making heroic men, and especially strengthening that instinct made up of so many associations which we call love of country." My subject is a passion which impels a person to serve his native land, either in repelling its invaders, or maintaining its rights, laws, and institutions.

Admitting patriotism to be a great virtue, the fruitful mother of many heroic virtues, we must bear in mind that only a thin veil separates it from narrow-minded presumption and domineering ignorance. Remember the words of Berkeley:—"Being loud and vehement either for a court or against a court is no proof of patriotism. Where the heart is right there is true patriotism."

A man with a strenuous purpose in his heart can transform the entire character of a nation. Such is the force of a true patriot. You cannot measure the ultimate horizon of his purpose, nor forecast the results. When a man collects all his powers and says:—"This one thing I do," he has clothed himself with a force before which, Time and Death are impotent. We can measure the outward triumphs of a man's life, but we rarely measure the forces out of which triumph sprang. Men sometimes suddenly appear in a blaze of fame, and then the world wakes up and wonders how it has all happened. The great victories which men praise, are always won first of all in a man's own soul. The great patriots who stamp themselves ineffaceably on the ages, are always the men who are capable of conceiving a worthy purpose clearly, and of following it courageously through evil report and good. You may even sweep aside as relatively trivial all question of the range of their gifts, and the scope of their intellectual life. The great thing we have

to reckon with, is the immense strength and heroic persistency of their design. The determined man, the man of one true idea, knows what he wants, and lives to obtain it. It is by his power of true patriotism, that he triumphs.

In every nation there has been some man, or men, whom God has raised up at certain times, whose life-work is marked out on certain lines, and in following these lines, they have been the architects of a nation's destiny. There are different spheres too. It may be the warrior, kindling the spark of desire in the hearts of his people, crushing under foot tyranny with its attendant evils, and leading his men to victory and liberty. Cross the border and see what took place there a century ago. Washington, the noble, no greater name adorns the pages of history. He was happy in a competency, had a superabundance of the world's goods, had everything he desired, everything conducive to happiness; but he gave up all for liberty and his country.

In another case it may be a poet, who couches in thrilling words the thoughts that burn in the hearts of his countrymen. Be he who he may, warrior or poet, if he has conferred a great benefit on a nation, he deserves the name of patriot, and to have his memory kept green in the hearts of his people.

To deliver a nation from slavery is a great work; to elevate the intellectual ideas of a people is also a great work. These are to confer an inestimable boon upon a race, and what greater thing is there than to be the direct instrument of God to a nation? A true patriot is such, for he throws off the mantle of sorrow from his country, and clothes her in garments of joy and gladness.

Canadians should be filled with patriotism, because they have a country, as bright a land as receives the light of day. As Lord Dufferin said in his last address on Canadian soil: "Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birth-right, or blest with prospects of a nobler future. Whatever gift God has given to man is to

be found within the borders of our ample territories, and the only obligation laid upon us is, love our country, believe in her honour, her work, live for her, die for her." And moreover, we form a part of an Empire, the grandest in the world. We have been born beneath the protecting folds of a flag that has many glorious associations. Recall Wellington and Waterloo; Nelson and Trafalgar; a Clive and a Campbell, the heroes of the Indian Mutiny; a Gordon of Kartoum, all household words with us. Imagine the thrill which ran through England, when the news of Nelson's victory and death reached London; well was it to add a new verse to that popular tune: "Rule Britannia."

"Again the long-toned triumph of fame
Proclaims Britannia rules the main.
While sorrow whispers Nelson's name
And mourns a gallant patriot slain."

Recall the siege of Lucknow; that fatal charge of the Light Brigade; the indomitable bravery of the British, against famine, disease, and death.

Surrounded by such traditions as these, do we wonder that a certain writer says: "Canadians have shown on more than one memorable occasion, that in military patriotism they are not wanting." Base would it be to the illustrious memory of the past, and to our country, if it were otherwise. Recall our war of 1812-14. That was a time to test the patriotism of Canada's sons, and nobly did they answer the call of duty. Brock, Macdonnell, and Laura Secord, are a few of the cherished names that will live in Canadian history. Brock's memory is perpetuated by a monument at Queenstown Heights, and we are indebted to Mrs. Curzon for information regarding the heroism of Laura Secord. She was a true patriot. For the sake of her country and its cause, she travelled some hundred miles through an almost impassable wilderness, to apprise Captain Fitzgibbon of an intended attack on his position. Yes, Canadians should recall these events, for we are justly proud of the men, and of the deeds of that period.

Recall the Fenian Invasion of 1866 and 1871, and the North-West Rebellion of 1885. These are events that called forth the

patriotism of Canada's sons, and showed the readiness with which Canadians fly to the defence of their country. While reading the story of Ridgeway, I was impressed by some of the incidents, but there was one that left an indelible mark upon my memory. Young Maceachern was mortally wounded in the contest, and expired with these words upon his lips: "I die in the faith of Christ; I die for my country." That is Patriotism.

The recent rebellion in the North-West shows the promptitude with which the several bodies of troops responded to the call of duty. They were no longer the sons of the old home, no; they were the sons of Canada, prepared to defend her honour, and to shed their blood in her cause. Ah! I well remember the enthusiasm, even in my own small island home, at that time. Though not called to real action, the volunteers held themselves in readiness. One of the first to fall at Duck Lake, was young Dan Mackenzie, a boy of seventeen, from my own birth-place.

If we turn to Irish history, behold the noble galaxy of names. The rainbow of a century spans the past and the present, studded with the names of the actors in the struggle for Irish autonomy. First is Grattan, the immortal, the powerful orator, the dauntless patriot. He beheld the ignoble end of the Volunteer Movement of 1782; the abolition of the Irish Parliament; the consummation of the Union, and prophetically portrayed the future of Ireland. He beheld the mantle of gloom spread itself over the land and his cause, but even when clasped by the cold fingers of death, weakened in spirit and shattered in health, his patriotic soul rose over all these weaknesses, and his last utterances thrill us by the intensity of their patriotism.

The hopes of the Irish race fell at his death, and a dark period of sorrow began. There then commenced misery and famine, struggle and defeat, and brutal executions. A few gleams of hope would rise, but like the lightning's flash from a summers sky, they would fade in the dark clouds that rose over the horizon of the future. Now waited the work of the patriot.

As I have said in the beginning, men are sometimes called by God to guide a

people's destiny. Like Moses of old, O'Connell assumed the leadership of the Irish race. That immortal liberator's work is well known, it is indelibly stamped upon every Irish memory. He was the fearless advocate of the people's most sacred rights, a patriotic leader. Whether agitating repeal on the hillsides, or demanding emancipation at Westminster Hall, he had one patriotic motive, and one only, the liberation of his country. In all the vicissitudes of his checkered career, he was the ideal patriot.

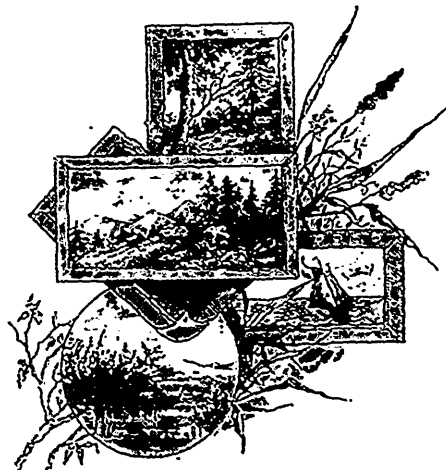
Can we forget Emmett? What a cloud of sorrow hangs o'er that name. A man with such genius and intensely idealistic, yet practical spirit, his magnificent enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice, reached indeed the ideal of patriotism. There are many more; Dillon, Davis, Smith, O'Brien, Maher, Mitchell, and Parnell! All patriots.

See the grand old man in England, who is piloting the people of Ireland to the goal of Home Rule. He once sacrificed his ministry in the cause, perhaps the same thing may occur again, but he is willing to make the sacrifice in accomplishing the greatest work of his life. While upon this phase of my remarks, my mind reverts to other men, who did

not sacrifice ministries, but their own precious lives for the defence and emancipation of their down-trodden country, sacrificed their lives in demanding for the Ireland, which our forefathers were compelled to leave, the measure of justice which a Scotch statesman is endeavouring to grant to the Dear Old Land. When the history of the struggle comes to be written, it will have to be admitted, that the moral force of true patriotism was the greatest lever in forcing upon the civilized world Ireland's grievances.

While we must, perforce, cultivate martial patriotism, because it touches the heart and kindles the imagination, as nothing else can, let us at the same time endeavour to make our country as great morally as it is materially. To do this we must cultivate also that more modest and thoughtful patriotism, which strives to enlighten public opinion, to discuss questions of public policy on their merits, and to assist in every legitimate way in improving the moral and material welfare of all. Like our fathers, let us have faith in ourselves, and in our country, and let our determination be as was theirs, to trust in God, and stand firm for the right.

M. B. TRAINOR, '97.



SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.



It is to be regretted that so many brave patriots who have bled for the cause of liberty, should be allowed to pass into the darkness of oblivion, "like the ephemeral lightning, which flashes for a moment and leaves no streak behind." Among that noble band none deserve a higher place than Sir William Wallace; yet few, if any, are so sadly neglected on the pages of history. During the turbulent period of Scottish history following the deposition of the imbecile Bialia, by Edward I, A. D. 1293, when the nobles saw their ancestral possessions handed over to foreigners, it was Sir William Wallace who raised the sword in defence of his outraged countrymen, and checked the progress of the invaders. While the country resounded with the clash of arms; and chief after chief bowed in submission to Saxon rule, this brave patriot remained undaunted. He saw with patriotic regret the darkening storm, which threatened to blast forever the honor and freedom of his country, and bring humiliation and disgrace upon her bravest sons. Seeing the distracted state of his native land, the heroic courage of his ancestors showed itself in him, for he called upon all who were yet true to the "Lion" of Scotland, to assemble under his banner, and defend their rights. Well might the down-trodden Scots confide in the fidelity of Sir William Wallace to his beloved Albin.

Descended from a family distinguished for loyalty and patriotism, he manifested from his youth that devoted zeal and ardent thirst for liberty which characterizes the true patriot. His father, Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Elerslie, was no less distinguished by his bravery and indomitable courage, than by his birth and talents.

When in A. D. 1293, Aeho, King of Norway, invaded Scotland with a large force, Sir Malcolm Wallace was one of the first to unsheath the sword for Scotland, and in the battle of Largs, where the power of Aeho was entirely crushed, the

brave Sir Malcolm died in the hour of victory. To his many noble qualities William Wallace united that valor and dexterity in arms, which was characteristic of knighthood in those days of chivalry. Many are the stories told of the gigantic stature and prodigious strength of the hero of Scotland, some of which are without any historical grounds, but it is a known fact, that in strength and stature he was far above the common. The following words from the mouth of a contemporary, give us an idea of the personal figure and muscular strength of Wallace, by way of comparison with King Robert Bruce: "Robert was a man beautiful, and of fine appearance. His strength was so great that he could easily have overcome any mortal man of his time, save one—Sir William Wallace! But in so far as he excelled other men he was excelled by Wallace, both in stature and in bodily strength! For in wrestling, Wallace could have overcome two such men as Robert. And he was comely as well as strong, and full of the beauty of wisdom." His early years, like those of many illustrious men, were spent in obscurity. Among the picturesque hills of Elerslie, he imbibed that love of freedom which characterized him in after years. His magnanimity was such, that even as a boy, he was the defender of every child he saw oppressed by boys of greater strength. He was devoutly pious; religion shone forth in all his undertakings. In going to battle he seemed to place more confidence in divine providence, than in his own prowess, and when victory perched on his banner, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. Although we sometimes find him perpetrating rash deeds, it was always with the conviction, that justice and the good of his country required it.

While Wallace was calling upon all true sons of Scotland to unite in liberating their country from the usurper's power, he was keenly watched by the vigilant minions of King Edward, who guarded every pass to prevent negotiations between the Scottish chiefs. In the meantime a strong party under Haselrigge, the Governor of

Lanark, set out to surprise Wallace before he should receive re-inforcements. In the dead of night they arrived at Elerslie, where they looked in vain for Wallace who had taken up his position among the mountains of Lanark, until the clans should gather in sufficient numbers to make an attack upon the English. Enraged at his disappointment, the perfidious Haselrigge basely murdered Wallace's wife, who bravely refused to reveal her husband's retreat, then setting fire to the castle he withdrew with his soldiers. The morning dawned softly on the unbrageous hills of Elerslie; but no sound of busy life broke the death-like silence, that reigned around; the smoking ruins of the ancient castle told the tale of the sad tragedy. Before the sun had disappeared behind the mountains of Lanark, the fatal news of the burning of Elerslie, reached the ears of its chieftain. To avenge the foul and nefarious deed, Wallace boldly entered the governor's house and cleaved his head in two.

"The Rubicon now being crossed" he formed the daring resolution, not to sheathe his sword till Scotland was delivered. What a stupendous task for the almost unaided arm of one man! Yet such was the task to which Wallace applied himself with all the determination of a patriot, and a hero. Every reader of Scottish history knows that Scotland has from time immemorial boasted of her strong and stately castles, whose majestic forms of "solid grandeur," even now, rising here and there through the land, show us how, in the dim twilight of the remote past, warlike chieftans were enabled within those monstrous bulwarks, to bid defiance to prince and king. When the shadow of kingly power fell from the brow of the effeminate Balial, the English took possession of those castles. To reclaim them from their unlawful possessors, was the first undertaking of the Liberator. In a few weeks Sterling Castle—the strongest fortress in possession of the English—opened its gates to him. Now do we behold him sweeping his enemies before him, like a mighty avalanche, over the length and breadth of the kingdom, castle after castle surrendering, to him, until not one Scottish fortress was left in possession of the English. After those glorious victories

Wallace was with one voice proclaimed Guardian of Scotland. Now elevated to the highest position in the country, which by his prowess, he had liberated from the bonds of thralldom, idolized by his friends, and dreaded by his enemies, a bright future smiled upon him. But no vain pomp, or boast of glory had any attractions for the brave knight of Elerslie; to live and die as became a true patriot, was the only aim of his ambition. Although the victories of Wallace were chiefly owing to his bravery and indomitable courage, he also possessed a clearness of apprehension and skill in military tactics, which few of his time have equaled. At Sterling where, with a handful of men he defeated and almost annihilated a vast English army, under Surrey and Cressingham, his consummate knowledge of military manœuvres was clearly manifested. Wallace took up a position to which the enemy could have no access, except by crossing a narrow wooden bridge which spanned the Forth; then presenting a bold front, he encouraged the English general to march his army across the bridge. When one half of the English army had crossed, Wallace with a dexterity which baffled his enemy, charged from the heights above, with such impetuosity that the English army was cut to pieces, and victory once more perched upon the banner of Wallace. He had now crushed his enemies on the field of battle, but there remained another enemy, a thousand times more vile; an enemy against whom the daring valor of the hero was unavailing. The eminent services of the Liberator of Scotland, were no security against envy and prejudice.

When the nobles saw that he had humbled all his adversaries; that his very name struck terror into the enemies of his country; that the eagle flight of his celebrity had raised him far above the heads of those who were the descendants of a line of kings, the black contagion of envy filled their hearts. All his patriotism, all his brilliant victories in defence of their country, all his sacrifices in their interests were forgotten. Jealousy had smothered in their hearts every feeling of gratefulness. While they made to Wallace protestations of fidelity, they were secretly negotiating with King Edward, the arch-enemy

of Scottish liberty. The animosity of this warlike king towards the Scottish nation was so great that on his death-bed he left the injunction with his son not to bury his bones until Scotland was conquered. And yet, these nobles to satisfy the demon of envy, would throw themselves at his feet, and sell the freedom of their country, so nobly won by the daring valor of Wallace. Edward now crossed over to Scotland with the largest army that ever crossed the border, threatening to convert the country into a general burying ground, if by one accord the inhabitants did not acknowledge him their liege-lord. Wallace marshalled his troops in a secure position near Falkirk, where he awaited the approach of the English army. In the meantime by the base treachery of two Scottish lords, the position of Wallace's troops was made known to Edward, who accordingly brought up his men in close line of battle. The English army, now swelled to vast proportions, by the addition of a large body of the Scots, who allowed themselves to be duped by the insidious traitors, rushed upon the enemy with terrific slaughter. The few who remained faithful to Wallace fought with resolute energy, making many a deep gap in the English ranks. Now for the first time the Knight of Eilerslie engaged King Edward in single combat. The victor in so many battles, the proud conqueror of the Saracens, found more than an equal in the dauntless defender of Scotland. His heavy armor of steel was no protection against the ponderous claymore of Wallace, and before his officers could come to his assistance he had received many severe wounds. Night at last put an end to the terrible carnage, and Wallace, with a few trusty followers, left the field, overcome by numbers, but not subdued. The envious lords now finding the hour had come to crush forever the glory of the hero, accused him of leading the people into sedition, of usurping the power which rightly belonged to the higher classes, and of all such false and malicious charges as are begotten only of extravagant envy. At the same time they called upon Sir Simon Fraser to take the command of the army.

Now do we find unhappy Scotland agitated by contentions and quarrels between rival parties. A few of the nobles still re-

mained faithful to Wallace, and his trusty soldiers who had followed him with unwavering fidelity through all his victories, would never consent to accept any other commander. These now called upon their idolized chief to lead them on against this new enemy who proved so disloyal to their country.

The patriotic spirit of Sir William Wallace could not yield to such a dishonor to his native land. He had left home and everything that was dear to the aspiration of youth, to raise that country to a state of independence, and could he now suffer himself to be a source of discord, shatter her brightest hopes, and menace her very existence? No. Sooner would he sacrifice all personal interests than tarnish the honor of Scotland, dearer to him than life. Although the noble nature of Wallace forbade him to avenge the injuries inflicted upon him by his treacherous countrymen, the fiery temper of his devoted followers could not brook such insults to their liberator, and the strife which followed between the rival parties deprived Scotland of many a gallant son.

At this time rose another bright star of Scottish liberty, the great Robert Bruce, before whom the Saxon power which so long tyrannized over Scotland was destined to tremble. Wallace now satisfied that a deliverer was at hand, entreated his soldiers to follow Bruce's standard, and under their illustrious prince fight for the independence of Scotland. Then putting aside his knightly armor, he resolved to leave his friends secretly, and make his way to France, where he intended to pass the rest of his days in peace, far from his beloved Scotland. He knew that his gallant soldiers who followed him through weal and woe, would draw the sword in his behalf had he made known his intentions. Who would then fight for Bruce, and gain for him the crown of his royal ancestors? These were the thoughts which filled Wallace's generous breast, as he left the Scottish camp and directed his steps towards the ancient town of Ayr. A perilous task did he set before him; the minions of King Edward carefully guarded every avenue of escape, fearing he should find his way to France, where their deep

resentment could not reach him. Wallace had therefore to move with the greatest caution, following the most secret routes. It was not for his own safety that the gallant patriot had so much regard; that brotherly affection which characterized him through all his career, was shown in no less degree, during these trying moments. Although he contrived to leave the camp unobserved, one brave lad, the inseparable companion of his victories, succeeded, as if directed by some invisible hand in finding his beloved chief, and was now the companion of his journey. Wallace and his youthful companion would probably have found their way to France were it not for the foul treachery of Sir John Monteith, whom but a few months before Wallace had rescued with his own hands from falling under the dagger of an Englishman. The accursed thirst of gold had annihilated in Monteith's heart every noble sentiment, every tie of friendship, every vestige of gratitude, and he now set out to stain his hands in the blood of his best friend and deliverer. With sweet words of friendship on his lips, while dark and cruel treachery was harbored in his breast, he invited the Scottish chief to a wayside inn, where he had a number of bloodthirsty ruffians lying in ambush. Little suspecting his villainy Wallace consented to pass the night with his friend. The false Monteith, now fancying the rich reward of King Edward, was already within his grasp prepared his mercenaries for their ruthless task. When the midnight hour arrived, and all was still, save the moaning wind, which soughed through the trees, as if by

its piteous wailings to apprise the hero of his impending fate, the assassins cautiously crept from their hiding-place and fell upon their victims. But the brave Knight of Elerslie was not to be taken by surprise; he rose to his feet and with his giant arm kept them at bay. The good sword which often fought its way to victory was no longer at his side, yet his heroic courage did not fail him, nor could the ruffians' steel subdue the daring Knight until his youthful attendant fell at his feet with an arrow quivering in his heart. Then, as if nothing more was left for him to do, the great liberator of Scotland gave himself up to the blood-thirsty myrmidons of the perfidious Monteith.

A few days later saw him standing before King Edward, who, with the basest injustice, condemned him to death as a traitor.

Thus fell one of the greatest heroes that ever lived, one who for seven years, in the face of most stupendous difficulties baffled the great power of England, one whose generous hand was always stretched forth to succor the weak, and whose every action was performed in behalf of suffering countrymen; yet who suffered a cruel death, betrayed by his unfaithful friends.

No longer do the misty straths of Scotland resound with the voice of warriors clamoring for freedom. But the descendants of the men who marched to victory under the banner of Wallace still recall his name with feelings of pride and gratitude.

JAS. A. GILLIS, '95.



WHEN I WAS TWENTY ONE.



Oh! give me, give me back again and I will weep for joy,
 The days I spent in Ireland—a bright-haired, happy boy;
 Ere shadows darkly 'round me fell, and ere I had to roam—
 A stranger from my native land—an exile from my home;
 Oh! bring me back to where I spent the hours of Youth's bright morn,
 Where sunbeams gild the laughing streams around where I was born,
 And bring to me on fairy wings the laughter and the fun,
 And oh! 'bove all the friends I loved when I was twenty one.

Oh! God be with them one and all, alas! they're scattered wide, —
 Some sleep beneath the churchyard mounds, in death they're side by side,
 And some there are who like myself, have crossed the ocean's foam,
 While others yet live peacefully 'neath Irish skies at home
 But ne'er again on earth we'll meet or wander hand in hand,
 As oft we did in other days in the far-off Irish land:
 I'll never roam the valleys green nor stray at set of sun
 With the kindly friends I knew and loved when I was twenty one.

Mavrone!* Youth's golden days have fled and I am lonely now,
 And the burning hand of bitter years has seared both heart and brow,
 Alas! I'm old before my time, and my hair is almost gray,
 And I feel like one that the world forgets in its selfish, purse-proud way;
 But I little reck the smiles or frowns of the wicked, deceitful crowd,—
 I may be an exile poor and lone yet my Irish heart is proud:
 Oh! I care for naught but the olden days ere Sorrows had begun,—
 Ere I left the friends I dearly loved when I was twenty one.

Fond memories surge around my soul thick as the grains of sand
 Whose bright and sparkling atoms light Moyola's† shingly strand:
 My thoughts fly back to that dear old land my young heart loved so well—
 The land that holds my sire's bones and where my kindred dwell;
 That sainted land I can ever see thro' the mists of daylight dreams,
 And in spirit I'm wandering o'er her hills and beside her murmuring streams,
 And along the vales where the wild birds sing when the summer's day is done
 I roam again with the friends I loved when I was twenty one.

* * * * *

A truce to Memory! draw the veil across the dead Past's face,
 Ope not its happy scenes nor yet its blackened figures trace!
 The living Present is the time to worldly mortals given,
 To fit the soul for endless joys amid the courts of Heaven;
 All earthly scenes will pass away as clouds of fleecy snow,—
 Oh! Heaven is the only prize worth fighting for below:
 Then let us strive to gain that prize, so when our race is run,
 We'll meet with those we loved on earth when we were twenty one.

“OWEN ROE,” '95.

* *Mavrone*: Anglice—My sorrow.

†The Moyola is a beautiful rivulet flowing thro' the Counties of Tyrone and Derry into Lough Neagh.

OUR LAKE FISHERIES.



THE immense value and importance of the piscine wealth of the Great Lakes is not generally appreciated. All the lakes drained by the St. Lawrence, abound in white-fish, salmon-trout, fresh-water herring, sturgeon and pickerel. The large quantities of fish taken every year in these great inland seas, would astonish many a salt-water fisherman. And notwithstanding the steady and increasing drain caused by improved fishing implements, the introduction of steam tugs, and more rapid transit, these fisheries show no alarming sign of depletion. Instead, they show from year to year, with a few exceptions, a gradual but satisfactory increase. This may be seen by the following table, which shows the increase in the value of the catch since 1870.

1870.....	\$ 264,982.
1880.....	444,491.
1890.....	2,009,637.
1892.....	2,042,198.

These figures include the catch on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, amounting to a few thousands of dollars.

Salmon-trout and white-fish are the staple fish of the lakes. Herring, though not so plentiful as either of the above named varieties, still occupies an important place in the fishing industry. Large quantities of sturgeon and pickerel are also taken every year. The comparative amounts of the different varieties, may be seen by the following analysis of the catch of 1892 :—

Salmon-Trout.....	\$633,775.
White-fish.....	621,291.
Herring.....	372,686.
Sturgeon, pickerel, bass, etc.	444,463.

To facilitate the enforcement of fishing laws the lakes are divided into districts, each lake forming a district, except Lake Huron, which includes three districts.

The amount taken in each district during 1892 was as follows :—

Georgian Bay.....	\$515,174.
Lake Erie.....	407,906.
Manitoulin Island and North Channel.....	325,196.
Lake Huron.....	295,516.
Lake Ontario.....	209,039.
Lake Superior.....	160,660.
Lake St. Clair.....	49,236.

The principal nets in use are the seine, the purse or bag-seine, the pound or trap-net, and the gill-net. The seine varies from 150 to 300 feet in length, and is from ten to twenty feet in width. The bottom is furnished with a line of sinkers, and the top by a similar line of floaters. When it is suspected that a school of fish have entered a bay, the netting, though all in one piece, is loaded into two row-boats, half in each. The boats row out two or three hundred yards from shore and slowly separate, allowing the seine to drop into the water between them. When the ends of the net are reached, the boats row towards shore, the floaters skimming along the surface of the water, and the bottom of the net, drawn down by the sinkers, moves along the bottom, taking everything with it. When the boats reach the shore there is a scene of the greatest excitement. If the seine has been cast near a fishing villiage, hundreds of willing hands are reached forth to grasp the ropes, and men, boys and even women, rush knee-deep into the water in their eagerness to get their hands on the ropes. The amount of fish taken in this way is sometimes amazing. The writer has seen over thirty-five thousand pounds of fish taken in one cast of the seine.

The purse or bag-seine is somewhat like the seine, but it has a large hollow or bag in the centre. It is managed in deep waters, with the assistance of steam fishing tugs, belonging to large fishing companies. This is the most destructive engine known to the fishing industry. To the use of purse-seines, fish experts

attribute the depletion of the mackerel fishery on the New England coast. As may be imagined their use is restricted by a heavy license and there are comparatively few of them in use. The trap or pound net, is simply a large net in the form of a trap. The fish pass into a net enclosed chamber from which they are unable to escape.

But the great bulk of the fish taken in the lakes, is captured by the gill-net. This takes its name from the fact that the fish are taken by the meshes of the net encircling their head and gills. The gill-net is from four to six feet in width, and varies in length. The boats used in this branch of the industry are called "Mack-inaw" boats, and are from five to seven feet in breadth, and from thirty to forty-five in length.

A very large proportion of the fishermen on lakes Huron and Superior, are the civilized Indians and Half-breeds of the reserves, that are scattered along the shores of these lakes. The free and adventurous fisherman's life seems to suit their nature, from which all the old instincts are not altogether eradicated, and they take as readily to fishing as a means of sustenance, as their ancestors took to the warpath and the chase. The fisherman's life is one of danger and exposure. For days and weeks his home is his little two masted "smack." Rising at dawn, after a hastily prepared breakfast on the nearest shore, he hoists his sails, and proceeds to where he has set his nets. The sails are lowered, and while one man draws the nets in carefully over the stern of the boat, the other extracts the fish from the net. The nets are then rinsed in lime water to preserve them from rotting, and if the catch has been good, they are set in the same place. The depth of water chosen is generally about thirty fathoms. As soon as the fisherman secures a boat load, he prepares them for market by simply removing the entrails, and loses no time in repairing to the nearest fishing-station. In the warm days of summer fish spoil very quickly and many a fine cargo is lost.

The most of the fish finds its ultimate destination in the markets of Ontario and the United States, through the hands of the local fish dealer or speculator. The

dealer establishes his fishing-station or "icehouse," as it is generally called, on some island or other easily accessible spot in the vicinity of the fishing-grounds. This station is composed of a wharf, an office, scales for weighing fish, and an icehouse. The latter is indispensable, as the old method of preserving fish for market by salting them is altogether superseded by the use of ice. As soon as a fisherman arrives with his boat-load, it is weighed and if not paid for in cash, he receives an order on the store of the dealer. Each dealer generally has a store situated in the nearest village. Very often the dealer advances a boat and nets to the fisherman, the latter agreeing to sell him all his fish, and to pay for the boat and nets in yearly instalments. The prices of the different varieties of fish vary a great deal according to the season, but generally pickerel brings the highest price, 6 to 7 1/2 cents per pound, salmon-trout 4 to 6 cents, white-fish 3 1/2 to 5 cents, and herring 2 1/2 cents. The fish are packed with alternate layers of ice in large fish-boxes. These measure about five or six feet each way, and are perforated with holes to allow the water to run off. Then they are ready to be shipped on the steamer which visits station after station, gathering the filled boxes and returning the empty ones.

In the winter, although the greater number of fishermen remain idle, or find employment in the lumber camps, there is always a certain amount of fishing carried on. The seeming impossibility of setting nets under the ice is overcome in this way. A shallow spot from six to seven feet being chosen, round holes are cut along the ice in a straight line, about ten feet apart. The top of the gill net is fastened to tamarack or spruce poles, which are pushed along under the holes in the ice. The net weighted by its sinkers hangs down to the bottom. During the latter part of March and beginning of April, salmon-trout are caught through the ice by a different method. A hole about two feet in diameter is cut in the ice. A long line is used, many fathoms in length, and baited with a piece of fresh meat or fish. As soon as the bait has been taken one man seizes the end of the line and runs away from the hole, the other, to prevent the line

from cutting on the ice, or the fish being knocked off the hook, holds a small stick over the centre of the hole, over which stick the line runs. A considerable amount of fish is taken in these two ways during the winter.

In the Province of Ontario there are two fish hatcheries, one at Sandwich, the other at Newcastle, and when we consider the immense number of fry placed in the Great Lakes every year from these two hatcheries it is quite evident that the interests of the lake fishery are not being neglected. During the year 1891, from the two hatcheries above mentioned, there were placed at different points in the Great Lakes, over ninety million fry. These figures seem stupendous, but it must be remembered that the mortality among young fish is very large. If all the spawn produced its full amount of young fish, and they all lived, the rivers and lakes would be filled to overflowing with fish. The work of fish hatcheries is not at all artificial, they simply hatch out the young fish under circumstances a hundred times more favorable to his chances of life, and also protect him during the dangerous period of his existence, when his diminutive size exposes him to the destructive proclivities of his larger brethren.

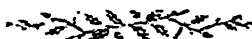
That the stocking of the lakes with young fish is having the desired effect, no one can doubt. Hundreds of fishermen on Georgian Bay, who formerly pursued their calling on Lake Ontario, state that twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was not unusual to see forty thousand whitefish taken in a single catch of the seine. For a long time it has almost been concluded that Lake Ontario was depleted of salmon-

trout and white-fish, but the returns of the last few years show that both varieties are again becoming plentiful.

The absolute necessity of a close season, and of the enforcement of the fishing laws is coming to be more generally recognized among fishermen. During the years 1880-85, while there was no close season on the American side of the lakes, the catch on the Canadian side increased 204%, while the catch on the American shores increased only 84%. During this same period, the number of men engaged on the United States side doubled, while the number of Canadian fishermen increased only 33%. These figures prove what beneficial effects follow the enforcement of a close season. And even during later years the percentage of increase in the American fisheries is quite insignificant compared to the Canadian. And if this great difference in the percentage increase continues for any length of time it must finally end in a monopoly of the fisheries by Canadians. The fish caught on the United States side during 1890, show an increase of only 58% as compared with the catch of 1880, while the value of fish caught on the Canadian side, during 1890 show an increase of 350% over the catch of 1880.

Considering this remarkable increase of these fisheries, the effectiveness of the work of the hatcheries, and the fact that in Lake Superior, the largest of the great lakes, fishing is yet in its infancy, there is no doubt that the lake fishery has a great future, and is destined to become one of the most important factors in the future development of Canada's resources.

PERCIVAL J. COONEY, '97.



A LUCKY LETTER.

(From the French of Paul Féval.)

LITTLE JEAN, cold and hungry this winter evening, had eaten nothing since noon of the day before and finally decided to write a letter.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou, at the corner of the avenue, not far from the Esplanade, there was the shop of a public writer. The writer that kept this shop was an old soldier, far on in years, a brave man, but a little testy, and anything but rich. Jean had many times seen him through the dingy glasses of his little shop, smoking his pipe and awaiting customers, and so to-day he entered fearlessly with a civil—

“Good-day, monsieur. I have come, if you please, for you to write me a letter.”

“Ten sous, little one,” Père Bonin responded, gazing over his spectacles at the little lad before him.

Jean had no cap, and was therefore unable to lift it, but he said very politely :

“Then excuse me,” and he turned to re-open the door.

But, pleased with his manners, Père Bonin stopped him.

“Stay!” said he, “tell me first, little one, if you are the son of a soldier.”

“O, no!” said Jean, “only mamma’s son, and she’s all alone.”

“I see,” said the writer; “and you have not the ten sous?”

“No; no sous at all.” said Jean.

“And thy letter, little one—is it to make the soup come?”

“Yes,” said Jean; “exactly.”

“Advance, then.”

And Père Bonin spread out his paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote at the top of the page, in the beautiful hand of the quartermaster that once he had been :

PARIS, January 17th, 188—

Then a line lower :

To MONSIEUR—.

“How do you call him, baby?”

“Who?” demanded Jean.

“Parbleu! the gentleman.”

“What gentleman, monsieur?”

“The one to make the soup come.”

Jean this time comprehended.

“But it isn’t a gentleman,” said he.

“Ah! bah! a lady, then?”

“Yes—no—that is—”

“Name of names! lad,” Père Bonin cried, “don’t you know whom you are going to write a letter to?”

“O, yes!” said the child.

“Out with it, then, quick! I can’t wait all day!”

But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not as easy as it looks to address one’s self to public writers for correspondence of this kind, but Jean was brave and presently answered softly :

“It is to the Blessed Virgin that I wish to send a letter.”

Père Bonin did not laugh, not at all; he simply wiped and laid aside his pen and took his pipe from his mouth.

“See you, lad,” said he severely, “I don’t want to believe that you mock an old man. Face about; march! Out you go!”

Little Jean obeyed, and seeing him so submissive, Père Bonin a second time reconsidered and regarded him more closely.

“Name of names, grumbled he, “but there is misery in Paris! “What do you call yourself, baby?”

“Jean.”

“Jean what?”

“Nothing—just Jean.”

Père Bonin felt his eyes sting, but he only said :

“And what do you wish to say to the Blessed Virgin?”

“Tell her that mamma’s been asleep

since four o'clock yesterday, and that I can't wake her up."

The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He demanded again:

"But that soup you spoke of a while ago?"

"Yes," said the child, "I know, I had to speak of it, you see, because mamma before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days--she always said she wasn't hungry."

"And you tried to wake her, say you--how?"

"As I always do--kissing her."

Père Bonin had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"And when you kissed her," said he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean, "how cold she was: but then it's always so cold in our house."

"She shivered, then, your mamma--shivered with the cold?"

"No, she was just cold, but so pretty, her hands crossed so: her head back and her eyes looking at the sky."

"And I wanted riches!" Père Bonin murmured; "I, who have enough to eat and drink, when here is one that has died of hunger!"

And drawing the child to him, he took him on his knee and softly began to talk to him.

"Thy letter, my baby," said he, is written, sent and received. Now take me to thy mother."

"Oh! yes, I will, but--but why do you cry?" demanded Jean, astonished.

"But I am not crying, Jean--no, men never cry! 'Tis you, my precious, who will soon do that!"

Then taking him in his arms and covering him with kisses: "I, too, little Jean," said he, "once had a mother, whom I see ever now in her bed, so pale and white and saying to me, the image of the Virgin resting over her head: 'Bonin, my son, be an honest man always, and always a Christian!' An honest man I have been, but a Christian--ah, *dame!*'"

He sprang to his feet, still preasing the child to his breast, and speaking as if to one invisible:

"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and jeer if they will, but where thou art I wish to go, and there will I be led by this precious angel here, who shall never leave me.

His letter, which was never even written, has made a double shot--and it has given him a father and me a heart!"

That is all; this story without end is done. I know no more, save that somewhere in Paris to day there is a man still young, a writer also, but not like Père Bonin.

This man is a writer of eloquent things.

His friends still call him "Jean," as he called himself, and though I know not, either, the name of the postman that carries letters like these, they always reach their destination.



IN A TROPICAL CLIME.



Those who live in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, in an age in which science has made such vast strides it is a matter of surprise that within a few days' travel there live people who are still in about the same state of civilization as were the ancient Bretons when Caesar first set foot on the southern coast of Albion. Yet such are part of the inhabitants of that portion of Mexico known as Yucatan. Civilization has not yet extended its conquests to them, and they are still in a state of barbarism.

The people are dark-skinned, and have a close resemblance to the North-American Indian: but some of these tribes claim to be quite distinct from the common red-skin. For instance, the Caribs (*brave man*) claim to be descended from a once powerful race which has spread in a great many parts of the globe, and that the plains of Florida was its first home. But whatever may have been their former greatness, their condition at present is very degraded.

Another tribe known as the Mayas, had a very extensive literature. Their historical accounts of former ages confirm the idea held of the great submerged island known as the Atlantis. It is a pity that their writings are not still extant: had they been preserved, they would indeed have formed a valuable study for the antiquarian. But unhappily, all but a few manuscripts, which are of incalculable importance to the student of the history of Ancient America, have been destroyed.

The Caribs have a very peculiar language. It sounds very much like the continual repetition with great rapidity of *gloo-goo-loo-goo-loo-goo*. Strange to say they use the French numerals up to ten: and it is very odd to hear *un, deux, trois* mingled with their strange gloo gloo talk.

Like all tropical countries, Yucatan is a very fertile land, producing the trees and fruits indigenous to countries of the torrid zone. Rosewood, mahogany, and dye-

woods are among the principal trees. *vanilla*, the pod of a climbing plant, *cacao-fruit*, from which chocolate is made, and *sisal*, from the fibres of which cordage and bagging are made, these along with the cactus, which is cultivated for the sake of the cochineal, an insect which, when dried, yields a beautiful crimson dye, form the principal products.

These productions would be sources of great wealth, were the natives to cultivate them. But with the indolence characteristic of the inhabitants of the torrid zone, the natives of Yucatan leave nature to provide the necessaries of life, ever conscious that the morrow's supply is certain without any effort of theirs. Game abounds throughout the country, pheasants, quails, and pigeons being among the many kinds.

Tobacco grows in Cozumel, an island off the mainland, as well as in many other parts of the country; that grown on this island is quite equal to the weed exported from Cuba, and many "Havanas," are manufactured in Cozumel. Tobacco-growing and cigar-making form the principal occupation of the inhabitants on this island, who are about the most active of the people of Yucatan. Every one smokes: even the young ladies are quite astonished when a foreigner refuses a cigarette made by them.

If nature has bestowed her riches generously, she has also given the inhabitants terrible enemies. Among these is the snake known as the *Wolpoch* (the wickedly minded). The effect of its venom is to cause the blood to ooze through every pore of the skin, death almost instantly following. Another dangerous reptile, but useful in a peculiar way, is a small lizard. It serves as a barometer, as it never makes any noise except just before bad weather, when it gives forth loud piercing cries. Even during fine weather, sailors who hear this lizard never leave the shore, for the weather prophet has spoken, and he never deceives.

One of the main occupations of the people living on the coast, is turtle-catching. These reptiles lay their eggs in the sand, and instinctively, never fail to go

above high water mark, to deposit them in a place where the sand will remain dry. The sun does the work of hatching, and as soon the young ones come out, they go straight to the water. When the turtle has covered her eggs, the catchers intercept her: turn her over on her back and tie her flaps together. It is not an easy matter to turn some of these, as may be imagined, from the fact that some of them weigh as much as five hundred pounds. The flesh tastes much like good beef, but is generally left on the beach to rot, or to be eaten by the buzzards which fly around in immense flocks. Canning this meat has been tried, but the experiment has proved a failure. The shell sells for two or three dollars. The eggs are considered a great delicacy by the natives, but have a strange sandy taste, which renders them unpleasant to the palate.

The people on the coast, having come in contact with civilization, have adopted some of our customs. They dress somewhat in the same style as we do, and, as missionaries have been working among them, they have become partly christianized, adopting the religion of those who first preached the gospel to them. Many are Roman Catholics.

The inhabitants of the interior of the peninsula are said to offer up human sacrifice. Investigations seem to prove that this horrible practice exists. Among the information gleaned is that, in one of the tribes fifteen or sixteen men with their wives, retire once a year, to an empty house in the woods, marching in procession to the sound of a drum. They take with them a male child about five or six years old. Relating their proceedings, they say that they shut themselves up in the house and light a big fire, then lie down on their faces, with the child in their midst. When they look up he is gone. He is taken away by *Mafia* to be educated. They say that *Mafia* is the devil, and that that is why they worship him: not God, for "God is good."

They are polygamists, and have as many wives as they can build houses for: as each wife must have a separate home. The women do all the work, and provide for themselves and family. If a boy leaves his people, he must return before a certain age, build a house, or else be an outcast.

When Fernando Cortez was on his way to Honduras, he stopped at an island named *Zac*, off the peninsula, where he was kindly received. Here the Spaniards killed a number of deer, to supply themselves with venison on their journey. In the hunt the horse which Cortez rode, received serious injuries, and, being unable to proceed, was left in care of some of the natives, till the owner should return for it. These people had never seen horses before, and noticing the great care which Cortez bestowed upon this one, they at once conceived it to be endowed with supernatural gifts. They called it the *chaac tzimin* (thunder and lightning,) because having seen Cortez fire at the deer they thought that the horse was the cause of it. They considered that the horse should be fed on the choicest of food, and so placed before it plenty of well-cooked meat; they even offered flowers to it as they would to a superior. The result was that the horse being tied up, soon died of starvation. The natives then built an image of stone and mortar, of the size and shape of the horse, which they placed in a large temple, and treated with great reverence. The idol was destroyed some time later when priests visited the island.

Among the many superstitions which have prevailed among the ancients, was one which in absurdity is unsurpassed. It is called that of the *Evil-Eye*, and has been firmly believed in by the Egyptians, the Greeks, and even by the Spaniards. It is not therefore strange that the uncivilized people of Yucatan should be found credulous enough to believe it, but it is remarkable that they should have it in common with these nations of the old world. A person who has an *Evil-Eye*, is supposed to have the power to kill people, and inferior animals with a single glance. Alice De LePoncheon in "Here and there in Yucatan," gives the following incident in the words of Rev. Father Rejon, a missionary among the people on the island of Cozumel. "I walked through a yard without glancing to the right or left—Almost immediately a woman came running after me saying—'Oh, Señor Cura, you have looked at my pig, and it has just dropped dead! You must pay me for it; it is worth six dollars.' 'What?' I shouted, '*Maledicion!* I have not seen the pig,

and you want to make me pay for it?"

Throughout this country the idea that all the islands of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean sea are hiding-places for vast treasures, which are guarded by evil spirits, is generally held; and many stories of terrible apparitions, seen by men who have gone to seek these fortunes, are current among the people.

The lunar eclipse was a subject of mystery to the ancients and so it is not strange to find this a subject of great superstition among the American aborigines.

The Peruvians believed that the moon was affected with some terrible disease and feared that it might burst open and fall on them, so, wishing to awaken her from the lethargy into which, in their mind, she was falling, they made a great noise, shouting at the top of their voices, and beating their dogs to make them howl. The Mexicans had a still stranger idea. They thought that the sun and moon had had a family quarrel, and that the moon had received the worst of the affair. The people mourned, fasted, and punished themselves. Some of the natives of Yucatan, took another view of the cause of the eclipse. They imagined that the moon had been bitten by large flying-ants called *Xulabs*, and so to frighten these away they made a great hub-bub, beating drums, shouting, kicking their dogs, and raising a general hubbuboo.

To give the reader an opinion of the

simplicity of these people, it is only necessary to cite a few references made by Alice De LePlongeon in a book known as "The Book of the Jew." Here are a few passages which I take the liberty to quote from that author:

"For the bite of vipers take two inches from the middle of the snake's body, burn it; then put the ashes on the wound. It will be cured."

For heart disease, and epilepsy—"Three swallows' hearts, tied to the patients left arm."

For ague—"A spider rolled in its web and worn around the neck, will cure ague and fever."

For hydrophobia—"A woman has simply to swallow the tongue of a male iguano, a man that of a female iguano."

For poor memory—"Use mustard as snuff, a very little of it and you will understand more in an hour, than those who do not know the secret, will in a day."

The people of this strange land are remarkable for their ideas of death. They have no fear of death; they rather seem to look upon it as something for the better, as something not to be dreaded, and upon birth as a calamity. When a child is born they say "Alas for thee! thou hast come to this world to suffer and weep;" and, when gazing upon the dead: "At rest! To suffer and toil no more!"

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '97.

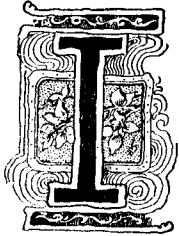


The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed.
Ere yet a month has gone.

—THACKERAY.



CANADIAN LUMBERING—PAST AND FUTURE.



IN the development of Canada's resources the lumber trade has been and is, beyond all doubt, second only to agriculture.

When the early colonists from France and the British Isles settled in what is now known as Old Canada, they found themselves surrounded by a silent and trackless forest. These immense tracts of woodland proved, in many ways, immensely advantageous to the newly arrived immigrant; furnishing, as it did, not only the material from which he constructed his rude dwelling, but also serving as a protection from the cold blasts of a long Canadian winter. In various other ways, also, did the forest contribute to the wants of the early settler. The surrounding woods abounded in game of all kinds, while all that was necessary to procure fuel was to cut it at his very door. The fallen leaves, the accumulation of centuries, had made the land exceedingly rich and fertile. Later on when timber became the staple article of our export trade, lumbering furnished employment for men and teams throughout the winter, without which they would have to remain idle. But these parts may be said to be minor ones compared to the great rôle this industry was destined to play in the general development of the country.

The timber lands of Canada are principally held by and under the control of the provincial governments. With the exception of Prince Edward Island and the Territories lumbering prevails to a considerable extent in all the provinces especially in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia. In the last named province the lumber trade has made great progress during the last few years. This province produces the Douglas pine, celebrated for its strength and straightness. It frequently grows over three hundred feet high and has squared forty-five inches for a length of ninety feet. The red cedar too is frequently found here growing to a

height of two hundred feet with a diameter of twenty feet.

In the two great lumber producing provinces Ontario and Quebec the lands are divided into berths or "limits" of a certain number of square miles. The new limits are put up at auction and are awarded to the highest bidder; that is the one who offers the highest bonus for the privilege of cutting the timber over the limit. The lumberman has further to pay a small annual rental per square mile, and a due per cubic foot of squared timber, as well as one on every saw-log. The lease is only for one year, but practically the lumbermen are never disturbed so long as they pay the rents and dues.

The forests in the Northwest Territories and Manitoba belong to the Federal Government, as does a belt forty miles wide, twenty miles on either side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and five hundred miles long in British Columbia. The same method of disposing of the land prevails throughout Canada, with the exception of Nova Scotia, where the land and not the lumber alone, is sold to private owners.

The birth of the lumber trade dates from the beginning of the present century. When Canada was ceded to Great Britain the Baltic lumber trade engaged a large portion of the latter's shipping. It was not till the European disturbances caused by Napoleon that the attention of the Mother Country was directed towards the forest wealth of Canada. The first shipment to Great Britain was made in the year 1800, the amount being only one hundred and thirty thousand cubic feet. Year after year saw a steady advance in the trade until 1850 when the lumber exports reached the enormous figures of fifty million cubic feet. Coming down to the present time we find that seventy-five million feet are shipped annually to England alone, while the same amount finds its way to the markets of the neighboring republic.

When new limits have been secured an exploring party, consisting of five or six persons, is sent out to ascertain the value and variety of the timber and also to locate

suitable sites for camps for the season's operations. The members of the party carry along with them cooking utensils and provisions necessary for a period of five or six weeks. Having arrived at a "point of vantage" where an extensive view may be had of the surrounding country, one of the party climbs a tall pine, generally on a hill-top. From thence an experienced observer will be able to tell, from the general aspect of the country, of what kind the trees are and their approximate value. The observer also notes the general topography of the country, and ascertains, particularly, how far the lakes and rivers may be utilized. Having located the sites for lumber camps and landings, the exploring party finishes its work by marking out roads from thence to the scene of operations and by blazing the trees at various points for the guidance of workmen.

The operations begin about the month of September when the lumbermen are sent to the woods with horses and everything necessary for the season's work. Each "gang" averaging about twenty, but sometimes amounting to eighty or more, is under the direction of a foreman who follows out the plan laid down by the explorers. The cook and his assistant are important personages and upon their proficiency in the culinary art depends, to a great extent, that social harmony which is generally found in a lumber shanty. Frederick the Great once said that a soldier marches upon his stomach and that it was of the utmost importance that he be well fed. With no less truth does this assertion apply to the average lumberman. Each member of the "gang" has his own work to perform. The carpenter repairs the sleighs, the leading teamster directs the hauling of the logs, and the "sled-tender" supervises the loading. Each log is generally a load for a sled; but sometimes in order to haul a very heavy piece, eight or ten horses may be required. There are also the head-chopper and his assistants who fell the trees; the sawyers who cut them into logs; the "scorers" who remove the slabs and branches of the logs; and the hewer who squares the huge length of timber. A gang such as this will bring to the land-

ing from four thousand to five thousand logs in a season.

The first duty is to build a shanty for the men and stables for the horses. Logs are cut and dove-tailed together so as to form a triangular enclosure, on the top of these two large timbers are laid, each several feet from the centre, on which the roof rests. All chinks and openings are filled up with moss and hay, and the rude building is made quite warm and and weather-proof. A large space in the centre of the shanty is occupied by the "caboose" or fire-place, built of stones and earth. Along the entire length, on three sides of the shanty, bunks are arranged, one above the other, upon which the lumbermen, after their hard days toil, seek a much needed rest. Having provided a place of shelter for themselves, the shantymen then direct their attention towards the erection of stables for their horses. Equally solicitous is the teamster for the warmth and proper care of his horses as of himself.

Shanties and stables having been erected, the next duty is to construct the "landing" or roll-way on the shore of the river or lake. The roll-way is usually on the slope of a hill and must be cleaned of all obstructions so that the logs may roll down easily in the spring. The great struggle with the patriarchs of the forest has now rightly begun and continues throughout the winter.

About the middle of April when the streams have become swollen with the freshets, the most interesting as well as the most dangerous phase of the lumberman's life begins. The logs are now to be brought down stream to the mills and to market. During the winter months the logs have been cut and hauled to the roadway on the bank of the stream. Down this road-way the logs are sent in to the water below. It very often occurs in these roll-ways what is called by the lumbermen a jam. By some obstacle or other hundreds of logs are arrested and held together at some distance from the water. It is then necessary for one of the "drivers" to go beneath the hanging mass of timber, and remove the obstacle which holds the logs suspended. The greatest coolness and courage is required on the part of him who performs this dangerous feat.

Once afloat the logs are carried by the current at a tremendous rate while the "drivers," armed with poles, follow along the shore to prevent any from stranding. The greatest danger occurs when the logs become arrested amid stream, just above a rapid. Similarly as in the case of the "jam" on the roll-way, the driver has to ascertain the "key-piece"—the log, which, caught by a rock or other obstacle causes the "jam," and having loosed it, the logs are carried forward with a great rush. Many lives are lost each year in releasing logs caught in this manner.

Having arrived now at the navigable rivers down which the timber will have to be towed, it is formed into "cribs" twenty-four feet in width and varying with the length of the "sticks." The lower part of the "crib" generally consists of about twenty pieces bound firmly together and secured by shorter pieces called traverses. On the traverses are laid four pieces of square timber firmly fixed. These "cribs" are then brought to the "banding-ground," where they are formed into immense rafts, and are towed by steam-tugs to the coves of Quebec, where the rafts are broken up and the large ocean-going steamers are loaded for foreign markets.

The forest products exported from Canada during the past ten years have amounted to over twenty millions of dollars annually. The total amount for 1889 was twenty-three million and forty-four thousand dollars. Eleven million and forty-four thousand dollars worth went to the United States, while ten millions one hundred and four thousand dollars worth was shipped to Great Britain. The United States takes all the Ontario exports. British Columbia sends to South America, China, Japan and the Pacific Islands. The Atlantic Maritime provinces send to Europe, Africa and the south Atlantic states. Almost equal to this vast export is the amount consumed for domestic use.

Considering the important part lumbering plays in the trade of Canada it is not surprising that the attention of thoughtful men is being directed towards the future of this great industry. On account of the immense drain upon our forest wealth the wood land of the older provinces is fast disappearing, while much of the newer

Canada, far from being forest-clad, consists of large, almost treeless plains, sparsely clothed with timber of a very inferior quality. Mr. E. J. Toker for several years editor of the "Canadian Lumberman" in a timely article in the July number of the Canadian Magazine, points out the inevitable results of our present improvident course, and urges the necessity of our forests being treated in accordance with the scientific forestry resorted to in several European countries.

As the provinces are largely the great forest owners of Canada on them rests the duty of preventing the evils which will surely follow the annihilation of our forest wealth. The provincial governments have it is true taken some steps towards the preservation of our forests, but these steps are very inadequate compared to the immense yearly drain upon them.

The period for which our forests will last under the present system is of course a matter of conjecture, still lumbermen of experience assert, that unless some system of conservation or reproduction be adopted, the period will not extend beyond thirty years.

The staple article of our great forest production is white pine. The output of our saw-mills amounts two one thousand five hundred million feet of lumber, which would exhaust the pine on three well-timbered townships, of the size of those commonly surveyed in Ontario, and if there are ninety such townships, thirty years would see their complete denudation.

The chief suggestion which has been made with regard to the preservation of our forest, is the adoption of the scientific forestry, which has been proved successful in France, Germany, and several other countries of Europe. In these countries perennial crops of timber are secured as the agriculturist crops his farm.

In a portion of the forest where the trees are much of the same age and stage of growth, there is a general felling, with the exception, that, at intervals, there are left standards for seed-bearing to cover the area. The standards are left for a time, until the seedlings can do without their shelter, and are then felled. The young trees grow up and are left untouched, until in their turn they reach maturity. Of course for such a crop it is

long as regards the particular section, and in this age of necessarily large expenditure of public money, especially in a young and growing country, our present system which produces large sums of ready money is looked upon with much favor.

Strange to say this wholesale improvidence as regards this important matter of forest conservation prevails largely throughout the British Empire. It was not until within the last ten years that a school of forestry was established in England. About 1870, when a forestry department was established in India, it was necessary for its officers to go for their education to

the schools carried on in France and Germany.

In view then, of the fact that one of our most important industries is being subjected to a strain which men of experience everywhere proclaim cannot much longer be borne, would it not be well for the authorities to get at the root of this evil before it is too late, and to take the necessary means of preserving to us an industry, which has contributed so largely to the general development of the country?

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.



Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
 This speck of time in life's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities!—
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting place.

—MOORE.



WINTER.



IS old teeth chatter loudly when
 His soles crunch drift and powdered sleet :
 So January, with reddened chin,
 Stalks where keen breezes pass and meet.

Frost whets the breath of February,
 As on the window, dashed with rain,
 His palsied fingers one may see
 Etching wan flowers—a labor vain.

The fairy flakes are swift of flight,
 Among the belfries fierce winds blow,
 The lonesome day wears to deep night,
 When March reigns Monarch of the snow.

Beneath the ice-fringed, drifted eaves
 The hearth-fire dapples wall and floor,—
 Then blest who light and comfort leaves
 To aid a beggar at the door !

MAURICE W. CASEY.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.—MONTAIGNE.

24—The subject concluded in this division, has also been discussed in Notes No. 12, No. 19, and No. 23, in former issues of this Journal.

Passing from Scotch to Irish genius we find ourselves in quite a different province of human thought. Yet the difference is not so great as that which exists between English and Irish thought; nor should it be when one considers that we have the testimony of history that Scotland was peopled by Irish settlers. Irish genius is the exact opposite of English genius, the English mind being slow and outer, the Irish quick and inner. Hence the excellences and defects of Celt and Saxon are to a great degree the opposite of those of the other. We shall, however, make a truer estimate if we lay aside this antithesis and consider by themselves, first, the excellences, and, then, the defects of Irish genius, illustrating each by brief example.

As the Irish mind is inner, it is fitted for speculation, and as it is quick and can consequently take a rapid view of a great number of particulars, it is fitted for comprehensive speculation. From these qualities also another important characteristic power of the national genius arises. In consequence of his inner or musing tendency, the Irishman is ever ready when his interests or his feelings are aroused to start a train of thought, which, by reason of its inner character, has close affinity for all the internal resources of his spirit, and draws them all forth to give it color and warmth, while his quickness supplies him with ready utterance. Hence the Irish mind is fitted for eloquence; and if we combine these two powers of eloquence and comprehensive speculation, we have the character of the genius of Edmund Burke, the wisest orator on the roll of fame, and whose genius Ireland may claim as entirely her own. Success in such comprehensive speculation is attained only by the employment of the truest wisdom.

It is the power which moves, most thoroughly the spirit of inductive philosophy. But Burke coupled with this another characteristic, which by itself would have constituted greatness, that inner Irish eloquence which is most potent over the soul, for it comes saturated with feeling, glowing with passion, decked with the glorious colors of the imagination, and every kindred sense in the minds of men is awakened by its voice to enforce its dictates. Such has been the genius of the glorious company of Irish orators. There is no need to call the lengthy roll. The world has learned the names of a Burke, a Grattan, a Shiel, an O'Connell, a Meagher, a McGee, a Blake, a Thomas Burke, and a Thomas Seaton, to say nothing of hosts of others who might be named.

But in that province of speculation for which the Irish national mind is fitted by its innerness, it possesses by reason of its quickness another aptitude besides comprehensiveness. The quick mind passes with facility from one idea to another, the slow mind cannot accomplish this transition so easily, and is therefore apt in some degree to mix the two ideas together. The quick mind, therefore, has the advantage in clearness; and when an inner tendency leads it to the mysteries of spirit and life, it excels in acuteness. Acute speculation found a great exponent in Berkeley, who was as Irish as birth education and temperament could constitute a man Irish. Cardinal Gibbons proves that acute speculation is not extinct among the Irish.

Leaving the field of speculation for that of lighter literature, we may observe that the Irish mind is fitted by that quickness which passes slightly over the surface of things and looks on them from the outside, to perceive those slight and superficial resemblances with which wit and fancy play. By far the grandest wit in the English language is Swift's, and he was an Irishman by birth, and early life,

and education. No literature can boast of works of fiction more hearty and humorous than those of Lever. It would be impossible to find novels which contain more power than the best of Banim, while gentleness and the social virtues were never better expressed than in those of Gerald Griffin. We have, again, under a different form of genius an illustration of Irish wit and fancy in the matchless lyrics of Moore, which qualities, above all else in the language, is their most charming inspiration. I believe that the present race of Irish would do well to devote their days and nights to Moore. He is by far the most artistic, sustained, and various of all the Irish bards. His name is destined never to be forgotten, and his best verses will live with the language in which they are expressed. Not only the Irish alone, but the world at large owes Moore an immense debt of gratitude. Whether we have a mere relish for poetry, for its multiplied attractions, and feel its awakening and elevating impulses; or whether we are lovers of music, that kindred art to poetry in which so few poets of modern times have excelled, but the combination of both of which constituted the remarkable excellence of Moore; or whether we are capable of feeling that intense delight which we know some fortunately do derive from the union of melody with verse—verse speaking as Moore made it speak, the meaning of music in the language of poetry; whether we are capable of any or of all of these enjoyments, I believe I am right and very moderate in saying that all of us have at some time or other yielded ourselves to the potent spells of the delicious muse of Thomas Moore.

Yet more deeply still, more touchingly beautiful, is the inspiration of the inner quality of the Irish national thought in Goldsmith, who was Irish of the Irish in every feature of his character. In Goldsmith the inner sentiment may also be said to preponderate over the outer perception. No wonder, then, that with this quality, joined to rapidity of thought, he should be in society particularly liable to an Irish national failing, blunder. He wrote "like an angel" and talked "like poor poll." Quite so. But when his genius was concentrated on an object how

it bathed it in pathos and humor. Indeed this union of apparently opposite sentiments is peculiarly Irish. It reminds one of the mingled gaiety and sadness of old Irish music; and as we read the "Deserted Village" or the "Vicar of Wakefield," the poet transforms us into the very image of Erin, with "the tear and the smile in her eye." Goldsmith had two excellences proper to the quick mind and akin to comprehensiveness, one of these was versatility. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* he touched nothing which he did not adorn. Goldsmith, in the judgment of a friendly, but severe observer, always seemed to do best that which he was doing. Does he write history? He tells shortly and with a pleasing simplicity of narrative all that we want to know. Does he write essays? He clothes familiar wisdom with an easy and elegant diction, of which the real difficulty is only known by those who seek to obtain it: for his is the art which conceals all art. Does he write the story of animated nature? He makes it "amusing as a Persian tale." Does he write a novel? Dr. Primrose sits in our chimney-corner to celebrate his biographer. Does he write comedy? Laughter "holds both his sides" at the Incendiary Letter to "Muster Croaker." Does he write poetry? The big tears on the rugged face of Johnson bear witness to its tenderness, dignity and truth. The other excellence was that sense of general effect, which I have marked as defective in English genius. Many of the incidents in the "Vicar of Wakefield," for example, are unnatural, improbable, absurd and even impossible; but how fine is the general conception of the story. Virtue involved in a continued succession of increasing calamities, but preserving throughout its parity and dignity and peace; thrown at length into the foulness of the prison, and reduced there to the very anguish of death, but even there purging the pollution by its angelic influence, and still triumphant over sorrow and sin. How well the whole story gradually rises to this grand climax. There is a completeness in it which may also be recognised in all the principal parts. Each chapter has its finish as a whole, and often ends with a pointed sentence which reminds one of that final emphasis that is heard in Celtic intonation.

But we have been looking exclusively at the bright side of Irish genius, contemplating its excellences without noticing its defects. The inability calmly to regard both sides of things—for almost everything has two sides—is the most formal and general flaw of human character. Let us steer clear of it. Irish defects, like Irish excellences, correspond to the character of the national mind. Because Irish thought is quick, it is liable to be superficial. Because it is quick and inner, it is liable to be incorrect. Because it is superficial and swift, it is liable to be numerous and unconsidered, or badly considered changes. Almost every great political movement in Ireland, since the English invasion, has split on one rock—an inability *to stick* on the part of the Irish people. From O'Neil to O'Connell, and from O'Connell to Parnell, the great obstacle to the course of the patriot, has always been the same, an inability to stick. This national defect is not confined to matters political, but extends to matters social as well. Whenever three Irishmen are gathered together, behold dissension sits among them. Home Rule and the reign of peace in Ireland, seconded by the efforts of the school-master, will, it is to be hoped, eradicate this grave fault from the national mind. The quickness and subjectivity of Irish thought, as I have just stated, produce incorrectness. From this wide-spread cause, too, Irish oratory is liable to start aside from its proper purpose and to indulge in flights of its own in which that purpose is forgotten, and its language and ideas cease to be exactly suited to the very subject which it professes to treat. In this respect, Grattan is perhaps, the least Irish of the whole band of Irish orators, but, let it not be forgotten, that he is thoroughly Irish in aught else except Irish shortcomings and artistic weakness. Traces of these defects may be observed in most of the Irish authors; and it is most salutary to study personal and national failing. I shall briefly notice one or two examples of them in the order in which they have been mentioned. Nor need such allusions wound the national pride of the Irish reader. A fair estimate of the real merits of the great men of a nation can never take them down from that high pre-eminence

which the unprejudiced judgment of mankind has assigned to them; and they will be doubly identified as Irish if their defects as well as their excellences are found to be those to which there is a natural tendency in Irish thought. I confess, however, the subject is a distasteful one, and one with which the foes of the Irish people have already disgusted the sense of fair play of most nationalities, and therefore, I, who prefer to be a friend and not an enemy, shall be brief.

We must admit that there was a superficiality in Goldsmith's genius. The characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," for instance, are superficial in a very strong sense of the word. There is a flatness in them. We are unable to go round them and see them under different aspects. They do not move as on a stage. They are statues fixed in their surroundings, and quite unconceivable apart from it. I take one of the two or three notable Irish novels of recent years—Mr. Ashe's "Wearing of the Green," for example. Does not that impossible wife of Miles quite disfigure the art of the volume? I take another notable fiction, Mr. O'Brien's "When we Were Boys." Are there not a good half-dozen of the characters in this book which one would not find in Ireland or elsewhere? They were not formed in the author's mind with that multiplicity of constituent principles which would show differently under different circumstances. Take away their Irish environments and those figures are seldom better than the pole and old suit with which farmers frighten birds away from the wheat fields. Irish humor, though so rich in nature, often when expressed in modern Irish romances suffers from the same cause. Witness the many flaws in the works of Lever and Lover, not to mention more recent mistakes of the same sort. The essays of Richard Steele, many features of which are excellent, and, in my humble judgment, generally surpass the vaunted papers of Addison, serve also to emphasize the lamentable results of Irish superficiality. Moore's poetry has, no doubt, a superficial character. His delineation of strong and deep passion are not always strong and deep. Except this I do not know if there is any serious incorrectness in Moore, but it surely may be seen in Gold-

smith. We must be conscious of it in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The people in the volume do not conduct themselves like the people out of it. They do not speak like country people. They all speak in the same fashion. In fact, the author lends them all his own perfect pointed style. This mistake is felt most strongly when Doctor Primrose narrates his own simplicity with Goldsmith's admirable humor, as if he were conscious of its ludicrousness. The good Doctor is, in truth, made to laugh at himself, in a manner not becoming to the wise man.

The faults I have mentioned as those to which Irish oratory is liable may be observed in most of the Irish orators. We know that Burke often spoke not so much for his audience as himself; his spirit roaming over the subject in all its length and breadth, and taking in kindred subjects in his view for the sake of the lofty pleasure of such a comprehensive survey. His method was that of the digressive poet Ariosto. But is it not that also of Edward Blake? And as Burke at his best was inimitable and even unapproachable, so also is Blake. In both cases, when either orator spoke, all the treasures of his knowledge were opened, and the pictures of his imagination displayed, for the pure delight of thus soaring in spirit, while his audience was unmoved, often listless, sometimes weary. The glorious flights of John Philpot Curran, too, were often private excursions of his own spirit for its own satisfaction, sometimes not very intimately connected with the subject, not always well fitted to persuade his hearers. Here somewhat abruptly, it is true, those speculations must be brought to a close.

If I have succeeded in showing a correspondence between the character of a nation's mind and the literature which it produces, perhaps I may be allowed to add two observations before closing. The conclusions of science, when translated into the language of practice, become the rules of art. Therefore any glimpse which we may catch of the genesis of literature must furnish hints as to the way in which its development may be promoted. National literatures must grow in conformity to national minds. Irish literature must grow in conformity to the Irish mind. But national types of mind undergo change

brought about by circumstance and education. The English mind has experienced a great evolution within a few hundred years. Now, unless I am altogether mistaken, the Irish mind is in a state of transition. It is passing from the realm of turmoil to a state of quiet and of contemplation. What the Irish should aim at attaining is independence of thought which would produce originality in letters. Without the former the latter cannot be. Never was there need for originality as now. The preponderating character of English literature is now essentially English, and English genius of the very opposite of Irish genius. Consequently, if the Irish slavishly follow English models, and try to adopt English modes of thought and feeling, they can never attain to real excellence. But, secondly, every day brings the Irish into closer contact with the English people, and subjects them more to English influence; and the Irish need to have the independence of their thought maintained by a countervailing Irish influence. This can be obtained only by the spread of thorough intellectual education and cultivation throughout the entire Irish people at home and abroad, which shall qualify them to appreciate and honor Irish genius as well as to recognise all that is honorable in more materialistic results of the outlay of Irish brain and muscle. Throughout this whole discussion I have striven to bear in mind a pregnant fact too often forgotten by Celt and Saxon alike. We are all children of the same God. The essential man is ever fundamentally a man, be his blood English, Irish or Scotch, or the color of his skin white, or black, or brown. As we have been for sometime discussing the Irish phase of the subject, let me now close this paper with a pertinent and powerful quotation from one of the most philosophic of Irish poets:

"O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through
century, creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tem-
pered by sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in
the sheltered seas;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly
sympathies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and
Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the
sounding unifies all!

One love, one hope, one duty theirs! no matter
the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the
races of men!"

25.—The novel has been described as man's attempt at imitating God's providence. At its best it follows the vicissitudes of human life, justifies the wronged, rewards virtue and punishes vice. It aims at bringing about an equitable balance, and foreshadows eternal rewards with some well-merited temporal happiness. The ideal novel does all this according to the ability of its author. When it falls below this standard, or fails to attain it in any respect, it is faulty. The elder M'sraeli once wrote: "Novels, as they were long manufactured form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they were created by genius, are precious to the philosopher." It may be thankfully confessed that the novelists of the English-speaking world, the romance writers of the British Isles and of America, have done much to render the elaborate prose story a power for good. Though there yet remains ample room for improvement in the production of foreign fictions, there is fortunately no great need to quarrel with things as they exist in this division of our literature. Novels form so large a portion of the literature now published, and hold so wide a circulation among all classes of society, that a sweeping condemnation of novelists and their works would be at variance with the pronounced verdict of the literary world. But no human opinion should hinder the censure of indecent or dangerous publications. All writers have considered fiction as one of the most appropriate methods of imparting to mankind great principles and important moral lessons. A moral novel is a pure friend. Fiction is eminently suited to cultivate the imagination. Its characteristics are animation of language, brilliancy of description, richness of coloring, excitement of incident, and play of passion. All of those aspects of fiction powerfully excite the imagination and urge it to take that exercise which is necessary to its development and perfection.

The object, therefore, which the writer of fiction should always hold in view is to exercise the phantasy in pleasant but lawful subjects, to fill it with new and happy images, and by this indirect, as well as

by a direct appeal to the heart, so to temper and control the passions as may be most suitable to the formation of virtue and the extirpation of vice. For this reason his representations should be chaste, his sentiments pure, and his leading characters noble-minded and virtuous. Human love should not constitute the sole interest in the novel. Neither should it be written simply to amuse, much less simply to make money. The ideal novel instructs while relaxing and diverting the mind. To the uses of fiction as a medium for education might be added its services for the purposes of affording relaxation and amusement, of enabling us to forget for the time the hard realities of life in the ideal pictures of romance. But the fairy-land which the novelist conjures up should in every case be peopled by a race which believes in the fatherhood of God as well as in the brotherhood of man, and to whom virtue, religion, honor and honesty are not idle words. On mental training the continued perusal of fiction has an effect well worth notice. By leading us to skip the dull pages in order to reach the interesting passages it has a tendency to throw us into the injurious habit of desultory and superficial reading; and this accompanies us when we turn to grave subjects, so that all serious study is rendered a task of infinite difficulty. That his readers should not suffer in this manner, the virtuous novelist should never be dull. It is a pity the virtuous novelist so frequently forgets that maxim. The novelist who has the welfare of his readers at heart should endeavor to give the mind and will a practical turn, to inspire a knowledge of life as it is, and a compassion with actual miseries, and a desire to think and feel and labor for this world around us. The works of Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper, Blackmore, Marion Crawford at his best, and the Irish novelists at their best, deserve unreserved commendation for their purity and fidelity to high ideals. I know of no pleasure so great as the delight of reading such powerful and wholesome books as Dickens' "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Esmonde," Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," Griffin's "Collegians," Cooper's "Spy," Crawford's "Saracinesca," or Egan's "Patrick Desmond." It is a proud boast to be able to

state that a well informed English-speaking reader could readily extend this list to great length with the name of honest, honorable, clean, interesting and praise worthy novels written in the language. There is no excuse for a speaker of English to read a bad novel. The good works of fiction in his language outstrip the bad

in art and interest as well as in morality. He has no need to descend into the slums with the "realistic art novels," nor to lose his higher tendencies with the French novel, for the writers of his race and language have produced stories in abundance which are realistic in the proper sense of the term, as well as chaste and instructive.



The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art
 Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart :
 Tho' proud to gain it, toils on toils endure
 The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells :
 Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
 'Tis Tory, Whig : it plots, prays, preaches, pleads.
 Harangues in Senates, squeaks in masquerades.
 Here to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence :
 There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead :
 Nor ends with life ; but nods in sable plumes,
 Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

—YOUNG.



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AGAIN.

In our October issue we called attention to the deplorable fact that the Cadet Corps, erstwhile one of the most flourishing organizations of the University had been almost entirely neglected during the last two or three years. It is a matter of great satisfaction to us, that our advice has been accepted in the spirit in which it was tendered. The University authorities have taken the initiative and have obtained from the Government the services of a professional instructor, who drills a corps

of over a hundred students twice a week. Even at this early date the members of the different squads are becoming quite proficient in the mazy windings of military evolutions.

This encouraging result is due in no small degree to the untiring efforts of the devoted instructor who has won for himself golden opinions from the members of the corps. To attain perfection, however, every student should bear in mind that the success of the company depends upon his individual efforts, his faithfulness in attending the various exercises, and his unswerving, unhesitating obedience to the orders of his superior officer. If one member absents himself from a single drill, that day's instruction is a dead letter not only for him but to some extent for all the company to which he belongs. When he attends the next practice he finds that he is completely lost; the clock-like regularity of the entire corps is destroyed by his carelessness and despicable selfishness.

Above all then, let the students be faithful in attending the exercises. The moment the order to "fall in" has been given each one must pay the strictest attention to the various commands and endeavor to execute the different movements as promptly and accurately as possible. Each and every student should act as though he were fully convinced that the success of the corps depended solely and entirely upon his personal proficiency. Then again there are unfortunately a few who seem to think that they never appear to such advantage as when they place themselves in opposition to authority simply because it is authority. These poor, misguided individuals consider it all well and good for boys to drill but laugh to scorn the idea that men such as they fondly imagine themselves, should be required to take part in this puerile exercise.

We would remind these erring mortals that every institution the wide world over, having any pretensions whatever to be termed a university, has its Cadet Corps, for entrance into whose ranks the staid, philosophic senior often sues in vain. The strong and cogent reasons that recommend military drill as a beneficial exercise for college students were sufficiently discussed in our former editorial.

In conclusion, then, we would exhort the members of the Cadet Corps to be faithful to their duty. If they put into practice these counsels so few and simple, they will have, as of yore, one of the best drilled companies in the city, and what is of still greater importance they will possess the easy graceful carriage that should be the distinguishing characteristic of every well-educated man when he appears in society.

THESSAURUS OMNIUM RERUM.

Of all the faculties of the human mind, there is none which requires more and receives less attention, than does the memory, and yet it is the main source of all thought, the great store-house, which supplies the other faculties with the raw material necessary for efficient work. *Tantum ingenii quantum memoriae*, is as true to-day as when first penned. It matters little what may be our positions in life, whether as politicians, lawyers, doctors, judges, editors, or dispensers of the word of God, our powers of memory will be constantly tested. The strength, or weight of a speaker, or debater, lies not alone in his argumentative ability, but also in the accuracy and correctness with which he states the arguments of his opponent. The success of a lawyer or judge depends to a great extent on the exactness with which he remembers cases, and reports decisions. The author or editor is a sure

failure without a well trained memory, for he above all others is called upon for daily feats of this faculty. How many persons have we met, who like Artemus Ward boasted of having the power of oratory, but never "had it about them" when they wanted it. Their memories are, to use their own expression *treacherous*. The exact word or sentence or argument is always wanting. They are vanquished in debate, and ten minutes later, after the disordered memory has been thoroughly ransacked, the missing argument, which would have silenced any opponent, at last turns up. This want of memory reminds us of Falstaff's deafness, "Rather out, so please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not working, that I am troubled withal." In this age of many books, and many poor memories, we are often astonished on reading well authenticated facts related concerning the extraordinary mnemonic performances of the men of former days. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his immense army. Pascal could recite the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Mozart, after hearing the *Miserere* song once in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, reproduced, next day, every note from memory. Macaulay, while yet a mere boy, memorized Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," while accompanying his father on an afternoon call, and later on in life, offered as a wager to produce from memory every line of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost." But though such feats as these are not to be expected from the students of the present day, whose minds are constantly flitting from one thing to another, and dwelling on nothing long enough to receive lasting impressions, still a great deal can be done towards the development of this faculty if the proper method is pursued. Definite rules or systems of mnemotechny cannot be laid down, as every person must frame for him-

self such methods as best suits his peculiar turn of mind. But though definite rules are impossible, still a few suggestions as to the different modes of strengthening the memory may prove useful. In the first place considerable discretion is required in the selection of proper mental food. A good literary memory, says a celebrated writer is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a well-edited periodical, (the Owl, for instance) which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual purpose. Sydney Smith who had at his command a greater supply of apt quotations from the best authors, than most men, saw no more reason why he should remember all the books that had made him learned, than that he should remember all the dinners that had made him fat. In the second place a considerable degree of interest must be taken in the matter to be remembered. For example, a boy who cannot or will not remember a single rule in grammar, can tell you the exact score in every base-ball, football or lacrosse match which may have taken place within the past five or six years. The reason is evident—his mind is interested in sports and not in studies. Again, there must be a strong, dogged determination to remember, accompanied by strenuous effort, lively attention, and a clear apprehension of what is to be remembered. We are told that Edward Everett, when he began preaching, learned by heart only one page of his sermon at a time, but before he quit he could learn the entire sermon by reading it over twice. Finally, the practice of committing to memory choice passages in prose or poetry, those fairy palaces of beautiful thoughts, grand, enobling and faithful saying "houses built without hands for our souls to dwell in" cannot fail to strengthen our memories, while at the same they afford us suitable quotations when speaking or writing

on almost any topic. Of such passages, the Owl, as if to invite her readers to a fair trial, furnishes occasionally a well selected page. They are thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Read them, memorize them, quote them as occasions require. They will strengthen your memory, purify your language, elevate your morals, and enkindle within you a desire to peruse the writings of such famous authors.

♦

BE OBLIGING.

One of the emperors of Ancient Rome, became famous, not only for warlike exploits, but because it was his practice to let no day pass unmarked by an act of goodness. He simply knew how to use a force that rules wherever it exists. Sympathy in action, or obligingness, exerts an influence which never fails; nothing is more eminently fitted to act on free independent natures in order to produce combined and harmonious action, so necessary for the common good. As a bond it is the first to form and the last to sunder. The world would be robbed of half its fairness, life, of half its brightness, if there was not a spirit among men, making them ready to do good turns, smooth difficulties, soothe pain and give pleasure.

How common a thing it is to hear the phrases, "I have done my share, it is time for others to do theirs," "I have given enough for other people's benefit." and so on? Ungracious speeches like these and the conduct they imply, can hardly ever be justified. They show the darker side of human nature, a sad lack of energy, a grudging, narrow spirit, a person prone to overrate what he does himself, and to underrate what others accomplish. If people of this stamp felt a little pride and delight in pleasing and rendering service, if

they were alive to the grave consequences which too often result from ungenerous conduct, they might adopt a different course of action.

Obligingness is a matter which a student above all men cannot make light of. What does he seek to do in undertaking a long course of studies but prepare to be more useful and efficient, in the service of society, of his fellows, in after years. The profession which he is to adopt, will make the duty of being obliging imperative and his success will be in proportion to the degree in which he realizes it in practice. The quality of being obliging will largely contribute to bring him fortune and unlimited success. The world cannot refuse anything to the obliging man though it does often refuse much to him whose sole recommendation is genius. Genius is too frequently antagonistic, but obligingness, never, in what is good. Superiors find it deferential, equals, respectful, and inferiors find it kind. Hence whilst it really serves everybody, it also really commands in its turn and is most willingly obeyed. It is at once the surest passport to power and the best means of keeping this power.

THE HABITUAL FAULT-FINDER.

"Admiration is the sentiment of a philosophic mind and the avenue which leads to philosophy." These few words of Plato contain a store of truths. This short sentence may well serve as a criterion to indicate true genius and worthiness, and also to point out the shallowness and inanity of some pedantic fools.

Unfortunately the beautiful remains too much unknown: a great many are too gross to seize it. They grasp only that which is exterior and superficial. If they become aware of any latent or inherent

beauty, it is simply because some one else has pointed it out. They are so deformed, so misshapen themselves, so immersed in their own imperfections, that they seem to have an uncontrollable affinity for all that which is imperfect. Consequently imperfections, —and imperfections only, — come under their notice. It is impossible for them to appreciate beauty: they never see any: they know not what it is. In fact, an ass can offer more objections in half an hour than a wise man could answer in a month. Continual fault-finding is by no means a mark of erudition or learning or talent. On the contrary it is a sign of extreme *stupidity*, and evidences but a dwarfed intelligence. Those particularly wish to pose as critics, who are stuffed to suffocation with their own conceit. They wish to act as critics before they have even begun to think of being scholars. They resemble youngsters at school who have only wit enough to grasp some insignificant imperfection in their teacher, and whose intelligences are not yet formed to appreciate the sterling qualities which age and experience may have accumulated.

Conceit combined with vanity will lead a man on to the most absurd extravagances. He wishes to pose before others as a man of superiority; and consequently he seeks every opportunity to pronounce a judgment; and the more adverse he may make it to the object of his investigation the greater prestige does he imagine to have secured.—Beware of the pestiferous fool who tears everything to pieces. Be sure that your own good qualities and reputation are doomed as soon as your own back is turned. Learn to despise the man who never can see beauty but always defects. Remember that it is easier to assume a negative than an affirmative position. You marvel at a man possessed of a positive memory, whereas a negative memory is scarcely more than insignificant.

In like manner, imperfections are more easily observed than perfections; and it requires less effort to criticise others than to appreciate their grandeur of soul or to *improve one's self*. Experience will convince you that the universal demolisher is nothing but an ignoramus. "Seek not to detect deficiencies and imperfections until you have previously learned to recognize and discover beauties."

Sapa Wocekye Talyanpha," which means, "The Herald of the Black Gowns."

France spends over five times and England over seven times as much for military purposes as for education. The United States, on the contrary, spends nearly four times as much on education as on her army. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a glance at the following table shows that all countries do not think so. It gives the annual expenditure per head of the population:

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The following table sent to us by Rev. Dr. Langevin, O. M. I., Vicar of Missions, Manitoba, shows the number of Catholic, Protestant and unbaptized Indians in the different ecclesiastical divisions of the North-West.

	Indian Population.	Catho- lic.	Un- baptized.
Diocese St. Boniface.	14,257	2,339	6,536
Vic. Apost. Saskatchewan	6,409	2,329	1,678
Diocese St. Albert.	8,230	3,447	3,529
Vic. Apost. Arthabaska and Mackenzie	9,666	6,566	2,292

These Indians not counted as Catholic or as unbaptized, have received baptism at the hands of ministers of different Protestant denominations.

His Holiness the Pope has just given his formal approval to the work of the Catholic Summer School of America. The third session of this school begins on the 14th of July this year, and will last four weeks, this being an extension of one week. During the session a special course of instruction for teachers will be delivered by competent masters in pedagogy. This will be in addition to the varied program of special courses in general literature and science.

The Rev. James Aunt, O. S. B., missionary among the Sioux Indians at Fort Totten, N. D., is one of the best living authorities in matters pertaining to the Sioux language. He has written and published a catechism, a prayer-book and a hymn-book in Sioux; he is also the editor and publisher of a monthly periodical printed in the Sioux language and entitled, "Sina

	For Military Purposes.	For Education.
France	\$4.06	\$0.70
England.	4.72	.62
Holland.	3.85	.64
Prussia.	2.04	.50
Russia.	2.04	.03
Denmark.	1.76	.94
Italy.	1.52	.36
Austria.	1.36	.32
Switzerland.82	.84
United States.39	1.35

The *English Catholic Directory* for 1894 gives some facts which will be of interest to many. In England and Wales the churches, bishops and priests show an increase of ten per cent. in the last three years, and are more than double those of the year when the hierarchy was restored.—In the city of Rome there are now fifty-two cardinals.—There are eight vacancies at present in the Sacred College. Out of the whole body of cardinals, thirty-four are Italians, ten Austrians, Germans or Hungarians, four Spanish, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one American, and four British subjects. These last named are Cardinals Vaughan, Logue, Moran and Taschereau, Archbishops respectively of Westminster, Armagh, Sydney and Quebec.—Throughout the whole world there are ten patriarchates, with thirteen patriarchal sees, eight of Latin, and five of Oriental rite.—The total number of archbishops and bishops in communion with the See of Rome appears to be, as nearly as possible, nine hundred and fifty-six.—There are forty-two Catholic peers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and fifty-three Catholic baronets. Nine Catholics in all are members of the Privy Council in England or Ireland; four Ca-

tholics are members for English and sixty-six for Irish constituencies.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Mr. H. J. Morgan notices very favorably in *The Week*, a Toronto publication, a work recently published by M. Girouard, M. P. This work is a history of Lake St. Louis and neighboring places. It speaks of Lachine, Ste. Anne and Isle Dorval, as well as several interesting localities near and around Lake St. Louis. It goes further: covering an extensive portion not only of the Island of Montreal, but also at the same time of the Ottawa valleys. "The book" says Mr. Morgan, "is unique of its kind, not only as regards originality of design, but also in the happy treatment of its subject and the splendid character of its *tout ensemble*, as a specimen of Canadian book-making." The work was a labor of love, considering that M. Girouard was born near the Lake which he celebrates. Lachine at one time, Dorval at another, has been his home for many years. The county, Jacques Cartier, which he represents in Parliament, is not forgotten. It extends over a large portion of the country and abounds in historical events and picturesque scenery. All this is done justice to by M. Girouard. This fascinating description and clear historical narratives cannot fail to render his book highly interesting to the citizens of Quebec province. It commends itself also to the people of Ontario for whom it is desirable, that they should know more than they do concerning their fellow countrymen of Quebec and the land which they inhabit. The work referred to speaks only of one county and some neighboring places. But this county is a fair sample of all the other counties, and from it, accordingly, may be gathered a correct idea of the *manière d'être* throughout the lower province; *ab uno disce omnes*. This knowledge would be highly advantageous to both sections of the Dominion, inasmuch as it would bring them into closer and more friendly relations, and would tend to strengthen *that entente cordiale*, which, it is most desirable should exist in all its power between the federated provinces.

Mr. Morgan likens M. Girouard's work

to the best productions of our English authors. It is a "local history," he says, "so complete and reliable in its treatment and character as to deserve a place in Canadian collections alongside the best efforts of Hart, Lighthall, Scadding and Lemoine.

M. Girouard had already come before the public in works of high literary merit:—"L'avielle Lachine et le Massacre du 5 Aout, 1689;" "Les anciens Forts de Lachine et le Chevalier de la Salle;" and "Les anciennes Côtes du Saint Louis avec un tableau des anciens et nouveaux propriétaires."

THE MONIST, a quarterly on Philosophy, Religion, Science and Sociology, published in Chicago, contains in its January number much curious and interesting reading. An article on the fundamental teachings of Buddhism might be read with profit by any one who would wish to become acquainted with the tenets of that sect. The problem of woman from a sociological point of view, is ably treated; the part of labor that should fall to woman, and the position she should occupy in society, are clearly pointed out. The department of Literary Correspondence, Criticism and Discussions, contains much information on men of note and valuable appreciations of recent publications on works of science and philosophy.

THE STRIKE AT SHANES: A story written for, and revised, copyrighted, and published by the "American Humane Society." The object of the story is to point out the relations that exist between the human race and the lower animals. The lower animals recognizing that the world in which we live is a vast conglomeration of associations have decided to follow the examples set them by man, and inaugurate a strike against their owner—Shane. The story throughout is weak, poorly sustained, and fairly bristles with meaningless platitudes. Conformably to the good, old, orthodox style of doing business, the author awkwardly introduces a little love to give spice to a thread-bare theme. It is all well and good to be kind to dumb animals, and thank God most men are so, yet we should ever bear in mind that there are two kinds of animals:

—rational and irrational: since the rational animals or men, possessing immortal souls, are infinitely superior to the brute beasts, we think that it would be much better for the members of the anti-cruelty societies to spend their thousands of dollars in relieving the poor of our cities.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN: A weekly news magazine, published in New York.

The issue of this magazine for the week ending January 20, is of special interest to Canadians. The fate of Canada is discussed by such able men as Wm. Stead, the distinguished editor of the "*Review of Reviews*," Goldwin Smith, the eccentric and somewhat erratic professor of Toronto, John Jacob Astor the millionaire, and Hon. Francis Glen, ex-M. P., of our House of Commons. These men, regardless of the unfaltering opposition of our people to such a fate, quietly consign us to the shades of annexation. The interest of the article is greatly enhanced by excellent engravings of Mr. Stead, the Canadian Parliament Buildings, and last but not least by admirable cuts of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who have already endeared themselves to the hearts of Canadians, by their straightforward liberal treatment of all classes without distinction of race or creed. The paper on "*Troubled Sicily*," impresses upon our minds the stern fact, that uneasily rests the head that wears a crown which has been unjustly snatched from its lawful possessor. Views of Palermo and its Cathedral, and the Amphitheatre at Syracuse, the Sicilian capital add to the interest of the article.

EXCHANGES.

The number of *Toronto Varsity* for the first week of February is before us. It is much superior to the average issue of that journal. The following is from its columns: "The Harvard and Pennsylvania football teams will almost certainly play next year, in suits, the upper section of which will be made of moleskin, and the breeches of light leather. They will cost about \$35 per suit, and the design

will be patented. Armor plate will be the next in order."

"At Cornell University a committee of five members of the faculty are discussing the advisability of abolishing the degrees of Ph. B. and B.L. Great interest is felt in the outcome, as such a change would practically abolish Greek as a requirement for a B.A." The spirit of reform seems to be strong at Cornell; examinations have recently been abolished there, henceforward the Cornell student's knowledge will be tested by daily recitations and short, unexpected "quizes" on the different branches of learning pursued by him.

For short spicy articles few of our exchanges surpass the *Bema*. In the issue before us we take much pleasure in reading the neatly written life of Garfield, the twentieth president of the United States.

It will doubtless be of interest to our "gleemen" to learn that the Harvard Glee Club travelled 2,000 miles during the Christmas vacation and, that the Yale Glee Club has offered two prizes of \$15 each, one for the best words, and the other for the best music for a new Yale song.

In the *Polytechnic*, published by the students of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, appears a very interesting description of the Institute, as it existed some fifty or sixty years ago. College amusements in those times seem to have been somewhat different from what they are at present. We clip the following from the journal before us: "For the pleasure of the students the following amusements were designated, for the winter and spring terms: Using the sextant, compass, goniometer, blow-pipe, telescope and other optical instruments: making and using ice lenses and prisms, drawing maps, and dissecting animals. With reference to athletic amusements the regulation read: 'But the students' exercises are not of that kind which requires undignified contortions of the body, or those vulgarisms, which familiarizing youth with clownish scenes, unfit them for genteel society. They are such as

land-surveying, levelling, measuring timber, visiting work-shops, under the immediate direction of a teacher, etc., etc.’”

The *Upper Canada College Times* is a breezy little paper. “An Old U.C.C. Boy’s Adventure and “A Close Shave” are interesting stories.

SOCIETIES.

“Resolved that modern civilization is greater than ancient,” formed a very interesting topic for discussion at a meeting of the Senior Debating Society, which took place on the 28th of January. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs McGarry and Foley, the negative by Messrs Fallon and Collins. After a lengthy and exciting debate, in which several members from the house participated, the vote was taken, resulting in a victory for the affirmative.

What proved to be an excellent debate and one in which the members at large took unusually deep interest, was,—“Resolved that Cardinal Newman has done more for the Catholic Church, for truth and religion, than Cardinal Manning.” The merits of these two great men were well brought out, and it was clearly demonstrated that few men of this century have been as solicitous as they for the welfare not only of the Catholic Church, but of mankind at large. The vote favored the speakers on the affirmative, Messrs L. Kehoe and Bonner, giving them a majority of one over their opponents, Messrs A. Keho and McKenna. It would be well if the members would maintain as much enthusiasm for the rest of the year, as was displayed by them at this meeting.

A large number of members were present at a subsequent meeting of the Senior Debating Society, to hear the debate on the subject,—“Resolved that strikes should be prohibited.” Though Mr. Mea, the leader of the negative, was handicapped through the unavoidable absence of his colleague, he nevertheless made a strong speech and succeeded in convincing his hearers that strikes should not be prohibited, though Messrs. O’Brien and

Smith, for the affirmative, cleverly upheld their side of the question.

The Junior Society this year well maintains the reputation it already had of having largely attended meetings; upwards of one hundred are usually present at its debates. The debate on the subject:—“Resolved that the stage has an immoral tendency,”—was decided in favor of the affirmative. The speakers were,—for the affirmative, Messrs Reddy and McGee, and for the negative, Messrs Ryan and Joyce.

At a later meeting the subject under discussion was:—“Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword,”—for the affirmative, Messrs. Smith and McDowall; for the negative, Messrs. McCarthy and Tobin. The debate was an extremely close one, the negative winning by a vote of forty-four to forty-two.

At a meeting of the Junior Society held on the 11th of February, the discussion was on the subject,—“Which has been of greater benefit to mankind, the printing press or the steam engine?” The press found good supporters in Messrs. Copping and Shaw, but the high pressure of steam was irresistible, and Messrs. Martin and O’Neil, who spoke for the engine, came out victorious.

On Wednesday evening, the 31st of Jan. the Scientific Society began its series of entertainments with a good programme. The several speakers displayed a thorough knowledge of the subjects of which they spoke and through the experiments which they performed, rendered their explanations interesting and instructive even to students who have never studied the matter treated. The first item was a lecture on light in which the speaker, Mr. A. Burke, explained the various theories regarding light, and reviewed the history of that science. Mr. M. Powers followed with a paper on the reflection of light accompanying his remarks by various experiments. Refraction of light was treated by Mr. M. Abbott in an able address, in which, by the aid of several experiments he fully explained that phenomenon. Mr. Jas. Murphy concluded the evening’s programme by an interesting description

of the eye and by entertaining the audience with a number of lime-light views.

SPORTING NOTES.

VARSAITY VS. OTTAWA JRS.

The first match between Varsity and the Ottawa Juniors came off on the 31st inst. at the Rideau Rink. The game was a closely contested one from start to finish and both teams played hard to win, but the College boys were seemingly in better condition than the Ottawas. The forwards of the Juniors were strong but their good combination and hard work received but little support from a weak defence. The College forwards are weak. They play well individually but their play lacks head-work and combination and there are also *some who wish to do all the scoring*. After an hour's play the game ended by the College winning by a score of 4 to 0.

The following is a list of players :

VARSAITY.		OTTAWA JRS.
A. Charlebois	Goal	G. Young
Reynolds	Point	Parr
McDougal	Cover-point	H. Spittal
Copping	Forwards	Butler
Brophy	"	Rosenthal
Capbert	"	Fosberry
O. Laplante	"	Fosberry.
Referee, G. Chittick.		

ELECTRIC VS. VARSAITY.

The College boys were defeated on the 2nd of February by the Electrics at Dey's Rink. The game was a fine exhibition of hockey, and the forward work done well by the Electric team, and the defence by the College. The Electric players show a great deal of practice, and as they are all fast skaters and heavy men, it was hard for the light College forwards to fight very long with much advantage. W. Dey, Smith and W. Baldwin played well for the city team, and between them in an hour's play and they piled up four goals while the College forwards, who were the same as in the last game, failed to score. Both defences played their usually fine game.

Electrics—M. Shea, goal, P. Nolan, point, E. Murphy, cover-point, W. Bald-

win, center, W. Dey, Smith and Baldwin, forwards.

The College team was the same as that which played the Juniors, with the exception of McDougal at cover-point, who was unable to play, and who was replaced by Martin.

Referee, J. Kerr. Goal Umpires, L. Kehoc and P. Grimes.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The very favorable weather of the past month has been taken advantage of to the fullest extent by the Juniors. Never since the present Junior Editor took charge of this department has such general enthusiasm and good will been displayed on the part of the members of the Junior Athletic Association. The various branches of winter sports have their ardent devotees. The frequent and heavy snow-storms which have occurred this year were not permitted to interfere in the least with the season's amusements. Immediately after each storm scores of willing hands would set to work and in a few minutes a foot of snow would be cleared with a rapidity and despatch which could scarcely be rivalled by an electric sweeper. In this respect the Juniors have set an example worthy of imitation by the older students. Of course, as was the case in days gone by, there are a few who prefer the serenity of a quiet corner in the recreation hall to the excitement of invigorating exercise in the open air; but the number of these individuals is, we are glad to note, rapidly diminishing, and from present indications will soon have entirely disappeared. For the benefit of the officers of the J.A.A. we might remark, that our hopeful view of affairs this month is not at all a guarantee that any neglect of duty on their part will be regarded with leniency by us. On the contrary, the Junior Editor intends watching them more closely than ever, feeling confident that the change for the better which has followed his recent exposure is due in a great measure to it.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of Feb., a very interesting hockey match was played between the Junior first team and the St Patrick's.

a city team. It was throughout a very lively contest, characterized by fast and brilliant play, and acknowledged by every one present to be a fine exhibition of this popular winter game. The teams were composed of the following players:—

COLLEGE.		ST. PATRICK'S.
Rouleau	Goal	Curry
Belanger	Point	Shea
Kearns	Cover-Point	Durkin
Leclerc	Forwards	Grimes
Martel	"	Smith
Fortin	"	Kavanagh
Guilbert	"	McGuire.

The game resulted in a victory for the city team by a score of three to two. Although all the participants put up good hockey, some deserve special mention for really first-class play. The college men who distinguished themselves were Kearns, Fortin and Belanger, the honors of the visitors belong to McGuire, Kavanagh and Shea.

The Junior second team also has been contributing its share to the winter attractions. On Wednesday, the 7th of Feb., it met and defeated a city team by a score of three to two. McDonald, Belanger, Rogers and Charlebois put up a splendid game.

The snow-shoe club, lately reorganized, has had several pleasant tramps during the past month. The officers for the present season are: President, A. Angers; Vice-president, F. Hopper; Secretary, T. Bald; Treasurer, G. Hetu.

The Assistant Junior Editor received, a few days ago, a copy of a new work entitled, "A Short History of Ancient Gaul," the joint production of Messrs. Finnegan and McMahan. He defers his criticism of the work until next month when he promises to deal with it at some length.

A movement is on foot among the juniors which has for its object the organization of a Zouave company as soon as the spring weather sets in. Already a

large consignment of "Bullets" has been secured.

The Harmony Club open air concerts are greatly missed by the patrons of the hockey rink this year. A deputation waited upon ex-manager Finnegan a few days ago, asking him to interest himself in the matter, but, up to the time of going to press, a definite answer had not been received.

W. P. Nye, and Toughy F. Smith have arranged for a series of humorous entertainments which will be given after the Lenten season. The first of the series is announced for Easter Monday night in the junior hand-ball alley.

The spring supplementary classes are already reorganized and promise to be as strong numerically as those of former years. The opening lecture will be given by Sherman O'Neil on "The Baneful Effects of Working between Meals." Herr Phaneuf promises a paper the subject of which will be "Mental Calm, in its Relation to Physical Development."

The following is a partial list of those in the several classes of the Commercial Course, who have not permitted the spring-like weather of the past couple of weeks to influence in the wrong direction their standing in class.

First Grade	{	1. J. Kane.
		2. C. Kavanagh.
		3. P. Angers.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Tobin.
		2. J. Coté.
		3. W. Stapleton.
Third Grade B	{	1. H. Desrosiers.
		2. P. Turcotte.
		3. G. Casman.
Third Grade A	{	1. J. Stuber.
		2. J. Dempsey.
		3. F. Stringer.
Fourth Grade	{	1. J. Jacques.
		2. D. Kearns.
		3. E. Donegan.

SUBRIDENDO.

THE EDITOR'S FRIENDS.

In reverie sat the editor
 And bit his finger tips,
 His copy must be in at four—
 His pen in ink he dips,
 And holds it there,
 And wonders where
 He'll find his scattered wits.

The door is opened, 'tis a friend
 Who, since he'd passed that way,
 Will drop in and a minute spend
 In chatting if he may ;
 A thing or two
 He'll tell him, too,
 That he's heard people say.

"Your paper is not just what they
 Had hoped you'd make of it,
 I think you readily will say
 It would improve a bit
 With more that's new
 And lively, too,
 And more of jokes and wit."

The editor smiled meekly at
 His friend, a deep sigh drew,
 And timidly suggested that
 He write a thing or two.
 "Not I, oh no !
 But I must go,
 So here's good luck to you."

Then soon a worthy class-mate
 Dropped in to see his pard,
 And asked him if the "College World"
 Came cheapest by the yard.
 "Had he the time
 To write a line ?"
 No, he was studying hard.

And soon another rap was heard
 Upon the study door,
 But straightway rose the editor
 And tiptoed 'cross the floor,
 And right fiercely he
 Did turn the key,
 And opened t no more.—*Ex.*

ULULATUS.

O Si Phonograph ! Si Phonograph O !

Stape no longer plays the races, he is now tak-
 ing a course of crib.

The command of number three's sturdy
 captain is : Boys don't stand as you please ; but,
 attention ! stand a-at-ease !

A lad from Conn. slipped on the rink the other
 day, and for the first time in his life, held the seat
 of *just-ice*.

The rec. looks bare since the old *pioneer* is
 gone.

Our hockey men still persist in saying that they
 were simply shocked by the Electrics.

In a recent algebra class, the third form noticed
 that Mac. knew the alphabet O.K.

We have a big striker named A—dy,
 Who in the debate is a dandy,—
 At least all the students think so ;
 He says that all strikers are crazy,
 Also like himself they are lazy,
 From henceforth he will be their foe.

He whispered to D—in the back of the hall,
 "By my socks, I will give my opponents a
 fall,
 For to-night is the night of my big *feat*,
 My language believe me will truly be grand,
 I'll be no disgrace to the far-off land,
 I will give Ottawaites a treat."

The boy that left us in September, took a *car*
again for Ottawa last week.

As Dan quietly watched the batallions from the
 reading room heights, he smiled complacently say-
 ing "Drill you terriers drill."

He is *rich, eh?* to have a room near the parlor.

As he rushed the puck an admirer spoke,
 You bet that man's all there,
 But, immediately the answer came,
 In all respects, save hair.

Robbie's long pants promoted him to the big
 yard.

Joe thinks the Marquis of Gooseberry's rules, far
 more square than London's prize ring.

The eye is the indicator of character. Verily
 that gymnast, who closed his eyes when sitting for
 his photo, must be a *close character*.

He worked the infirmary racket splendidly, till
 the doctor caught *Mac. at tea*.

After the puck—a black eye.