

# VARSITY

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## THE VARSITY.

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## Topics of the Hour.

FOLLOWING the praiseworthy traditions of the past, we shall issue in due time a special holiday number of the VARSITY. We owe a debt of gratitude to several of the best writers in the Province, who have kindly promised us their assistance in this project. Many graduates and undergraduates will also contribute, and there is every indication that in variety and excellence of literary matter the coming Christmas number of the VARSITY will not be surpassed by any Canadian journal. Among the writers who will contribute to this number are T. Arnold Haultain, G. Mercer Adam, R. W. Phipps, Agnes E. Wetherald, F. H. Sykes, E. J. McIntyre, William Houston, D. R. Keys, Arch. MacMechan, J. H. Burnham, Samuel Woods and R. Balmer.

CLERICAL exemptions from taxation are among the last relics of a state church system, and it is high time that these also were

quite done away with. When Church and State were one the amount of exemption was, of course, allowed as part of their salary to clerical officials of the State. But we in Canada have changed all that, and it is to be regretted that our clergymen and theological professors have not fully recognized this fact. Nothing is calculated to bring a much greater scandal on the cause of religion than the spectacle which certain well-salaried city clericals presented at the Toronto Court of Revision the other day. These gentlemen share in all the advantages of the State, and it is marvellous that they should virtually beg to receive these advantages for nothing. They can claim exemption on no just grounds, and it is decidedly undignified, if not worse, for them to set up such a claim. Even in the cases where a legal right still survives, the moral right has lapsed. The mendicant friars of the middle ages are not good models for our clergy to follow, if they hope to retain the respect of the world at large. It is pleasant to be able to say that many ministers now pay their taxes like other men and also that the present generation of theological students have their minds made up in the same direction.

IN a recent number of the *Week*, Mr. Gladstone is taken to task for "gambolling and capering on his hobby horse" at the present critical juncture,—that is to say, for writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Dawn of Creation and Worship." Mr. Gladstone, we may presume, does not read the *Week*. He will not have the happiness of seeing his name in such well-balanced sentences of sarcasm as these: "Chamberlain and Churchill hotly contend with social problems; Mr. Gladstone descants on the Mosaic cosmogony. Parnell inflames Ireland, and dictates to England; Mr. Gladstone discusses different readings of the Septuagint. Prelates and laymen wax wroth at the severance of Church and State; Mr. Gladstone shows that 'instead of Ixion loving the wife of Zeus, it was Zeus who loved the wife of Ixion.' England may perish; the 'grand old man' must prove" —, and so forth, in good set terms. He will miss, too, the pleasure of seeing himself compared to "Nero fiddling over burning Rome." It would be so new to him and so startling. Mr. Gladstone—though he does not read the *Week*, it is to be feared, with as great regularity as the Bible—has lived the intellectual life as few men have lived it. But that he is more than a mere theorist, he has shown by his solution, while holding the highest post of trust in the nation, of practical questions of almost infinite importance to the British empire. He has been spoken of as the ablest and most honest man, as well as the ripest scholar, within the three kingdoms. This is a sweeping assertion; but, if there is one man of whom it is true, that man is Mr. Gladstone.

THE proposed appointment of a tutor in Oriental languages as an assistant to Mr. Hirschfelder, is a matter that will bear looking into. In the language of a neighboring republic we may say that it is pretty certain that there is an African or two

concealed in the fence somewhere. It is remarkable that the present lecturer in Orientals, after having filled the position so worthily for so many years and being yet as hale and vigorous as ever, should suddenly be found in the middle of a session to be in need of an assistant. Unfortunately this is not the first time in the history of University College when positions were created and appointments made according to principles and methods which to say the least were somewhat irregular. In the present case the university public have a right to know the true inwardness of the matter. How is it that the urgent needs of the modern language department, which have been repeatedly pressed on the Senate for years have been entirely neglected on the plea of lack of funds, and now an extra lecturer is being provided at a salary of one thousand dollars for a department which nobody had previously supposed to require assistance? Or look at the facts in this way: One lecturer is required to teach all the English and Italian of the college at a miserably insufficient salary, and, moreover, the Senate was pledged to open a lectureship in Political Economy as soon as the allotted salary (eight hundred dollars) was available, but now both of these urgent necessities are quite ignored and a new position created, for which relatively speaking there is not the slightest need. The only explanation of the fact is that the representatives of the affiliated theological colleges have acquired additional influence in the Senate and are using this influence to saddle upon the poverty-stricken University College the expense of work which under the circumstances these other colleges should themselves perform.

AN article on "The Depression of English" in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, shows clearly how complete a change has come over the spirit of English scholarship during the past quarter of a century. The writer complains of the diminished importance now attached to the subject in two public competitive examinations, (1) that for entrance into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and (2) that for entrance into the Indian Civil Service. It is unnecessary to specify the details of the case he makes out; the significant fact is that English as a subject of school and college study can now count on a host of champions, who are determined to see that justice is done to a subject too long neglected. English is not second to any subject in our own curriculum in importance, and what position does it occupy? It counts as one of five modern languages to form a department of the Arts curriculum, while Latin and Greek alone form a department. In the curriculum of 1885, there are only 150 marks awarded to English in the general proficiency scale for junior matriculation, while 220 marks are awarded to Latin, and the same number to Greek. For the first year the English marks are 200, and the Greek and Latin 250 each. A similar discrimination against English obtains with respect to scholarships, the preponderance in favor of classics and mathematics at junior matriculation being greatly increased by the regulation governing the award of the Prince of Wales prize. We can scarcely speak here of the "depression" of English, as the writer in *Macmillan* does, for a subject cannot be depressed until it has first been elevated, and English never occupied any better position in Toronto University than it does just now.

THOSE who want a good description of an ideal University lecture will find it in the preface to one of the text-books in the Faculty of Law, the "Compendium of the Modern Roman Law" by Messrs. Tomkins and Jencken. The authors say:

"It ought never to be forgotten that the jurisprudence which has regulated the affairs of mankind for nearly three thousand years, so rich in its principles and so prolific in its examples applicable to practical life, should not be treated by its professors with the coldness and the pedantry of antiquarian research, but that it should be illumined with the warmth and enthusiasm which an adequate and deep acquaintance with its precepts can alone impart, A formal and diffuse lecture, or a mere literary essay, coldly read,

must always fail to awaken sympathy and to evoke the ardor of the student."

The following passage is in the same preface cited from the preface to Von Vanyerow's work on "The Modern Civil Law":—

"I hold it to be an essential requirement of lectures on the Modern Roman Law that the verbal discussions of the lecturer should not only comprehend in a fragmentary manner the several distinct parts of the law, but should present for the contemplation of the auditors the entire system as an organic whole. Of course I here presume a free and characteristic delivery, one in which the professor is, at the time of his lecture, really self-active. Lectures that are dictated or read, ought in common justice not to be given, for they are only destructive to the intellect of the professor, tending to convert his avocation into actual misery, whilst they lack the penetrative vitality which gives to a spoken lecture its real value."

The kind of lecture condemned by the great German jurist has been only too common in universities, including our own. For all practical purposes lectures that are read year by year from a desk, might as well be printed and placed in the student's hands for perusal. Attendance on such lectures is as likely to induce "cramming" as is the effort to master their subject for examination by the use of printed treatises. Not so the seminary method, which supposes as a *conditio sine qua non* a living contact between the minds of teacher and taught, and the freest intercourse between the lecturer and the members of his class. The seminary is rapidly driving the formal lecture out of the great American Universities, while our students as yet know about it only by hearsay. The nearest approach to it we have is to be found in the practice of some of our mutual improvement clubs, which are moreover of indigenous growth.

THE fourth Monday Popular Concert took place in the Pavilion on Monday evening last, the 30th inst. The attendance was large, and the interest manifested was hearty and encouraging. Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, of New York, an old-time favorite in Toronto, was the solo vocalist. Mr. Thomas Martin, who succeeded Mr. W. W. Lauder as musical director of Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, was the solo pianist. Mrs. Tanner sang the celebrated aria allotted to the Queen of Night from Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute." The accompaniment to this number was arranged for the quartette by Mr. Bayley, one of its members. This aria requires for its execution a phenomenally high range of voice, and the ease and perfect intonation with which it was sung by Mrs. Tanner proved her wonderful powers as a vocalist. Her voice is singularly clear, her phrasing correct and artistic, and her method almost faultless. Her manner is unaffected, and artless to a degree. As an encore Mrs. Tanner sang "Annie Laurie" rather carelessly and without much taste. Her second song was Ardit's "Daisy," a somewhat trashy piece, and interesting only in so far as it showed Mrs. Tanner's remarkable powers of vocalization. Her last song, Reinecke's "Spring Flowers,"—violin obligato by Herr Jacobsen,—was by far the most successful number. She sang this delightful ballad charmingly. Mr. Martin substituted Chopin's Polonaise in A flat major for Henselt's "Cradle Song," and rendered this difficult piece with great dash and brilliancy. Mr. Martin has a firm touch, good technical powers, and exhibits great delicacy and artistic finish. He also played most acceptably in the Schumann Trio with Messrs. Jacobsen and Correll. The work of the Quartette was certainly the most ambitious yet attempted by them, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves showed that they had not over-estimated their powers, but that they can interpret the most difficult music with success and *eclat*. The works presented on Monday night were Mendelssohn's Quartette in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1, and the Adagio and Allegretto from Beethoven's Quartette in E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2. The Mendelssohn quartette, abounding in rich, flowing melody, so characteristic of its author, was rendered with great taste, and the final movement, a brilliant *presto*, was played in a most spirited manner. The Beethoven number was equally well played, its broad and elaborate harmonies being effectively brought out. The next con-

cert will occur on the 14th of this month, when Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, and Mr. J. M. Sherlock, of Kingston, will be the soloists. The vocal selections will consist of English ballads, and a rich treat may be expected.

A SUGGESTION was made at the last meeting of the Modern Language Club which we would very much like to see carried into effect. It was proposed that English, French or German plays be produced by members of the Modern Language Club and under their management, in Convocation Hall. We believe this to be an excellent idea, and one that will, if properly carried out, be a source of much profit and pleasure alike to the performers and the large audiences which such performances would undoubtedly draw. The production of the *Antigone* of Sophocles three years ago was a red-letter day in the history of University College. It was a unique event, and one worthy of abundant emulation. To Professors Hutton, Wright, and Pike are due, in a large measure, the credit of the initiation and successful presentation of the Greek play in 1882. We understand that the several lecturers in the Modern Language department have interested themselves in this matter, and this will go far to secure its success. The cultivation of histrionic talents should not be looked upon as a *diletante* and next to useless acquirement. It affords infinite opportunities for the study and portrayal of character and for the display of individual powers of no insignificant order. For the inauguration of an Amateur Dramatic Club in connection with University College there is abundant precedent. Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale have such societies. They are encouraged and supported. Why should not a similar movement be successful in Toronto University? We would, however, impress upon those who contemplate the formation of an Amateur Dramatic Club the advisability of giving the most important place to the production of English plays of the higher class. This is almost absolutely necessary in order to secure for the movement that measure of popularity which in its younger days at least is essential to its very existence. The successful production of plays in other languages is an intellectual feat which may challenge the admiration of an audience, but their appreciation of the beauties of the play and of the dramatic powers of the actors will be limited and curtailed by their inability to understand foreign languages. One great reason we would urge in favour of confining efforts in this direction largely to the production of English plays is the taste which it would revive in good healthy plays, in which the literature of the English drama so pre-eminently abounds; plays which are free from the sensational and unnaturally-colored and highly-spiced situations which seem to be the staple of the modern school of playwrights. The comedies of the late T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," and other society plays, and the light comedies of Buckstone and Matthews are excellent examples of the kind of plays which, unfortunately, are so rarely heard now-a-days, but which, to our way of thinking, are the most enjoyable and the most profitable for study. We sincerely hope that this scheme will not be allowed to drop, but that it will be taken up seriously and discussed enthusiastically.

GREAT credit is due to Dr. Wilson for his energetic efforts towards increasing the revenue of University College. The kindly spirit of helpfulness towards needy students, which prompts his solicitation of scholarship endowments from private persons, is worthy of all commendation. But at the same time, and with all deference and respect to Dr. Wilson, we must express our regret that he has seen fit to turn the stream of private benefaction in the direction of scholarships. The friends of the College will gladly welcome any amelioration of its impoverished condition. But whatever funds are received for that purpose might be expended much more advantageously in many other ways. The Modern Language course throughout, and especially the English sub-department, should be

put on a better financial footing. A lectureship in Political Economy is urgently needed. The Library fund should be largely augmented. Until these and many similar needs are supplied we cannot afford to offer pecuniary remuneration to students for their attendance at University College. Let us again point out that a much better plan of attracting students than this system of bonuses is to make the college course itself more interesting and more intellectually profitable. George Munro's magnificent endowment of chairs in Dalhousie College and the similar action of Senator McMaster, in McMaster Hall, are examples which we earnestly commend to Dr. Wilson and those gentlemen whom he may find able and willing to become our benefactors. It does not affect our position to say that the benefactions that are being received by University College are not severally large enough to apply to such a purpose. It would be an easy matter to consolidate the funds received from these sources, and the aggregate result would be sufficient to endow a chair. Or it might be used to secure a short annual course of lectures from some outside Canadian or American scholar, such a course as, for example, Goldwin Smith delivers, in Cornell, or as Edward Freeman, Edmund Gosse and Sir William Thompson delivered recently in Johns Hopkins. Or it might become the nucleus of a loan fund for the use of students. This excellent plan is followed in some American theological colleges with the most beneficial results. But if we must have scholarships at all, they should not be allotted by the usual competitive examinations. Nor should they be available to students whose private means are amply sufficient to provide for their education. Let them rather be granted as a recognition of singular merit in original research or individual investigation, and when such a grant would be necessary to secure the continuance of similar intellectual activity. If our country is ever going to take an advanced position in the intellectual world it is only by original work. The present scholarship system places a premium on superficial knowledge and mere memory work, and these are the death of intellect.

## Literature.

### THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE.

The following is an attempt to render into iambic hexameters the last lines of the Twenty-second Book of the *Iliad*, according to the dictum of Matthew Arnold that Homer can only be adequately rendered into English by the use of the hexameter. Objection may be taken to the Alexandrine; but the emotion is pathetic throughout, and requires a slower movement than the usual narrative.

"Ah! Hector! wretched me! in truth we both were born  
To the same destiny; thou Priam's son in Troy,  
And I in Thebes, by Placus' groves, Eëtion's child.  
Ill-fated day on which I was begot; yea, thrice  
Ill-fated he who nourished me, a little one.  
For now thou leavest me in heavy, hopeless grief,  
A widow in our lonely halls, and far away  
Beyond the boundaries of day, thou wandering goest  
To shades of hell. And, Hector, see thine only son  
As yet an infant! how canst thou advantage him  
Since thou art dead? Or how his childish prattle soothe  
Thy care? For even if indeed he shall escape  
The lamentable war of the Greeks, still shall the toil  
And sorrow of despair be his sad lot in time  
To come; for others shall deprive him of his fields,  
Taking away the landmarks, Hector, of thy home.  
Alas! this orphan-making day hath brought great grief  
To him, rendering him destitute of wonted friends.  
Even now his little heart is sad with its young grief;  
His cheeks are wet with bitter tears. The boy henceforth

Shall go to the companions of his father; he  
 In want shall pluck one gently by the cloak and then  
 Another by the coat. Perchance one pitying him  
 Shall offer him a little cup; and he will wash  
 His lips, but shall not slake his thirst. Then also one  
 Whose father is not dead will drive him from the feast  
 In tears, striking him, and revile with the reproach:  
 'Begone with a curse; thy father now feasts not with us.'  
 Then, Hector, shall thy son, the boy Astyanax,  
 Come weeping to his widowed mother, he who once  
 Was wont to eat, sitting upon his father's knees,  
 Rich fat of sheep and marrow of white bulls; and then  
 When sleep came o'er him and his childish crying ceased,  
 He rested on a couch, within his nurse's arms.  
 His little heart eased with soft slumber's calm delight.  
 But now Astyanax, thus called in Troy, because  
 Thou didst defend for them their gates and lofty walls,  
 Shall suffer many griefs, being bereft of thee.  
 And thee, thee, Hector, shall the crawling worms devour,  
 Naked, beside the curve-beaked ships, after the dogs  
 Have satisfied themselves on thy dishonoured corpse.  
 Thy garments, fine and beautiful, so deftly woven  
 By thy women's hands, lie useless in thy halls.  
 These, since thou canst not lie in them, I will consume  
 With glowing fire, as they are useless now to thee;  
 Yet do the Trojan men and women glory in them."  
 Thus, weeping grievously, she made lament, and all  
 The Trojan women around her also wailed aloud,

PRO GREGE.

#### A BIT OF PLANTATION LIFE.

ONE beautiful evening in June, in the height of crop, Sinclair and myself were returning from old G——'s, where we had been spending what Sinclair called as he left the house, "a most 'greeable evenin'," which, of course, meant a jolly dinner, followed by cigars, cards, and more or less copious libations of "open razors."

We were cantering slowly along, enjoying the magical beauty of the moonlight as it lit up the broad reaches of white sand just left bare by the tide and glistened in waves of light from the fringing cocoanuts as their glossy fronds souged under a freshening breeze. As I was gazing over the sea, noticing the beautiful effect of mingled moonlight and phosphorescence on the surf, Sinclair said abruptly, "Old G——'s coolies are in a deuced bad way to-night about their pay. The old man has docked wages all round, and they threaten to fire his cane." Now's their time, thought I, as I noticed the freshening breeze and the surf rolling momentarily louder and louder. Just then we rode into the deep shadow of a huge over-hanging cliff that hid from view the estate. We rode carefully, for only a week before a great slice had toppled over into the undermining waves, and there was always danger of getting a piece of the loose chalk of which the cliff was composed about one's ears. We had just emerged into the moonlight when Sinclair, who was behind, shouted, "By Jove! the devils have done it;" and turning round in the saddle, I saw a rapidly brightening glare that now and then threw up a tongue of flame above the low, bushy line of hills that hid the fire from view. We turned round and rode like mad towards G——'s—back under the dreaded cliff, forgetting all about it in our excitement. Five minutes later we clattered into the yard. Old G——, who was just turning in, poked his night-capped head out between the "jalousies," and bawled, "What *the something's* the matter?"

"Fire!"

"Where?"

"Windward field."

"Call out the men."

Instantly someone seized the bell-rope and tolled away on the great bell. Old G—— jumped out of the low window, and, hatless and coatless, rushed into the stable, got mule and cutlass, and was

away down the hill before one could say "Jack Robinson." The hands tumbled out and away we went as fast as the animals could carry us over the savanna, through the tangled traces, jumping the trenches, and floundering through the canes, once in a while sighting Old G——'s bald head as it glistened in the moonlight over the tall cane. At last we came up to him on a ridge, and saw a hundred yards below a field of cane burning like a furnace. The flames were advancing rapidly towards where we stood. The rascals had chosen a capital spot for their cowardly revenge in a slight hollow where the flames had taken a fatal hold before being seen. Old G—— had lost his wind, but not his head. Taking in the situation at a glance, he panted, "Can't save the wind'ard field. Sinc., you take a gang and clear a trace next the mill. Joe, you slash away here, and don't let the fire get over the ridge. I'll take the other side. Come on, boys, I'll pay you well for this night's work." To work we went with a will, and quicker than I can tell you we had a trace right across the field. None too soon, though. Almost instantly the fire was upon us, the strong wind behind sending out tongues of flame twenty feet into our trace, threatening each instant to leap across to the cane behind us. Burning cane tops whizzed blazing over our heads, and kept us dancing to beat them out before they set fire to the rubbish strewn thickly all around. We fought hard, and in another minute would have been victorious but for an unlucky incident.

A poor, half-singed "guazupeta" (the native deer), blinded, I suppose, by the smoke and glare, came bounding up the trace and blundered right into our midst. The men surrounded it and killed it with their cutlasses, but the moment of delay cost another field of cane and another half-hour's hard work. The fire had caught in twenty places, and we had to fly for our lives to the next dividing trace, where we made another desperate stand, for all knew that if the fire got beyond us again the whole plantation, buildings and all, were doomed. Here we were reinforced by a crowd of men from the village and neighbouring estates, and quickly had a wide trace for a second time across the path of the fire. On it came with the speed of the wind, roaring like a hurricane, throwing out threatening flame-tongues and still more dangerous fire-brands, lighting up the streaming faces and half-clad bodies of the negroes, who jumped about like demons, dodging blazing cane-tops and stamping them out as fast as they fell. More than once our task seemed hopeless, as the blazing brands fell into the canes and kindled into instant flame, fanned by the strong breeze. Sinclair and Old G—— had beaten the fire out on the other sides and came up just as we were hardest pressed. With their assistance we soon had the fire under control, and in a few minutes it was out.

We went back over the charred fields, picked up our deer (it was half-roasted), mounted our mules, and rode off to the house, as dirty, tired, and glad as men could be, followed by the coolies and negroes, who made merry over the prospect of unlimited potatoes of rum, their expected reward. You couldn't tell black from white that morning. We were all as black as charcoal could make us. One old darkey remarked, "Dem Buccra (white men) look too pretty dis mawnin'," and his companion replied, "Dey's niggah fo' true dis time. We is all niggah w'en de cane done burn." We arrived at the house just as the moon hung over the distant Cordilleras and the sun rose over the dark Atlantic which formed our eastern horizon. G—— brought out the rum and distributed it among the hands. Libations to Bacchus were in order all the morning, and more than one "niggah" went home hiccoughing his regrets that "dere warn't fire ebbery night."

SEE BEE.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

(Concluded.)

It may be interesting to compare our author in respect to this quality of humanity with the other great American short story writers, both of the past and the present. The best known authors

of this class of literary productions are Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, T. B. Aldrich, George W. Cable and Bret Harte,

Hawthorne's tales may be described as short studies in moral psychology. In the analysis and careful appreciation of subtle moral motives and states, this author has been especially powerful. The main character of Poe's "Tales of the Arabesque and the Grotesque" is in a considerable degree indicated by this title. Many of them are of the nature of intensely interesting solutions of complicated intellectual problems; others are vivid descriptions of various emotional states, principally those of terror and horror. Both of these writers' productions are saturated and tinged with the morbid and fantastical fancies of their authors. But neither Hawthorne nor Poe appeal to the warmest, and the highest sympathies of humanity to nearly the same degree as does Charles Egbert Craddock. Sometimes Thomas Bailey Aldrich attains to this excellence, as in the tales entitled "Quite So" and "Miss Mehitabel's Son," but his principal characteristics as a story writer are delicacy of humour and a certain exquisite daintiness of style which cannot be described, but may be seen at its best in "Marjorie Daw." George W. Cable's tales, "Old Creole Days," are full of the spirit of the highest humanity, and tender and delicate in tone and style, but people of other regions cannot enter in complete sympathy with his Creole heroes and heroines, because they represent a peculiarly developed and highly artificial class of humanity which few can properly comprehend without a personal acquaintanceship. Bret Harte's graphic pictures of Rocky Mountain life are inspired with an intensely human sympathy, but there are extravagances and inconsistencies in his characters which strike the reader unfavourably. Then it is a failing of many of this author's stories that he attributes great moral effects to causes which seem entirely inadequate.

The Tennessee Mountain tales are in the main free from the defects or drawbacks which tend to prevent Cable's and Bret Harte's stories from gaining a wider popularity. The characters are simple and natural, and they act their parts in the tragic drama of their rude mountain life in such a way that they enlist all our sympathies.

Our author's descriptive powers are also of the highest order. The tale entitled "Drifting Down Lost Creek" opens as follows:

"High above Lost Creek Valley towers a wilderness of pines. So dense is this growth that it masks the mountain whence it springs. Even when the Cumberland spurs, to the east, are gaunt and bare in the wintry wind, their deciduous forests denuded, their crags unveiled and grimly beetling, Pine Mountain remains a sombre, changeless mystery; its lofty heights are hidden, its chasms and abysses lurk unseen. Whether the skies are blue or gray, the dark, austere line of its summit limits the horizon. It stands against the west like a barrier. It seemed to Cynthia Ware that nothing which went beyond this barrier ever came back again. One by one the days passed over it, and in splendid apotheosis, in purple and crimson and gold, they were received into the heavens, and returned no more. She beheld love go hence and many a hope. Even Lost Creek itself, meandering for miles between the ranges, suddenly sinks into the earth, tunnels an unknown channel beneath the mountain, and is never seen again."

This is quite different from the mere catalogue of places and qualities which sometimes passes under the name of description. It is nature etherealized and transfigured through the medium of a refined and intensely appreciative mind. Such descriptions are like the rich, deep coloring of the background of ancient pictures, or the soul-reaching strains of a powerful musical accompaniment. The following passages also show clearly the vivid and graphic picturesqueness of Miss Murfree's style:—

"With wild and haggard eyes he saw the day break upon this vision. It came in at the great gate,—a pale flush a fainting star, a burst of song, and the red and royal sun."

"Twilight was slipping down on the Big Smoky. Definiteness was annihilated, and distance a suggestion. Mountain forms lay darkening along

the horizon, still flushed with the sunset. The Cove had abysmal suggestions and the ravines were vague glooms. Fireflies were afflicker in the woods. There might be a star, outpost of the night."

As an instance of continued description interwoven in a story, dropped at times, but resumed again with striking effect, we know of nothing of equal length to surpass the following passages:—

"After supper they were all sitting, dusky shadows, on the little porch, where the fireflies sparkled and the vines fluttered, and one might look out and see the new moon, in the similitude of a silver boat, sailing down the western skies off the headland of Chilhowee mountain. A cricket was shrilling in the weeds. The vague sighing voice of the woods rose and fell with a melancholy monody."

"The moon, still in the similitude of a silver boat, swung at anchor in a deep indentation in the summit of Chilhowee that looked like some lonely pine girt bay; what strange mysterious fancies did it land from its cargo of sentiments and superstitions and uncanny influences!"

"The moon had weighed anchor at last, and dropped down behind the mountain summit, leaving the bay with a melancholy waning suffusion of light, and the night very dark."

Humor is not a characteristic of Miss Murfree's descriptions, but the following passage from "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," will show that she is not without ability in this regard:

"There was another long pause. The empty dwelling behind them was so still that one could hear the footsteps of an intruding rooster, as he furtively entered at the back door. 'Shoo!' she said, shaking her knitting needles at him, as she bent forward and saw him standing in the slant of the sunshine, all his red and yellow feathers burnished. He had one foot poised motionless, and looked at her with a reproving side-glance, as if he could not believe he had caught the drift of her remarks. Another gesture more pronounced than the first, and he went scuttling out, his wings half spread and his toe-nails clattering on the puncheon floor."

In concluding these articles on Charles Egbert Craddock, the writer again takes the liberty of stating that no review is sufficient to give a fair and properly beneficial idea of any able author's work. In such a case, if the reviewer succeeds in inducing people to read the author's books for themselves his highest mission is accomplished.

A. STEVENSON.

#### MIND-READING.

[Through the kindness of Professor Young we are able to place the following interesting correspondence before our readers. — ED.]

G. P. Young, Esq., J.L.D.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have had the fortune to meet in Kingston here one who is ordinarily called a "mind-reader," and thinking that his proceedings and some little experiments of my own in the line of mind-reading may not be without interest to you, I take the liberty of forwarding you the following accounts.

I first witnessed the manifestations of Mr. Miller, the "mind-reader," at Principal Grant's, where he performed most of the remarkable feats of Stuart Cumberland, such as discovering things hidden in out-of-the-way places, touching certain points, such as keys on a piano, etc. A somewhat intimate acquaintance with the gentleman since has convinced me of his power not merely of doing with certainty such things as I have mentioned, but of performing the curious feat of telling with certainty the number say of a bank-note. An explanation of his way of doing that will be sufficient for his whole proceeding. He requires in all cases that the hand of a person able to concentrate his thoughts on the figures—one by one—should be in his right hand—the hand he uses to write out the numbers. His explanation of his faculty is simply this, and it is a remarkable confirmation of the "return of nervous energy on the old sense-tracks," of the doctrine of ideal sensations. In thinking earnestly of a point in a room the thinker unconsciously feels drawn thither—he would sooner go there than any other place, and a delicate sensibility to pressure of the thinker's hand on the mind-reader's, enables the latter to discover direction. So in thinking of

a figure, say 6, the mind-reader detects the greater willingness of the hand to a circular movement than to an angular one, as in 4, and carrying this further, he can detect the difference between even a 6 and a 9.

An experiment, not very novel, I believe, we have tried, is to lift a very heavy weight, such as one cannot ordinarily lift, in the following way. The object to be lifted is a man; there are four people to lift him, who, however, are to use only the tips of one finger of each hand—one person to lift under each arm, one at each knee. They try without previous preparation and cannot do it. They then take three long breaths, lifting their hands up together in taking the breath, and lowering them on breathing out, then placing their fingers in the places mentioned, they have not the slightest difficulty in raising the object. That it is a genuine lift, I am convinced from the exhaustion felt afterwards. But how the immense amount of nervous energy is made to flow in the one direction is a mystery. There is no doubt a similar case in the almost miraculous actions of people under strong excitement.

But as to one or two little experiments of my own: Let a person hold a coin in his hand and play what we may call "odd and even," changing the coin behind his back. I have found that with almost absolute certainty one may tell which hand holds the coin by the unconscious inclination of the holder's face in the direction of the hand holding the coin. The only condition, of course, is that he shall *think* of the hand holding the coin.

But a stranger experiment still is the following, that often breeds thoughts that make one shudder:—

I have blindfolded myself and placed myself close to a person holding a coin as before, except that instead of the game being "odd or even," this time he darts both hands straight from him, gathering all his thoughts in the *direction* of the hand holding the coin. I have told the *direction* with a certainty beyond all guessing. This has been done independent of contact with the person, independent of any suggestions by sound or otherwise, solely by the idea of the direction springing up in the mind.

For this I can find no explanation. Perhaps the new Psychological Society may soon throw light upon it, but at present I must confess I am nonplussed at this evidence of "mental magnetism."

Believing you will not be offended by my writing you these things,  
I am faithfully yours,

FRED. H. SYKES.

424 Princess St., Kingston, Nov. 5, 1885.

Professor G. P. Young.

DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter with great pleasure, but have delayed answering it in order to try more fully the most important of the experiments I mentioned—the last.

I wish to add to what I have already said about it, that so far as our experience goes, it demands for its success an intense nervous excitement, the most concentrated mental activity on the part of the one holding the coin, and the most perfect passiveness on the part of the one whose mind is to be affected. The only cases in which we have been successful are those in which these conditions have been fulfilled.

It is surely not difficult to believe the truth of the result when we consider similar cases in which mental effect is produced without the intervention of anything material, such as waking a person from sleep by looking fixedly at him, or becoming conscious of the entrance of a person into a room without seeing or hearing him, among the numerous experiences which everyone has had.

Our minds seem like electrified wires only imperfectly insulated. Sometimes they touch and the great current flashes its strength and direction over the weak one. Thus the moral enthusiasm after a great preacher's words, thus the warlike ardor after the "trumpet-sounds" of a "Chevy Chase."

It seems to me that the publication of my letter would at least call attention to an important sphere of mental science, and therefore I gladly consent to its proposed publication. Perhaps a word

or two of the explanation I have given here might not be out of place.

I might say that the gentleman who has been experimenting with me is Mr. R. Balmer, B.A., of ours.

Faithfully yours,

FRED. H. SYKES.

424 Princess St., Kingston, Nov. 18, 1885.

NOTE BY PROFESSOR YOUNG.

The circumstances mentioned in Mr. Sykes' letter of Nov. 5th all admit of easy explanation, with one exception. I am puzzled to understand how an experimenter, not in contact with the person operated on, can tell the direction in which the latter is stretching out his hand with a coin in it. In replying to Mr. Sykes, I mentioned my difficulty on this point. His second letter has not removed my perplexity. While I have every confidence in Mr. Sykes and Mr. Balmer as accurate observers, I should like to have an opportunity of witnessing for myself the "coin experiment." With the evidence at present before me, I remain somewhat incredulous.

G. P. Y.

### WOMANLINESS.

AN ANSWER.

It is much to be regretted that your contributor "Pro Grege," in his article on "Womanliness," did not pursue his line of argument to its only legitimate conclusion. As the same timid half-views there expressed prevail only too widely, I wish in a few sentences to show their insufficiency and to bring forward some considerations which will, I think, reveal the problem in its true proportions and with its only sufficient solution.

The article in question may be summed up briefly thus:—We are assured that no objection can be made to the highest education possible being accorded to woman; that, moreover, the employment of such an education in securing a competence and independence is likewise legitimate and desirable; but that such employment, when it results in bringing women into competition with men, is injurious and exceedingly undesirable—it "tends to destroy that charm which underlies all the loveliness of a woman's character."

As your contributor says, the subject is a broad one; still I most emphatically agree with him as far as he goes. He does not, however, go far enough, and hence his conclusion, unqualified, is misleading and pernicious. Competition of woman with man is undoubtedly injurious to the best in both; but so also is competition between man and man, between woman and woman. The trouble lies, not in the conflict between the sexes, but in the conflict at all between fellow-beings, in the great wrong of brother struggling for existence against brother.

Another of your contributors was, indeed, unfortunate enough to say: "For my part, I should like to find a man who, possessed once of lofty aspirations and generous impulses, has been degraded, and whose motives have been rendered sordid and base by the fact of having to earn money either by competition or by other use of his brain for the purpose of realizing those cherished aims." He asked further for illustrative cases. The easy answer to this childish assertion and question is, that only with difficulty can lofty aspirations and generous impulses come forth and survive in an atmosphere of mean deeds, which the very term "competition" implies. To take bread from another man's mouth, is not that a mean thing, and does it not sully the noblest motive that could prompt the deed? The illustrative cases asked for will be easily found on every side around us in the grovelling masses whom competition has thrust down to filth and starvation. The most degraded among them had in their childhood pure aspirations and generous impulses. And do you suppose the successful even have not suffered? I would instance simply the notorious dishonesty of business men. Finally I would say, without fear of contradiction, that the mind in its best mood disdains competition. This one

fact is the best and shortest answer to all apologists for the competitive system.

To struggle with one another, we were not made so. "The soul has a principle of kindness in itself, and is born to love, as well as to perceive, think, or remember." Nor does the fault that things should be as they are, lie in the niggardliness of nature. "The Creator showers upon us His gifts—more than enough for all. But, like swine scrambling for food, we tread them in the mire—tread them in the mire, while we tear and rend each other!" This ghastly incongruity we can only hope our littleness may hide from the eyes of other humanities, till we have wiped the shame away. Here is the one great problem before society, in the solution of which all others are solved. It is important that it be once clearly realized by our young reformers, for it will prevent much hasty, half-enlightened, hurtful zeal. Let us hear no more sentimental wailing over lost womanliness, and vague half-measures for its restoration, while our general manhood is strangling in an unnatural, brutal struggle. Let us rather buckle to and assert the great forgotten principle of human brotherhood, and take as our device one like that of Bishop Headlam, the eloquent leader of Christian socialism in England:

"I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land"

— William Blake

R. BALMER.

## University and College News.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its weekly meeting on Monday afternoon last, at the usual hour, Mr. Rowan, the president in the chair. The meeting was conducted throughout in French. Essays were read by Miss Eastwood and Mr. Needler, both of them eliciting very favorable comments from members present. The subject of Miss Eastwood's essay was the "Life of Honore de Balzac," that of Mr. Needler's, "Le Père Goriot." "Gai le Rosier" and "Malbrough" were sung with great vim, most of those present participating. The society is greatly indebted to Mr. Jones for the trouble he has taken to collect these songs for the Club and for the able manner in which he conducts the rendering of them.

At the meeting on Monday afternoon next the society is to be favored with a lecture on "Music in Speech" by Mr. M. L. Rouse, a gentleman whose well-known attainments in the subject should ensure him a large attendance.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular Thursday afternoon meeting was held in Moss Hall at 5 o'clock. Mr. J. O. Miller conducted the meeting. The subject was Growth in Grace, 2 Peter 3: 18. Growth is the condition of the Christian life, just as it is of all other living things. An analogy may be drawn between the natural world and the spiritual world. As the sun is the source of life to the plant, so the grand underlying principle of growth in grace is the sunlight of the spirit of God. And as the flower turns its face to the sun to receive all the warmth it can, so we are to expose ourselves to the influence of the Holy Spirit. If we strive to do this our growth will be visible in two ways. First, by an increased forgetfulness of self. We will not want to hide our light under a bushel any longer. Secondly, by a more perfect sympathy with each other.

The above are some of the evidences. Now let us look at some of the means which facilitate growth in grace. The following may be enumerated:—first, a diligent study of the word of God; secondly, closer communion with God by prayer and otherwise, and lastly, by fellowship with one another. God works by means, and it is our duty and privilege to do all we can for our Master. The diligent soul shall be made fat.

### BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Bancroft's United States, 19 vols.  
Paston Letters, ed. Gairdner.

Keat's Poetical Works, ed. Palgrave.  
Mechanics and Dynamics, by W. Whewell, 2 vols.  
Ethical Studies, by F. H. Bradley.  
Lectures and Essays, by H. Nettleship.  
Horace, Epistles, ed. Wilkins.  
Scientific Papers, by Sir C. Wheatstone.  
Common Sense of Exact Sciences, by W. K. Clifford.  
Hebrew Syntax, by Aug. Müller.  
American Lectures, by E. A. Freeman.  
State Trials in 18th Cent., by G. L. Browne.  
Battlefields of Germany, by G. B. Malleson.  
The Unknown Eros, by Coventry Patmore.  
Misc. Writings, etc., of Lord Macaulay.  
Secret of Death, by Edwin Arnold.  
Mariano Faliero, by A. C. Swinburne.  
Gordon's Journals at Kartoum.  
Nova Britannia, by Alex. Morris.  
Life of George IV., by P. Fitzgerald.  
Essays on Educational Reformers, by R. H. Quick.  
History of French Literature, by C. Bridge.  
Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, by R. G. Moulton.  
International Law, by J. K. Stephen.  
Rise of Const. Govt. in England, by C. Ransome.  
Life and Times of Algernon Sydney, by A. C. Ewald.  
Physiography, by T. H. Huxley.  
Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte, by E. Caird.  
Malthus and His Work, by J. Bonar.  
Shakespearian Grammar, by E. A. Abbott.  
English in the 14th Cent., by S. H. Carpenter.  
J. R. Lowell's Poetical Works.  
O. W. Homes' Poetical Works.  
Lyrics, &c., by A. H. Chandler and C. P. Mulvany.  
Life and Letters of John Brown, by F. B. Sanborn.

## Drift.

### REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career.  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onwards unswerving,  
And that is true rest.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

### LIFE.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was duty.  
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

MISS ELLEN HOOPER.

THE true purpose of education, as can never be enough enforced, is not to learn lessons and get explanations from teachers, and to accumulate information, but to develop power in the minds of the young to observe carefully, to reason correctly, and to think independently about the things that are important and vital in the experience of life. The minds of the young require to be cultivated and trained in this kind of activity; but all the mighty apparatus of books, teachers, superintendents, and boards of education, backed by millions of money, instead of leading to this result, stand in the way of it. The two methods are incompatible. Listening to explanations and cramming the contents of books are radically antagonistic to thinking things out, and to that self-instruction the sole condition of which is mental effort, and that should be kept in view as the essential thing to be secured in all education of children and youth.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*

## THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST.

Not where long passed ages sleep,  
 Seek we Eden's golden trees  
 In the future folded deep  
 Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,  
 Give the past unto the wind ;  
 All before us is the day,  
 Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,  
 Love and flowers, and coolest sea,  
 Is not ancient story told  
 But a glowing prophecy.

ELIZA THAYER CLAPP.

## Editor's Table.

## AN ESSAY ON PHONETICS.\*

WE have received from Mr. M. L. Rouse, an English barrister at present resident in this city, a copy of his essay on the *Number and Nature of the Vowel Sounds*. In it the author gives a *resumé* of the systems of Helmholtz, Walker, Isaac Pitman, Webster, Nuttall, and other dictionary makers, and gives a table of the vowel sounds used in the English, German, French and Italian languages. From this table we find that the Italian possesses twelve simple vowels and one diphthong ; French, fifteen simple vowels and three diphthongs ; English, thirteen and five respectively ; and German, the full sixteen and five, besides one triphthong.

Mr. Rouse states that the object of his essay is "to make a complete table for all the vowels and vowel compounds uttered by the different nations of the world." The result he has arrived at is given in the table we have referred to, but which is too extensive to be reproduced here. The author also draws attention to "the strange fact that many nations dwelling far apart and speaking tongues very unlike each other, possess certain interjections in common. Thus the English, the French, the German, the Hindoos, and the Japanese use *oh!* to express surprise, and *ah!* or *ach!* to betoken sorrow ; the English, the French and the Japanese use *eh!* to enforce a question ; and while the boys of England use *aw!* to show extreme wonder, the men of Japan have recourse to *awee!* for the same purpose. Mr. Rouse regards this, not without an apparent show of reason, as "a remnant of a language that the peoples of the earth had in common before they were dispersed at the building of Babel, and which they were suffered to retain as evidence of their community of speech." Mr. Rouse makes a discovery which, if nothing else, is certainly a strange coincidence. He gives a list of the eight long simple vowels which he maintains occur in English, viz. : *oo* (boom), *oh* (mote), *aw* (dawn), *ah* (path), *u* (*r*) (burn), *eh* (age), *i* and *ee* (keen). He then shows that "each of these long simple vowel sounds is used in English as an interjection with a distinctive meaning (albeit sometimes with the help of a guttural attached to it)." The list is as follows :—

<i>oogh!</i>	expresses	anger
<i>oh!</i>	"	surprise
<i>aw!</i>	"	wonder
<i>ah!</i>	"	sorrow
<i>urgh!</i>	"	disgust
<i>eh!</i>	"	inquiry
<i>nch!</i>	"	contempt
<i>eegh!</i>	"	pain

\* *The Number and Nature of the Vowel Sounds* : by Martin Luther Rouse of the English Bar. Toronto ; Rowsell & Hutchison.

The essay is necessarily somewhat technical in its nature, and requires to be carefully read. We understand, however, that Mr. Rouse will lecture before the Modern Language Club, on "Music in Speech," at its next meeting, and those interested in this important study should take the opportunity of hearing the author expound his theory on this and kindred subjects.

## Communications.

## AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY :

SIR,—There are few, I venture to think, who will be so fanatical as to deny that certain amusements would be harmless in themselves were it not for their associations and surroundings. The two amusements which have been especially placed under the ban are card-playing and billiards. Now, neither of these would be tabooed were it not that the only public places in which a taste for either can be gratified are such places as should be avoided by respectable people ; places in which special temptations for gambling and drinking are afforded. But much of the force of such objections would be neutralized if opportunities for the playing of either of these games were given in which neither of the two evils complained of were tolerated ; and laws against their infringement framed and rigidly enforced. Now, what more practical proof of a liberal-minded desire to do a most positive good, and to redeem two most scientific and fascinating forms of amusement from the ban under which they have so long and so unjustly been placed, could the Y. M. C. A. authorities have than to allow the use of a room in their new building—and I take it they have one or two to spare—where there games could be indulged in by undergraduates without the attendant evils which ruin and dedauch so many ? Of course it is understood that those wishing to play these games provide the requisites and hire the room at a low rental. I may add, by way of precedent, that in a Roman Catholic College in the United States there is a flourishing billiard association, of which a reverend father is President. I write this in good faith and seriously, hoping for a reply. For the present I will sign myself,

CUE.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY :

SIR,—Most of us (in the opinion of a late writer), at one time or another in our lives, have felt the charm of an actor's life, as we were free to fancy it, well-nigh irresistible. One may spend a very pleasant half-hour imagining one's self a great actor,—for who would needlessly fancy himself a small one ? I do not, however, wish to be understood as insinuating that it is by reveries such as these that the Modern Language Club has been led to the desire of acting a play. The idea, I feel sure, is one that will meet with great favour. A play might very well be produced at the Conversazione, in the mathematical lecture room. The cost of mounting it well on the stage would not be great, and it would be one of the most attractive entertainments of the evening. I understand that the Club has been considering the advisability of acting, in French, one of Molière's comedies. It seems to me that the members of the Club could not do better than choose an English comedy, since they seem to have a becoming diffidence of their ability to act plays or scenes from Shakespeare. I would suggest "She Stoops to Conquer." There is, however, a wider field for choice. Our dramatic literature—if we Americans may be permitted to speak of it so—is our greatest literature. "It is the thing we have done best."

AN OUTSIDER.



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**Church Notices**

**REV. DR. WILD**

BOND STREET CHURCH

Subject for Sunday evening, December 6  
"The Wooden Man in New York"

**UNITARIAN CHURCH,**

Jarvis Street.

**REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor.**

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Subject for Sunday Evening :

"The Hell of the Future and the Real Hell."

**CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH**

Bloor Street.

**REV. MANLY BENSON, Pastor.**

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6:**

At 11 a.m.—"Responsibility of a Witness."  
At 7 p.m.—"MOSES—A Pattern for Young  
Men."

**Fact and Fun.**

The choice does not *lay* with the other party.—*The Week, Nov. 26.*

This unintentional verse, written as prose, in Whewell's "Treatise on Mechanics":

"For no force, however great,  
Can stretch a cord, however fine,  
Into a horizontal line  
That is exactly straight."

is capped by a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," with this unmeant bit of poetry from one of Mr. Lincoln's messages:

"Fondly do we hope,  
Fervently do we pray,  
That this mighty scourge of war  
May speedily pass away."

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To these the VARSITY would add the following stanza from Carlyle's "French Revolution," vol. i., book x., chap. vi.:

"Din of battles, wars more than civil,  
Confusion from above and from below;  
In such environment the eye  
Of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau."

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Cornell University, held on the 20th prox., Henry W. Sage, chairman of the board, gave \$60,000 to endow a chair in Moral Philosophy and Ethics, \$10,000 being for a residence for the occupant of the chair, and \$50,000 for investment to pay his salary.

The *Dublin Mail* recently published the following communication:—"I enclose copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavation now proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a church dedicated to a saint and missionary, known to the chroniclers of the time by the name of Uncatus Ambulans. The inscription is as follows:

"I SABILLI—HOERES' AGO  
Fortibus es in . . .  
Nosces 'mari 'thebe 'trux  
Votis 'innem . . . . . Pas 'an dux."

Upon this a contemporary observes that, though not versed in antiquarian lore, it offers a translation which may suit all purposes:

"I say, Billy, here's a go,  
Forty 'busses in a row."  
"No," says Mary, "them be trucks,  
What is in 'em . . . . . Peas and Ducks."

Mr. Lowell said in his address at Bryn Mawr College that applause in behalf of retaining the Greek language in a college curriculum always comes from men who "are old enough to have forgotten their Greek and too old to find any necessity for beginning its study."

A small child being asked by a Sunday school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

An editor who was impelled to give up his seat to a lady in a street car described it as being "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

President Elliot, of Harvard, advocates an entirely optional curriculum.



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Thomas H. Hendricks, the late deceased Vice-President of the United States, was at the time of his death under engagement to speak at several college commencements during the coming year.

The report is current that James Russell Lowell is to be Vice-President of Harvard College next year, and that he will be in full charge during President Elliot's absence.

The farmer-boy to college's gone,  
In the ranks of the learned you'll find him :  
His study-gown he has girded on,  
And his "pony" slung behind him.

My pony, 'tis of thee,  
Emblem of liberty,  
To thee I sing,  
Book of my Freshman days,  
Worthy of fondest praise,  
Worthy of poet's lays,  
I'd tribute bring.  
—All the exchanges.

Plain Spoken Minister (to a Bacchanalian aboard the train)—"Do you know, my friend, that you are on the road to H—1?" Bacchanalian—"Just my (hic) luck—bought a ticket (hic) for Parkdale!"

The Russian Government is to establish a polyglot college, in which will be taught all the modern languages of any importance, and the tongues of all the nationalities under its sovereignty. They are seventy in number.

Some of "Mark Queucher's" philosophy :  
—"It's a long lane vat's got no silfer lining."  
"A rolling shtone is often darker pefore dawn."  
"After de sdorm comes a clam.  
Dherefore *Nil Desperado*."  
"Honi soi qui mal who dinks about it."  
"Always try to be nefer too late to mend."—*Ex.*

I met the girl of the  
And gently took her  
I thought I'd pop the ?  
But I didn't have the S&.—*Ex.*

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
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