

some tribute of intellectual benefit and force."—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton in "Intellectual Life."*

"In Canada, as elsewhere, Mr. Irving's Louis XI. is regarded by the most enlightened section of the public as his best performance. It is less generally popular, however, than either Hamlet or Mathias in *The Bells*,"—*The Athenæum*.

"That the English language is a most interesting and inspiring study to any one who has gone through a thorough academic study of language, and that the English literature is all that President Eliot claims for it to the student who has been thoroughly trained in classic analysis and reading, we are foremost to affirm; but that the English language or literature can be made a substitute for either Latin or Greek to an English or a German student as an academic study we do not believe."—*President Noah Porter in the Princeton Review*.

"We confess that the brutal sport of smart young collegians known as "hazing" seems to us almost as disreputable and barbarous as the Spanish pastime of bull-fighting. In the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, a court-martial was recently called to try several cadets accused of hazing. It is stated that a young fourth class man named Strang came to his death a few weeks' ago. There is, unfortunately, ground for supposing that he was fatally hurt in an encounter with the third class by being put in a barrel and rolled around until the hazing party chose to let him out."—*New York Independent*.

"When you find a beach strewn with the shells and other spoils that belonged once to the deep sea you know the tide has been there and that the winds and waves have wrestled over its naked sands. And so, if I find a poem stranded in my soul and have nothing to do but to seize it as a wrecker carries off the treasure he finds cast ashore, I know I have paid at some time for that poem with some inward commotion."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

"I have no patience with people who talk about 'the thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate if he will, but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions?"—*John Ruskin*.

"The hungry admiration of American would-be aristocrats for Old World patricianism, and the recent concessions of nobility to democracy have filled the world with a rumor of a certain sort of refinement and culture which formerly was supposed to be kept locked in the boudoirs and salons of hereditary gentry. Along with this rumor came the analytical novel and a considerable impulse towards aping the manners and living conformably to the customs of patrician society."—*Maurice Thompson, in The Current*.

A gentleman came into a concert hall recently, and looked anxiously around for some time. Finally he enquired of one of the occupants of the back seats: "Can you tell me where the reserved seats are?" "Yes," said the other, "where you see no one sitting; those are the reserved seats." The stranger took a back seat.

## Correspondence.

### ADDINGTON HEARD FROM.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY:—

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Put it there—shake,—let me felicitate you. To be editor-in-chief of 'VARSITY is no vain thing. I myself used to be a contributor to the V., and see what I've become! At this very moment I am,—but prose is too impotent:—

Independence is admitted to be agriculture's charm:  
How, then, ought my occupation  
Be a source of exultation,  
Who am hired to the tiller of another yeoman's farm!

Yet, why fret?—why?  
While others expiate the curse,  
For creature-comfort's tussle;  
My idle moments making verse,  
My busy hours, muscle;  
So live I!

Yes, I'm the hired man. His sublimated XXX-ity, the Past Grand Worthy Mufti, Champion Eructor Expectorator of the Residence Wing, used to maintain that, taking it all around, upon the whole the privileges and immunities of the Methodist preacher were sooner to be chosen than those of the hired man. But I am, as yet, only the latter; questionless, it seems, that some bright day I shall evolve into the former.

I have been riding the mower all summer, and reading Hume noon-spells. Last week we got the pumpkins in—uncommon crop,—and the cheese factory will shut down next month. Now, if I have luck getting the winter supply of stove wood split, may be, like the dog that was washed, I can return to my wallowing in residence again after Christmas.

'VARSITY of October 25th wandered down to me to-night:—

"Back to the Universitee,  
Old memories call me. "Come:  
Help stretch the Freshie" (*Sweet-n-er*)  
"Over a barrel": (*tum bum!*)  
Tzing! Boom!!

(*Distant thunder—slow music.*)

They say that the world itself is the best University and experience the true Alma Mater. *Negari non potest quin experientia magistra optima sit*, as old Dr. Arnold's dog-gasted Latin Prose Composition used to put it. But the great risk one runs of being deprived of one's bachelorhood is the main drawback upon the system of private study. I've had some hair-curling escapes, as it were, this summer; now I coax you!

Great Scott (*hic*) Act! Just at the mere remembrance I feel the *Prize-Poem* producing impetus within! Brace yourself,—I'm about "to drop into poetry" again.

Yours truly,

O. A. N.

Rogues' Hollow, Oct. 28, 1884.

### THE PRIZE-POEM CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—An article in your issue of last week criticises the prize poem by Mr. Stewart. Its writer has, I think, looked at the poem from a wrong standpoint. That accounts for his rather low estimate of the piece. It is a critical axiom that a poet should be judged by his best production, and by a parity of reasoning it follows that a poem should be judged by its best parts and not by its errors. Your writer has taken time and trouble to point out some verbal slips which he claims Mr. Stewart has made. Among the few errors he has been able to discover there is not one of any note or importance. They form an almost imperceptible blot on a poem of eighty-five lines. Were they not there the poem would, according to the laws of criticism, be perfect. This your writer has failed to note. He has rested satisfied with pointing out the blemishes; he has neglected to call attention to the remarkable beauties of the piece which far counterbalance its few trifling imperfections. For originality of plan this poem is particularly worthy of praise in an age in which originality is rare. The fresh poetic beauty of many of the lines forms a pleasing contrast to the stilted, constrained style so usual in poems of this class. The sweet calm beauty of his simple style betrays the true poetic instinct of its writer. The exquisitely sensitive choice he has shown in his diction is wonderful in one so young. He has woven his words into a poem whose melody at once thrills and entrances. These are some of