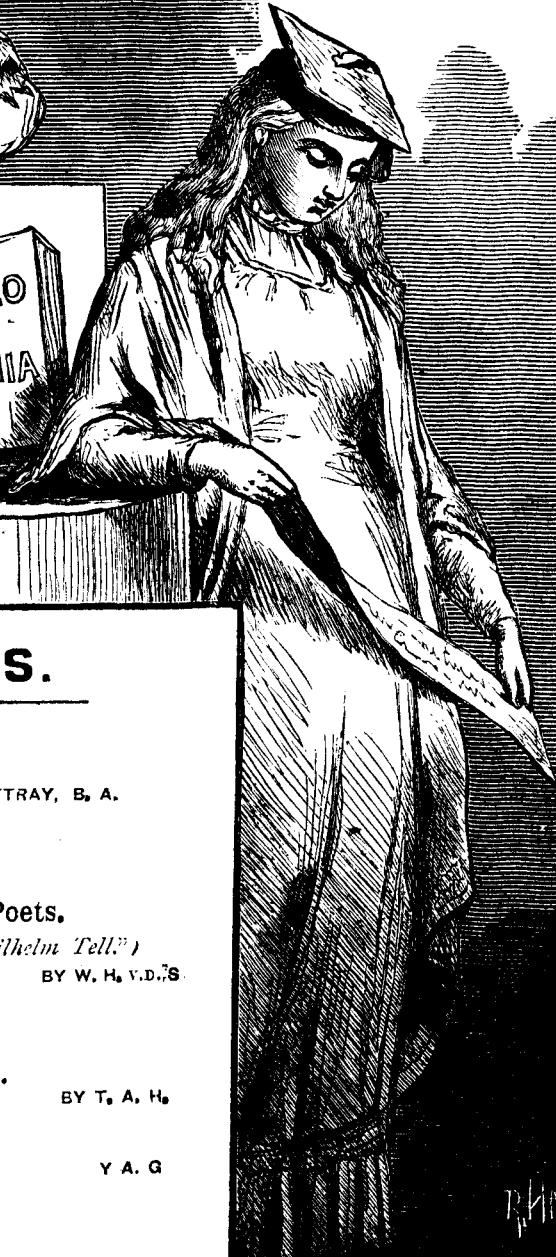
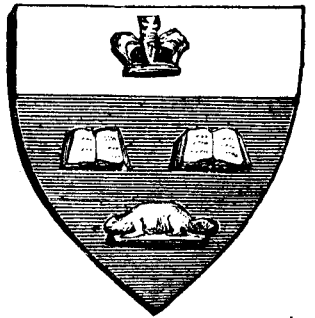


THE WARSTORY



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Toronto, - December 18.

Toronto, Ontario, 1876

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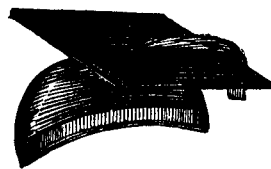
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THE ' VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. I. No. 10.

December 18, 1880.

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UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIP.

The holiday season is by no means the most favorable for dry dissertation on serious subjects. The world surrenders itself to cheerful gaiety and practical brotherly kindness. As for study, perhaps light literature and the important department of gastronomy serve most common needs at Yule-tide. *Non omnia possumus omnes* said Virgil; and it is equally true that most of us cannot brace ourselves to ordinary tasks in the declining weeks of the year. Men enjoy an ante-mortem wake over the death-bed of the last offspring of time; anon will come the reckoning, and the duns with their troublesome accounts will haunt the cradle of the new-born year. *N'importe*, let us enjoy the festive week with zest, *unice securi* about the troubles of January, 1881. It is a time for good wishes, and the opening up of the jovial springs of human hearts; so a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all.

At a time of good fellowship like this, has it not occurred to some of the 'Varsity's readers that the lessons of Christmas may be made available beyond their fleeting limit? Why should there not be a permanent fellowship amongst all who love *Alma Mater*, because they owe her much. Nothing seems more anomalous and unreasonable than the isolation, icy and perpetual, which separates, one from another, the sons of the University. During undergraduate years we were, or are, more or less thrown together only to be severed for life in the end. Where is the graduate who has not felt, in those calm and salutary moments given up to memory, a yearning back to those days which have gone forever. Our old class-mates, where are they all? Some of them, prematurely snatched away, slumber beneath the sod; others are removed far away from us, if not by distance, at all events by divergence in the pathway chosen for life. Why are we so scattered, and why does not a common love for our University unite us in the bonds of an abiding fellowship?

Surely no ties are so close as those formed under academic shades; and yet how easily they are broken off, snapped asunder without hope of re-union. It is true that diversity of occupation will, in spite of themselves, sever men, and drive them into separate grooves, which, however near, are parallel, and thus never meet. One young man selects the law, another medicine, a third the pulpit; their brethren find a vocation in teaching or journalism, on the farm, or at the merchant's desk. So their life-work divides them, and from the common port of setting out they sail away upon the ocean of time, to encounter its storms, and to rejoice in its calm sunshine and favoring breezes, yet never to return to the harbor whence they set out in company. Ought this to be so? Should there not be—not perhaps a freemasonry—but a recognized bond of union, indissoluble and appreciable, amongst University men? At this season no more fitting subject for consideration can be suggested than that of University fellowship, since it carries into life the passing fashion of the time, gathering up the broken threads of our chequered existence and weaving them into a pattern, consistent and homogeneous.

Apart from the purely sentimental side, which is only of subordinate value, there is a practical view of the matter to be noted. The Provincial University and College belong to the whole people of Ontario, and an endeavour was made in a previous article to show that every man and woman in Ontario is interested in its progress, bound to aid in its elevation, and to be jealous of every onslaught made on its integrity. If they fully realized the inestimable work it has done, and is ever doing, there need be no trouble in the matter of endowment. Released from the bondage of fear, and from the dwarfing and crippling stress of poverty, our *Alma Mater* would be at once raised high above the vicissitudes of fortune. So soon as the people recognize the value of the University, and learn to take a pride in it, the conflict between aspiration and possible performance will be over—the former ever rising with the needs of the country and the times, the latter expanding proportionately under the generous auspices of a grateful country.

But this goal will never be reached, until something like, organized University fellowship—until, if the language be permissible, graduates

and undergraduates feel that they are members not only of the University, but one of another.—of every other. The people will do their part, when they fully appreciate the necessities of the case; but it would be unfair to charge them with apathy and supineness so long as the sons of *Alma Mater* refrain from united and strenuous efforts on her behalf. If those who owe most to the Provincial University, and are conversant with her claims upon the people, and her pressing need be, indifferent, how can it be expected that others will bestir themselves and come to the rescue? It will certainly not be contended that our Alumni are looking to the institutions in which they have been trained; for, leaving the honor men out of the question, does not every graduate stand indebted to the University for what he has received, at a trifling and altogether inadequate cost, within its walls? The Crown and the Province endowed a magnificent seat of learning simply as a public boon, without expecting any return to the public treasury. As a matter of fact every student who graduates there, receives in money expended by him three or fourfold as much as he pays into its exchequer, with a liberal culture and a skilled training to boot. The University and College, as commercial speculations, have been of necessity complete failures. It was never supposed that they would be otherwise. They were founded solely for the good of the people, for the dissemination of the higher learning, and the elevation of at least a proportion of the masses in the scale of intelligence. That being the case, every son of *Alma Mater* owes a debt of gratitude to her for what has been so generously bestowed.

It is to be feared that too many graduates regard academic education from a selfish point of view. Having mounted the ladder provided for them, there is no further use for it, and the kicking of it away costs them not a pang of remorse. They have done with that part of life discipline, reaped all its advantages, and go their own way regardless of those who succeed them. This, surely is a sordid and unworthy view to take, whether adopted thoughtlessly or deliberately. Every member of the University has by becoming a member of it linked his fortunes with its fortunes, he ought to be proud of its success, jealous for its good name, and a faithful champion of its interests wherever his influence may avail. It may be said that there are few of whom it can be said that they are indifferent to the fortunes of the academic institutions to which they belong. If that be the case, so much the better; but how far do they prove their zeal, and what is their sympathy worth when put to the test? If, as most of us will reluctantly admit, it is found wanting at a time of need, to what cause are we to attribute the failure.

Clearly there is no lack of personal good-feeling towards the University. All her sons are individually attached deeply to *Alma Mater*, if only as a grateful memory; but they are isolated, unorganized, and unassociated with one another. What the present crisis demands, therefore, is University fellowship. So long as the members of the institution make no effort towards co-operation on behalf of it, there is no reason to expect voluntary effort on behalf of the people. Convocation in theory, at all events, serves as an associative bond; yet how feebly does it perform its functions; and if the pulse be so feeble at the heart, what of the mischief is the want of systematized co-operation. There is not a city or town, hardly a village in which the Provincial University is not represented by its academic sons. At times a solitary doctor, or a country practitioner in law stands alone; but at all the centres of population the number of her representatives is large. Now a system of University fellowship or association would at once bind together all graduates within certain geographical or political boundaries. Whatever diversity there may be in profession or ordinary pursuit, a basis of union ought to be found here. If then an endowment fund for the Provincial University be feasible, here are its agents spread far and wide over the Province from Ottawa to Algoma. All that is wanted is simply an organized effort to tighten the cords which connect all these scattered children of *Alma Mater* together and to her.

It is not necessary in an article that is rather suggestive than exhaustive, to enter into details. Yet it may not be amiss to hint at a plan. Whether under the auspices of Convocation or of a separate as-

sociation, let some centre of organization be established in this city. It is essentially necessary that the movement shall receive the entire approval and sympathy of both Senate and Council. *Frenc-tireurs* may be of use in war; but here the free lances might possibly do harm rather than good. At each county town, and elsewhere, when advisable, branches should be established of which all resident graduates ought to be members. Each branch, supposing an endowment movement to be in contemplation, should have the sole charge of the district committed to it. Public meetings, printed appeals and the collection of donations and bequests would be previously arranged by the branch association. The needs of the locality being known to its committee, so far as speakers or canvassers are concerned, all details would thus be under local management. On the other hand the Central Executive, in communication with the University authorities, should be in constant communication with all branches, furnishing them with facts, papers, and if necessary with speakers. Thus by a well-ordered system the entire body of University men would be knit together, and the new period of isolation would be over. The rope of sand would become a cable of many individual strands.

Nor is that all. With the opening up of correspondence between the capital and the various districts of the Province, the intellectual life of Ontario would be appreciably quickened. There is no need to stop short at the awakening of people generally to the claims and necessities of the University. That accomplished—nay, while it is in the course of accomplishment—the foundation may be permanently laid for an intellectual communion, strong and deep, embracing every son of the University in the Province or beyond it. There is no reason why those who are engaged in original research, or can otherwise enhance the glory of Alma Mater, should not be enabled to deposit their first fruits at her shrine. Such in meagre and hasty outline seems to be the scope and purpose of true University fellowship. As a concentration of common sympathies now working sporadically over our own, and many a foreign land, the design is surely a promising one. It being accepted heartily and with full strength of purpose, the newer arrangement of details will come almost of itself.

WILLIAM J. RATRAY.

CO-EDUCATION.

Repeated discussions and replies regarding this matter from the principal disputants—the *Bystander* and the *'Varsity*—seem to have reduced the controversy to a single issue. It is all but admitted by both sides that if women are to have a much higher education than they obtain at present in this country, they must attend lectures in University College; but the point of difference is regarding the question of women's higher education itself. The intelligent critic of the universe is of the opinion that the ordinary English woman is perfect, cannot be improved; from which one may conclude that he likes things just as they are in this respect. (Most people would regard this as the essence of Conservatism; yet the *Bystander* says "we are liberals.")

On the other hand, the knights of Albert Hall, though, perhaps, having just as great an admiration for women themselves, insist that it would be better for women, and for the world, if the feminine population was more widely and more systematically instructed.

The worst of the undergraduates' position is the ground they allege for this view—that women ought to be prepared for the professions, in fact for getting an independent livelihood. Women who live without the assistance of men must, at all events among the wealthier classes, to whom alone the question has any pertinence, ever be the exception. Women are by nature physically constructed and mentally endowed in the manner best fitted for the production and care of children, and there can never be a time in which society can afford to do without them in this capacity. Every one seems to recognise this in a general sort of way; but nobody treats it as the very central point of the whole discussion. We pay enormous sums in the salaries of high school masters, University professors, and professional associations, as the trainers of perhaps a tenth of the youths of the country, and, at the same time, treat almost with indifference the question of preparing the most necessary, the most influential, and the most universal teachers of the entire population. And yet it is for that very function that a thorough intellectual training is most essential and best fitted.

It is a curious thing that those very faults for which women are most ridiculed and abused, and of which hints might be found in more than one number of the *Bystander* itself, are the very ones a complete education in those branches, hitherto taught exclusively to men, would be most likely to overcome. Incessant prattling about people's affairs, prejudice, inordinate attention to dress, incapacity for consecutive thought; these are the characteristics of ignorant people all over the world; and of women, because they are generally ignorant. There are few women, as the sex is now instructed, at whom even the *Bystander* will not have a quiet laugh on account of these charming attributes. That few is made up of women who have been sufficiently familiarised with general conceptions to have something to think about besides clothes, weddings, and petty breaches of etiquette, and know enough to have original opinions on topics of interest outside the delinquencies of serving-maids.

Like all imperfectly trained persons of whatever sex, most women are too emotional. No doubt they are naturally more so than men, and it is perhaps better that they should be; but who can feel uncertain that their feelings would be more under reasonable control if their reasons were more and better exercised, and if their reading were less confined to novels, and they not usually the best?

But the resources supplied to a woman by a tolerable knowledge of natural science, psychology, and logic would in her hands, it seems to me, in making mankind happy, be worth a thousand annexations, national policies, imperial confederations, and Pacific Railways. It would be to woman's own advantage whether celibate or not. If forced to make her own bread she might do it pleasantly and well in some dignified, intellectual employment. Even if the Church and the Law be closed to her, and medicine distasteful, women have succeeded well enough in severe literary labor to show that journalism might, to a well-informed woman, afford both agreeable employment and comfortable means. Women in the United States have long been known as excellent financial writers; and Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Fawcett and others have demonstrated feminine ability to comprehend thoroughly and expound clearly the most intricate problems of Political Economy. The *Bystander's* proposal to give women some sort of flimsey artistic occupation is simply laughed at by facts; for the peculiar ability required for such work is no more universal among women than among men.

But to married women an equal personal benefit would flow from a good, say a University, education. Young wives going from a house full of brothers and sisters to live by themselves from nine in the morning till six or seven at night, with little household care, complain bitterly oftentimes of loneliness, and soon contract gadding habits from which perhaps they never shake loose, simply because they have no adequate intellectual employment. The same thing happens to women when their children grow up and go to school unless they happen to be prudent menders.

Nor is this the only good of knowing something outside the usual refinements of young ladies' schools. (I do not speak of one Ladies' School in Toronto, where, to its credit be it said, even the neighborhood of the frowning *Bystander* himself has not prevented some of its young ladies from preparing energetically for the next University Matriculation.) On the contrary, the advantage of such a state of things would be felt by the whole of society. How often do we see the first two or three children in a family dying when in fact they have the best chance to live, simply because their mothers know less of ordinary hygienic maxims, less of such science as would be picked up in an ordinary University course, than of the meaning of musical terms.

One frequently hears people say, in an off-hand way, that cultured mothers would make intelligent children, but that is only half the truth. More than this, they would make happy children, and good children. As mothers are generally educated to-day, they rarely understand or appreciate the wants and feelings of their restless youngsters, and repress the natural overflow of spontaneous activity in the young animal with fierce directions to "Sit down," "Keep still," or such idiotic and criminal maxims (lies) as "Little boys are to be seen, not heard;" rendering miserable the hours that ought to be the most joyful of human life. If women were instructed in serious thinking instead of "fancy

work," for instance, up to the point of reading with interest and understanding Herbert Spencer's book on Education, what might we not expect for the race; let alone to the point of proper self-restraint, of calm and sensible punishment, and of pleasant, refined conversation, letting into the empty but active brain of the child a love of nature and some knowledge of her ways?

W. A. S.

VI. OPENING OF "WILHELM TELL."

(Schiller.)

FISHERBOY (*singing in his boat.*)

The lake wears a smile, its blue depth unmasking,
A youth on the green shore in sunlight is basking;
Deep sleep falls upon him;
He hears in his dreams
Sweet music: like voices
Of angels it seems;

And when he awakes from his blissful rest,
The waters are rippling over his breast.

From the deep calls the mermaid:
Dear boy, thou art mine,
I sleepers entice
With loving design.

HERDSMAN (*on the mountain.*)

Bright meadows, farewell!
In the sunlight extended!
The summer is ended,
The herdsman must part.

We'll return to the hill-side, come back to the mountain,
When the note of the cuckoo's awakened again;
When in May-tide forth gusheth the silvery fountain,
And spring's gayest flowers are strewn o'er the plain.

Bright meadows, farewell,
In the sunlight extending!
The summer is ending,
The herdsman must part.

HUNTER (*on the crag.*)

The avalanche thunders, the footbridge is quailing;
What careth the Hunter, the giddy heights scaling?

He strides boldly on,
Where gusheth no spring,
O'er the bleak fields of ice,
Where winter is king.

At his feet lies an ocean of mist in the sky,
Concealing the dwellings of men from his-eye;

Thro' the rent in the clouds
The world he can see,
And far 'neath the waters
The green, grassy lea.

W. H. v. D. S.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATIARCH STUDENT.

AT LAST a gymnasium is to be fitted up. Through the kindness of the College Council three rooms in the Society building, and a grant of two hundred dollars—an amount equal to that subscribed by the undergraduates—have been secured. The Committee have gone away for vacation, leaving the work of construction in the hands of Professor Andrews, trusting on their return to find it completed. The water is laid on to one of the smaller rooms, which is also drained. Two hundred dollars are to expended on apparatus, and the rest on plastering and supporting the delapidated walls, putting in cross beams, and providing lockers.

**

LAST Monday I received, for the first time, a copy of the *Cornell Daily Sun*, to which the *'Varsity* has been forwarded since October. How very patronising! But please don't say our title-page is "illuminated!"

**

THIRTY live frogs have been sent from the School of Science to Professor Luckart, at Leipzig.

DOCTOR WILSON has recently missed several skulls, and during the past fortnight a new kind of soup has been added to the long *menu* of the residence dinner. Can it be possible—?

**

The melting cake is passed around
Amid the festive scene;
A snowy crown on the topmost round
And chocolate between.

A generous knife has hewn each slice
Full four good inches through,
From plate to ice—and quite as nice
The breadth as well, 'tis true.

The ladies give a little tit—
Ter asked, "will you have some,"
They say—"a little tiny bit,"—
But never leave a crumb.

**

"WE fail to see the reasons for the *Illini* taking exception to our monthly publication. Few college papers are published oftener."—*Shurtleff College Review*. I am not aware of what the *Illini* said on the matter, but a good many objections will suggest themselves to any one. In the first place, the more the time is extended between the issues of a paper or periodical in proportion do people expect its standard to be high. The correctness of this statement is easily confirmed by observing the gradation from the annual and quarterly down to the weekly and daily. To those who possess any acquaintance with University and College journalism the fact is familiar that, with the exception of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the highest standard has been reached by the fortnightly papers. The editors of monthlies have comparatively more leisure, and they appear to yield to the consequent temptation of falling into lazy habits, and of allowing the keen edge to be taken off from their powers of quick observation. Speaking generally, the editor, like the man of literature, will shine all the more brilliantly if the number of hours devoted to his work is increased. Articles written somewhat hastily for a weekly may be carefully corrected for the fortnightly, and re-composed or extended when inserted in a monthly magazine. In the last instance, the majority of undergraduates and collegian staffs are too full of youthful spirits to adhere to the processes of revision and selection to a degree sufficiently high.

**

WHY is Indiana the most benighted State in the Union? Because it has *Notre Dame University* in it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

**

THE DATE of the examinations in the Natural Science department for the second year, has been fixed for the first week in the Easter Term.

**

ARGUMENT against co-education: the *Annex* has the measles.—*Harvard Crimson*.

**

THE *'Varsity* is the latest arrival in our sanctum of new friends, and comes from University College, Toronto. The general make-up of the journal is so different from the style college papers appear in that it is difficult to appreciate it at first sight. The first page displays cuts of statues of figures hard to describe. There is not that symmetry displayed in the arrangement of the different departments that there should be. The paper is published weekly.—*Dickinson Liberal*.

I am delighted that the *'Varsity* has caused such a sensation by its novel appearance in an educational establishment in the land of black diamonds and petroleum, though I should have thought that editors of a paper who belong to societies with such high-sounding titles as Belles Lettres, Union, and Tripartite Union would at least recognize that much-abused bust of Minerva. Still the density of some people is unaccountable. As to the arrangement of matter which does not seem to suit their æsthetic taste, I would recommend a system of introspection as though there is any amount of symmetry of arrangement in the *Liberal* there is too much triviality. However, one must make some allowance for school-children who descend to such utter nonsense as the following:—Miss Sallie W.—says she will wink at Prof. the next time he comes to the study hall,—which speaks for itself.

**

ONLY two secret societies are allowed at Princeton; one of these, the *Cliosophic*, was founded in 1765; the other, the *American Whig* in 1768.—*Harvard Daily Echo*.

ON Thursday last the Sophomores of the University of Pennsylvania had a cremation of their old text books on the College grounds, because of a threat that the medical students would disturb the exercises for an affront given at their commencement last summer, they were accompanied by a large body of police. When the orgies began two hundred medical students appeared, and attempting to break the rope surrounding the cremationists were set upon by the officers of the law who, however, were soon overpowered, and several severely injured. Eight of the offenders have been arrested and are held on a charge of riot.

**

PROFESSOR LOUDEN had a severe fall on King street yesterday.

**

OUR illuminated Canadian friend, *The 'Varsity*, has changed its face. The new title page is a great improvement on the old. The young woman, however still looks very demure,—quite different from the spirited expression of the girls here, especially that put on when one makes a remark opposing co-education, or derogatory thereto. Minerva, this time, like Christopho Colombo, is "on a bust," but nevertheless looks happy. The contents of the paper please us more and more.—*Illini*.

**

A VERY interesting present has been made to the College by the donor of the quiver of mountain Wolf. The notorious rebel chief, Black Cattle, who took a prominent part in the American Indian war, stole away a white lady, now living in St. Louis, and concealed her in a cave. He was afterwards captured and quartered by a detachment of volunteers of the United States War Service, some of whom passing by a few months later on, made themselves possessors of the scalp. This top-knot is now one of the *innumerable* specimens in the Museum.

**

PROFESSOR, to new student seeking advice—"Are you strong and healthy?" N. S., "Yes, sir." Professor, "Do you come from a long-lived family?" N. S., "Yes, sir." Professor, "Then, sir, I should advise you to take the classical course."—*Vidette*.—Applies here both in regard to Classics and Natural Sciences *vide* curriculum.

**

THE Residence is almost empty, most of the starvilings having gone home to fatten up for the labours of Easter term, and no longer do its walls resound to the unanimous plaint and soul-endangering vituperations which are passed upon the delicious viands and elegant pielets. For some time before their departure, the undergraduates could have been seen toasting the delicious crumpet far into the small hours of the morning, and in that way subsidizing their famished frames, which could ill exist on hare soup and what-is-it? pudding, with blind faith sauce.

VARSAITY MEN.—I learn that Mr. W. J. LOUDON, B.A., gold medallist in mathematics, instead of going to John Hopkins' University, went to England, and has got himself a position in the Greenwich Observatory, and expects to go out in the spring to the Observatory at Calcutta.

MR. J. E. LEES, B.A., is in town. He has taken unto himself a wife, and is partner in a law firm at Brantford.

MR. W. F. FREEMAN, late of the third year Natural Science course is taking medicine at Trinity.

MR. G. ACHESON, B.A., gold medalist in Natural Sciences last May is in Galt. He is slowly recovering from the effects of fever.

MR. E. J. BRISTOL, of the second year, is studying law in the office of Reeve & Morden, Napanee, but intends pursuing his honor course in classics next year.

MR. H. T. BROCK, of the third year, is studying law concomitantly with his arts course in office of O'Sullivan & Perdue of this city.

In the last issue we were so pressed for time that the following errors in " 'Misconceived Ideas of Evolution' were overlooked. For "an answer commonly urged against it," read "an answer to some of the objections commonly urged against it."

§ 4. For "are essential" read "so essential."

§ 5. For "an such thing" read "any such thing,"

For "generally changing" read "gradually changing."

§ 6. For "because holes cannot be picked, etc.," read "because holes can be picked, etc."

§ 7. For "the sooner they try" read "the sooner we try."

For "menistic" read "monistic."

THE next meeting of the Debating Society will be held on the 7th of January of the coming year. The Essayists are, Mr. H. H. Dewart, and Mr. A. McMurchy; the Readers, Mr. A. W. Wright, and Mr. W. H. Mickle. The Debate: "Resolved, that the people of the United States would be better governed if the Presidency were made tenable for life. It has been decided to hold a *Conversazione* some time in February. *Conversazione* Committee:—The General Committee of the Debating Society with the following: T. G. Blackstock B.A., D. McColl B.A., G. Davis B.A., J. W. Elliott B.A., J. Macdougall B.A., W. Cook B.A., T. C. Milligan, W. Laidlaw, W. H. Blake, R. Haddow, C. Campbell, H. M. Field, L. I. Smith, T. C. Boville, E. Wigle, E. W. Hagarty. These have been divided up into Committees on Finance, Music, Decorations, Printing, Science, Dressing-room, Invitations, Light and Heat, Seating Hall.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Hagen—"N. American Astacidae."

Hinrich—"Catalogue of German Books, 1875-80."

Lorruz—"Catalogue of French Books, 1876-79."

Poems—Memorials by Cousins (George Wilson and M. Russell). Victoria University (Owen's Coll.), Calendar, 1880-1.

Catullus ed. Ellis, *Tozer*—"Geography of Greece."

Geddes—"Homeric Problem."

Seeley—"Lectures and Essays."

Hibbert Lectures, 1879—"Renouf's Religion of Egypt."

Hibbert Lectures, 1880—"Renau's Influence of Rome on Christianity."

Laveleye—"Primitive Property," tr. Marriott.

Lloyd—"Age of Pericles" (2 vols.), and "History of Sicily," with notes on Pindar's Sicilian Odes.

Sargent and Dallin—"Materials for Latin Prose."

Zeller—"Socrates and Socratic Schools," "Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics," "Plato and the Older Academy" (Transl.)

A DIALOGUE OF MODERN TIMES.

"All our delight is in culture and intellect, sense and refinement."—THE WALL-FLOWERS.

"Oh! who put my *Helianthi Annuï*, my lovely sunflowers, on the breakfast-table?" said Paideia—a tall, dark, very graceful girl—as she entered the dining-room one bright September morning.

"I did," replied her cousin Eusebeia, "I do admire them so much."

"But do you not think that they suit the library better, dear? That massive ebony plate with its quaintly inlaid gold figures matches the heavy, sombre look of the study exactly; and I thought the large, solemn-looking flowers and leaves, that seem to be ever occupied with that "*contemplationem rerum cognitio-nemque*," that Cicero speaks of, * looked divine on a Liddell and Scott within reach of an arm chair."

"I like contrasts and dark shades," remarked Eusebeia, whose pet subject was ecclesiastical colours.

"So do I, generally," replied her cousin, "but not on a day like this, when the atmosphere is so translucent that the pseudo-prudish sky seems to think that she ought to request the warm breezes to hide her with the filmiest of cloudy veils. Besides, I think it is too early in the day to admire anything grand or impressive. Bain says † that the Enkephalon is most active some hours after breakfast."

"Yes. How would you like to see me come down to breakfast in swallow-tails, Seby?" asked her brother Apaideusia. "Why a bunch of common sweet-peas would look better than those things."

EUSEBEIA.—"Chacun a son gout."

PAIDEIA.—"Of course. *De gustibus*, etc. What a funny thing taste is, is it not? How do you think one could acquire perfect taste?"

"By a life of asceticism," said Eusebeia. (Apaideusia took up the *Times*). "One who has no sordid ambitions, who never gratifies a low passion, who performs no act but for some high and holy purpose, he alone has perfect taste."

"I cannot help agreeing—at all events partially—with Burke," ** said Paideia, "in thinking that knowledge is an element of good taste. My idea is that perfect taste is dependent on refinement."

"But what is refinement?" asked Eusebeia.

"Refinement is the outcome of culture, which in turn is the consequence of education," said her cousin.

"But do you not think that religion helps to form one's taste?"

"Education includes religion, morality, as I prefer to call it," said Paideia, looking very wise. Religion is only an organic progeny of morality, unable to differentiate by any system of natural selection. It is like the $\eta\tau\omicron\nu\ \omicron\iota\tau\eta\varsigma\ \acute{\alpha}\tau\omicron\mu\omicron\nu\ \lambda\epsilon\iota\acute{\omega}\mu\upsilon$ sacred but unproductive. As Dr. Arnold says, †† "The gift of faith does not imply the gift of

wisdom.' Your ascetic would not know a Madonna from a Gainsborough, an oratorio from an opera-bouffe. Why, I would back—don't look shocked," as Apaideusia looked over the edge of his paper—"I would back a London shoe-black against him. I heard one say once to an old gentleman who had asked him what tune he was whistling, 'You're a hignorant old cove, you are, hain't yer never bin an' 'eerd Forst?'"

Eusebeia put on the air of a martyr as she held out a piece of toast to her pug. "What is morality?" she said at last.

"Morality is a deliberate, consistent and continued effort to attain the highest cognisable end. Of course there are minor ends or aims, one's occupations for the day for example; but these are merely means to higher aims. In fact aims and means are related on each other just as genera and species in a system of cognate genera. Do you not think so?"

"I must be off," said Apaideusia, rising.

"The highest aim is never means," continued Paideia, "the lowest means never an aim, the intermediate aims-like *subalterna genera*—are alternately aims to the means below and means to the aim above, according to what, at the moment, is the object of thought. The means corresponding to *infim species* is labour—mental or muscular—for although labour is not possible without ganglionic or cerebro-spinal excitation, and this latter without volition, which, in turn, depends on motive, these three must be considered rather as causes for which we are not responsible than as means, rather as the involuntary, implanted principles of our physiological and psychological constitution than as actions undertaken after an investigation of, and with a view to, certain results."

"Why, then the heathen could be moral," said Eusebeia.

"The sacrificers of children to Moloch, or of captives to Woden; the Fakir of Benares, and the modern Bishop, all equally so."

Poor Eusebeia could not control her horror. "Still, this is very interesting," she said, "and I can quite understand how education includes religion; the school-board insists on

PAIDEIA.—"Education is the axis of the tree, culture its branches, refinement its flowers, and taste their perfume."

EUSEBEIA.—"I am afraid future sociological palæophytologists will find the flora of this age chiefly cryptogamic."

PAIDEIA.—"I think I can elucidate this object-matter mathematically. Let us say that education is, generally, 'the gradual self-adaptation of the human organism to its environment' by means of the development of its powers, and let us classify the powers of the organism,—that by which alone variations in the relation of the organism to the environment are rendered possible—thus:—Physical, giving rise to Acts, Mental, giving rise to Volitions, and—for want of a better term—Moral, giving rise to motives. Then education will be represented by three concentric circles, and your ascetic will be concerned only in that narrow, outer rim between the outermost circle representing moral development, and the central circle representing mental development. And do you not think that we might represent Taste as a sector common to these three circles?"

"Perhaps, dear," said Eusebeia, dubiously. "Are you going to the archery meeting this afternoon?"

"Yes. What are you going to wear by-the-bye?"

"Let me see. The Rev. Mr. Saintly will be there. I shall wear my Jersey."

T. A. H.

* *Tusculanae Disputationes, Lib. V. Cap. 3.*

** "On the Sublime and Beautiful."

† "Education as a Science."

‡ Sophocles. *Trachiniae* v. 200.

†† "Lectures on Modern History." Lect. II.

AN OLD SCOTCH PROFESSOR.

A 'VARSITY REMINISCENCE.

MORE than one of his old pupils have reason to remember the subject of this sketch, not a few for reasons the reverse of pleasant. He had an awkward trick of fining the unruly or frolicksome among the students, and of "plucking" the careless or stupid. Yet dame Rumour said some queer things of his own student days. He had been indeed "one of the boys," had borne a leading and distinguished part in many a "town and gown" affray for which his great height and long arm had pre-eminently fitted him. He had helped to swell many a chorus of the "won't-go-home-till-morning" description. Indeed it was due to his propensity for boxing and getting into rows with "the cads" that he did not leave Cambridge as Senior Wrangler of his year, for he was that phenomenon that is seldom, but yet sometimes, found in a University a "fast," yet successful, student. Just before the examinations for the blue ribbon of the University came on, Thomson (for that was my old Professor's name) was informed that a noted bully of the town—a butcher by trade—had been vaunting that he could "lick any man in the 'Varsity as easily as he could skin a bleater." Without a moment's hesitation the young

gownsmen took up the challenge and went to the butcher's place of business without delay. The combatants tackled, and a terrific fight was the result, for the butcher was no mean adversary. He had, however, finally to succumb to the skill of his wiry and powerful opponent. Thomson, was, nevertheless, so mauled and battered that it was utterly out of question for him to show up at either lectures or examinations, and the result was his putting in an *ager* for such a length of time that he lost the chance of the great prize and left the University simply a pass-man. He left it also a poor and deeply indebted man. Like Tennyson's curate, he took his position as Professor in Overdon University "with loads o' 'Varsity debt," and like those of that same unfortunate cleric, poor Thomson's Cambridge creditors

"Stook to him like a leech, they did, and he 'aint got rid on them yet."

At least to the best of my belief, poor Thomson had not got rid of them in the year of grace 1864, nor we fancy did he altogether shake himself free of the incubus until he paid the final debt of all—that which men owe to Nature. This fact and the troubles, disappointments, and annoyances of his life tended no doubt to make him somewhat sour and gloomy, if not in some cases actually vindictive, but he was at heart really a most kindly and social man. He was forced to be very saving in money matters and curious stories are told of his "canniness" in this respect. He was an inveterate smoker and used the very commonest and cheapest "pig-tail" tobacco. Having sent the janitor of the college one morning to a neighboring grocery for a supply of the weed and suspecting that 'John' had helped himself to a piece of the tobacco the professor calmly measured the piece with his finger and said to John "Do you smoke, John?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Ah, I thought so," said the professor, significantly, and John collapsed. In consequence of this enforced economy he dressed rather meanly, and thus afforded a butt for the jests of offended undergrads, jests which were unsparingly hurled at "Davie" or the "Demon," as he was called, on every possible occasion. He was a finished scholar and as enthusiastic a student of Physics as Sir William Thomson himself. His lectures were remarkable for their clearness and exhaustive treatment of the subject. They were interspersed with dry jokes which tradition said he had incorporated in the M.S. of his lectures, and thus gave, year after year, unchanged. One was the venerable definition by *Punch* of mind and matter. "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind." There were a good many others interspersed, over which the class always laughed, especially those who had secret fears of being unable to pass "Davie" at the close of the session.

His oral examinations were a great treat. The unlucky wretch who came up to the black-board unprepared got an unsparing torrent of sarcasm hurled on his devoted head. A student once was engaged in a very hopeless attempt to solve a problem in Statics or some kindred subject, and had got to a point in the operation where an expansion by the Binomial Theorem came in. He had been "going it blind" for a considerable time, but at this stage he came to a standstill. "Go on, Mr.—" said Davie. "I can't, sir," said Mr.—. "Ah! how many x's have you got there, Mr.—?" After a pause "Thirty" was the reply. "Then, mister, you have an excess of x's." (Laughter.) Don't you know the Binomial Theorem, Mr.—?" "I had used to, sir, but I, somehow have forgotten the run of it." That's heresy, Sir. Why, when I was at Cambridge I knew a man, a great hand at classics he was, but as poor as you, Mr.—, at mathematics. But he was wiser than you. He made it a point of conscience to learn the Binomial Theorem, and in his examination papers whenever he saw the ghost of the chance of an n appearing he wrote—"Before solving this problem we must prove the Binomial Theorem." Take example by him, Mr.—, if you want to pass. Now, you may sit down, sir!"

I might multiply examples of his keen, caustic wit, but space forbids. He was an efficient and successful teacher, and more than one Senior Wrangler passed through his hands—indeed, one of them now occupies the chair which he vacated "to go over to the majority." In spite of his many eccentricities, in spite too of the hard measure he meted out to more than one of his pupils in the matter of class passes, his memory will long be green in the "Auld Toon" of Overdon, and his jokes will for a long time, we venture to say, form a part of the traditions of

"The sleepy old place

That stands by the murmuring Don,"

Peace to his manes!

A. G.

TWO PARODIES.

THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To cram or not to cram—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The pains and sorrows of conditioned fortune,
 Or to take up books against a sea of questions,
 And by our study end them. To rest ; to snooze ;
 No more : and by a snooze to say we end
 The headache, and the thousand mental shocks
 The crammer's heir to.—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To rest ; to snooze ;
 To snooze ! perchance to flunk ; ay, there's the rub ;
 For from that resting snooze what flunks may come,
 When we have shuffled off our college toil,
 Must give us pause. There's the reason
 That makes examinations such long strifes :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of the term,
 The professor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of unpassed papers, the report's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 The patient plodder of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare pony ? Who'd these crammings bear,
 To grunt and sweat over a wearying book,
 But that the dread of something after "ex."
 That great conditioned country, from whose bourn
 No student well returns—puzzles the will,
 That makes us rather bear the studies we have,
 Than fly to others that we know naught of.—*F. A. W. in Tripod*

POKER.

To draw, or not to draw, that is the question,
 Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
 The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
 Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit,
 And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin ;
 No more—and by that skin to get a full
 Or two pairs, of the fattest bouncing kings
 That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To draw—to skin ;
 To skin ! perchance to burst—aye, there's the rub !
 For in the draw of three what cards may come
 When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack.
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 Which makes calamity of a bob-tail flush,
 For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
 The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
 The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts
 That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
 When he himself might be much better off
 By simply passing? what would trays uphold,
 And go put on a small progressive raise,
 But that the dread of something after call,
 The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength
 Such hands must bow, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather keep the chips we have
 Than be curious about the hands we know not of?
 Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
 Is sicklied with some dark and cussed club,
 And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth,
 With this regard their interests turn away,
 And lose the right to open.

[From an unpublished poem by Matthew Arnold].—*Harvard Daily Echo*.

A FRESHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

No. 2.—INITIATION.

The cocks had once crowed, the midnight hour had struck, and the gas had long been out, when James Henry suddenly awakened. He had been dreaming of home, of the associations of his quiet rural life ; and his first moment of consciousness was one of regret, regret at the sudden disappearance of his pleasant picturings. But this feeling soon gave way to one of surprise, mingled with terror and quaking, when his eyes opened to behold at his bedside a file of gaunt and ghostly figures,

inhabitants of the other world. "Cold, clammy sweats came o'er him," and he lay like one stupified, but for a moment, however. There came in husky tones, along with a smell of brimstone, the ominous words, "name freshie!" He whispered back the answer, "James Henry Fitz Greene."

Hurried from his innocent couch in almost as nude a state as was Adam in his fig-leaf, he soon found himself in the open air, having been dropped from his window into a gloomy quadrangle. When a short promenade over a few bramble bushes and gravel walks had aroused him sufficiently to enable him to comprehend somewhat of his helpless and doubtful position, he was borne through a mazy labyrinth of subterranean passages, into a cavern of stupendous proportions, whose entrance was guarded by a massive door, the very creaking of whose chains struck terror into his heart. Statues of Pluto and Aeacus waved him a grim welcome, and Cerberus barked approval. In the midst of an innumerable throng of awful figures, he found himself on his knees before the King of Terrors, the Grand Caliph, to await his trial and judgment.

In measured and fear-inspiring tones the Caliph said:—"Freshman, thy sins on earth have been many, thy punishment shall be great." (Here he was interrupted by a low murmur which spread to the furthest and darkest depths of the cavern—"fiat justitia, ruat coelum.")—"Thou hast committed all the sins of which a freshman can be guilty. Thou seest that heap of bones ; they are the bones of erring neophytes. Thou wilt now undergo thy due punishment ; which if thou survive, which is improbable, thou mayest depart in peace : if not, thy rotting carcass shall add to that pile before thee. My minions now take thee in charge ; and may Jupiter have mercy on thy black soul. Take him away."

The tortures which Fitz Greene then underwent he himself can never recall without a shudder ; and, sworn to secrecy, he shall never reveal them. However, he was not long in partially recovering from the shock. His hair has regained its natural color.

When the punishment was happily, though narrowly survived, he was again brought before the Grand Caliph, who explained to him that, in order that history might repeat itself and "initiation" not become a thing of the past, the prosecutor must first be a victim ; and that he had now emerged from the state of a miserable neophyte, to the standing of a member of the august "Societas ad initiandos tyrones." Now the real truth dawned upon his mind ; and henceforth he delights in mystifying others, as he himself was mystified.

AH SIN.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A KISS?

A case is now pending in the United States which may not be without interest for many of our readers, and especially those (may their number be legion) of the fair sex.

Some time ago, Mr. Finch of Newborn, who is in the jewellery business, exhibited to Miss Waters, a young lady with whom he was on friendly terms, a beautiful set of real jet. The lady was very anxious to buy the jet, but was not able to afford the price. Under these circumstances Mr. Finch proposed a novel kind of bargain. He said he would sell Miss Finch the set for a hundred kisses, to be paid at the rate of one kiss daily on each and every day next ensuing from the date of the agreement, Sundays excepted. It was further provided that Mr. Finch was to call at the lady's house every morning (except Sunday) to receive his daily kiss, which Miss Waters undertook and promised to duly deliver to him. This contract was not reduced to writing, but its existence was not disputed ; nor was the fact that the set of jet had been rendered to Miss Waters, and by her accepted.

The next morning Mr. Finch called for his first kiss, which as the young lady now maintained, was fully paid. On each consecutive morning for thirty consecutive days—Sundays excepted—the same formality took place. On the thirty-first day, however, Mr. Finch made a complaint that Miss Waters was not fulfilling her contract, inasmuch as she insisted upon restricting him to kiss her cheek only. He maintained that this did not constitute a legal kiss, demanding that he should be allowed to place his left arm around Miss Waters' waist, and kiss her in the highest style of art. To which request a refusal was returned. The lady professed her readiness to carry out the agreement so far as her cheek was concerned, and even offered to give Mr. Finch his choice of cheeks, but she insisted that the contract would not bear the construction placed upon it by Mr. Finch, nor would she ever submit to such a construction. Finch, thereupon, in great indignation, brought an action for breach of contract against the lady.

Now this action raises several new and interesting questions, the most important of which undoubtedly is, What constitutes a kiss? The testimony of several experts is to be introduced by the plaintiff ; but, although all those experts may probably start out with the assertion that a kiss is that which is impressed upon one pair of lips by another pair, they

will probably be compelled to admit under cross-examination that the unaided effort of one pair of lips may imprint a kiss upon an accessible object. This seems at first sight fatal to the plaintiff's claim that the defendant failed to furnish him with lawful current kisses, but it must be noted that he sets up the further plea of there being a difference between active and passive kisses; that Miss Waters promised to give him a certain number of kisses, not to permit him to take them—and that giving kisses is an act which requires the use of the lips. This is certainly a strong point, and though the Court may decide that there is no single variety of kiss which can be held to be the only kiss recognized by the common law, it may give an authoritative definition of an active kiss which will be of immense service to mankind.

There is yet another defence upon which the defendant's council is understood to place great reliance. It is claimed that even if there was a valid contract between the parties, and if the defendant did not keep it, the plaintiff's proper remedy is not an action for breach of contract, but a bill in equity for specific performance. Probably the plaintiff would have been wise had he resorted to the latter course. In case of his success he would then have received specified quantities of definite kisses of one sort or another, and thus would have gained a substantial victory. As it is, his triumph in his action for breach of contract would only bring him in a nominal sum by way of damages, and would still leave it necessary for him to institute fresh proceedings in order to get possession of the jewellery. However, it by no means follows that, because he may not have a remedy in equity, he may not have a remedy in law as well; and it is reasonably certain that if there was a contract between himself and the defendant, an act for breach of it will lie.

Sporting Times.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity

SIR,—In the notes of 'Patriarch Student' in your issue of Dec. 4th, reference is made to the Rifle Company's annual match, and a possibility of unfairness is hinted at in the award of their prizes to the winner of the horse and to the second man.

It is quite true that it was felt necessary to insist on attendance at inspection and at the previous Battalion drill, to secure the right to shoot at the match, the object being to prevent men of the loaves and fishes type from associating themselves with the Company merely for the sake of the prizes; and I proceed to explain how this rule did not operate in the case of the two members above referred to, premising that their long and honorable connection with the corps should have placed them above all suspicion of selfishness in reference to an organization to which they have given so much time and attention.

Second man having been appointed a non-commissioned officer a short time previous to the annual inspection, it was for a time doubtful whether he could hold the place in consequence of an unfortunate misunderstanding as to the vacancy he was to fill; and it was during this period of doubt that, from motives of delicacy, he absented himself from one of the compulsory drills. No right-thinking man would dream of denying him any of the privileges of the Company owing to such an act.

The winner of the horse is also thought to have rendered himself ineligible through absence from drills. It must be remembered that a subaltern is answerable to his colonel and not to his captain, and in this case his colonel had excused the subaltern from attendance at drills, so that the company regulation above referred to did not operate. The winner of the horse during this time, of course, was acting in all respects as a member of the Battalion, paying his fees, attending mess dinners, etc.

But a graver matter is the rumour that the trophy holder secured an advantage at six hundred yards by borrowing the long rifle of an ex-member. It might be thought a sufficient refutation to this unfounded statement to call attention to the fact that no shot of judgment would be likely, having used his short rifle during the previous part of the day, becoming accustomed to the sights and windage, to suddenly change to a long rifle at the critical part of the match. However, to set every doubt at rest, I have received a letter from the ex-member in question which he says, "The winner of the horse did not fire one shot out of my rifle that day,—in fact I do not think he even handled it."

By giving this communication a place in your columns you will much oblige me; and, what is much more important, refute what, unfuted, might grow into a slander, and do an act of justice to one who, in the interest he has taken in the Company, stands scarcely second to any of the many who have been connected with it.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED BAKER,

Capt. K. Co. Q. O. R.

December 16th, 1880.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity:

DEAR SIR,—As a graduate of Toronto University, I naturally take an interest in the paper published by its undergraduates. Permit me to congratulate you on the extremely creditable way in which the paper is conducted. One inference, however, can hardly fail to be drawn by the observant reader, and that is the small proportion of students who contribute articles and poems. I am fortunate enough to know a number of undergraduates who are quite competent to do either—contribute one or both, and it seems a great shame that not only should they neglect to further their talents in this direction, but the paper should suffer from their want of energy and *esprit de corps*. I would suggest the advisability of offering a monthly prize for the best contributed article and the best poem. It need not necessarily be a valuable one, and I think the money would be profitably spent, as it would induce a number of students to write who have hitherto kept an ignoble silence. At any rate something ought to be done to broaden the University feeling. In a great number of cases the interest of a university man for his *Alma Mater* is purely selfish; the moment his degree is secured his interest in her ceases, and not only are the majority of graduates not willing to contribute articles to their University paper, but they will not even subscribe for it. "*O tempora! O mores!*" The only way to produce serviceable graduates is to train them up before leaving the University, and a great step would be taken in making them take an interest in their college paper.

B. A.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity.

DEAR SIR,—It is a great pity that the freshies can not be made to remember that they now have left school. On Tuesday afternoon in the Examination hall, they amused themselves by pushing out their chairs, others made such a nice (?) noise. When doing so the self-satisfied air that each one had was really rich, and the one that made most noise was considered the hero of the hour. I think we had better petition the Council for a subscription to buy them each a penny whistle or a rattle, on condition that they wont use them around the building, and that they won't make any more noise when they shouldn't.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

THE HERD-BOYS SONG.

I am a herd-boy in the land,
While around me the Castles stand.

And first I see the morning's ray,
And longest with me will it stay;

I am a merry herd-boy.

The streamlet's rocky source is here,
I drink its waters fresh and clear;

It rushes on in wild alarm,
And then I clasp it in my arm;

I am a merry herd-boy.

The pleasant hills they are my own,
I face the storm-winds all alone;
From North and South they howl along,
But over all I sing my song;

I am a merry herd-boy.

With lightning, thunder, round about,
I stand upon the hills and shout;
And still as winds and storm increase,
Oh! leave my father's house in peace!

I am a merry herd-boy.

But when the clanging hour-bell tolls,
And fire along the hill-tops rolls;
Then in the ranks I step along,
And swing my sword, and sing my song;

I am a merry herd-boy.

NOTICE.

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