

supposition. Why not include juggling and legerdemain in the curriculum of High School studies? The writer knows some who would soon become adepts. 'Tis their sole virtue; but this would be infringing upon the political patent.

Fancy any individual, who has taught for a lustrum, posing as a Blondin, or a pantalooned Columbine, or any similar representative of the "light fantastic!" Fancy a man, who has grown gray in the service of the taws, being compelled in his old age to forego that time-honoured instiller of the classic proprieties, and brain some inoffensive fellow-sufferer with a club, through no fault of his own be it observed, but through an acquired legacy of stiff muscles and an obstinate habit, by heredity, of seeking the tenderest spot on the head of a recalcitrant, that part so euphonically described by some inheritor of the divine afflatus as "the lug." "Hit by a club on the lug," this is bad rhyme, mere Spanish assonance; but it may become sound doctrine, and will have the effect at any rate of making an impression—on the club. The other affected part, the head, in some instances at least, will not be much damaged. After a protracted period of service as tutor, the moral of the fable respecting the negro who was struck on the head by lightning dawns upon one. The party in question was a little dazed for a moment, but rapidly recovered, and gazing at "the great profound," there was nothing else in sight, bleated plaintively, "Who fREW dat brick?" Imagine being floored by a cudgel and resignedly accepting the position as part of the "unique educational advantages of this free and happy land!"

"See Naples, and then die." This is mere Ausonian gush. See a veteran schoolmaster of some sixty summers instructing a class, practically, in club

drill or horizontal bar exercise, and then—well, then, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," but whether of sympathy or amusement the oracle adviseth not.

The modern dominie owes a debt of ingratitude to the genius of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. Why did these gentlemen ever compose the operetta of *Iolanthe*? Why did they ever induce the Lord Chancellor so far to forget the hereditary dignity of his high office, and the traditional decorum of his reputable standing in legal society, as to caper about the stage and pirouette like an antiquated *dauseuse* of the male sex? Do they not see that they have established a precedent, and inaugurated a fashion? If he be permitted the luxury of a *pas seul*, in his official robes, why should not the other dignitaries be permitted their little outbursts of hilarity, and be allowed to prance about beneath the august gown of the graduate or the tutorial toga?

But, perhaps, after all, it is a mere sign of the times, and simply proves the theory of evolution, this frantic brandishing of arms and clutching of ropes and stakes. History repeats itself, so does fashion. What our forefathers did, we are but doing now, and there is nothing new under the sun. They, with prehensile extremities, swung from the forest boughs; we, with prehensile extremities, swing from the gymnasium bars, planed and polished to suit the requirements of an advanced evolution, a mere difference of degree, not of kind. They brandished aloft the knotted limb torn from the parent trunk, we brandish aloft the same implement, but whittled and pared and painted to suit the requirements of the same advanced evolutions. They hung heels over head in the natural exuberance of their high animal spirits in their natural costume; we turn somersaults in the unnatural exuberance