

THE WHITE AND BLUE.

VOLUME I.]

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HONORACE—BOOK I, ODE 94.

Why be ashamed all the grief we feel to show?
Why check our tears when the one that we love lies low?
Sad use, whom God gave a harp and a voice as clear,
Do thou lead off in the dirge o'er the dead man's bier.

So then Quintilian is wrapt in his endless sleep!
O! stainless Faith, thou sister of Justice, weep,
Weep Candour and Truth, till your eyes with your tears
For where shall you such a man as his equal find?
(are blind,

But now he's dead, and the tears of all good men flow,
Though none, my Virgil, like you can have felt the blow;
Him, now you find that your piety's all in vain,
Nor trusted thus from the gods, you demand again.

'Tis vain. Though your voice were as sweet and as great
As his, whom to hear e'en the woods would their rustling
The life would never return to the lifeless shade,
On whom his wand cruel Mercury once has laid,
(still,

O'er lead mid the shadowy throng to the silent dead,
Nor prayers, nor tears will avail to avert
Hard, hard it is, but your lot, since it came,
With patience bear, it will thus be the best of all.
HUMILIS.

J. E. DICKSON B. A. '79 and Mr. W. A. J. Martin of the second year have been appointed head master and mathematical master of the Newmarket high school.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THERE was no meeting of the Society last night.

PERHAPS one of the reasons why the authorities do not put gas in the building, is that they are waiting to see whether the electric light is a success or not.

We now can see the reason why some of our residence men are given to visiting Whitby Female College. There is a class of practical cookery there.

PROF. YOUNG began a course of lectures on logic to the law students of this city, last Tuesday evening, at Osgoode Hall. The course promises to be well attended.

A complimentary dinner is to be given to Prof. Croft by his old students next Friday evening, at the Rossin House. Undergraduates may obtain tickets from Messrs. Tyrell, Acheson, J. McDougall, and W. F. Maclean.

'The Campbells are comin'—we have eight Campbells undergraduates in arts,—almost a whole lot or the Marquis to offer a medal for competition among his fellow clansmen. The Camperons muster six, and the other tartans are all likewise well represented.

At the police court the other day, the county-crown attorney called one of our undergrads in metaphysics to give evidence in the 'headless rooster' case. But it was a chicken-fancier and not as a metaphysician that he was called. With this explanation the science men might think they had been slighted.

SOME of us like to speak of the University as *Alma Mater*. To at least four of our undergraduates in arts it is this and grandmother as well, seeing that their fathers are also her sons. The graduating class of '82 hopes to contain the first grandson of the University of Toronto, and of marking the end of the first, and of the beginning of the second, generation of graduates.

THERE was some trouble between the late Steward of the College Residence and the Council, the former not being willing to step down and out when requested to do so. As a result, the new steward was not ready to board the residence men on their return. The latter find solace in the song 'Driven from Home.'

Out in the cold world, out in the street,
Living in bushops or on those we meet.

But Mr. Brown (the new steward, and who was lately in the library) is to begin his (let us hope successful) career as college caterer on Monday.

Two fourth year men, along with two whether prophets of the Observatory left on the first of last month to hunt the 'northern game' back of Halliburton. The party was out fifteen days, got seven deer besides small game, and had a good time generally. But there seems to be an air of exaggeration about the stories told by the two undergrads since their return. The metaphysician man says he treed, or was treed by a bear (he was not sure which); while the natural science man harps on a struggle he had with a gigantic mite, which suddenly attacked him, and which he only subdued by a powerful and well-directed blow from the ponderous geological hammer which he carried in his belt. And he says if people don't believe it why he'll show them the hammer.

OUR UNDERGRADUATES.

The list of undergraduates of the University of Toronto for 1879 is now out and bound up with the examination papers of last year. The undergraduate number as follows:

Faculty of law 39; of these 4 matriculated in or before 1870, 1 in '71, 3 in '73, 2 in '74, 1 in '75, 2 in '76, 3 in '77, 11 in '78 and 12 in '79. Of these some have dropped the course, but at least 25 of them are actively proceeding to the degree of L.L.B.

Faculty of medicine 282; of these 21 matriculated in or before 1870; 5 in '71, 1 in '72, 12 in '73, 3 in '74, 9 in '75, 17 in '76, 116 in '77, 57 in '78, 41 in '79. At least 200 of these are actively proceeding to the degree of M.B.

Faculty of arts 609; of these 35 matriculated before 1870; 24 in '70, 18 in '71, 15 in '72, 20 in '73, 42 in '74, 31 in '75, 59 in '76, 88 in '77, 121 in '78, 186 in '79. Not taking into account the 23 girl undergraduates, or any of those who matriculated before 1875 and who have probably dropped the course, there are more than 400 students actively proceeding to the degree of B.A.

These figures show that our University has been making wonderful strides within the past few years, a fact which is all the more gratifying when the increased severity of the curriculum, and the rivalry of the sectarian universities are taken into account.

An undergraduate who stood pretty well in the first class of his department in the first year talks of going to another university where he says he can come out head, while if he remains here he will have little chance for either of the medals among so many competitors. If his only object is a medal we advise him by all means to go where he can get the biggest one with the least effort. But if he has another end in view he certainly forgets two things: (1) That a second class honor man in one university may be able to teach a medalist of some other institution; (2) That there is very little difference of ability in the men who take first-class honors in this university, though perforce medals can be awarded to only two of them. We don't know of a case in which one man has been preferred to another simply because the first took a medal and the other only first-class honors in the same department—the great question is, has he an honor standing? As this young man probably looks at it from a pecuniary standpoint we may tell him that lately a second-class honor man of Toronto University got a high school at \$1000 over a medalist from the university to which our medal-hunter thinks of directing his steps, who offered to do the work for \$800.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

It has been felt for some time past by the undergraduates of the honor course in Natural Science that a society in the interest of that department, by means of which all might be brought together for the discussion of scientific subjects, and the reading of scientific papers, would greatly promote interest in their work. In such a society the men of the different years would be brought more inti-

mately together, and could thus render mutual assistance. At a general meeting held some time before the close of the Michaelmas term, a committee consisting of Messrs. Acheson, McGill, Rutan, Carveth, Langstaff, and Wood was appointed to consider the advisability of forming a society, and to bring in a report before the Christmas vacation. The following is the report of the committee as adopted at a general meeting:

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

December 12th, 1879.

To the Natural Science Men of University College, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN—Your committee beg leave to report that in accordance with instructions received from you, they have deliberated concerning the advisability of forming an association in connection with University College for the promotion of the study of the Natural Sciences, and they have unanimously come to the conclusion that such an association is in every way desirable. It has long been felt that the scientific part of the University College Literary and Scientific Society is a dead letter, and even if scientific subjects were regarded in that society as of equal importance with literary ones, still it is thought that the attention could not be bestowed on them which their importance demands, and they could not be dealt with in such a manner as would be interesting and instructive to the society as a whole, and at the same time satisfactory to the Natural Science men. It has therefore been considered advisable to establish an association which shall occupy itself entirely with the subjects of the Natural Sciences, and so supplement the work done by the Literary Society. In this way an impetus will be given to the study of Natural Science in our college, personal investigation will be encouraged, mutual assistance will be given, and a medium will be furnished in a humble way through which individual thought may become the common property of all.

Some of the ways in which this might be accomplished are indicated in the following suggestions: Papers might be read embodying the results of original research. The field is wide enough to give every one an opportunity to do something in this respect. Empirical knowledge is not yet limited, and generalization is in many ways still crude. The researches of eminent men might be made known in lectures or papers, which, if left to every one to find out for himself, would be known only by a few who were fortunate enough to have access to the literature of the subject.

Critical readings might be given from scientific authors, and the leading scientific problems of the day might be discussed, and mutual assistance might be rendered by the members in the work prescribed in the university curriculum. If any one meets with a difficulty in the course of his reading or practical work, he might lay this before the members of the association, and invite discussion on it, or he might tell his difficulty to the general committee, who might appoint one of the members to get all the information he could on the subject, and make it known to the whole association. In this way much valuable time and labor would be saved the individual members, and they would gain a more general and thorough knowledge of their work.

By a judicious selection also of scientific periodicals and magazines much aid would be given, and reading would be furnished of a more interesting nature than text books. In view of these considerations, and as a means for the accomplishment of these ends, your committee beg leave to recommend:

1. That a Natural Science Association be formed in connection with University College.
2. That it be called 'The University College Natural Science Association.'
3. That it consist of graduates, and undergraduates in the honor course in Natural Science.

4. That the objects of this Association shall be the encouragement of original scientific investigation, and mutual assistance in the study of the Natural Sciences by discussions, lectures, papers, and critical readings from scientific authors, and by the supply of such periodicals, magazines, etc., as shall be deemed advisable.

5. That the officers shall constitute the general committee, and shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, curator, and a representative from each year, eight in all.

6. That the election of officers shall take place yearly by ballot, at the annual meeting, except the representative of the second year, who shall be elected at the third regular meeting of the following session.

7. That the candidates for office shall be nominated at the meeting preceding the election.

8. That only graduates with honors in Natural Sciences shall be eligible for the office of president, and that the vice-president and secretary shall be chosen from those entering their fourth year, the treasurer and curator from those entering their third year, and the representatives, one from each year.

9. That the Association shall meet once every two weeks during the college session.

10. That the general committee shall have power to call a special meeting of the Association at any time by giving at least 24 hours notice.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. ACHESON,

Chairman of Committee.

After the adoption of this report the following were elected as officers of the Association for the current year:—President, W. H. Ellis, M.A., M.B.; vice-president, Geo. Acheson; secretary, A. McGill; treasurer, G. H. Carveth; curator, R. F. Rutan; fourth year representative, J. B. Tyrrell; third year representative, T. McKenzie; second year representative, E. F. Langstaff.

The College Council has been notified of what has been done, and their sanction has been obtained. The president and professors of the College, and the faculty of the School of Practical Science have been asked to become patrons of the Association, and so far everything appears favorable. Through the kindness of the board of trustees of the School of Practical Science, a room has been secured in that building, in which to hold the meetings of the Association.

The general committee is engaged in forming a constitution and by-laws, which will be laid before the first meeting, and which, when adopted, will be printed, and may be obtained from the treasurer.

The evening of the week on which the meetings will be held has not yet been decided, but due notice of it will be given hereafter.

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NAMES, NICK-NAMES, NOMS-DE-PLUMES.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!

—Byron.

You nick-name God's creatures, you nick-name virtue,
vice.

—Shakespeare.

A deed without a name.

Recent circumstances have conspired to render the "intellectual secretions" of a writer on this topic, extremely acrid. The persistency with which the much darned "Pinafore" is flouted in one's face; the consequent rejuvenescence of a certain congenial "Bab Ballad" whose hero was called *Bill* "because it was his name;" the appearance in a late issue of that rarity, a moral *Mail*, of a cowardly attack on University students by a man who lurked behind the ambush of anonymousness under the pseudonym of "Paterfamilias"; the ridiculous names that have been lately suggested for the Society's new buildings:—the discussion as to the origin of "WHITE AND BLUE;" and the University colors; and the much to be deprecated habit of affixing (in this paper already sufficiently Americanized in other respects) to the names of undergraduates therein mentioned, the ungainly caudal appendage of '81, '82, '83, etc., are all stimulants to the critic's pen. All are suggestive, and instructive. Is it not a fair surmise that when Southey wrote—

And last of all an Admiral came—
A terrible man with a terrible name.

that he saw looming up before that prophetic poet's eye "which no calamity could darken," the form of the nautical-legal Sir Joseph Porter.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die,—no, never!

Who would not like to impress the ten commandments upon *Paterfamilias*, and teach him that anonymousness, like infanciness, is to be used as a shield, not a dirk. What reader of the *WHITE AND BLUE* does not wish that its editors had not expressed their ignorance of whence its title is derived, and who is the guilty member of the staff who treats us to the unreasonable and unseasonable applications of '81, '82, '83? I pause for three replies.

While pausing let us dabble a little in literature, keeping however within the limits of our text. The subject of *noms de plume* has been rendered interesting to the writer of these presents by his recent brief association with a gentleman who was intimate with many of the brothers of the quill who acquired celebrity under assumed names. Perhaps some information gleaned from him may not be accessible to all, and may throw some light on "things not generally known." Just as some writers begin their works in the antique style, but gradually lapse into modern forms of expression, so some authors begin their literary career under an *alias*, but their individuality seems to become too strong for them, and they emerge from their mystery. Longfellow, for instance, wrote under the lugubrious title of "Joshua Coffin." Washington Irving gloriéd euphoniously in "Diedrich Knickerbocker." Thackeray chose "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," and Ruskin wrote as "A Graduate of Oxford." The "Historic" of the *Times* was Vernon Harcourt, "Father Prout" was F. S. Malony, and "George Sand" was Madame Dudevant in social circles. That Miss Bradton is now Mrs.

Maxwell is perhaps immaterial, for students never read light literature; but it is one's duty to go behind the scenes and discover in "Cuthbert Bede" the Rev. E. Bradley; in "Ouida," Louise De La Rame; in "Hans Breitmann," C. G. Leland; in "Josh Billings," Mr. A. W. Shaw; in "Max Adeler," Mr. C. H. Clark; in "Mrs. Partington," Mr. B. P. Shillaler; in "Artemus Ward," Mr. C. F. Browne, and our maiden undergraduates and freshmen will welcome Miss Harriette Parr under the garb of "Holme Lee," and Miss Charlotte Tucker will wile away their childhood's hours as A. L. O. E. Mr. Clemens would rightly think that there were other "Innocents Abroad" than freshmen, if we even hinted that any one knew not who "Mark Twain" is. Who the Dickens was Boz was a frequent conundrum of many years ago, and no doubt it was an astonishment to not a few, the discovery that "Boz" himself was the Dickens. But it is time to leave these creative *conféres de la plume*; having partaken of the substantial we must betake ourselves to trifle, and come nearer home for our inspiration.

No one who consults a dictionary, or a brilliant modern conversationalist (who is a walking dictionary), can doubt but that as regards Name there is a great deal of it, and go one but Shakespeare doubted that there is a great deal in it. Some give a halo to their name, to others their name lends a halo. If we may be indulged in distorting another quotation:

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

And of one, at least, it was said, "He used no other weapon but his name." A name is a little thing—granted—yet we are informed on the best authority that a baby also is a little thing, and a constable was once a baby; a serpent's fang is a little thing, but death is its victory; a word is a little thing, yet one word has been many a man's destiny for good or for evil; life itself is but a little thing—one breath less, then comes the funeral. We must involuntarily infer what sort of an epic poem a man named Timothy would write: And Sterne humorously exhorts all godfathers not "to Nicodemus a man into nothing." It is to be hoped that parents and *parvains* will be impressed with the responsibility under which they labour at the ceremonial of baptism. Beware lest ye indulge any eccentric tastes, and dub your offspring or your namesakes with cacophonous names. Even a baby will turn. Beware lest ye, through hero-worship, or pecuniary expectations, literally *cross* your children with some name which is a mythological relic, or some surname of a moribund relative made a Christian name by Mammon's transmuting power. Hath not Sam. Toronto said, "All cross babies shall be squealed!" Whimsical names have a great influence upon characters. Do not make your sons the victims of caprice, even though it be the caprice of great men. Remember that there is an unwritten side even to the calm majesty of great men. "Alex. the autograph of all the Russias" is indeed familiar to you through the writings of that estimable lady, Mrs. Malaprop; but perhaps few hero-worshippers have ever dreamed of St. Augustine at a barber's being called "Gus" by his "cullid" tonsor; few think of St. Peter with a bad cold; few dream of John Knox running in a sack-

race, and only the facetious can conjure up St. Chrysostom at a dentist's having his mouth (like the young ladies' mouths of the present age) made worth its weight in gold. Of course John A. could not be called Jack, but his political rival is not unfrequently abbreviated to Alex. Ned Hanlan, if you will, but *Ned Blake*, never! Fred Plaisted if you like, but Fred Manly, never! Edward Blake, Fitzpayne Manly—nothing less! We could not think of Jack Bright or Bill Gladstone, or Dan Deronda, but perhaps these names are as familiar to these celebrities' intimates as Ben Disraeli and Ben Lomond doubtless are to convivial conversationalists in the British Isles. There is a reflex action, too, for a great deal depends on character and circumstances. We could not think of Abraham's son as other than Isaac, nor Isaac's wife as other than Rebecca; but joined with the name of Sharpe Rebecca becomes Becky, and *she* is more appropriate than Isaac to Mrs. Partington's son, whose horse was so spirituous that it always went off on the decanter. Dick Deadeye would be nothing as Richard Defunct-Optic.

What's in a name is well exemplified in a witty little drama, "*Place aux dames*," where Shakespeare's heroines are made mortal; Mrs. Ophelia, for example, being torn to tatters in a passion at Lady Mac, who with Scotch persistency will call the melancholy Dane *Hamish*. Indeed one can scarcely imagine Orlando deifying any other name than that of Rosalind; the gentle beauty of Cordelia would lose all its charm were she called Miss C. Lear, and Portia as Mrs. Bassanio suggests a strong minded woman's righter. Of Regan, Goneril, Iago et *id genus omne*, it may safely be said that we can call them by no names worse than their own. How exquisite was Shakespeare's taste in names he makes us realize in almost every play. Take the question and reply in *Cymbeline* for instance—

Thy name? *Fidele*, Sir!—Thy name well fits thy faith.

Yet no doubt had his characters lived among us they would have shared the heritage of discontent and been dissatisfied with their own names as most of us are with ours. *Why is it* that we can not say to ourselves, and derive consolation from the thought, "a poor nomen, sir, an ill favored thing, sir, but our own?" and why is it that in other things than names some of us can not realize that self-dispraise is often affectation in disguise.

Although we have the authority of Camden that a similitude of names "doth kindle sparks of love and liking among mere strangers," yet a budding *litterateur*, who feels the sparks of genius within him glowing, but has the misfortune to have had a relative of the same name who was a great author, seldom can rise out of his ashes, and by no means appreciates this "similitude of names." What Charles Dickens could now become a Dickens like *the* Dickens? Let us suggest a remedy—Let him translate his name into some foreign tongue. He has a wide field of choice, and can adapt his name to the character of his book. In one language he may have the ruggedness of inextorable consonants, in another the softness of delicious vowels. Milton would not have advised the literary aspirant to go to the Scots for a name, for *he* thought their barbarous names symbolical of their natures, and

from a man named MacCollettok he expected no mercy. And certainly our names are the antitheses of the voluminous dignified Spanish names. It is said that a certain Spanish ambassador, who prematurely pressed himself on his grandiloquent titles, was on one occasion dumbly astonished to find that his entertainer, one honest John Cutts, displayed a hospitality that had nothing monosyllabic about it. What pangs of parturition prolific novel writers must endure, even though it be a labor of love; what obstetric skill must be required to midwife an innumerable litter of appropriately literary names gracefully into the light of day! Men have always been sensible to the charms of name. We know that Plato's ear appreciated the delicacy of a happy harmonious and attractive name. Take the "poor red man" in his natural state. Translate his titles, and we find such picturesque ones as "Path Opener," "Morning Dawn," "Great Swift Arrow." Read Hiawatha and you will find numbers of such names, and if any one reads Hiawatha in a ruffled state of mind, he is sure to lay aside the book, soothed by the mellifluous flow. What the depravity of civilization has done to the aborigines is strikingly exemplified in the modern Indian names—"Buffalo Bill," "Captain Jack," and "Sitting Bull," the latter of whom suggests the generic name of the less sedentary "John Bull," with his leonine nature; and the other names *ejusdem generis*, viz.: the canny "Sandies," the rollicking "Paddies," the ubiquitous "Freshies," and the "Knockies," follow in their wake. Their origin is apparent on their face.

Voltaire once said that the English gain two hours a day by clipping words, and this is especially noticeable in what may be termed the nomenclature of conviviality. *Bonhomie* usually ends in the abbreviation of the names of the *bons homines*; or, if this is a linguistic impossibility, in the substitution of some easily pronounced or eminently characteristic title for the objectionably plain or polysyllabic one. Some natures indeed are so unapproachable, so uncompromising, that their names partake of their rigorous iciness or doughy callousness, and remain through life unchanged—unchangeable. Who has not met a John whom it would be a species of verbal sacrilege to call Jack!

A nick-name (French *nom de surnom*) is either an appropriate, an opprobrious, or a sportive appellation. But the first of these meanings only shows clearly its etymology, it being derived from the verb *nick*, to suit; a name given "in the nick of time." The writer knows nothing about women, and has often wondered whether they are addicted to nick-naming, or whether they consider it, as he has read, they consider angling, "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." The writer has only looked on woman as he looks on the milky way in the sky, "a mixture of gentle lights without a name." He once indeed read a novel, and there were many names and many heroines, and he could not believe if such names as Gertrude, Ida, Violet, Dora, Helen, Claire and Edith, which there adorned the pages, also adorned real, living women, that anyone could be so void of tact and taste as to abbreviate these or substitute nick-names for them. Yet the writer has been told—to

his grief—by one Joseph, familiarly known as "Jow Jow," by no means a misogynist, who in twenty-four hours saw the whole "Bois de Boulogne a Paris"—told by the said "Jow Jow"—that though Lord Dufferin long ago powerfully protested against it, yet that apherisist and apocopee still ruthlessly destroy the most beautiful feminine names—that affection and its result, betrothal, are continually creating new, fanciful, idiotically infantile titles, and he cited three which had come beneath his own personal supervision, viz.: Tooturgs, Dumps, and Popsy. O woman! woman! woman! Alas! alas!

From lively to severe there is but a step; but certainly it seems a long step from ladies our social lawgivers to the severity of law, and the names of some of its celebrities and myrmidons. Yet there is a sunshine in the shady place even at law, as perhaps a few illustrations may show. Grim facetiousness it must have been which suggested the nick-name of "Necessity" for a doughty member of the Toronto bar, because "Necessity knows no law."

When an excellent report of a certain case particularly pleased the winner thereof, he declared that that reporter's reputation ought to be as wide-spread through the globe as Henry Clay's is through America; while the loser on reading it abandoned his intention of appealing, and exclaimed, "Tout est perdu!" Such is fame and such the reporter's name. The same reporter is known among the "boys" as *Per*, so called, it is believed, because his motto is *Excelsior! up higher!* and his New-Jerusalem cranium—a bright and shiny place—is gradually emerging higher and higher through his hair. So it is, however, also with another celebrity, whose strength seems to be renewed like the eagle's, yet men call him not *Per*, simply *A. B.* He, however, has less need to cry "Cover my defenceless head;" for does not the halo of the U. E. Loyalists encircle it!

It may not be known to our classical tutor that an *Imperious Caesar* still lives amongst us. Yet such is the bail-ful fact. Is the sheriff aught else? Who has not heard of "The Tyke," and of J. K., and of the "K family" generally; and who does not know

"His brothers' pride—young ladies joy,

Is he an angel or a boy?"

Our Almas!"

Legal nomenclature is indeed a pregnant subject, but we must leave it lingeringly, with a remark as to the appropriateness of a Chancery matter now before the lugubrious Court "Re Morse," and as to the curious coincidences seen in the style of cause of "Date v. Plamb," "Fretz v. Strutz," "Rosamond v. Rose," "Rowland v. Oliver," "Paul v. Virginia," the defendant in the latter not being a *feme sole*, but a U. S. lightning rod company.

The writer is of course most conversant with the names of those who passed through their University course contemporaneously with himself, and perhaps he may be pardoned recalling to readers who have left Toronto, (even though the records may little interest the present undergraduates) the convivial names of some whom we have yet with us in his hub of intellectual Ontario still flourishing and jolly and naughty and nice. No doubt but that Ebenezer, "The High Moral," in his rustic home at Pickering will uphold the writer when he says,

that however diminutive may be the names of "Sammie," (the Official Brewer), "Gibbie," "Teddie" et al, their hearts and brains are large and full and strong. No doubt that he will be glad to hear that the old veteran "Our Alfred" still frequents Coleman's whenever his *alter ego* Hugh John permits him. No doubt but that he will bewail with others who mourn the loss of the singular virtues of "Our John" (author of "The Baneful Barzook") and of "Our Willie," and of "A. B.," have lost their lustre, and that the germs of the epidemic of matrimony are groping for a *nidus* in several other adolescent bosoms. No doubt that he will wonder at "Our Eddie's" name being changed to "The Filthy," and it will be hard for him to believe that the pink of propriety thereby signified, on a recent occasion enacted, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and requested the change himself, and has since ratified and authorized it. Our brother in Pickering—"away back" has doubtless often wondered whether "Tabby," that genial Toronto medical, owing the formation of his name, to his initials being T. A. or whether it originated in the principle *noscutur ex sociis*. Does any one know? Perhaps no name is so protean in its transformations as Marianne with one exception, and that is "Hekidge." Now he is "The Count"; once "Higgins," anon "Higgins"; again he is "Sammie," then "Geordie," then "W. G." One is tempted to quote King John

"And if his name be George, I'll call him Sammie,

For new made honor doth forget men's names."

Perhaps it may interest our Pickering friend too, to learn that our "W. N.," still thinks life worth living, and has never disgraced himself—what, never!—well, only once.

Both by graduates and undergraduates the names of "Mr. and Mrs. McDunn," be familiar in our mouths as household words, be in our flowing teacups freshly remembered. Calmly their lives flow on in bliss conubial—a living disapproval of objections to the co-education of the sexes.

"For contemplation he, and valor formed,

For softness, also, and sweet attractive grace."

Of a wild celebrity in recent years were the names of "Rumble" suggested by prominent physiological phenomena; of "Cour-solles," of "James Plus," of "Royal Artillery," of "John Rex," of "Tekrel," (T. C. L.), of "Fwg," (F. W. A. G.), all names within names; and the present race of students will be able to "locate" with ease "Giglamps" or "Scalles," "Broadly," ("man with appropriate surnames"), "Jake, the Brakesman," "The Judge," (one of the heroes of Detroit), and "Brick L.—," a deep read man, as his name implies. There is an old legend, too, that there once was a man named "Fipp, of Flieg-matic fame," a celebrated wrestler, who was overthrown in an encounter with one Chafy, but our microcosm knows him not now;

"He is gone, the beautiful youth."

Respect is said to be a great intellectual trainer, and we believe it; but we do not find it on the University curriculum. Nevertheless, we do not bauldly authoritative names about like school-boys. As an old Upper Canada boy, the writer remembers discussing the merits of "Guppy," "Goats," "Cockeye," and "Gentle," without even once identifying them by their proper titles. Here, we are glad to say are rarely heard such sobriquets.

It has been a pleasurable task to revive the old memories which have sprung up during the composition of this brief sketch. May we hope that those memories may be as fresh and as pleasant

"When the names we loved to hear"

Have been carried for many a year

On the tomb."

Let the sons of Alma Mater be but loyal to their benign mother, and to themselves, and in after years perhaps they may be individually remembered by the singers, when the grand old song rolls out:

"Then stand to your glasses, steady,

And drink to your comrades' eyes,

A glass to the dead already,

And hurrah for the next that dies!"