

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. IX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1889.

No. 15.

THE MOON-LOVER.

'Twas a cloudless, fairy-like summer night,
And the fair moon floated above,
While a happy brook, with his face alight,
Sang her a song of love.

There went a murmur of joy 'mong the trees,
And the tall reeds drowsily stirred,
Soft strains from the harp of the evening breeze
Came forth as the song was heard.

His song to a whispering note he hushed
When the alders hid him a space,
Then wild and free the melody gushed
At sight of the fair moon's face.

He sang to the mournful strains of the wind
That came from the pine trees tall ;
He sang every word that love might find.
But the moon would not list to his call.

No warmth of love in her steadfast gleam :
Complacent her haughty look.
For the moon has a lover in many a stream—
But " There's only one moon for the brook."

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A glance at the whole field of literature immediately reveals one fact regarding the comparative literary position of woman. She has written less than man. Always potent as an inspiration, it is only in the last few centuries that she has often shown herself inspired. Although from earliest times there have been instances, as the songs of Hannah and Mary, of Sappho and Erinna bear witness, that poetic feeling of a lofty kind was by no means the property of one sex alone ; yet by far the greater bulk of literature is from the pens of men and only in this century is there any rivalry as to quantity. Taking four books of poems by chance, I find in Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics, out of 288 selections, four written by women. In Sonnets of This Century there are 33 out of 270. In Bell's Standard Reciter, about 50 out of about 520. In Elfin Music, Canterbury Edition, 10 out of 50. This is about 10 per cent. by women in all except the first.

Now, in view of nineteenth century facts, we are warranted in saying that the past barrenness in this field has not been due to poor soil, but rather lack of cultivation. The person who recognizes the fateful influence that comes from surrounding circumstances will see how social environments, which shut out an extended view ; subordination of position, which prevented independent thought ; and such lack of educational advantages as aggravated both these evils and gave chance for the mental faculties becoming effective instruments, must all have dearth of literary effort as their result. So, then, no general comparison as of two things on an equal

plane can be made before we reach the 19th century, if even now. For it is not so long ago since a very learned man suggested certain branches of learning as being appropriate for a woman who felt a wish to cultivate her mind and yet had common sense enough to wish to avoid chances of being called a blue-stocking ; and the educational theory of Mrs. Malaprop was well-nigh universal in Sheridan's time. With what calm and amused superiority must we look back on an age having this as a true though ridiculously put version of its theory : " I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning ; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. Above all, she should be taught orthodoxy. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it."

But now that time has swept away Mrs. Malaprop's system, along with others wiser and more foolish, and an ever-advancing wave of progress is making mental culture of an advanced kind, just as accessible to woman as man what do we find to be her way of making use of it ? What are the results of the new opportunities ?

Recognized differences between woman and man there always have been. And whether as the slave of the Eastern or the honoured companion of the Teuton, a certain difference of moral and physical fibre has always been recognized. A glance at the commercial departments of human industry will here be useful. The qualities shown by woman in this new field are said to be superior fineness of manipulation and often a more conscientious thoroughness. But in most cases this has been the result, when acting under orders, and though she has sometimes ably filled a position of superintendent, the rank of general has yet to be won by the sex.

Now, in literature, perhaps, the same thing holds. Spite of amazons, the position of literary warrior and pioneer yet remains a masculine one. But in the elaboration and collocation of known truths, in the perception of hidden differences and subtle connections, in the more delicate thought processes where intuition must largely supplement logical reasoning—in all these spheres woman has at once recognized and taken possession of her distinctive field.

After all, we find the root of the difference either in the 2nd chapter of Genesis or in the etymology of the words " Lord " and " Lady "—woman " a help meet for " man, or " Lord " the bread winner, " Lady " the bread dispenser.

In the department of poetry woman has taken as her more particular sphere the poems of the sentiments and affections, handling these themes with a tenderer touch and a more delicate perception of artistic effect. Of this Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans and Jean Ingelow are examples.

In novels—and here we at once think of Charlotte Brontë's touching " Jane Eyre ; " of all the noble titles of George Eliot's masterful books ; of Miss Yonge, with her sweet, wholesome, refined and happy English homes ; of Jane Austen and her patient synthesis of delineation, of Miss Mitford and the lovely simplicity of her village tales ; of Maria Edgeworth and the brilliant, learned and refined society to which she introduces us, immediately arraying themselves in all their intellectual court dress to honour the royal presence of a

reader; of Louisa Alcott and those "little women" that were so naturally interesting, and, to make a little descent, of "The Duchess," with her ever charming "Molly Bawn;" Augusta J. Evans Wilson, and her way of making her heroes incarnations of some tolerably maleficent demon only that the good fairy heroine may eventually angelify him; of May Agnes Fleming, who being dead yet writeth, and the rest.

Now, in most of these, except George Eliot's and Miss Yonge's, the moral and moralizing faculties continually get the supremacy over artistic feeling. The fact that character is a shadow of our past life, that we ourselves are not an instantaneous fabric, so to speak, but an organism with an historical basis; that actions are fateful things, that as a man sows so shall he reap—these and kindred truths are not permitted to reach us in that most direct and artistic and divine way, the gradual evolution of character, but each important step and decision is liable to be taken out and labelled, "This was destined to cast a dark shadow over the once happy life," or "The time would come when in bitter sackcloth of repentance and ashes of remorse he would bewail his miserable weakness and error," etc.

Such writing in some hands degenerates into a preaching of pet ideas and breeds readers of a sanguinary disposition, who thirst for gore, and who, analogously to the spectators in the Roman amphitheatre who, when roused, invariably turned their thumbs downward in condemnation of the poor defeated gladiator and wanted fresh horrors, seek new excitement in books that only a little greater literary polish distinguishes from the dime novel.

Now, men are not so apt to talk in this way. The characters act out their own life and preach silently, so to speak. Another department might be referred to in this hurriedly written essay—that of translation. Lately there have been some noteworthy translations from other European languages in which women have shown all their delicate perceptions of meaning to best advantage.

A summing up, then, would be—delicacy and fineness of treatment of topics already somewhat prepared; exquisite feeling in language; tendency to moralize in a way prejudicial to artistic harmony; sympathetic and worthy translations; and, lastly, incalculable possibilities.

LOVE MISSPENT.

A lovely maid,
Gaily arrayed
In sweetest smiles and fine attire,
To college came
For love of fame:
Such thoughts alone her soul inspire.

A student bright
With great delight
Her graceful form one day espied;
And Cupid's dart
Soon pierced his heart:
Anon for her alone he sighed.

But now grown bold,
His love he told
Before this maid on bended knee;
And she ne'er sighed,
But quick replied
Thus to the student-lover's plea:

"I'll tell you true—
'Tis but your due—
Such thoughts are quite beyond my ken;
Hither I came
For love of fame,
But not, forsooth, for love of men."

MENDORE

LETTER LEGACIES.

(Continued.)

June 12th, 188—

MY DEAR G.—

I did not expect that you would have spoken in such a manner of our literature. But your own literary ambitions never looked to Canada for support and consummation, and as you have never tried the Canadian public with high-standard verse you are not in the best position to judge by a hasty condemnation. For myself, who have neither the genius to inspire nor the independence to execute these high-class conceptions, I can judge in a different, perhaps in a more impartial spirit. The subject for consideration is not the question that has presumptuously been asked, "Has Canada produced a poet?" but more mournful and conclusive, "Why has Canada not produced a poet, and why will Canada, as she now exists, never beget and maintain singers aspiring even to a semi-immortality of fame?" I start, you see, from a true and incontestable assertion, with a sad wealth of material from which to draw as pessimistic conclusion as it may please me. There are two most evident causes of our failure in the past, which shall be, in time to come, the two most inspiring elements of the national poems. Our political system is not even dead-and-alive; it is hopelessly dead and decayed as far as concerns immediate inspiration. There are three questions abroad and present to every thinking mind, each of which strikes at the root of our present system of government. Imperial Federation, Independence, and Annexation are each accepted by their several adherents as not only certain of speedy fulfilment, but as the only summit of national happiness and prosperity. No one outside of the ministers in power dreams or desires that Canada should continue to stagnate in poverty under the principles that confederation established. The United States, on the other hand are working surely towards an end which is never overpast, but always followed with hope and pursued with ever increasing prosperity without a prospect of the disastrous pause and change of direction that even a peaceful revolution would produce. It is true that I am taking an unique case in the history of the world; for the United States inaugurated political principles which have hardly wavered from a definite and most true end since their first adoption; and with this people all past hesitation has only resulted in an increase of power and independence. With them alone of all countries in the world can poetry inform politics with a purity of intention and bend it from all base ends. There the assembled poets of the land sang forth to the nation their fierce denunciation of slavery; and there in his America of democracy can Walt Whitman chant those grand political choruses which must move him who hears aright.

But with us the trade of politics is timid, tentative and confined. We work in vain; for if the signs be true our present state cannot outlast the most aged dying generation, and some impending and momentous change will annihilate all the labours of those who do not work with desire to hasten destiny, and precipitate the change that future histories will moralize upon forever. We are hangers-on of England. Our systems are not sprung of the desires of the people, but of the fear of some and of the indifference of others. They are wholly imitative, and in part dependent. So cruel are they to all spiritual effort that genius spurns the Canadian soil as readily as the Canadian public ignores genius. And to conclude quickly, Canada must annex, or break all bonds in peace with England. The Atlantic is a cold, cold connecting medium, and is strong only because in our infantility it links us to the distant rumour of a land that possesses a good navy and a crown. Canada is at present famous because a native is prospective champion oarsman of the world, Greece and all, while Greece, who only grows ponds, possesses Homer and many immortals beside.

The second cause conflicting with a poetic birth, and you may challenge the assertion, I am convinced arises from our possession of immense uncultivated areas of land which, because they demand intense and prolonged manual activity for their development, cannot produce a race inclined to sympathy with a literature striving to struggle into existence

through the obstructions of innumerable difficulties. And because I consider the leisured wealth of many, and the material prosperity of more, to be a most necessary adjunct to the formation of a literature, I welcome any change which may pour capital into the country from any source soever. And, thinking as I do, I cannot but favour any political independence to ripen the season for a heart and soul-annexation with the States. Continued independence would perhaps be preferable, but who, contemplating the continental designs of our neighbours could blind himself from foreseeing incessant attendant feuds continually growing into warfare?

Sad it is that we must await the bidding of gold to create for us the leisure so needful to inspiration, and to generate in the land the Maecenas spirit which we as sadly lack. However, a mere material and bestial prosperity, though as an attributive adjunct so needful, is in itself poor stuff. I wish I possessed power to tell it to more than yourself, who already know it, that not for the cruel knowledge that a country is omnipotent for a space of Time in arms, and not for the historic intelligence that it has at one time swayed by cunning the marts of the world, is that country to be held forever in the world's esteem and reverence. But by eternal reason of the potent voices outlasting empires that have there rung forth their souls in fierce protest or in warning, in the worship of Truth, or in submission to the Beauty within them.

I forgive you for saying that you intended leaving the country.

Yours sincerely,

R. S. P.

"MY LADY."

[I have no fault to find with the poetry in general to be found in THE VARSITY; but none has ever exactly expressed my views. When, last week, in turning over the interesting pages of our exponent of thought, etc., "My Lady" caught my sight, I thought "Surely here is what I want!" But no. Why? I cannot tell. It is beautiful. At least I suppose it is for I cannot understand it and so I give it the benefit of the doubt.

I am therefore forced to write a poem expressive of my own sentiments. This poem may not succeed, but it has all the elements of success about it. First, I have taken a popular subject; second, I have treated it in a popular manner, referring to popular persons whose relations, down to the third generation will, no doubt, be flattered at my delicate allusions to the family talent, and will of course mention this delightful little poem to their acquaintances, and even make an odd new one that they otherwise would not care to make, just for the sake of having a chance to publish the advertisement a little more widely. I have worked myself up to a high state of enthusiasm and I have poured forth this enthusiasm in delicate, sweet-sounding or sonorous phrases and words that do not express anything in particular; and finally, I have expressed some very deep sentiments and emotions whose meaning I scarcely know myself.

All this I have done for my readers. Now, to please myself. I have reserved only one whim and that is to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I know that nineteenth century poets (especially lyrical) are expected to avoid this as they would the plague, but I also know that I am ahead of my time and can calmly bear the hostile criticism of the age in which I am unfortunately placed while I look proudly forward to the homage of generations as yet unborn.]

I will sing you a song of a beautiful land,
Of a city down by the sea.
In the wealth of its beauty it shines from afar,
In its mantle of purity.
But though great is the beauty of life on its face,
And sweet is the sun on its brow,
Though the waters from eastward and westward and south,
In their pride, have rolled over, as now,
'Tis not of its beauty or grandeur I sing,
Though each is full worthy of song;
The loving young face of a 'Varsity miss
Has caught me and carried along.
Oh! her beauty is bright as the sun in his might,
As he treads through the portals of day;

And, in form, she's as fair as the sirens once were,
When they led the Greek sailors astray.
But her heart is so good, that I know she ne'er would
(Though her actions seem strange I must say)
Treat the masculine sex, on whatever pretext,
In such a horribly Paganish way.
Then, she knows more of French than does Archbishop Trench;
And, in culture, do all men agree,
Mathew Arnold had not, in his wisdom of thought,
Such command of the art as has she.
She has beaux by the score, who would tramp the world o'er
From where'er, like the knights of old time,
To the shrines of the East, could they win, but the least,
On their lady-love's thoughts, in that clime;
And would count it but gain, just to tramp back amain,
With the glory of love in each soul,
Could they win but the race, with a fortunate grace,
To receive her sweet self at the goal.
But I'm sorry to say, though confess it I may,
That she never has smiled upon me;
Still my love is as deep as the regions of sleep,
Or the shadows down under the sea.
Yes! I'm true as, you see, true lover must be,
Till he meets a sweet face, that, to him,
Is still fairer by far, than the gates slide ajar,
And he, fancy-free, takes a new whim.
Then! come fill up the cup! and of nectar we'll sup
As we drink her sweet health full and deep,
And we'll shout out our joy, somewhat mixed with alloy,
Till the pluggers have e'en gone to sleep.

N. B.—The author considers the allusion in the last line a particularly delicate and touching one.

TIMOTHY SEED.

LITERARY NOTES.

Referring to the financial position of Johns Hopkins University, on the thirteenth Commemoration Day (Feb. 22), President Gilman said:—"A prudent management of our affairs during the last few years has enabled the trustees to pay all our current expenses, to build three large laboratories, to collect a large library and a great amount of apparatus, and to buy a great deal of real estate for the buildings that are wanted, and at the same time to lay by a considerable amount of accumulated income. This store they are now spending. It is not, like the widow's cruse, inexhaustible, but if the sum of \$100,000 can be added to it, and if our receipts from tuition remain undiminished, the University will go forward during the next three years without contraction, without borrowing, and without begging." This is better than many of those in sympathy with the university had expected and all must hope that no money may be lacking to enable that institution to continue the grand work it has done in the past.

Haper's Weekly for March will contain the opening chapters of a new novel, by Howells, which is to give the New York adventures of Isabel, Basil and other characters who figured in "Their Wedding Journey."

George Kennan, the author of the *Century's* Siberian articles, went there many years ago to help run a telegraph line across Russian Asia. He is described as having a spare figure; a long thin face; mouth concealed by a heavy moustache, and eyes large and dark.

Mr. Philip H. Welch, the author of "The Tailor-Made Girl," died in Brooklyn, on Sunday, Feb. 25th. The cause of his death was cancer in the mouth, and, though he knew that the end was inevitable, with wonderful fortitude he kept at work until the last fortnight. While many humorists of to-day yielded to a supposed popular demand for vulgarity, Mr. Welch never lowered the tone of his work, which was highly appreciated for its delicacy and purity.

The *Critic* observed the seventieth anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell, which occurred on Feb. 22nd, by printing some seventy letters and poems from American and English men and women of letters, among whom are Tennyson, Whittier, Gladstone, Holmes and Stedman.

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published on Saturdays in the University of Toronto, by THE VARSITY Publishing Company, in 21 weekly numbers during the academic year. ♦

The Annual Subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions and items of College News should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Office of THE VARSITY is at No. 4, King Street East, Room 10 (up-stairs).

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS: MATRICULATION STANDARDS.

In his recent address before the University Council of Queen's College, Principal Grant singled out the University of Toronto for special attack on the subject of Matriculation standards in Ontario. It is somewhat curious that a usually acute observer such as Principal Grant should have failed to point out the real facts of the case, and that he should have attacked a sister institution for the continuance of a state of affairs for which she is not responsible, against which she has fought, and against which her whole policy for the past decade has been a silent but practical protest.

With the action of the Senate of the University in neglecting to fall in with the representations of the Senate of Queen's in 1886 we are not here concerned. THE VARSITY can only express its own individual regret that at that time, when circumstances seemed specially favourable, the initial steps were not taken to form what might ultimately have become a permanent University Commission for Ontario.

The questions with which we are here concerned, and which are raised in Principal Grant's address, are simply these: Is the matriculation standard in Ontario what it should be? and if not who is to blame? The answer to the first must, unquestionably, be made in the negative. To the second, Principal Grant says: The University of Toronto is to blame. We reply emphatically: No; the real culprit is the Education Department. In this and in succeeding articles we propose to make good this assertion, for which, we think, there are ample grounds.

To begin with, we must direct attention to this fact which underlies the whole question: That the educational system of our Province is presumably built upon a sound philosophical principle, viz.: it is a graduated system, each part being complete in itself, but each at the same time depending upon the other. The Kindergarten leads to the Public School, the Public Schools lead to the High Schools, the High Schools to the Universities. The point, therefore, at which the Public Schools stop is, in effect, the key-stone of the educational arch. If the Public School does not go far enough, the High School programme must be curtailed in the same proportion, and in like manner the Matriculation standard must be lowered to accommodate itself to the High School programme. That this is so, in theory, no reasonable critic can deny; that such a curtailment exists, practically, every reasonable observer must regretfully acknowledge.

THE VARSITY, two years ago, drew attention to this very state of things in definite and unmistakable language. The position which we assumed in 1887 we are prepared to take again to-day. Our quarrel is not with Queen's, or with Principal Grant, or with any individuals, but against the practice and policy of the Education Department alone. In January, 1887, THE VARSITY advocated the abolition of the present First Year course as laid down in the University Curriculum on the ground that it contained too much of "purely elementary work in many branches." As we then pointed out: "A large proportion of this [First Year] appears to us unnecessary, at least so far as the University is concerned. It should be done in the Secondary Schools." And again: "The work is not really University work at all; and also, that it would be done much more thoroughly and with better results in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, whose very existence presupposes the prosecution of such comparatively advanced studies." In regard to the elementary work prescribed in the Curriculum our position was this: That its retention was *prima facie* evidence that it was regarded by the University

authorities at least as having been indifferently taught in the High Schools and Institutes, and therefore had to be taught all over again in the University. This position we again unhesitatingly assume.

We shall reserve for a future occasion the statement of the evidence upon which we base our charges, and of the events which have brought about the present state of affairs, which, with Principal Grant, we must deplore, but for the continuance of which we cannot, as he does, hold the University of Toronto responsible.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Kindly allow me space in your columns to state a few facts and opinions concerning the Literary Society. After a tolerably regular attendance at the meetings of that society for the last four years I think I may say that it is as literary as it was four years ago, but neither more nor less so. It was in no ordinary meaning of the term literary then, and it is not literary now. Most of those who favour the continuation of the Literary Society on the old basis would probably admit this. They would say that although our society is not properly speaking literary, still it furnishes a large number of the undergraduates with opportunities for practice in public-speaking which they would obtain in no other way; and that it is our duty as members of the society and as undergraduates generally, to try and do what we can to make it more profitable. I shall have something to say about the feasibility of the establishment of a purely literary society later on, but in the meantime I would like to say that the society as present constituted, does not, as a matter of fact, give any large number of the students practice in public speaking. Practically all the speaking this year, with the exception of a little debating, which most of us regard as an unnecessary interruption in an evening's amusement, has been done by half-a-dozen men. I am not blaming those men; they may say, with a great deal of truth, that if they had not spoken nobody else would. They have profited by the society; and it is surely better that, if a society exist at all, six men should profit by its meetings than that they should be entirely profitless. What I am trying to show is that the Literary Society is at present of benefit to but a handful of members. If this be admitted the next question is, is there no way to diffuse its benefits? Some of us are not asking ourselves this question for the first time. We have been trying to answer it by our actions for some years, by speaking, by learning to speak, or at least by our regular attendance at the meetings. But all our efforts have been in vain. The society is sometimes better, and sometimes worse, but as Artemus Ward would say "chiefly worse," but there has been no steady improvement in it. The remedy for this has, I think, been indicated by a recent correspondent of your paper. Let us dissolve the Literary Society and let the Class Societies take up its work. Such a proposition has, I am aware, been greeted with much ridicule; let us see if it was justifiable. In a country as young as ours, it must be admitted that few of us came to college with any developed literary taste. This perhaps argues that more pains should be taken to develop it while here. But it none the less makes it more difficult for this to be done. I think that at present the establishment of a large, or in any way general, distinctively literary society is impracticable. It would soon die out from lack of interest. But our country is every day getting older; and I think that our work will not be in vain if we can gradually introduce into our societies a more distinctively literary influence. There are three classes of questions which might be dealt with at the literary societies which we have or may have amongst us:—(1) Literary questions; (2) Current political and social questions and others of general interest; (3) Amendments to our constitutions and other questions arising out of the business of the Society. At present we deal almost mainly with the third class. Some of the questions of the second class, which do not conflict with our constitution, come up, but no particular interest is manifested in them; with questions of the first class we have practically

nothing to do. These to me seem certainly the most important, but under the present state of things I see no hope of even gradually introducing them. If the Literary Society were to cease to be and the Class Societies were to take up its work, I think that questions of the second class would have a permanence which they do not now hold. One who is high in authority said on one occasion in my presence that the College Council had no objection to our discussing political questions, but that our Literary Society was so well known and its debates so often published in the papers that it would harm the College if we discussed such questions as Commercial Union or Annexation. There would be no such difficulty in the case of the Class Societies. They might meet and discuss anything they liked. It would also be possible in these smaller meetings to specially introduce literary subjects for debates and essays. Many men who now monopolize a great deal of our time would not be allowed to do so if they only had members of their own year to deal with. Many First Year men who now take no part in the Society would have their tongues loosened in the absence of their Seniors, and many Seniors would grow very bold had they not the fear of making themselves ridiculous in the presence of the Freshmen. A spirit of generous rivalry as to which year would have the best society would soon manifest itself. This could be fostered by each year inviting the members of the other years to be present as spectators at some of their meetings and by the conducting of debates between the different years.

To me, indeed, it seems that we have no choice in this matter. If these class societies are to hold regular meetings, and are to be the success which the founders hoped for and which I see but slight reason to doubt, then they will inevitably kill the Literary Society whether we like it or not. It may be said that all this is very radical, that the iconoclast is abroad, that we should be more conservative. Yes, we should be conservative, but conservative of the good, and reformers of the evil.

T. C. DESBARRÉS.

[The above was unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue.—EDITORS.]

To the Editors of THE VARSITY :

SIRS,—In again addressing you on the subject of College Societies I desire in the first place to add one qualification to my previous remarks; of the smaller societies I am not competent to speak, being acquainted with only one of them. If, however, they are declining in efficiency, and if the Literary Society is also, it does not follow, as W. C. H. seems to think, that the cause in each must be the same. The Literary Society occupies a unique position and makes unique pretensions; and we may advance reasons for its decline without being at all obliged to apply the same reasons to the smaller societies which exist for special purposes. Whether the Literary Society is declining or not, I, being in the lower years, am, perhaps, not able to say; but if it is not, if it is as good as it ever was, then I am at an utter loss to understand how in the world it has continued to live so long.

In discussing College "politics" it is somewhat amusing to see with what holy horror some men hold up their hands at what they call "startling propositions," or "radical sophisms," or "disrespect for ancient customs and traditions." Things must always remain as they found them. The Literary Society was, it is, and therefore must be forever more. Some fair Aurora has won for it immortality, forsooth; it may be so, but it looks very much as if she had made her old mistake, for her Tithonus is already withered, and even now we can hear nothing but the "importunate chink" of the eternal grasshopper. The writer is as firmly attached to old college customs as any who may read these words; but, if a custom conceals and fosters a wrong, or if it prevents a necessary change which will bring great benefit to us all, then, though that custom be as old as the everlasting hills, it will and must pass away and give place to others which are neither unjust nor unsuited to the conditions of College life.

And yet nobody has so far, I think, proposed the entire abolition of the Literary Society. That there is a place for it and work for it to do, I firmly believe. But the great question is, by what means it can be made to fill that place and do that work efficiently. It is not by the elaborate tabulation of seven rules of literary-society morality which everybody has always admitted and always will admit. It not by saying,

"No, really, you *should* do this and you *shouldn't* do that." It is not by empty, useless "urgings of the individual." These will all have about as much vivifying power as a drop of water in a desert of sand. But it is, I believe, by some *organized system* which will stimulate and encourage individual effort. It is by holding out the hope of honour and high reputation as a reward for meritorious success. The College authorities may or may not be wrong in offering scholarships, prizes and graded honours, but as long as these stimuli exist to urge men to strenuous effort in the regular course of study there should at least be some counter-forces to induce them to toil equally hard in the general literary work of our societies. Yet we look for them in vain. There are indeed two or three prizes for essays which are beyond the reach of the ordinary student, (sometimes, it seems, beyond the reach of all) and nothing more. It is no wonder if men are inclined to pay too much attention to the regular course when all the honours lie there. For a means of stimulation I turn, first, to the year societies. As I believe that a healthy rivalry between the years is going to give such an impetus to College sports as they have never yet received, so I believe that a healthy and friendly rivalry in the production of good essays, in debates and in social amusement, will elevate greatly the general character of the literary work of the students as well as of their social life. Speaking as one who can, without boasting, claim a fair knowledge of the feeling in the lower years, I would impress this fact upon W. C. H., and all who may think like him, that, though the Literary Society has been the main feature of our College life in the past, the Year societies are going to be the main feature of the future. Third and Fourth Year men, being conservative, may not realize all that these Class Societies mean for the undergraduates that are behind them. They simply mean such an intensity of enjoyment of College life as those who have gone before never dreamt of. They are going to be first above all, if I read the signs aright, and they deserve to be so. The Literary Society has not done much this year to claim the admiration or the support of, for instance, the Class of '92, and if they feel more inclined to support their own Society it is because they know they can get from it more benefit and higher enjoyment. And this is as it should be. When there is aroused in the students of this College a glowing spirit of loyalty to their respective years, *then*, and then only, will there be a true College spirit. When this feeling urges them to attempt to surpass other years in athletics as well as in literary work, then there will be good College sports and good literary work. This is what I hope to see. This is what I believe I shall see in part, though not in its complete fulfilment, and so, instead of confessing myself "short-sighted," it is to W. C. H. I would say,

"Thou art too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times."

And yet let it be remembered that I am not advocating the total abolition of the Literary Society. I am chiefly pointing out reasons for its failure. As I said before, I think the admission is too cheap; (and here I would ask W. C. H. to try real hard and see if he cannot make out what I mean). The membership of the Literary Society might, in my opinion, by some means which it is useless to specify particularly at present, be made a prize, an honour, to be earnestly striven for, and would then act as a sort of offset to the, in some respects, pernicious influence of scholarships and honour lists.

Then our numbers, I said, (not we ourselves) are too large for successful union into one society; and despite the ridicule which W. C. H. says casts upon the idea (I looked in vain for the ridicule) my present belief is that this is one true reason for the lack of success. That there should be union among the students every one admits; but I believe that it is absolutely necessary first of all to have each year firmly united in itself. As to the next step I am not so certain, but at present it seems to me, to borrow the language of political science, that some sort of federal union upon that strong foundation would be best calculated to effect a real and permanent solidification of the whole. There is now, indeed, the form of union, but it is empty and effete, and the sooner we get a form which has some real life and meaning in it the better for us all. These may be "startling propositions" to some graver heads of the upper years, but it is not, after all, to them that I am chiefly speaking.

MUTAMÜR.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"We measure too much by this cursed decimal system," the German Editor broke the silence one evening by exclaiming. We waited respectfully for him to continue; for, though what his Teutonic Highness says rarely counts for much, we imagined dimly that this time he meant more than he had said. He soon explained himself, "Ten cents, one dime; ten dimes, one dollar. Everything—men, maidens, books, brains and beauty—all are measured; all bought and sold by that." He puffed vengefully for a time at his pipe and went on. "I walked one day with a farmer—a rich farmer—down a long lane on one of the prettiest farms in Western Ontario. The day was perfect; the air was clear; the blue sky flecked with clouds of purest white; and when at last a sudden turn brought us upon the rustic bridge that spans the river and gave to our sight its picturesque windings, I stood entranced." We looked up wonderingly, for the phlegmatic Teuton is not often thus outspoken. He went on. "The spot was pure poetry. Trees bordered the stream; the low pines bent above it and gazed in pretty vanity upon their own fair images in the water. Below us in the clear cut shadow of the hedge, we could see the tiny trout gliding swiftly back and forth in the gladness of youth and summer-tide. All was quietness; except for the quick chirping of the birds in the branches behind us, and the far-away chattering of a squirrel in the tall butternut-tree down stream. I lingered as long as my prosaic host would let me; then we wandered on. A turn in the road brought a change. Before us, about a hundred yards apart, were two bridges—railway bridges; emblems of dust and heat and hurry and iconoclastic civilization. They jarred upon me; yet the image of beauty was too fresh in my heart to be thus easily destroyed. Again we paused, leaning this time upon the quaint old fence that skirts an irregular field of waving green; and again I looked and admired. To our left lay the thin patch of bush, bordering the river which we had just left, and bounding the field on one side; to our right the road wound picturesquely out of sight; here and there, in the fence-corners, yellow wild flowers were gleaming. In the field, at a little distance, I caught sight of a patch of wild grass, of a reddish brown colour, fine and very beautiful; I called my companion's attention to it. 'Well, Dutchy,' he drawled—I didn't like him to call me 'Dutchy' in the first place—'them things may seem mighty nice to fellers like you that don't know nothin' about 'em; I'm danged if I wouldn't rather have one head of timothy than the whole blame lot!'" Puff-puff! "I left there that night," continued the Teuton, solemnly; "I haven't gone back since."

The Foreign Editor was much perturbed. He had been reading Molière's *Don Juan* and he wanted to know why it is that we sympathize with villainy when it is bound in respectable octavo while when it appears in the sensational column of the *Daily* we hound it to the gallows. "Why," he said, "if any man were convicted of half the misdeeds perpetrated by Molière's hero, he would be undoubtedly lynched, and yet because *Don Juan* moves in a drama we cheer him on and feel bitterly aggrieved when he meets his doom, which in our more sober moments we must confess to be only too well deserved."

"Then again," he went on, "there is 'Reineke Fuchs,' a low thieving blackguard if ever there was one, who if he were to return to earth would occupy a social position no more elevated than that of a loathsomely regular patron of the police-court, and yet as we read of his career we congratulate him on every successful swindle and rejoice whenever he gets out of a new scrape, however unscrupulous the means employed. I think it's abominable, and it makes me feel like the most abandoned wretch that ever breathed," he concluded pathetically.

The ever-ready Ingenious Man begged to suggest that perhaps this fellow-feeling was not for the wickedness but for the cleverness displayed, and explained, as soon as the Foreign

Editor had bowed his acknowledgments of the implied compliment, "that Reynard does not practice on the finer nature of his victims but on their greed and ignorance. He is really the most honest person in the story for he never attempts to deceive himself as to his own character, which cannot be said of most other villains."

The Down Town Reporter took up the discussion in his own cynical way, and stated his belief that we sympathized with Don Juan and with Reynard simply because we were told by the name of the piece that these gentlemen were the heroes. If Shakespeare had entitled his dramas "*Lear*" and "*Othello*" respectively "*Edmund*" and "*Iago*," our reporter believes that these men who are now the objects of universal hatred and contempt would be looked upon as the most interestingly ill-used individuals.

The Ingenious Man was about to claim these examples as supporting his case, when he was interrupted by the Table Poet's remarking, with rather doubtful taste, that he thought the company would save a great deal of trouble if they would read J. A. Froude's "*Short Essays on Great Subjects*," where they would find the subject of debate exhaustively treated. The Ingenious Man he maliciously advised to ventilate his ideas in a treatise which he thought would look well with some such title as a "*Critique on Crime and Criminals Consisting of Coruscations from the Cranium of a Crank*."

This ill-natured suggestion of the Poet's leads us to refer to the almost universal craze for alliteration which seems to have taken possession of the present generation, and most of all of the daily press. Every book, from the volume of sermons to the lightest novelette, must have an alliterative title. Whenever we hear that a new edition of *Worcester* or *Webster* is announced we shudder lest one of these mighty authorities should succumb to the evil tendency and decorate itself with some such appellative as "*Webster's Wealthy Wallet of Words being a Dictionary of Definition, Derivation and Description*" (by conscientious introspection the Dictionary might find even a more flowery name for itself).

In Toronto the *Mail*, with the enterprise which characterizes it in every department, has far outdistanced all its rivals in this race. The spectacle of the Flippantly Flexible, French-Fighting Fictionist Facetiously Fabricating Funnily Far-fetched Fancies is an apparition at which all alliterative artists are awfully aghast.

The evident ill-temper of the Poet led to questions which at length elicited that he had been reading Goethe's "*Autobiography*," and that the whole current of his nature had been violently disturbed by the description of the poetical club of which Goethe was a member in his youth, where the work of all the other contributors was, to the future poet, obviously faulty, while nevertheless the excellencies of his own efforts did not meet with any special recognition from his companions. Long brooding over this passage, fraught as it is with deep philosophical significance, had led our Poet to the belief that he ought to resign. By persuasion, however, he was induced to continue in office on the understanding that he should not be obliged to write spring poetry.

The Ingenious Man has a quaint habit of clothing his speculations on the most abstruse subjects in homely figures. His treatment of the question of life lends quite a unique flavour to that somewhat hackneyed subject. "Life," he says, "is a patchwork quilt, stitched on the background of eternity and padded out with the rags of time. Strange colours we introduce! Here a dash of scarlet passion, there a scrap of pure white faith, then brown doubt and pale green *ennui*. Most of us, though, have to fall back on the dull drab of work to fill out the spaces, and thank God for it, for it rests the tired eyes."

Our Philosopher forgets the bright verdancy of youth which occupies a considerable portion of most of our crazy-quilts.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

ALL reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

The President has received a letter from the members of the family of the late Professor Young, conveying their grateful appreciation of the whole arrangements of the Funeral Service in Convocation Hall, on Friday, the 1st of March; and especially requesting that their thanks be conveyed to the students of the University for all they have done in their desire to pay fitting honour to the memory of their loved teacher.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Friday, March 1st. Our first meeting in March has, "from time whereof man's memory runneth not to the contrary," been the occasion, and not neglected, for a furious clashing of many policies. Not a student-popular whim, grudge, notion of progress or conservatism, not a scheme or anti-schemery but has itself published on our first meeting in March. The Literary is the mirror of undergraduate feeling.

But to-night the mirror showed back sombre images which may the years be many before we see again. Showed back the dispirited groups of students and that silent lecture room, silent, too, with such a stillness after so echoing to the old professor's words. Reflected the man's last going forth from Convocation Hall where such cheers were wont to greet his entry.

Mr. Cody rose and was spokesman for an unanimous meeting—aye, and a single-hearted undergraduate body, when he moved a resolution telling our sense of loss, in the death of Professor Young. And when President Creelman rose to put the motion according to customary form and, himself a coin stamped with that venerable image—one of the mintage of '82,—told what lay in his memory concerning the Professor as he flourished in the early years of this decade,—when the President showed us that the regard wherein the man was ever held had already in those days deepened into that veneration of him living that now is the best eulogy of him dead,—then we could be sure that our resolution was a speech that might drop from the lips of any that are or have been Varsity students. And thus, having done an evening's work that was a duty to ourselves, we were content to adjourn and do ourselves honour by revering Professor Young.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Club met on Monday last, the President in the Chair. The programme was as follows: piano solo, Mr. Dockray; reading, Miss Keys; essay, "Comparison of the English with the French Drama," Mr. W. H. Graham; reading, Mr. Squair; French conversation. This will probably be the last French meeting for the year.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held on the afternoon of Feb. 28 in Prof. Pike's lecture room. A resolution was adopted with a view to having the essays competing for the "Cawthorn Medal" become the property of the Society for the benefit of its members. Also a scheme adopted which is expected to do away with the difficulty of procuring essays for the ensuing year. Two papers were read, one by R. S. Hamilton on Hydraulic Mining as carried on in the gold districts of California. The paper was well written and of a pleasant character. The second was by Dr. Ellis, the President, on the work done by Kruss and Schmidt on Cobalt and Nickel, in which they claim to have found a new element associated with the two above named elements. The account was concise and very instructive. The following gentlemen took part in the discussion of these papers: the President, Messrs. Munro, Simms and Black. The meeting then adjourned, to meet again two weeks from above date.

POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Last Wednesday being Ash Wednesday, the meeting of the

association arranged for that day has been postponed till the 20th of March, when Mr. W. H. Houston will address the audience.

LECTURES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Arrangements have been made by which Mr. D. Mackay is to join Mr. Duncan in carrying on the work in Mental and Moral Philosophy. Mr. Mackay is expected to begin lecturing next week.

CLASS OF '90.

The Class of '90 met in lecture-room No. 7 on Tuesday, 5th inst., to discuss the question of class organization. Mr. Geo. McClean occupied the chair. A resolution that an organization was desirable carried. It was then moved by Messrs. Peat and G. A. Wilson that immediate steps be taken to organize. Messrs. Fortune and J. H. Kerr moved in amendment that discussion be deferred till the second Tuesday in October. After a long and earnest debate the amendment carried. A committee consisting of Messrs. Brebner, Ferguson, Fortune, McClean and Sims was then appointed to draft a constitution and report to the October meeting.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The annual meeting of the Association Football Club took place yesterday afternoon. The captain submitted the following record:—

Games Played.....	7
" Won.....	4
" Lost.....	1
" Drawn.....	2
Goals Won.....	14
" Lost.....	6

The elections for the ensuing year resulted as follows.—

- Hon. President—Prof. Ashley.
- President—G. F. Peterson.
- Vice-President—J. S. Scane.
- Secretary—J. C. Breckenridge.
- Treasurer—W. S. McLay.
- Captain—J. B. Peat.
- 4th Year Councillors—Faskin, Black.
- 3rd Year Councillors—Northwood, Donald.
- 2nd Year Councillors—Lockhart, McClive.
- Curator—C. S. Wood.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The annual meeting of the Rugby Union Football Club was held on Friday, the 8th of March, in the Y. M. C. A. hall. After the usual routine business, the election of officers was held, and resulted as follows:—

- President—L. Boyd.
- Sec.-Treasurer—H. C. Pope.
- 4th Year Committeemen—A. T. Watt, T. Senkler, F. H. Moss.
- 3rd Year Committeemen—W. Moran, H. D. Symmers, B. Burcon.
- 2nd Year Committeemen—W. H. Bunting, G. Badgerow, C. Wood.

The treasurer's report showed a satisfactory balance on hand. The record, of which the details were published last fall, was creditable, although the number of matches played was small. The attendance was not so large as it should have been, and was remarkable for its fluctuating character.

LIBRARY.

Orders on the new system of books from England, France, and Germany are to be sent out before the end of the month. Orders are to be filled out on forms provided for the purpose,

and are to be sent in to the Librarian by the 20th of March. The consignments are expected to arrive early in May.

VANDALISM IN THE READING ROOM.

A grievance, ever a grievance! And who so well makes known just grievances as you? Let me tell you a story from real life. I read the *Mail*. It was 10 a. m. and the room was not crowded. I was trying to get a look at the paper, but dare not jostle with a *man* (man, did I say?)—he who sits in a high place—who was there before me. I waited; I heard a pin scratch. It was tickling the face of the *Mail*! I looked again; there was an ugly hole in the sheet. He left; my eyes followed him. He is seated before a comic journal. He leaves. Again some more holes and some jokes gone! My story ends. Look at the papers and see if there are not many wilfully mangled and amputated columns. Now, if this petty Vandalism is to continue and increase in the Reading Room, what will we have to read? The rest of the day must be spent in gazing at yawning holes, and truly the sale of the comic papers will be a joke!—WHITE CAP.

GLEE CLUB.

The annual elections of the Glee Club were held at the meeting last night. A report of the results will appear in our next issue.

TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

A public meeting under the auspices of the Temperance League will be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Friday, the 15th of March, at 4 o'clock p.m. Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., B.D., and Dr. Clark, the manager of the asylum, have consented to deliver addresses.

FOURTH YEAR PHOTOGRAPH.

The Fourth Year men, with their customary retiring habits, are somewhat diffident about sitting for their photos. Mr. Bruce, (King St., north side), is anxious to meet those on whom he has not yet operated. Promptness on the part of the members of the Class will save the Committee much trouble. The latter therefore requests that all who are to figure in the picture will conquer their natural modesty, and interview the photographer as soon as possible.

RESIDENCE.

The last few weeks have seen many Freshmen brave "Ye Dreadful Mufti," and install themselves as Residenters. Such courage is worthy of a better fate.

GENERAL COLLEGE NOTES.

Cornell is to have a \$200,000 library.

England has only one college paper edited by undergraduates, namely, the *Review*, published at Oxford.

The first three college gymnasiums in the United States were built in 1859, at Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Princeton has a student seventy-two years of age. He is studying divinity, and will graduate next June.—*Exc.*

The Vanderbilts have purchased 1000 acres of land in North Carolina, for the purpose of establishing an Industrial School.

At Amherst, applause in class room is manifested by

snapping the fingers; at Cornell, by tapping pencils on arm rests.

Students at Harvard have the choice of 189 courses of study. Students at the University of Michigan have the choice of 242.

The Board of Trustees of Cornell University have appropriated \$80,000 from the permanent funds to the erection of a chemical laboratory.

Columbia is discussing the wisdom of abolishing its academical departments, and confining its instruction wholly to graduate departments of study.

Lake Forest University has purchased the late Professor August Reifferscheid's library of 4000 volumes, which includes many rare works of great value.

During the last ten years the number of colleges and universities has remained the same, while the number of students has increased from 11,161 to 32,316.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins undergraduates before a degree will be given. Vaulting, jumping, and simple exercises on the parallel bar and ladder are required.

Columbia has lengthened its course to six years, the first three of which constitute an undergraduate course, while the latter three are the university course. No electives are permitted in the lower course.

A "House of Commons" is to be started by the students of Wesleyan, which will be conducted after the plan of the English House. Similar organizations have been successfully started at Princeton and at Johns Hopkins.

College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800, with Daniel Webster as one of the editors. In 1809, the *Literary Cabinet* was started at Yale, followed shortly after by the *Floriad*, at Union, and the *Harvard Lyceum*, at Harvard.

The exchange editor of the *Niagara Index* is the same mud-slinger as in days of yore. His desperate attempts to say and do something startling draw forth a pitying sigh from his fellow editors. We hope, however, that he will improve with age and experience.—*Illini*.

In the eastern colleges the cost of an education has been steadily and largely increasing in the last five or ten years. This is probably due, not so much to the increased cost of tuition as to the extravagancies and luxuries of the present day, many of which now seem to be indispensable.

A very important movement is on foot in the East to raise the standard of admission to colleges. Fourteen New England colleges are already represented on a Commission for Admission examinations, the object of which is, at present, to make uniform the requirements in English Literature and Modern Languages.

We call the attention of our readers to the following clipping from a bright and sensible exchange:—

"Every year the students of Dalhousie have a 'General Meeting' at which the *Gazette* Editors are appointed. Most of the undergraduates seem to think that when this duty has been performed their responsibility in the *Gazette* is at an end; then they assume the attitude of critics. Friends, criticize if you will, but we want contributions from every student. To arouse any who may be indifferent in the matter we quote the following from the *Cornell Era*: 'No one can deny that a college is, to a large extent, judged by its college press, and this press will have a standard of excellence commensurate with the support it receives. Every class of students, therefore, that forms an integral part of the University, that is benefitted by its good name, owes a support to the press.'"—*Dalhousie Gazette*.