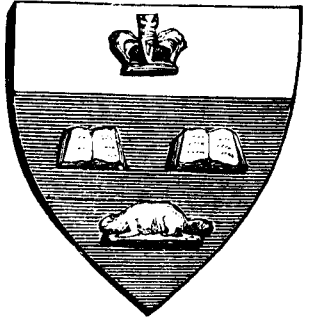


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Toronto, - - February 12, 1881.

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THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. I. No. 17.

February 12, 1881.

Price 5 cts.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

For the present purpose, by "public schools" must be understood, not the institutions which pass under that name in Ontario, but the intermediate academies which serve to bridge the chasm between elementary and collegiate instruction—such as, in fact, are distinctively known in England as public schools. In the current number of the *Princeton Review* an interesting paper appears from the pen of Professor SLOANE, of Princeton College. He had been instructed by the President of his College to visit the great foundation schools of England, with a view of ascertaining how far it was possible and desirable to copy the system in the United States. Across the lines, and elsewhere perhaps, grave complaints used to be heard touching the lamentable want of grounding in those who matriculated at the colleges. The same complaint has frequently been heard from Scotland, where advanced students are often sorely hindered in their progress through the university by the backwardness of less fortunate undergraduates. Necessarily, also, the time and energies of the professors are frittered away in accomplishing work which should have been ready to their hands as a condition precedent of matriculation. The consequence of defective high school education is conspicuously seen everywhere in the lowering of collegiate standards, at all events at entrance. In Ontario, thanks to the energy of the Educational Department, and the keenness of rivalry amongst our high schools, the objection to our system, as developed by time and necessity, has in great part lost its force. At the same time it may be useful to examine the result of Professor SLOANE'S investigations, if only because American and Canadian needs, in this respect, are more or less coincident.

The professor rejects, as altogether unsuited to a new country, two peculiarities of the English public school—exorbitant fees, and what is known as the 'fagging' system. The nominal charges at Eton are \$720 annually; at Winchester, \$545, and at Rugby, \$595; whilst at Clifton, a modern institution, they amount to \$540. These are the schedule fees; "but they do not at all represent the necessary expense of keeping a boy at school." The extras must be added, and the fare at the boarding-house supplemented from the pupil's pocket-money. He must pay his assessment towards maintaining the games also; and thus altogether at least \$175 must be added to the annual charges. The endowments in foundation schools are on the wealthiest scale, yet nevertheless the expense is intolerable except to those who belong to the rich and aristocratic classes. Dr. SLOANE shows that this drawback to the general diffusion of liberal culture is not only unnecessary but invidious. It tends to a class monopoly of academic advantages, and contrasts most unfavorably with German practice in institutions which resemble Eton and Winchester. Here then was one English feature in public school management, suited to an aristocratic country, but certainly not to be copied in the New World.

The fagging system has been vigorously assailed and most pertinaciously defended in England. Stated in the simplest terms, it amounts to a recognition by the school authorities of the control exercised by the older boys over the younger. The Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms have power to exact meial offices from their juniors, and also to inflict corporal punishment upon them. They restrain and correct, but also protect their 'fags,' and, as known from the entertaining work of Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, are not usually hard task-masters, whilst they prove themselves, on occasion, doughty champions. The arguments for and against the system need not trouble Canadian or American readers. It may possibly train boys, first in the exercise of obedience, and then prepare them for the legitimate use of power. But obviously the practice could not be transplanted to America. The spirit of individualism

and personal independence, not to speak of self-respect, is too strongly developed on this side of the Atlantic, to admit of any experiment of the kind. It may be that our boys are less amenable to discipline and control than might be desired; yet the sacrifice of their free and expansive natures to the back-board constraint of fagging would stunt not only their intellectual but their moral growth. The institution is suited to an aristocratic society, but could by no possibility be naturalized in the free atmosphere of the Dominion. To Canadians it would certainly seem out of the question that an arbitrary power of punishment should be entrusted to boys under any circumstances.

Professor SLOANE complains also of the "excess of examination" in English public schools, and quotes Dr. WEISE, who alleges that "the iron of examination has entered into the soul of the nation." It can hardly be true that it was forged at Oxford and Cambridge, because at the Universities no complaint can be made on that score. But in the public schools, so many as forty-four examinations in little more than a month does seem altogether excessive. It is clear, however, that in this number are included mere class examinations, held weekly, to satisfy the master of his pupils' progress. They are, in fact, what we generally know in Canada as reviews or recapitulations. It is not improbable, therefore, that both Professor SLOANE and Dr. WEISE labor under a misapprehension as to the "iron of examination." This is the more apparent when the former proceeds to explain the method of classical instruction practised in England, and points out its superiority over the American plan. "Together," he remarks, "with all that we cultivate, they prize and inculcate a living acquaintance with the spirit of the classics. They read, note and compare more than we do, with reference to the spirit of the text." This point is illustrated by questions put during ordinary readings, the aim of which is to extend the pupil's knowledge, to send him in quest of parallels and contrasts in thought and expression, not only in the ancient classics but in the best writers in his own language. It can hardly be just, therefore, to apply the invidious phrase, 'forcing system,' to a plan so liberal, searching and comprehensive. In the matter of Greek and Latin composition, again, the writer shows that, at the best public schools in England, the exercise instead of being the stiff, pedantic task it practically turns out to be in the States, is a substantial discipline both in English and in classics. The aim is to turn idiomatic Latin or Greek into idiomatic English and *vice versa*, with special regard to peculiarities of style and niceties of diction. The aim of the instructor, in fine, is not mere translation from one language to another, but the substitution of classical ideas, as well as phrases, for those English ones to which they are most closely analogous. Thus the spirit, rather than the letter which killeth, constantly appears to view.

Considerable stress is laid upon the intellectual and moral strength of the English public school master. Their aims, the Professor shows, have entirely changed during the past fifty years. On the Winchester College arms may still be read the memorable motto, enforced by a representation of the long Winton-rod,—*Aut disce, aut discede; manet sors tertia cædi*. But the reliance of the masters is no longer upon flagellation. "They are no longer," says Dr. SLOANE, "fitly characterized by the Westminster boy's translation of *arma virumque cano*, arms and a man with a cane. Their effort is not to beat a certain quantity of Latin and Greek into the dullest heads, or punish with severity the slightest offence against decorum. They believe that boys who possess ability must be well taught, and, in particular, thoroughly examined; but that the main benefit in school-life for all must come from the formation of character and the cultivation of manliness. Everything is sacri-

ficed to this end." Such is an American's view of the peculiar aim of public school education in England, and he somewhat unwillingly confesses that in practice it is a nobler ideal than Americans have so far held up to view.

On one point, that of physical exercises and athletic sports, the writer is warm in his eulogies almost to the point of enthusiasm. In England every boy is not only compelled to pay his share towards the games, but also take part in them. At Eton he saw "a class of lads as carefully and severely examined in swimming as in Homer." Cricket, football, tennis, fives and boating are carefully provided for. The result is the thorough education of the frame no less than of the mind. Professor SLOANE quotes a remark of WELLINGTON as perfectly comprehensible by one who knows anything of public school life in England—that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. In this country, the authorities of our colleges and schools are growing sensible to the necessity of physical as well as mental culture, and not only permit but encourage it by substantial proofs of recognition.

The paper we have been considering possesses considerable interest to Canadians. Unfortunately our youth can boast few of the advantages possessed by public school boys in England. They are less under the eye, and less supported by the constant aid and sympathy of the master. Our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes are of immense value to the Province, and their progress year by year must be gratifying to all the friends of education. But, as they cannot imitate the semi-monastic discipline of Eton or Harrow, they must be content with such means of instruction and moral discipline as lie within their reach. Our masters cannot, except in a limited degree, mould individual character; they must therefore be content with sound, conscientious work in the school. This is peculiarly true of the urban schools, where the pupils only come in contact with the masters during a small portion of the day; in the country there is a closer contact at times with youths not resident in the town; though even they are often scattered about in private boarding-houses, where such life-experience is to be gained as chance may throw in their way. Upper Canada College was originally intended to be a Canadian Eton, and it has largely fulfilled its promise. From its halls some of our best cultured and equipped youths have gone forth to attain distinguished positions in the world. That it has not more nearly approached the English model has arisen from the diverse character of the social life and surroundings in which it has been placed. We cannot make an Eton or a Rugby here; but it is not impossible to reproduce the best characteristics of both, naturalized and adapted by necessary modification so as to supply the needs of Ontario, and furnish her with a manly, upright and cultured race of men.

THE SENATE.

The last report furnished to the public of the meeting of the Senate is the ordinary dry and not very interesting skeleton of the proceedings; and, as usual, none of the speeches delivered for or against any of the motions and no part of the discussion are given, either in summary or in barest outline. The day is passed, in Canada as elsewhere, when the dignity of an assembly was supposed to be augmented by secrecy; and the old-fashioned policy of deliberating within closed doors has produced in the case of the Senate the indifference, not the curiosity, of University men who are kept in ignorance of its deliberations. The motion of the President—"That it be referred to a Committee, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Justice PATTERSON, Professor LOUDON, Mr. GIBSON, Mr. WELLS, and the mover, to report to the Senate on the admission of lady candidates to degrees in Arts in the University on the same examinations as are now in force for the degrees of B.A. and M.A.," would under other circumstances attract the attention of the large number who, in Ontario, have considered the question. Attention, however, is not likely to be especially wrapt up in the mere announcement of a motion which contains no expression of opinion and no explanation of the scope of what it embodies. That explanation is needed is shown in the instance just given. What the President's motion aims at is not easily inferred from the words in which it is embalmed. If we are not mistaken the University has already admitted women to its examinations, and the object of appointing a committee to report on this admission is a severe test of our ability to conjecture. In

other words, we are mystified by the almost mysterious wording, and to be fogged in vagueness of language is relished only by the speculative Teuton.

All University men will heartily wish success to the 'Committee, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Justice PATTERSON; Mr. CRICKMORE, Dr. SMITH, Dr. WILSON and Dr. OLDWRIGHT, has been authorized to receive subscriptions for the Moss Scholarship. There is no reason why the wish should not be realized. Apart from the consideration that no more fitting and appropriate tribute could be paid to the memory of our late Vice-Chancellor, it should be borne in mind that the University has actually, as well as comparatively, little to offer in this line; in fact, so far as scholarships are concerned, it has only one to bestow, for which it is indebted to the generosity of the Chancellor. An opportunity is now presented to the graduates of practically evincing that attachment to Alma Mater which in theory is generally ascribed to them. Many in their ranks are men whose means could afford contributions which would soon make one of the most splendid scholarships that have been established on this Continent.

OUR LATE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

At a convocation of the Benchers of the Law Society, held at Osgoode Hall on Tuesday, the following resolution was adopted:

"That convocation desires to place on record the deep sense of loss which it, in common with the whole country, feels by reason of the death of the Honorable Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario, and to offer to his widow and family its respectful sympathy for them in their sad bereavement. In his death the Law Society loses one who in the years of his presence in convocation as a Bencher rendered most valuable service to the profession and to the country by the energy and wisdom which he brought to the promotion of legal education, and to whom in later years it could ever look back for encouragement and advice. His courteous urbanity of manner and amiability of disposition won to him the hearts of those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, while his profound scholarship, his unimpeachable integrity, and his eminent ability, commanded universal respect and admiration. In him the Province has lost one of its ablest and most distinguished sons, and one of its most erudite and brilliant judges."

At a meeting of the Principal and masters of Upper Canada College, held on Friday last, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Wedd and seconded by Mr. Brown, was unanimously adopted:

The Principal and masters take an early opportunity of recording on the minutes of their meeting the deep sorrow they feel at the death of the Honorable Chief Justice Moss, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto, and Chairman of the Committee on Upper Canada College.

They desire to add to the tributes already offered to the memory of the profound scholar, the able and eloquent advocate, the painstaking, upright, and eminent judge, a statement of their appreciation of him as connected with this institution in particular.

There are yet among the present staff of masters those who well remember him as a pupil ever amiable, docile, and industrious, eventually crowning a most successful career in the College, by leaving it as head boy, with the highest honors—a position which proved but the prelude to a course of unexampled distinction at the University, followed by a marvellously rapid advancement in public and professional life.

In his official capacity of Vice-Chancellor and Chairman of the College Committee he was, amid other extremely arduous and pressing duties, unremitting in his endeavors to promote the best interests of the College; and Principal, masters, and scholars will long remember both his self-sacrificing devotion to its general welfare and the kindly and most considerate manner in which he always dealt with them individually.

In conclusion, they wish to convey to his afflicted widow and family their heartfelt sympathy with them in their sad bereavement.

MODERN EDITORS OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Notam facias si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo notam. HORACE (adapted).

Have you ever been tempted to read a neat, 'extra f. cap.' 8vo. volume of portions of Shakespeare, or Milton, Pope, Hooker or Chaucer, "with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index," edited by some M.A., B.D., Senior Fellow, late Scholar, &c.? No! Well, I can assure you that you would have, after half an hour's perusal, thrown the book down in disgust and sworn never to read another note. These notes, for a display of the most amazing ingenuity in discovering and quoting passages containing ideas remotely connected with the subject,

and for punctiliously stating where they are to be found, are decidedly remarkable; but the fact is, they no more help one to enjoy and "inwardly digest" an author, than emptying the contents of the cruet-stand upon a slice of Southdown mutton would improve its flavor. Let me give you an example. Here is the tritest phrase possible—"Know thyself," and it would be treated somewhat in this fashion:

Know thyself—A gnome of great antiquity, (for a definition of the Gk. γνώμη vide Aristotle, Ethic. Nicom., Lib. VI., cap. xi. 1, ἡ τοῦ ἐπεικούς κρισις ὀρθή), said to have been inscribed on the Temple at Delphi. Hence called by Cicero, Tusc. Disp. Lib. I. cap. xxii., Præceptum Apollinis. By some supposed to have had a divine origin; Juvenal, Sat. xi. 27, *Ex celo descendit γνώμη θεαυρόν*. Hegel says it was given to the Greeks, Phil. of Hist., pp. 230. q. v. Lorimer, 'Institutes of Law,' believes its source is not discoverable. It has been ascribed to Thalès, see Diogenes Laert. I. i. 9, *φέρεται δὲ καὶ ἀποθνεύματα αὐτοῦ εἶναι*; see also *ib. I. i. 13*, to Pythagoras, Sokratès, Periander, Pittakos, Solón, Kleón, Bion. Cp. Pope, Ess. on Man, Ep., II., l. 1, Hamlet, I. iii. The Dhammapadam, "A greater hero is he who has but once conquered himself." The difficulty of fulfilling the command was recognized by Thalès: *ἐρωτηθεὶς τι δύσκαλον, εἶπεν, τὸ εἰδένον γινώσκειν*, Diogenes Laert. I. i. 9. So Persius, *nemo in sese tentat descendere*. The Absolute Being knows himself, *Sibi . . . notus*, Tert., *Apol.*, I. 17.

And so on; limited, I presume, by the exhaustion of the editor's recollection of, so called, 'parallel passages.' Here is an example of a slightly different species. At the nuptials of Adam and Eve in Paradise,

"All heav'n
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

The modern editor would tarnish for ever the lustre of this gem of Milton's. And what a lovely gem it is. As Faugère said of Pascal's style, the thought itself, clothed like an antique statue in its own chaste nudity, the simplest words and fewest possible adjectives, and those bursting with meaning; 'all heav'n,' so delightfully indefinite, one doesn't know exactly what it means; the only impression is that *everything* that is great and good and holy is above us. 'Happy;' fancy eternal, far-off, majestic serene worlds happy, so moved from their cold placid apathy. How wonderfully too, the stream of thought—already deep, full, hurrying onwards—is brought to the highest point of expectancy by the slight interruption of a couple of monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon words, before, like a great river that has been gathering waters from all sides, it is allowed quietly, without a ripple, to end its course in the ocean. Then look at 'selectest'; what a magnificent word. But I shall not desecrate the thrill it creates. This reminds me that I have been carried away from my subject. Well, the modern editor would probably tell you that 'heav'n' was a contraction for 'heaven,' and that it would be found in any hymn book *passim*; that 'constellation' was spelt 'constellacioun' in Piers Ploughman and the *Confessio Amantis*; that there were originally forty-eight. That 'on that hour' sometimes meant 'at that time,' Rich. III., iii. 2. 5. 'upon the stroke of four;' iv. 2. 115, 'upon the stroke of ten,' M. for M., iv. i. 17, 'upon the time,' Hamlet i. i. 6, 'upon your hour.' That 'selectest' was archaic, and that such words as jovial, Saturnine, Mercurial, disastrous, ill-starred, ascendancy, explained 'influence.' This, you know, is like oxidising the diamond to prove it carbon, dissecting the body to discover the soul.

Procul, O procul abeste profani.

T. A. H.

THE LAMENT OF THE SCOTTISH FRESHMAN.

There lives but one beneath the sun,
With whom I could be cheery O,
And she is gone, she's woo'd and won,
And borne to distant Erie O!

CHORUS—I would I were in Erie O,
I would I were in Erie O,
My heart is there, my joy and care,
My love she lives in Erie O!

Ah! when shall I do ought but sigh,
And wish that she could hear me O?
I'd pierce her heart with love's fond dart,
And live with her in Erie O!

CHORUS—I would I were in Erie O! &c.

In her bright smile the time I'd while,
I'd play and ne'er be weary O;
And o'er her sleep I'd watch and weep,
And kiss my winsome dearie O!

CHORUS—I would I were in Erie O! &c.

Henceforth, for e'er, I woo despair,
For nothing now can cheer me O;
The sun has set on my regret,
She lives and loves in Erie O!

CHORUS—I would I were in Erie O! &c.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

MR. TREVELYAN, in his own spirited style, tells an anecdote of the Cambridge undergraduates which, as an illustration of their independence and of the practical interest they took in the affairs of their university, is edifying and exemplary. The story is connected with the election to the high-stewardship of Cambridge of Lord Sandwich,

Who was the most consummate electioneer of the day. He fetched one voter out of a madhouse, and another all the way from the Isle of Man; and such were the ill-feeling and confusion which he created in university society that his own cousins, who had gone down from London to do what they could for him among their college acquaintances, freely expressed their disgust at finding the Cambridge senate treated like a constituency of potwallopers. When the poll closed, both sides claimed a majority of one. The undergraduates who were for Lord Hardwicke to a man burst into the senate-house, elected one of their own number high steward, and chaired him as the representative of their favorite; and when, in the course of the next month, Sandwich dined with the fellows of Trinity, the students rose from their seats and quitted the hall in a body as soon as he had taken his place at the high table.—*Early History of Charles James Fox*.

Again, I say, most edifying and exemplary!

* *

A NEW Convocation Hall is to be built, running in a direction north-east from the old one, at an estimated cost of thirty thousand dollars.

* *

THE old unpainted wooden sheds and stove-pipes which so disfigure the School of Science by their proximity to it have been given to "Moses Oates," who in return has taken to posting the weather bulletins from the observatory in the school. Such relics of antiquity should belong to the York Pioneers.

* *

"How, my dear," asked Gubbins, plaintively, "can you call yourself the wife of my bosom when you haven't ironed out my shirt-front?" *Sporting Times*.

* *

THIS is little Johnny's composition on the "Roil Bengol Tagger." "One time there were a man which had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho, and the man he tuk the money fur to git in. The man he had a big paper nailed onto the tagger's den, and the paper it said, the paper did—'The Roil Bengol Tagger. Sometimes called the Monnerk of the Jungle. Hands of. No techin the Tagger!' The monnerk of the jungle, it was always a layin' down with its nose between its poz, and the folks which had paid fur to get in they was mad cos it wuden't wock and rore like distant thunder. But the sho man he said, 'That's ol rite wen I git the new cage done, but this is the same cage which the offle feller broke ov in Whitby time he et up them seventeen girls.' Then the fulks thay wude ol stand back and talk in whispers while the tagger slept. But one day a feller which was drunk he take to punchen the tagger with the mast hed of his umbrella, which stampeded the oddience wild, and the wumin fokes they stood on chairs and hollered as though a mouse ad got loose, but the drunken chap he kep a jobbin the monnerk of the jungle crewel. Pretty sune the monnerk it bellered offle and riggled, but the feller kep a pokin like as he was a fireman to a steam engin. Bymeby the wunnerk it jumped onto its hine feets and shucked itself out of its skin, and said that he'd be blarmed ef he'd lie there to be poked up like that for five dollars a week, and the oddience they was quite stonished."

* *

"Then I arose
Without my clothes,
And scratched my nose.
And tore my hair,
And much did swear.

"Then I struck a light,
And saw a sight,
Ah, what a plight."

Turning down the sheet I saw a hundred little black specks for ever in motion, taking the most frightful leaps, describing the most eccentric antics—happy, hungry, fleas! Now there is ever so much difference between a city flea and a country flea. Fleas have caste and social rank. A city flea has no trouble. Its victims are thin-skinned, and mostly women. Nature, however, that provides food, also provides the preyed upon with defence. A woman will spot a flea on her stocking, pounce upon it; catch it; gently caress it between her thumb and

forefinger, and leave it a shapeless mass; while a man will sprawl his paw over the flea, and when he looks for it, why the flea is a mile and a half away, laughing fit to kill itself. *Mayflower.*

ABOUT twenty-five years ago the British Government sent a circular to the different boroughs in England asking for information upon a number of statistical questions. Among these was the following:—"Is there any unusual custom prevalent in your borough?" To this a borough in the south-eastern part of England replied, "Yes; the authorities sup together twice a year and pay for it themselves."

To a person wanting a quiet place to live in I should recommend the town of Adelaide. The other day, a resident was about to leave for Petrolia and about sixty gentlemen and ladies decided that he should not depart without previously undergoing the infliction of a surprise party. The belle of the evening, however, was unfortunate enough to have two admirers whom she treated with equal politeness. One of the pair could warble, and when the usual clamor for a song arose he considered it a chance to make the other appear uninteresting if not insignificant, so he sang with all the sweet persuasiveness of one of our Gleemen; but—in the midst of his song—what did he see? His rival chatting with the young lady in question, and looking supremely contented! He stopped singing and, with a face pale with passion, made one leap towards the pair and shattered a chair over the young man's head. The latter fell senseless to the floor; friends on both sides fought with the obstinacy of crabs; ladies fainted, some apparently, others actually; in fact, as you may imagine, it was a scene of the wildest excitement. But I have forgotten my 'resident'; what happened to him? Oh, nothing; he only had his furniture smashed, together with one of his legs.

THE most stupendous and triumphant result of the milliner's art is the Mother Hubbard Cloak. Lovely woman—when lovely woman is blessed with a figure—looks her loveliest in it. 'Tis the final development of outside drapery. As woman herself is to the ancestral monkey, so is the Mother Hubbard Cloak to the primeval leaves.

SPOT got into a more than usual compromising scrape last week, and with a sense of the fitness of things, which truly surprised me, he has absented himself from town and gone somewhere to the north of it. So far all right; in fact, nothing exhilarates me so much as the delightful scarcity of Spot's presence. But he is one of the staff, and, however unhappy we may deem the connexion, he is in duty bound to let us know when he intends clearing off to hyperborean regions. He chose not to do so. Luckily he has placed the means of retaliation at my disposal, in the shape of a note, which contains a sprawling apology and the following:—

I have given up washing, and I don't intend to resume it till this cold weather's gone. This cold weather may last for six weeks, and I shall be disagreeable to my friends, but I can't help it. I have tried cold water, and the language I used when I endeavored to fasten the studs in my shirt was—well I value my immortal soul more than I do my perishable body. I tried hot water, and the first time I did so my fingers were so cold that when I put them into the basin three of them snapped right off, and I have been fooling about since with only five fingers on my two hands. This may not be exactly true, but I cannot tell the exact truth with a thermometer below freezing point.

Simply atrocious! Get the tap ready, boys, that is under the east staircase.

THE Gymnasium has proved a success, a great success. It is true it is a little cramped for room, but this only serves to keep up the excitement. I went in the other day and commenced to work at one of the chest machines. I was beginning to warm to the work, and was thinking what a jolly thing it was that we had at last got a college gymnasium, when I suddenly received a pair of feet in the mouth. These proved to belong to a man who was swinging on the trapeze. The pleased smile that flitted over his face as he looked down, convinced me that he did not expect any resentment, so I concluded not to show any. I determined to move away from there. I next tried the rings. When I had traversed half the length of the room a crushing blow on the head intimated to me that there was somebody swinging clubs not far off, and that I was again in the way. This was too much. As soon as I could collect my senses I sprang up in a rage and exclaimed with spirit, "Confound it, you hit me on the head." "Oh, I don't mind," he said, as he continued to hurl the club about like a windmill, "you only put me a little out of time." Before the delightful coolness of this remark my anger vanished like the morning dew, and I fell on his neck and wept. I soon dried my tears, however, and made for the door. On my way out I received a whack on the back which brought me to the floor with some one sitting on my head. With difficulty I released myself from this unwonted position, only to be greeted with

the remark, "D—n it all, didn't you see me vaulting." I took off my rubber shoes now, for I thought the time had come for the mortal coil shuffle. I did not shudder then, but I did afterwards, when I thought of the narrow escape I had had, and looked on that six foot two of humanity that had converted my head into a temporary chair. It was thoughts of Nirvana that sustained me. Ah, Hope, thou giddy flirt, thou cross-eyed wanton, we need thee now no longer. We have a nobler, higher, mightier creed now, a soul-restoring elixir.

He has one great secret trouble,
Which makes this life a bubble,
And renders his existence here a bore.
In vain hopes to bring the hair,
Where his pretty lip is bare,
He has brought out all his patience—nothing more.
Alas! I grieve to say it—nothing more.

THE above is from the *Critic*, from the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven. The editorial notes and poetry in this paper are rather well done, and it is a pity that the same cannot be said of its articles. The failure is glaringly exhibited in a sketch of Thomas Becket. His mother, we are gravely told, was "a Saracen lady," whence the "display of riches and power may be easily accounted for." The fact is ignored by the ingenious writer that the riches and power were the gift of Henry; and in Becket's position of Chancellor such a display was not out of keeping in times when the dignity of office was supposed to be enhanced and sustained by splendor and gorgeous ceremonial. The absurd statement is put down that after his appointment to the See of Canterbury, "for the mere purpose of making himself conspicuous, he began to oppose the King vigorously." So far as the opposition to Henry's designs is concerned, Becket had opposed them when a minister; whilst his earnest, though violent, advocacy of certain principles is too well explained in every respectable text-book of English history to require to be defended against the gratuitous charge of vainglory. The following description of the Primate is a sorrowful comment on the title of the paper in which it is allowed to appear:

In order to gain his own wicked ends, he affected the utmost piety, and as dirt was considered a mark of religion, he wandered about as dirty and miserable as he had been a few years before wealthy and grand. He stooped to the performance of all sorts of humiliating deeds, and made himself as abject a wretch as circumstances would admit.

Again:

He declared that he had certain rights, which the King was quite prepared to admit, and thus the breach began to widen between them.

This is somewhat reversing the order of things: when two persons agree on a question, it is generally supposed that they agree, but the writer in the *Critic* makes them disagree. I have had occasion before to remark upon the painful absence of the most ordinary acquaintance with history which is betrayed in the contributions to certain College papers, and the conclusion that this lack of acquaintance is shared by the various bodies of students which these papers represent receives confirmation in every third or fourth 'exchange' I come across. The possible reply, that I have no right to infer the ignorance of many from the ignorance of an individual scribbler here and there, would be a suicidal defence, because an editor, in accepting a contribution, gets into the same boat with the contributor, so far as the opinions and statements adduced by the latter are concerned.

FATHER OF FORTY-ONE CHILDREN.

"Yes, it's so," said the man.

"Oh, John, you must be mistaken," replied his third wife.

"Well, I tell you it's so; I ought to know," was the emphatic reply of John Heffner, who lives on Maple Street, between Chesnut and Spruce, in this city. A reporter for the *Eagle* had called upon Mr. Heffner to learn the correct history of his much-talked-about great brood of forty-one children.

Heffner is sparingly built, smokes a short pipe, and makes a living in the rag business. He is sixty-five years old, and has a pleasant smile and a cheerful greeting for all friends. The story of the man's married life, as related by himself, is probably the most remarkable one on record. He was born in Germany in 1815. When twenty-five years old—in 1840—he married his first wife, who lived eight years. She became the mother of seventeen children in that time, having twins in the first year of their marriage. The next year another pair of twins were born. Each succeeding year for four years thereafter, Mrs. Heffner became the mother of triplets. The seventh year was signalized by the birth of only one child. Mrs. Heffner died and was laid away in the village church-yard in Germany. The widower had now a family

of seventeen children, the oldest only seven years of age. Three months thereafter a young lady took charge of the children, and in course of time she became the second Mrs. Heffner. The first wife had died in February, 1848. In February, 1849, the second wife presented Mr. Heffner with a boy. On Christmas Day of the same year the nineteenth child was added to the Heffner flock. The family was now larger than any other in that part of the country. Five years passed on and Mr. Heffner's household was increased by the addition of ten more children—a pair of twins being born every year. There was now a lull, and for three years thereafter only one child was born unto them. In 1854 he came to this country with his family, and the last three children were born in America. In 1857 his wife died, having been married nine years. He was now the father of thirty-two children, twelve of whom had died, leaving twenty to be taken in charge by a widow whom he married in 1858. Mrs. Heffner No. 3 had one child by a previous marriage. She became the mother of nine more children in ten years, by single births. His last, or third wife, is still living. None of the first set of seventeen children survive. Two of the fifteen of the second wife's children still live, and three of the third wife's nine. In a period of twenty-eight years—from 1840, when he first married, to 1868, the date of the birth of his last child—he became the father of forty-one children. The five who are still living are girls. With the step-child added to the list, forty-two children have called John Heffner "father." The old man has long since forgotten the names of his numerous progeny, and can only recall those born in later years. *Reading Eagle.*

'VARSITY MEN.—At the recent law examinations the University of Toronto furnishes its quota of successful candidates as follows: For Barrister and Attorney, Mr. J. Doherty, B.A. '79, and Mr. W. White, '75. For Barrister alone, Messrs. A. Dawson, M.A. '76; G. Gibson, M.A. '71; T. C. L. Armstrong, M.A. '71. For Attorney alone, Messrs. H. E. Crawford, '75, and G. H. Smith, B.A. '77. Among the Second Intermediate Candidates, Messrs. C. W. Plaxton, '77, E. E. Kittson, '77, and A. E. H. Creswick, '77, were successful without an oral; and Mr. J. C. F. Bown, B.A. '79, with an oral. Messrs. F. G. Lilly, '77, J. Martin, '77, and F. W. G. Haultain, B.A. '79, passed the First Intermediate without an oral; and Messrs. J. S. McKay, '77, A. D. Ponton, '77, A. V. Lee, '76, J. B. Tyrrell, B.A. '80, and W. A. D. Lees, '77, passed with one. The following matriculants entered the Law Society: Messrs. J. M. Knowlson, '74, E. M. Henry, '80, and E. W. Boyd, '80.

MR. JAMES McDougall, B.A., '80, has left for Elmira, New York, where he has secured a mastership, and along with it a salary of cozy proportions.

HENRY ADDINGTON FAIRBANK, Z.Ψ. At a meeting of the Theta Xi Chapter the following resolutions were carried: That the Chapter suffers a sad bereavement and is cast into deep affliction by the demise of its beloved and lamented brother in T. K. Φ; that the Chapter, as an expression of its profound sorrow, and in accordance with the ancient custom of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, have the Chapter Hall draped in mourning and the badges of the members shrouded for 30 days; that the Chapter commiserates in a most heartfelt manner with those who have tenderly watched his career from childhood, and extends its sympathy to the devoted father and fond mother in this their hour of desolation.

It was the pleasant duty of the writer of this notice to record for the first number of the *White and Blue* the fact that Mr. Fred. W. Jarvis had been successful in obtaining the Gilchrist Scholarship, and that he had begun his studies in Edinburgh. After but a year and a half the painful task devolves upon him to announce to the readers of *The 'Varsity* his untimely death. The attendant circumstances of his death, far from home and those nearest and dearest to him, and none around him but student friends or hired assistants, are sufficiently painful. It is much to be regretted that one who gave so much evidence of being a good and useful man should have died so young. His death will be keenly felt by those students of University College who knew him during his two years' attendance at lectures; and those who knew him best will most severely regret his death. A careful student, he never forgot that there were other things in life besides study. As undergraduate he took an active interest in all matters connected with the University. He was, during his Second Year, Secretary of the General Committee of the Literary Society. He took an active part in the establishment of the *White and Blue*, and always expressed a firm faith in and hope for its future. His sickness began with rheumatic fever, which spread to the head and brain. He died in Edinburgh on Thursday, January 20th, and was buried in Birmingham, England, where some of his relatives live.

THE NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. J. B. Tyrrell read a paper on the insects (Analgidæ) which were found by him on the singing and

warbling birds of Ontario. Having described one genus (Analgis) he referred the others to it, pointing out where they differed in anatomical structure. These microscopic insects belong to the spiders, and serve to cleanse the birds and protect rather than injure them; for in those only was blood found which were taken from wounded animals. They live on feathers and epithelial scales, and except in the dark lie very close to the skin. Some are entirely parasitic throughout life, others are at times free, and a few exist under both conditions. The reader maintained that, contrary to the prevailing characteristic on which the order Arachnida is based, some of these insects have but three pairs of appendages.

MR. PHELPS, of the Second Year, gave a history of the development of the human lung. After describing all the viscera in the human body, not only at one, but many of the stages between the second week and birth, and drawing frequent parallels between these and contemporaneous periods of development in the chick, he inferred that the human lung was an organ of respiration, and finished by giving a quotation from some ancient author on the bronchial apparatus of one of the crustaceans—the *astacus fluviatilis*.

A discussion took place on a motion introduced by Mr. Lindsey, to petition the Senate to split up the Honor Course in Natural Sciences, with a view to lightening the present amount of work, and to enable the undergraduates in this department to acquire a special knowledge of some, rather than a general knowledge of all the subjects in this department. The debate on the motion was postponed till the next meeting.

The readers for next occasion are Professor Pike, who has kindly consented to take the chair, Mr. J. P. McMurrich, and Mr. S. Stewart, of the Fourth Year.

COMMUNICATIONS.

18 WEST NEWINGTON PLACE, EDINBURGH.

To the Editors of "The 'Varsity":

MESSRS. EDITORS: Though personally unknown to you, I feel that I need offer no apology for writing on this occasion. My purpose is to announce the death of Mr. F. W. Jarvis, and to express my sympathy with you and his many other friends. He was accustomed to speak fondly of Toronto, and the fellows with whom he was associated there. He sometimes regretted his uncompleted collegiate course in your University, and hoped in some way to renew his connexion with his old Alma Mater.

His illness lasted only a week, and did not appear dangerous till within a few hours of his death. We were all surprised and shocked to hear that he had been removed from our midst.

I know that all his companions unite with me in admiring his frank and genial disposition. He was not merely an agreeable acquaintance but a staunch friend. Six months almost constant association steadily increased my regard and confidence.

Though absent from home he died among friends who endeavored in every way possible to show their esteem, and by whom his memory will long be affectionately cherished. To his relatives, of whom he appeared very fond, we all extend our deepest sympathy.

Yours truly,

A NOVA SCOTIAN STUDENT.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity.

SIR,—One thousand years ago the celebrated Alexandrian library is said to have been destroyed by fire, at the command of the Caliph Omar, who alleged in excuse that "if the books contradicted the Koran they were untrue; if they agreed with it they were useless; and in any case they were unnecessary." The *Queen's College Journal* of January 29th furnishes an illustration of the fact that history repeats itself. It appears that some zealous propagandist of Agnosticism has taken that orthodox institution as his 'mission-field.' His first reception was particularly warm, as will appear from the following extract from the *Journal*:—"A pamphlet, purporting to be in defence of Ingersoll, written by some would-be sceptic of the Village of Selby, Ont., was distributed gratuitously among the students. They made a capital bonfire in the Medical Den."

From this meagre sketch we may picture in imagination the tragic scene. The pamphlets having undergone a hurried examination at the hands of an Inquisition of Theological students, and being found to be contradictory to the Confession of Faith, they are pronounced to be heretical and calculated to subvert the faith of those Arts students who have not been initiated into the mysteries of Apologetics. Sentence is duly passed upon the heretical pamphlets. They are condemned to be cast into the 'outer darkness' of the Medical Den, there to be consumed by fire. The dread sentence is immediately carried out. The doomed pamphlets are hastily collected from all quarters. Faggots are piled around them; the torch is applied; and the smoke ascends high above

the lurid flames, whose light serves to reveal the stern and unflinching aspect of the assembled 'Theologues.' Thus perished—in effigy—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and his bold defender of Selby.

As the curtain falls upon this harrowing scene I resume my moralizing. As the President of Queen's College is noted for his broad and liberal views, the item in the *Journal* and the corresponding details which suggest themselves to our imaginations, probably exaggerate the intolerance prevailing among some of the students of that institution; but it is not necessary to go so far as Kingston to find this feeling exemplified. Everywhere one meets with men who consider it a duty to hear only one side of certain questions, and to use all their influence to prevent others from hearing both sides. Or, if they do consent to examine their opponents' arguments, they are satisfied to have them expounded by hostile and prejudiced critics. If a man fears that his creed may be false, it is *wrong* to frown upon discussions and free inquiry; if he is confident of its truth, it is *folly* to do so, for hostile criticism will serve in the end to reveal its truth. 'Truth is mighty and will prevail.' The man who feels inclined in this age of enlightenment to prohibit free discussion, is actuated by motives very similar to those which instigated the persecution of Galileo for declaring that the earth moved.

I do not wish to be understood as defending propagandism. People naturally feel inclined to resent an attempt to interfere with their religious beliefs. But, strange to say, that very class whose feelings are most hurt by attempts to proselytize, have generally very little regard for the cherished religious convictions of others. Many of them would consider it a noble and praiseworthy act for a missionary to enter a Buddhist temple, and overturn an image in order to show the folly of worshipping it regardless of the injured feelings of the worshippers. They forget the Golden Rule which speaks of doing to others as we would that they should do to us.

X. Y. Z.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

I.

Sissors and nives, what orful lives
We led in the year of "forty-ate!"
Which was the fust of the rush fur "dust"
To Hang-dog Holler, Sonora State.

II.

Sun-up, sun-down, the kanvas town
Swarmed, like a hive o' red-shurted bees,
Pantin' and wet with soakin' sweat,
Never a breth or a whiff o' brease.

III.

The grindin' klank of the kradle's krank
Brethlessly chanted (a golden song);
The sun's feerce rays shed a shiverin' haze
O'er the kanvas city the hull day long.

IV.

Such was the days in the blindin' blaze,
But the nites, when high hung the suthern moon
In varius ways dead-licked the days—
I'll get to the thick of my story soon.

V.

Wunce of a nite with pipes alite,
The kards was shufeled and delt around,
A whiskey-jar from the nearest bar
Sot handy and temptin'-like on the ground.

VI.

The stakes at fust was a "pinch" of "dust,"
But the stakes got big as the nite got old,
Too handy, far, was the doggoned jar,
And the boys got playin' for *pounds of gold*.

VII.

A nasty site was the faces whyte,
And the blodshot eyes of the players there,
When the last deel came of the 13th game,
You cood heer the drop of a single hare.

VIII.

Then in a nick came the dubbel klick
Of the seven-shot irons that both men wore,
"Pick up them stakes!" says Bell to Jaques,
"And 2 of you fellers there gard the dore!"

IX.

Well, I was Jaques, and I naled the stakes
In a brace of shakes or a trifel more,
And afore you cood blink a 2-eyed wink,
Two brod-backed diggers blocked up the dore.

X.

Then Bell bent down to the sandy ground,
And there he found four kards with faces
Of sutes that was black, the kreem of the pak,
And a kute selecshun of trumps and aces.

XI.

"It's a splendid nite and the moon is brite,
"Twere sinfull to spile this bran-nu tent,
There's slathers of lite for this here fite,
Let's liquor and out!" and so out we went.

XII.

But darn my skyn, 'twas a biger sin
To spile that nite with a bludy muss;
The moon that saled in the hevens paled,
As if God was ashamed of the hull-of us.

XIII.

The noysey tungs and the ditow lungs
Gave up their music for quite a spell,
And the others that dropped so frequent, stopped,
For we all felt solemm and sadd as wel.

XIV.

On the river's brimm, old cok-eyed Jim
Marked 20 paces in grimm delite;
For Jim, you see, was the refaree
In every squabbel that promised a fite.

XV.

I'll never forget; I can see it yet,
The rowdy crowd with their eger eyes,
The river's brimm and the cok-eyed Jim
Lamped by the moon in the suthern skys.

XVI.

But where was Bell? Shaw! none cood tel,
For he had gone, and the doose nu whare,
And of Spicer's face there wasn't a trace,
For he had vamoosed with the gratest kare.

XVII.

We hunted roun' that blessid town
For 2 long ours and from tent to tent,
But without suxes—to avide the "mess,"
Bell and Spicer had bothe of 'em went.

XVIII.

The boys they cussed in thare depe disgust,
Thare langwidge was extrayordenary;
The othes was thik as a paddie's stik,
And they ain't in Dikson's Johnsonarey.

XIX.

A reglar damp was on that thare camp,
It never rekovert whyle I was thare,
And we never a word or a sillabub hurd
Of that noteably braive and kurajus pare.

XX.

I didnt sware, for I didnt kare,
I was the joker hoo held the stakes;
And no one thaut of the dukats caut
By yours respektfuley, Abel Jaques.

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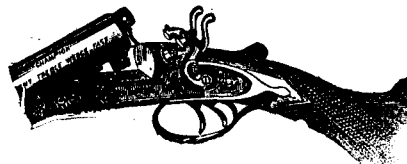
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