

tion on the part of the undergraduates. Owing to the amount of work now on our hands such an agitation could not be extended this year beyond the columns of VARSITY, but perhaps this article may be of use in beginning a beneficial discussion. Such a discussion, in the way of approval of, or objection to, the statements here made, would go far to wake up the spirit of Alma Mater, which doubtless exists in the heart of every undergraduate, although it may not always be apparent. O. MOWAT BIGGAR.

VARSAITY OF OLD.

II.

CIRCITER, A.D. 1852-53.

It is "a long while between drinks," as His Excellency of North Carolina is reported to have casually remarked to His Excellency of South Carolina, on a memorable occasion; and so your invitation for some reminiscences of University days, makes a graduate of nearly half a century ago draw a long breath when making an attempt to recall even vaguely these long-gone years.

The deep shadow of old departed friends covers these imperfect lines, I mourn, and the review occasions, naturally, feelings of sadness as I think of the many youthful friends of college years, vanished to the ranks of the "majority." My old friend William T. Boyd, M.A., barrister, of Toronto, is yet actively to the fore—professionally, and as a good useful citizen at all times. Ever of regular habits and temperament, he was always punctual at his lectures; rarely known to vex his serene soul with the strifes and ambitions that tortured the college existence of some vainly ambitious spirits. He, nevertheless, managed to guide and drive his scholastic chariot over the course, both at old Upper Canada College and at the University, with pronounced skill and success. "*Metaque fervidis evitata rotis.*" He passed all his examinations without anguish of body or mind, and continues an example of the wisdom of preferring a "*mens sana in corpore sano*" rather than, as is too often the case, shattered health and shortened years, with only the faded chaplets of victories won, to compensate for the overtaxed mind and body. Of course it is difficult to restrain the fervid genius of youth, but this must be remembered to ensure happy fruition of a collegian's student days.

The most brilliant intellect, in our times, universally recognized, was John Thompson Huggard, commonly nicknamed "Pat." He was an Irish lad, who had been "head boy" of U. C. College in 1849, which position Edward Blake had in 1850—*vide* the College Rolls and the gilded record in the College Hall. The artist who did this decorative work was Mr. Marsh, whom all old Torontonians will recollect. Huggard's financial resources were small and he had to do certain tutoring as a result, and so he always was "under the lash," poor fellow! The duty, besides, of supporting aged parents, and the responsibility cast on him of keeping a brother and sister, made his life a struggle indeed. How few there had any such anxieties! Yet, though thus handicapped, none ever saw Huggard in any but fine spirit and excellent health, rollicking in humor and ever ready with native Irish wit. On one occasion, on our way to morning lectures, Boyd, Mendell and I called at his humble abode on Terauley street, then not a very fashionable city quarter, to take him along: but he was yet bed-fast, to our own surprise, in a smoky little apartment, reading one of his many splendid prizes, a volume of Milton's Paradise Lost. In explanation we were informed that his only pair of "breeches" were at the tailor's, undergoing necessary reparation, which was certainly regrettable though unavoidable. "Pat," who, at times, was somewhat of a

Bohemian, procrastinated his book-work dangerously, and so was occasionally a second horse in the academic race. I succeeded in getting ahead of him once in classics, but he deservedly won the gold medal on graduation. He was the type of true honor and generosity, disdaining to take any advantages such as were not uncommonly taken by competitors for college distinctions. He was equally at home in mathematics as in classics, though in those days the latter was more affected by ambitious scholars. Dr. McCaul's splendid talents attracted the majority, and his appreciation was always shown of such as were emulous in his classes. Prof. Cherriman recognized his singularly original mathematical genius, and offered to promote his advancement if he would consent to go to Cambridge. But poor Huggard could not quit Canada. The "*res angustæ domi*" was the difficulty, of which probably the kindly-intentioned professor was unaware. Huggard entered law and then went to New York, where he died in 1868, in narrow circumstances. Possessed of the most brilliant abilities and of one of the truest open hearts that ever old U. C. College or Toronto University knew, alas! Huggard's light seemed to have gone out suddenly before it had the chance of becoming known in life's history.

William T. Mendell was a gentle-hearted soul, with fine instincts and of an ingenuous disposition, with a forte for mathematics. He was the only one who took much interest in that branch of study, with the exception of Huggard, at least until Prof. Cherriman came, when at once his fine scholarship, precept, and example popularized those hitherto rather unpopular and neglected branches—the genial Scottish Professor, previously Rev. R. Murray, being of a nature too kind and tolerant. The disparity of the physique of the latter, as compared with the true academic elegance of the Cambridge wrangler, was the subject of unfair advantages to the students of those days.

A well-remembered collegian of my years was Edward Jameson Alma, from Niagara, highly intellectual and indefatigable in his work, and with a peculiar ability for the study of logic, rhetoric, and history. He was of slight physique, and, I think, overworked himself. After entering law, he died after a brief illness. I chanced to pass through the venerable Niagara Episcopal Cemetery about 1857, and there to my pain read on a newly-erected monument the name of our fellow-student, with whom we all exchanged kindly adieux in 1853 in the old University structure in Queen's Park, on the site of the present Parliament buildings. What a change of style and architecture!

I would recall an old friend and classmate, naturally poetical, Samuel J. Bull, a Belleville youth—now a barrister—who had always the wisdom of moderating his pace at college and university, and was, I think, probably all the better for this in being hale and hearty, and successful in life. In 1853 he won a prize for English verse and I for English poetry and prose. I am afraid, however, that the "poetry" was rather of the machine made order than the result of genuine inspiration. Bull, I recollect, in our boarding quarters wrestled heroically with Byron's poems during the parturition—and I confess to great pangs before "Jerusalem" saw the light of day.

William L. Lawrason, of London, in old college days was a source of considerable envy to the ordinary collegian. His fashionable necktie, turned-down collar, and curled locks (very Byronic) gave him decidedly the advantage when Madame Poetter's Young Ladies' School were encountered on King street. "Bill's anxieties were more over the lasses than his classes," but he graduated B.A. all right. His future life I could not follow, but I think that he died many years ago.

On the 19th of April, 1853, Lawrason, Bull, Alma, Mendell, Huggard, Boyd, and I, together as classmates during our University life, received our B.A. degree