

has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. 'I think,' he said humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is; he is with Shakespeare."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

DULCE EST DESIPERE.

KIPLING has remarked that to sweep all the dust into one corner is to give a false idea of the cleanliness of the room. On the same principle an unwise reader of this article—if such there be—may conclude that life at Oxford is a record of more or less drunken jests, and may agree with the definition which calls it, "An excellent institution for the prevention of overwork." Yet though the average English undergrad. does not spend the greater part of his time in practical jokes, an account of his conduct in his more frivolous moods may not be uninteresting.

The Canadian student is usually on the simmer, but rarely on the boil; never quite quiet, he seldom abandons himself to utter rowdiness. The average English undergraduate remains quiet and demure for a week or a fortnight, and then breaks out into some great "rag" wherein law and decorum are thrown to the winds. A "rag" is the general term applied to any outburst, from mildly smashing a friend's hat to making a bonfire of his furniture in the quadrangle, and throwing the Dean of the College upon the lighted pile, as was recently done in an Oxford College. In Christ church "Quad" is a fountain known as Mercy, into which objectionable freshmen are thrown, which answers all the purposes of a "court," and is much simpler and more expeditious. At another college the favorite method is to "unbreech" the offender and drag him around the quad. Recently this punishment was inflicted upon a "fresher" of the same name as a very popular senior, who naturally objected to being confounded with his namesake. A consultation was held to decide what should be done. "Call him Asher," said one. "Why?" "Oh, is it not written that Asher abode in his breaches?" The name stuck, and he is called Asher unto this day.

The Thames at Oxford is known as the Isis, and is divided into two branches, the Upper and Lower River. The eights, torpids and fours of the various colleges practise upon the Lower, while the Upper is reserved for such as do not aspire to distinction, but are content to paddle about for their own amusement. This gave rise last term to a most extensive and carefully planned "rag." A very raw and verdant fresher was informed that he had been elected "Captain of the boats upon the Upper River." No such office exists, but the unknowing

fresher accepted the proud title with joy. For the next few days his rooms were besieged by men coming to congratulate him, and to beg for instructions. A Balliol undergraduate personated the captain of the Rugby Football Club, declared he had hitherto played football, but now wished to take up rowing; others came declaring themselves to be famous rowing "Blues" (men who had rowed for the 'Varsity against Cambridge) and desired coaching. Another personated Guy Nickalls, ex-champion amateur sculler of England, and requested advice. The poor fresher, though astounded at his unexpected good luck, believed all. At last the day of his installation came, when he was to go in procession to the river to begin his duties. The street was lined with undergraduates, and forth he came dressed in the costume which he had been informed such officials always wore. Upon his feet were tan boots, with long spurs; then came chocolate and green stockings, rowing "shorts," a flannel shirt, a scarlet blazer, a red tie and a silk tile hat with a peacock's feather. To the door of the college was led a donkey, whereon he sat. At this moment the Bursar appeared and summarily dismissed the cortege, much to the anger of the "captain." Afterwards the procession came together, and though debarred from the river led their trusting victim, still mounted on the donkey, to the railings of a neighboring church, wherefrom he made oration. Two days afterwards his father came and led him away from Oxford, and the place that knew him shall know him no more. The solemnity with which such jokes are often carried out is surprising. When Richard Harding Davis was in Oxford, his great popularity did not prevent him from being mercilessly ragged. Some of his adventures were more true than tellable, but the following is harmless: Mr. Davis was invited to a dinner held by the Balliol "eight" at the conclusion of the races. On the afternoon of the dinner every member of the boat came to him privately and solemnly assured him that none but the veriest "bounder" ever wore evening dress on such occasions; flannels were the only wear. But alas for the guileless American! On his appearance he found a large and distinguished company assembled, including a cabinet minister and various other celebrities, all in most irreproachable evening dress. Every member of the eight disclaimed having spoken to him on the subject, and indeed hinted to their guests that they might be very thankful that this American savage had turned up in anything more respectable than his customary paint and war-whoop.

Probably the most abused feature of Oxford life is the proctorial system. Each year two Dons are appointed, called Proctors, who for a large consid-